

## MESSAGE FROM THE CHAIRMAN:

ON BEHALF OF THE 2010 VILLAGE REUNION COMMITTEE, I WISH TO EXTEND A WARM WELCOME TO YOU AS WE GATHER FOR THE 32<sup>ND</sup> REUNION EVENING. FROM OUR BEGINNING IN 1979, ON WHICH WE MET ON TWO OCCASIONS, THE REUNION EVENING HAS BECOME ONE OF THE MOST POPULAR EVENTS ON THE CALENDAR OF MANY VILLAGERS, FORMER VILLAGERS, THEIR FAMILIES AND FRIENDS.

WE ARE ESPECIALLY APPRECIATIVE OF THOSE WHO HAVE TRAVELLED SOME DISTANCE TO BE HERE TONIGHT.

WE ARE ALSO DELIGHTED TO HAVE GARY MICHAELS AS OUR GUEST SPEAKER THIS EVENING. WE ARE VERY HONOURED TO HAVE GARY ADDRESS US FOR THE FIRST TIME.

THE FINANCIAL SUPPORT OF THE OTTAWA-NEPEAN CANADIANS SPORTS CLUB, IN ASSISTING WITH OUR MAILING COSTS, IS VERY MUCH APPRECIATED AGAIN.

WE ARE ALSO VERY FORTUNATE TO HAVE TONY DISIPIO AND HIS STAFF AT THE PRESCOTT HOTEL AS FRIENDS OF THE REUNION.

ALSO, OUR GRATITUDE TO JOE IERULLO AND THE STAFF OF THE OTTAWA ST. ANTHONY ITALIA SOCCER CLUB FOR THE HOSPITALITY SHOWN TO US THE PAST 25 YEARS.

I HOPE YOU ENJOY YOUR EVENING AS YOU RENEW ACQUAINTANCES FROM THE PAST AS WELL AS MEETING NEW FRIENDS TONIGHT.

SINCERELY,



FRANK LICARI

**2010**

**VILLAGE REUNION**

**COMMITTEE MEMBERS**

**FRANK LICARI (CHAIRMAN)**

**RICHARD CALAGOURE**

**ROYDEN COSTANTINI**

**TONY DISIPIO**

**WRAY KING**

**JIM MC AULEY**

**MIKE ZITO (TREASURER)**

**RICHARD ZITO**

**PREVIOUS COMMITTEE MEMBERS**

**KARL CALAGOURE**

**SONNY CALAGOURE (PAST CHAIRMAN)**

**STU CAMERON**

**NICK COSTANTINI (TREASURER)**

**KEN CREPPIN**

**TONY IERULLO**

**CLEM KEALEY**

**LEO RIOPELLE**

**GERRY TREMBLAY (CHAIRMAN)**

## LEO RIOPELLE

### A MEMBER OF THE ORIGINAL VILLAGE REUNION COMMITTEE

The following obituary appeared in *The Ottawa Citizen*, Saturday, November 28, 2009.

**RIOPELLE, Leopold "Leo"**

**Owner – Canadian Art Weaving**

It is with profound sadness that we announce Leo's passing on November 24, 2009 in his 83<sup>rd</sup> year after a courageous battle with Alzheimer's. Predeceased by his beloved wife Jeannette Riopelle (nee Vivier). Loving dad of Denis (Josephine), David (Francine) and Guy (Kim). Dear grand-pere of Martin (Celine), Natalie, Jonathan, Philippe, Lisa, Benjamin, Nicholas, Todd and arriere grand-pere of Zoe. He will be dearly missed by many nieces, nephews and friends. The family wishes to extend a heartfelt thank you to the exceptional staff at Carleton Lodge, Rideau Village for the care and love they showed our dad! A Mass in Memory of Leo will be held at St. Anthony's Church, 427 Booth Street on Monday, November 30<sup>th</sup>, 2009 at 11:30 am, burial to follow at Notre Dame Cemetery. In lieu of flowers donations to the Alzheimer Society would be appreciated.

His weary hours and days of pain,  
His troubled nights are past;  
And in our aching hearts we know,  
He has found sweet rest at last.



# 2009 Award Recipients



**Joe Cama, Community Contribution Award**



**Joe Bozzi, Villager Award**



**Brian Kilrea, Sportsman Award**

# 2009 Award Recipients



**Paul Casagrande, Special Presentation Award**



**Conrad Kozak, Village Athletic Award**



**Hugh Riopelle, Guest Speaker**

# 2009 REUNION



# 2009 REUNION



# 2009 REUNION





## AND IT CONTINUES...

An article appearing in *The Citizen*, June 15, 1914

### ITALIAN FEAST

Over 1,300 members of the Italian Roman Catholic Church of this city held a monstrous parade in honour of the Feast of St. Anthony, which was celebrated yesterday. St. Anthony is the patron saint of Italy and the day of the feast is kept in reverence by Italians the world over. The members assembled at their new church on Division Street, and from there proceeded to Somerset to LeBreton, to Norman, to Rochester, and returned to the church via the same route. Nearly 50 little boys and girls, who received their First Communion yesterday, headed the procession. Following came the members of the Society of the Sons of Italy, and also the members of the Order of St. Anthony. Several hundred women and young girls, members of the Holy Family Order, were next in order. The Polish members of the church were also out in large numbers. Bands from the Guards Forty Third and Scottish regiments played sacred music along the march to and from the church. Rev. Father Prosperi, the parish priest, celebrated the high Mass and delivered a splendid sermon.

Nearly every house in the Italian quarter of the city was decorated with flags and bunting, while statues of St. Anthony and holy pictures were displayed in many windows.

Mr. James Rossi had charge of the arrangements for the parade.

An article by Ian Bailey appearing in *The Citizen*, June 16, 1986

### ITALIAN COMMUNITY HONOURS PATRON SAINT

Almost 6,000 people gathered Sunday at St. Anthony's Church at Booth Street and Gladstone Avenue to continue a more than 70-year-old local tradition.

They participated in a massive procession for Saint Anthony, patron saint of Ottawa's Italian community that was held to close Ottawa's 12<sup>th</sup> annual Italian Week.

The procession has been held on the closest Sunday to June 13 since the church was built in 1913, but for the last 10 years, it has been held as one of the last events of Italian Week.

