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Look to our webpage for the latest developments around Trent Valley Archives. www.trentvalleyarchives.com

Cover picture: Market Hall by Daniel C. Green (Trent Valley Archives, F50, 8.044) Compare to photo of Market Hall In 1913, p. 37.



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President's Corner

The Trent Valley Archives Board of Directors recently approved our 2015 Budget. To make this budget work our revenue stream for the year must come close to \$90,000. This will be a challenge. This amount has to cover: Payroll Expenses, (wages and benefits for one employee) Operating and Administration Expenses, (postage, telephone, internet, archival supplies, legal and accounting etc.), Fundraising event Expenses, Building Expenses, (hydro, heating, water, insurance etc.), Gazette Publication Expenses and Capital Acquisitions (archive acquisitions, computers, furniture etc.).

The Board has established a Fundraising/Grants Committee made up of: Guy Thompson (chair), Susan Kyle, Peter Adams, Ivan Bateman, Dianne Tedford and Doreen Lasenby. This committee has a plan to generate revenue through: 1. Maximizing grants that are available from local, provincial or federal sources.

2. Selling advertising in the Heritage Gazette and in our newsletter and Web Page. 3. Increasing our book sales. 4. Seeking municipal funding from Peterborough County and Peterborough City. If you, as a member, have ideas or connections that would provide assistance or support with any of these initiatives we would appreciate hearing from you.

We always rely heavily on memberships and donations. Your donation will be an essential part of our revenue for the year and provide two benefits to the donor. First, it helps to keep your archives open and operating and second, you get a charitable contribution income tax receipt for the full amount of your donation.

So, we are looking forward to a successful 2015 with all our services, programs and research facilities up and running in full operation. And with your help we will continue with our mission of preserving, and sharing our rich local heritage.

Guy Thompson

President, Trent Valley Archives

Samuel de Champlain and the Portage Road in 1615

R. B. Fleming

Even in places he never explored, Samuel de Champlain is revered by Canadians, as well as by not a few Americans.ⁱ “Champlain is the greatest of Canadians,” a friend in Regina contends. The name Champlain graces businesses, buildings, lakes and bridges. In Peterborough, a college at Trent University honours Champlain. Calgary, like most Canadian cities, has a street named after him; and Vancouver has a district called Champlain Heights, a Champlain Mall and even a Champlain Shoe Repair.ⁱⁱ The city he founded, Québec, goes one further – it has a rue du Petit-Champlain, one of the most beautiful streets, and perhaps the most precipitous, in Canada. Canadians have become quite protective of his name. Last year, when a federal cabinet minister from Québec proposed that the new Champlain Bridge in Montréal be named for Maurice Richard, there ensued a national uproar.

So familiar is his name that we assume we know him well. Nothing could be further from the truth. Almost everything about him before his arrival in Canada is ambiguous, including his birth year and religion at baptism.ⁱⁱⁱ Records such as a map of the St. Lawrence he gave to King Henri IV in 1603 have vanished. The whereabouts of Champlain’s body in Québec City remains speculation. Although he was admired at the royal court in Paris, no authentic portrait of Champlain is known to exist.^{iv} Hence several artists have imagined Champlain into being. Perhaps the best known is C.W. Jefferys, whose image of Champlain on Georgian Bay graces the cover of this issue.^v Champlain’s journals describing his many trips throughout New France are so impressionistic that historians and archaeologists can only hypothesize about exact routes.^{vi} Small wonder that Marcel Trudel, in his detailed biography of Champlain in the *Dictionary of Canadian Biography*, concludes that “... it is difficult to construct an image of Champlain that conforms to reality.”^{vii} Conrad Heidenreich and Janet Ritch concur. The paucity of details about his early life in particular has led “to much guesswork and mythologizing.”^{viii}

During the four centuries since Champlain first explored what Europeans called the New World, the great seventeenth century explorer and diarist has indeed entered the realm of mythology, one of whose chief characteristics is porosity.^{ix} In other words, in the absence of “facts,” mythological heroes leave themselves open to the interpretations of others. Thus Champlain has as many meanings as interpreters. He was the father of a vast French empire in North America, and one of the first of a long line of Canadian *Gouverneurs* representing a European monarch in his or her distant realm. Everywhere he travelled he seems to have become part of the mythology of those local areas, and none more so that the lands he trod and waters he paddled through during his trip down the Valley of the Trent in 1615.

Between 1603 and 1616, Champlain made seven trips into the interior of the north eastern part of North America.^x The 1615 voyage down the valley of the Trent was the result of a long-standing alliance between Champlain and the French, on the one hand, and, on the other, the Hurons and Algonquians.^{xi} The Natives would continue to trade with the French in return for French assistance in defeating their powerful enemy, the Iroquois, allies of the Dutch and English. From their base south of Lake Ontario, the Iroquois had been invading the trading territory of the Hurons, allies of the French.

In September 1615, Champlain travelled from the tiny settlement of Québec, founded seven years earlier, to Georgian Bay, then down through Huronia to Lake Couchiching. In Orillia, near where the explorer is thought to have camped, Champlain mythology is impossible to overlook. In 1925 Orillia citizens unveiled a magnificent monument. Along with prominent citizens of the town, among them Frosts and Leacocks, was C. H. Hale, editor of the local *Packet*. In 1913, when Hale, on behalf of the Executive Committee of the Ontario Champlain Tercentenary Celebrations, first proposed the monument, he announced that its purpose was “to commemorate the advent of the white race into the Province of Ontario, and the visit of Champlain to the Huron country (now the county of Simcoe) in 1615-16.”^{xii} The subsequent four-year war among members of that civilized “white race” delayed the completion of the monument until 1925.^{xiii} Since then, Champlain, dressed in finery that evokes a Molière grandee, has stood atop the magnificent monument, peering across Lake Couchiching. At the base of the monument are four splendidly muscular Hurons, two of whom defer to a missionary modelled on images of the Jesuit Father, Jean de Brébeuf (even though the Jesuits did not arrive in Huronia until years later). On the opposite side of the monument is a figure that represents the multilingual explorer Étienne Brûlé, who was an important liaison for Champlain with the Natives. One of the four Hurons appears to question the superiority of Christian civilisation. Was he perhaps a portent of the future? Or does that exasperated look say something about the frustrations of the two sculptors?^{xiv}

Of course like any tactile representation of mythology, the monument is not to be taken literally. The fact is that, without those Hurons, Champlain could not have undertaken the journey through Huronia and down the Valley of the Trent. In reality, Champlain was accompanied by at least five hundred Huron-Algonquin warriors, as well as by a dozen or so French *arquebusiers*, soldiers who wielded French-made muskets, the latest in weaponry.^{xv}

After paddling across Lake Couchiching and down through the Native fish weirs at what is today the Atherley narrows, the warriors apparently arrived at the mouth of a small river midway down the east side of Lake Simcoe, near Gamebridge. Today the river is called the Talbot.^{xvi} Two kilometres or so from the river’s mouth, it became too shallow and too clogged with decaying trees for easy paddling.^{xvii} From long experience, the Hurons would have known that here was the point where their portage began.^{xviii}

One sunny day in the autumn of 2014, Herb Furniss and I headed off on foot in search of the location what the locals have always called Champlain's Landing. "This is what most people believe is the Landing," Herb sniffed, as he pointed to a boat landing about a kilometre upriver from what he knew to be the real Landing. For about twenty minutes, we trudged judiciously along a narrow path, the Talbot immediately to our left. "Here it is," said Herb, as he pointed towards the middle of the river. With the opening in 1907 of the section of the Trent Canal from Balsam Lake to Lake Simcoe, the once dry Landing ended up under water. "My parents owned the farm over there, and my father was told by the previous owners, by the name of Montgomery, that Champlain and the Hurons took leave of the river at exactly that spot."

In *The Illustrated Historical Atlas of the Country of Ontario*, first published in 1877, the two Montgomery farms are noted on the map of Mara township, both of them on the west bank of the Talbot. But how, one might wonder, did old Mrs. Montgomery know the location for certain? No matter how early in the 19th century the Montgomerys took up land, there would still remain a gap of two centuries since 1615. More porosity, it seems.

In 1917, Colonel George Laidlaw (1860-1927)^{xxix}, archaeologist and historian, more or less corroborated Mrs. Montgomery's claim, though his somewhat imaginative map accompanying the article^{xx} about the Portage moves the Landing to dry land, to a farm owned by Mrs. Robert Hodgson, on the east side of the Talbot.^{xxi} Laidlaw's source was not Mrs. Montgomery but the Tisdale brothers, who raised horses nearby at Simcoe Manor.^{xxii} From the Landing, no matter its exact location, Champlain, the Hurons and armed Frenchmen proceeded eastward on foot.



CHAMPLAIN'S LA NOUVELLE-FRANCE 1612

Published three years before he travelled down the Valley of the Trent, Champlain's map of la Nouvelle France seems to show the valley of the Trent and a portage from what looks like Simcoe to Balsam. The map was based on reports by Natives. In 1785, Benjamin Frobisher's map shows the Portage and the Trent Valley as one of three possible routes from Lake Huron to Lake Ontario.^{xxiii} On this map the Portage seems to dip towards Balsam Lake, but it also seems to continue further east to somewhere around today's Coboconk.^{xxiv} Five years later, a map by John Collins, Deputy Surveyor General of Canada, shows the Portage linking Lake Simcoe to Balsam Lake, with a short errant arm leading northwest to the Talbot River near what is today the village of Victoria Road.^{xxv} These maps by Frobisher and Collins had a two-fold purpose: to open up more agricultural land for settlement; and to show possible interior routes for defence purposes.

The first historian to deal with the Portage from Lake Simcoe eastward was Charles-Honoré Laverdière. In his *Oeuvres de Champlain*, published in 1870, he proposed an alternative route, from Lake Simcoe south and east to Sturgeon Lake, a portage that had the virtue of avoiding the fearsome falls at Fenelon Falls. Unfortunately for proponents of a Balsam Lake Landing, the Sturgeon route would also have circumvented Balsam as well as Cameron Lake. In his 1917 article, Colonel Laidlaw rejected

Laverdière's suggested route. Laidlaw argued that "the early explorers very frequently and very naturally over-estimated the length of portages."^{xxvi} More probably, asserted Laidlaw, Champlain followed the old portage to Balsam Lake.



When Henry Vansittart died in the 1850s, his estate passed to his second wife. About 1860, artist Thomas Hepburn Robertson sketched what he labelled "Balsam Lake, from The Portage," adding the subtitle, "Residence of the late Admiral Vansittart"[sic]. The Vansittart residence is the building with the chimneys. At the end of the 18th century, a trading post was built by British traders. About 1869, George Laidlaw Senior purchased the property. His log house, "The Fort," was built to the right of this view. In the early 20th century, during the construction of the Trent Canal, the trading post was rented to canal workers. (Courtesy The Toronto Reference Library, The Baldwin Room (now the Charles and Marilyn Baillie Special Collections Centre), 953-3-3 Cab 4.)

To make such an assertion, Laidlaw quotes Champlain. "Thence," noted Champlain, referring to the Lake Simcoe landing, "the Indians portaged their canoes about ten leagues overland and came to another lake, extending six to seven leagues in length and three in width..." Into this short quotation Laidlaw inserted two comments, both in parenthesis. After the first mention of "leagues," the Colonel added "twelve and a half to fifteen miles," an estimate more or less in line with that of Collins (16 miles) on his map of 1790, and also, more or less, in line with modern odometers (16 miles).^{xxvii}

The problem with Laidlaw's distances is that he never noted which league (English: 3 to 4.8 miles per league; or a variety of French *lieues*) he was using to transcribe Champlain's estimate of distance into miles. One must assume from what he states that Laidlaw's "league" was 2 to 2.4 kilometres or 1.25 to 1.5 miles.^{xxviii} If Champlain had been using the French *lieue d'une heure de chemin*, the explorer's estimate of ten leagues distance from the Simcoe Landing to the next lake would have been the equivalent of 49 miles, a distance that would lend credibility to Laverdière's contention that the portage ran from Lake Simcoe to Sturgeon Lake. If Champlain had been using the French *lieue de poste* (ca. 2.1 miles per *lieue*), which apparently he did use for overland distances,^{xxix} Champlain's 10 leagues would be somewhat closer to Laidlaw's estimate.

