

## Don Lackey

Don was born in the house where we now live. His father, Lloyd, bought the farm in 1927, so it has been in the family for 79 years. Don is the oldest of 4 boys - Ken, Clair, and George. As they grew up they all left the farm. Don hasn't moved at all. Don, as a small boy, went to church every Sunday with his mother and dad in an Overland Touring Car with curtain sides and a canvass roof. His parents were up very early to milk the cows and feed all the animals. They would all have a big breakfast and be off to church for an 11 o'clock service and Sunday School after. There were always chores when you got home and again before and after supper.

Sunday School classes were held in circled groups in various corners of the church basement. The Sunday School picnics were outings that young and old looked forward to. Concerts were a great part of the church life. Mission Band was another organization attended by the children on Saturday afternoons at Mrs. Revell's house to learn about different missionaries around the world.

1944 was a year never to be forgotten in both our lives. Don lost his mother in May, which finished his schooling. He had to help his Dad with the farm work and help look after his brothers. The youngest boy, at this time, was only four years old, so Don's Grandmother Lackey was a very special person in their lives. She was also a very special person in our lives after we were married.

Back in those days we had a very close knit community because the farmers all helped each other with threshing, silo filling, buzzing wood and haying. There were card parties and dances in the little one room school next to our farm. The Christmas School concerts were something everyone looked forward to. The children would work for weeks preparing dialogues, drills, recitations and all the singing and costume making. Someone from the community would act as chairman - usually someone who was good at telling jokes. These were big nights in the community, as all the little schools around had a concert. You'd attend several of them - that is until the time of Central Schools when our children got on buses and went to school in Dutton in 1964. This was a big change in our community.

## Louie Lunn

I was born one mile east of where we live now, on Fingal Line. I was the second youngest of 5 boys - Leonard, Raymond, Russell, Maxwell, Lloyd - and 3 girls - Eleanor, Grace and myself.

My job on the farm was carrying wood to fill the wood box. There were three stoves going to provide heat and for cooking. At the barn, I fed chickens and gathered eggs, as we had 1000 laying hens. And of course, being a girl, I had to help with meals. When there were 10 people around the table for every meal, it took some preparing.

My family belonged to the Presbyterian Church in Wallacetown. Think what it would be like to go to church in our old Durant car each Sunday with four in the front and six in the back. This was long before seat belts. There was no heat so we had a car robe over our knees.

There were always a number of my brothers and sisters in the choir and I just couldn't wait to be old enough to join. Finally, at the age of 12, I was asked to sing in the choir. I often sang solos, duets, and trios with my brothers and sisters and duets with my Uncle Harold. I loved singing with him, I considered it an honour.

I always attended Sunday school. Some of my teachers were Aunt Mae Graham, Mrs. Neil Robb and Rob Ford. I attended until I was married and then I attended with Don, in his church, where Mrs. Page was the teacher.

I always enjoyed the Young People's Society in my teens. I'll never forget having the chance to go to Young People's Conventions on Thanksgiving weekends. We traveled to Ottawa, Kitchener, Woodstock, Hamilton and London and were billeted out in homes. Just being with maybe 700 young people, enjoying dynamic speakers and the wonderful sing songs, we learned a lot. I would go home and learn these songs on the piano. Learning to play was always a pastime.

Two ministers who influenced my life, I would say, would be Rev. Tom Maxwell and Rev. Robert Bruce. Rev. Maxwell was a young man when I was in my early teens. He loved to play the piano (similar to Sophie) and sing. It was while he was our minister that I joined the Presbyterian Church. After him, Rev. Bruce was our minister. Don and I were married by him. I was very fond of him and his wife.

1944 was a year never to be forgotten in both our lives. In August, my father had a farm accident. He fell about 16' in the barn and broke his back. He never walked again. He spent 5 months in the hospital - this was before hospitalization - so his hospital room, surgeon fees and a special nurses wage had to be paid every week. We kids had to work hard to keep this paid up and keep the farm going. I've often thought, as I've grown older, that Mother had a strong faith to carry on and keep everything going. Mother cared for Dad as an invalid for 23 years until his death.

