



A Passion for Wooden Decoys Designs Handed Down

By Bill Kennedy

Steven Lloyd (left) has had a passion for wooden decoy ducks for 35 years. He has collected hundreds of them, and presented displays all over Southern Ontario. His expertise is frequently called upon by decoy owners and museums for identification and financial appraisals. The estimates can range from less than a hundred dollars to amounts that make your head spin.



In an appraisal for the Museum of Man collection in Ottawa he

discovered that it contained, at \$32,000 apiece, two of the most valuable decoys in Canada. But they're small potatoes when compared to the decoy made by
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Reflections On My Life Agnes H. Murphy



Agnes Murphy

In her 90th year Agnes Murphy decided to heed the advice of her friends and write her autobiography. That was in 2010. When a copy arrived at the Hastings Heritage Centre it was passed along to your *Outlook* editor as something that might be of interest to the Historical Society newsletter. It turned out to be so interesting that he arranged to meet with Agnes at her Hope Crescent home in Belleville to talk to her about her life. At a

young age she joined the Sisters of Providence Order in Kingston and upon graduation as a nurse embarked on a career that was to confront her with many challenges and take her many places.

It is with Agnes Murphy's permission that we recount some of her stories in this and upcoming issues of *Outlook*. They paint an historically valuable portrait of a Hastings County citizen and accomplished Canadian. Next issue we'll begin at the beginning with her childhood years on the "Old Hannifan Farm" near Shannonville. But for now here's just one small event from her very active life as a nurse and hospital administrator.

Some of you have asked that I describe life in a convent. Before I begin I must say I do have great regard for the work of Religious Orders of sisters and their immense contribution to society over the centuries. Their care for the sick, the elderly, the disabled, the poor and the orphaned; also, their work in the field of education, especially of the very young.

It is not a life of ease. It is a regimented life. Our living quarters were in the hospital building which gave us "availability" around the clock. Our lives consisted of work and prayer. Hours were long, working twelve hour shifts with no days off and often times no annual vacations. Once annually we had
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Wooden Ducks *Cont'd from page 1*

Belleville carver William Hart which, at today's prices, is estimated to be worth about \$206,000!

The oldest decoys in North America go back 2000 years and they are recorded earlier in Egyptian culture. Prior to 1915 there was commercial bird hunting just as there is commercial fishing today. You could shoot any bird any time of year. After that date birds such as swans and shorebirds were declared off limits for this purpose with the result that the decoys for these birds were no longer made and many of the existing ones were discarded as



they were no longer of any use. Thus, such decoys became very valuable with one for a shorebird selling for over \$30,000. Steven noted that the value assigned to expensive decoys has a lot to do with how it is marketed.



The majority of decoys are made from white cedar for the body and pine or basswood for the head and almost always body and head are made separately. Decoy design for the same duck is different in different parts of North America because the design has been handed down



through generations. The kinds of decoys you find in a given area reflect the kinds of birds of that area. Canvasback duck decoys are rare in these parts but popular around Lake Erie which is on their flyway.

Steven's website is www.decoyinfo.com. His phone number is 613-922-7000. He welcomes calls.

Local Historian Passes Out Mayor & Minister of Defence Among The Rescuers

Would you believe that a prominent member of the Canadian Cabinet came to the assistance of a local Belleville historian who passed out near the end of an historic ceremony in Prince Edward County.

This happened on Friday, February 18, 2011 in the Marilyn Adams Genealogical Research Centre at Roblin Lake. The Seventh Town Historical Society, operators of the Centre, had arranged with A.T. Johnson, BEM, Chester, U.K. to transfer the First Edition of the "Victoria Cross Library: The Facts Behind the Men, Behind the Metals" to the Centre. It would be the first set to be placed in any Commonwealth country outside the United Kingdom.

This would be a real honour for the Society, since the books record the lives and military achievements of more than 1,000 valiant men and women who received the Victoria Cross, starting with the Crimean War in the 1850s.

