



WOLVERTON WHIMSY

September 7, 2015
15th Issue

Downburst Strands Resident



Do you remember that power outage on Thursday? That was caused by a downburst. A downburst is when a big bunch of air goes down to the ground and then spreads out in all directions. It's almost like a sideways tornado and causes huge winds right where it happens. The environment Canada student we talked to at the site (Jason Leis) told us it affected two concessions.

We talked to a very calm and cool

OPP guy – codenamed Trigger – who answered our questions and told us that Ronald Fried, a Wolverton resident, was driving down the road when a tree fell in front of him and then seconds later wires fell down on top of the truck and all around. The firemen said this was a 26,000 Volt main line, so they had to make sure the hydro was out before he could get out of the vehicle. After the hydro was turned off they were able

to extract him without difficulty. Good thing he knew what to do when faced with live power lines. Wolverton got it's power back 4 hours after the accident, but poor Bev had to wait way longer. And it was more than a day before the road was opened again. Now we've got three new hydro poles up just outside of town!

Tidbits

All of Wolverton enjoyed Ed's great big loud party – ha ha.

Sorry we're late. We didn't manage to get the whimsy done for our regular Friday issue – but better late than never right?

Sammy's Thoughts

(Straight from the mouth of a 6 year old)

Food: There is different kinds of food in the world – like pizza and bread and cream cheese (which is not really healthy for you). All vegetables are healthy – like apples and oranges and broccoli and watermelon. So tell your mom that there's all kinds of foods in the world. Your mother doesn't know what all kinds of food are in the world – just some. Tell her that there are some that don't have a name and some that do. Turkey has

a name – it's turkey. Bacon has a name. Bacon is from pigs. And like Watermelon is just named watermelon. But there's some that don't have names. For example there's some turkey that's not actually called turkey – it's not called anything. Do you know there's other kinds of ones, there's some foods that I don't know. I don't know about all the foods in the world. So that's the end. Hear Sammy's thoughts again folks!

Joke of the day

Why was the broom late for school?
Because he swept in!

The Sour Milk Incident

Barb Dobson brought this very funny story to us. It was told to her by her husband Henry Dobson who lived in Wolverton for most of his childhood. I hope you enjoy it!

To set up the story you should know that “Henry Dobson lived in the house on the hill overlooking the Nith River. While it is not visible now, at the time he lived there, the hill was bare of the lilacs that cover it now because his mother, Annie Dobson, a widow, would burn it off every spring.”

Here's Henry's Story as told by Barb:



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sour milk incident cont.

Mrs. Annie Dobson had seven children and moved to Wolverton from Toronto in 1929. The eldest daughter Anne had by this time entered a convent to become a nun.

As was the way in the country in the 1930s families, without cows, bought milk from the nearest farmer who could provide it. Annie got her milk from the Hosker's down in the village.

One summer day, when Henry was about 10 years old (circa 1933) his mother sent him to pick up 2 quarts of milk from Mrs. Hosker. Down the hill he trudged, collected it – two bottles, one in each hand – and back up he went. His mother had him put it in the cellar into cold water in a tub, for that is how milk was kept cool without refrigeration. The next morning, the milk was brought up for breakfast, tasted and declared “sour” by Mr.s Dobson.

“Henry” says she. “Take this back to Mrs Hosker and tell her it is sour and you want new fresh milk.”

In fear and trepidation, Henry went down the hill, again carrying the two offending bottles.

He delivered the message!

Mrs. Hosker's reply was “It is not our fault, it is your mother's fault. She

did not handle it properly, take it back to her!”

Up the hill went Henry.

“Mrs. Hosker says it is your fault”

“Give it to me” replied Annie, and down the hill she marched, one bottle in each hand.

The argument raged! Mrs. Hosker stood firm, blaming Annie's handling. Annie rose up and poured the two bottles over Mrs. Hosker's head, turned on her heel and stomped back up the hill!

Now, Mrs. Hosker had, the previous day, been to Galt where she had spent very hard earned money – it was the “dirty thirties”- having a permanent wave on her hair. Her anger boiled. We know not but can imagine the atmosphere at her house.

Obviously the Dobson's would have to find a new supplier of milk! If there was talk in the village, Henry did not know of it.

Summer continued with swimming in the Nith from the flats southwest of the then iron bridge. Mrs. Annie Dobson swam with the kids and indeed taught all the Wolverton kids of the time to do what became the Wolverton Breast Stroke – or Paddle. One day when all were cavorting there, a vehicle appeared

on the bridge.

“Is there a Mrs. Dobson there?” came a shout.

“Yes, here I am” and she was served with a subpoena to appear in court on an assault charge – the milk over Mrs. Hosker's head.

The day came for the trial. Henry had to go as well, in case he was required as a witness. He was terrified but never called.

Mrs. Hosker and Mrs. Dobson told their tales and judgement was passed.

Mrs. Dobson was to pay a fine – possibly \$10 – or seven days in jail.

Mrs. Dobson refused to pay. “A matter of principle” she said.

“Please, Mrs. Dobson” said the judge. “You have family”.

“No,” said she. “I cannot!”

“Take her down” said the judge finally.

She spent her seven days in the Woodstock jail and declared upon her return that she had never had such a holiday. It seems that she had the run of the place and meals provided and the guards became friends who enjoyed her personality greatly.

The matter was reported in the Woodstock newspaper, which Annie kept tacked to the dining room wall

for years, despite the embarrassment of her teenage daughter. The eldest daughter, the nun, did not know of this story until 1964 and laughed heartily when Henry recounted it.

Celebrations

Pauline Shearer had a birthday on August 28th

Janette Herrin had a birthday on August 22nd

Happy Birthday!!!!

Back to School

Good luck to all the kids who are going back to school. Especially Matti and Cole who are going to high-school for the first time. Hope you both enjoy it!

Garbage Changes

This Wednesday (September 9th) is the last Wednesday garbage and recycling pick-up.

Starting the following week it will be Fridays (September the 18th) for garbage and recycling will be every week on Friday as well. Because Christmas and New Years are both Fridays pick up those two weeks will be Saturday. There are no other date changes through until the end of August next year. They will have new trucks that are both garbage and recycling trucks at the same time!