



Newcastle Village and District Historical Society Newsletter

January~February~March, 2003 - Issue # 79

2002 Executive Officers

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President - *Myno Van Dyke*
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Wayne Blackburn, Mabel Good,
& Sanford Haskill
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Florence Taylor
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Good

Coming Events

The Annual Meeting of the Newcastle Village & District Historical Society will be held in the Historical Room at the Newcastle Community Hall on February Feb. 3, 2003 starting at 7:30 pm. This will also be our popular Show & Tell event. Make sure you bring in some historical items for us to discuss. Also Susan Brown is Chair of the Nominations Committee so she will be contacting members to see if they will stand for office.

Ed Burt will be our guest Speaker for April 8/03. Ed is the person who has found the wreck of The Speedy. He will have an interesting presentation for us. Look for a "Speedy" story in our next newsletter.

The Massey Show will take place in June 2003. This should be a fantastic show. Our next Massey Show meeting is on Jan 13th 7pm at

the Historical Room. All interested parties are welcome.

Newsletter and Membership

Please check the address label on this newsletter to determine your expiry date. We are starting a new year and newsletters are expensive to produce, so if your membership has expired please renew it to ensure continued delivery.

There has been no change in the cost of membership. Single memberships are \$8.00 and Family memberships are still \$12.00. You may send your payment to the address below or renew at the Annual General Meeting on February 3.

Newcastle Village & District Historical Society
Unit 3, 20 King St. West
Newcastle Ontario, L1B 1H7

President's Message

by
Myno Van Dyke

Hello Everyone! Hope you had a great Holiday Season. We have some great events coming up in 2003. Shortly, Susan Brown will be contacting some of you regarding nominations for various positions in our Society. With the events coming up we will have plenty of enjoyable jobs for our members to be involved in. An organization is only as good as its membership and we are truly blessed to have some great people. I sent the story about Pauline Johnson to Ron for this issue since I feel that May 25, 2003 should be an important event in our community. It was 100 years ago on that day, that Pauline performed with Walter McRae at the Orono Town Hall. I'm curious why she chose Orono- I am sure there was a good reason. On February 3rd at 7:30 pm we will have our Show and Tell and later elect our new Board. Please feel free to bring in an item- we are always amazed at some of the unique and unusual things that people have. Farncombe Lesgresley, Don Brown and Ron Locke are looking for a new computer system and should be almost finished their research. This computer will allow us to properly catalogue what we have and be able to link in to the system that Clarington Museums have. We will also be able to scan documents. On April 8 we will have a special guest speaker Ed Burr of Belleville. Ed recently discovered the ruins of the HMS Speedy located at Presqu'ile Point near Brighton. Quoting from the book "The Story of HMS Speedy" by Robert B. Townsend --"***The loss of the HMS Speedy is a significant part of the history of Canada, particularly the history of Ontario***". We expect a very large crowd for this speaker, so we may have to make arrangements for the main hall. I will have a story about the Speedy ready for our next newsletter. Also, we have another Massey Show meeting for Jan. 13th at 7 pm at the Historical Room. Since this will be a bigger and better event we will need lots of help. We now have a new Massey Show web site address www.masseyshow.com that links to our site on Geocities. This should be a big advantage for advertising the event. Hope to see everyone out at our Show and Tell.

Rambling Comments of the Editor

Here we are again preparing for our Annual General Meeting and our very popular Show and Tell evening. Plan to attend if you can, it is always a great show.

I think you will enjoy this issue of the newsletter as there are some very interesting local articles submitted by some knowledgeable writers. Prompted by Leslie Wilson's article on the woolen mill last issue, Helen Schmid added some interesting facts in her article "Newcastle Woolen Manufacturing Company". Pauline Johnson's Recital took place just one hundred years ago in Orono and Myno has taken us back there to give us a glimpse of what it was like.

An article in an earlier issue about Dr. Farncomb prompted his Grandson, Balfour LeGresley to share a newspaper article from his archives that will give us a look at the famous doctor from another perspective. Finally Myno gives us a primer on using the internet to research history using his "Sir Francis Bond Head" story from the last issue as a background.