After Champlain's second use of "leagues," his estimated length and width of the lake at the end of the Portage, Laidlaw added, in parenthesis, "no doubt Balsam Lake." In fact Champlain's estimate of lake size describe not only Balsam but also Sturgeon and several other lakes in the Kawarthas. Thus the Colonel's only proof for the "fact" (his word) that Champlain actually entered Balsam Lake at any point was Laidlaw's own phrase "no doubt Balsam Lake."^{xxx}

Once having settled the question, Laidlaw went one step further. He identified the exact location of the Landing. Champlain, declared Laidlaw, followed the portage "to its terminus at the fort on Balsam Lake." The Fort was the name that the Colonel's father had given to his commodious log house built about 1870 on the northwest shore of Balsam Lake, overlooking what navigation maps call "Laidlaw's Point".

Although his interpretations were based more on speculation than science, the Colonel's interpretations became the accepted version, especially after Dr. Watson Kirkconnell in 1921, and Premier Leslie Frost, in the 1970s, agreed with Laidlaw's contention.^{xxxi} Both men had consulted with Laidlaw. Of course, Laidlaw's speculations might very well be true. As the Irish poetess Eavan Boland writes, in *Beyond History*, a collection of her poetry, perhaps the only way to know the past is to improvise.^{xxxii}

In the 1820s and '30s, settlers began to arrive in the area of the Portage. One of the more colourful was Vice-Admiral Henry Vansittart, a half-pay officer and Canada Land Company official who, sometime in the mid-1830s,^{xxxiii} was granted 1,000 acres extending back from the northwest shore of Balsam Lake. Vansittart was well connected: his father was a director of the East India Company; and his brother, Nicholas, the 1st Baron of Bexley, after whom the township was named, was Chancellor of the Exchequer from 1812 to 1823. When Bexley Township was first surveyed in 1835, it ended up with long, narrow lots extending back from Balsam Lake all the way to Coboconk. At the same time the first Eldon Township survey, in 1825, was updated to recognize the Portage as a transportation route for newcomers and, according to local legend, for Huron people who, in small groups or individually, continued to use the Portage to trade with the newcomers. According to Russell MacGillivray, when his ancestors arrived to take up land in north Eldon Township, the Portage was wide enough to allow passage of a pair of oxen and a stoneboat. Dugald MacGillivray arrived in Eldon in 1836, about a year after the grid pattern of 100-acre farm lots along the Portage had been subsumed by the long, narrow lots that the newcomers could not have failed to notice as their migrant boats sailed down the St. Lawrence into the heartland of British North America. History, mythology and the lay of the land had won the day. In the stand-off between distain and submission,^{xxxiv} the latter had come out on top.

With the Portage's life guaranteed, the myth of Champlain seems to have sprung to life. The newcomers, no matter their origin, religion and political affiliation, made him one of their own. Subsequent surveyor reports and hand drawn maps reaffirmed the existence of the Portage.

Today the old trail, mundanely named "City of Kawartha Lakes Road 48," is a major trading and transportation route for cottagers and trucks speeding eastward, and for gravel trucks racing west and south towards the booming Greater Toronto Region. Alas the only tangible reminder of Champlain's excursion of 1615 is a lonely blue plaque erected decades ago by the Ontario Archaeological and Historic Sites Board. Located near the busy intersection of roads 46 and 48 just east of Bolsover,^{xxxv} the plaque is entitled "The Portage Road":

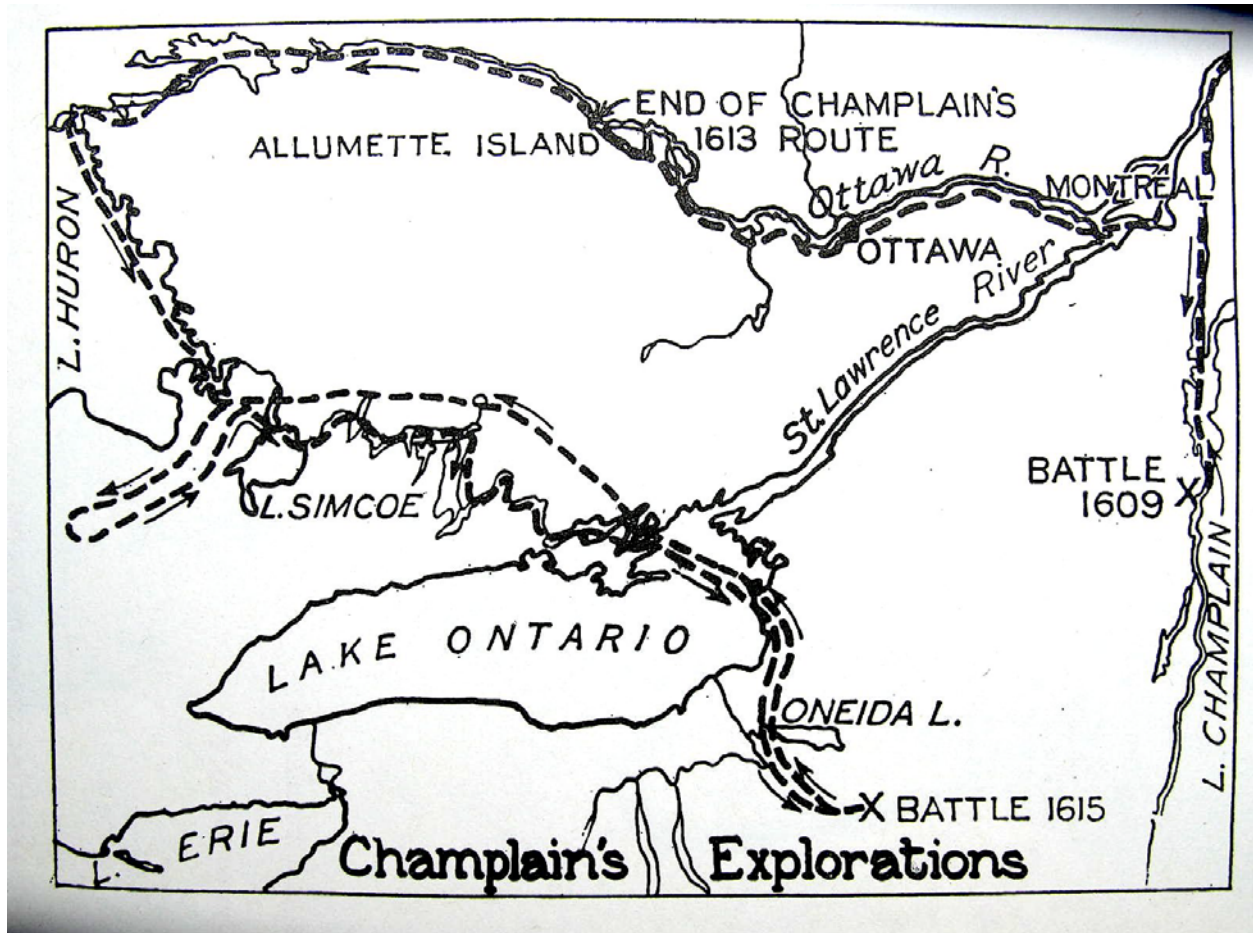
This road follows the general route of the Indian portage from Lake Simcoe to Balsam Lake. The portage was first mapped by the honourable John Collins, Deputy Surveyor General of Canada, when he surveyed the Trent route from the head of the Bay of Quinte to Balsam Lake, and thence by way of Lake Simcoe to Georgian Bay in 1785.^{xxxvi} The Trent route was used by Champlain and his Huron allies in their expedition against the Iroquois in 1615. Subsequently, at the time of settlement, the portage was re-surveyed (1834-35) by John Smith, and a large portion of the old trail was incorporated in what became known as the Portage Road.

Today our unimaginative egos extend scant welcome to mythological figures. Surely the City of Kawartha Lakes (the former Victoria County), whose economic development department is constantly in search of ways to honour the past in order to unite the present, and to enhance the economic well-being of the new "city," can do better to honour the founder of Canada. Why not revert to the old name, the Portage Road, and proclaim it, on a prominent plaque, one of the oldest roads in Canada, over which Champlain, our greatest hero, 500 Hurons, too long overlooked, and a dozen *arquebusiers* once trekked so long ago?

The author would like to thank the following: Elwood Jones; Herb Furniss; Lilianne Plamondon, Jan Stephens; Anthony Allen; Jamie Hunter; Conrad Heidenreich; Kenneth Munro; Paul Zaborowski; Andrea Koteles; Mary Callaghan; Tom Mohr; Alan Lindsay; Doug Patterson; Barbara Znamirowski; Janice Millard; archivists at the Archives of Ontario, and at the Toronto Reference Library, Marilyn and Charles Baillie Special Collections Centre.

Champlain's Explorations

C. W. Jefferys



The Heritage Gazette has been printing features and information related to the consequences of Champlain's visit to our area 400 years ago, in 1615. This map by C. W. Jefferys is a neat summary of 1615, and includes earlier explorations in 1609 and 1613. Our plan is to work with others to create a special book that contains the articles that we have been printing along with other special features. We would like to see the book available throughout the area that is noted above. We acknowledge the support of the County of Peterborough and the City of Peterborough. We will be printing more articles in our May and August issues, and will add information about the forthcoming book. The story of 400 years ago had consequences with First Nations and with the French language, and we will have stories related to those themes as well. The TVA committee has been Peter Adams, Alan Brunger and myself.

Any suggestions for help are always welcome.

The Huronia chapter of the Ontario Archaeological Society is pleased to host the annual symposium from Oct. 16 to 18, 2015 in Midland, Ontario. The theme of the upcoming conference is "Huronian - Before and After Champlain." We welcome papers on all aspects of the Ontario's archaeological past. On the 400th anniversary of Champlain's arrival in Huronia, we particularly want to highlight the Wendat past in the region, and interactions with the first French explorers and missionaries.

At this time we are calling for proposals for sessions, individual presentations, and posters. Sessions may be half or full day sessions (about nine papers or sixteen papers respectively). Presentations are twenty minutes in length.

Session proposals: please send proposal descriptions of about 300 words to Alicia Hawkins (ahawkins@laurentian.ca) by April 1, 2015. A list of potential presenters should accompany the session proposal.

Abstracts for individual presentations and posters should be about 300 words and these should also be emailed to Alicia Hawkins (ahawkins@laurentian.ca). The deadline for abstracts is June 30, 2015.

Lieutenant Harold S. Matthews: Reflections on a family photo album

*Elwood H. Jones
Peterborough Examiner*



The football team at Royal Military College (TVA, Harold Matthews photo album)

During the past year, there have been many opportunities to mark the centennial of the Great War, later known as World War I. At the Trent Valley Archives, we shared our remarkable collection of newspapers, both local and British. Several of our volunteers developed a photo exhibit based on the professional photographic scrapbook which we dubbed *With the Canadians on the Western Front*. We were amazed that our professional photographer who accompanied the Canadian troops captured a wide range of the activities of soldiers.

In retrospect it was clear that soldiers do not spend as much time in battle as they do in moving, eating and sleeping. These photos included photos of baseball and football games, and sometimes the presence of senior officers, such as General Currie. The captions supplied by the photographers were informative but did not give specifics, and certainly did not name the ordinary soldiers in the scenes. However, it was clear that soldiers from Peterborough faced these conditions and shared such experiences.

We printed the diary of Thomas Morrow whose family had moved from Pontypool to Peterborough where they lived on Water Street near downtown; his father was a blacksmith and by 1914 Morrow was working in a drug store at George and Hunter. His very lucid and well-written memoirs followed local soldiers to Belleville to England and to France.