## Don and Louie Lackey

Don and I were married on April 4, 1951 by Rev. Robert Bruce, my minister. The 11 a.m. ceremony was held at the Presbyterian Manse in Wallacetown.

Our attendants were, Grace, my sister, as maid of honor and Ken, Don's brother, as best man. We had a very small wedding - just both families. We were married on a Wednesday so that Eleanor, my sister, could attend and not miss work.

After we were married, we returned to my house, where we had a meal prepared by Aunt Mae. She had asked mother if she could do that for us. The meal was at home so my father could be a part of it. He was an invalid from a farm accident in 1944.

Later that day, Don and I left by car and made our way to Cleveland, Ohio. We stayed with Don's great aunt and cousins, which I had never met before. They made me feel very welcome. We stayed there one week, and then came home to the Lackey homestead to start our married life. We lived with Don's dad and his three brothers and then along came our family. They grew up with their uncles and grandfather.

We have a family of 5 boys and 1 girl. Ivan, the oldest, has remained on the farm, working with his dad. Jim, is second, our carpenter, working for MCI Design and Build in London and lives in Talbotville. Barbara comes next, our only daughter. She is a nurse at Continuing Care, St. Thomas Elgin General and lives in Shedden. Randy, our banker, works and lives in Burlington. Then there were a number of years before Paul was born. He is a Manufacturing Engineer in Thornbury. Our youngest, Ron, lives at home with us and works at the Sterling Truck plant in St. Thomas.

Growing up, Don and I both attended church and Sunday School along with our brothers and sisters. Our children were all brought up the same way - church, Sunday School, mission band and choir.

Don has attended Wallacetown United Church all his life and I have for 55 years. Why do I attend? I always say it's my loss when I've missed a Sunday. The fellowship and friendship with others and attending church always makes the coming week go so much better. You go home with good thoughts and I always enjoy the church music and messages. Going to church, for Don and I, is simply a very important part of our life. I could not imagine being without it.



# OUR SENIORS - OUR HERITAGE

## **Annie Brown, Bobier Villa Resident**

Annie Brown, a long time resident of Wallacetown-Dutton, is a resident of the Bobier Villa. She was born in 1913 and celebrated her 91<sup>st</sup> birthday last year. Annie retired from teaching in 1975 where she had been a teacher at the Dunwich Dutton Public School. She started her career in 1935 at Lergie School for an annual salary of \$500. She continued to teach at Coynes Corners, S.S. #1, Westport Talbot where she taught Grades 1 - 8 and had 22 students for \$3000. She taught 36 children in Tyrconnell School, again Grades

1 - 8. These schools were one room school houses. Not only did she teach her own children but taught one of her grandchildren.

Annie married Frank Brown in 1948. She raised three children - Mary (retired from Bobier Villa), Mike who works in a workshop in Wardsville, and Jack, a teacher at Georgian College in Barrie. She has 5 grandsons, and 3 great-grandchildren. Annie grew up in the Dutton-Wallacetown area where she was raised on a farm and farmed as a married woman.

Annie was active in the church where she not only had been a Sunday school teacher but was a

member of the choir for approximately 50 years. She played the piano, loved to sing, and was an inspiration to her daughter Mary who plays piano now for residents at the Bobier Villa. Annie is a member of the Tryconnell Women's Institute and Wallacetown U.C.W. She loved to garden. Annie still loves music, enjoys the church services and is a people watcher.

I am sure there are many people in the Dunwich County who were taught by Annie Brown or possibly went to church with her. We all wish Annie well. Her daughter, Mary says, "Thanks to Mom for being my music mentor".

*Jean Guy*



Annie continued to teach at Coynes Corners, S.S. #1, Westport Talbot where she taught Grades 1 - 8 and had 22 students.

