Appendix 5

Some Memories of Mine

The attached reminiscences are intended to give some information about growing up in the 20s and 30s. They cover the earliest recollections to the end of the teens. No attempt is made to relate them chronologically. They were simply expanded as subject matter came to mind. The presentation is informal and far from a literary work of art.

Lawrence Cullen, February 2000

I will start by explaining my aversion to milk. According to the family doctor I was a delicate baby and my mother was told to give me plenty of milk. She followed this advice but did not break me off the bottle at the normal age. Consequently, when I could talk, etc., I guess I was razzed by my older brother as being a baby with his bottle. Well I was old enough to react with a stubborn resistance to any further bottles. The ultimate result was I refused to take milk in any form. I carried this into my teens and still do so today.

My earliest memory concerns the chicken coop. My family moved into 124 Noel Street in 1920, the year of my birth. In addition to the 3-storey house, there was a 2-storey shed [garage) with a chicken house attached. I do not remember any chickens and assumed the city passed a by-law prohibiting chickens by home owners. In any event, the chicken house became a playground, especially in the spring when the snow began to melt and froze again each night. The chicken house had a dirt floor and the melt water froze over. It made a great surface for sliding.

My early years presented a continual health problem. Every disease came to me easily, including constant colds, mumps, measles, chicken pox, whooping cough and above all constant tonsillitis. In those days very few kids kept their tonsils and of course I was no exception. In 1928 I was in the Civic Hospital for a tonsillectomy. It was winter time and the day of my operation one of the heaviest snow falls of the year was underway. Dad wasn't sure he would get me to the hospital for the 8 A.M. date. In those days there was very little snow-plowing and I remember he had a tough time getting up the hill on Carling Avenue. After the operation I remember having a very sore throat, but the staff provided a bowl full of ice cubes, a real treat because who had ice cubes in those days!

I began school at age six at St. Aloysius on Stanley Avenue in New Edinburgh, about six blocks from home. The building was an old 2-story with a coal stove on each floor. A side-wall stairway led to the second level where grades 4, 5, and 6 were taught. I never made the second floor because I told a friend that next year I would be with the Old Grey Mare. All the kids called her that. Well you can guess the rest. He told her what I said and I was told to go home. My mother went to see her but the Mare would have no more of me. Consequently, I entered St. Brigid's a couple of years early. This school was located at the corner of King Edward and Murray streets. It was about a half hour from home since the latter was on the edge of Linden Lea. Fortunately the street cars ran down Beechwood to the cemetery and up the hill to Maple Lane and then to Springfield Ave and from there to Beechwood and St. Patrick Street. In those days a kid under 16 could buy a ticket good for 16 rides for a total of 50 cents. The conductor would punch the card every time it was used which was on rainy or stormy days in winter. I stayed at St. Brigid's through grade 8 while skipping grade 5 to 6. At the end of grade 8 school year, the entrance exams to high school were to begin on June 12 [my birthday). I never made them. On June 11 I became ill with Scarlet Fever. The family was quarantined and a card to that affect was hung on our front door. Emmett and Rita had to move out and Dad received shots which gave him a terrible case of boils and prevented him from work for a week. Since I missed my final exams, my Mother went to see the principal who happened to be my teacher. He told her not to worry and that he would recommend that I receive a recommendation from the educational authorities. This happened and I entered High School that fall at age 12, in 1932.

There were 2 choices for High School either St. Pats or Lasalle Academy. The cost for the former was $5 per month for the first 2 years while Lasalle was $2.50 for the same period. Guess what? I went to Lasalle. It was mostly a French-speaking school but there was one English class

for grades 9 to 12. There were really no sports programs. The only thing available was the Cadet Corps which all were expected to join unless handicapped. There was also a drum and bugle band. An annual inspection was held every year on Parliament Hill. To reach this stage required intensive drilling. Each cadet had an old 303 rifle which seemed to weigh a ton. We were taught to shoulder arms, present arms etc. There was a volunteer special platoon which performed slow and quick marches as well as a variety of formation movements to the music from the band. On Holy Days there were church parades at various city locations [mostly French]. One year the corps took the old New York Central Railroad to Tupper Lake, New York, for St. Jean Baptiste week-end. We were bunked in a school gymnasium and were on parade the next day. The following day in forming up for the march to the station, our RSM instead of saying "Lasalle Cadets attenshun" he called out "Tupper Lake attenshun". The Brother in charge was in fits. Our RSM apparently had not recovered from the night before. His name was Michael O'Brien a true Irishman. Incidentally my rank was CSM.

The teaching staff at Lasalle was not the best. We had only 2 qualified teachers for High School-physics and math, the former a PHD and latter an MA. Both were excellent. The remainder were poor and not fully aware of the Ontario requirements especially for Middle School grades 11 and 12. A perfect example was French where on the Departmental exam for Grammar and Authors my final results were 7 and 14 respectively. We had not covered the complete French Grammar nor any of the French Authors upon which the exam was based.

There was no Grade 13 offered by Lasalle so I ended up at Lisgar the following year. Despite my low marks in French I was allowed to enter Grade 13. There was a rule that if one obtained at least 60 in Grade 13 on the finals set by the Province you were considered to have passed the 4th year level. As it turned out I had a 2nd in Grammar and a 3rd in Authors on the final exams. The other subjects taken were Modern History, Physics, Chemistry, English Comp and Literature, Algebra, Geometry and Trigonometry.

Now to backtrack to the early years. The location of our home on Noel was the third house from Rideau Terrace on the East side of the street. We had no neighbors for the equivalent of about 12 lots. This open space was the location of our made-up games. The next Street to ours was Ivy Avenue, a dead end Street. Deliveries in those days were mostly by horse and wagon. These decided to make a short cut by crossing this vacant land to reach Noel Street. They were mostly bread, milk and ice wagons. They brought about two ruts from constant usage. Fortunately the route they chose allowed the flattest part to be untouched. It was here that we played ball and a game of football we called "gaining yards". The latter involved passing and kicking drop-kicks. The aim was to get as close to the opponents end as possible and then scoring by pass or kick. The same area was used for tag. The gang was made up mostly of boys. There were not many girls around. Some names that come to mind were Alan Hague, Ed Currie, Robert Inkster, Jack Bray and Jim Fletcher. The girls were all named Gladys, including Pearce, Stone and Sommers.