Director's Meeting Jan. 21st in the Historical Room.
Deadline for the next newsletter will be March 1st 2003.

Newcastle Woolen Manufacturing Company

by
Helen Schmid

Leslie Wilson had an article in our newsletter of Oct/Nov/Dec 2002 regarding the Durham Woolen Manufacturing Company in Newcastle. It is difficult to find material relating to this company and successor, the Newcastle Woolen Manufacturing Company. However, the Mr. Brodie of Peterborough, mentioned by Leslie has been found, and a little more information gleaned mainly from the 1871 census. "Mr. Brodie" was Robert Brodie, who, with his wife Joan and children: Alexander, Agness, Isabella, Helen, Mary, Esther and infant Robert, can be found on page 56 of the Newcastle section of the 1871 census. The family reside as tenants on one acre. Church Street. Mr. Brodie is stated to be "Manufacturer and Superintendent of the Newcastle Woolen Mnfr. Co." In schedule #3 of this census, the data on the company shows they owned two buildings and one house. Schedule #6 shows the company with 11,000 in inventory and with 9,000 fluid capital. Steam power was 35 force. There were 54 employees; 22 males, 24 females, 4 boys and 4 girls with wages totaling 11,500. The company used clean, foreign wools weighing 100,000 pounds and valued at 40,000 to produce 100,000 yards of tweeds and woolen cloth valued at 90,000.

Some Employees (1871 census, Newcastle village)

William Ivory, 45, clothier
Evelena Greives, 20, factory hand
Catherine Hennessy, 17 factory girl
Eliza Daly, 22, factory hand
Kate Daly, 18, factory hand
Albert J. Wilson, 28, engineer*
Thomas Goard, 25, engineer*
Charles Wilkins, 32, spinner

Evan Pugh, 68, spinner
George Crooks, 50, weaver
James Hamer*, 38, wool sorter
David LaPrague, 40, dyer
James Avison, 50, cloth finisher
Charles Knap, 39, wool carder
Mark Rawly, 31, spinner
Henry Speare/Spears, 25, spinner

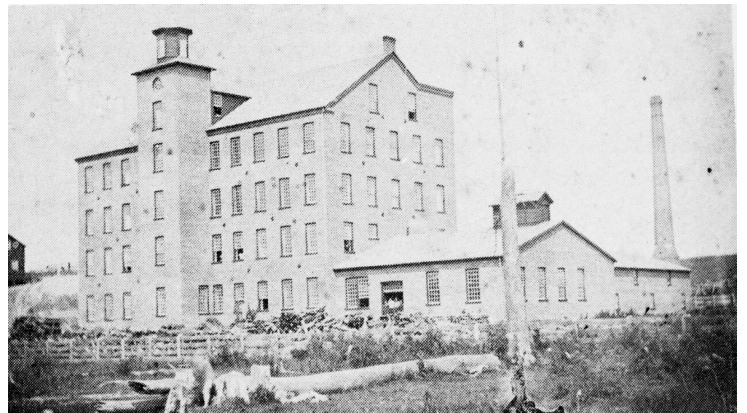
*We cannot say for sure that Messrs. Wilson and Goard are woolen factory employees.

*James Hamer was still there in 1875 and joined Durham Masonic Lodge, becoming Master in 1879. Also still employed at the factory (1875 Assessment Roll) were: Henry Spears and Mark Reavely (Rawly?),

spinners; Charles Wilkins, now a weaver. New names since 1871 are: James Howarth, spinner, John Bell, weaver and John Melrose, dyer.

Masonic records list as "manufacturers": William Alexander who affiliated with Durham Lodge in 1872. Robert Cornish and Walter Anderson joined in 1873. Charles Prescott McCoy was employed as a finisher in September of 1878 when he married Emma dark. (Ivory genealogy)

"Very little excitement prevailed" said the Canadian Statesman of October 8, 1880 when freeholders voted on a by-law to assist the woolen company to rebuild by giving a bonus of \$6,000. The by-law was carried, the votes being 79 for and 9 against. Why was the mill not rebuilt?