Thanks to the early efforts of Ian & Bev Reilly and the cooperation of MP Daryl Kramp and the Federal Government, the event would have government participa-

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MY FAMILY & JAMES B. COLLIP

By C. W. (Bill) Hunt


Many of you have been following the excellent articles by Doctor George Pearce on Belleville native, James B. Collip, Ph.D. My interest in Doctor Collip is more personal. You see, I owe my life to Dr. Collip and his colleagues, physicians Frederic Banting and Charles Best.



Bill Hunt's grandparents Maude Webb Hunt, b.1875 and William Albert Hunt, b. 1872. Neither suffered from diabetes.

In the early 1920's these men made one of the most important discoveries of modern medicine. Dr. Banting realized the importance of insulin to diabetics and, with his colleagues Collip and Best plus the facilities and backing of the University of Toronto, was able to perfect a method of extraction which lifted the death sentence from those unfortunates afflicted with the "sweet disease." Had I been born a generation earlier, I would have been one of those "unfortunates" and died a slow death by starvation in my early twenties. As a result of their work, I have been able to reach my late seventies with every expectation of another decade of reasonably productive life.

Although I have been a severe insulin diabetic since March of 1954, I have managed to avoid having any of my limbs amputated, suffering kidney disease, nerve damage, or blindness; all common complications of type 1 diabetes, also known as insulin dependant diabetes or juvenile diabetes. This latter term is not wholly accurate but is



Hastings County Historical Society Presentation

Bus Trip

**Follow the Lives of
Susanna Moodie and Catherine Parr Trail
With Historian Guide Peter Brotherhood**

**Date: May 7, 2011
Departure Time: 8:30 am
From: North Parking Lot Quinte Mall**

Visit locations in Northumberland County where the Sisters lived;
Hear expert guide of events and historical settings from their arrival in 1832, the life and times of the area, the aftermath of the 1837 Rebellion and much more.

Tickets:
\$60.00 available at Greenley's Book Store, Belleville

Lunch provided

sometimes used because the onslaught of the disease most often begins in childhood.

There were not many diabetic specialists around in 1954 when I was diagnosed with the disease but Doctor Bruce Cronk was the internal medicine specialist at BGH. He put me on a diet and insulin program which kept me healthy for the next thirty-six years. By then laboratories had stopped making insulin from animals and I had to change to one of the new types. I am very much in your debt Bruce.

In diabetes the defective

gene is more frequently passed on by the mother but in my case it appears to have been my father. He was an exception to the juvenile rule in that he was in his fifties when he became an insulin diabetic. Less than a decade later he was dead at 62 from a massive heart attack. He had not controlled his blood sugar very well and his doctor believes this was a major cause of his death. Until he became diabetic he had been a robust, active and healthy individual.

My mother's side of the family tree has been traced back several generations but the Hunt

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Countryside Scoured for Sled Dogs / River Freezes / Deep Snow Hinders Progress / Water on the Lakes / 50 Below Zero

Research by Lois Foster

In the February issue of *Outlook* we recounted Part 1 of the story of J.M. Mccoun of Belleville about his journey as a botanist collecting flora and fauna specimens on the west shore of Hudson's Bay and his subsequent shipwreck in the year 1910. He and his companions made it back to Churchill, Manitoba, on the shore of the Bay where they stayed from September 25 to December 5 waiting for freeze-up so they could travel overland by snowshoe and dog sled to reach civilization. Here is the finale of their "Thrilling Fight for Life" as told by Mccoun and recorded in *The Intelligencer*.

"We had great difficulty in getting dogs. At Churchill the whole country had to be scoured for them as none were kept there to bring people out.

"I was ready to leave Churchill November 22nd and had two of the best Indians in the vicinity to bring me out. Along with me was Harry Ford, the interpreter. We had to wait till the river was frozen over and in the meantime there was a heavy snow which delayed our starting. At last it got sufficiently cold for the river to freeze and we started on the walk to Split Lake, 250 miles away, on December 5th.

"Along with us came Mr. Bachand's party of ten, including two Indians. Travelling was made extremely difficult on account of the deep snow, and to make matters all the worse there was water still on the surface of the lakes. This meant that when we got through the surface of the snow and into the water we were running a great risk of having frozen feet."