Some of the other games we played were Run Chief Run, Kick the Can and Peggy. The last involved a cut-off broom handle with a tapered end and a small piece about 4 inches with a tapered point. The small "Peg" was placed in slanted hole with the point in the air. The large one was then brought down on the Peggy end which flipped into the air. While in the air the aim was to hit it as far as possible with the broom handle. You were given 3 chances to do so or it was the opponents turn. When successfully hit you had to estimate the number of running jumps you get from the opponent without him reaching the Peg. If he failed, you added that

number to your total. If he made he added the amount to his total and he took over the Peggy turn.

Since Dad was away most of the time between Monday and Friday, mother was the boss. When Lew was at Ottawa U High School he was a good hockey player. During one game he lost 2 front teeth. That was the end of contact sports for the family. Skating and skiing she thought were safe. If she only knew about my skiing that would have been banned also. Later on, I was not allowed to go swimming. Many the hot summer day I sat on the front veranda reading while the neigh boring kids went to the beach or the city baths. No amount of coaxing would change her mind. Stubborn Irish!

I was on the tail-end of the family and received all the hand-me-downs including skates, bicycle, skis and clothes. The skates were too large in the early years, but soon a couple of extra socks did the trick. The bicycle was a CCM which Emmett refused to ride any more as he felt he was too old for it. It had wooden rims that were always warping. The only remedy was to adjust the spokes to try and straighten them out again. The first set of skis was too long for my height, but I guess I finally grew into them. The boots were old and too large. The fittings were the all leather wrap around type which didn't keep your feet solidly on the skis. When I reached 16 and at Christmas my present was my own set of skis which cost $14. She would not spend an extra $2.50 for steel edges which are really required for downhill. When I went to Lisgar I joined the ski team. Since I had no money to join the Ottawa Ski Club at Camp Fortune, I could only get experience in Rockcliffe and Fairy Lake. Even there some of the hills and trails would have made my mother's hair stand on end. My first school race was at Bud Clark's Ski School on the Meach Lake road. I had never gone down the hill before. The temperature was well below Zero and not knowing the ropes I went to the top of the run well before my turn. The wind was blowing and when my turn came I was shaking from the cold. I got down the first section O.K. but the end of the run was a shear drop of about 300 feet, so you know what happened. I did not finish. The next run was a slalom and a downhill at Fortune. The downhill came first on the "Cote du Norde". Again I had never seen nor skied on it. Results were very poor. I think I was 4 seconds behind the winner John Fripp!! I did a little better in the slalom where I could see the whole hill and ended up 13th. On both these days and after the races I skied back to Wrightville via Pink Lake Lodge to take the Hull street car to Ottawa. I had money for only a one-way ticket to the hills.

Dad loved dogs as I did. Mother always thought dogs were for out-doors like on the farm or at best kept in the basement. We were not lucky. One died of paralysis and another was hit by a car in front of the house. The driver never stopped. The 3rd was picked up as a pup by Lew one Sunday when he took mother to church. It was my favorite, a spaniel the same color as a fox. He was kept in the yard by day and the basement by night. Dad was always an early riser and when he let the dog out of the basement he rushed upstairs to my bedroom, jumped on the bed and snuggled down at my feet under the blankets. One day he jumped over the gate and was gone for quite some time. We thought we had lost him but he returned with a collar around his neck. Sometime later he ran away again. Dad advertised in the paper without results. When Dad died there was a copy of the Lost and Found column in his wallet. He had carried it for over 20 years.

Almost every Sunday during the summer months was spent at the McClements farm. As the eldest, Uncle Pat was left the farm. His closest neighbor was Uncle Joe, his brother. On these occasions I roamed the whole farm, especially the hills which were part of the pasture for the

cows. I knew where the butternut trees and black raspberries were as well as wild strawberry patches. Butternuts ripened in the fall but you always had competition from the red squirrels. Wild raspberries were usually ready by late June. Mother did a lot of preserving so those Sundays were berry picking time. A cash crop for Uncle Pat in the off season was supplying hardwood for townspeople. The second summer after clearing an area there usually appeared wild raspberries. I remember picking with Dad in one of these new areas. I wasn't paying much attention to surroundings but Dad poked me and pointed. When I looked there was a black bear standing about a 100 yds off eating berries. Needless to say we left him his patch.

I really preferred to visit Uncle Joe and Aunt Florence. They had 4 children including a boy my age named Bernard. One year they lost the 3 youngest from diphtheria all in one week. A terrible misfortune. They had a stray collie which appeared one day and decided to stay. I made him my friend. He always greeted the car at the gate and would almost bowl me over when I got out of the car. By the time I was about 10 I was allowed to go fishing in the creek which started from springs in Uncle Pat's backfield. It was full of "brookies", some of which were 15 inches in the deeper pools. My only problem was keeping the dog, which followed me everywhere, away from the water. Brook trout were easily scared. I had to approach the bank on my hands and knees, reach through the overhanging branches without moving any, and hope I had not disturbed them. Aunt Florence would always cook them.

Dad always had a car. Most were early Fords. The first one I remember was probably a 1925 model T, however there was a 1918 licence plate on the shed wall. The first few model fords had few changes. At first Dad had "tourings" which were equipped with side curtains for bad weather. Seats were leather, no heaters but an internal hand operated windshield wiper. There were no starters; all had to be cranked and to help there was a small wire ring choke next to the crank which could be pulled if the engine sputtered while cranking. There were a few injuries if you did not let go the crank in time when the engine kicked in. The shed [garage] was not deep enough to close the door when the car was in. There were some improvements in later models. He changed to one seat enclosed coupes. I think the first was in 1929. It had glass roll-up windows and a floor heater connected directly to the manifold, and it had a slide to turn off heat in the summer months. There was plenty of room in the front seat for 3 people. In winter with a spread blanket over knees there was plenty of heat to keep one warm.