Pauline's Recital

by
Myno Van Dyke

There is something very special, almost eerie, about the old Town Hall in Orono. It seems to be untouched by time. The old wooden chairs, the creaky plank floor, that magnificent clock, the incredible upper balcony and the delightful old doors and windows. The place seems to ooze warmth and familiarity. It's almost like the ghosts of the past have retained a little part of it since it was built in 1899. Perhaps the event on May 25th, 1903 helped to make it that way.

She was called a half-breed in those days. Her mother was an American of British descent and her father was the Head Chief of the Six Nations Reserve near Brantford, Ontario. Both families were so upset about the marriage that many refused to attend. Young Pauline was born in 1861. She did not have much of a formal education, but she became one of the greatest teachers and performers in Canadian history. Her teachings did not take place in classrooms, but in small and large halls, where for sixteen years, she gave incredible performances by reciting patriotic poems and short plays and stories.

*"My aim, my joy, my pride is to sing
the glories of my own people"*
E.P.J

Emily Pauline Johnson was virtually unknown until 1892 when she was asked to take part in a unique program in Toronto. Here, authors were invited to recite or read literature that they had written themselves. Her contribution was *A Cry from an Indian Wife*, which demonstrated the native perspective of the North-West Rebellion. Pauline received the only encore of the evening.



The Toronto press immediately eulogized her performance and she was invited to perform again, this time alone. From here she began a series of recitals throughout Canada. Her objective was to raise enough money to submit her poems to a publisher in London, England. After two years, she published her first book, *The White Wampum*. She was the first Native poet to have her work published in Canada. Later, she wrote numerous stories and articles about native life for newspapers and magazines.

When she performed at the Orono Town Hall on Monday, May 25, 1903, she had a manager, Walter McRaye, who also performed with her. As well, she had a musical accompaniment, likely a piano player. The show was put on by the Orono Epworth League. The President was Miss Aloah Walsh, First Vice President, Miss Ida Jaynes. The Epworth League was a group of young people that were members of the Methodist Church (now the United Church of Canada). Probably, most of the people attending were members of that congregation.

From the Orono News, May 28th, 1903. *A The program presented was an entire change from that usually heard here and while it did not evoke*

much enthusiasm with all, yet a considerable majority of those present were highly pleased with Miss Johnson's readings of her own poems and also with Mr. McKraye's presentation of Dr. Drummond's Habitant character.

She started off her two hour performance doing recitals dressed in a ballroom gown. After the intermission, she would come out dressed in her native costume with a necklace of bear claws. This was a costume she had made herself with Mohawk metal work, rabbit pelts, a hunting knife, a tomahawk, wampum belts, feathers, her grandfather's scalp as well as another scalp which she had purchased. If children in the audience misbehaved, she would twirl her tomahawk at them or come near them with a scalp. A true performer, she could frighten audiences and move them to tears. Her performances were split in half, not only to draw people to her performances but to demonstrate that she too was split between two ways of life. A Mohawk Princess and an English- Canadian Lady.

This incredible woman was one of the first female writers who could make a living from what she wrote and performed. She was extremely proud of her heritage and found unique and effective ways to express this pride as well as eliminating stereotypical thinking. Marcus Van Steen who wrote Pauline Johnson, Her Life and Work writes, *Miss Johnson swept into remote communities like a vigorous and refreshing wind from civilization, bringing not only entertainment but a vision of Canada stretching from sea to sea.* So, this is the vision she brought to Orono almost a hundred years ago. Although it was not considered a landmark event then, she was likely the most famous Canadian to perform at the Old Town Hall.

Pauline Johnson died of breast cancer March 7, 1913. She was just fifty-two. She never married, she bore no children. As she requested, her ashes were spread in Vancouver's Stanley Park.



