

THE NEIGHBOURHOOD MESSENGER

NEWSLETTER OF THE ADOLPHUSTOWN-FREDERICKSBURGH HERITAGE SOCIETY

Issue Number 12

June 2015

Our Farming Community

The villages of Adolphustown and Fredericksburgh appear in Meacham's 1878 *Illustrated Historical Atlas of the counties of Frontenac, Lennox and Addington* as the municipal seats of their respective townships. These detailed village plans were never developed and the two townships have remained essentially rural since they were established to receive Loyalist settlers in 1784. The sense of community amongst the farmers in the region is strong and the many families who have remained in the region for centuries have provided leadership and prosperity to the townships. In this issue of the *Neighbourhood Messenger* we highlight the family farm and life within the farming community.

Our Society

Members of the Adolphustown-Fredericksburgh Heritage Society are your neighbours, your friends, your family. We are new to the area or have lived here all our lives. Some of us are descendants of the Loyalists who settled the shores of the Bay of Quinte. We all share a desire to deepen our knowledge of the history of our local community and to share our passion with others.

Our Executive

President:	Angela Cronk
Vice President:	John Gordon
Secretary:	Kathy Staples
Treasurer:	Stan MacMillan
Webmaster:	Susan Wright
Sales Director:	Peter Cameron
Communications Director:	Jane Lovell

Our Meetings

The Society meets every fourth Wednesday in the month at the South Fredericksburgh Community Centre at 6.30 p.m. All welcome!!

Our Website

<http://www.sfredheritage.on.ca/>

Contact Us

If you have questions or suggestions regarding any aspect of the Society, including *The Neighbourhood Messenger*, please contact one of the following-

- Angela Cronk, President (373-8888) angelacronk@gmail.com
- Jane Lovell, Newsletter Editor (373-0199) jane.lovell@kos.net

Do you have an interesting photo of people, places or events that show things as they were in the past? Let us feature it here!

A Glimpse of the Past



Photos courtesy of Mertie Jean Ackerman
Harold and Wilfred Ackerman with plow and team of four
on their farm on Loyalist Parkway at Sandhurst
1929

Events Calendar

Open all Summer	Old Hay Bay Church 9am – 5pm daily
Open all Summer	Macaulay House, Picton Always a Quinte Boy – New Exhibit on John A. Macdonald
June 14	Adolphustown United Church, Dorland Annual UEL Service – 11am Guest Speaker Rev. Mac Steinburg
June 14	St Alban's Church, Adolphustown Annual UEL Service – 2pm Guest Speaker Peter C. Newman CC, CD, Author
June 16	Lennox & Addington County Museum "When I Was Young" Peter Coulson, former Amherst Islander and popular local jurist 7pm
June 19 – 21	Allan Macpherson House & Park Celebrate the 2015 opening of the Allan Macpherson House & Park with 'Elizabeth-Darcy', an adaptation of Pride & Prejudice Fri 7pm, Sat & Sun 2pm & 7pm House open for tours beginning June 23
June 19 - 21	Fairfield Gutzeit House Port of Bath Marine Heritage Festival Tall Ships, batteaux, Celtic Music and local brews Sir John A. MacDonald Political Picnic – 11 am June 21
July 1	The Canadian Museum of Fraternal Lodges The new museum, at 83 Bridge Street West in Napanee, opens its doors to the public. Wednesday to Saturday: 10am to 5pm Sunday: 1-5pm
July 4 – Aug 29	Macaulay Heritage Park Graveyard & Gallows Walking Tours Fridays 6:30pm - 8:00pm
July 10	Allan Macpherson House & Park Parlour Chat: "When Sir John A. Was Young": the young John A., his family and connection with Macpherson House 1-2 pm
August 1	Daverne Farm 413 Bayshore Road, Adolphustown Unveiling of commemorative plaque recognizing the farm's bicentennial 2pm
August 7	Allan Macpherson House & Park Parlour Chat: The Story of the Macpherson House from its rescue in the 1960's by the Lennox and Addington Historical Society to an architectural landmark on the banks of the Napanee River today. Unveiling of a plaque from the Greater Napanee Heritage Society. 2 pm
August 23	Old Hay Bay Church The Annual Pilgrimage Service – 3pm Speaker Michael Putnam, B. Com, M. Div.

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ERIE MEDICAL CO., Buffalo, N.Y.

Picton Gazette
March 26, 1896

The Neighbourhood Messenger is an electronic newsletter distributed exclusively to members of the Adolphustown-Fredericksburgh Heritage Society.

As the receipt of our newsletter is one of the major benefits of Society membership, we ask that you NOT forward the newsletter to friends or relatives. Instead, we suggest that you encourage anyone you think might be interested in receiving a copy of *The Neighbourhood Messenger* to join our Society. A lifetime membership costs \$5, and in addition to ensured e-mail delivery of the newsletter, Society membership entitles those interested in our local heritage to be kept informed of, and participate in, all aspects of Society activities.

Anyone can become a member by sending a cheque for \$5 made payable to the Adolphustown-Fredericksburgh Heritage Society, c/o Kathy Staples, 1105 - 828 Sutton Mills Court, Kingston, K7P 2S9.

If you are not currently an AFHS member please consider becoming one!

Featured Event - The Daverne Farm Bicentennial

This summer the Daverne family will be celebrating two centuries of ownership of their farm along the Adolphus Reach. They are inviting friends and neighbours to help them mark this remarkable milestone, and the Adolphustown-Fredericksburgh Heritage Society will be there to formally recognize the event. Join Society members on Saturday August 1 at 2pm at the Daverne Farm as the Society presents a plaque commemorating the farm's bicentennial. Recognition will also be given by the Town of Greater Napanee and by the Greater Napanee Heritage Committee. The celebrations are to include historical reenactors and the burying of a time capsule. Refreshments will follow the presentations.

Not only is the Daverne Farm Bicentennial our **Featured Event**, but the farm has also strongly influenced the content of this issue of the *Neighbourhood Messenger*. Contributors include both Alice Carlson and Gerry Daverne, the great-great-great grandchildren of Richard Daverne, who purchased the farm in 1815. Ross Morton, related to the Davernes by marriage has also submitted an article. And finally, this issue's **Curious Thing** has been sent in by MaryKay Morris, the great-great-great granddaughter of Conrad Vanduzen, the original owner of the lot that was to become the Daverne Farm.

Other Notable Events - New Programs at Macpherson House



Now under the management of the County of Lennox and Addington Museum and Archives, the Macpherson House and Park is offering hands-on workshops and demo days that feature heritage crafts. In July and August find the house busy with Rug Hooking, Papermaking, Soap Making, Artisanal Cheese Making, Wool Dyeing, Wool Spinning, Hand Weaving, and Basket Making. Check out details of the events at <http://www.lennox-addington.on.ca/must-see/macpherson-house.html>.

The Daverne Brothers in the War of 1812

Gerry Daverne

Our local history is full of UEL stories. This is not one of them. Instead it's a story of an Irish family, a coincidence in the War of 1812, and buying a farm.

Having left Ireland about 1794, before "the Troubles of 1798" for England and then on to Upper Canada, Richard Daverne Senior settled his family on a small parcel of land in Hallowell Township, Prince Edward County.

Richard Sr.'s eldest son, Daniel (my great-great-great-uncle) and Daniel's younger brother, Richard (my great-great-grandfather) enlisted and trained with the Prince Edward Militia based in neighbouring Marysburgh Township. When the War of 1812 began Daniel was employed at Quarter Master General of Upper Canada (QMG) in Kingston and later at Fort York, in charge of the military stores at the time of the American's attack on April 27, 1813.