*photo/submitted by N.Hunter*



*Annie Brown enjoying the company of a non-breedly visitor March 2002*



# her'story – his'tory – n. record of past events; study of these; past events; course of life or existence.

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When I was a child I looked forward to Easter with great anticipation that almost equaled that of Christmas.

My father was in direct sales . . . if his sales were up . . . we had new outfits for Easter Sunday. We couldn't wait to show them off at church. In 1955 I was eight and it had been an exceptional year for Dad . . . us too . . . I had a new Easter bonnet . . . pink with artificial rosebuds and a wisp of pink netting that hung down into my eyebrows and long tailed ribbons that fell down the back to my shoulders . . . my dress was a pink flocked nylon and I even had new little gloves with pink bows. We went

to church and sang wonderful upbeat songs that enriched us body and soul . . . then we rushed home to hunt for our little coloured baskets filled with Easter candies and jelly beans. Oh what a treat!

Other Easters weren't as lavish when sales were down . . . no new outfits and no big ham dinners . . . instead we dined on baked bologna scored and poked with whole cloves, mustard, ginger, brown sugar and pineapple.

In 1999 I was concerned about dwindling and aging congregations that would ultimately mean some church closures. This was about the time St. Andrews in Wallacetown joined

with Knox in Dutton. I was also looking for my own personal millennium project. I thought someone should record the churches of Dutton Dunwich while they were still in relatively good shape . . . so I decided to do pen and ink sketches of the churches of Dutton Dunwich but then some had sister churches in West Elgin and Southwold so I thought . . . why not? I've branched out to St. Thomas and the rest of Elgin. It may take me a while but I am about 1/3 done.

These churches were the heart and soul of the communities. Marriages, baptisms, funerals and socials all took place here for many generations.

My family has special memories of one church . . . Dutton Baptist. The first service we went to there was Easter Sunday. The music began and I recognized one of my favourite songs . . . "Up from the Grave He Arose". I took in a deep breath and let my voice flow . . . half way through the song . . . voices diminished and lagged . . . faces turned my way. We hadn't been introduced but I knew by the looks I got . . . I would be remembered.

In my home church in Kitchener we sang accappella . . . we had a choral leader who gave us notes from a pitch pipe . . . the women and children on the left . . . men

and youth on the right . . . four part harmony . . . we never lagged . . . we sang from our stomachs . . . we were loud, harmonious and joyous. I got past that event . . . we stayed for breakfast . . . Elsie Heeney and company had organized an Easter breakfast of boiled eggs, muffins, juice etc. Years later the kids enjoyed Sunday School "at the church that fed them."

