

Valley History

N.R.T.

Indian Creek

An interesting feature on the map of this district is the trail so obviously travelled by the Indians on the Quebec side opposite Deep River. 18 miles inland there is a valley called Indian Valley and 6 miles inland there is a lake called Indian Lake. Indian creek flows out of Welches and Farrell Lakes into Indian Bay. Moses Lamure remembers hearing tales of an old graveyard on Indian Bay and a popular campsite nearby. Lucien Cote followed this trail while lumbering on the Quebec side years ago so perhaps the first lumberman to work in that district followed an old Indian trail.

Air Conditioning

Moses Lemuir built a house of round logs beside the home of his father John Batiste Lemuir near the Ottawa River. He and his wife moved in before it was completed. There was only half a floor, a whole roof and no doors nor windows. This fresh air arrangement pleased Mrs Lemuir more than the white wash inside of the squared timbered house of her father in law. The lime of the white wash bothered her asthmatic condition. Moses and his wife lived in this chilly home one whole winter. When I think of the cold of last winter in Deep River, I tip my hat to the rugged determination of this couple.



Cezarie Lamure

N.R.T. Photo

With a beautiful Indian name like Cezarie Lamure (pronounced siz-a-rie) you would expect some recipes for food just a little out of the ordinary. Although Cezarie speaks only Algonquin, she passed on to us through her brother Moses some ideas on how to stay alive on wild game and little else.

Beaver tails skinned and boiled, are a delicacy which she recommends.

"Even better than chicken" is how she describes the taste of baked porcupine. The porcupine must be singed to remove the quills and then skinned and parboiled before it is baked.

Here is an idea for campers who like beans for breakfast: The night before, you build a fire on sand (start it with birch bark). Boil the beans with a few chunks of pork for added flavour. While this iron pot is boiling on the fire, dig a trench a little larger than the pot. After the beans are tender, remove the pot from the fire. Shovel some hot sand (from under the fire) into the trench. Place tightly covered pot on hot sand and fill in the trench around sides of pot and over top of pot with the rest of the hot sand. In the morning they are just right for breakfast.

Well Cezarie, I've got the pot ready for the porcupine but how do I catch one?

The Bear Facts

Mrs. Moses Lamure who as a girl lived 8 miles up the mountain back of Sheenboro, Quebec tells of the perils of raising sheep. Her father had many sheep grazing on the hill

early in the spring. One morning after several sheep had mysteriously disappeared, Mrs. Lamure looked across their field to see something white fly through the air, she and her brother went to investigate. As they got closer, they could see that a bear was in the sheep fold, and with a swipe of his huge paw he sent another sheep flying through the air over the enclosure wall. They carefully followed the bear into the bush where they saw that she had piled up 8 sheep and was taking them to her cubs.

Later that day, her brother armed himself and Mrs. Lamure took their big wolf like dog attached by a chain to her waist and set out to track the bear and perhaps chase it into one of the many traps which they had set for her. The dog caught the scent of the big she bear and started to run through the bush dragging the petite Mrs. Lamure after it. She tried to save her face from the scratching branches with her arms and was finally able to put her arm around a tree as she was being pulled by it, and thereby save herself from being dragged within range of the bear on the run.

Not too far away from where Mrs. Lamure was brushing the pine needles from her hair, she heard the bear thrashing around in the trap. Her brother quickly put the sheep stealer out of its misery.

After the team of horses towed the carcass out of the marsh and back to the farm, it was weighed. They found out that they had been chasing 400 pounds of she-bear.

Mrs. Lamure also weighed herself and the dog. The dog weighed in at 104 lbs, while she was only 98 lbs. Besides, quotes Mrs. Lamure, "He had four feet to the ground to her two."

Mayor Houde

During the war there was a prisoner of war camp on Centre Lake near Chalk River. Mayor Houde was one of these prisoners and Mr. King who lives on an old farm near Chalk River remembers the day Mayor Houde was brought there. He said the Mayor's wife and lawyer followed him right up to the gate where they were turned away. Mayor Houde did exercises daily outdoors and was very good at chopping wood. I wasn't able to find out if he was on any of the truckloads of prisoners sent to Deep River to help with construction here. Mayor Houde was a prisoner for two and one half years at Centre Lake.

North Renfrew Times
No date.

Valley History

Buried Loot

Picture if you will a group of small log houses on the banks of the Ottawa River (where now sits the tennis courts). Four related families eked out an existence and became expert in the ways of their forefathers at bringing food to their meagre tables.

As civilization moved closer a game warden came to the district and things became even more difficult.

The late Joe Lukus was walking down an old lumbering road through the bush, gun in hand when he heard a car approaching. He hid in the bushes just off the trail and watched the game warden drive by. Thinking of the buck he had shot and butchered yesterday, he set off in a vain attempt to beat the game warden to his home.