Mccoun reports that there were a total of five dog sleds with six dogs to a sled and that they experienced serious difficulties in getting

enough dog food. The daily ration for each dog was three pounds of dried deer meat. Each man was allowed three pounds of food per day and permitted to transport thirty pounds of personal belongings and



blankets. They arrived at Split Lake thirteen days after their departure from Churchill.

The next stage of their journey was from Split Lake to Norway house, another 250 miles. However, because of the water on the lakes they had to go around which increased the distance to 280 miles. Nevertheless, they made it in eight days.

"We arrived at Norway House on December 30th with the weather 51 degrees below zero and about half the part were badly frozen. On account of the New Year festivities at that place we were delayed at Norway House until January 3rd. Then we left for Warren's Landing at the head of Lake Winnipeg



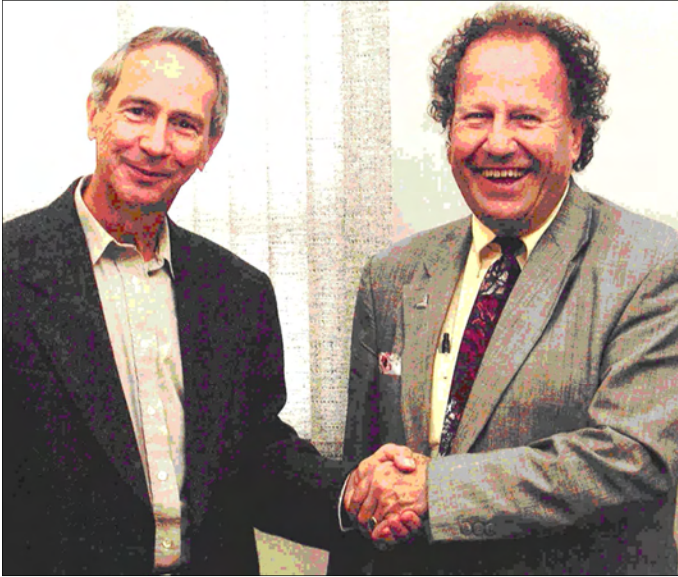
with the thermometer at 49 below zero and made nineteen miles without stopping. As a result of our foolishness in starting in such weather we had to wait two days to recuperate. We were simply all played out.

"After getting rested up we set out for Beren's River, where we were again delayed for three days by bad weather. Here it was decided to separate into two parties, Mr. Bachand and his men going down the east side of Lake Winnipeg and myself with Mr. Ford and our party going down the west side. Going across the lake we made 42 miles in one day. On the trip we covered about 800 miles all told."

Mccoun made it back to civilization with all his specimens despite shipwreck and winter hardship. No botanist before had been on the west coast of Hudson's Bay between Churchill and Repulse Bay. At Churchill no arctic plants were found while at Repulse Bay all species were arctic. This allowed Mccoun to fix the southern limit of the arctic species and the northern limit of the sub arctic species.

Mccoun died in Ottawa in 1920 at the age of fifty-eight.

Surprising Ancestors By Dick Hughes



Mayor George Zegouras congratulates Dick Hughes, November, 2003

For several years I have done family history research for genealogical societies in this area. This has produced some unexpected and even startling findings for the families involved. However, my biggest surprise, while doing research for others was to make amazing discoveries about my own family.