We have recently accepted a collection of the Brown family, consisting mainly of correspondence between the parents, between the brothers, over a long period of time. All the Browns survived the Great War, but the family hardware business on Simcoe Street just west of George was hurt as its employees were the sons. The one brother who saved the family's documents was Elmir G. Brown whose civilian life included major careers as a hardware clerk, a postal employee, and as an Anglican priest. This collection too contains some photographs and ephemera.

The Trent Valley Archives has been celebrating 25 years of giving a future to our past through the saving of archives from individuals, families and organizations as well as of some government offices. Then at its open house in September, we featured all of the above.

Coincidentally, we received five photo albums kept by two or three generations of the family of T. Frank Matthews (1869-1941). The collection contains vintage portraits of the family side of the Matthews family. George Matthews (1834-1916)



founded a pork packing abbatoir in Lindsay and then in 1882 started a branch in Peterborough which was run by Frank, one of his sons. The firm became Matthews-Blackwell, and its operations on George Street south of the CPR bridge grew to be one of the major local industries. The firm had several branches, and by 1927 became one of the key partners in the new Canada Packers. The local Matthews family moved to Toronto.

The family albums also include two volumes of a 1921 tour from Britain to Palestine that included visits to France, Spain, Italy, Greece and Egypt as well as other points of interest in the Mediterranean world, including North Africa.

However, given the events of the year, the real surprise was an album devoted to Harold Stratton Matthews.

Harold Matthews and siblings at the family home on Water Street at London. (TVA, Harold Matthews album)

Harold Matthews (1894-1916) had been active in camping and cottaging on Chemong Lake, and there are photos of some of these activities. Harold topped the applicants wanting to go to Royal Military College in Kingston just as war was declared in September 1914. The album includes photos of training at the college, which included parade drills, tug of wars, and rugby football. The football games attracted a large crowd even then. Some of the military training included working in the fields building trenches and communications, as well as artillery exercises.

Harold Matthews went to Europe and was killed at Mount Sorrell in Belgium. As a young officer he was assigned to an observation post at the front lines so he could direct the artillery shots to the intended targets. He was shot by a sniper.

It is tragic when such a promising life is snuffed at such a young age. I remember from my youth that the conventional wisdom was that in World War I the average survival of a lieutenant in actual battle was 17 minutes. Many platoons were then commanded by sergeants who had the wisdom to be at the rear rather than way out front.

The Matthews family had been very active supporters of the Baptist Church in Lindsay and in Peterborough. It was the Matthews family that found the design for the new Murray Street Baptist Church which opened across from the local parade grounds by the Armouries.

The Matthews family marked the tenth anniversary of the death of Harold by making a gift to Murray Street Baptist Church which was dedicated on June 20, 1926. A copy of the newspaper report was tucked into the Harold Stratton album. The gift was a donation of organ chimes and a bronze table.

The service of dedication was spread over two services, and the services were meant to not be memorials to Harold Stratton but rather turning on the idea of resurrection after death. The church was decorated with flowers: lilacs, peonies, iris, bridal wreath, pink and yellow roses, with palms and ferns. The Union Jack hung over the Stratton memorial tablet, and the Canadian Ensign covered the tablet dedicated to those at Murray Street who died during World War I military operations. The names inscribed on the latter tablet were Norman Barrie; George Collins; John Ellam; Joseph Horton; Arthur Lewis; William Long; Harold Matthews; and Fred Stanley. One can imagine that they shared many rewarding experiences at the YMCA and the Peterborough Collegiate, both so near to the church.

The Rev. Dr. Rose, minister at Murray Street, gave both sermons. Efforts to get guest speakers proved difficult according to the newspaper report because of the difficulty confirming the date of the dedication, and because the Matthews family had moved to Toronto after 1921, when Matthews-Blackwell merged with other meat packing companies, a prelude to the 1927 merger that created Canada Packers.

Dr. Rose was known for sermons that were thoughtful, spiritual and clear. On this occasion he added appropriate biblical and literary allusions. The subject of these sermons was the idea of worship, and the texts for the sermons were drawn from Kings 1: 1-3 "Mine eyes and my heart shall be there perpetually." And from Chronicles 2: 5-14: "The glory of Jehovah filled the house of God."

With respect to the late Lieutenant Matthews, Dr Rose quoted Alfred Lord Tennyson's tribute to the Duke of Wellington: "Yea that all good things await the one who cares not to be great, but as he saves, or serves, the State."

Dr. Rose argued in part that places of worship should be attractive. God, he noted, was quite specific about how he wanted the temple and after one's home, we should feel most comfortable in church. The Matthews family gift in memory of their son was an organ carillon, which could be played like tower bells, The 1911 People's Chime at St. John's Anglican church, just a few blocks away, remain the largest set of bells, now with 16 bells,



Royal Military College as seen from across harbor in delightful rural scene, 1915. Below, Officer Cadet Harold Matthews. (TVA, Harold Matthews photo album)

between Toronto and Ottawa. But the organ carillon which pealed within the church brought the sound of more bells to the music. The chimes were made by J. C. Deagan Company of Chicago and were installed by L. E. Morel of Toronto.



For this occasion, L. J. Pettit, who had been one of Matthews' teachers, wrote a short biography. He observed, in part, "As a student, as an athlete as a man, he had won many laurels. In a competitive examination for entrance to Royal Military College, he won first place in a class of nearly a hundred candidates, and this pre-eminence he retained throughout his college course. At the same time, he excelled in both rugby and hockey and by his manliness won the respect and friendship of both professors and students."

Matthews, a junior artillery officer, died from a sniper's bullet as he occupied the dangerous position at the Forward Observation Post. As Pettit observed, he remained loyal and faithful to his friends and his country, even though he knew "there was slight prospect of return."

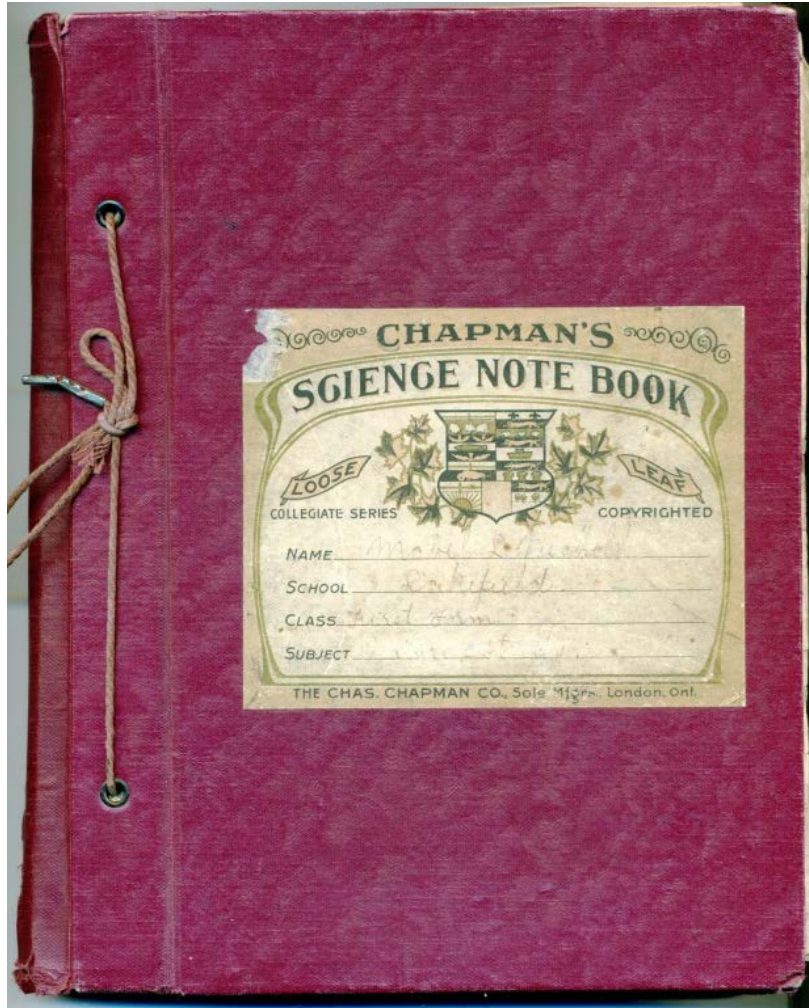
The wording on the plaque near the chimes of the organ to the memory of a brave son, was: "To the glory of God and in proud and loving memory of Harold Stratton Matthews, Lieutenant, First Brigade, C.F.A., C.E. F., killed in action at Mount Sorrell, Belgium, June 2, 1916, aged twenty-two years." The plaque concluded, "All you had hoped for, all you had, you gave to save mankind. Yourself you scorned to save."

Matthews was a remarkable person, in life and death, and it is appropriate that he is remembered with organ chimes, a plaque, and now an exceptional album in the Trent Valley Archives documents the life of a youth and a soldier who lived a century ago.

Thanks to Cody Starr, our high school intern, who helped process the Matthews family papers at Trent Valley Archives.

Mabel Nichols' Science Note Book

John Marsh, January 2014



London, Canada. It is 9 x 5.5 inches with a strong front, back and spine. The lined or squared pages are held in place by a tied cord that would allow pages to be added or removed. It is maroon in colour with a label on the front. The label is headed "Chapman's Science Note Book", with the words "Loose Leaf" "Collegiate Series", "Copyrighted." There is a crest showing the Canadian provinces surrounded by maple leaves. Then space is provided for the student's name, school, class and subject. Here has been written: Mabel L. Nichols, Lakefield, First Form, Nature Study.

Inside the front cover, it is stated that the Note Book was devised by S. B. McCready, B.A., Professor of Nature Study, Macdonald Institute, Guelph, and that it was "entered according to the Act of Parliament of Canada, in the year 1904, by Chas. Chapman, at the Department of Agriculture." Students were advised to "mark off the different subjects with sheets of paper of different colors," the subjects being: chemistry, physics, zoology, botany, mineralogy, household science, ornithology and entomology. Professor McCready then stated that: "A science note book should contain a scholar's complete records of work done in both Public and High schools. It should be so kept that it will be well worth retaining on one's bookshelf after school days are over. Every scholar should be the author of the book himself; it should contain his own individual experiences

and observations – not work copied from other books, from blackboards, nor charts – nor as a rule, dictated work. The records should be kept well arranged so that they may be readily consulted (sic) by their author, or examined by teachers and friends. The ruling of the paper used in this book is one-half centimeter, so that the Metric system may be used in tracings, drawings or measurements."

Next, substantial guidance is provided on Science Records. This includes:

Every record in experimental science should be an essay in English Composition;

Articles from newspapers, etc., bearing on the work in the book, should be pasted herein in their proper connections;

Pictures of famous men in science; of new appliances in science, etc., should be pasted in too.

Invariably, when I go to the Barn near Fowler's Corners, and check out the antiques there, I find something of interest, possibly local interest. This time it was a Science Note Book used over a hundred years ago by a Mabel Nichols at school in Lakefield. Nearly all of us must have made notes on our school lessons in such exercise books, but how many of us kept them, how many from a century ago survive today? Commonplace things, probably because of their ubiquity, are frequently discarded and destroyed. So, I consider this Note Book with an extensive collection of personal lesson notes, worthy of description and preservation in the Trent Valley Archives. It indicates not only some of the school curriculum of the time but an individual's attempt to respond to the teaching.