The game warden arrived at the Lukus home first and asked his wife if they had shot a deer. She denied it of course. When asked what she was cooking, replied "rabbit".

The game warden then visited the other homes and found venison on their tables and fined them.

In the meantime Joe reached his home, took down the quarter of venison that was hanging in the shed and buried it in the dirt a stone's throw from the house.

As he returned to the house from his "gory" deed he met the game warden and quickly concealed the bloody evidence on his hands by stuffing them in his pockets. He denied all knowledge of his relatives deer.

When Mrs. Lukus was asked if she was worried about being fined at this late date, she replied "The evidence is long passed."

A Good Catch!

In the winter of 1942 two trucks owned by Rabishaw and Bedore were crossing the river from the Quebec side to the site of what is now Deep River. As they neared Deep River the ice began to crack and open up and both trucks fell through into 108 feet of water. The drivers escaped and decided to try to retrieve them. They lowered a chain which had a large hook on the end and with a team of horses they managed to pull the door off one of the trucks. The next attempt was more successful. They pulled the second truck to the surface and placed boards under it and wheeled it onto the ice!

The Oiseau

Many years ago a boat called the "Oiseau" used to cruise from Pembroke to Des Joachims every evening from early spring to late fall. The cost of a "round trip" was \$3.75 and

one had to book-up in advance for this was a popular and most enjoyable cruise. The boat would leave Pembroke at 7:30 in the evening and as soon as it was afloat the bar would open and the fun began. It would dock at Des Joachims at midnight and the bar on board would close. Everyone would then rush into Des Joachims three hotels for an hours fun in the bars there. The trip back I dare say was riotous for as soon as the "Oiseau" set sail for home again, the bar opened once more. I'm sure that every morning at 4:00 a. m. when the "Oiseau" anchored at Pembroke, it had a happy bunch of passengers all ready to book up for another cruise.

Napoleon's House

There is an old white square timbered house at the end of the Mattawa Road at Balmers Bay. It was built 100 years ago by Napoleon Renaud. His daughter, Mrs. Sylvester Labine who lives in it now moved there with her husband when their home, three miles down river, was taken over by the government before the building of AECL in 1945. Napoleon built his home with the help of a double edge axe, a horse, a chain, and a few friends. He cleared the land, cutting down trees and drawing out the stumps by horse and chain. He squared the timbers with his axe and in about 3 weeks his 7 room home was complete and there it stands today as sturdy as ever.

Mrs. Labine had 13 children only two with the help of a doctor. Mrs. Tennant in Chalk River acted as mid-wife and would look after expectant mothers in her home at time of confinement. People in need of a doctor travelled to Pembroke.

A Shopping Trip

Mrs. Labine remembers that it took a whole day to shop when she was a girl. She and her mother would set out from Balmer's Bay (then Welsh's Bay) early in the morning by horse and wagon, do their shopping at Con Dovers store in Chalk River, and wouldn't arrive home until dusk. In the winter they would go shopping by horse and sleigh or sometimes walk to Sheenboro on the ice — 8 miles down river.

School Days

There was a school in the old days 3 miles down river from Balmer's Bay. Pupils and teachers from the district used to walk 3 or 4 miles to school, rain or shine! The children would attend school all year except January and February when snow blocked the roads. No doubt these children hoped for an early winter or a late spring. Later in 1929 they had to go to a school on Wylie Road. Those children who lived at what is now the AECL site, had to walk 7 or 8 miles to Wylie School.

North Renfrew Times
October 25, 1961 (?)

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Valley History

By Bob Hulley & Claire Leng

Mrs. Dan Donnelly who at 80 is sometimes bed ridden with arthrites cheerfully remembers living with her uncle Frank Welch on the bay just down river from Deep River. Welch's Bay is where Kennedy creek empties into the Ottawa River. Mrs. Donnelly nee Margaret McGinley raves about the big pike she has seen pulled out of the Ottawa at that spot.

At the age of eleven Marg-

aret moved back to her families 230 acre farm at Mackey. The farmers of the district cultivated large gardens for themselves and for trading with the Indians, for fish, venison, moose and other game. The farmers in the area didn't feel the pinch of the depression as much as the city dweller but they had problems, with bears and wolves stealing their stock.

The children were always excited to see the river steam boats go up river as far as Des Joachims with passengers. The "Victoria" steamer would tow the huge logs that had been hewn in the Du Moine area down river to Pembroke. Sometimes a bad wind blew the booms into a bay and the children watched for hours to see the men winch the huge logs back out into the main flow of the river.

Old Mackey Graveyard

Today we have schools not more than 3 or 4 blocks away and a hospital in almost every town. To the children of 60 years ago, this would have been heaven.

Many babies and children died of diphtheria and influenza etc. and are buried in such cemeteries as the one at Mackey, due to the long distance the people had to go for medical aid. Of the 40 readable tombstones at Mackey 20 are less than 16 years of age.