Sunday's procession was organized by St. Anthony's Church. People gathered for a 10:30 AM Mass on the steps of the church before following a route along Willow and Preston Streets and returning to St. Anthony's.

Sections of Booth, Preston and Rochester Streets and Gladstone Avenue were closed for the day. The procession was led by four local bands—including the Ottawa Police Pipe Band and the Ottawa Fire Department Band—communion children and priests.

They were followed by the massive crowd, which walked quietly behind a statue of Saint Anthony carried by community representatives.

The event provides a chance for the Italian community to come together, said usher Sam Sgabellone.

"It's a tradition," he said. "The Italian community has always gotten together for a festival for its patron saint."

## **Battle of LeBreton Flats (?) Warms Up**

**An article appearing in *The Citizen* on Wednesday, December 19, 1979 by Geoff Johnson**

**“Tony Brazeau is correct,” writes Nola Ferguson of Chesterton Drive, Nepean.**

**“Tony Brazeau is wrong,” writes Peter Hessel of McClellan Road, Ottawa.**

**The battle of LeBreton Flats—or The Flats if you prefer—has been joined. Brazeau started it when he called me last week to complain about official references to “LeBreton Flats.”**

**The proper name, he insists, is The Flats. He was born there, he says, so he should know. He’s convinced he speaks for a lot of other “natives,” when he says the city should stop tampering with the name.**

**The city isn’t tampering, says Peter Hessel. He quotes from Lucien Brault’s *Ottawa Old and New*, published in 1946: “LeBreton Street (was named after) Capt. John LeBreton, former British army officer, founder of Britannia and proprietor of the LeBreton Flats.”**

**He also quotes from H. And O. Walker’s *Carleton Saga*, published in 1968: “Those who wish a completely researched account, of one of the most fantastic and shocking land acquisitions in the history of Upper Canada should carefully read a 62-page brochure entitled *Robert Randall and the Lebreton Flats* by the late Hamnet P. Hill, published in 1919.”**

**Hessel adds: “The LeBreton Flats were known as Richmond Landing when John LeBreton purchased them under these ‘scandalous’ circumstances in 1820. They have been known as the LeBreton Flats for a long time...”However, to the local residents, the rather dismal neighbourhood was just known as The Flats, just as Parliament Hill is sometimes called The Hill of the Chateau Laurier is simply referred to as The Chateau.”**

**Nola Ferguson, however, sides with Tony Brazeau. She writes: “I too have been strongly irked at the references to the part of Preston where I lived in the big row between Elm and Primrose as ‘part of LeBreton Flats.’**

**“LeBreton to us was a street running south from Somerset, one block east of Booth.**

**“The Dalhousie area was and I hope still is a very colourful area. The one short block I lived in on Rochester on the edge of Little Italy consisted on our side of the street of two Jewish families (a tailor and a grocer), a Lebanese (pie and donut maker), two French (a butcher and a livery stable), one Italian, three English plus the Jewish grocer also being a shoe repairman.**

**“On the corner was a blacksmith, next to him another shoe repair, a Ukrainian church etc. What character the area had. I hope it is still somewhat that way...but please don’t refer to the area between Wellington and Elm as LeBreton Flats. It is an insult to those of us who hold such fond memories of it.”**

# A MAN NAMED CEMENT

A column written by Eddie MacCabe that appeared in The Citizen of July 19, 1984.

## VILLAGE ATHLETE WAS HARD WORKER



There was a memorial service at St. Anthony's Church this week for Ray (Cement) Dinardo, who died in California last week during hockey practice.

Ray's brothers, Fred and Art, were there and his sisters Mary, Carmella, Helen, Virginia, Trudy and Frances, as well as Gordie Pantalone, Sam Macli, Patsy Guzzo, Tony Licari, Jack Ebbs, and many more. The Mass was said by Rev. Ettore Dinardo, a cousin from New Jersey.

And after, as usual, we stood around on the church steps and gabbed, mostly about the old days.

Cement was a hard-working hockey player and a good softball player in his time, but he didn't come by his nickname through rock-hard qualities in sports, although he had those too.

"No," a cousin, Toby Dinardo, said: "Once, when he was a kid, he was hooking a streetcar along Preston Street, standing on the tow bar at the back. And when he tried to jump off, his foot got caught. Preston Street was paved with cobblestones between the car tracks and the streetcar dragged him along, bouncing on the cobblestones for maybe half a block. Anyway, when he got loose, he got up and he was OK, and I said: 'You must have a head like cement.' And it stuck."

So the rest of his life he was Cement. The Village, Little Italy, was, and is, full of Dinardos. They were one of the big Italian families who settled in that area along Preston Street. In fact, his dad, Francesco, came over from Roccomontepiano, in 1904 to join two brothers. He married one of the Marasco sisters, over from Southern Italy, and so did one of the Guzzos and one of the Maclis, so they're all cousins.

The Village was a hard-working neighbourhood and the big families went into sports. The men were tough, so the teams were good.

One day, one of the Dinardos, attended a meeting of the old Mercantile Softball League, the best in the area at the time, and, on impulse, Dinardo put up \$20 to enter a team. That night, he met some of the boys on the corner of Norman and Preston, put it to them and they put together a team.

They had Sam Macli as the coach, Dominic Disipio, Sam Dinardo, Ray Dinardo, Patsy Guzzo, Babe and Leo Blondin, Toby Dinardo, Des Dubroy, Bill Cowley, Curly Moynahan and a raft of them, they entered the league as the Prestons and won the championship. The next year they were taken over by Galla's Bakery and for years they were a force, winning the title two more times. On the front of their jerseys, "Galla's", and on the back, "Mighty Fine Bread." Mighty fine indeed.

Cement played hockey as a junior at St. Pat's with Jack Pumple and Jack Ebbs and that gang, then went overseas to play with the old

Harringay Racers and then the Ayr Raiders and the Fife Flyers. He coached a team in Switzerland one year and then joined the Milan Red Devils. He was tough and durable. He got around and had a grand time, as did so many athletes in those days.

But eventually, they all came home, and so did Ray Dinardo...back to The Village where everybody was family, brothers and sisters, cousins and friends.

"He had a sinus problem," Fred explained this week, and "in the cold weather it really bothered him, so years ago, he moved down to California and got a job with the Max Factor Company, as a mechanic on the assembly line machinery."