This Collegiate Science Note Book was published by The Chas. Chapman Co., Manufacturing Stationers,

Inside the back cover of the Science Note Book is a "Phenological Check-list." This has three sections: Opening of Spring, Summer and Harvest, and Approach of Winter. During Spring, the dates of 12 phenomena are to be noted, including: the geese migrating north, first appearance of snakes, last snow to whiten the ground, as well as human activities, including: last fire in furnace or stoves, first ploughing or gardening, and sheep shearing. During Summer and Harvest, the dates of 11 events and human activities are to be recorded, including: first strawberries, home grown, first apples, first grapes, as well as hay cutting, apple picking and turnip pulling. During the Approach to Winter, the dates of seven events are to be noted, including: first autumn frost, wild ducks migrating south, closing of river and first skating. Prof. McCready advised that "the check list of Birds, Insects, Flowers and Phenological observations should be filled in as independent out-of-school exercises; scholars should extend them and enlist their friends' help in getting correct records." The check list in this particular edition of the Science Note Book provides space for indicating where the

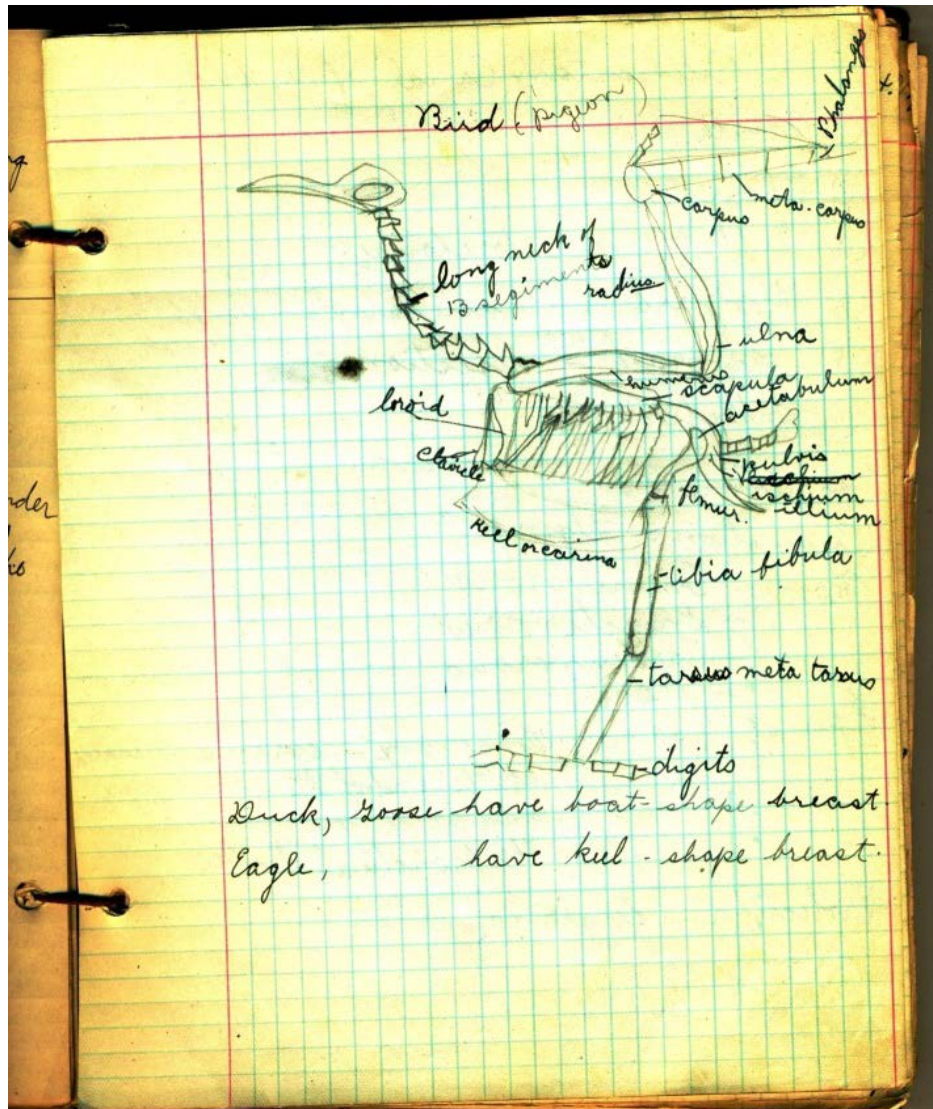
various events are observed and when in 1910, 1911, 1912 and 1913.

Mabel Nichols made notes and drew diagrams and illustrations with pen or pencil on nearly 200 pages in the Note Book in the 1913-1914 school year. Despite the instructions at the front and back of the Note Book, it seems mainly to have been used to record information from her school lessons. It begins with descriptions of pine and maple trees noting their physical characteristics, leaves, flowers and seeds. Then come descriptions of flowers, such as Shepherd's Purse, dandelion, apple blossom and buttercup, with their Latin names. There are pages devoted to edible plants including cherry, plum peach and strawberry as well as corn and Indian turnip. Numerous pencil drawings illustrate the structure of these plants.

In April 1913, Mabel was studying germination and did an experiment to see how oats germinate and the effects of moisture, warmth and air. In May, she made notes on weeds: "a Weed is a plant that is regarded as useless," an example being "Canada Thistle in cultivated fields and meadows." Summer fallowing and hoeing of crops were

cited as means to destroy them. Other "weeds injurious to field crops" that are mentioned included: cockle, couch grass, chess, mustard, bind weed and ragweed.

In September 1913, attention was turned to zoology. Particular attention was given to species "beneficial to the agriculturist" and "injurious to the agriculturist", examples of the latter being grasshoppers and potato beetles. Mabel made notes on bed bugs and gives the following methods for destroying them: sprinkle hiding places with kerosene or by a solution of carbolic acid, and sprinkle with insect powder or sulphur. Moths are distinguished from butterflies, e.g. the wings of the butterfly are vertical and those of the moth horizontal when at rest. Again, particular attention is paid to destructive species and means to combat them. Mabel notes that the Cabbage Butterfly can be destroyed by spraying with some poison such as arsenate of lead, and that the Buffalo Moth is susceptible to camphor in moth balls and pepper. Not surprisingly, there are also notes on mosquitos which are said to "carry diseases as Typhoid, Malaria, Yellow



Fever” and cause “great harm to livestock.” They could be eliminated by drainage and spraying crude oil or kerosene on waters. The dragon fly is also named the Devil’s Darning Needle.

By April 1914, Mabel was studying birds with the Pigeon being used to illustrate their structure.

Details are provided on the bills, claws and feathers of birds and how they fly. Then came aquatic species beginning with fish, such as the Perch. About the clam, Mabel notes that “the ear is attached to the foot”, and its enemies are coons and muskrats. Attention is also paid to crayfish, frogs and their life cycle, and turtles.

Interspersed with the above are notes on vertebrates, especially the cat, and humans, their skeleton and digestive system. There is a page about teeth, the different kinds, such as the canines “for grasping, holding and tearing” and intriguing formulae for counting teeth, 32 in man, 28 in rabbits, 42 in dogs.

In November 1913, Mabel was also having physics lessons. She begins by making drawings of various measuring instruments such as a balance, a vernier and calipers. She records an experiment with a beaker and water on matter, “a substance that occupies space,” that proves that air is matter. There are notes and illustrations on pulleys and levers, thermometers and barometers, conversion from Fahrenheit to centigrade, and on an experiment measuring the density of a piece of brass. In January 1914, considerable attention is given to pressure and pumps, such as the air pump, mercury pump, double acting force pumps, the common lift pump and the hydraulic press used for pressing cotton. By March, the lessons were about light and optics. Instructions are provided for using a chalk box to make a pinhole camera and on the use of photometers. There is a brief section on sound “caused by some body in motion” and a description of an experiment using an electric bell in a bell jar.

Next came lessons relating to magnetism and electricity. There are notes and illustrations of experiments with a horseshoe magnet, the mariner’s compass and means for determining latitude. The electric magnet, bell and telephone with its horseshoe magnet, iron diaphragm and carbon disks are also covered. Mabel’s last notes, from December 1913 and January 1914, are about chemistry. They refer to experiments to determine the composition of air, including dust, and a way to identify carbon dioxide in air beginning with a “Winchester” filled with water. There are also notes on the composition of water, likely impurities, such as decaying vegetable matter and ammonia from sewage, as well as the advice: “to soften water add some washing soda or washing ammonia.” Unfortunately, the Phenological Check-List on the back cover was not filled in.

The Note Book reveals the wide array of topics covered in the sciences over a year from biology to physics and chemistry. There was a strong emphasis on learning basic facts, on the structure of natural phenomena, and on features relevant to the Lakefield area. There are many references to features of practical significance, especially for “agriculturists”, such as pumps and threats to crops, as well as ways to deal with problems like bedbugs, mosquitos and hard water. Clearly, experimentation was an important

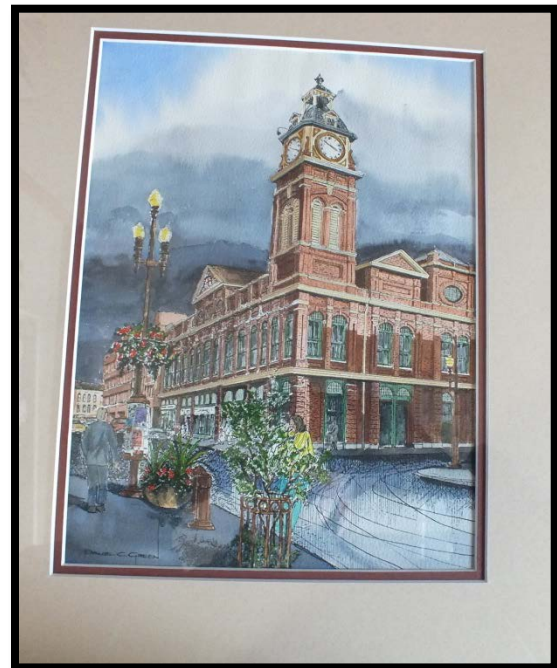
element of science education. Despite Prof. McCready’s advice, the Note Book was used exclusively for recording lessons, there being no evidence of field observations to complete the Phenological Check-list. It is unclear whether the teacher marked and corrected the notes maintained by Mabel Nichols. It would be interesting to compare the science topics covered at this time with those covered in a comparable grade in school today.

I would be interested to know if anyone else has been bequeathed, found or seen in archives similar school notebooks. More information on Mabel Nichols is presumably available and would be welcomed. With the growing student use of laptops and tablets the era of hand writing school lessons in Note Books may soon be over. This begs the question of whether any current records of students’ notes will survive into the future.

John Marsh is a past-president of Trent Valley Archives and a former professor at Trent University.

There and Back Again: Searching for Peterborough's Irish Roots

Trent Valley Archives and the Peterborough Public Library are pleased to present **There and Back Again: Searching for Peterborough's Irish Roots** on Tuesday, February 17, 2015 at 7:30 pm at the Library. This celebration of Heritage Week will feature special speakers who will share ideas about the links between Ireland and the history of Peterborough. For details, check out our website, www.trentvalleyarchives.com.



Market Hall, Peterborough (Daniel C. Green)

Thomas Morrow in World War I: Part 3

Thomas A. Morrow
And his transcriber

Excerpts from the memoirs of Thomas Morrow have appeared in issues of the Heritage Gazette in 2013 and 2014. The memoirs covered his youth in Pontypool and Peterborough, and this is now the third instalment of his memoirs during World War I. We pick up the story from Vimy Ridge to Passchendaele as seen from someone who had a keen eye to detail and a pleasant writing style. The entire memoirs are available at Trent Valley Archives. The memoirs are here published for the first time. Morrow's memoirs were transcribed by someone, and then Dorothy Sharpe typed it into digital form. Thanks to all those that have brought this treasure to light. Editor.

MY FIRST EQUESTRIAN RIDE

On taking over as Scout Officer, one of my first duties was to lead a group of wounded officers of whom Major Jack Stagg was the senior, from Alberta camp up to the Neuville St Vaast area that was known to me but not to all of the others.