Flory's School

Mrs. Dan Donnelly, moved to Welch's Bay in 1884 and at the age of 3 attended a log cabin school on Wylie Road. 45 pupils were taught there by a hot tempered Irishman called Doyle. The school was torn down and a new one built in 1929.

Prize Tailor

An Indian from Stonecliffe called Jack Fisher made himself a lovely suit out of deer hide sewing traditional fringes down the pants and arms and complete with a headress of feathers, he marched to the

country fair and won first prize for his work many times and as recently as 3 years ago.

Indian Missions

Every year there was a mission at Des Joachims where Indians would come to be married or have their children baptized. They would travel from as far away as Dumoine Lake (the Big Lake). Father Nedlek, who was himself part Indian built a little church at Mattawa and was a missionary

amongst the Indians. On one of his trips up north towards Hudson's Bay a band of hostile Indians captured and burned him. He returned, his face scarred.

Mattawa became the headquarters for priests in the valley. Indians camped at Deep River in their teepees on their way to the yearly mission. Missions were also held at Fort William on the Quebec side.

Beaver Pelts

A beaver pelt 50 years ago

was worth up to \$50. Now, because the demand isn't as great, a trapper will only receive approximately \$15.00 per pelt. Bongana coats seem to have taken the place of a beaver coat.

Thistle Siding

Long ago there was a tavern between Chalk River and Petawawa called Thistle siding. It was also a stopover place for men on portage. It had a large room with a wood stove where

they would sleep. They would bring their own food and hay bring their own food and hay for the horses but if the men wanted a cup of tea they had

Meilleurs Bay

Mrs. Bea Lance, who lives on the Mattawa Road near Meilleur's Bay, is the daughter of Joseph Meilleur. He owned the land around Meilleurs Bay and the Bay was named after him. Mrs. Lance used to do her shopping at the Hudsons Bay Fort at Des Joachim.

North Renfrew Times
November 15, 1961

An historical footnote

Just a footnote to the Obituary of Alexina Blanche Lamure. Thirty-five years ago a young girl told me this story about the move from the settlement on the Deep River waterfront to Wylie Road:

"They came in the night, Christie Rathwell, with his truck and some labourers. They came into our home and got us up and said we had to go. By daybreak they had all our possessions on the truck. Mother (Alexina) asked if she could dismantle the building and take the logs, doors and windows. She was refused, their orders were to burn it.

"My sisters who were younger rode in the cab while I stood in the back with my mother. We went down Wylie Road till we came to a clearing where they unloaded everything and left us. My father cut some branches and covered our piano and the rest of our belongings to protect them from the weather. Mother went back that night and during the darkness dismantled our home and got Christie to move the logs and the doors and windows to where we were now going to live. My father's sister who had been moved out a few days previously took us children in while our parents put together a shelter. All our neighbours were moved in similar fashion."

Arthur Swayze Coveart

North Renfrew Times
April 27, 1988 (?)



Mr Moses Joseph Lamure

Obituary

Moses Joseph Lamure

Mr Moses Joseph Lamure passed away September 14, 1976 in Deep River and District Hospital. He was in his 79th year.

Moses Lamure was born September 23, 1897 in a log cabin built by his father Jean Baptiste, on the banks of the Ottawa River in year 1871 at the site of the Mackenzie High School.

Moses's father, of Indian (Algonquin) and French Canadian origin, came from Lake of Two Mountains near Montreal, and made his home in Deep River. The family's presence here will continue to be remembered through "Lamure Beach" which is named after him.

Moses Lamure spoke English, but could speak both Indian and French fluently. In his younger years, Moses sang in an all-male choir in the old Catholic church and people say he had a tremendous voice.

Both the young and the old will remember him best by the heavenly sound of the tunes from his violin, which he loved so much to play. He played his violin for many wedding receptions and house parties, especially at Christmas, New Year's and on St Patrick's day.

Mr Moses Lamure was the last member of Jean Baptiste Lamure family.

Moses Lamure, retired on September 28, 1962 from Atomic Energy of Canada Limited, after 11 years with the building maintenance and construction branch. Mr Lamure joined the Chalk River Project in August, 1951. On July 1st, 1961 he walked from Deep River to Pembroke, a total of 32 miles in 7 hours and 20 minutes and stated that only his knees and ankles were a little stiff.

He is survived by his wife Alexina and three daughters, Annie (Mrs Marcel Pelletier), Clara (Mrs James McAuley), Ida (Mrs Ida Halliday) and 11 grandchildren — all of RR 1 Chalk River (Wylie Road).

The funeral service was held September 17, 1976 at Our Lady of Good Counsel church in Deep River, with the Reverend A T Harrington and the Reverend D Miller officiating. Burial was at the Deep River Cemetery.

Pallbearers were: Michael J Paquette, Cyril Walker, Harold Laronde, Gilbert Lukus, Murray James and Edmund Lukus.