Fort York was being defended by only 300 British militia soldiers against an invading American army of almost 1800 soldiers. When Major-General Sheaffe realized he could no longer defend the fort, extreme measures were taken to keep valuable supplies out of the hands of their American enemy. He ordered a small number of men, led by Captain Tito LeLièvre and including Tito's assistant Daniel Daverne, to burn the British war sloop *HMS Isaac Brock*, which was under construction and nearing completion, and to burn military stores and blow up the fort's gunpowder magazine.

Daniel's younger brother, 15 year-old Richard, had enlisted as midshipman in the British navy based in Kingston. On May 27, 1813 the British Navy set out from Kingston to attack the American naval base at Sackets Harbor at the east end of Lake Ontario. Because the winds were so light that morning, the British ships could not maneuver close enough to use their ships' cannons. They attacked using only the light arms that could be rowed to shore in long boats. The American militia fled, abandoning their guns. Thinking the fort would be soon be overrun, the American defense set fire to the *General Pike*, their own war sloop that was also under construction and nearing completion, in order to keep it out of the hands of their British enemy. They also set ablaze their boat-building facilities and stores. Upon realizing the difficulty British ships were having maneuvering and seeing their inability to effectively fire their cannons the Americans were able to muster some local reinforcements from the surrounding area for Sackets Harbor's defence. The British withdrew before the U.S. 9th infantry arrived. The war ship *General Pike* being built of green timbers was badly charred, but it did not burn. However, the self-inflicted damage to the dockyards facilities at Sackets Harbor severely hampered the United States' shipbuilding capacity throughout the rest of the war.

For the remaining years of the war, both Daniel and Richard worked for the Quarter Master General of Upper Canada, Daniel as chief clerk to the QMG in Kingston, and Richard on assignments in the Niagara Frontier.

Our family history suggests that when the two Daverne brothers were on leave from their post-war jobs and on their way to visiting their parents in Hallowell, they saw the "For Sale" sign on Conrad Vanduzen's farm in Adolphustown. After inspecting the property, they rushed home to convince their father (my great-great-great-grandfather Richard) to purchase the now Daverne Farm.

...and here we are, 200 years later! The Daverne Farm since 1815.

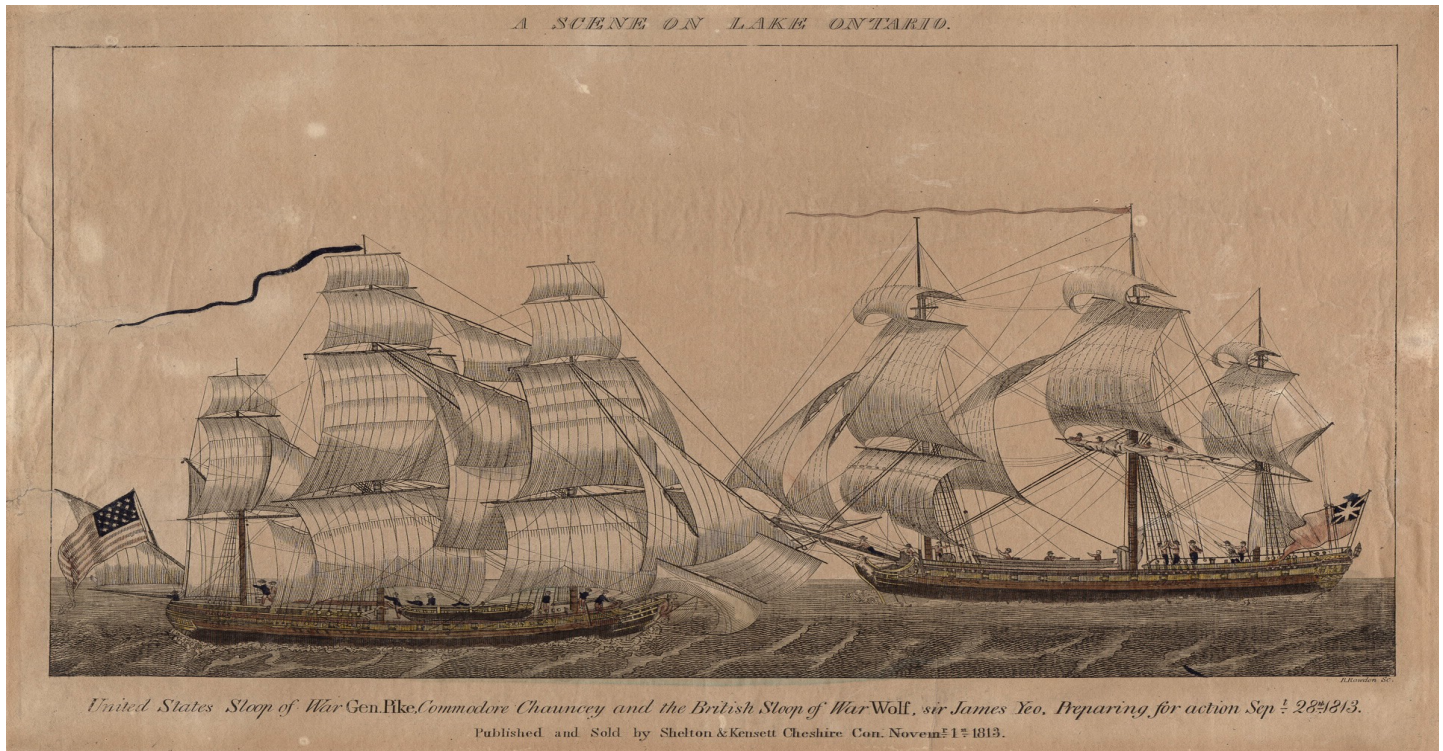
"If history were taught in the form of stories, it would never be forgotten."

Rudyard Kipling

The USS General Pike - The Daverne Connection

Jane Lovell

When searching for an illustration to accompany Gerry Daverne's article on the Daverne brothers' role in the war of 1812, I discovered an additional connection between the brothers' participation in that conflict: a burned ship and its namesake. As is recounted in Gerry's piece, the American corvette *General Pike* was set alight by the Americans forces at Sackets Harbor while under attack by the British, likely in full view of young Richard Daverne, then serving as midshipman in the British fleet. The *General Pike* was still under construction and had only weeks earlier been named -- after Brigadier General Zebulon Pike, who was killed by an exploding magazine at the Battle of York on 26 April 1813 -- the fray in which Daniel Daverne played a part.



The *General Pike* survived its burning, was commissioned and went on to engage the British fleet in several naval battles at Niagara, York and Kingston throughout the remainder of the War of 1812.

Help Us Identify This:

As in the last few issues, we have no photographs we need help with.

Do you have an old photo for which you cannot identify the people, the place, or the occasion? Let us scan it and we can feature in an up coming issue of *The Neighbourhood Messenger*. One of our readers might know something that you don't!

Then and Now

Jane Lovell



Photo Courtesy of Alice Carlson
The Phippen House Circa 1947

Lot 2 of the First Concession in Fredericksburgh was purchased by William and Richard Phippen in 1851. It wasn't until the 1870s or 1880s that William built the red brick house that still stands on the lot on the south side of Loyalist Parkway east of Conway. The farm remained in the Phippen family for a just over a century.

The "Then" shot is unusual as it is taken of the back of the house, looking north towards the house from Adolphus Reach.



AFHS Photo

2015

Little has changed in the nearly seven decades since the "Then" photo was taken. The veranda has been removed and replaced with a smaller screened-in porch off the kitchen and summer kitchen to the right of the main part of the house. A breezeway and garage now abut the old summer kitchen.