Alberta camp was composed of Nissen huts located a few hundred yards from the Mt. St. Eloi – Bethune Road and to get to the road, one had to go around a ploughed field, following a fairly narrow, rutty and muddy wagon trail. I warned the Transport Officer to provide me with a good dependable quiet mount and he allocated the Medical Officer's horse, which was a very knowledgeable horse, receiving in addition to its army rations, a special feeding of oats that the Medical Officer provided from his own funds.

As soon as I mounted the animal, I realized that its body had been well rounded out by the oats so that it was difficult for me to get a grip by my knees. The other six officers had their own mounts or were accustomed to riding and when all was ready, began to move off more or less in pairs. However, before going very far, the nature of the trail required them to sort of stagger their formation. In the meantime, my horse stood motionless in spite of my prodding heels, which were devoid of spurs. I finally located a strap to my web equipment on my trench coat pocket, so I took it out and gave the horse a smart slap on the flank with it at which the horse made one leap forward, almost out from under me but I hung onto the reins for dear life. Quite unmindful of those ahead, the horse carried right through their midst, weaving and sidestepping as occasion required and then carried on to the main road.

The length of the stirrups or shape of the horse did not allow me to post in rhythm with its gait. To add further discomfort, the straps on my steel helmet worked off the front of my chin, where it was held firmly, to more under my jaws. At times, the helmet flapped from the point where the back hit my neck to the front where the front sometimes hit me on the nose and I never knew the moment when I might lose it altogether. I carried my revolver on

the belt of my trench coat that did not have a fastener to hold it in one place, with the result that it shifted its position from time to time and the handle kept pounding me in the abdomen in rhythm with the horse's movements.

On arriving at the main road, which was filled with lorries, transports, pack trains and some infantry units, all moving forward in their daily routine just before dusk to replenish the diminished ammunition and ration supplies, I had hoped the horse would slow down to the pace of the transports etc., but no such luck. The horse tore on, weaving itself into every opening that presented itself, in some instances; my legs brushed those of other mounted men and scarcely missed many that were on foot. Needless to say, the air was blue with curses such as "Where the hell does he think he's going?"

At Mt. St. Eloi, the 15th Battalion kilted infantry, was billeted and were just turning out for their evening strolls on the village street and for some unknown reason, there was quite a flock of hens and chickens feeding along either side of the road, possibly on some grain from one of the transports. My steed, skirting by the miscellaneous transports on the road, that fortunately were all going in the same direction, galloped on into the face of the loitering soldiers and feeding chickens, that flew and scattered hither and yon, in all directions. Again, the air was filled with curses and remarks, not very complimentary to the equestrian but with a Scottish flavour. After passing over the top of the hill, the horse slowed its pace, which had probably been impressed upon it in its training by our M.O. and by the time we reached a cross-roads half a mile further on where we had to turn, I finally brought it to a stop. There was a fairly lush spot of green grass on the bank by the side of the road at which I allowed it to nibble, awaiting the arrival of the rest of the party.

In about twenty minutes the party had arrived at the bottom of the St. Eloi Hill and then broke into a trot to catch up with me. However, as soon as my horse heard the clatter of their hooves on the cobblestone road, it pricked up its ears and away we went. Fortunately, during our rest, I had headed it in the direction we wanted to go. On and on we flew for a couple of miles when we came to a barricade of festoons of barbed wire across the road to which was attached a sign that read, "Use of the road beyond this barricade is forbidden." The horse pulled up to a stop as if it could read the sign and without further ado, resigned to nibbling grass on the roadside bank. I was anxious to know what would happen when the rest of the party came within our hearing but the horse was quite resigned to wait for them.

We left our horses in care of a couple of sentries and went to visit the headquarters of the Battalion and companies we were to relieve in order to get the disposition of their troops, machine guns, ammunition dumps etc. On our return to the rendezvous, Major Stagg suggested trading

horses with me for the return to camp and as his was considerably smaller in girth, I readily consented. However, the return trip was really more agonizing than the coming because I finished up arriving in camp about as far behind the others, say a full twenty minutes. The horse would only walk and each time I hit it with the strap, it would trot a dozen paces and then walk again. The stirrups were much too long for me so I couldn't post when it trotted with the result that it aggravated all the punishment to my seat and the effect of the revolver on my abdomen, sustained on the forward ride.

Of course, the whole camp was apprised of the event before training began next morning. The M.O. sent for me, gave me a thorough examination and apologized profusely in not warning the groom that he had been giving his horse extra rations of oats without additional exercise. So, I learned the hard way what was meant by the saying "The horse was feeling his oats."

For the next couple of weeks, our Battalion took its turn in the line in front of Arleux. Early one morning, before daylight, I returned to Headquarters after visiting with my observers and snipers and relieved Paddy Griggin, our adjutant on duty, in a dugout in the railway embankment in front of Vimy Ridge. The dugout had been a German Field gun emplacement and was neither proof against shells or observation by the enemy. Paddy had been looking over "La Vie Parisienne" which he had turned over to me and for my better light, he took down a long candle from an upper shelf and lighted it. The dugout was so warm that the candle had softened and while I was engrossed in the illustrations in "La Vie Parisienne", it gradually bent over and set on fire a huge file of papers hanging by a wire from the wall. There was immediately a tremendous flash fire. Paddy jumped and grabbed the Colonel's jacket although his own was hanging closer to him and smothered the flames lest the enemy see the fire and smoke which would be a splendid signal and target for them to fire at.

CORPS Sports at Camblain L'Abbe July 2 1917

After the great advance at Vimy Ridge, when the famous Hindenburg Line of trenches was broken, it was considered advisable to train for more mobility in our war tactics. The usual routine of rotating platoons within companies, companies within Battalions, Battalions with Brigades and so on down the line to corps formations for front line or attack duty for support or reserve duty were adhered to.

For several weeks, when units were having their turns in Reserve, greater emphasis was placed on physical development and for more rapid and extensive actions in that at all levels sporting events were held in mass – cross country runs, team sports as soccer and baseball, all track events, weight throwing, wrestling and boxing. In all these activities, there were elimination contests within the platoons, companies, battalions, brigades to divisions. On Monday, June 2nd, our Brigade had its sports field day near Mount St. Eloi and on Thursday, our First Division held its field day on the same grounds to determine what representatives would be sent to the culminating event, Corps Sports on July 2.

We had several officers and men from the Four Battalion and I mention Sergeant Kilpatrick of B Company, a tall lithe person who seemed to have a most natural faculty for pulling in wide and high throws to first base, was selected to play that position on the First Division team.

At Corps sports, huge crowds were in attendance from all divisions and grouped around the events most entertaining to them. The games were well planned with two semi-final and then a final game to be played in both baseball and soccer. The various field events also took up considerable areas so that the immense field was a hive of activity all day.

Besides being interested in the outcome of the games, there was a great occasion for visiting with old friends from other units that one occasionally ran across to hear about the fate of others who had not been so fortunate. Unfortunately, my brother Orland, who had recently arrived in France; did not catch up with me, nor I with him, although we had been on the look-out for one another during the day.

The event was a tremendous success. It built up the esprit de corps and made us feel proud of our Canadian heritage.

For the next ten days, we were in the line in front of Petit Vimy where our scout section carried on with patrols. Observation posts were created and generally the Battalion tried to maintain a master hand over the enemy at all times.

On Friday, July 13, we were relieved by the 13th Regiment of East York's. Everyone was quite superstitious about the sequence of thirteen's but as my birthday was on the 13th and I started out in 13 Platoon on 39th (3 x 13) Battalion, I saw nothing ominous in the situation. However, it was hard to explain why the Germans had omitted their usual ten minutes of shelling of our rear area at 7:00 o'clock that evening. The East York's arrived just after dusk and the relief went off without a hitch but it was amusing to see a one-pip wonder (sub-lieutenant) extend his company in barrack square fashion to two pace intervals along behind the trench and then to give the order "Canadians out", "East York's in" and in a few moments to salute his Company Commander in regimental style reporting "Relief Complete, Sir."

For the next four weeks, the Battalion was in and out of various sectors mainly in the environs of the town of Lens. We visited Loos, where a famous battle had been fought earlier in the war wherein the English had received a great supply of hand grenades and to their dismay, they were not detonated. There was a certain cross road and also a crucifix in the area which our troops had to pass and at regular hours each evenings, the Germans would shell them for ten minutes at ten minutes to the hour.

One night, I was guiding "A. Company" along the road which was partly under observation from balloons. St. George Clarke was company commander who had returned from being wounded on the Somme. I had heard great tales of his bravery and daring and mentally made him my hero. Suddenly, a whiz-bang screeched through the air and St. George made a dive landing in the ditch and I impulsively did likewise. We were a couple of sheepish officers who got to our feet to find the company blithely marching along

as if nothing had happened. I realized then how a wound unnerved the best of men. At ten minutes to seven o'clock, we halted before reaching the crossroads and wondered why nothing happened. At seven o'clock we moved on and no sooner had we vacated the rest area when the whole was deluged with shrapnel and howitzer shells.

Later, when we came to the crucifix, there were large puddles of water on the right side of the road whereas the left side was quite dry. As there were no other movements, we decided to save the men from getting wet feet and deployed over to the left side of the road. While we were doing it, a barrage of shells landed on the right side, splashing water all over the men. Unfortunately, a couple of men received minor shrapnel wounds and had to receive first aid. Afterwards, we concluded that by the observation balloons, they were able to observe our movements although the road was somewhat screened and when we did not reach the crossroads, they had to advise the artillery which had to change its sights and ranges and before this could be done, we had moved on. Then they thought they would catch up passing the crucifix. In the army, it was fairly easy to become a fatalist by my mother would have said "it was the hand of God protecting his own."

Changes in Command

On General Byng being promoted to Army Commander, General Currie was promoted from the First Division to Corps Commander, our Colonel Rae was made a General Staff Officer on First Division and Major Thompson, D.S.O.M.C. took over command of the Fourth Battalion as Colonel, being promoted from the Tenth Battalion. General MacDonnell became Division Commander and General Griesbach from the 49th Battalion became our Brigadier.

Colonel Rae was a diminutive steely-eyed Scotsman, who, to make up for his lack of stature, ruled with firmness and precision according to military law and administered Field Punishment No. 2 quite regularly.

On the other hand, in my opinion, Colonel Thomson was a great humanitarian who, fraternizing with the men on stops during route marches or in their billets, endeared them to him in such a way that they would go through hell fire for him if he asked them but still he would not ask anyone to do an action that he would not be willing to undertake himself.

As Intelligence and Scout Officer, which position was abbreviated to I.I., I was assigned various tasks by the Colonel, taking reconnoitring parties of officers to new areas as well as accompanying the Colonel on many of his special sojourns into the front line or forward areas where he wanted to get first hand information for himself.

Hill 70

While the name may conjure something formidable in the mind, Hill 70 represents the degree of the contour line on a military map and in effect, only represents a mound. It was located over the Lens La Bassée road in front of the ruined villages of Loss and Maroc. The Fourth Battalion had moved from the Mount St. Eloi area to a mining village of Les Bresbis where some civilians still refused to evacuate their homes and only possessions.

Under the circumstances, the billets in general were more comfortable for men and officers.

Toward the end of July, I made several visits to the forward area with the Colonel, considering the overall situation, the location of huge slag heaps from the mines, the nature of the trenches in the forward and rear areas and we eventually arrived at Brigade Headquarters in a dugout at the bottom of a huge crater that had been blown by engineers in the chalk subsoil. During a confidential chat with the Brigadier, they asked me to have a look around up at the top of the crater. A sentry was stationed there and whenever he heard a shell in the air, he ran down into the entrance of the dugout. As the shells were coming at quite regular intervals, the man would have worn himself to a frazzle and become a nervous wreck in no time.

The enemy was sending over three types of shell, a nine-point-two large slow howitzer shells which were falling near an air post and Y.M.C. dugout near a crossroad about five hundred yards away, a smaller five inch howitzer shell which was directed against one of our artillery gun emplacements and a third whiz-bang shell which was used to spray roads in case of infantry movements.

