



RECOGNIZE ANYONE? – Filming of "That Old Feeling" took place at St. Peter's Church at Tyrconnell on Saturday afternoon. Stars Bette Midler and Dennis Farina were not on the set but these actors were involved in two scenes filmed here.

June 19/96.



FOR YOUR INFORMATION -- WRITTEN BY MRS E.B. MARTELLE WHO
LIVED ON THE PLUM POINT FARM. -- THIS FARM IS ON LOT 16
CONCESSION 11 AND 12 OF DUNWICH TOWNSHIP.

Some pioneer facts that my late Mother, Hazel Velma Halpin Martelle, used for a presentation
that she gave at a Women's Institute Meeting in the 1960.

TRANSPORTATION : Phaeton, Democrat, Top Buggy, Rubber-- tired Buggy (All Horse-Drawn).

PHAETON --- OWNED by Mr. Stephen Backus. Coachman Mr. H.M. Wrong.

--- Owned by the Turville Family.

DEMOCRAT --- J. L. Pearce Family.
drawn by a team of Gray Horses. (2 seater).

(3 seater). --- John Halpin Family. Team-- Jess and Florie.

THEN CAME THE ADVENT OF CARS .

MAKES. --- M; Laughlin.
Gray Dort.
Essex.
Model T Ford.

Touring cars with removable curtains, no heaters, rumble seats. Gradual improvements
through the years until the streamlined models of today.

COMMUNICATIONS:

Telephones came to this community in 1905. THE OFFICE was in Wallacetown.
A line run to the Talbot Estates where MR. Watkins had a switch to connect with Iona
where a switch was installed in Lumley's store. As the number of subscribers increased,
more lines were built and these small switches were discontinued and the main offices
established.

Then came the radio and we learned to plan our work so we could listen to our favourite
stories and programmes. This was a wonderful invention for shut -- ins, the elderly,
the blind and other invalids. Then came the T. V. which has brought everything to our
living -- rooms.

SOCIAL LIVING :

Oil Lamps; Hand -- Washing -- tub and wash board. Hand Machines-- then gasoline
motor driven. Coal and wood stoves and furnaces, fireplaces.

The work of women was much heavier. Instead of freezing foods as is done today,
long hours were spent over wood - stoves canning fruit and vegetables as well as meat.
I'm sure we who remember that era can still taste that lovely canned beef from the basement.
Also beef carcass was hung from the barn rafters by a rope and pulley so it was out of the
reach of cats etc., and wrapped in a bed - sheet for cleanliness. Here we went and cut
steaks and roasts with a saw kept for the purpose. (frozen in winter).

The drying of the hams and the shoulders of pork was achieved by first curing them in
a salt brine, then rubbing them with dry salt and pepper with a bit of cayenne, tying them
in a pillow case and hanging until properly dried on a bar behind the kitchen range then
moving them to a dry, cool place and perhaps packing them in a barrel of oats to keep them
dry.

The side pork was fried and packed in crocks and covered completely with the grease and weighted by inverting a plate over the meat and putting weights on it until the grease rose around the edges to keep out air and then these crocks were stored in a dry part of the cellar.

Apples were peeled and placed on racks for drying, for winter use when they were used in making desserts. The apples were treated with sulphur while drying to preserve the colour. How I hated cooked dried apples!

Industrials evaporators were for commercial drying of the apples and farmers drew the apples by wagon loads to these evaporators. (Clapp & Littlejohn).

The garden raspberries and strawberries were not grown so extensively as today and the womenfolk spent weary but enjoyable hours picking the wild fruit. On our Plum Point farm, we had a special hill which we called the "mountain" and it was never cultivated in my young years so grew up with lovely soft grass and wild white clover. From the clover blossoms we loved to braid wreaths for our hair. Around this mountain was a lovely patch of wild strawberries which my sisters and I would pick for mother to make the delicious jams and preservatives that only wild strawberries can make.

Across the line fence which was called the slashing (brush piles and small trees grew up after the virgin forest logs had been cut and removed) grew the loveliest wild raspberries.

My mother sometimes went with us girls to pick berries but mostly we went alone. She had an unwritten law that we wouldn't think of returning home until all of our pails were filled. When I say pails, I mean the big twelve quart milking pails.

WE all loved to go berry picking wearing stocking legs over our arms to protect us from scratches and huge straw hats to protect us from the sun (no sun tan lotion in those days). We would take bread and butter and green onions for our lunch and "raspberry vinegar" a drink mother would make us and off we went for the day.

OUR feet and legs were well protected with high shoes and stockings to save us from insects, snakes and snares. Our cellar would be well--stocked with jam, jelly and preserves for the cold winter months. Salmon and sardines were about the only food bought in tin cans.

Sometimes we got a bit adventurous on these trips. Annie once was doing some stunts on a rail fence and fell and broke her arm. Another time we endeavoured to see how many times we could get our driving horse Florie to jump the creek between the woods and the house leading her by a halter. Again Annie was in the wrong place and the horse knocked her down and in the fall she broke her leg. Annie was always the casualty. Edith and I dragged her through a fence. Edith kept watch while I ran for dad.