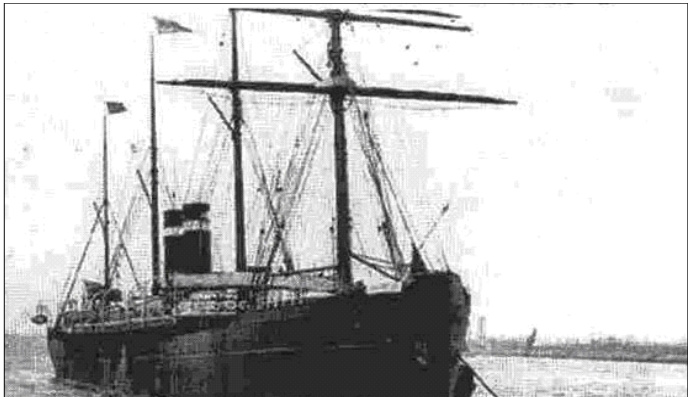
It was early November 2003 while doing research at Ameliasburgh I was handed some envelopes containing requests and I noted one was from Mayor George Zegouras of Belleville. He had received a letter from an elderly couple in Liverpool, England addressed simply to “Belleville City Council, Southern Ontario, Canada.” The couple were searching for the wife’s sisters and brothers who had been sent to Canada in the 1890s by a charitable organization. They knew almost nothing about them except that one had come to Belleville and had married a man named ‘Hughes’.

I was absolutely shocked and breathless as I noted the few details but was sure that this was my own grandmother. I had been searching for her origins for the past ten years. What are the chances of this letter from Liverpool, “a shot in the dark” actually falling into the hands of the grandson of the person. When informed of this, Mayor Zegouras came to the research centre as he had a personal interest in

family history, and the story was reported in the *Intelligencer*.

In fact, between 1869 and 1948 over 100,000 homeless or impoverished children between the ages of six months and 25 years were sent out to Canada by charitable and religious societies in England. These are now called ‘home children’ and they were placed as farm labourers, domestics and other basic tasks. Belleville was the home of one such organization, the Marchmont Home which received several thousand children and placed them locally.

In the case of my grandmother, her father had died at the age of 30 and left his widow with seven young children. With no income, she was forced to place them in the Ormskirk Workhouse in the late 1880s, from which they were sent to Canada by the Catholic Children’s Protective Society. Actually four of them eventually returned to England, but three stayed and spent their lives in Canada. I was pleased to provide this elderly couple with full information on their (and my) family and to learn about the current generations of my family living in England. I have subsequently established a friendly



The four mast *Parisian*, the ship that brought some of the children to Canada in 1889.

relationship with these descendants of our common great-grandparents.

Footnote: For interesting reading on local home children see ‘*The Marchmont Home*’ by James Gilchrist. For family history research assistance contact the Quinte Branch, Ontario Genealogical Society located within the Quinte West Public Library or their website www.rootsweb.ancestry.com/~canqbogs/.

Bill Hunt *Cont'd. from page 3*

side has been a puzzle. My grandfather, William Albert Hunt, was born in the early 1870's but his birth was not registered. Moreover, when his widow died, all the family letters and photographs were destroyed or thrown out. Where to start? I eventually figured a way and the resulting path led to some interesting results as well as the discovery of the origin of the sweet disease which has visited many of the family. I will write more on this in another issue.

Local Historian

Cont'd. from page 2

tion. The special guest of honour for the occasion would be the Honourable Peter MacKay, Canadian Minister of National Defence. Other guests would include descendents of several Canadians who had received the Victoria Cross, the mayors of Belleville, Quinte West and Prince Edward County, MP Daryl Kramp, the base commander of CFB Trenton, the president of Loyalist College and representatives of eight local legions. Included in the list of invited guests was a local historian and lifetime member of the Seventh Town Historical Society.

The auditorium of the Marilyn Adams Centre was packed to capacity. The local historian decided he would stand for the ceremony, rather than taking a seat that could be occupied by a senior female attendee - an act of chivalry. He stood against the wall at the west side of the auditorium, at the end of the centre aisle, immediately behind the Centre's official photographer and near a row of photographers from local and national media.

The room was crowded and warm. Just before the end of the hour-long program and the start of lunch, the historian felt somewhat ill at ease,

passed out, and fell - first onto a photographer's chair and then onto the floor.

Among the first to come to his assistance were Daryl Kramp and the Hon. Peter MacKay. The minister knelt down, took off his suit jacket and placed it under the historian's head as a pillow. He held his hands, offered encouragement and later presented him with a military pin.