*Sleep, sleep.
By your mountain steep.
Or down where the prairie grasses sweep!
Now fold in slumber your laggard wings.
For soft is the song my paddle sings.*

From her most famous poem, "The Song My Paddle Sings"

Dr. Alfred Farncomb a Newspaper Clipping

submitted by Balfour LeGresley

I note the reference to the Sons Of England with our grandfather mentioned as their physician. Below is an article from the Statesman of Jan 27, 1927 which describes a gathering at Ebor House to honour him on his retirement from this office after 40 years. It identifies the large number present, and gives details of the presentation to him of a set of books (which I treasure and have read - all wonderful choices) - all this not more than a month or two before he died. (B. Le G)

Dr. Alfred Farncomb Honored by Brethren (from a Newcastle paper clipping, [The Independent?] Thursday Jan. 27, 1927)

subtitled: Lodge Physician of Newcastle Lodge, S.O.E. for 39 years
(S.O.E. stands for, "Sons of England - (B. Le G)

Brother Alfred Farncomb, M.D., C.C.M., having decided to retire from the office of Lodge Physician in Newcastle Lodge No. 46, S.O.E.B.S. after nearly forty years of continuous service, his brethren were of one mind in resolving that they should officially express to him their abiding good-will and brotherly regard and in some material way make suitable recognition of his long years of service and sacrifice in the capacity of Lodge Physician.

The suggestion that a set of books with an Empire flavour and a touch of real Canadianism might worthily convey to the doctor the kindly sentiments of the Lodge met with unanimous approval and a committee was forthwith appointed to make a selection and have them ready for presentation on the night of the installation of officers when according to S.O.E. practice such fraternal acts are usually performed. However, the good doctor has not been enjoying the best of health of late, and this being the reason for his resigning from office, the committee scarcely expected him to be present, and therefore made further suggestions with which the Lodge fell heartily in line. These were, that Bro. A.A. Colwill who had been asked by the committee to be one of their number and prepare an address, read it in open Lodge so that all the members and the many visiting brethren might hear and endorse it, and then that as many members as possibly could, would convene at Ebor House the next evening with the address and gift volumes and pay the doctor a friendly fraternal visit.

Installation was on Thursday evening, January 20th, and accordingly on Friday evening several members accompanied by their wives gathered at Ebor House where they were most cordially welcomed by the Dr. and Mrs. Farncomb, and their son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Reg. Le Gresley, and even little grandson Alfred, smiled a winsome welcome. (he was then 7 months old - B. LeG.) The Lodge had taken Mrs. Farncomb into its confidence early in the day and it was through her womanly instincts that the ladies had been invited, and thus, the merely fraternal gathering which the brethren had anticipated developed into a most enjoyable social function as well.

When all had gathered in the big sitting room warmed by a blazing fire crackling in the open grate, Bro. J.H. Jose, D.D.S.P., called the company to attention and asked Bro. A.A. Colwill, the only surviving resident charter member of Lodge Newcastle to read to the honored host the following address, the presentation copy of which was tied at one corner with red and white ribbons emblematic of the Society's symbols, a red rose and a white rose.

Dear Sir and Brother:-- The members of Lodge Newcastle, No. 46, S.O.E.B.S., having learned of your desire on account of failing health, to retire from the office of Lodge Surgeon after a continuous service of about

forty years, feel that we cannot permit you to do so without in some way conveying to you our sincere appreciation of your long and faithful services to this Lodge.

Not only as the Lodge Surgeon but as a private member of the Lodge you have proven yourself a true and worthy Brother.

We are not unmindful of the fact that the life of a medical practitioner calls for sacrifice as well as service, often at great inconvenience, and weariness, both of mind and body, irrespective of the roads and weather. No doubt you have passed our homes many times at midnight and later when we were enjoying the comforts of home, sleep and rest, feeling that the life of a doctor was not all roses. But through all these difficulties you have spent and been spent on behalf of your patients, and now towards the sunset of your life it must be a source of great comfort to you that you are able to look back over a life of unselfish service.

We ask you as a slight token of our appreciation and good-will to accept this bronze extension book rack together with this set of books, hoping that your life may be spared to read, digest, and inwardly enjoy their contents, and that as you read and meditate upon their pages your thoughts may often revert to the many happy times you have spent with us in our Lodge rooms and private homes. And the prayer of our Lodge is that our Great and Grand Lodge Surgeon will watch over and keep you to the end of life.