INDUSTRIES----- Farming, fishing, oil wells, the gentian gardens, cheese making .

ENTERTAINMENT-----

I am using the period within my own memory which goes back now quite a few years and if I speak of our own family life, I mean it to reflect the living of the community as each family was so intimately involved with that of our own neighbours.

Our homes were our castles so to speak where we had our entertainment and our lives centered around our families and our neighbourhoods' families. There were the Pearces, Backuses, Thompsons, Cranes, Watsons, Bobiers, Lackeys, Lunnis, Smalls, Joneses, Dockers, Gows, Lucases, Breens. Most of the names represented more than one household. St. Peter's Church was the one representing a large percentage but the Methodists, Presbyterians and Roman Catholics were well represented as well and as was quoted at our convention on Tuesday, "Our influence falls often where we are not present." I think we can truly say that the influence of these older families can surely be felt today, when we find the same churches still flourishing and in many cases still represented by the descendants of these same families. I have been speaking of the southern part of the community but we also have the same traditions being carried on in the north by such family names as Camerons, Blues, McKillop and others that I shall not take time to mention but who are included in this type of living.

I remember the card parties which our parents had as being the major part of our

parent had as being the major part of our winter social life. In our community often a large dinner party was held when probably twenty people would be around our dining table and roast goose, turkey, or ducks, and all the trimmings would be served. All of the fowl was produced on the farm. Mincement was made by the crockful and lots of mince pies were served. After a hearty meal, all would join in an evening of card playing. The guests were the age group of our parents and the game mostly played was "pedro" but euchre was enjoyed too. These parties moved from house to house and the older people enjoyed them greatly as well as the kids. I remember so well all the tarts, cookies and other sweets that were on hand.

Then there came the house party when the furniture would be moved from the most convenient room, fiddler and caller hired and a good old time dance enjoyed. To these the whole family came. The bedrooms would be piled with coats and wraps and as the kids went to sleep a corner of a bed would be cleared to lay them down and everyone danced till the wee hours of the morning. The hostess furnished all the bountiful lunch and paid the fiddler. Our home had one of these parties every other winter and nobody came who did not have a special invitation. The families of the community all had turns at this entertainment.

Our Sundays were spent by going to Church in the morning and on warm afternoons walking to the lake or to the woods to pick flowers. We enjoyed the hepaticas, dog--tooth violets and Dutchman's breeches while reading a book under the trees. Winter Sunday afternoons were mostly spent in reading. Relatives and friends would drop in and probably would stay for supper.

How we ate plums and apples in the summer season when these young folks called/ The men had logging and wood buzzing bees. If a new barn was being built there was the barn raising. All of these events turned into a social event in the evening.

Other community events were the literary and society where everyone helped with programming.

There were debates, dialogues, vocal numbers, elocutionists etc. Mrs. Browning was a prominent elocutionist and her numbers much enjoyed. The late Mrs. Herb Whalls who was the former Mabel Timewell was a much enjoyed vocalist. The late Mrs. Dunsmore, the former Eva Cusack also was an entertaining elocutionist.

Several local gentlemen were versatile with their violins. Among them were 'Uncle Josh Bobier' whom everyone remembers and Wm. Hollingshead. After all the programme had been rendered, some person, who had been previously appointed was called upon to give the "critiques" remarks. This was usually one of the evening's highlights.

There were literary picnics, farmer's picnics, Irish and Scotch picnics as well as our Sunday School picnic. Of course 'The Talbot estates was the popular spot for the locals while Port Stanley was the spot for the Scotch and Irish which was the day of the year especially for us Irishmen.

How many remember the rag peddler who came around and exchanged his pans and tin ware for "bags of rags and rubbers," (means during the two wars, people went around collecting rags and rubber boots. The rubber boots were difficult to repair and were apparently recycled.) The tramps who came peddling their wares and often seeking a night's lodging, the fish--- peddler, the religious gentlemen with their record player trying to convert all who would listen to their faith.

One could reminisce at length of events in our time, most of which give us a sense of well being, of privilege to have lived in this period of simple but friendly pioneering development. Neighbours had time to be neighbourly, time to relax and enjoy the lovely atmosphere of hospitality and loyalty which seems a little lacking to-- day.



Written by Mrs Hazel Velma
Halpin Martelle - about The
Palem Point Farm - she gave this
presentation at the Institute Meeting in 1960.

ASHTON TROTHEN
(GUY)
WALTER TROTHEN (GROOM)
ALMA GOWAN (BRIDE)
ANNIE GOWAN
GERTRUDE SMALL (FLOWER GIRL)

MARRIED SEPT. 14, 1928

METHODIST CHURCH, TYRCONNELL





Wedding Day.

Mr & Mrs
JAMES Mabel Stipley.

+

Mr & Mrs

ALBERT & Maud
BRADDON.

From Joyce Suttan
Year.?