I asked the sentry to stay by my side and when I heard the 9.2 howitzer in the air, I showed him where it was going to land and so with the five inch and whiz-bang with the result that he nonchalantly sat down and lit a cigarette. He was profusely grateful to me for the lesson I had given him and a few minutes later, when he turned over his duties to the relieving sentry, he proudly explained the type of noise that each shell made as it came over the area on which it was directed to land.

Our Battalion served its regular tours of duty in the Loss-Hill 70 area front line, supports and reserves etc for the next couple of weeks and on the night of August 12-13, we were relieved by the Fifth Battalion, Second Brigade. We went back to Les Bresbis and then on the 14th, we moved up forward to the assembly area under great difficulty due to fog and a gas bombardment. During these periods, we were conscious of the enemy's advantage in observing any movements of our men from his higher ground advantage point. By the capture of the hill which he had converted into a strong point by concrete gun emplacements, we not only hoped to break his hold on the area but as well to create a salient for him that would make it imperative for him to vacate Lens and free the mining area, a further move similar to the Arleux-Fresnoy attack on May 3.

The attack was assigned to the Second and Third Canadian Brigades with the Fourth Battalion in support to the attacking Battalions. When the attack opened before dawn, Colonel Thompson and I were in the rear of our support position and were surprised to see Philip Gibbs, (Later to be knighted) sitting on a folding stool on a high vantage point waiting for the "show" to start. Suddenly, our whole area became alive with barking and flashing eighteen-pounder's and howitzer guns and just as suddenly, the enemy's lines were lightened up with S.O.S. coloured rockets for several miles. Such a display and the drama that was being enacted made it an awe-inspiring sight never to be forgotten.

Presently, walking wounded soldiers of the Fifty Battalion and Tenth Battalion reached our position and many and varied were the stories told to Mr. Gibb. It seemed each had a very local viewpoint of what had happened, if the rest of one man's section was wiped out by a shell, he thought his whole Battalion was being annihilated. So, Mr. Gibb had to use great discretion in sorting the stories to arrive at a balanced and reasonable report for publication in the newspapers.

As is the case of Fresnoy, the attack being on a relative narrow frontage, there was a tremendous concentration of artillery fire. Our troops attained their first objectives after stiff opposition but when they tried to advance down the other side of the slope to capture the support and reserve lines of defence, they ran into withering machine gun fire which contained many of our men in communication trenches thus isolating many of their comrades who rushed ahead and took shelter in isolated shell holes, road culverts, etc.

Our Battalion was ordered to relieve the Fifth Battalion on the evening of the next day, the 16th and as I.O. it was my duty to provide guides from the scout section for our companies to meet up with guides of the respective companies of the Fifth Battalion in order to get the relief completed as quickly as possible and our men well established in their new positions well before daybreak.

I accompanied Major Greenwood, O.C. B Company in order to bring back a report of the disposition of our troops to the Colonel. On being taken into a badly battered trench, the officer of the Fifty Battalion in charge reported that this was his front line. Just at that time, there was a break in the clouds disclosing the North Star in line with an extension of his trench whereas the front line should have been on a north east – south west line.

Immediately on taking over, the Major and I decided to locate the proper line of trenches and crawled forward on our bellies toward where the line should be. As we went from shell hole to shell hole we crawled around and over many dead Germans, the greatest field of carnage that either of us had encountered. Imagination is a wonderful asset but one has to keep it under control particularly when out on patrol because the thoughts began to arise in my mind that probably some of the bodies may not have been dead and there were fifty or sixty of them between us and our men. Major Greenwood later admitted similar thoughts but, of course, one does not communicate such apprehensions, the one to the other, when out on patrol. We decided to proceed about twenty-five yards further to where we thought the trench was when suddenly the German guns started shelling and the shells fell quite close to the objective we had set. Immediately, several split green flares were shot into the air and from the trench which told us it was quite heavily manned by Germans and we concluded the split green flares were signals for the artillery to lengthen range.

Having found out what we wanted to know, we reversed our direction and in so doing, came upon the entrance to a bashed in dugout. We went down about five steps, took out our map and with a well screened flashlight we located our position on the map. We were quite cramped so I sat down on a sort of ledge at the side but

was almost frightened out of my wits by an unearthly noise under me. There was a dead German covered with rubble and I had sat on his chest forcing air out of his lungs. We were soon brought back to reality because a salvo of German shells exploded quite close behind us and we feared for our men who were in that area. On the other ledge of the dugout we found several types of flares and pistols. We picked out a couple of split green cartridges and fired the flares into the air toward our own lines. In due course, another salvo of shells arrived with lengthened range which we concluded might get some of our men in support positions so we sent up a few more split greens. The shelling ceased and we concluded the Germans did not know where their own lines were and decided to stop.

When we got back to B Company, the Major decided to place his men in groups in shell holes or improvised trenches along the north east – south west line and for them to dig in to form the best line of defence possible under the circumstances.

I found my way back to Battalion Headquarters principally by following a silver trail caused by partial moonlight on the chalk soil over which the company had passed in single file up to the forward area and made my report to Colonel Thompson. During the night, I had three or four other occasions to go up to the front over the same route in the course of which I had to step over a pile of dead Germans. However, on my last trip, just as day was breaking, the silver trail failed to reveal itself to me and I was able to discern several piles of dead Germans which added to my confusion. About ten o'clock, in broad daylight, Captain Bill Hart, our doughty Signal Officer, found me asleep in a deep shell hole about fifty yards away from Battalion Headquarters while he was out looking to find a break in his signal wires back to Brigade Headquarters. Bill showed he where Headquarters was and my return relieved them of their apprehensions caused in the delay.

Even during such stressful times, there must be some compensating levity. One of the signallers had put up on the wall, a calendar, with a beautiful girl behind the wheel of a McLaughlin touring car. She was a beauty beyond description in words with the usual motoring veil floating from her head and suspended in the breezes. Major Paddy Griffin, our adjutant officer, who was at our Headquarters as a liaison officer for forward observations of our artillery fire, started a discussion about the girl and chided Paddy that the girl was only an artist's conception. A friendly argument followed ending in a five dollar bet between them and I was given the stakes to hold. Paddy wrote to the McLaughlin Company at a later date and was rewarded by a personal note and box of chocolates from the model herself.

Our whole tour and relief on Hill 70 was a harassing one with calls from the companies up front to our artillery to disperse counterattacks and silence the enemy's guns which pounded away at Major Stagg's company in the chalk pit on our left front. This was a cutting through the side of the hill and while it made an admirable line of defence for us, it was also well marked on the enemy's maps and became a good target for their artillery. The enemy also shelled the Headquarters area where they knew

dugouts and strong points were located and this resulted in our communications wires to brigade being constantly broken and under repair. This necessitated the greater use of Battalion runners to carry hand-written messages back and forth. Colonel Thompson, amongst many other activities of visiting the companies and forward areas for great appreciation of the strategic situation, would dictate messages to me which I recorded in our special message books with carbon paper to record copies of same. We both sat upon a couple of loose planks lying on the dugout floor and on several occasions he would drop off to sleep and it was necessary to waken him to complete the message and on several occasions, it was necessary for him to do the same to me.

There were two bunks at one end of the dugout, one on top of the other with the usual loose straw and possibly some wool clippings to lie on. The Colonel and I, mostly on account of our constant activities and partly because the whole bedding seemed to be alive with vermin, decided not to use the bunks which were willingly accepted by our Signal Officer and Artillery Officer who chose the uppermost bunk. Paddy Griffin, our adjutant, had gone back to our rear Headquarters so that his extra duties fell upon us. On one occasion, the Colonel gradually slumped over on his back and fell into a sound sleep with his head at the foot of the bunks. A little later, the artillery officer, a big six-foot man, about two hundred pounds, was called to the signals telephone and in crawling backwards out of his bunk, put one of his big feet covered with chalk mud right on the Colonel's upturned face. Fortunately, he was sufficiently awake to realize that his foot was on something rather than the floor and was able to retrieve it before putting his full weight on it. He naturally was most apologetic and shared some precious water from his bottle to wash the Colonel's face.

At our famous Corps reunion in 1932, I was with friends in a full elevator at the Royal York when a big man forced his way into the elevator and we were breathing in one another's faces. I thought his face was familiar and in reply to my question, he said he had come from California for the reunion and that he had been a officer in the Canadian artillery. I asked if he had been at Hill 70 to which he replied yes and he turned out to be the officer who had stepped on the Colonel's face and had made the bet with Paddy Griffin. I told him of the outcome of the bet about the girl on the calendar and we spent about half an hour reminiscing on "Hill 70" which he said was one of the highlights that made his coming to the reunion worthwhile.

During our tour, B Company reported some daylight bombing skirmishes out in no-man's land and on the night of the 18th, a Fifth Battalion Corporal crawled back at night, into the temporary line we were holding and wanted to know when rations were coming up, not knowing that his Battalion had been relieved two days before. His post was immediately relieved by B Company men and we concluded that the bombing skirmishes involved outposts of Fifth Battalion men which had been attacked and captured by the Germans.

On August 20th, we were relieved by the C.M.R.'s and moved back via Les Bresbis to Fosse 7 where we had a muster roll call and rest. After some temporary shifts by

the Fourth Battalion, eventually to Ballieulaux-Cornailles, I left by train by way of St. Pol to Boulogne, en route to London visited some of my old friends of the 39th at Seaford and enjoyed a few days on the Thames at Windsor, Henley and Marlowe. During that leave, there were Zeppelin raids over London and I must confess I was more scared than when in France. The tension was greatly relieved when the first Zeppelin was brought down in flames for up to that time, they seemed impregnable.

After returning to the Battalion on September 7th, we spent a couple of weeks in the Hill 70 front and that of several Fosses around the city of Lens and during this period we had several adventures. As was the custom, the Colonel insisted on visiting the forward companies each morning before day break to talk over the plans and their problems with them. On one occasion, a large piece of shell came whirring through the air and it the Colonel on the steel helmet, knocking it off. On another occasion, a piece of shrapnel hit him on the heel of his shoe cutting away part of his shoe. The Colonel was a tall man who took long strides and for me to keep with him, for every twenty paces, I had to walk fifteen and run fifteen paces. I had a temperature, commonly referred to as trench Fever but I had not mentioned it to the Colonel. So, on one morning when I found it more difficult than usual, he suggested we sit down in a shell hole for a rest when lo' and behold, a fragment from one of our anti-aircraft shells fell from out of the sky, hitting him on his neck and coat collar. It raised a lump the size of a hen's egg and I'm sure if it had hit edgewise, it would have severed his jugular vein.

On our last night in the Loos area, we were in our deep German dugout late at night when some shells began to land nearby. He sent me up to see what was going on because the shells had a peculiar sound when they exploded, not a full explosion like a howitzer but greater than an unexploded dud. The Germans were trying out gas in their regular howitzer shells and I reported down to the Colonel who came up to investigate first hand. We concluded they were gas shells but as they were falling in an unoccupied area, we decided no alarm was necessary. He turned to go down into the dugout and ordered the sentry to let down our gas curtain or blanket as he came after us. Just then, a wiz-bang entered the mouth of the dugout blowing the sentry on top of me and I fell on top of the Colonel so the three of us tumbledown the long steps together, accompanied by the rattle of the shell and shrapnel balls falling from step to step till the reached the bottom.

The Colonel asked "Is anyone seriously hurt?" and when I opened my eyes after a temporary unconscious period, I saw a foot and part of a leg standing up beside me. I rubbed my eyes and recognized that it wasn't my type of puttee on the leg and then replied, "The sentry may be hurt". When we unscrambled ourselves, we found the sentry had lost both legs so we applied tourniquets and rushed him back to the aid post but unfortunately, he passed away before he could be evacuated to a medical centre where more expert attention and equipment were available.