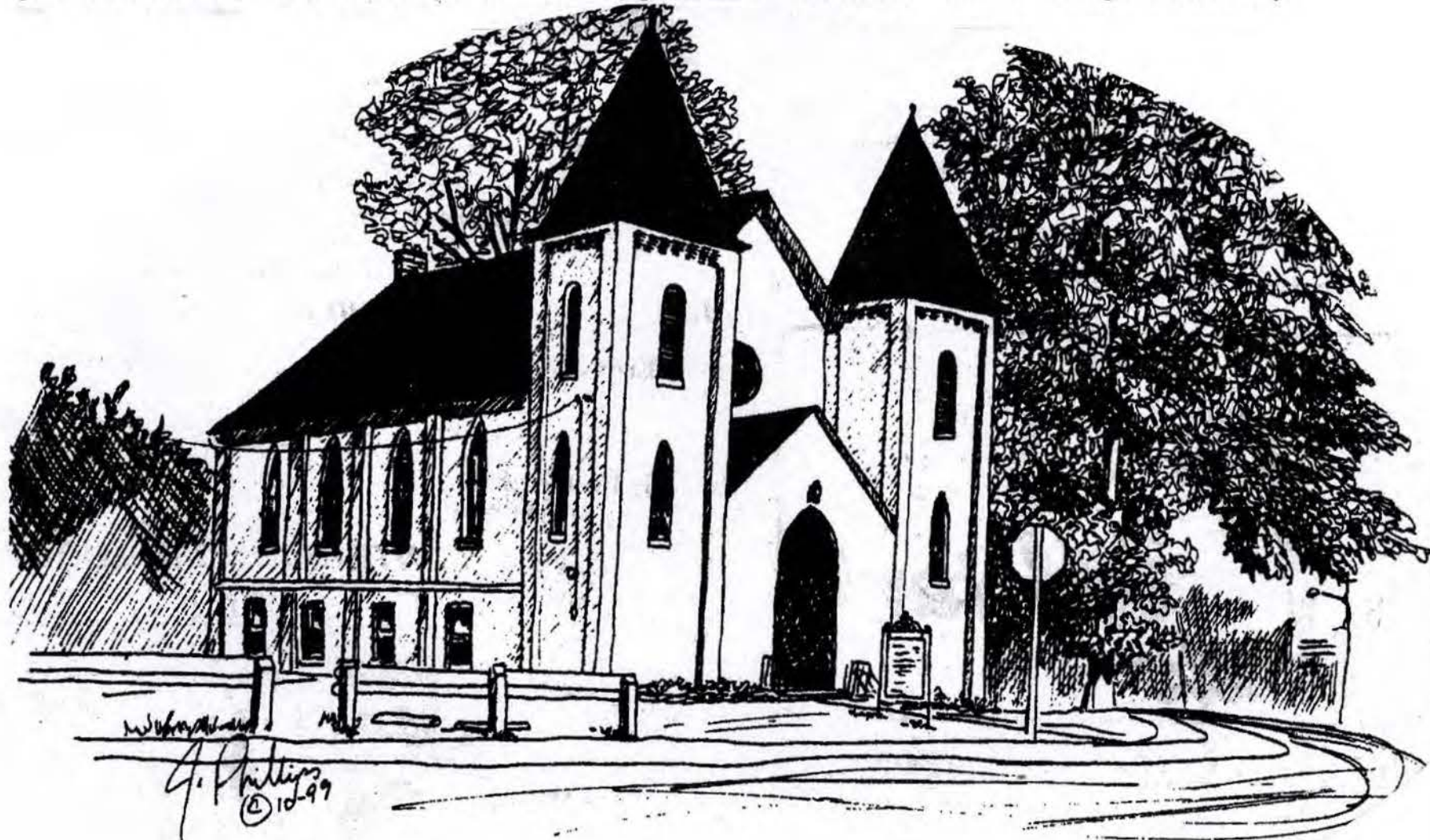
In the early days of Dutton while the Presbyterian Church was being built . . . Dutton Baptist shared the building with the Presbyterians . . . true brotherly love. So much history in each and every church. The Elgin County Library has plans to someday

publish a book or two on the history of Elgin County Churches. I can't wait to read it.

About 33 years ago Dave and I moved to our house and .3 of an acre on the corner of Leitch and Mary St. Sadly that house that gave us so many happy times burned down. Photos on page one. Happily no one was injured and a big thank you to our hard working volunteer firemen. Thanks guys you are always there when Dutton/Dunwich needs you.

Have a happy Easter . . . make great memories and we'll talk again.

Jenny



Dutton Baptist Church - Jenny Phillips ©2005



by Gwen Steward

Born in the Wallacetown area on June 10th, 1916 as World War I was raging in Europe, Archie McFarlane (ret) left his father's farm and volunteered for military service at 17. As the legal age for a soldier was 18, he fibbed his way into the army. With the advent of the Second World War, Archie was off to England with his unit the Royal Canadian Engineers being trained in the operation of heavy machinery, namely armoured bulldozers.

On June 5th, McFarlane's unit was part of the Allied invasion of the Normandy beaches in France known as *Operation Overlord* with Juno Beach as their objective. On D-Day, the first day of the invasion found Archie traveling across the English Channel through rough water amidst a massive armada of seagoing vessels, eventually hitting the beach in a landing craft crowded with men and equipment. The initial orders were to get off the beach as soon as possible, clear a wide path up to the road and continue traveling in front of the troops.