Springtime traveling in the earlier models was an adventure. Most roads outside the city were gravel. On the road to Buckingham there was a particular tough section between Anger and Masson. This was a clay belt area and when the frost was coming out the road was almost impassable. Farmers in the area made a fortune pulling cars out of the mud with their horses. It was easy to slither around into the ditch. Speed limit was 20 in towns and villages and 30 on the highway if the car could reach that range. The car had 3 foot pedals, one forward, one break and the third for reverse. The accelerator lever was on the steering column.

Our Sunday trips to the farm always stopped at the top of the gully through which went my trout stream. Mother would get out of the car and Dad would turn the car around, back down the hill cross the bridge and back up the sandy other side. This was necessary because the reverse gear was stronger than the forward one. One humorous incident occurred when my Uncle Arthur Daley on his way to Buckingham ploughed into a bunch of chickens on the highway. I don't remember how many he killed but it cost him $10 to the farmer. He evidently considered he had the right-of-way like he did at work as a street car conductor.

Dad was an avid fisherman and he had the patience of Job when breaking me in. The rods in those days were either casting or the extension type Dad used when fishing for trout. Sometimes there were family picnic & fishing days with the Dolmans [who didn't fish].

The best place to fish at that time was the Riviere Blanche just outside the village of Mayo which was about 10 miles N.E. of Buckingham. This was a beautiful stream in a beautiful setting. There were two covered bridges about 1 mile apart. At one of these there was an old saw-mill known as O'Learys Mill. There still was evidence of the dam and parts of the floor planking when I first saw it at about age 8. My initiation to fishing didn't happen on my first time out. I followed Dad on shore trail along the stream while he tried the running water, the quiet pools or below the falls in the eddy to locate the trout. They were beauties some well over a pound. I remember one of my earliest efforts at fishing. We had to climb down about a 30 foot drop to a ledge of rock below a 50 foot waterfall with an eddy circling around. After baiting the hook with worms, [they had to cover the complete hook] I dropped the line in the water. Dad told me when I got a bite to let the fish take it and wait until he was swimming away with it. Of course I didn't quite follow instructions and reefed the rod up with the result of no fish but a real mess of line entanglement among the branches 30 feet above. Dad didn't say much, he didn't have to. He climbed up to the above ledge and slowly untangled the line. I never did that again. Many the day when I got up in the morning and went downstairs, there would be fish in the sink to clean. He had been fishing the day before. As a salesman he could juggle his time to allow for fishing when he was in the Buckingham area. He had a fishing buddy, in a grocery store owner by the name of Martin. One story he told was when he and Martin were on their way to fish they came across an American car in the ditch. After jacking up the car and using logs, they were able to get the car back on the road. The two Americans said little and drove off with Martin uttering a few choice words. When they got back into their car there was a U.S. $20 bill on the seat.

Between the two bridges there was an ice-cold spring which crossed the road and entered the Blanche which was less than a 100 feet from the road. In the summer months when the water of the Blanche warmed, the trout would lie in the mouth of this cold spring. There were a lot of bushes over-hanging the shore line and one had to sneak up on hands and knees to avoid disturbing the trout. It was usually possible to catch 3 or 4 before the rest disappeared. We would then proceed to the second bridge and upstream to the falls. On the way was another spring with trout usually in its mouth. This is where one day with a fishing buddy, John Orobko, he showed me how to tickle trout. Sounds impossible but he proved it by lying down and moving slowly to the edge of the water and very slowly sliding his hand into the stream, moving ever so slowly towards the fish and eventually gently rubbing the fish. I showed many friends the location of the Blanche as a place to fish, including Nelson Gauthier, Ernie Kenny, Smokey and Gary Lafontaine.

On several occasions Smokey would accompany Dad and I fishing. One time was an overnight camping on Lac Gregoire north of Calumet near the Magnesite Mines. Dad was in his mid-sixties by this time but enjoyed sleeping in Smokey's tent on the ground. Another trip was to Jules Haspect's recently purchased old farm near Glen Hammond on a small lake. The lake was shaped like a tooth with the farm house on the prong between the two roots. It had only speckles in it. Dad and Haspect had only the old extension rods, but by this time both Smokey and I had spinning equipment. Smokey was a believer in the optimum solar times projections and said the time to fish that day was in the evening. Well Dad and I with Haspect went out after lunch. Dad rowed and I was in the back and thought I might as well troll down

to the spot where they usually still fished. I no sooner made a cast and hooked a fish. I got another before we arrived at their favorite spot. Haspect was impressed and the next time I saw him he had a spinning rod and reel. We stayed overnight at the farm and the next day Smokey said the best time was from noon on. Well Dad, Haspect and I fished until eleven without a bite. After lunch Smokey and I went out and caught 18 trout averaging one pound! We later, at Squaw Lake, pretty well proved that the solar tables' theory were pretty accurate.

There were many other fishing trips to different areas such as the Upper Blanche and Pare La Belle but non could compare with the Twin Lakes located about a 45 minute walk from the Canadian Flint and Spar Company mine about 10 miles north of Buckingham. The best time was in the spring before black flies appeared, usually in the first 10 days of May. These trips usually were from Sunday afternoon until Wednesday. We used a 20square foot of polyethylene for a tent. The weather was unpredictable. We ran into rain, snow and freezing temperatures. One cold morning Gary Lafontaine went to fish but soon returned saying the line froze in the eyelets of his rod when reeling in. One time I was tired of Smokey making tea in the morning and decided I would make coffee. When my back was turned Smokey threw a hand full of tea into my boiling coffee. That was Smokey you could never guess what his next move would be. One last thought on fishing memories was to sit on the porch of the American Camp on Squaw Lake and watch the harvest moon rise over the hills. With the thousands of bright stars and the brilliance of the moon one could almost go out on the lake to fish.