Signed by the members of the committee on behalf of Lodge Newcastle No. 46, S.O.E.B.S.

A.A. Colwill, H.R. Pearce, Edmund Thackray, Ewart G. Clemence.

Newcastle, January 20th, 1927.

At the same time a member of the committee presented the book rack and set of five books consisting of one copy each of, *The Makers of Empire* by Hugh Gunn, *Looking Backward*, by George Sterling Ryerson, *Roughing It In The Bush*, by Susanna Moodie, *The Book of Roberts*, by Lloyd Roberts, and *Winnowed Wisdom*, by Stephen Leacock.

The surprised Doctor replied to the address and received the Lodge's tribute in words of earnest and grateful appreciation, spiced with interesting reminiscences and brightened as always with his inimitable humour. Bro. Robt. Walton struck up, *He's A Jolly Good Fellow*, and everyone joined in heartily.

Then followed impromptu speeches, patriotic songs with Mrs. Farncomb at the piano, solos by Bro. Robt. Walton, 1926 Gold Medalist, C.N.E. singing competition, and other entertaining features.

Possibly the greatest delight to the Brethren and their ladies was the splendid lunch of sandwiches, fruit salads, cake and several other tasty and appetizing delicacies, with tea and cocoa, served in such satisfying quantities in the dining room by Mrs. Farncomb and Mr. and Mrs. Le Gresley. The Brethren found it difficult to express their true appreciation of this meal but they will not soon forget it.

Before rising from the tables, Bro. A.A. Colwill read a beautifully worded letter from Bro. J.W. Bradley expressing his appreciation of the Doctor's many estimable qualities as citizen, friend and brother and conveying best wishes for the Doctor and members of his family.

Returning to the sitting-room, Mrs. Robt. Walton, by request of the committee, wrote the following inscription on the fly leaf of each of the books:-- Dr. Alfred Farncomb, from Lodge Newcastle, No. 46, S.O.E.B.S., in remembrance and in grateful appreciation of his forty years' loyal and faithful services as Lodge Physician. Jan. 21, 1927.

The evening concluded with more singing, then *God Save The King* and finally *Auld Lang Syne* with everybody clasping hands with arms crossed, in a circle around the room.

Among those present were W.P. Bro. Lawrence Cryderman, six past-presidents, D.D.S.P. Bro. J.H. Jose, three Past D.D.S.P.'s, and among the ladies, Mrs. S. Jose, a schoolmate of the Doctor in the old Bond Head private school-house.

A second, much shorter article published January 25th gives highlights of the event and adds that "the book of Roberts was selected for personal reasons; that the Doctor once attended Mrs. Moodie in a professional way, and is much interested in Dr. Ryerson who has been down this way".

Dr. Farncomb Celebrates His 65th Birthday (From the NEWCASTLE TRIBUNE, Friday November 14, 1924)

Dr. Alfred Farncombe (the '-e' is used throughout the article) is today celebrating his 65th birthday. He was the third son of Frederick and Jane Farncomb who were very disappointed at his birth that he was not a girl. The baby was dressed by the light of a "Tallow Candle" as there were no lamps in those days and electric lights were not even dreamed of.

When five years of age he attended school in the house (in 1996 the summer home of Professor-emeritus C. Love, formerly of Dr. Walton-Ball of Toronto, near the Lake in Bondhead and formerly known as "Harris Lodge" - B. LeG). His teachers were Dr. McNaughton, Miss Dean and Miss Steen. At eight years of age he attended school at Newcastle, being taught by Miss Castleman and Mrs. William Tamblyn.

When 13 years of age he attended Trinity College School, Port Hope, where he remained five years, winning the natural history prize annually, 1st graduate in medicine from Trinity School.

At 18 he began his medical studies at Trinity College, Toronto, taking his M.D. (in 1881) when twenty-two years of age. He took a Post-Graduate course in London England (probably in 1882), at the London Hospital and graduated L.R.C.P. from the Royal College of Physicians, Edinburgh.