He brought up two boys and two girls there and also got involved in old timers' hockey. Every year when the teams from Ottawa went out there for their tournaments, the old guys would reunite with Cement and cut up old times. For all his travels, and all his years away, he always remained "one of the boys from The Village."

"He was examined just in April," his brother Art said. "The doctor gave him a clean bill of health...told him to go ahead and play."

"He was at practice with his old timers' team last week and said he felt tired. He went over, sat on the bench and died."

"The guys didn't even know," brother Fred said. "When they discovered him, there was a doctor right there, on the team, and the paramedics were there right away, and there is a hospital close by. But there was nothing they could do. He was gone right there on the bench."

Lest old timers' hockey get rapped again, we should mention that another friend of ours Pat Curran of *The Citizen* recently had a quadruple bypass operation. The medics told him his old timers' hockey likely had helped his heart and, perhaps, saved his life. He's up and around again.

So it was a sad and quiet reunion on the front steps as the old Village, as we knew it before, during and just after the Second World War, slipped a bit farther away. Frank Dinardo and his brothers were part of the beginnings. Now one of his sons is gone and the Dinardos have spread all over the map, and the young men who enjoyed the prime of their robust sports lives in those happy days met this week to remember.

Ray Dinardo was only 64, a battler from another time.



# ANNUAL AWARD WINNERS

## COMMUNITY CONTRIBUTION AWARD

Awarded to an individual or group in recognition of his/their dedication to the growth and development of our community.

|      |                   |      |                                     |      |                                       |
|------|-------------------|------|-------------------------------------|------|---------------------------------------|
| 1979 | Hugh Riopelle Sr. | 1988 | George Maxwell                      | 1999 | George Drummond                       |
| 1979 | Sam Macli         | 1989 | Joe Sandulo                         | 2000 | Ottawa St. Anthony Italia Soccer Club |
| 1980 | Charles Ladas     | 1990 | Roy Lafleur                         | 2001 | Garry Guzzo                           |
| 1980 | Walter Strelbisky | 1991 | Jim McAuley                         | 2002 | Nello Bortolotti                      |
| 1981 | Ed Daugherty      | 1992 | Ottawa-Nepean Canadians Sports Club | 2003 | Max Keeping                           |
| 1981 | Ev Tremblay       | 1993 | John Denofrio                       | 2004 | Ed Champagne                          |
| 1982 | Les Newman        | 1994 | Chris Finnerty                      | 2005 | Al Albania                            |
| 1984 | Ernie Leighton    | 1995 | Howard Darwin                       | 2006 | Glen Richardson                       |
| 1986 | Tom Coughlan      | 1996 | Keith Brown                         | 2007 | Tom Cavanagh                          |
| 1986 | Jack Snow         | 1997 | Italo Tiezzi                        | 2008 | Dave Smith                            |
| 1987 | John Mangione     | 1998 | Jim Durrell                         | 2009 | Joe Cama                              |

## VILLAGER AWARD

Awarded to an individual in recognition of his participation in the history of The Village.

|      |                  |      |                   |      |                     |
|------|------------------|------|-------------------|------|---------------------|
| 1979 | Sam Palef        | 1988 | Chappie Carmanico | 1999 | John Licari         |
| 1980 | Aggie Lafleur    | 1989 | Alex Cameron      | 2000 | Don Romani          |
| 1981 | Frank Concordia  | 1990 | Joe Pilon         | 2001 | Oliver Medaglia     |
| 1982 | Bill Chinkiwsky  | 1991 | Andy Lombardo     | 2002 | Joe Guzzo           |
| 1982 | Skipper Disipio  | 1992 | Peter Andrussek   | 2003 | Ron Gervais         |
| 1983 | Jimmy MacMillan  | 1993 | Joe Pugliese      | 2004 | Ken Burrows         |
| 1984 | Mike Andrussek   | 1994 | Alex Lafleur      | 2005 | John Mastrangelo    |
| 1984 | Ralph Cameron    | 1995 | Joe Adamo         | 2006 | Dominic Delle Palme |
| 1985 | Alex Sauv        | 1996 | Spike Girotte     | 2007 | Saro Panuccio       |
| 1986 | Len Concordia    | 1997 | Red Gorman        | 2008 | Sam Pugliese        |
| 1987 | Frank Costantini | 1998 | Red Wellington    | 2009 | Joe Bozzi           |

## SPORTSMAN AWARD

Awarded to an individual in recognition of his outstanding athletic excellence.

|      |                 |      |                   |      |               |
|------|-----------------|------|-------------------|------|---------------|
| 1981 | Patsy Guzzo     | 1992 | Bob Simpson       | 2001 | Don Holtby    |
| 1984 | Tony Licari     | 1993 | Billy Watson      | 2002 | Darcy Boucher |
| 1986 | Bill Cowley     | 1994 | Jake Dunlap       | 2003 | Bobby Copp    |
| 1987 | Howard Riopelle | 1995 | Ed Hatoum         | 2004 | Billy Russell |
| 1988 | Conny Brown     | 1996 | Larry Regan       | 2005 | Cliff Neill   |
| 1989 | Bill Dineen     | 1997 | Eddie MacCabe     | 2006 | John Fripp    |
| 1990 | Lorne Watters   | 1998 | Hugh Riopelle Jr. | 2007 | Marcel Legris |
| 1990 | Frank Chiarelli | 1999 | Lude Check        | 2008 | Greg Fagan    |
| 1991 | Lally Lalonde   | 2000 | Ab Renaud         | 2009 | Brian Kilrea  |

## SPECIAL PRESENTATION AWARD

**Awarded to an individual, or group, in recognition of his/their achievements and leadership.**

|      |                       |      |                 |      |                          |
|------|-----------------------|------|-----------------|------|--------------------------|
| 1979 | Ierullo Family        | 1990 | Joe Imbesi      | 2001 | Martin Defalco           |
| 1981 | Fred (Pinky) Mitchell | 1991 | Earl Stinson    | 2002 | Bob Chiarelli            |
| 1982 | Gale Kerwin           | 1992 | Licari Family   | 2003 | Mike Leclair             |
| 1983 | Prescott Hotel        | 1993 | Gervais Family  | 2004 | Ron Barbaro              |
| 1984 | Clint Jourdain        | 1994 | Patafie Family  | 2005 | Luigi Mion               |
| 1984 | St. Anthony's Church  | 1995 | Timpson Family  | 2006 | Johnson (Welding) Family |
| 1985 | Provost Family        | 1996 | Sal Pantalone   | 2007 | Galla Family             |
| 1986 | Chiarelli Brothers    | 1997 | Leclair Family  | 2008 | Bill Tomlinson           |
| 1987 | Purcell Brothers      | 1998 | Phil Murray     | 2009 | Paul Casagrande          |
| 1988 | Zito Family           | 1999 | Mangione Family |      |                          |
| 1989 | Charles Strang        | 2000 | Lorne Kelly     |      |                          |