There were many picnics with my parents and their friends the Strangs and Prindivilles to the pine grove in East Templeton on the old highway #8. There were swings for the kids and picnic tables for eating and playing cards as well as a small refreshment stand. Paths led through the pines to the shore of the Petite Blanche. I remember Dad strolling down to the banks of the Blanche and looking across but not saying anything. I now know why he went there. He was looking at the site of his great great grandparents' settlement after emigrating from Ireland. In my research into the family genealogy some 70 years later I regretted very much not having asked him questions about the family forbears.

There were two periods of the year that I didn't look forward to during my teens. They involved storm window removals and installation in the fall. The house on Noel Street had a total of 13 windows, including 3 in the basement. There were also 13 screens. Removal of the storm windows meant cleaning the permanent ones. In the fall it was necessary to clean the permanent ones as well as the storm windows, the former being done from an extension ladder. There was little assistance from my brother who seemed able to avoid such menial tasks, especially when I became old enough to do these chores myself. All the permanent windows, except the basement, had shutters painted green. The worst job of all was painting shutters. They had to be removed and painted on the ground on trestles because the shutter parts were reversible. This was one of the most tedious jobs I have ever done.

I don't think there was any summer that I didn't have a sick stomach from eating green apples. Our neighbors, the Curries, had a large property that extended beyond and behind our property. They grew apples which one cannot buy today e.g. peach apples, wealthies, dutchies as well as macs. Ed Currie and I would sneak into the orchard for a few samples. They never seemed to bother him but invariably I ended up with an upset stomach. He had a BB gun and whenever he had some shot we would hunt for sparrows. He also was my smoking partner. His father had one cigarette after dinner. He kept them behind a picture in his favorite reading place in their dining room by the window. Ed knew about this location and occasionally took

one which he shared with me. They were Lucky Strikes. Occasionally we inadvertently inhaled with the usual results. On another occasion I found a box of cigars in our shed [garage]. I had no idea how old they were, but one was enough. I remember sitting on the back veranda sick as a dog and mother coming out and saying "smoking again". I didn't take up smoking again until I could afford to buy them when I got my first job at age 20.

In the 20s and 30s, milk, bread and ice were delivered to the houses. In the case of milk, which usually came early in the morning, the milkman picked up the empties at the side door and left a similar number of quarts. In the winter the milk often froze pushing out the top of the bottle. The bread man also sold cakes and biscuits. The iceman came three times weekly. He always had kids checking his wagon for small pieces. It was amazing to watch the horses stop at the regular customers' houses without any direction from the drivers. Most had been over the same routes for years and knew when to stop and go. In winter, sleighs replaced wagons. There was a meat market delivery from Bedard's butcher who would occasionally allow us to be towed behind on our skis through Rockcliffe. There was also the fruit and vegetable vendor. Potatoes e.g. were sold by the peck [how often do you hear of this measure today?]. Another wagon belonged to the "rag picker". How he got that label I don't know because he would buy glass and metal items as well. There was another jack-of-all trades who could repair umbrellas, sharpen knives or scissors with his own workshop on wheels. He would ride along streets ringing his bell.

Cards were the main entertainment of my parents' generation. Mother went to many euchres with her friend Mrs. Prindiville. Most were held in church halls and cost 25 cents. Proceeds went to the church. Prizes were cheap items like a cake dish or doilies which were donated by a parishioner. I don't remember how old I was when I learned to play rummy. Euchre was next and then 500. It wasn't until high school that I learned bridge. In the 308 lunch hour was one and a half hours. Near Lasalle was a small restaurant with booths and as long as we bought a soft drink we could stay and play bridge. Cards were the thing to do on family get-togethers. I always remember my Uncle Tom Powers hammering the table when he played a card. I don't know how his knuckles survived. Aunt Mary was a poor loser and invariably broke up the game by accusing Jack of cheating.

Uncle Joe and Uncle Pat had a total of 500 acres between them. Both farms if operated together could have been a profitable operation, but they couldn't get along. I remember one period when they wouldn't speak to each other at all because of an argument in town at the local watering hole when one accused the other that his fence was on his property. They both had quartz and lead mines which were in demand during both an. They only collected on a royalty basis. I remember the original McClements farm (Uncle Pat's) having a stable large enough for 8 horses, a machinery barn with the second level for seed bins and a large barn for hay and a building for cows. They owned one of the first threshing machines in the area. It was operated by a gasoline motor which drove a wide belt to the thresher. When the siblings left the farm and as Pat got older he was unable to work the farm. The same happened to Joe but now it was too late to get together. A group from Buckingham approached Pat to buy the farm for a golf course. I doubt Pat knew what golf was and he refused to sell. The farms layout was ideal for golf with the gulley and its creek for water. Pat even refused Jack Dolman's offer to buy. He eventually died and Aunt Mary sold the property for $4000. A stand of white pine that Pat's grandfather planted was the first to disappear, followed by the new owner digging up the front field into one huge gravel pit. Eventually MacLarens Lumber Company bought what was left

for re-plantation. Jack estimated the white pine alone was worth at least $12000. When Uncle Joe died his farm was left to his one remaining child, Rita.

Except for Uncle Joe who had a dry sense of humor I always thought the McClements' siblings were a bunch of dodos. When arriving at Aunt Bea Powers the first comment was always "you are getting fat or you have lost weight". This was the comment Mom got when she was 6 months pregnant with Mark! The kids didn't like Aunt Mae. Ask Liz who gave her a kick on the shins. She had no way with kids; she was too brusk and bossy. One brother, John, was a general laborer who worked for the city and occasionally as a painter for Mr. Strang. Albert was just plain lazy. Arthur Daley got him a job as street car conductor but he lost it by not showing up for his shift. I remember one family party at the Daleys where all the McClements got into an argument about their ages. Later in my genealogy research and checking census records, there was always a discrepancy for their ages for each 10 years.