The historian thanked Peter MacKay for his concern and assistance, explained that he had wanted to meet the minister - though not in this way - and congratulated the minister on the excellent CBC program that recently had shown MacKay undergoing the type of training that a tough drill sergeant would put a military recruit through after enlisting in the Canadian Forces.

Among others who figured in this first aid exercise were President Ian Reilly, Belleville Mayor Neil Ellis, who contacted the family, and two nurses - Diane Helm of the local historical society and Mary (Roddy) Jaynes of Peterborough, a direct descendant of Patrick Roddy who had received the Victoria Cross in 1859. A Picton based ambulance, having delivered a patient from Picton Hospital to BGH, arrived at the Centre quickly and the historian was transported to BGH.

Following 23 hours in the emergency room and numerous medical tests, the historian was sent home with a portable heart monitor as a companion for the next 48 hours. Early reports indicated that there was no heart damage and the historian is out again, walking and shovelling snow.

The incident may have been simply the effects of standing too long in a warm, crowded room - as seen in military events where soldiers keel over while standing at attention for a long time.

In any event, I will be a little less

chivalrous in the future when attending crowded events and will try to be seated.

Thanks to all involved in sponsoring the event. It was a wonderful celebration - one that reflects credit on a great many people - especially the members and friends of the Seventh Town Historical Society. *Gerry Boyce*
(the local historian)

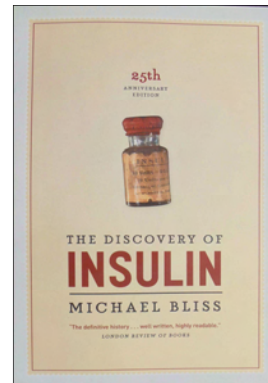
Banting and Collip

This researcher has contacted a member of the family of the late Sir Frederick Grant Banting who died in the service of his country as the result of an air crash on the evening of February 20, 1941. This year marks the 70th anniversary of the death of Banting. He was serving as a member of our armed forces and a war scientist. He was proceeding to a secret meeting at Porton Down in the south of England at the time of his death.

The day before the crash Banting had been able to visit with fellow insulin collaborator James B. Collip at McGill University. Collip was to succeed Banting as Chair of the Associate Medical Committee of Canada's Defence Research Council during the remaining years of World War II.

The Banting family member and this researcher will continue to work together to see that the history of the discovery of insulin will remain alive and a significant part of our history.

George Pearce



Agnes Murphy

Cont'd. from page 1

time to make a spiritual retreat of eight days. Those of us who were sent west (Western Canada) were allowed to return to the east once every ten years! There were many rules and regulations to observe and the practice of certain virtues were very necessary, especially humility and obedience. Punctuality was a priority. As is always the case where human beings are involved, imperfections abounded often. I myself was perhaps one of the greatest delinquents. The need to obtain "permission" for everything was paramount. It was there that I often failed miserably. I would forget that I must get that "permission," which would land me in hot water!

Until the 1950s Sisters did not drive cars. Then, suddenly, some Orders gave the required "permission." I had long desired to drive. I used to dream about it! In Moose Jaw our Pastor, Father O'Donnell was given a second car by one of the parishioners, a Plymouth station wagon. At the same time he was also given some money to build himself a little cottage on Buffalo Pound Lake several miles from Moose Jaw. He had a one-room cottage built and told us we were welcome to use these facilities (both car and cottage) for "a little rest from our labours." I mustered up the courage to ask for such a little "rest period" and to my surprise and joy was granted a week to spend at this welcome facility with another Sister companion. The thought entered my head... Now I can have my dream come true. I can learn to drive a car!

So I solicited the aid of one of our willing chefs who sometimes drove the Sisters out to some nice spot for a picnic. I gave him orders to "fill the car with gas and leave it at the cottage." It had a gear

shift and I needed a lesson or two as to how to work that. A neighbour* from a nearby cottage gave me the necessary lesson and I was off to the races! What a great week that was. Saturday rolled around all too soon and we were promised that someone would be along to take us back to Moose Jaw.

