

Birth and Deaths

Card of Thanks, In Memoriams, Engagements

DIED

FORGET, Francis - In Huntingdon on December 14, 2005 at the age of 75 years passed away Mr. Francis Forget, husband of Georgette Hart. Besides his wife he leaves to mourn his three children, Denis (Estelle Leblanc), Marcel (Mavis Crawford) and Diane (Daniel Sauvé), five grandchildren Martin, Nancy, Katherine, Marc and Brenda, one great-grandson Brent-Michael as well as many relatives and friends. Funeral service was held Saturday, December 17 at 11 a.m. in St-Joseph's Church, Huntingdon. Burial in the Rodrigue Montpetit & Fils Inc. columbarium. Donations to the Huntingdon Hospital would be greatly appreciated. Funeral arrangements Rodrigue Montpetit & Fils Inc., 170 Chateaugay, Huntingdon.

LINDSAY, Hamilton - In Lethbridge, Alberta on December 12, 2005. Loving husband of Anne. Predeceased by his parents Margaret and George Lindsay also brothers Norris and Tom. Dear father of Linda, Ruth, Ray, Glen, Jim, Carol, Allan, Wayne and Brian. Brother of Isabel and Pat of Gananoque and Helen (Joe) of Malone. Cremation has taken place.

CARD OF THANKS

I would like to thank the nurses of the Barrie Hospital for their help and kindness to my late husband, Clarence Hinks. Thanks also for cards, donations, food and flowers. Thanks to Rev. Kate Jordan for her uplifting sermon; also Mr. Montpetit for his help and kindness. Please accept this as my personal thanks.

Viola Hinks

The family of the late Lawrence Murphy would like to extend their sincere thanks to Dr. Hebert, Dr. Lemieux and the 3rd Floor nursing staff at the Barrie Memorial Hospital for their compassionate care while Uncle Lawrence was a patient there. Thanks also for visits, flowers, mass cards and attendance at the funeral, and to the Catholic Women's League for the wonderful luncheon. Lawrence will be remembered for his generosity to many.

Michael and Kathy
Patricia and Normand
Susan and Carl

IN MEMORIAM

DICKENSON, Keith - In loving memory of a dear husband, father, and grandfather who passed away December 25, 2003.

Sadly missed but remembered with love by his wife Ruth, Kevin (Linda), Sherryl (Rick), Roslyn, Leslie & families

McADAM, George E. - In loving memory of our father who passed away one year ago December 31, 2004.

*No one could tell stories quite like you,
Or sing a song, whistle a tune from a rooftop, a
basement and even your workshop,
Our memories of you will be treasured forever
in our hearts.*

Sadly missed by all of us,
Gerald, Joanne, Lynne, Robert and families

PATENAUE, Ronald - In memory of a dear husband, step-father and Grampa who died December 27, 2003.

*Calm and peaceful he is sleeping,
Sweetest rest that follows pain;
We who lived him sadly miss him,
But trust in God to meet again.*

Sadly missed,
Linda, Barbara, Nick, Yiannis & friends

Congratulations



Congratulations
Private Tim Hansen

*Your family is very
proud of you*

Just Married



**Johnnie Belinda Cluff
& Nicholas Elst**

*Wish to invite you to help ring
in the New Year with the newweds
Friday, Dec. 30, 2005, 8:30 pm
Maurice Lac St-François
1529, rte 132, St-Amand, Que.*

George Edward McAdam (1915 - 2004)

We lived our lives on the same street never crossing our paths very often. To sit and chat was not a thing that we did. Often I would see your car or truck parked in front of some neighbour's place. You would be on the roof or inside fixing a plumbing or heating problem. Your specialty was working on the roofs of houses. These roofs were made of standing lock. Every ten years, you painted the roofs with a brush, installed eve spouting, soldering them in place.

Oil furnaces came into being after the war. So servicing the burners and installing the furnace became one of your specialties as well. I recall your telling me the distance to set the electrodes for igniting the burner was the flat side of a nickel. Plumbing as well was a part of your work. You installed complete plumbing systems and even dug the septic draining system by hand at one time.

After the war, you returned and worked with your father, Hugh, and your brother, Howard. But he soon took up work for the Canadian Customs. I recall both you in your army uniform and Howard in his air force blue uniform standing on the veranda in the fall of 1945.