When he was twenty-four years of age, a month after which, he was established in practice in Newcastle, where the Community Hall now stands. After seven years, Mr. Fothergill died, so the Doctor purchased his Drug store, which he managed ten years, putting through the following, students of graduates of the Ontario College of Pharmacy, namely: Alfred Orchard of Indian Head, H.A. Rowland, Secretary to Dr. Hastings, Medical Health Officer, Toronto, Albert Waldon, of Atlanta, Georgia, and William Grieves of Billings, Montana.

The following medical students were instructed by Dr. Farncomb during the forty years that he has been in practice, namely: Dr. Eli Bowie, of Spadina Ave. Toronto, Dr. Herbert Drummond, who died in Pontypool after three years' practice, Dr. Bickerton Edmison, of Castleton, Dr. "Bertie" Willoughby Brent, who practiced for many years in Mahone Bay, Nova Scotia, and died there some ten years ago, Dr. Archie Hunter of Goderich, and Dr. T.S. Farncomb of Trenton.

During the time that the Doctor was preparing these students for college, he was busy with Sunday School work. Among his S.S. scholars is Bishop Brent of Western New York. The Doctor was twenty-five years superintendent of St. George's Sunday School, during the rectorships of Canon Henry Brent, Canon John Farncomb, and the Rev. Scott Howard M.A.

Dr. Farncomb studied while in Newcastle with Dr. W.N. Rose and Dr. Harry Brent. He built the house now occupied by the Misses Wilmot. After seven years in practice he married Hannah Mary Coldwell of Seaforth.

From this union four children were born, Mary, now Mrs. McEvoy of Detroit, George, living in Oshawa, Alfred who died of pneumonia when 11 years of age, and Helen, who was married this year to Reginald Le Gresley. He has two grand-daughters, Helen McEvoy who sings in her father's Cathedral in Detroit, and Constance Farncomb who is 4 years old in Oshawa.

During the 40 years that the doctor has been in practice in Newcastle, he spent the first twenty up-town and the last twenty at Ebor House, the family homestead at the Lake. The photograph above (seated on wheelbarrow) was taken at the exact spot where the doctor was born, in the house now occupied by Capt. Goldring, which was moved away from the front gate, when the doctor was nine years of age. He remembers distinctly riding in the house during the three days it was being moved.

When ten years of age, then Alfred Farncomb began the signs of bird stuffing and the study of natural history, often sitting up until two o'clock in the morning mounting the skins. He continued his taxidermy course until he was 18 years of age, when he began to study the human body. He probably stuffed everything in Canada, from a humming bird to a moose.

The oldest patient he attended was Black Davy, who lived in a little shanty back of the George Grahams' near Clarke Church.

"One March night, it was pitch dark, he was called by a trainman to hurry to the Grand Trunk Station because a fireman while oiling his engine, was run into by a train passing at 15 miles an hour, with a refrigerator door open which struck him on the side and injured him internally. He dressed quickly, with slippers on his feet, a lantern in one hand and a medicine case in the other. He trotted down the sidewalk til he came to the bridge west of James Fisher's house. The excitement began in the middle of the bridge, for there sat a big skunk and the side walk was only 3 ft. wide and the mud on the road was at least 2 ft. deep. He told that skunk that there was a man at the station hurt internally, but the skunk was not interested in anything but the lantern. It took him 20 minutes to go ahead of him over the bridge. When he got to the fireman, he found he had two fractured ribs that were puncturing the lungs, but it was not till 6 weeks later that he was able to tell him what detained him that night.

Another night in the same room, he attended a man from Berlin, Ont., who had one leg cut off by a train. He was conscious and wanted to be turned over when lying on his back and every quarter of an hour he had to be turned on his back again. Just as the train was coming in to take him to the Toronto Hospital, he told me to turn him over. He refused, then said he would turn himself and with the exertion, he loosened a clot of blood from his leg, which went to the heart, and he expired in three minutes. He will never forget that night although it was 30 years ago."

Twenty-one years ago (which according to this would be 1903 which was too early as he moved about 1907 (B.LeG) Dr. Farncomb moved his family to the old homestead at the lake, and since then he has been fruit growing when not busy with his practice. He has specialized in asparagus and manufactured a preparation from its seed which cures Bright's disease of the kidneys.