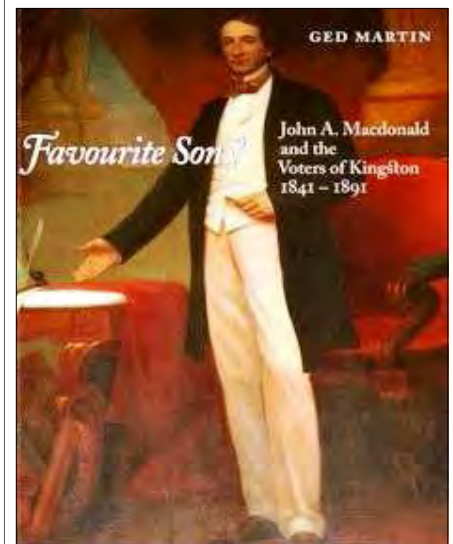
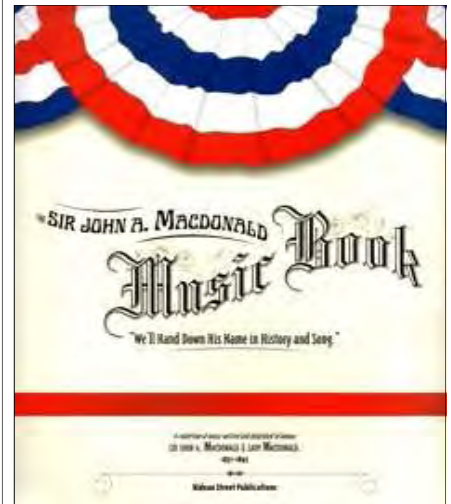
*During my talk with Agnes she confessed there was a little more to this story than she'd written. When the neighbour agreed to give her a lesson he asked if she had ever driven before. Not wanting to admit she'd never sat behind the wheel of a car she said yes, but not a Plymouth!

Climbing into my beloved vehicle for one last ride I turned the radio on and as I had become accustomed to by now, started through the gate leading to a dirt road circling the lake. Suddenly I saw a car coming towards me filled with nuns! What must I do? As we passed each other I waved and all I could see were multiple eyes gazing out at me in disbelief. The grim reality struck me – I did not have that needed "permission" for this. There would be consequences to pay. However, I was a bit lucky this time. One of the nuns in that car was our 80 year old "First Assistant to the Superior" who often championed my cause. She seemed somehow to understand me. I offered to take her for a little spin and she accepted, even telling me "You are a good driver." That was enough. I was let off the hook. It was a closed issue and nothing more was said.

About a year later when I came east during a holiday at home I took driving lessons proper and got my license. However, I was "reported" and given a reprimand for "presuming permission" to do something not yet permitted. Five years later when the required permission was granted for Sisters to drive I was named chauffeur to transport the Sisters to and

from our cottage outside Montreal, since I was the only Sister with a driver's license. I was titled as "One Ahead Of Her Time" and also a "Maverick." So I guess I was a little bit of everything. When the Mother General came to Montreal to attend a funeral, who drove her and the Sisters there? None other than Yours Truly!

Two New Books About Sir John A. Macdonald



The Music Book (top) contains music for 13 pieces composed for Sir John A. and / or his wife in their lifetime along with short biographies of the composers and historic photos. The "Favourite Son?" book is by Ged Martin, long-time Professor of Canadian Studies at the University of Edinburgh.

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Hastings County Historical Society Presentation

Two Guest Speakers:

St. Patricks Day Special

Jennifer Lyons Head Curator, Museums of Prince Edward,

Alex Nichols, Brewmaster, Barley Days Brewery

Topic:

**THE FLOWERS AND GRAINS OF GROG:
 All About Hops and Barley in Brewing
 in Prince Edward County**

Hear about the rich history of hops and barley growing in the Quinte area, and about the sourcing and science of these flowers and grains in the history of brewing.

Date: March 15, 2011

Time: 7.30 pm

**Location: Quinte Living Centre Auditorium
 370 Front Street, Belleville (north door)**

Everyone Welcome, Bring a Friend