AFHS Photo

2015

This shot shows the front of the house, taken from Loyalist Parkway

When it was built, the red brick Phippen House was considered at the forefront of elegance, comfort and convenience. The entrance hall was lined with a marble veneer and the main portion of the house had central heating. A coal furnace provided hot air to the main floor rooms and steam to radiators in the upstairs bedrooms. Of potentially more comfort and convenience was the toilet and washroom located above the kitchen. It would be roughly a half century before electricity was to come to the farm, and so it was a daily household chore to pressurize the basement holding tank in order to provide running water to the washroom and kitchen. This luxury extended beyond just running water to hot and cold running water. For hot water, the pressurized holding tank was plumbed to divert water through a reservoir at the back of the kitchen stove. The heated water was then available for use at the kitchen sink and at the sink and bath in the washroom. Water was delivered to the holding tank from a cistern, also located in the kitchen basement. Managing furnace and stove and pressure tank was likely done by servants in the early years. The 1891 census shows a 15-year-old domestic and a 21-year-old farm laborer living with William and his wife and 3 of their children in their two-storey brick house with 14 rooms. In later years members of the family ran all of this large house themselves.

The originally submitted photograph of the Phippen House shows a small white cottage to the right of the two-storey brick home. The cottage was built in 1947 and was later moved, along with two others of similar design, to the waterfront to be rented out to tourists. The property left the hands of the Phippen family when the farm was sold by Fannie (née Phippen) and Will Morton in 1952. The cottages were sold off at that time, and two were moved to the Daverne farm. By 1959 both cottages had been moved again. One was transported to the north side of Loyalist parkway, and the other just a few meters to the east, where it remains today on the shore of the Adolphus Reach, just south east of the Daverne farmhouse. The arrival of the cottage at the Daverne farm was a notable event for a very young Alice Carlson (née Daverne) who recalls the building being transported along the road by a farm tractor.



Unlike the Phippen House, the cottage has changed considerably since the early 1950s when it was moved to the Daverne Farm. Its floor plan more than doubled in size when a large glassed-in porch was added to the front of the building and two small bedrooms were added to the west end. The original windows and doorway openings are maintained in the current layout as a pass-through window and doorway to the kitchen and a door to the bathroom. The entire cottage was re-roofed to encompass its expanded configuration. The cottage continues to serve as a tourist getaway on Adolphus Reach.



The original door and flanking windows are now interior openings. The right door was once a window.

2015



Photo courtesy of Bill Daverne

The cottage now bears no resemblance to the original structure.

2012

Remembering Real Tomatoes

Ross C. Morton

The tomato originated in South America and was cultivated as a cherry-sized fruit by the Aztecs from around 700A.D. It was in the 16th century that European explorers were introduced to this plant and it quickly became established in Southern Europe. However, many Northern Europeans thought the tomato poisonous because of its high acid content that caused a reaction if in contact with the then popular pewter flatware, resulting in lead poisoning and death. Tomatoes are now grown in most parts of the world.

One year my father was looking for a place to sell tomatoes and I accompanied him to a factory on Hay Bay. We wondered why there was not the usual congestion of trucks and the activity of crates being unloaded, steaming vessels and women culling tomatoes as the produce passed along on a conveyor belt. A plant official advised my father the facility had been shut down for the day to remove all the labels from the cans in storage and to attach new stickers. The firm distributing the site's production was "King and Rankin" and the labels affixed to the cans included, in bright bold print, the words "The King's Choice." Apparently, King George V, or those employed on his behalf, took exception to the lettering which they felt implied the tomatoes were the choice of their King and had taken legal proceedings to right this perceived wrong. The new markers only said "King's Choice" and as the one dealer was named King, the wording met the letter of the law. I was given a large stack of the unused old labels to make into paper airplanes or to write upon the blank side.



Label courtesy of Diane Berlet

A canning label from the Allison's canning factory on the Adolphus Reach east of Adolphustown

In the 1930s we grew acres of tomatoes on the family farm. In those years the field work was done primarily using horses and manual labour and all members of the family participated. Regardless of the size of the acreage to be planted it was approached in the same manner and the ground plowed and cultivated to pulverize the hard balls of clay. The soil was productive but needed careful attention as to time and moisture to prepare for a hoe crop.

The selected acreage was marked to pinpoint the placement for each tomato plant. This was done by the use of a home-made contraption consisting of four wooden runners, spaced four feet apart, and secured with a wooden cross frame. Field stones were placed on top of the implement to ensure there was sufficient weight to create an imprint in the soil. A whiffletree was attached to the front of this marking device and pulled by a team of horses. The horses were steered across the field at its widest point and on the return trip an outside runner was positioned atop a previous impression and the trips continued in this manner until the parcel of land was etched. The procedure was then repeated cross-wise with the purpose to identify a location for each tomato plant 4 feet from its neighbour in all directions.

We planted the tomatoes sprouts by hand. The routine was to work in pairs, one person with a shovel to open and press the soil forward, and the second individual carrying the plants to insert the roots into the opening. The one with the shovel would release the soil so the tomato shoot was entrapped, and the last measure was to step on the ground beside the plant to complete the seal. This procedure was repeated hurriedly for hours and in the weeks that followed much time was expended removing weeds with a horse drawn cultivator, a hoe or pulling unwanted foliage by hand. Nitrogen, phosphorus and potash fertilizers were spread manually around the plants as needed to meet their requirements for a vigorous and prolific growth.

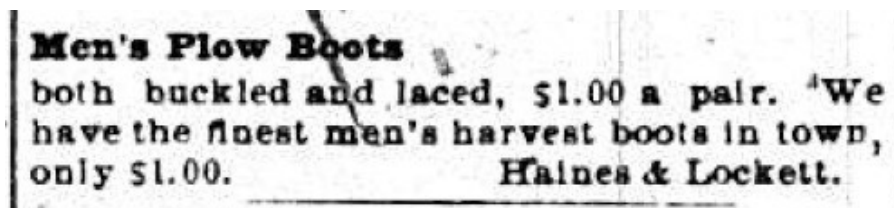
During harvest, we put the ripe tomatoes into a pail and, when full, dumped the contents into wooden slatted crates strategically placed along the fence line or pathway. It was also expected that over-ripe or bruised fruit would be removed from the vines and discarded. Picked tomatoes remained in crates until delivered to a factory; however, in later years large water tankers were used to transport the produce and thus reduce the damage during transit.

My backside shows the effect of too much exposure to the sun over many years. I am often asked, during a medical examination, why I failed to apply sun screen as a youth. I don't remember ever hearing of sun screen lotion in those days and I wonder, if available, how effective it would have been when working under those rather exacting long hours of intense sunshine.

In 1939 Canadian Cannery purchased a lot west of Conway and installed an in-ground weigh scale and constructed a massive wooden platform. Local grown tomatoes arrived in crates by horse-drawn wagon or small trucks and were weighed and unloaded onto the platform. The vehicles drove over the scales again when empty to establish a tare weight. Later, large trucks hauled the crated tomatoes stacked on the platform to a canning establishment. The marshalling operation at this site only lasted a couple of years and the property was later sold as a building lot.

While in the town of Picton many years ago a young man excitedly told me there was a rumour of a U.S.A. establishment planning to purchase the local canning factory where he was employed. He went on to explain that the plant needed an up-grade but if this were done the site would be able to compete with any canner across the province and his job would be secure. He also mentioned his father's requirement of an outlet for farm produce. The Picton factory and others in the county were later acquired by outside interests, but straightaway closed, apparently believing it best to eliminate any competition at the source.