McFarlane was also charged with clearing mines flagged by soldiers traveling slowly ahead carrying minesweepers, giving the troops an unhampered route inland. He found himself, however, bogged down in wet, shifting sand. With the weight of his armoured bulldozer, it was almost impossible to gain traction. It took him hours to finally get the machine up

## Portrait Of A Veteran...

### Sergeant Archie McFarlane (ret)



onto the road.

The turmoil and noise on the beach was like nothing McFarlane could ever imagined. Trucks, jeeps and heavy equipment attempting to move inland

to their objectives, planes droning overhead, exploding shells and the shouts of men attempting to get organized. Managing to overcome many obstacles, the Canadians made the deepest penetration of any land forces that day with moderate casualties.

Later McFarlane became separated from his unit for 5 days and, during that time, came across a dead soldier with his rifle stuck in the ground, topped by his helmet. His body would be picked up by the medical corps and taken for burial. He saw that the soldier was the victim of a sniper bullet and the back of his head was missing. The experience left him badly shaken, more so when he realized that he was looking at the face of a friend and schoolmate from home. The image haunted him for years and, as he recounted the experience, his eyes filled with tears.

The weaponry of the enemy was superior to that of the Allies and while serving in Holland during the liberation, McFarlane's bulldozer was hit by an 8 mm enemy gun. It blew a hole through the blade, grazing the engine. Archie dove over the back of the machine but not before being hit in the back and the backs of his hands by hot shrapnel. Attempting to pull the metal from the back of his hands, he succeeded in burning his mouth landing him in an English field hospital before eventually returning

The Allied invasion of Normandy on D-Day June 5th 1944 included the Canadian landing on Juno Beach.

Continued On Page 6





Clearing by the Royal Canadian Engineers of rubble in order to start another road to the river bridges, Caen, Normandy, 4 August 1944.

Photo by Ken Bell. Department of National Defence / National Archives of Canada,

## Portrait Of A Veteran...

*Continued From Page 5*

to his unit and a welcome back party. He was also reunited with his fully repaired and operational bulldozer Loveable. Then it was back on duty.

As a soldier, Archie was paid \$1.50 a day, sending half of that home to his mother. He also received an army blanket for which he paid \$1.00. The soldiers carried their blankets with them through the war and, if necessary, they would be used as a burial shroud. Everything else, including uniforms (from Eaton's), weapons and ammunition, were supplied by the army.

Archie spent five years overseas and when asked what kept all of them going, he said it was thoughts of home and the dream of returning to all they held dear. That dream was realized by many but not by all. Those that were left behind in graves on foreign soil, live on in spirit...never to be forgotten.

Today, Sergeant Archie McFarlane (ret) resides in the veterans' wing of Parkwood Hospital in London. He lost a leg recently to diabetes and is scheduled for a cataract operation but has a ready smile and loves to tease and make jokes as he sits surrounded by photographs of his Wedding Day so many years ago and of friends, past and present. He proudly displays his medals and is looking forward to visiting an area school to talk to the students about his days as a soldier.

Archie McFarlane and others like him are passing on the torch.

*God Bless them all...*

## Steve Peters, M.P.P.

542 Talbot St. St. Thomas, ON N5P 1C4

2005



The intersection of the Talbot and Union Roads in Fingal about 1920



# Sarnia author recounts heroism in Dad's War

*Dan McCaffery - Brother Jim McCaffery*

BY MARY-JANE EGAN  
Free Press Reporter

As a boy, Dan McCaffery was fascinated by an old black and white photo that hung in the hallway of his family's Sarnia home.

It showed seven dashing young airmen standing in front of a Second World War Lancaster bomber. Sixth from left was James Cyril McCaffery, Dan's father.

To the young McCaffery, a baby boomer who grew up playing war games with toy guns and toy soldiers, the fact his father had been involved in the real thing was a source of endless curiosity.

"To me, war was just one big, rollicking adventure and I wanted to hear all about it," McCaffery says. But his questions were often met with stony silence.