## VILLAGE ATHLETIC AWARD

**Awarded to an individual from The Village in recognition of his athletic achievement and high Village ideals.**

|      |                |      |                  |      |                       |
|------|----------------|------|------------------|------|-----------------------|
| 1982 | Edgar Blondin  | 1992 | Rudy Costantini  | 2002 | Fred (Pinky) Mitchell |
| 1983 | Nooky Pilon    | 1993 | Paul Ventura     | 2003 | Wayne Hughes          |
| 1983 | Toby Dinardo   | 1994 | Wally Swords     | 2004 | Bobby Ransom          |
| 1985 | Andy Nezan     | 1995 | Gordie Pantalone | 2005 | Joe (JoJo) Licari     |
| 1986 | Fred Hughes    | 1996 | Santo Imbesi     | 2006 | Dom Disipio           |
| 1987 | Joe Asquini    | 1997 | Roydon Kealey    | 2007 | Eddie Rose            |
| 1988 | Leo Blondin    | 1998 | Art Dinardo      | 2008 | George House          |
| 1989 | Les Pilon      | 1999 | Ed Nicholson     | 2009 | Conrad Kozak          |
| 1990 | John Kozak     | 2000 | Hubie Garneau    |      |                       |
| 1991 | Harvey Creppin | 2001 | Gord Ventura     |      |                       |

## **WE REMEMBER THEM**

**The following gentlemen, who have been honoured by our reunion, passed away since our last meeting:**

**Howard Darwin, our 1995 Community Contributions Award winner, passed away on October 22, 2009.**

**Frank Costantini, our 1987 Villager Award winner, passed away on January 31, 2010.**

**Lorne Kelly, our 2000 Special Presentation Award winner, passed away on April 15, 2010.**

**John Denofrio, our 1993 Community Contributions Award winner, passed away on June 9, 2010.**

**Billy Russell, our 2004 Sportsman Award winner, passed away in June, 2010.**

**We also recall with fondness others who have attended our function and are no longer with us. Rest in peace, fellas.**

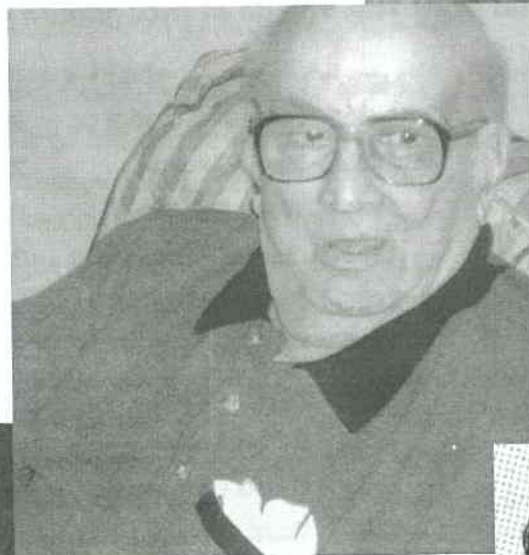
**FIVE GOOD GENTLEMEN. WE WILL MISS THEM.  
REST IN PEACE.**



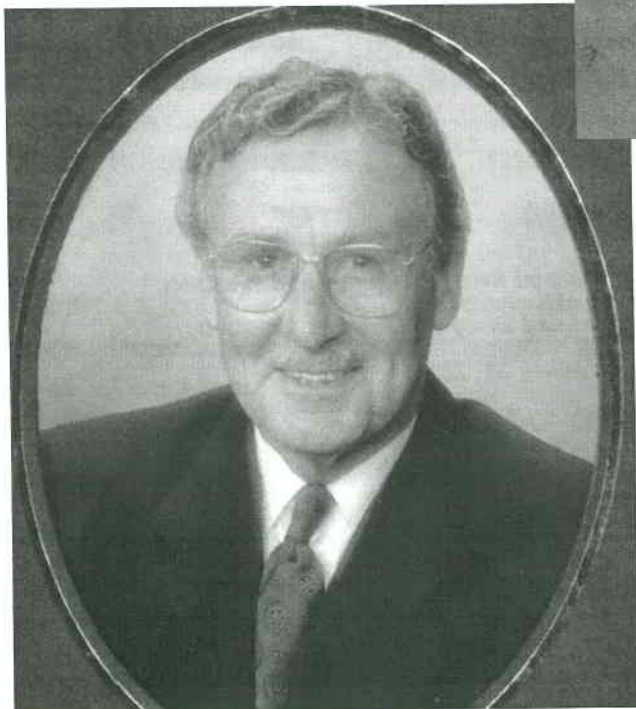
**Billy**



**John**



**Frank**



**Lorne**



**Howard**

The following piece appeared in *The Citizen, Wednesday, August 18, 1982*

## PRESTON STREET

### TAX COLLECTOR'S NAME GRACES LITTLE ITALY

#### What's In a Name

Bobbi Turcotte

Taxes aren't looked upon too kindly by most people, but Preston Street, in the heart of Little Italy, is named in honour of one of the first tax collectors in Ottawa.

There's some confusion about who Preston really was

Some historians say it was John Honey Preston, city treasurer. But according to city hall records, the only Preston likely to have held that position was George H. Preston, a councillor in 1858 and 1860.

The 1864/65 city directory lists George H. Preston as an alderman and a dealer in boots, shoes and leather at the Sign of the Large Boot at 12 Rideau St, next to Cunningham and Lindsay.

Preston had a big ad on another page, touting his store's "Punctuality, Light Profits, Quick Return, Cash Business."

The good business sense he boasted about probably led to his appointment as city treasurer that same year.

Tax collection in those days was haphazard, and the city was often in dire financial straits.