Lew took piano lessons for a number of years. I still remember him playing and wishing I had the same chance. He left home at 18 to work as time-keeper for the C.P.R section gang responsible for the North Shore line between Hull and Lachute. His next job was time-keeper at the Magnesite Mines north of Calumet. His first car was a 1932 Willys with a rumble seat. He then got a job with the Foundation Company of Canada who had a contract to build a wharf in St. John, N.B. During this period he studied for a steam engineer certificate and when the company got the contract to build the MacLaren paper mill at Masson he worked in that capacity. The next company job was in Cornwall to build the silk mill. He was generous and bought mother her first electric stove and later a combination radio and record player, a deForrest Crossley. It was in Cornwall that he met his future wife, Vivian .

Emmett was a different type. From teen-age years he was handsome with curly hair. All the girls fell for him and he for them. Along with his close friend Lloyd Currie they made quite a pair, especially when Lloyd bought his convertible with the rumble seat. Emmett raised hell at home because he never came home at night at the proper time. Mother would stay awake and when he arrived there was always an argument. Whenever mother and dad went out Emmett had a party. Rita and I would heckle the gang, throw downstairs all the old boots etc. The parties never broke up before my parents returned causing more arguments. Dad was easy going but not mother. Dad was the one handing out money and I'm sure mother didn't know. In winter when dad took the train to work, the car was available and Emmett had the use of it to go to St. Pat's College. At noon hour he was supposed to pick me up and take me home for lunch. I missed lunch many times. This caused more arguments. My better moments during these years was when Lew joined the Ottawa police force and being on shift Viv didn't like staying alone at night with baby Bernard so I slept at their place on Bertrand Street. Lew was a reader and had great books of an historical nature, e.g. Lawrence of Arabia as well as the weekly pictorial magazine Life. It was change from the continual harangue at home. After quitting school Emmett held several jobs and when he married Mollie was a Prudential Insurance agent.

Our closest neighbors were the Hagues, Curries, Bookers, Inksters, Brays and Powers. Mr. Hague worked at the Government Printing Bureau; Mr. Currie was a home builder/carpenter; Mr. Inkster was a retired Cavalry Colonel and Mr. Bray was in charge of the Ottawa Lands Registry Office. The Colonel was a strict disciplinarian and often threatened his son Robert with a riding crop. He died soon after the outbreak of war in the building containing the PLDG's mess when the building caught fire. The Hagues spent July and August at Norway Bay where

Alan became a proficient swimmer and diver. Mr. Currie's hobby was riding his bicycle every Saturday to the Francais Theatre on Dalhousie Street. He was an excellent craftsman and build beautiful hardwood boats with in-board motors. My first job was with Ed Currie digging a sewer and water trench to a new house which Mr. Currie was building on our street for our new Alderman, John Powers. A humorous incident though dangerous was when Robert Inkster bought a life boat from the old paddle-wheeler Queens which had been tied up at Mansfield Wharf below where the French Embassy is now located. The Queens was rusting away and had not seen use for many years. Robert had the life boat towed home and began working on it. He installed an inboard motor with a propeller shaft frilled through the rear. He painted the hull and was ready to launch. He and another friend, Ed Butlin, set out one evening upstream. The boat began to leak and they had to head for a small island in the Ottawa River behind the Parliament Buildings. They spent the night there and were not rescued until the next day.

Alan Hague and I got a job at the Dominion Rifle Association annual meet at Connaught Rifle Range at Shirley Bay. This job was attained by Mr. Hague knowing the head honcho on the small bore [22] range. We slept in tents on straw palates. The small bore range was active for 10 days. We had to get up before daybreak because the matches were held at first light. During the regular day hours the competitors were on the main rifle range and after this they returned to the small bore range in the evenings. Our job was to run out to the targets after every 10 shots and hang up a new target. The method was with thumb tacks. They played hell with our fingers. The boss, Carl Boucher, of the hockey family, had a voice like a bull horn and was always yelling at us to hurry. We earned our money, 2.50 a day and board. The only problem we had during the 10 days was the drinking water. It contained a lot of minerals and everyone had to visit first aid for laxatives.

Each year brought the property assessors. They would, e.g., sit on our front veranda and look at Hagues across the street and compare notes. Your assessment increased for any improvement even painting. I know that when Lew and Viv bought 124 Noel Street in 1939 he had the old shed in the back torn down. His taxes went up! This didn't change until after the war. The system sure wasn't an inducement for any improvements.

Halloween was a great kids event and depending upon the ages varied considerably. Youngsters dressed up in various outfits and masks like today. However, they merely knocked on doors and asked for "Any Halloween Apples"? Apples were the predominant rewards, I guess because they were cheap. Some gave home-made candy. It was not like today when most people give a variety of candies. Early teenagers seldom dressed up and relied only on a mask. Their activities differed also. Those homes that wouldn't answer the door suffered a pelting of the mushiest apples. One particular house always found their gate hanging from the telephone post the next morning. Quite often a part of the wooden fence around the Hope estate was knocked down. [The Hope family owned Hope's Book Store on Sparks Street]. Their property fronted on Dufferin Road and extended through to Noel. It is now an expensive site of Townhouses.

The Currie's owned a 1929 Essex and Ed and I, when we could buy a gallon of gas, would go for rides. One winter night we went to skate at St. Luke's rink on Elgin Street. On the way home we ran out of gas on Rideau Street, near Charlotte, and had to push it the rest of the way down Charlotte to St. Patrick, over the bridge to Beechwood to McKay and on to Noel. I guess the car burned more gas in the winter and we misjudged badly. One time while I was siphoning gas from Dad's car in the driveway he came out of the house and caught me. He didn't say anything

so I took a bit more than a gallon. Another time when Ed was out with Ed Butlin they had a minor accident on Springfield Road. Each had a good bump on their heads from the windshield.

The depression years were very hard on late teens early twenties. I remember many days of card-playing at our kitchen table with Lloyd and Keith Currie, Emmett and our cousin Wilbert Cullen [Uncle Jim's eldest son]. There were no jobs available. During this period there were many unemployed men who would offer to do odd jobs for a meal. Mother would have them sit on the veranda and would make them a bowl of soup and a sandwich. Fortunately, Dad had a steady job which gave him a salary of $35 per week as well as $25 for expenses and the use of a car. It doesn't sound very much but allowed them to pay a house mortgage. Salaries did not change very much until after the war. My first job was as a Grade 1 which paid $60 per month gross and netted $56.40 due to purchase of War Saving Certificate. After paying $25 a month at home, I was able to dress myself and had left-over for enjoyment. Necessities in the 30's were very cheap; e.g. bread 8 cents, milk 10 cents a quart, eggs 25 cents a dozen and my favorite 1 pound of Sykes sausages was 25 cents. (Julie, pay attention!!!)