"Dad would just give one- or two-word answers."

It was a chance conversation overheard in his teens that led McCaffery to delve deeper into his father's war experience — an eight-year labour of love that produced McCaffery's latest book, *Dad's War*, published by Lorimer.

McCaffery's father was asked by a friend what he'd done in the war.

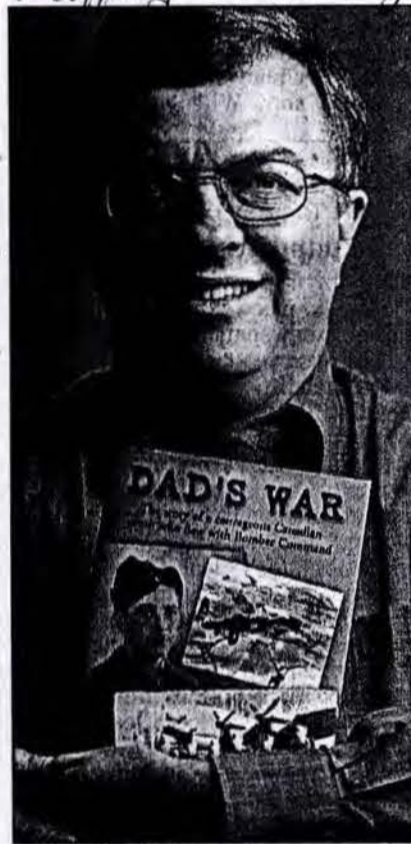
"My ears pricked up," McCaffery recalls. "At last, I'd get to hear some breathtaking tales of shootouts and close encounters with flak."

Instead, McCaffery was stunned by his father's reply.

"We burned women and children to death in their cellars."

McCaffery, assignment editor with the Sarnia Observer and author of nine aviation history books, including *Billy Bishop: Canadian Hero*, says the book on his father's 22 raids as a tail gunner in Bomber Command was the most difficult project he's ever tackled.

McCaffery's father — extremely private about his war career and insistent that he'd done nothing extraordinary in the war — died in



DEREK RUTTAN The London Free Press

**HERO:** Sarnia author Dan McCaffery's latest book of aviation history focuses on his father's years as a tail gunner.

1998, shortly after giving his son his logbook.

Over the previous eight years, the author had coaxed some interviews out of his father and his sister, Karen, had persuaded the senior McCaffery to do some tape-recorded interviews for a school assignment.

Armed with the logbook that outlined 22 dangerous missions over enemy territory and his own casual and formal interviews with his dad, McCaffery realized he'd assembled a treasure trove of material that provided a first-person view of a

war that altered the lives of a generation.

Still, the author hesitated. "I had a nagging fear that dad might be right, that his story really was too 'ordinary' to be told in such detail," says McCaffery.

Ultimately, it was the very fact his father had been an ordinary airman fulfilling a duty assumed by a generation of young men of the day, that convinced McCaffery his father's story should be told.

"I thought his story might be appreciated by baby boomers anxious to know what their parents had gone through during one of the darkest periods in human history."

*Dad's War* is a compelling account of air raids over Germany that McCaffery has painstakingly documented using both allied and German war records.

Using not only his father's personal account, but lengthy interviews with the people who served with him and survivors of Allied raids over Germany, the book takes on the most controversial actions of war, including the devastating raid on Dresden that killed tens of thousands of civilians.

It's a battle that left the senior McCaffery with nightmares into his last years.

But the book has uplifting elements too, detailing everything from the veterans' dreaded diet of endless Brussels sprouts to the satisfaction and pride the senior McCaffery experienced ending the war by dropping food on destitute Holland and running missions to deliver Allied prisoners of war out of Germany.

McCaffery, who says after seven years he still misses his father daily, says his research convinced him his dad was, in fact, a hero.

"Not one in a million, but certainly one of a million Canadian heroes who served their country so bravely during the Second World War."