To meet its debts in bad years, it would wallop the taxpayers with horrendous assessments. When times were better, it would lower them to next to nothing.

The hit-and-miss system worked so badly that Ottawa nearly went bankrupt less than two years after it was incorporated as a city in 1855.

How Preston fared as city treasurer is lost to history, but his own business seems to have prospered.

Both Preston and his store disappeared from the city directory in the early 1880s. But his name lives on in the most Italian street in Ottawa.

When an extension was made to the street several years ago, there was a move to call the new section after St. Anthony's parish priest, the late Rev. Jerome Ferraro, who was much more beloved in that area than any taxman was likely to be.

But the suggestion was turned down by the city's street names committee because it was felt it would be confusing if the street had more than one name.



## **IT HAPPENED IN THE VILLAGE**

(Note the dates)

From *Daily Citizen*, December 5, 1895

### **ASSESSMENT APPEALS**

Alexander Anderson appealed against an assessment of \$3,200 on four acres of land on Preston Street in Rochesterville. The appeal was on the ground that the land was low and not worth the assessment value. Mr. Anderson said he would sell for \$2,500. The judge reduced the assessment to \$2,400.

From *The Citizen*, April 24, 1907

### **GRASS CATCHES FIRE**

#### **Danger Along the Car Tracks Gives Firemen a Run**

An alarm was sounded about 12.30 today with box 326, Preston Street, west of the railway tracks. The firemen were soon on the spot and found that the dry grass along the right of way had caught fire from a spark from a passing train. No hydrant was close by so the only method of extinguishing the fire and preventing it from spreading to several small sheds was to get slabs and smother it out by beating it. Scarcely had they finished when another similar fire a few blocks farther up the track started up, but was soon extinguished without any damage to adjoining property. That was the second time this week that the reels have been called out to that same place.

From *The Citizen*, December 31, 1907

### **STREET RAILWAY EXTENSION**

The question of street railway extension was taken up last fall by a special committee and a line out Preston Street to the Experimental Farm will be built in the spring.

From *The Evening Citizen*, August 28, 1909

### **FELL FROM STREET CAR**

An unknown man, with his arms full of parcels of glassware and groceries, was thrown accidentally from a westbound Somerset street car last night about six o'clock near the high embankment at the Preston street bridge and narrowly escaped serious injury. The car was crowded at the time and the man, who had been standing, went forward on the running board to take a seat vacated by another passenger who had alighted at Preston Street. A sudden lurch of the car made him lose his hold and down he rolled to the bottom of the embankment. The horrified passengers on the car fully expected that a serious accident had happened and were relieved to see the victim pick himself up, brush his clothes and continue westward on foot.

From *The Evening Citizen*, July 31, 1942

### **PUSSY ON THE PIANO GIVES GARAGEMAN SPINE PRICKLES**

#### **William Neidy Awakened in Early Morning by Ghostly Music in Parlour of His Home**

Being awakened by piano music echoing through a darkened home at three o'clock in the morning is an experience weird enough to make a man's hair stand on end, according to William Neidy, a garage owner, whose slumbers were musically interrupted early Thursday morning.

After a hard day's work at his garage on Preston Street, Mr. Neidy retired shortly after midnight. So far as he knew, all the doors were locked and every window closed.

As the night wore on, Gladstone Avenue became more and more deserted. The last street car of the evening went clanging down the tracks. The last sleepy serviceman said goodnight to his girl and made his way back to his quarters. Policemen on night duty patrolled the avenue, but there was hardly any other traffic.

Around three o'clock, long before the rhythmic clip-clop of the milkman's horse was due, Mr. Neidy woke up suddenly, then pinched himself and rubbed his eyes to make sure he was really awake

Clearly through the morning air came the notes of the piano in the parlour.

### What To Do?

Should he waken his wife? Mr. Neidy decided she would be frightened. Should he take his shotgun and tackle the ghostly pianist single handed? A shot would rouse the neighbours, and besides the visitor might shoot back.

After considering the problem for a few minutes while the concert in the parlour continued, Mr. Neidy wakened his wife and she followed him downstairs on tiptoes. On the landing they paused to listen. They could not recognize the tune, but the touch on the keys was firm and sure.

“Who is that?” asked Mr. Neidy. The piano became silent but there was no reply.

Mr. Neidy turned on the lights in the parlour and the living room, but saw no one. He was already shaken by his strange experience, but a new shock awaited him. Two huge eyes, which seemed to him large as saucers, gleamed from the darkened kitchen. Although prickles were running up and down his spine, he managed to reach the light switch.

In the middle of the kitchen stood a Persian cat which had entered by an open window and wanted nothing more than to find his way home. He had had enough adventures for one night.

*From The Evening Citizen, May 12, 1943*

#### **CITY TRAFFIC COURT**

For failing to obey a police constable's signal, Percival Nathaniel Palef, 436 Preston Street, was fined \$4 and costs.

*From The Evening Citizen, December 18, 1944*

#### **NAVY STOKER FINED**

Arthur Bourgeau, 19, a navy stoker, of 360 Preston Street, was fined \$10 and costs by Magistrate Strike for having in his possession more than one beer ration coupon book.

*From The Ottawa Citizen, May 27, 1954*

#### **IMPERIAL ESSO SERVICE STATION OPENS**

#### **New Look Added To Carling-Preston Corner**

There is a new look at the corner of Preston Street and Carling Avenue. Completion of a new Imperial Esso Service Station at this intersection enables Carm Cardillo, who has been operating at the site for the past 15 years, to offer a more efficient and modern service to his many clients.

The former service station, which occupied this site for the past 25 years, has now been completely razed, and a new and modern, glass-fronted structure set back from the roadways has taken its place.

Capacity of the gas pumps at the station has been increased to 10,000 gallons. The drive-in section of the station has been greatly increased allowing motorists easy access from either street.

Mr. Cardillo is fully equipped for all the services of an Imperial Station. There are lifts of the newest type available. New and complete lubrication systems have been installed. There are new washing racks and the station is equipped for complete washing and polishing service.

In addition to the usual service station services, Mr Cardillo offers his clients a road service and a complete towing service. He specializes in motor tune-ups.

All the popular Imperial Esso products are available in quantity. Only one thing is unchanged. That is the policy of the maximum service at the minimum cost which has made Mr. Cardillo well known in the West End for the past 15 years.