On the following night, the Colonel, realizing I was under par, arranged for me to go back to the divisional

medical post and that as some new officers were riding up to reinforce the Battalion, I would be able to ride one of the horses back and save myself from the march that the Battalion would have to take in a couple of days. When I reported to the medical post, I was elated as well as surprised to find Captain Roy Thomas M.O. in charge. Roy had been Medical Officer with our Battalion and we both had spent much time in the forward area. He ordered me to take my place in the ambulance, which was a truck with a canvas cover with boards for seats fixed along both sides. The ambulance was soon filled with men, most of whom had been gassed, having their heads, arms and legs bandaged wherever counterirritants had been applied to the affected area. As I was almost back to normal, I offered my seat to an extra casualty but the doctor insisted on my remaining in my seat.

The ambulance took me, after discharging the others at their appropriate destination, to Corps Rest Camp which was a large chateau with gardens and a temporary dormitory near the village of Hondaux. This really seemed like the "life of Riley" with Canadian nurses in attendance. After a couple of days, I reported that I felt better but the nurse said they were the ones to decide that. On the following Sunday, I felt fine and when for a walk with an English Captain who was the next patient to me but when the nurse took my temperature that evening, she was alarmed at how it had gone up and said I must stay for at least another week. In all, I was away from the Battalion for eleven days and returned when the adjutant said "you're just the man we're looking for. We want you to take an advance party of officers including Major Greenwood and Captain Jolliffe by motor coach from Divion to the Lievin area around Lens."

While at the rest camp, we had lots of bridge and other card games. One officer specialized in solitaire and was always interested in getting others to play double solitaire, i.e. with two decks of cards each building on common piles in the centre. After observing him operate a few times, I was impressed with the adage, "you can't beat a man at his own game." He was very adept at putting his cards down in a swift slanting motion so that in case of both parties putting cards on the pile simultaneously, his was always below the other. On many occasions, when certain rules were challenged, his rule was always right with the newcomer, although he made an alternative ruling in a previous game. The stakes were relatively high so that he accumulated a considerable sum but naturally, he did not wear well with the other officers so was always on the lookout for newcomers.

For the next couple of weeks, we did routine trench operations and on October 13 were relieved by the Stafford Regiment. At that time our Battalion headquarters was in the basement of a demolished house and we thought we were quite fortunate to have an old iron bed with springs to rest on. The Colonel, Adjutant and I would take it in turns or sometimes in pairs in loosening our boots and puttees, putting on our trench coats and sleeping on the bed. We had not been used to such front line luxury before.

When the incoming Colonel and his staff arrived they all had their bed rolls and were quite disappointed with the

meagre accommodation. It was usual to brief the incoming officers with all possible information about the front, giving them maps and conducting them on personal tours if necessary. However, before we left the dugout, they had poured themselves what seemed to me, liberal portions of whiskey with soda and were changing from their uniforms to pyjamas and bedroom slippers.

We moved back to the rear area near Berlin and on Tuesday, we were inspected by General Home, the army commander and in the afternoon, had a church parade. Both of these events were foreboding of some future big operations. After a couple of days, we moved northward toward Belgium and made our Headquarters at St. Marie Cappel where we trained for a few days and were inspected by our Brigadier, Divisional and Corps commanders. A number of us then made a trip to Belgium via Poperinghe and Ypres to Wieltje to look over the forward area.

3.7 Passchendaele Ridge

On October 26th, the Third Canadian Division made an attack but did not capture the ridge. This ridge was unlike the Vimy Ridge in stature but merely slowly rising ground. However, the whole country was so flat for miles around, it afforded a tremendous range for observation by the enemy of our movements and activities. The condition of the ground begs description. It was a veritable sea of mud and severely pock marked with shell holes filled with water. The only way of moving over it was by means of a plank road for the artillery, the ammunition lorries and mule pack trains while the infantry had to use two rows of trench mats, one for incoming troops and the other for those being relieved or evacuated.

These arteries, crowded to capacity during the assembly for the attack were splendid targets for the German artillery so that small groups of men out of machine gun range had no fear of exposing themselves because there were so many more valuable targets to aim at. Direct hits on the plank road filled the air with fragments of men, mules, timbers and gun carriages, all of which was magnified if some of our own shells in the pack trains were set off, as all too often that happened.

The First Brigade moved by train from St. Marie Cappel to Ypres and moved forward to "D" camp.

On November 4th, we moved to the banks farm area and spent the next night near Pommern Castle. These places were located on maps but in reality, they did not exist other than in the form of demolished buildings whose cellars had been reinforced by concrete and made into pill boxes for machine gun protection. We used Pommern Castle (Pill Box) as our first aid post and our Headquarters consisting of a semi-rounded corrugated bivouac protected at one end and along the sides by a few rows of sandbags, with two wooden-slatted trench mats about six feet long and two feet wide as a floor. The "bivy" was located about seventy-five yards directly in front of our battery of sixty-pounder's known as the Cobourg Heavy Battery, the only one of its kind in operation at that time and the one with which my brother, Melvin, had enlisted and served as an artificer but had returned to England.

After the companies had all reported being settled, we turned in for the night, the Colonel stretching out on one

bath mat, the adjutant on the other with me in the centre trying to make myself comfortable on the uneven join underneath. Our sleep was disturbed somewhat by the firing, or so we thought, of our sixty-pounder's and on each explosion, we mentally hoped that the shells were having the desired effect on the enemy's pill boxes and machine gun posts.

The Colonel, as was his custom, was up quite early in the morning and after putting on his equipment and gas mask, he crawled backwards out of the shelter. Both the Adjutant and I were astounded to hear the Colonel exclaim "My God boys, let's get out of here" and he hurried away. We and the whole Battalion knew the Colonel had little regard for danger. I believe he was the first officer in the whole British Forces to receive the double decoration of Distinguished Service Order (D.S.O.) and Military Cross (M.C.) as a Captain in one investiture by King George V at Buckingham Palace.

beyond which the whole area had been completely churned and churned by enemy shells during the night but fortunately, the softness of the muddy ground did not detonate the shells on contact but allowed them to sink well down before exploding.

Before I got out of the area, another shell landed near our Aid post in the Pill Box near where our Sixty-pounder's were located and immediately screams for help rent the air. I rushed over to the spot and was joined by Captain Archer, our new Padre, who had been in the pill box comforting some of the wounded men in there. The shell in its explosion in the ground landed so close to the corrugated iron "bivy" that it compressed the two sides together forming a vice that caught the clothing and equipment of the men underneath its grip. The two of us got down on our knees and were hurriedly pulling away the sandbags and trying to release the men when a whiz-bang (shrapnel) shell burst close behind us. We were both blown forward on our



There were moments for relaxing. TVA F142.024

Major Griffin next extricated himself and with a string of oaths said to me "Tock Ack get the hell out of there toute suite". I was in the act of putting on my puttees so I grabbed my steel helmet and gas mask and crawled out of the shelter to discover that our shelter was in the centre of a circular island with not more than a twenty-foot radius

faces and a small piece of shrapnel penetrated the Padre's left buttock, "a beautiful blighty" while I only had some skin scratch off my knee which I believe was caused by the Padre's steel helmet hitting me. The mar disappeared so I have no scars to show for my years of service in the army from January 1915 to April 1919. Although the Padre's services were missed in the aid post, he was quite delighted to come off so lucky, receiving a "cushy blighty" as evidence of his activities with the men at the front.

On Tuesday, November 6, the First Brigade, along with other forces attacked Passchendaele Ridge. The ordeal was much worse than Vimy Ridge or any other action to date, principally because the only escape or cover from the fierce machine gun fire from well located pill boxes was by plunging head long into shell holes filled with water. Such action, of course, dirtied up the man's rifle, ammunition and equipment, greatly impairing his fire power and efficiency. However, for the same reason, the enemy's lines could only be thinly held so that when our artillery put a machine gun pill box out of action by a direct hit, our men could push through to the next line or objective.

These pill boxes were the remains of old houses or farm buildings which had been reinforced inside by walls and roofs of reinforced concrete three or four feet thick and although a direct hit by our artillery would not demolish one, the impact and concussion from the shell would have its effect by reducing the efficiency of the occupants.

To advance to the attack under such adverse conditions was the supreme test of each one's courage. Some went forward in the belief that whatever happened to them was deemed "the will of god", Sic Deus Vult. However, the experience of many in the army was such that a religion of fatalism developed and if "a shell had his number on it" he would just have to take his chance without worrying about it.

Our assembly area for the attack was at Gravenstafel and Bellevue ridges with our Battalion Headquarters at Kroupins Farm (pillbox). Our Battalion and the First Brigade achieved their objectives by the super human efforts and endurance of all ranks. Many captured prisoners were rounded up and turned over to Battalion Headquarters from which it was impossible to evacuate them because of the almost impassable terrain which would require more guides than we could spare. At the end of the day with darkness closing in, we had some concern, for the prisoners greatly outnumbered our Headquarters staff. The prisoners were men of fine physique with a spirit of detachment and possibly some arrogance in contrast to what one usually expects from men defeated in battle.

After we had consolidated our positions and got rid of the prisoners the next day, we were relieved on November 8th and moved back to "D" camp by a tortuous route over the trench mats whose continuity had been broken by shell fire. It was, of course, necessary where breaks occurred for the outgoing troops to give right of way to the incoming relieving troops. Many dreaded hours were spent by all ranks standing, waiting off the mats in the morass of mud. Fortunately, my scout section was the first to get back and arrived in camp about midnight.

The bell tents in "D" camp were all painted a dark colour to prevent the light from within showing too plainly and providing a target for the enemy night bombers. I was assigned to a tent to be shared with me by Captain Densmore, our medical officer. Expecting that he would be a fairly early arrival, I turned into my sleeping bag and left a candle burning for his convenience. I sent to sleep and from time to time, I was partially conscious of some military police battering on the tents with a stick and

yelling "out that light out." I was so dead to the world that I did not know at whom he was directing his order.

In the morning, I woke up alone in the tent and saw the blue sky above through a large hole at the top of the tent pole and affixed thereto was half a wheel from one of our field kitchens which had received a direct hit from a bomb about fifty-feet away. The candle had eventually burned itself out and the M.O. on arrival, found the bombing too intense and settled for safer quarters until day break.

The next day, I got leave to visit my brother Orland, with the 58th Battalion, Third Division and started hitch hiking by motor lorry to the rear area. I had only gone a couple of miles when I met some 58th details marching along the road. I asked where their Battalion was and they replied that it was probably arriving in Ypres by train so I got down and was fortunate in immediately catching a lorry in the opposite direction with Ypres as its destination. We arrived there at the same time as the train was pulling into a siding, so I mounted the outside running board of the Belgium coaches and enquired about my brother. When I mentioned his name, one chap said that he had received a beautiful blighty and was probably in England by now. I was quite relieved with this news when another spoke up and said his corporal is in the next coach and will know exactly what happened.

I climbed along to the next coach and enquired. The Corporal repeated the name and looked at his roll book which he took from his pocket giving his regimental number there-from which I confirmed. He then reported that Orland had received a bad shrapnel wound in the thigh and while they got him shelter in a pill box, he expired before they could get him to the aid post.

I thanked the Corporal, got down from the coach, turned my back and shed some tears at the sad news and in contemplation of what I would write to my family back home in Peterborough. When I arrived back at "D" camp, I was greeted with the news that there was a cablegram awaiting me at the Orderly Room. I opened it to find a message from my parents saying they had received word from the War Office that Orland had been killed in action on October 26. I marvelled at the speed at which the news had travelled across the Atlantic and back as compared to the time it had taken me after an "on the spot" investigation.

On Friday, November 9, we moved from "D" camp back to Red Rose Camp and thence by bus with stops at St. Floris, Tonquereuil to Fosse near Lens.