There was very little talk of Lesbians and Homosexuals in the 30s especially among teens. However, one of our neighbor's daughters caused considerable discussion about the way she dressed. Connie Hague, who was a secretary in some government department, usually wore to work pants, jacket and either a bow or regular tie. She drove a boxy 1929 or 1930 Chev like a bat out of hell. I swear her turns were on two wheels. As far as I know there were no men in her life. Whenever required she asked Emmett to be her escort at certain functions. She had also a very deep voice. Of course none of this was significant to us guys who were familiar with the word queer but did not know the implications.

Years later while playing golf at Hylands with Chuck Hellyer and with whom I had worked with since wartime, he mentioned that he had new neighbors. He lived in a classy neighborhood along the Rideau River. Anyway, two women bought a bungalow next to him and he went on to say he thought they were lesbians. When he mentioned that one of them was Connie Hague it brought back a lot of thoughts. How innocent we were in those early days!!

Occasionally when the family visited Uncle Joe's farm, she would buy a hen. Aunt Florence would wring its head and put it in a potato sack to take home. In this instance we found the chicken running around in our back kitchen the next morning. I told Mother I would kill it. I asked Ed Currie to help me. We decided to chop off its head and while Ed held the chicken I brought out the axe and made one swing and off came the head. I am one who can verify the expression "running around like a chicken without its head". It sure did with blood spouting all over the place. It really was gory mess.

There was a tennis club in Lindenlea and a bunch of kids in their teens offered to maintain the courts [2] in the summer months for a junior membership. We had to water down the clay courts daily and draw a matt over them as well as renew the lines with a lime-water mixture. It was not difficult work and only involved about one hour. We organized a boys' league that mainly involved the morning hours. The toughest part was convincing mother to invest in buying tennis shoes and a racquet, which I finally did with much persuasion. I played tennis for about 3 years and during one year I teamed up with Jim Fletcher to win the junior league's club championship. I think it was in 1937.

My recollection of the weather in the 30's was more severe than that of the last 40 years or so. I remember one hail storm while going home from St Aloysius at about 6 years old that filled and overflowed onto the sidewalks. Noel Street was one of the worst because of the hill where we got a lot of run-off from Rideau Terrace. In addition to being pelted with hail larger than marbles I was completely soaked. Winter time was a different story. Only the sidewalks were ploughed and that was done with a single horse drawing a V-shaped wooden plough. Residential streets received the lowest priority. When city ploughs finally arrived, the results were ever increasing snow banks as high as 5 feet and after each snow fall the streets became narrower and narrower. The ploughs never seemed to go deep enough and consequently the depth of snow on the road surface increased and hardened. When spring came there was a real mess of cars unable to get out of ruts which could be a foot deep. Living at the base of a hill, we got all the melt water.

One game we played was damming the ruts with snow and as the water backed up enough we would have races with our toy boats when we opened the dam. Motorists didn't like our game too much. The Ottawa area was renowned for its electrical storms. The thundering and lightning were very severe and often we were without power. During the storms mother would go around the house sprinkling holy water and we had to bless ourselves when she entered our rooms. I don't remember any recent storms to match those we had in the 30's.

One amusing and not so amusing event occurred every spring. We had our own name for as "clean-out week". It involved the annual fight over laxatives. It is well known that our parents' generation were obsessed with bowel function [mother took milk of magnesia daily]. When our turn came it was castor oil, cascara or Castoria. The choice for Emmett was castor oil. It was humorous to watch mother chasing him around the dining room table. Sometimes she needed Dad's help but they always succeeded. The story was that kids liked the taste of Castoria. Well here was one kid who didn't. Cascara was absolutely horrible. It was almost impossible to get rid of the taste and smell. I am unaware whether the stuff worked. Nor did I notice any difference when I ate, by mistake, a whole box of ExLax thinking it was chocolate. It happened one summer when Mom and Dad visited Uncle Joe's where I was spending a few days. They rushed me to the hospital in Buckingham but there was no remedy. I would just have to wait for results which were nil. I would make a poor advertisement for ExLax!!!!

At the top of Noel Street was a hill called by everyone Lermont Hill. It was a piece of land about 5 to 10 acres. It is believed to have been named after the owner, but no one knew anything about him. The side of the hill facing Rideau Terrace was a gradual slope which we used for tobogganing. There was a winding road leading to the flat area atop the hill where there stood a large, framed, unfinished house. There was much speculation as to the owner, why it was left unfinished for years and was deteriorating badly. Many possible reasons floated such as bankruptcy, death and love problem.

The back of the hill was steep with about a 50 foot drop. Some of the older boys began pilfering the old house for lumber to build a tower for a ski-jump. It was about 20 feet high and set back about 10 feet from the start of the hill. It was a great idea and everyone participated including yours truly. It was a gathering place for all the locals from beginners who could use the gradual front slope as well as others who opened up runs on the steeper section.

In spring there was a mass of May flowers including trilliums, dog-tooth violets, blue and purple violets and jack-in-the pulpits. We tried taking them home for planting but they

wouldn't take root. In summer the hill was a mass of trees and wild shrubs. We would climb some of the smaller ones and swing out like Tarzan until they would bend over and we would reach the ground. Some, of course, didn't bend and snapped dropping us a little faster than planned.

The whole area is now the location of up-scale single homes and town houses. It is a pity that today's kids have so little open spaces other than play grounds. The whole area described is actually within the village of Rockliffe.