“It is a new-look station,” Mr. Cardillo says, “but the same top service will be maintained at all times. There is a better approach to the station now and this will enable us to handle additional customers more speedily.”

Located on one of the busiest intersections in the city, the station is ideally situated to serve motorists entering or leaving the city either along Carling Avenue, one of the main arteries leading into the Capital, or from Preston Street, one of the busiest cross town streets.

Mr. Cardillo has taken a keen interest in the development of the motor car during his years of experience and has kept abreast of new innovations so as to be competent to offer the maximum service. A veteran of the Second World

*A portion of Brown's Beat by Dave Brown in The Citizen, January 19, 1980*

#### Old Gang

Thirty-five years ago they called the area "Little Italy" or "the Village" or "Stovepipe Village." It's that area bordered now by the Queensway and Wellington Street between Booth and Loretta Streets. The street gangs that grew up there still talk about how tough they were, and some of them have to be believed. Guys like Fred "Pinky" Mitchell and Gale Kerwin went on to prove that toughness in the boxing ring. But to listen to some of their contemporaries, they were softies. They went into rings because they were safer than the streets.

For the first time the whole gang of tough-talkers will get together to see what kind of damage time has done to facts. It will be an all-male gathering Feb 1 at the R.A. Centre. So far there are 202 names on the list. If anybody was missed, contact Ken Creppin at 224-3452.. Street between B

*A portion of Brown's Beat by Dave Brown in The Citizen, April 30, 1985*

#### Coffee-cleaner closes

There were some long faces around The Village (Preston Street area) Monday morning as residents started to learn to live without Minelli Dry Cleaners and the bottomless coffee pot in the back room.

After 25 years as an institution in the area, the place closed down over the weekend and threw a party for itself at St. Anthony's Soccer Hall on Preston Street. It was one of those small businesses where one was known, and a little exchange of news and views was always welcome. Hence the free coffee.

It was opened 25 years ago at Willow and Rochester by Domenic Minelli and his partner Norm Carmanico. It later moved to Balsam and Rochester and was bought eight years ago by Vic Petry, the owner at closing.

In the '20s and '30s the area was nicknamed "Stovepipe Village" because most of the homes didn't have furnaces and were heated by stoves. It is still referred to as The Village, and people who live in the area still call themselves villagers.

When the villagers gathered to say goodbye to the cleaning shop, Domenic Minelli was there. He told the story of getting a big cleaning job from the prime minister's office when Pierre Trudeau was still new at that job. Minelli paid special attention to the plush red drapes he cleaned, but at the time forgot to keep an eye on his pet poodle that hung around the shop. Thanks to the poodle, the drapes had to be cleaned a second time.

For a small shop, Minelli's handled some large contracts over the years. The uniforms worn by the Change of the Guard ceremony were cleaned there for years, as were uniforms of the Corps of Commissionaires and Air Canada.

**VENDOME HOTEL**  
(SOMERSET AND ROCHESTER)  
**GONE BUT NOT FORGOTTEN**



**GORDIE PANTALONE**  
Hull Volants  
(1940-41 to 1942-43)

# A TOUGH YEAR FOR MONSIEUR LONGCHAMP

From *The Citizen*, March 14, 1907

WAS GAMBLING ON HIS PREMISES

Cleophas Perron Before Magistrate O'Keefe

HOTELKEEPER FINED

Bench Criticises Hotels That Allow Gambling To Proceed

Mr. Cleophas Perron, hotelkeeper, 65 Clarence Street, was fined \$10 and \$2 this morning in the police court by Magistrate O'Keefe for permitting gambling to be carried on in his premises on the 28<sup>th</sup> of last month. The complainant was Theophile Longchamps, 254 Preston Street, a storekeeper and butcher, who claimed that in two weeks he had been "robbed" of \$100 by means of cards. Mr. Owen Ritchie appeared for the prosecution and Ald. Champagne for the defence. This is the second gambling charge to be heard in the police court in a month. The bench severely criticized hotels for allowing gambling to be carried on.

Longchamps, a good-looking chap, testified to having played cards in the office of the house in question, along with three others. Stud poker was the game, starting with \$2 each. There was no "limit." The game lasted about two and a half hours at the end of which witness had lost \$35. Cleo Perron took ten cents from the good "pots" and five cents from a poor "pot." Between \$4 and \$8, the rake-off was ten cents; less than that, five cents. On the 28<sup>th</sup> of February, witness had quit after losing his wad of \$35.

## LOST \$100

Cross-examined, witness said, Perron had been there when the game began and was there till noon. His son, Rene, was present from eleven o'clock until the finale. Witness had bought the hotel license from Perron and had sold back again, having been twice fined in twenty months. The first time he played, witness had lost \$40 to Perron and then \$60 in two weeks.

Witness lost his temper and said he had been played for a sucker, but denied having threatened to pull the house unless he were given \$50.

Witness claimed Perron's boy was behind him all the time and "gave his cards away." He was robbed.

Joseph St. Denis, the hotel yardman, added nothing to the story. He had no memory.

Fabien Munro, Piperville, a farmer, testified to card-playing in the house, and to the \$50 threat. As he entered the room, one man bet \$7.75 and the cards were being shuffled.

## "SKINNED" CHILDREN

Noe Brisbois upheld the threat charge and said he had won the \$7.75 from Longchamps. Witness denied the rake-off. Longchamps played with "kids" and "skinned" them. He had to be watched or else he would steal. (Laughter).

Mr. Cleo Perron said he did not see any card-playing and reiterated the \$50 threat. He denied the rake-off.

René Perron bore out his father's story, after which both Mr. Owen Ritchie and Ald. Champagne addressed the bench. The latter held that it was a case of blackmail which might later be sifted. Mr. Perron, the bench said, should not have allowed the gambling; he should have found out the facts, and it was rank carelessness to allow the game to go on, when it was proposed by a gambler. He should have known the game was on, and the bench said, the practice was quite common in hotels. A fine of \$10 and \$2 was imposed, with a warning.

From The Ottawa Citizen, October 11, 1907

**ASSAULT CHARGES**

**Occupy Lengthy Sitting of Police Court This Morning**

This morning's session of the police court was an exceedingly long one, due to the hearing of a double charge against Theophile Longchamp, the owner of a dance hall at the corner of Preston and Pine streets.