# Donald Page gives back to community

JEFF KEMPENAAR  
staff

Wallacetown's Donald Page recently won a prestigious award from the Fellowship of Certified General Accountants for volunteer work that Page sees simply as giving back to his community.

"I'm still healthy so I'll keep helping," he said.

Seven years ago he had a heart attack and was rushed to St. Thomas Elgin General Hospital.

He spent three weeks rehabilitating at the hospital and it gave him time to change his goals in life.

"The hospital was so great getting me back on the farm, I had to give back to the foundation," said the 71-year-old.

So Page, a Certified General Accountant, volunteered for the

Finance and Audit Committee at the hospital.

This is one of five local institutions Page has been voluntarily supporting for years.

He is also on the hospital's foundation board, the Tyrconnell Heritage Society board, the executive of the West Elgin Choral

Society and a councillor with the Municipality of Dutton/Dunwich.

Last week Page received the Ivy Thomas Award, presented to a member of the CGA Ontario for outstanding public service of charitable involvement, including humanitarian acts.

Page won the award for leading a successful fundraising campaign as president of the STEGH Foundation Board.

He also served a term as CGA Ontario president and CGA National president.

"Now I've got to learn not to say sure 'I'll help.'"



SUBMITTED

Donald Page, right, receives the Ivy Thomas Award from Ron Colucci, left, president of the Certified General Accountants of Ontario.

ple of decades. We lived in the little white frame house just up the hill from the train station.

I'm absolutely amazed that I never heard a whisper of such a momentous event. I was certainly well acquainted with the Howe family: Thompson was my Sunday school teacher and his sister Edna, who lived right in the village, operated a home dairy outlet after the general store burned down. She was also the church treasurer and employed me in one of my first jobs — mowing the church lawn before Sunday service.

Being an avid reader of the online version of the Times-Journal, I am always thrilled when pictures or stories of Lawrence turn up. I love writing about my days in Elgin county and frequently have the accounts published.

Keep up the good work. I now feel I know a little bit more about my roots.

Peter C. Joyce  
Gloucester, Ont.

## GREAT STORY

Editor:

Re: Dawson  
Winchester's  
Nov. 20 column,  
"Elgin residents  
recall 1941 air-  
liner crash".

What a great story about the 1941 plane crash on Thompson Howe's farm. Ten years later, my family moved to Lawrence Station when I was two, and the tiny hamlet became my home for the next cou-

Nov 23 / 2004

## Steve Peters, M.P.P.

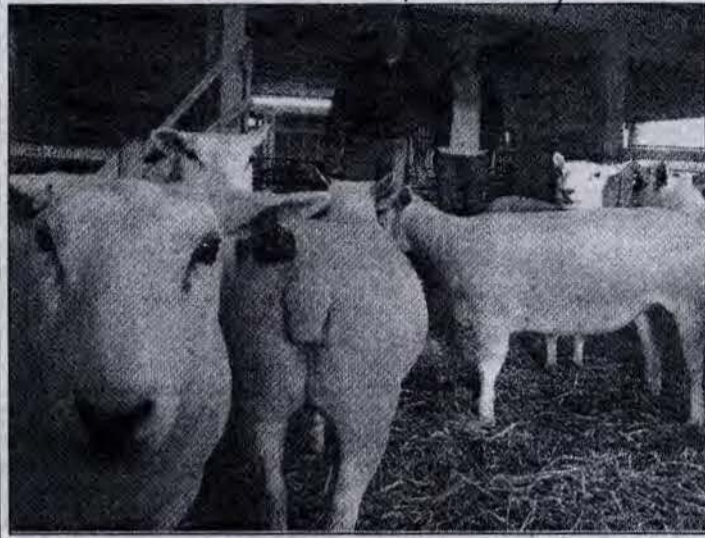
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2005



Delivery vehicle at the Lumley & Co. General Store in Iona. The photograph dates from 1925.





Steve and Janet Jones, background, raise these Texel sheep at their north Dunwich farm. The Jones, including their two sons Peter and Robert will be showing Texels at the Royal Agricultural Winter Fair this weekend in Toronto.