I cultivated tomatoes in my garden for half a century and remain convinced the acidity of the soil is an important consideration in achieving a delicious fruit. I recall eating tomatoes as a child while picking the harvest on the family farm and I continued this practice in my own garden and then loading the dining room table with this wonderful food at every meal time. My crop was distributed to family and friends across two provinces and the feedback was always the same: a tastier tomato could not be found. The local grocery stores and roadside stands now offer new varieties of attractive, blemish-free, long shelf life, uniform tomatoes, but which in my opinion, lack that delightful mouth-watering flavour of the fruit from bygone years. Yet another instance of marketing requirements and changing times.



Napanee Beaver
July 9, 1897

Clippings

Some people occasionally wonder why certain notices of births, marriages, or deaths are not found in the paper. Simply because they are not sent in. Newspapers are expected to pick up all the news they can but it is hardly supposed that reporters will invade or hunt around peoples' private houses or sleeping apartments for such items. It wouldn't be good manners.

Napanee Express
August 8, 1908

As It Should Be.

On Monday afternoon last two whisky-laden tramps called at the butcher stall of Mr. Wm. T. Crouch, on the market square. They begged for some meat, and on being refused let out a string of profanity. On going home to his tea Mr. Crouch again came across the two men. They renewed their abuse, and also allowed full play to their tongues when Councillor S.R. Miller ventured to remonstrate with them. Chief Storms and Isaac Amey shortly after arrested them. On Tuesday morning Mr. Daly gave them thirty days in jail at hard labor. It now became necessary to provide the labor part of the programme. A hurried consultation among our town councillors resulted in a quantity of stone and stone hammers being taken to the jail yard, and their trampships will have to work hard for their board. In case they get sulky and refuse to work, solitary confinement and bread and water will be their portion. This kind of treatment will soon spread among the fraternity, and we look for a greatly lessened number of visits from this class.

Napanee Beaver
August 13, 1897

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Napanee, July 17th, 1926.

Dear Mr. Editor,—If you will allow me a small space in your paper, I would like to explain to the Mayor and Chief what is going on in your town every day. We farmers are beginning to harvest our peas, and it is almost impossible to get through the streets of Napanee for the children. They simply come in droves and carry away peas by the armsful, and it is getting worse each year. Any farmer would give a child if they would ask a few peas to eat. Even some mothers are seen shelling peas on their porches which her boy or girl has taken. I wonder what Chief Barrett would say if he saw a country boy going from store to store helping himself to oranges or bananas? It's all the same thing; and we think it is high time our Chief was on his job.

Thanking you for your most valuable space.

A FARMER.

Napanee Beaver
July 23, 1926

Clippings courtesy of Jane Lovell

To see more old newspaper clippings check out the
Articles page on our website:

<http://www.sfredheritage.on.ca/articles.html>

Memories of a Childhood in Adolphustown

Alice Carlson

Florence Daverne was born on our family farm on Bayshore Road in Adolphustown in January 1920. She wrote these recollections in 1962, when she and her husband, Jack Haight, and their family lived in Kitimat, British Columbia. Her mother, my grandmother, Elva Daverne, had died in January 1961; perhaps, while mourning her mother and missing her childhood home, Florence wrote these nostalgic and quite eloquent memories. She added an occasional brief word or phrase in a few places before sending them to me in 1983 after she and Jack retired and moved to Kelowna. We had often talked about our shared childhood on the farm, albeit a generation apart.

Aunt Florence wrote in longhand, in this easy, memory-flowing style. What I find wonderful, in our day of word processing and continuous revision, is that this is virtually a first draft. For the sake of clarity and ease of reading, I have added some punctuation, and an occasional explanation.

Alice Carlson

My Early Recollections

At my age to stop and think and look back, back beyond the beginning of school days, I find memories, yes, but with no dates, no sequences, no pattern. The snapshots of a mind of a child. Some clear, some blurred, jumbled together in a dusty, disorderly album of the mind. To bring some forth, I remember the little bed I slept in until I was big enough to go upstairs. It was darkly varnished with spiral curved rungs all around and not high like the cribs of today. It must have been big enough for a child of four, as I probably was then. I remember Mother hearing my prayers, in yellow lamplight and after her good night kiss, she would say, "Now stretch your toes way down and try to touch the bottom of the bed, and you'll be tall." I did . . . and I did grow tall. Dear Mother, whose time was so taken up, and yet who had time to be comforting and loving.

I remember a little pink and black and white plaid muslin dress, with a little lace top. I have the scrap of the top yet, Mother gave me in 1959. I loved that little dress — it was my good dress. I remember boots with black laces, before the days of strap shoes.

Our first Sunday school was held by neighbourhood mothers. Each Sunday a different mother would teach us, Anglican and United together, their favourite hymn. It was so beautiful. "There is a green hill far away" sung to a much prettier tune than the one it is sung to now. "Onward Christian Soldiers" — I learned then too.

Mother loved picking berries, and especially wild berries in the wood. The circumstances were usually difficult, possibly it was hot, the mosquitoes were heavy and the bushes scratchy. I remember Mother wearing long black stockings on her arms and bundling us up for mosquito protection. But how I loved those trips to the woods.

I remember that strange leafy different world — the dappled sunshine and the sweet woods' sounds, strange bird calls and a creaking of branches; underfoot, a carpet of brown leaves, superimposed on humus that was once brown leaves, was soft and spongy. Sometimes if it had been a rainy summer,



Photo Courtesy of Elva Aitchison
Florence Daverne Circa 1924

one broke through the carpet and got one's foot wet. Woods' water is always cold and different than mud puddles. It was lovely there with an ages-old wagon trail that I never knew the end of.

I swam from my earliest memories. Do Lorne and Cummings [*Florence's older brothers*] remember an improvised diving board they made off which one threw me into the water and the other fished me out? I remember being scared and yet it's a good memory. Our shore was always wonderful. It was so big when I was a little girl. There was the point, a shard of white sand that went way out, and the water was

shallow for a long way beyond. There was the pond ringed by willow trees, great willow trees, even then. The pond held lots of frogs and pollywogs we caught. Sometimes there were turtles — I well remember Helen [*Florence's sister*] and I teasing a snapping turtle with a long stick. Behind the pond was the most wonderful yellow raspberry bush. Where did that golden raspberry bush ever come from? Up the lane from the pond was an apple tree, smack on the boundary fence. They were wonderful apples and we were only supposed to eat the ones on our side of the fence. The orchard then, in the bay field, was full of bearing apple trees. The small sweet red Wealthys ripened first. Oh for a Wealthy, sun-hot, like that now. The Cayuga Red Streaks came next, great big apples, juicy, with a yellow flesh. I can remember their flavor exactly.



Photo Courtesy of Elva Aitchison

Six of the seven children of George and Elva Daverne in front of the west veranda at the Daverne Farm, 1933
Cummings, Dick
Helen, Elda, Florence
Nora

On the opposite line fence stood a huge oak that had been there when the property was surveyed by the Loyalists and under this tree was a honeysuckle I visited regularly every spring. Is there any pink prettier than a mass of honeysuckle blossoms under a June Ontario sun?

The land at this eastern side of the farm was higher and green banks sloped to a rocky shore. The water was deep here a short way from shore. At the top of the bank grew elms and beech, and a few willows grew on the shore. There were some huge rocks here and I loved to play among them. I remember the clean penetrating smell of the Bay of Quinte — a mixture of sea weed and clam shells and sun and in a certain spot, blue bells grew each year.

On the farm I knew where every wild gooseberry and raspberry bush was, every black cherry and chokecherry tree. I knew the relative merits of all the wild apples, even the ones crowded in field corners, and of all the hawthorn trees — did anyone else ever eat hawthorns except me? I probably got a double quota of vitamin C every day, once summer came, from the wild foods. And I loved to eat Shepherd's Purse and the little cheese on the mallow weeds. Wild strawberries, blackberries, and of course, hickory nuts.