Louis Kerwin accused Longchamp with assault with intent to do bodily harm on the evening of Sept. 30<sup>th</sup> last. From the evidence it appeared that Kerwin and his friends attended a wedding that day and in the evening adjourned to Longchamp's hall. Louis Kerwin swore that as he stepped out of the door of the place about 9.30 to investigate a rumour that his brother was being assaulted,

Longchamp knocked him down and kicked him unconscious, with the help of a gang of toughs.

Several witnesses for and against the charge were heard, the magistrate eventually finding Longchamp guilty, and imposing a fine of \$10 or a week in jail.

The second charge against Longchamp of assaulting Michael Kerwin resulted in the defendant going to jail for a week without the option of a fine, while Charles Rochon, Pierre Raymond and Wilfred Leitreille paid \$10 and \$2 each on the same count.

From The Ottawa Citizen, October 24, 1907.

**AUCTION SALE**

**Re Theophile Longchamp, Insolvent**

The stock-in trade of the above-named insolvent will be offered for sale by public auction at 254 Preston St., Ottawa, on Monday the 28<sup>th</sup> inst. at 3 p.m.

**INVENTORY**

|           |                                       |          |
|-----------|---------------------------------------|----------|
| Parcel 1. | Boots and shoes.....                  | \$535.25 |
| Parcel 2. | Groceries, sundries and fixtures..... | \$498.74 |
| Parcel 3  | Book debts (not guaranteed).....      | \$252.74 |

The stock will be offered in three separate lots as above. Terms 20 p.c. in cash at time of sale and balance within one week thereafter. Stock sheets may be examined and further particulars obtained from

**THOS. W. CHISNALL,**  
Assignee.

307 Sparks Street, Ottawa.

The following article appeared in the *Ottawa Citizen*, March 16, 1957

### DO THE KIDS TODAY HAVE MORE FUN?

By H. Reginald Hardy  
Citizen Staff Writer

I was chatting about old times the other afternoon with Jimmy Bloom, the *Citizen's* night telegraph editor.

"Do you remember the Stovepipe Village boys?" he asked, a reminiscent gleam in his eye.

"I knew about them," I said, "but when I was a boy I don't think I ever had the occasion to venture upon their territory. It was the Pretoria Avenue Gang and the Ottawa East Bullies who ruled the roost in the Glebe section. Usually the boys on our street teamed up with the Pretoria Avenue Gang—when they'd have us. I guess as a group the boys on Patterson Avenue weren't too well organized. Mostly we were 'loners.' But we did have our champions—fellows like Dutch Green, Louis Fenner and Ernie Hyde—to mention only a few.

#### Cheaper by Dozen

"Ah!" sighed Jimmy, "those were the days. There wasn't much money around, but somehow or other our parents seemed to be able to raise 'cheaper by the dozen' families and have a wonderful time doing it."

As Jimmy and I began comparing notes the years slipped by like magic. What a wonderful town it was when we were young, and what a harum scarum lot we were. As Jimmy said, big families were the rule rather than the exception and it seemed that the streets just bloomed with youngsters.

It wasn't easy for the mother of a large family to keep an eye on all of her offspring all of the time, and most of us were allowed a pretty free rein. But so long as we turned up for meals, and the truant officer didn't have occasion to pay our parents a visit, we were left pretty much to our own devices.

What we did in our spare time was usually our own business, and usually most of us were very busy doing nothing which, by the way, is not quite the same thing as not doing anything.

As for our fathers keeping us in line, although child psychology hadn't yet been invented, an occasional trip down the cellar in the winter, or to the wood-shed in the summer, appeared to have the desired salutary effect.

The era of "organized recreation" was still some years away and we didn't have too many artificial outlets for our animal spirits. In the winter we played shinny on the Canal or on somebody's back-yard rink, and in the summer we mostly swam—swam in Dutchy's Hole, back of the old Isolation Hospital, in CPR Bay on the Ottawa River, at Devil's Hole at Hog's Back, and at any one of a number of other favourite spots most of which were within reasonable distance of our homes

#### Canal "Basin"

And more particularly, we swam in the old Canal "Basin" which lay between Laurier Avenue Bridge and the Plaza. Nor were bathing suits considered *de rigueur*. A few of the boys had swimming trunks but for the most part we just peeled off our clothes, stowed them away amongst the bridge girders and dove into the murky but inviting depths of the Canal like so many young Indians.

Yet there were times when swimming, playing shinny, and just "doing nothing" temporarily lost their allure, and then it was that we gathered our gangs together for the purpose of upholding the honour of our respective streets and districts.

Even as in the very early days of Bytown, when police intervention was sometimes required to break up "raids" on each other's territory by French and English-speaking youths, so 40 or so years ago boys from different sections of the town spent much of their Saturdays waging "war" on one another.

Today many of the Capital's leading citizens can recall with a sigh of wistful longing, the crazy, wonderful days when they belonged to the Bell Street Gang, the Flats Gang, the Hickey's Wood Dusters, the Hull Mugs, the Bully Acres Boys, the Billings Bridge Raiders, and a dozen other equally famous aggregations.

Almost every area in the city had its gang, and in Center Town, almost every street. The city was no place for "prissy" boys, and if they were definitely of the non-combative type their safest course lay in remaining well within the understood limits of their respective bailiwicks. Here at least they

might be amiably tolerated by their more aggressive neighbours. Should they venture into enemy territory, however, they were on their own, and anything could happen.

Actually, within given areas, strict protocol was observed by most of the gangs. They might mix together during the week when their attendance at common schools brought members of opposing factions face to face, but at four o'clock Friday afternoon, all truces automatically became null and void. From then until Saturday night, when one was called in off the street to take one's weekly scrubbing, usually in the kitchen tub, a state of war existed. Almost anything did for a weapon, but wooden swords and spears, shields improvised from the lids of wash boilers, and garbage cans, bows and arrows, and sling-shots of various types predominated. Occasionally a member of some gang would turn up with an air gun which shot "bee-bees" but the use of such weapons was considered contrary to all recognized rules of warfare and if the owner was "captured" his gun was usually rendered quite useless for future use and the offender might be put to "the torture."

Putting a prisoner to "the torture" seldom resulted in any great injury to the unfortunate victim. At the worst he might be tied to a post or a tree and given a few "lashes" with somebody's pants belt. But such treatment was a humiliating experience not easily forgotten and usually resulted in bitter reprisals.