## Local farmers successful with new sheep breed

JEFF KEMPENAAR

staff

Three local farms are competing in Texel sheep categories at the Royal Agricultural Winter Fair in Toronto this weekend.

Steve and Janet Jones from Dunwich will be showing 19 Texels.

They were last year's ewe and reserve champion, along with ram and reserve champion.

The breed is about 15-years-old to Canada after gaining respect in the United Kingdom and the Netherlands for its meaty carcass.

The Texel sheep does not produce wool but is more like a pig in shape. It can take twelve weeks for the sheep to finish at around 42.75 kilograms (95 lbs.).

Last year was the first year the Texel sheep competition was held at the fair.

The Jones's two sons, Peter, 16 and Robert, 14-years-old, also placed in the top three in many classes including winning yearling Ram class.

Steve sees the fair as a display case for livestock window shoppers.

"Ribbons are important but we hope to create more interest in the breed," said Jones.

Last year he sold the three rams he showed and in past

years has sold everything he brought.

The market for lamb meat is under-served by 50 per cent, said Jones. The Texel sheep has been growing in popularity though, with around 40 farmers in Canada from 30 two years ago.

Jones has sold some Texel and started other area farmers on the breed.

Stan and Laurie Campbell from Dunwich and Bruce and Don McKinnon from Iona Station will also be showing Texels at the fair in Toronto Nov. 7.

"We're working with good people and good stock around here," said Jones.

Jones is President of the Texel Sheep Farmers Association, vice-president of the livestock genetics committee and on a BSE task force in Ottawa.

He moved to Canada from the U.K. six years ago but has been coming to the fair since 1981.

His wife Janet and two boys work on the farm. Peter helps Janet with the flock while Robert manages the breed and computer work.

Mexican shepherders have purchased the all Texels the Jones will be showing at the fair for around \$2,500 to \$3,500 a head.

"It's a good business to be in," said Jones.



## Annie Brown

Annie C. Brown (nee Ripley), long-time member of Wallacetown United and beloved wife of the late Frank Brown, passed away in her 93<sup>rd</sup> year on April 6, 2006.

A service of worship and celebration of her life was held at Wallacetown United on April 10<sup>th</sup>, when a full congregation came to pay their respects. Annie had been a Sunday School teacher for many years, and a public school teacher also, so she was remembered fondly by many. In speaking about her mother, Mary Manchester reminded everyone about the small things in life that her mom considered as "abundance" and that she also gave so generously in love.

Son Jack spoke about his mom's trademark ... a huge capacity for love and acceptance, and how these came back to her over the years in the form of "best teacher" and "favorite teacher" tributes from her students.

Jack closed his remarks with special mention of Mary's constant care of their mom as she became more and more frail in her final years. His sincere words of appreciation to Mary were much appreciated by those in attendance.

As it happened, Diane's footwear symbols from her Easter series of sermons on walking with God were still attached to the wooden cross during the funeral service. Diane used them in her eulogy to illustrate Annie's "servant heart", and to remind us of Annie's gifts to others through her work with the UCW, church choir and as a schoolteacher.

As Diane put it, no one was more worthy of the classic tribute ... "Well done, good and faithful servant!"

## Don & Louie's 55<sup>th</sup>

A large number of well-wishers came to the church on Saturday afternoon, April 8<sup>th</sup>, to offer congratulations to Don & Louie Lackey and help them celebrate their 55<sup>th</sup> wedding anniversary. Almost all of their large extended family were on hand as well to greet everyone and make sure they "sat a spell" to enjoy conversation and treats provided by the UCW. That part of the afternoon continued non-stop until 4:30 p.m.

After a break long enough to take some family photos and re-set the lower hall, the celebration continued with dinner for 100, organized for mom & dad by family members. It made you feel like they were newly-weds ... with toasts, slide shows, speeches, cake, music, and so on. Every one had a great time.



This photo was taken during one of those spoon clinking things where everyone tries to embarrass the happy couple.

Not a chance!