I remember long hot summer days with the dusty smell of summer. I remember the animals, individually and collectively — riding horses, driving cows, chasing pigs, herding geese, ducks, or chickens into a pen — baby calves, colts, goslings, ducklings, yellow balls of baby chickens.

I remember helping Mother weed the garden on a long summer evening, with crickets singing everywhere. In all my memories I recall the quiet, the silence of the country as it was then, before the days of motors and tractors and many cars and outboards and inboards on the bay. I used to hear Harrisons' sheep bleat, or Roblins' dog bark. The quiet of an Ontario farm, 1928.

My early schoolteachers have remained real and important people to me all my life — so different from my children, who by now can scarcely remember their teachers' names to Grade 7 — I had two teachers only to Grade 8.

School was wonderful. Even the two and a half mile walk was something we never thought to question — it was just that far to school. There was the odd year we rode, or for a week, or days of bad weather, but mostly we walked. In spring we walked and picked hepaticas and trilliums and pussy willows on the way to and fro; in June we'd stop for wild strawberries and the odd Dutchess apples from Allens' trees. In the fall—how beautiful it was past Alec Allen's maple grove! And in his McIntosh orchard, where we were allowed to pick up all the windfalls we wanted. We ate half a dozen the rest of the way home. In the winter often we broke trail through roads drifted full. Cold, cold weather it was and there were no snow pants in those days. We wore over-stockings and rubbers. Often we got wet and had to sit near the stove, the box stove, to get dry, two in a seat. I remember the smell of drying wool. Mitts were piled near the stove on the floor. Sometimes the fathers drove us in a cutter, piled three deep, with a big buffalo robe hiding our faces from a stinging blizzard. Or a sleigh, with of course, horses with sleigh bells and straw in the box. One memorable occasion Reade Roblin drove us by sleigh on the ice. At the big crack that always formed out from Jonathon Allen's point, the big Clydesdales broke through the ice, but miraculously the sleigh didn't.

I don't recall us thinking of our own safety as we scrambled back out of the way of the plunging horses. We were terrified for the welfare of the horses, afraid they would drown. If I remember correctly one's name was Maude. I remember Reade so well, in an old brown fur coat, huge coat, huge man, driving along, singing gaily, a good-natured man singing silly songs: "A Frog He Would a Wootin' Go" and more.

Christmas had three facets as today — home, church and school. At home, Christmas meant an order to the catalogue. It meant plucking geese and carefully saving the down. I have some of those goose down bed pillows Mother made from the feathers saved, right now. I remember Father coming home from town with two beautiful dresses for Helen and me to wear to the Christmas concert — hers was beige flannel, trimmed with fancy brown braid, mine beautiful Kelly green trimmed with brown braid.



The Daverne Christmas candy dish

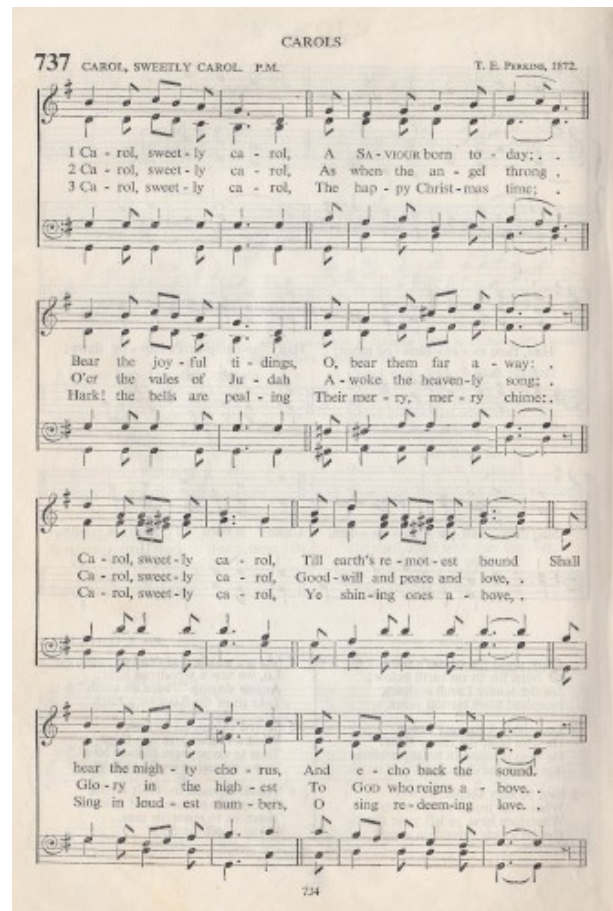
I remember huge Christmas dinners — we always had goose and cranberry sauce. I use the same dish for my cranberry sauce that Mother did and I think her mother probably did. I remember Christmas pudding and wonderful homemade candy, in beautiful brown-gold flanged candy dishes. And the big gift box from Toronto *[from cousins]* that always came early and always sat in the parlour unopened until Christmas and always contained lovely gifts.

At school we began early practicing for our concert. There were drills . . . maybe we carried flags, or maybe, a special memory, wore white cheese cloth dresses with tinsel sashes and tinsel at the neckline and in our hair and carried a star wand. Those were magical things for little country girls. Or maybe instead of a star wand we would have lighted candles and do a little precision routine. I remember once I recited for such a drill, whilst the music played. I was the Christmas Spirit . . . "I am the tenderness, the love, the kindly thoughts and deeds/The breath of loving thoughtfulness, that most this tired world needs." On days of concert about six of us from long distances used to stay at the schoolhouse. With a lamp lit — no electricity and tense with the excitement of the great day — we ate the extra lunch we had brought for supper and gazed at our improvised curtains, all the way up the side of the aisle from the girls' cloakroom and across the stage at front, with admiration. I was usually in two or three dialogues which I loved, maybe a recitation and drills, and the big choruses. Some of the good singers did duets and solos. We had a piano that we had bought one year ourselves. It was a wonderful evening when all the parents came where we performed and of course, Santa Claus came. Maybe it was Jack Duffet or Ray Allison.

Jane Box handled our Sunday school concerts for years. I recall Father driving us out to her place on the next concession, probably a five-mile drive one way, to practice our songs. I remember her piano and singing over and over again "Carol Sweetly, Carol" which Mrs. Box loved and which we always sang year after year. I love it too, now, but no one ever sings it at Christmas. Mrs. Box was a strict, no-nonsense person, but I always liked her very much. Later the Roby boys joined our choir. I remember hearing them sing "We Three Kings" — I think the first good male singing I probably ever heard.

I remember the Front — when the neighbours from Roblins were thusly — Reade Roblin with Louis Jordon as his hired man, then Ray Allison lived on the Jack Roblin farm. People named Goddard lived in the Heathcote house — there was a girl named June and Shelleys lived there once. Jim Shelley. Will Roblins lived next, then Blake Harrison and then us. On the west side Fergusons lived, beyond them Fred Allisons, then a house — the Ruttan family homestead — which was owned by the Allens but occupied by different families. Beatties lived there, an Irish immigrant family — Archie and Willie and Bobbie Beattie (Bae-tty) went to school.

When I was very, very small, Mrs. Mackman used to live in Blake Harrison's little red house and her sister, Mrs. George Harrison, in the grey stone house. They were contemporaries of my Grandmother Daverne, who died in 1926. I remember walking down the road with the three old ladies. They wore dark skirts that swept the ground and sunbonnets. They were good friends. I remember going to visit Mrs. Mackman by myself in her dear little house. She was a sweet old lady and she liked me and used to have me come in and have a cookie — flat sugar cookies, creamy in colour with pointy edges. She had a picture — a dark, glass-covered picture on her wall, in brown tones, of an old man, rotund and bald, playing "Ring Around the Rosy" with three little children. That must have been around 1924.