When the going got really tough makeshift weapons were often cast aside in favour of stones, bricks or other more effective missiles. If there were few bones broken, cuts and bruises were frequent enough, while a black eye or a bloodied nose (while possibly painful and inconvenient) were always regarded as the bright badge of courage.

As I have said, in Center Town almost every cross street had its own gang. Like the "Pipefield Boys" of which Harry (Punch) Broadbent, who later was to become one of Canada's hockey greats, was a member. The boys in this little group all came from those sections of Bay, Lyon, McLaren and Somerset Streets which faced on what is now McDonald Park.

"But in those days," recalled Punch when I recently jogged this memory, "it was just an open field where the works department stored its sewer pipe. We used to play amongst the piles of pipe and so we became known as the Pipefield Boys. Most of the gang were Irish I guess. There was Jimmy Malloy and Mel Curdy, Joe Brennan, Joe O'Reilly, Malden Sad, and a host of others. And there was Lou Connolly and Jack Rock, both dead. Tough? Well we were tough enough, I guess. But we weren't so tough that we were crazy enough to set foot in Rochesterville where we might run into the Riopelles or the Latreilles. Now there was a gang who could fix anyone's little red wagon—but good."

A similar degree of discretion was observed by most of the gangs whose home territory was the area roughly bordered by Gladstone Avenue and Laurier Avenue, on the south and north, and by Bank and Bronson on the east and west. They kept as clear as possible of the boys from Preston and Rochester Streets. A less hazardous battle ground was the area lying east of Bank. For when one crossed Bank Street and moved east to O'Connor and Metcalfe Streets one entered upon what was then the city's most exclusive residential area where the little boys from "Millionaires' Row" paraded in white-and-blue sailor suits or Buster Brown rompers, and were usually careful to keep within reasonable running distance of their front and back porches.

Unfortunately for these lads they had no organized battalions, but occasionally, one of them putting up a good fight, he would be admitted to the ranks of an invading force. Such acceptance was seldom the cause of rejoicing on the part of the boy's parents, but it was always a great day for the lad who had thus won his spurs. Two of the toughest gangs in town were the Flats Gang and the Mechanicsville or Stovepipe Village Boys. The Flats Gang held sway in the West End of the city and were mostly Irish lads. They usually joined battle with the Stovepipe Village Boys who were predominately French-speaking and who lived west of the Round House and north of Somerset Street. These gangs generally came to grips at Bully's Acres or Tunney's' Pasture which lay between their homes and the river.



### Rough Approach

Some of the battles between members of these two rival gangs were as rough as any which ever occurred in the city. Separated by language, if not by religion, their fights were usually preceded by an exchange of colourful language by dint of which each side sought to pierce the other's racial sensibilities.

The Sandy Hill Gang flourished in the area which has always borne that name, and which lies between the Canal and the Rideau River, south of Wellington Street. Occasionally they clashed with the Ottawa East Gang, or with the German Boys from New Edinburgh. The Sandy Hill Boys made a practice of ambushing their enemies in an alley called Ring Lane. Rodolophe (Rudy) Larose, Assistant Clerk of the Senate, was a Sandy Hill Gang member. "And what a wild crew we were," he recalls. "There was Bill Bedard, and Bill Foley, Jim McCullough, Austin O'Connor (now Magistrate O'Connor) and a host of others. There were the Faheys, the Dunns, the McCanns, the Shields, the Lapointes, the Longs and the O'Tooles—and there was always a minimum of half a dozen boys in each family."

An off-shoot of the Sandy Hill Gang was the "Snowflakes" of which Jess Abelson was one of the leading lights. Of this gang Jess recalls Basil Frith, Joe Howe, Lorne Robertson, "Doc" Beardsley, Frank Bronskill, Tom Stewart, Jim Moxley, Athol Clark, Steve and Bob Urquhart, Henry Welch, Bill Ambridge, and the late "Spike" Graham and Ed Botterell.

"The Snowflakes were the toughest gang in Sandy Hill," boasts Jess.

### "Grinder" Lewis

Ex-Mayor Stanley Lewis, who belonged to the Gilmour Street Grinders, recalls that it was the Friel Street Boys and the "Snowflakes" who usually caused him and his friends the most trouble. "We were always feuding with the Steers boys—Reg Steers and his brothers," recalls Stan.

In those days, before the Driveway was built, the area along the canal was just a bog. The mud provided an inexhaustible supply of ammunition for both sides. It was messy but effective."

And then there were the boys from Hull. Occasionally some sections of Lower Town or the Flats would be invaded by a gang known as the

Hull Mugs who would make their sorties across the Chaudière or Interprovincial bridges when things got a bit dull on the Quebec side. According to all accounts they usually showed up pretty well in a free-for-all, and many of them were quite as adept at gouging, kicking and butting with the head as the tough French-Canadian rivermen whose prowess as rough-and-tumble fighters they sought to emulate.

Sometimes when word spread that the Hull Mugs were on the move, rival Ottawa gangs would team up to "repel boarders!"

There were other gangs, or course, and one and all they were the unique product of a day when most young people had to make their own fun. Today's youngsters work off their excess energy down at the YMCA, the Ottawa Boys Club, or at a score or more other recreational centers which provide swimming pools, rinks, playing fields, bowling alleys and the like. Everything's neat and tidy, and no doubt they appreciate all these advantages. But I think the boys from Bully's Acres and Rochesterville probably had a lot more fun.

"Do I remember the Stovepipe Village Boys Jimmy?" "Indeed I do. Indeed I do."

**THE COMMITTEE IS ALWAYS EAGER TO HEAR  
YOUR COMPLIMENTS OR DISAPPOINTMENTS.**

**IF YOU HAVE HAD A CHANGE OF ADDRESS,  
OR ARE NEW TO OUR GATHERING,  
PLEASE LET A COMMITTEE MEMBER KNOW OF YOUR  
NEW LOCATION OR ADDRESS.**

**VISIT OUR WEBSITE AT  
[www.villagereunion.com](http://www.villagereunion.com)**

**SEE YOU ONE YEAR FROM NOW ON  
FRIDAY, OCTOBER 14, 2011**

**PROGRAMME CREATED BY**

**JIM MC AULEY**