I came to know Denis Menard through skiing at Rockcliffe. I knew he was from Lindenlea but other than greetings he was a stranger. We soon came to be good friends. He was about a year older than I and had a job in a bank. Along with Ed Currie and Ed Butlin we made quite a foursome. Denis' father owned a car and he was able to have it quite regularly. We travelled in winter to most of the city rinks looking for girls.
Denis had met 3 girls, a red head, a blond and a brunette. Their names were Madeline Roussell, Suzanne Routier[?] and another Madeline. It so happened that the Roussell girl was the daughter of our family druggist who owned the building at the north-east corner of Dalhousie and York streets. Money was, as usual, was my limitation when it came to social activities. I was 18 and didn't know how to dance. One Sunday, Denis, Ed Currie and I were invited into the Roussells home which was above the drug store. I was introduced into dancing by Suzanne.

When Denis had the car we travelled all over the city. One Saturday we went to Hull to the Lido Club which had a reputation of girlie shows. It was on the second floor of a building just off Bridge Street. We climbed the stairs and were met at the door by a bouncer who wouldn't let us in. So much for night clubs!!! We ended up at the snake-pit at the Chateau and 1 was served my first draft beer without any request for proof of age.

When the family moved to Overbrook I saw less of Denis until I got my first job in External affairs. He had met a great guy named Don Tinkess whose father owned Imperial Taxi on Queen Street near Bank. We became good friends and had many outings, me with Pauline and he with a red head named Maureen Nash. He always had the use of a Buick. When war broke out Don joined the Air Force and Denis joined the Army. A year and a half later I joined the Army on 7 July, 1941. Don didn't last long and was killed soon after reaching England. Denis saw service in Italy and France as an infantry office

After the war Denis opened a 5 and 10 store in Gatineau. We kept in touch and one day when Mom's sister Lucy was visiting we arranged for Denis to drop in. Lucy had lost her husband during the war. Well she and Denis hit it off and 1 think it was only about 5 days when they became engaged. They eventually had two daughters. He died very young in his forties. All the males in the Menard family died young, his father at 48, brother Robert in early 50's and another brother Andre in a scuba diving accident in the lower St. Lawrence River.

There was very little visiting among the Cullens. I really don't know why this happened. 1 suspect it was because of mother. Either some incident occurred or she had an inferiority complex. All Dad's brothers held regular type jobs. James worked at the E.B. Eddy Company; Martin at the Electric Reduction Company in Buckingham and was also a Great West Insurance agent; Tony worked in the Government in Ottawa and did Bar keeping for private parties. Dad's one remaining sister, Catherine, had married Peter Maloney [brother of Tony's wife Laura]. I didn't know she existed until genealogy days when I came across her death in 1958. I

remember visiting the Martin family once with Dad after fishing and having a meal there. On another occasion in winter I skied with Clarence and Madeline. Mother liked Laura Milks[James wife] and I got to know my cousins. As far as I can remember none of Dad's brothers ever visited Noel Street. Very strange!! It was mostly at wakes that there were any family connections. I guess such events couldn't be ignored. I made it a point in later life to keep in touch with the Buckingham cousins. It wasn't until I finished my genealogical project that I met Tony's son Gerald and that was about 1990. I remembered the other brother Basil at Lisgar where he played the violin in the school orchestra. He later, briefly, dated Mom's sister Lucy.

I don't know why Dad did not insist on family visits. I certainly don't remember any arguments between he and mother. Then again, it was not his nature to cause any row. His job took him weekly to Buckingham and I am sure he visited his brother regularly.

The following recollections can all be prefaced by "I remember".

1. The jiggers. They were about one half the size of regular street cars.One, in particular, was used on the loop beginning at Beechwood and Crichton and proceeding to the Cemetery, up the hill to Maple Lane to Springfield Rd and back to Beechwood and Crichton. The jigger had controls at each end and all the conductor had to do was take the control handles from one end to the other and reverse the route. He would hand out transfers for passengers to continue on the regular system.

2. All the automobiles from the Model T with its cranking system, to the introduction of the powerful 8 cylinder and even a 16 cylinder McGlaughlin Buick Touring car which the Curries owned. This car had 16 small cups over each cylinder which had to be filled with gasoline. In order to start the car [there was a battery] as many cups as possible had to be opened before the engine caught fire while the starter was engaged.

3. The Ottawa Electric Railway had service vehicles including ploughs and sweepers. In winter the plough would push the snow off the tracks to the side. Then men with shovels would load horse-drawn sleighs with large box-like frames. When filled they were taken to snow dumps, mostly on the river, where the sides were hinged so that the snow could be easily handled with more shoveling. The sweepers were used in both winter and summer to clean the tracks of debris.

4. The city sewer system in the 30's wasn't the most modern. They had problems with gas accumulation. On one occasion while approaching St. Patrick Street Bridge on my way to school there was an explosion and a manhole cover blew about 20 feet into the air. No one was injured, but the explosions occurred all over lower town.

5. There were also problems with the city water system. For a time, each household had to boil water. The original water purification was not large enough for the population and was over-tasked. There were 2 locations where fresh water could be obtained. One was at Osgoode Public School which had a well and hand pump in the school yard. The other was a spring just off Acacia Avenue and where the street car line joined Maple Lane. There was a path leading to the spring which flowed from the side of the hill.

6. There were many fires in the 30's. The city hall on Elgin burned down. Some people said conveniently as it happened when there was an investigation into possible financial irregularities by staff. The OER Company lost its Rockliffe car barn. The flames could be seen from the Quebec side by my family returning from Buckingham. I watched the fire that destroyed St. Joseph's Church in Sandy Hill from my bedroom window and saw the steeple fall.

7. Barges and tugs on the Rideau Canal and on the Ottawa River Quebec side of the Alexandra Bridge. There were warehouses along the canal side where the National Arts Center is now located. One of these was H.N.Bate & Son, for whom Dad worked for many years.

8. The causeway that cut across Dow's Lake. It was located on the northern portion of the Lake from the straight part of the Driveway leading into the curve and ended roughly where the present restaurant is located.

9. The double-dip ice cream store on Preston Street near where now the Queensway crosses. Dad somehow found this outlet. It long pre-dated the Mutual Dairies on the canal and Wytes outlet on the Richmond Road.