With Mrs. Farncomb's assistance they have made the lake front into a popular summer resort which has gradually grown each season. This summer at one time there were 160 visitors from Toronto.

Dr. Farncomb has been a past master in Masonry for upwards of 30 years, a past president of the Sons of England, and a member of the Independent Order of Foresters, but as all these lodges meet in the evenings, he has not been as regular in attendance the last few years.

He was present at the birth of many thousand children in this neighbourhood, who will be a living monument to his memory. To them and their parents he extends birthday greetings. Also to the brethren of the societies he belonged to and to that large number of friends, and enemies if he has any.

The article ends with this poem:

(hand-written original in Farncomb papers, in handwriting of daughter Helen, 1924)

"1859 A Birthday Greeting 1924"

The doctor sits in his one-wheeled car, In the garden of his home, And sends his greeting near and far; What need has he to roam?

It is threescore years and five today Since he came,-- his mother's joy,-- And still in his childhood home he lives,-- A white-haired, jolly boy.

For forty years he has done his best To heal the sick and the sore, And hopes to go on with his helpful work Until he is past five score.

The doctor says that his motor car Is ahead of the four-wheeled kind; It helps the garden and soothes the nerves, It strengthens muscles and mind.

Though its not a "Ford" or a "Chevrolet", It is safer far to meet. And "Safety First" Doctor Farncomb says, "For me, - as my life is sweet."

"Ebor House", Newcastle, Ontario, November 13, 1924.

The Internet as a Research Tool

by Myno Van Dyke

The story about Sir Francis Bond Head (in the last newsletter) was written almost exclusively using one search engine "Google". I typed in "Sir Francis Bond Head" (make sure you use the quotation marks) and found 443 web sites about him. I got the idea about the story from Tom Cameron (who is the Durham Regional Police Inspector in charge of the station in Bowmanville). He found an interesting small reference to Sir Francis Bond Head in a historical book. It was a simple sentence that said that Sir Francis was knighted because of his expertise with the lasso. By adding "lasso" to "Sir Francis Bond Head" and removing the quotation marks, I was immediately directed to a site that talked about Head's relationship with the lasso.

I suppose most traditional researchers would question the validity of the information obtained from these web sites on the internet, and rightly so. Some are certainly more accurate and reliable than others. Some sites are simply essays, some are book reviews and some relate to the history of local communities. On the other hand, just because something is written in a newspaper or book doesn't necessarily mean that it is accurate either.

I recall several occasions when I was mentioned in error in local newspaper articles (as a police officer). Around 1977, I investigated an accident north of Bowmanville where a car smashed into a tree trapping the lone occupant. According to the Canadian Statesman article, I single-handedly removed the seriously injured party and personally transported him to the hospital. I did nothing but watch the members of the Bowmanville Fire Department who used the "jaws of life" to remove him and as soon as he was out, he was transported by ambulance.

Total time to write and research the article on Sir Francis Bond Head was about 3 hours. One of the reasons I had problems finding out about him in several books was that I was looking under "B" for Bond Head. Turns out his surname was "Head" and "Bond" was his middle name. I have learned to pick and choose the web pages and sites that probably have the best information. Yes, there is a lot of crap out there. However, recently, a friend asked me to check out her connection to Louis Riel. There is plenty of information out there about Riel so, I typed in her great grandfathers name and "Louis Riel" in one sentence on the search engine Google. A story about the two of them came up immediately. The rest of the links were easy to find. Her great-grandfather was Louis Riel's cousin. It took me about 15 minutes to find it. I shudder to think how long someone would spend in libraries to find out the same information. The only problem is that information on the internet is constantly changing. I have 5 web pages on the internet through our internet provider Sprint Canada. Today, I could not open any of them. I finally contacted Sprint and was told that the company that provides the web pages for them "Homestead" arbitrarily decided to cancel its connection with Sprint. This left thousands of "free" web pages like mine no longer available. So, even though I searched out this information about Bond Head in August, some of the references may no longer be accessible.