Carol Sweetly Carol

From The Book of Common Praise (Revised 1938)
Presented to Alice Daverne on the Occasion of her
Eleventh Birthday

That reminds me of our parlour that we seldom used, except on special occasions. When special company came, I can remember sitting on the chairs with my feet not touching the floor and rising seriously to shake hands with each guest. The parlour was beautiful. The walls were pale green muresco [a dry paint mix to which water was added to make a spreadable coating] and curtains, ecru lace. On the floor was a green rug, bordered with pink roses. The furniture is very clear in my memory. There was a parlour suite, consisting of a love seat, a big platform rocker, an arm chair, and six single



One of the two standards that once sat atop the piano in the Daverne parlour

chairs. The wood was solid black walnut and the tops of the chairs and the settee were intricately carved and hard to dust. The upholstery was of gold tapestry, and deep plum velvet, with a silk gold cord on the edges. It must have been an expensive and beautiful set when new, it was still nice then. I used to love to feel the velvet with my fingers. It came either from Fountain Hall or Archie McNeil's. There was a corner shelf, with a beautiful satin-lined crimson velvet hanging embroidered with heavy silk and tasseled. The piano was a huge, but huge, black grand piano. There was a fragile white silk piano scarf with tassels. And there were two standards that sat on the piano from which hung beaded work, in geometrical design. Upon the shelf mentioned before was a fat cream vase with a flower design, and a small delicate turquoise vase, pitcher-shaped. I loved it, and Mother gave it to me. I have no place to quite do it justice. There was a marbled-topped oval table, with an intricate pedestal base. The marble was always cold to touch. On it sat, early in my memory, brown cards that one looked at through a . . . scope. I recall those pictures well, the *Garden of Gethsemane*, some funny ones like *Saturday Night Bath*, a Scottish castle, inside a taxidermist's store. The pictures in 3D. And there was a small walnut tilt-top table with a three-legged pedestal. And the big green rocker, a pedestal rocker, very comfortable. I have described the furnishings minutely for my own sake. Maybe twenty years from now I won't be able to recall it so clearly. (1983 — true!)

I remember our tenant house when people still lived there — it was there I stayed when the doctor came when Nora [Florence's youngest sister] was born. I remember it later, when it was used for apple storage — the big room full of apples up to the windows. And later yet when it was used for chickens. Years after, it was demolished.

The Bay hadn't yet ceased to be a highway. Big boats still were common. There was a dock a quarter mile away and often we ran up to see the boats come in . . . the passenger steamers, the *Brockville* and the *Rapids Queen* and the *Rapids Prince*. The *Brockville* was my favourite. We knew each spring if it had been painted and cheered its first appearance.

Big grain boats came into the dock too — we knew them all by name. One was a schooner, the *Maggie L*. I loved the *Maggie L*, and have stood on the deck. I remember the wide planks sign with the big cracks, and kernels of wheat on its surface. I think she sank somewhere in Lake Ontario. She was the last of the schooners. I was about eight when the government boat put the beacon light at the dock. The dock is gone now, only a few cement slabs left there — but the light still guides the mariners. Big lake boats ply the bay now, disdaining little docks like that one was, headed for Picton or Belleville.

I remember the low hum of low-slung colourless boats, way out, that we, as everyone else did, called "rum runners." I was grown up before I ever realized what they were and in reading about U. S. prohibition. One day we saw the *Graf Zeppelin* [German-built rigid airship, which by the 1920's, was repurposed to carry passengers and mail] down over the Gap, towards Kingston. About 1929?

I don't think I went many places as a little girl. I remember visiting my grandmother Loyst [*Amanda Ruttan Loyst*] in Hawley and the doll she had on her living room table — a boy doll. She gave it to me when she went west, and I had it for years — "Bobby." Grandma Loyst was lovely, precise and neat, with white lace collars.

I vaguely remember visiting Grandma and Grandpa Daverne [*Helen and Daniel*] when they lived in the Campbell House in Napanee. On the occasion I remember, I went down the big stairs from their apartment, outside and got lost, for a brief period.

I don't remember going to Kingston until I was nine years old. Lorne was home from the west and that time, going to summer school in Kingston, and Elda [*Florence's older sister*] and I went down with him in his Whippet that had a rumble seat. It was a green car with a fawn top. I bought a book that I still have.

I remember Mrs. Dickenson — Florence Louise Dickenson, our minister's wife and my godmother and I liked her very much. They came often to visit, usually in the parlour and there was a special game that she used to play with me — we played it with our hands.

I remember our first McLaughlin car very well, tan in colour, tub-like in shape, with spoke wheels and a tan canvas top with eisenglass curtains [*isinglass, celluloid windows in early cars; called isinglass curtains. These curtains could be taken off and stored under the seat of the car when the weather was nice*]. The seats were a shiny brown leather.

By 1935 nobody drove cars. We walked to church and AYPAs meetings then, or the boys drove horse and buggies. That was fun, on a nice night.

I remember the real horse and buggy days. J. B. Allison was a regular visitor of my grandfather's and he always drove a white horse. He tied it to one of the maple trees at Dick's [*the farm, Florence's brother*] that's still standing. I remember going on a ride to Galts' blacksmith shop and seeing the blacksmith shoe a horse.



St. Alban's Church in Adolphustown as it appeared in the 1892 issue of the *Canadian Architect and Builder*

The cords used to raise and lower the lamps for lighting and extinguishing can be seen just to the left of the door.

I remember our church before it had electricity and how sleepy I used to get, as the minister's sermons went on and on . . . there was an hypnotic quality to the hissing noise the big, yellow, metal-shaded lamps made, six in all, suspended on a very long cable from the very high ceiling of the church. This noise, combined with the buzzing of a few flies, the minister's voice going on and on, made me very, very sleepy . . .