10. The remains of the log cabin on Pine Hill in Rockcliffe which was built for a baked beans meal for the Prince of Wales in the early 1900s. I guess it was meant to give the Prince a feeling for the Canadian outdoors.

11. The ski jump at Rockcliffe and the many International tournaments. Ski jumping was a popular winter sport. Some names I remember well were: Bill Burke [an Ottawa champion who lived in the Burgh], Jean Bison who went to LaSalle at the same time as I did], Wilf Poitras [Governor General's chauffeur] and Howard Baggley who held the longest jump at the now defunct Seignory Club jump.

12. The toboggan slide located beside the ski jump. It had blocks of ice cut from the Ottawa River for sides as well as running area. The toboggans had steel runners and reached an estimated speed of 50 mph when they reached the bottom of the hill. The cost was 5 cents a ride and the toboggan had to be dragged back up the hill.

13. The annual school picnics for St. Aloysius and St. Brigid's. The former was always held at Rockcliffe Park because of its close proximity. They were well organized with the usual races etc. There was a refreshment stand in the pavilion run by a family named Ladas whose son Tony became a close friend later in life. Dr. Spearman always donated a stock of bananas for the occasion.

14. St. Brigid's picnic was on a much larger scale and was always held at Britannia Park. The whole school would line up at the corner of King Edward and St. Patrick streets and board about 4 street cars for the ride to Britannia. When the cars reached the exchange at Holland they really started to roll as there was nothing to stop for until the park was reached about 4 miles away.

15. The time that the bells were installed in the Peace Tower. There were all kinds of publicity concerning the bells which I believe were made in Belgium. They were supposed to be heard throughout the city. This never happened as they couldn't be heard at home on Noel Street about a mile and a half from Parliament Hill.

16. Dad surprised me one hot summer day while we were fishing in the Blanche River. In a section now lined with cottages, I heard a splash and I looked and saw Dad swimming in the water. He had trimmed down to his shorts and dove in. I never knew how or where he had learned to swim.

17. The first traffic lights in Ottawa at the corner of Rideau and Sussex streets. Lew had been for a long time the traffic cop at this corner. The intersection was quite different from the present. Traffic going south on Sussex from Rideau led to the Union Station, two hotels and the main Ottawa Post Office on Besserer Street which ended at Sussex at that time.

18. Bringing Uncle Arthur's lunch pail to him at the corner of John and Sussex streets at a certain hour. His street car route was Preston Street to Rockcliffe Park. When he arrived at the corner I would get on and have a free ride to the circle at Rockcliffe. He would be finished his lunch by the time we returned to John Street.

19. The night time skiing at Rockcliffe Park. It was very popular in the 30s. It became so crowded that lights were strung among the pines for skiers' safety. Weird weather didn't affect the crowd attendance. I remember one night of thunder and lightning when the snow changed to ice pellets. The latter didn't form a crust and the coarse salty type of snow made for excellent skiing conditions.

20. The demise of the ski jump. The tower had deteriorated to the point where it was condemned. No more ski jumping which I consider one of the most spectacular of sports. The toboggan slide disappeared also. In later years, the loss of street cars contributed to the decline of skiers at Rockcliffe. The easy transportation of skiers no longer existed and there were no car parking facilities.

21. The Tea House in Rockcliffe Park. It was a gathering place of skiers, both day and night. Light refreshments, hot or cold, were available. It had a large wood and coal stove. There was also a juke box and a piano. Skis and poles were stacked outside. I remember a young French lad fro Gatineau Point who would cross the Ottawa River and play the piano for hotdogs and cokes. He played by ear and new all the current hits. The skiers would join him in singing.

22. The theaters that no longer exist. The Rideau located on Rideau Street facing Dalhousie on the present extension of Dalhousie to Besserer Street. The Francais was on Dalhousie Street between George and York on the present location of a Motor Inn. The Center was on Sparks street, south side, between Metcalfe and O'Connor. The Regent was at the northwest corner of Bank and Spark. The Capital was on Bank between Slater and Albert while further south were the Rialto and Imperial. The Avalon was in the Glebe.

23. Bakeries with the names Canada Bread, Standard Bread, Morrison and Lamothe Bakery and Savard, the latter located in New Edinburgh. The smell of baking bread was common in the Burgh. Savard made the best crusty loaf. Most of these bakeries had home delivery routes.

24. There were many dairies. Some of the more prominent names were Ottawa Dairy, Producers Dairy where Jack Dolman worked all his life, Laurentian Dairy and Mutual Dairy.

The latter was located in Ottawa East on the canal and was renowned for its double dip ice cream cones. Most of these also offered home delivery.

25. The huge gas explosion downtown in the 50s. The Trans-Canada pipeline made natural gas available in Ottawa. Manufactured gas had existed in Ottawa for many decades and was distributed throughout the city via gas mains. The decision to use these mains for natural gas was a mistake. The new gas was more volatile and without proper maintenance there was an explosion downtown which demolished the Jackson Building at the corner of Bank and Slater streets. Fortunately it happened on a Saturday or there would have been serious loss of life. The whole block on Bank between Slater and Albert was a complete loss including the Capital Theater. Years earlier when we lived on Columbus street in Overbrook, the city was doing repairs on the street and broke into a gas line which they didn't know existed. This was because city and adjoining area records had been destroyed by fire at the gas works on Lees Avenue.

26. Lew was very knowledgeable of local, provincial and federal politics. He was very interested in election days and if not on duty usually showed up at 124 Noel Street with a case of beer to hear the results on radio. Dad often reminded him that too much beer would ruin his kidneys.

27. Lew had a great sense of humor and had nicknames for everyone. Mine was "Zabbie" because of an infection around my nose at about age 8. Rita was named itchy because she was constantly scratching herself. Viv [his wife] was called the battle-axe. Emmett was Emmer. Mom got the handle of Turner. Helena was called legs because she was tall and gangly in her younger days. Uncle Arthur was never Uncle but Daley.