In the spring of 1946, Howard had a rowboat and tied it up at our place. He was hunting muskrats. Later that spring, Howard had three night fishing lines on our property, and we looked for worms under the cow pies. One evening he pulled in a three-foot-long eel. It wiggled and twisted. It was very slimy and I went with him in the rowboat across the river where a group of people was fishing at the mouth of Moore's creek. He got 75 cents for the big eel.

My father had a 2.5 hp Johnson outboard motor. Howard took it one day and tried to start it in the barrel of rainwater beside the house to no avail. After a few chugs, the motor was put away. But you didn't like fishing. Baseball and hockey were your sports.

That summer, we kids on the street would spend lots of time around the shop, which was the garage on Green Street. There was always soldering going on, and we could hear the fire pot burning, the soldering of milk cans, eve spouts and whatever else. The sound of the fire pot could be heard from home, and I would go over to see what was going on. Hugh, your father, took time to cut little shovels out of scrap galvanized roofing sheeting, and I learned how to rivet and solder them together. These were used in our sand pit.

I recall the day that the old black car was put to rest and George, you drove home in a brand new 1950 Ford pickup truck. It was grey in colour. Soon racks were made, and your name was painted on the doors of the truck. The slogan printed on the cab by Gerry Hébert was "We slave, you save." This truck stayed in service for many years.

A big day took place when George, you got married to the bank teller, Annette Robidoux. You then moved to the property beside the town hall on Lambton Street, and over the years you had four children: two boys and two girls.

Yes, time certainly flies as I sit and recall the events that took place on Lambton Street in Ormstown. One summer evening after John Whitehead purchased Sam Cottingham's house, I noticed coming home from school one of Archie McCormick's trucks was

parked in the garage, which had been lifted and supported on the back of the truck. I climbed into the loft of the garage and looked out the door, but was not allowed to ride as it moved down the street to your new home where it resides today with its original colours.

When I was about ten years old, during the Christmas holidays with nothing to do, I went with you to Willie and Mildred Hamilton. They had recently moved into town. You installed for them a new set of faucets in the bathtub. After that job I went back to your parents' home and was helping to carry eight-gallon milk cans to the basement where you or your father would solder the leaks. Well, as I was trying to carry two milk cans, one accidentally hit your mother's new stove taking a big chip of enamel off from the side of the stove. That put an end to helping you carry milk cans through the kitchen and home I went.

When I was 13, I spent fifteen days that summer painting roofs at \$3 a day. It was the year you fixed the church roof by putting new metal sheeting on the lower edge of the roof. One day Mrs. Garchore came by and wanted the front veranda floor painted. I got the job. She was very pleased.

As we know, eve spouts and roofs were your specialties and you would buy the paint from Osmond's Store. Roy Middlemiss and Walter Hope were your men for a few years. Even my brother worked for you. When I got older, I worked at the Pea Viner for the Green Giant Company. One of your favourite call words as we passed by as kids was: "Did you see the owl?" One day I was up on the front veranda roof of your parents' home with you as John Tavenir, a kid of seven years, passed by. You called out to John: "Do you see the owl?" and John looked all over the place and to no avail could he see the owl. Of course, you, George, were the owl. Now I must say goodbye. Take care. Now you are on your final journey. God bless.

P.S. On the street there have been many people who have used your services over the years. At any time, when it was an emergency, you would go right away to help them. These are most of the people about town you worked for these many years: Mills, McCormick, MacMahon, Johnson, Harkness, Cockren, White, Whitehead, Dickson, Greer, Saird, Hope, Kerr, Cullen, Glover, Mack, Basin, Osmond, Howden, McGerrigle, Fennel, Struthers, Greig, Parkenson, Black, Orr, Aldridge, Hamilton, McClennegan, Wallace, McBain, Elliot, Marshall, Barrette, Roy, Pick, Forrester, Stalker, Rember, Cavers, Derby, Finlayson, Lang, Roger, Brunet, Jones, Wing, McLaren, Williams, McNeil, Sills, Cavanaugh, Sadler, McEwen, Anderson, Beatty, Brown, Hooker, McCaffrey, Meikle, Young, Connley, Cooper, Taylor, Rice, Fennel, Craig, Winter, Lamb, Anderson, Bebgie, McClaren, McKell, and many other people in and around the town of Ormstown.

You, George McAdam, have been a part of the living spirit working in the community of Ormstown. You heard the Owl make its call. Your footsteps are on Lambton Street in Ormstown forever.

A resident of Lambton Street
George A. McKell