**Florence Louise Haight
(1920-2003)**

Photo provided by Diane Berlet

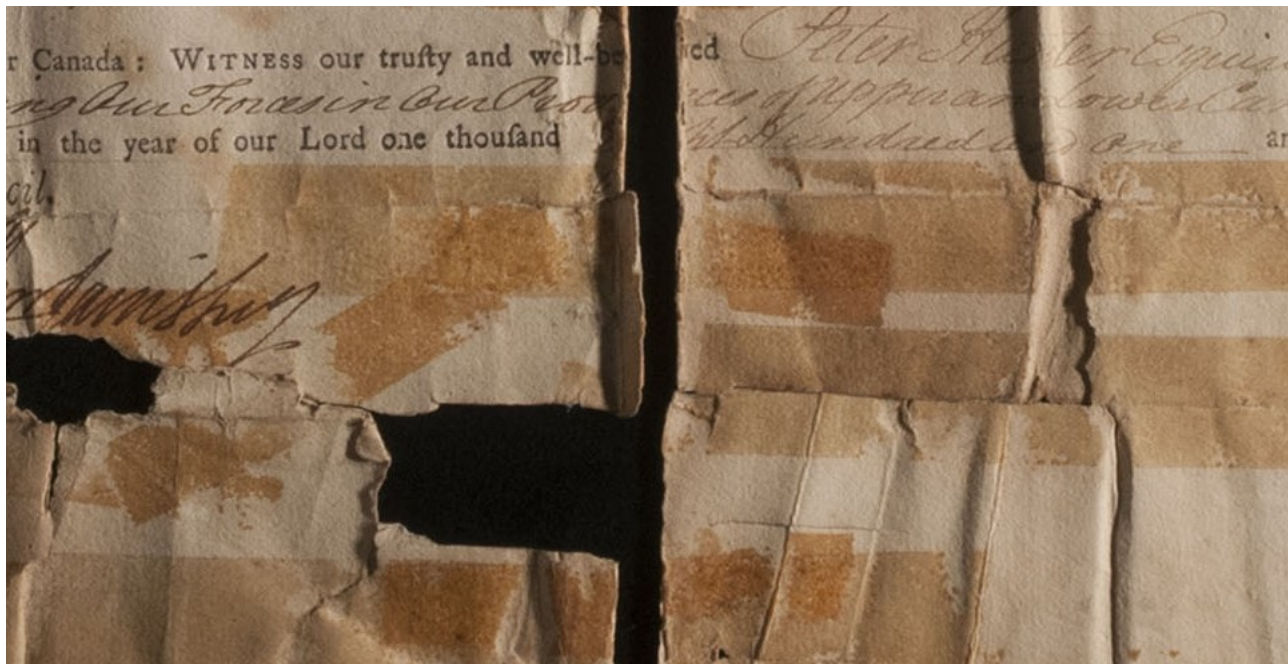
The Deed

Jane Lovell

Owning a farm for two centuries is rare. Being in possession of the original Crown deed for the farm – a document 214 years old – is rarer still. The Daverne family no longer has the deed recording the purchase of their farm by Richard Daverne Sr. from Conrad Vanduzen in 1815, but they do have the 1801 deed showing the transfer of 200 acre lot from the Crown to Vanduzen.

The passage of more than two centuries has not been kind to the Vanduzen deed – by the time it arrived at the twenty-first century the deed was in tatters. Seeking to preserve the artifact for generations to come, the Daverne family investigated having the document cleaned and repaired. It was in the fall of 2014 that Alice Carlson approached the Department of Art Conservation at Queen's University in Kingston for advice. Despite the fragile condition of the deed, Rosaleen Hill, the Art Conservation Program Director, felt that the document would be a suitable project for one of her students in the Master of Art Conservation program.

Notwithstanding the truly daunting condition of the document, second-year graduate student Nataša Krsmanović elected to work on the Vanduzen deed. Originally roughly 46 by 40 cm in size, the deed arrived on Nataša's lab bench in four pieces. Some former custodian of the deed had tried to "repair" the torn fragments with tape, applied to both the front and the back of the document. The tape had long since degraded, leaving the paper heavily stained. Holding the document together with tape had not prevented the loss of a large fragment of the deed. Other holes and splits as well as pronounced creasing had occurred along fold lines, and the document showed signs of water damage and mold. Several dark stains and heavy surface soiling of the entire document complete the picture.



The A portion of the deed showing in its initial condition, with holes, tears, creases, mold stains, two types of tape stains

The tear creating the left and right fragments obscures the "eight" of the written date of the deed: "one thousand eight Hundred and one"

goal of the project was not to return the document to an approximation of its original condition. More in keeping with current conservation practice for archival material, stabilization of the document, which included cleaning and repair to improve structural integrity, was set as the objective in preserving the deed.

In working with any old paper, but certainly a document as fragile as the Vanduzen deed, extreme caution must be exercised in its handling and in applying any treatment to it. Nataša began her exploration of the tasks ahead of her by simply cataloging the deed's condition when it arrived in the lab. Simple observation, along with knowledge of old papers and inks, as well as some deduction produced a comprehensive analysis of the components requiring attention.

The fragments were first assembled and photographed. The shocking state of repair of the document can be seen most vividly when photographed under glancing light, and the extensive water damage and migration of mold was boldly illustrated through the use of ultraviolet light.



The document before cleaning and repair, as viewed under glancing and ultraviolet light.

Before any treatment could be applied to the document, the composition of the paper, ink, and tape residue needed to be determined. Much could be gleaned about the materials by simple observation.

Perhaps the most important clue to the composition of the paper was one of the most obvious: the date of the deed. The paper was made some time before 1801. This date predates the use of wood fibers in paper-making; the paper on which the deed was printed would have been cotton rag. The deed template was printed upon the paper using a printing press, and the force used to transfer the ink to the paper resulted in the embossing of the paper. This is clearly visible in the photograph taken with glancing light. No watermark or mill applied embossing appears anywhere on the paper.



The back of the deed, showing how the printing embossed the paper

The written identification on the back of the deed allows its contents to be known without unfolding the document. The folio number indicates the page in the Land Registry copy book where the deed is recorded.

While the printed letters are in dark black ink, the ink used to apply the handwritten portions is brown. To determine the nature of the inks, small amounts of distilled water were gently applied by a fine-tipped paintbrush to areas of the printed and handwritten text, all under a microscope at 40 times magnification. Candidate locations for these tests were chosen in order to minimize the visibility of any changes that may have resulted from applying the test.

It was determined that the dark printed ink was carbon ink, which is quite stable. The ink used to apply the handwriting was iron gall ink. This ink is made from iron sulfate and tannic acid, likely made at the time from an iron-rich solution and an extract from oak galls. This ink, when first applied to paper, is lightish in colour but eventually darkens to a rich blue-black hue. The fact that the ink is now brownish is a result of exposure to light. Iron gall ink on old documents has a potential to cause problems. Both the iron and the acid in the ink can “bite” into the paper and can eventually cause the paper to weaken. In the case of the Vanduzen deed there had been some degradation due to “biting”, and an effort was made to neutralize the effect of the iron. However, due to the solubility characteristics of the iron gall ink, treatment possibilities for stabilizing the ink were limited.

Besides the two inks used in printing and writing upon the document, a third material was found on the deed: pencil marks. In order to neatly apply the handwritten text, pencil lines had been drawn to assist the scribe. The fact that these graphite markings were not erased at the time the deed was penned adds to the overall nature of the document. In following ethical standards of conservation to preserve the historic integrity of artifacts undergoing treatment, Nataša took special care to ensure that no original material was removed. To that end, a template was used to shield the graphite lines during surface cleaning.



Oak galls are benign spherical outgrowths on oak trees caused by gall wasps. The sample galls in the conservation lab were two to three centimeters in diameter.

A great deal of cellophane tape had been applied to the front and back of the document, and it was the removal of the adhesive residue and associated staining that proved to be the most challenging aspect of the project. Nataša performed spot tests under magnification using a range of solvents to assess the composition of the tape residue. She found that the adhesive had undergone considerable aging, and as a result, had been absorbed into the paper. This made removing the stains difficult. Part of the treatment process involved placing the document in a vapor chamber. Such a chamber allows conservators to gently introduce solvent vapors in a controlled manner. It was while the document was in the vapor chamber that a breakthrough discovery was made. The document was monitored at 5-minute intervals, and at approximately the 35 minute mark Nataša noticed that the tape residue had begun to become soluble. With this lead, Nataša re-visited the removal of the tape stains. These stains represented some of the more visually disfiguring marks on the document and by diminishing their intensity, they no longer so strongly dominated the look of the deed. This effect was well worth the 30 hours Nataša spent coaxing the tape residue from the deed. The bottle of oak galls in the photograph above is sitting on the filter paper used to absorb the tape residue that was removed from the deed. It is clear from the deep colour of the absorbed residue on the filter paper that a great deal of staining was able to be removed from the deed using Nataša's technique. As a bonus side-effect of the process, the tape residue was isolated and analyze. , It turns out that the tape was a British brand of cellophane tape, probably available in Canada from the late 1930s.

The next step in the conservation of the deed was putting it back together. This was done using Japanese tissue and a “reversible” adhesive. This means that the fragments could be separated again by removing the mends without affecting the stability or appearance of the document. Varying grades of Japanese tissue were used to repair and stabilize the creases and tears, and to fill in the small missing portions of the document. Care was taken to use the lightest of papers around the inscriptions so as not to obscure the text. As this was an archival repair, no attempt was made to match the colour of the infill and repair tissue to the colour of the document, or to mask mold spots and the several large dark stains of unknown origin. Not surprisingly, the four main fragments did not fit together seamlessly – their lives apart had introduced cupping and differential shrinking and expansion due to exposure to moisture. Some tissue infill was applied to the discontinuities between the fragments and to other areas requiring support.



**A portion of the back of the deed showing the Japanese tissue infill and repair of the torn portions of the document
Note the almost transparent repair on the seam of the document that passes through the handwriting.**

Flattening the document concluded the work done on the deed. The first part of this process was to use mild heat to gently relax some of the creases that had been doubled over. The deed was then placed in a “hard-soft” flattening enclosure for two weeks. This technique not only allows the retention of the embossed surface resulting from the original printing, but it also gently flattens the document without completely removing the fold-marks– a reminder of how the deed made its way to the present.



Alice Carlson and Nataša Kršmanović go over the repairs made to the deed in the conservation lab.

The Plexiglas dome just behind Alice is the vapor chamber and suction table.



"The Done Deed"

The Vanduzen deed is now about to embark on its next two centuries – this time not folded and kept out of sight. The repaired document has been professionally framed, using archival grade mats and backing materials and will reside proudly on display in the Carlson family home on the shore of the original Daverne farm.

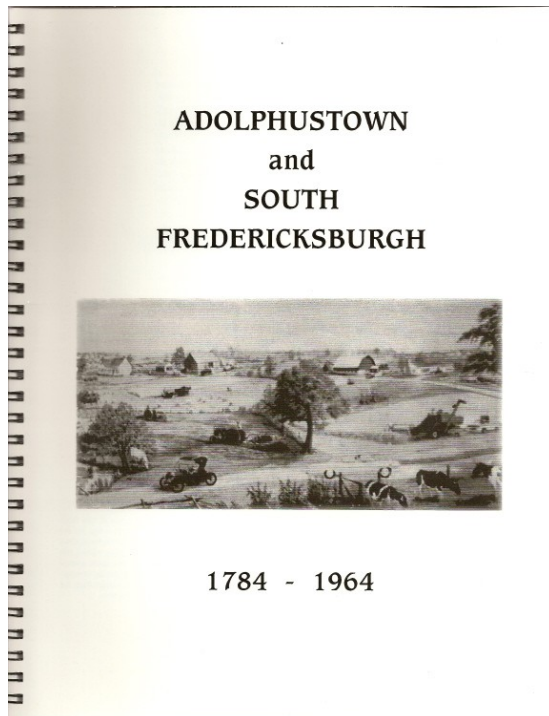


The Vanduzen Deed on display in the Carlson home

Thanks is extended to Rosaleen Hill and Department of Art Conservation at Queen's University for agreeing to undertake the conservation of the Vanduzen Deed. A special thanks goes to Nataša Krsmanović for performing the work with such care, and for explaining the process in such detail and with such patience. I am especially grateful to have been given access to the project report and photos of the document before and after treatment. Nataša's assistance in ensuring the accuracy of my description of the conservation of the Vanduzen deed was invaluable.

All photos of the deed undergoing conservation courtesy of Nataša Krsmanović.

From the Book Shelf



Adolphustown and South Fredericksburgh 1784-1964

As part of the celebration of the Centennial of the County of Lennox and Addington in 1964, the Adolphustown & South Fredericksburgh Community Club published a booklet highlighting the history of the two townships. The booklet was re-issued in 2004 by the South Fredericksburgh Heritage Committee.

AFHS News

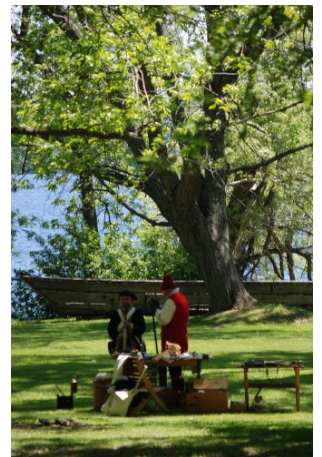
Jane Lovell

As many of you know the Adolphustown-Fredericksburgh Heritage Society erected a plaque in the summer of 2012 commemorating Upper Canada's First Windmill. The dedication ceremony made the pages of the *Napanee Beaver* the following week and was highlighted in the **AFHS News** in the September 2012 issue of the *Neighbourhood Messenger*. An article tracing the history of the windmill appeared in the June 2012 issue, and a follow-up article was published in October 2013. All of these issues can be found on our website.

The final component of the commemoration is now in place. Large official Loyalist Parkway Historic Plaque signs now direct travelers to the windmill site. A special thanks to Ted Davie for overseeing the entire project and for procuring these all-important signs.



At the end of May the AFHS participated in the UEL Reenactment Weekend at the UEL Heritage Center and Park in Adolphustown. We erected our tent beside the large vendors' tent but were forced inside when our tent tumbleweed-ed away in the wind! Visitor participation was light but the encampment, the reenactment of military engagements and of the wedding of Captain Fitzgibbons' were well-staged and a delight to participate in. The photos below are a few I took of the Fife and Drummers (with escort), the mounted attack through cannon fire on the enemy position, some of the participants in the military engagement, the encampment, the bride's arrival at the wedding on horseback, and the wedding itself. An exciting day!



A Curious Thing

Angela Cronk

Antique Nail Hooks



February's Curious Things

Picture nails were displayed above a picture and a long wire or a chain held the picture below the nail. So rather than hiding the hanging apparatus, the fancy nails became part of the whole effect. These were popular in the Victorian era and the pictures were often large and therefore demanded sturdy hangers. (Probably not well-suited for our modern drywall!) These are square nails that are 2 ½ inches long and the nail head is 7/8 of an inch wide. The heads were porcelain and usually white. The porcelain tops were removed from the nail and the nail driven into the wall and then the cap replaced.

What is this?



Submitted by MaryKay Morris

This object is approximately 5 inches in diameter.

Please contact angelacronk@gmail.com if you recognise the item. Tell us what it is called, what it is used for, during what era it was used, and anything else you can tell us about it.

Do you have some weird thing hanging around your home or barn? Take a photo of it and send it in – we can feature it here in a future issue.

From the Attic

We are looking for old photos and documents from Adolphustown, North and South Fredericksburgh. Just about any old photograph would be of interest: photos of people, homes, farms, schools, churches, or community or family events. Even if you do not know the people or places in the photos, maybe someone else in the community does. Old publications relating to township businesses, schools and churches often contain fascinating details of life in their era.

Some items we are currently looking for:

OLD PHOTOS or Real Photo POSTCARDS:

- The Adolphustown Town Hall
- The South Fredericksburgh Town Hall at Sillsville
- The U.E.L. Cheese Factory, Adolphustown
- St. Paul's Church, Main Street Adolphustown
- The Old Store at Adolphustown
- The Old Hotel at Adolphustown
- Conway Store
- Conway Wharf
- Phippen Cheese Factory
- Fredericksburgh Train Station
- McDowall Presbyterian Church
- Camp Le Nid
- Glen Island
- Tarry Hall

CORRESPONDENCE:

- Letters or postcards bearing postmarks from local towns and villages
- Correspondence from someone serving overseas during either WWI or WWII

BOOKLET:

- Constitution and Roll of Officers and Members of Camp Le Nid, 1902

If you are looking for any specific photos or documents, let us know and we will add it to our "Attic" list. **Newly added items will be highlighted in blue!**

Contribute to *The Neighbourhood Messenger*

We publish *The Neighbourhood Messenger* several times a year. If you have an old photograph or newspaper clipping to share, a story to tell, or an event to publicize, let us know. Please send submissions to jane.lovell@kos.net.

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All uncredited photos supplied by Jane Lovell