At one of our stops en route, one of our officers, a man of excellent military qualifications and a very daring officer in action, caused some concern in one of our billets where fellow officers were relaxing from the tensions of Passchendaele. Some were playing bridge, some were catching up with their correspondence, when the officer, who had over-imbibed, came into the room exhibiting a rather ugly disposition which the others chose to ignore. However, to get attention, he went upstairs and took a loaded revolver out of one of the officer's holsters and came down flourishing the cocked revolver in his hand. Taking it away from him involved a scuffle which made everyone apprehensive that a serious accident could result. After the revolver was wrestled from him, he sulked a bit

and then reappeared with a second revolver. After being disarmed the second time, he appeared to have subsided in his desires and the boys settled back to their normal activities again. However, he clandestinely obtained a third revolver which he cocked and placing the barrel in his mouth, threatened suicide and asked as he did it "who wants to see brains?" Nearly everyone was horrified lest he carry out his threat when Lieutenant Neil Fergusson spoke up very quietly, as was his manner, and said "let her go – I don't think we'll see very many brains." The poor man was nonplussed and wilted under such a challenge. He quietly withdrew and had a good sleep to sober up.

On Tuesday, November 13, exactly one month from the day we had left, I was in charge of an advance party to the Leicester Regiment in the Lievin-Lens area, to obtain the necessary information and work out arrangements for their relief by the Fourth Battalion.

On the following morning, Colonel Thompson and I made what was his regular duty, a tour of the front line trenches which were occupied by the Lincoln Regiment, the exact part of the line that we had turned over to the Stafford's Regiment and which we both know like a book, so to speak.

Our Battalion Headquarters were in the basement of a demolished house by the side of the Lievin Road which led forward about a mile over railway tracks on the same level into Lens. The Battalion front was on both sides of the road. On the left, a long communication trench zig-zagged forward to the support of trenches running east and west at right angles to the road. Smaller communications trenches led forward at intervals to the front line trenches. The front line generally ran east and west but as the railway into Lens crossed diagonally on a rather high embankment, it impaired our observations when the line got too close on our westerly front (left).

Where our line met the road, there was a distance of about sixty yards so a trench was dug right up to the railway, a sand bag barricade about five feet high was built across the road and another trench led back to the front line east of the road. Along the road on either side was a series of miner's tenement houses whose tops had been battered but whose basements were excellent billets or dugouts for our men before leaving for the attack on Passchendaele Ridge.

The English Colonel suggested giving us a runner but Colonel Thompson explained we knew every foot of the way so the two of us set out going up the road and then branching off through the trenches to the front on the left. We visited the Company Headquarters on the left and found some of the officers in their pyjamas sleeping in their bed rolls and discussed the position with the officer on duty. We then proceeded easterly, not seeing much sentry activity, to where the trench went forward by the side of the road. There was no sentry there, the basements of the houses were not being used and the trench forward was filled with festoons of wire and impassable as a trench.

We got up on top and went forward, crossed the road in the shelter of the barricade and found the corresponding trench back to the front line also barricaded with festoons of barbed wire. We therefore walked along the top until we came to the front line held by the right company. When we

arrived at the junction of the trenches, we were challenged by a sentry to whom we replied by giving the password, explaining that we were Canadians looking over the line before relieving them.

The sentry was not satisfied, thinking that we had come across what to him, was no-man's land. He called to some of his mates, a Corporal and a Private then took charge of us and marched us to their company Headquarters. Even the company officers would not believe our story and got their signallers to get confirmation from their Battalion Headquarters. We took the whole affair in good part but were amazed that no one knew where the advance trenches led. The men were scattered in improvised bunk holes in the trenches whereas the rows of bomb-proof cellars were uninhabited. We concluded that in the various Battalion relief's and changes during the month were absent and the proper chain of information had not been passed from one to the other and evidently, the successors had not endeavoured to scout and explore their front line situations and closed off the forward trenches as being too accessible to the Germans. We had passed on a front over which we had complete control and arrived back to find the position had been reversed.

On the night of the 14th, we relieved the Lincoln's and set about to rehabilitate our position by clearing out the festoons of barbed wire from the trenches leading forward and for better security, we considered tunnelling under the road because the sand bag barricade had settled somewhat with the rains and a tall officer had to practically crawl across on his hands and knees. The Company Officers on the left touring their front would go along the front line and forward in the trench to the barricade where they would get in touch with their counterparts in the company on the east side, then instead of retracing their steps, they would take a short cut at the foot of the railway embankment, being the hypotenuse of the triangle, back to the Company Headquarters.

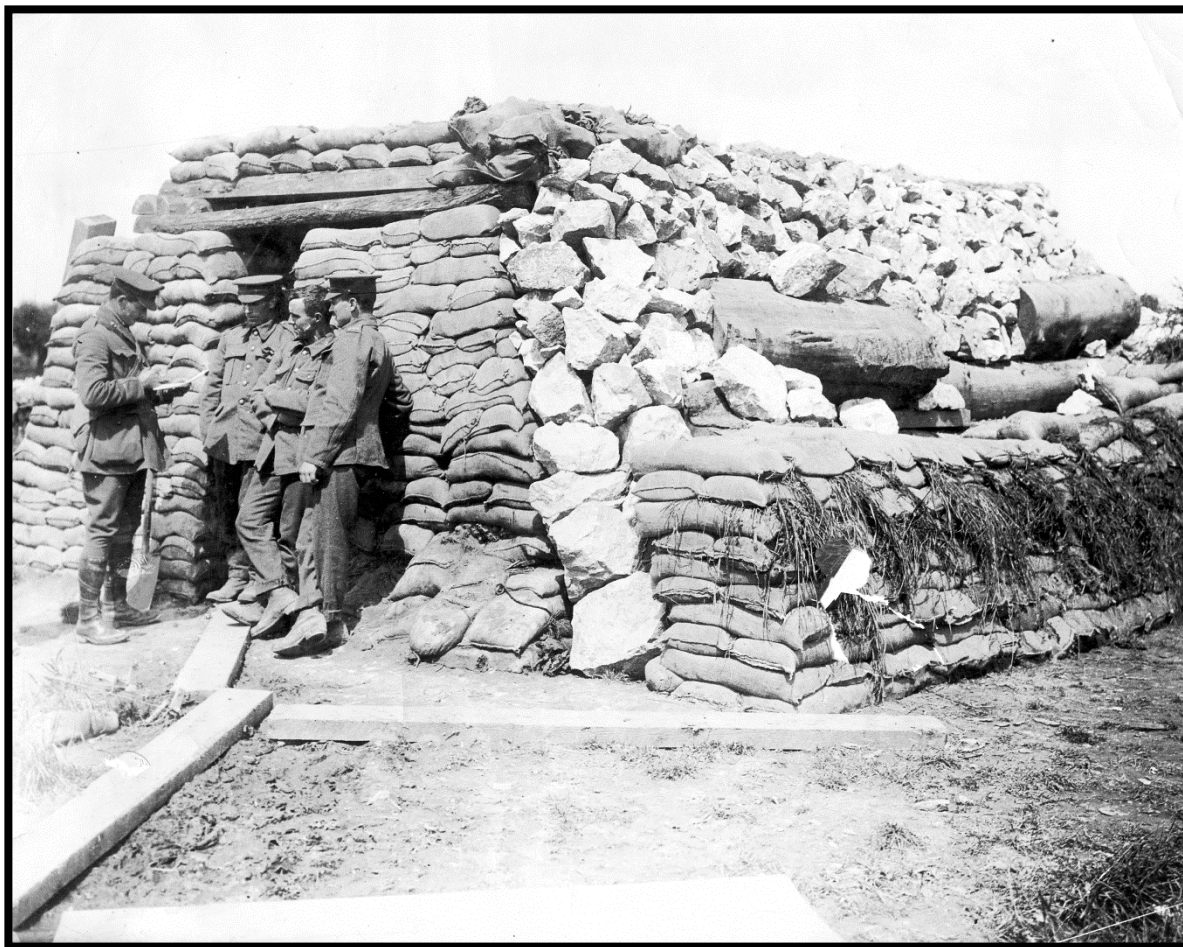
On Monday morning, November 19, Captain Lawrence, the Company Commander, after visiting his front, returned via the short cut just at day break and was wounded in the shoulder by a sniper's bullet just as he was jumping into his trench near Company Headquarters. Lieutenant Cecil Fletcher, our Lewis Gun Officer was also visiting his gun posts on both company fronts and followed in Captain Lawrence's path a few minutes later and received a sniper's bullet in his groin. In the meantime, Colonel Thompson was up with some staff officers and engineers to consider building the tunnel under the road and after their deliberations, moved back to the trench following the short cut. One staff officer queried if they might not be under observation when Colonel Thompson stepped aside and gesticulated as he explained their location. He evidently provided a target for the sniper whose bullet pierced him through the abdomen and he succumbed on the stretcher as he was being carried back to Battalion Headquarters.

This was certainly a black letter day for the Mad Fourth. No one officer knew about the casualties of the other two, it all happened so fast that danger warnings could not have been posted in time. It was concluded that the sniper was up in a railway semaphore switch house a

couple of hundred yards down the tracks towards Lens where he could see and not be seen. Our artillery soon made short work of demolishing the semaphore house.

The three officers were all very popular men and in particular Colonel Thompson was beloved by all. He would not send a man on an errand where he would not go himself if need be. He was interested in tactics and getting the war over rather than having the men shine buttons and acting like barrack square soldiers. He was a great personality in that he was a great conversationalist and lively raconteur which allowed him to entertain without

D.S.O., M.C., took over. In a couple of days, the Battalion moved back to billets in Gony Servins where our new C.O. had an inspection parade and from then on, the officers and men were grilled and spruced up "à la barrack square" for the Colonel had recently been in charge of training school back of the lines, near Chateau de la Haie. Blanco was improvised from clay deposits to supply the men with cleaning material for their web equipment. Saluting and marching in the "fashion" of the guards became the criterion by which men were judged. Colonel Nelles, except for periods of convalescence from his wounds,



recourse to spirituous drinks. It is my belief that there was not a man under him who would not go through hell fire under his leadership. General MacDonnell, our Divisional Commander, visited our Headquarters that morning and expressed his great admiration for Colonel Allen Thompson as a leader and a soldier. He added that on occasions, he was not too proud of the Fourth Battalion standard of saluting and conditions of their equipment and prepared himself to make some comment to our Colonel but before he could get within twenty paces of him, the General was completely disarmed by the Colonel's infectious smile and greeting.

Major Jack Stagg, M.C., took over temporary command and on the following day, Major L.H. Nelles,

remained with the Battalion to the end when we returned to Canada. His subsequent display of discipline and courage in battle warrants his being classed with the ablest officers in the Canadian Corps.

We moved from Gony Servins to Alberta Camp of Nissen Huts and on December 3, Lieutenant Neil C. Ferguson and I left on fourteen days leave to Paris and the Riviera. After a couple of days at Paris, where we shopped at the Grand Magazine, saw shows at Les Folies Bergers and Alhambra, visited Hotel des Invalides, L'Arc du Triomphe with our Headquarters in a magnificent suite in Hotel Edward VII, we were fortunate, by giving one of the porters a liberal tip, to get seats on the train to Nice. I was in a seat next to a young charming Belgian Countess. We

were supplied with pillows for resting our heads while sleeping sitting up. On a couple of occasions, the countess' pillow and head would fall over upon my lap and each time she awakened, she apologized profusely but really, I didn't mind at all. After a twenty-five hour journey, we arrived at the hotel O'Connor in Nice which we made our headquarters. We were quite surprised after waking up on the first morning, December 8, to walk out on to our balcony in pyjamas and look down to a distinctly blue grass lawn with fancy patterns of flower beds.

We had a long promenade along the Riviera and at noon, had lunch with Mr. & Mrs. Pollitt, train companions at the Riviera Palace. We visited the tennis court and saw Mlle Suzanne Lenglen, world champion, practising on the courts. Neil and I were supplied with racquets and we had a little work out and afterwards, Neil discovered his money had been taken from his pockets in the locker room while we were playing. The club reimbursed Neil after the war but the French currency had shrunk to such a low point that while he got the amount of his loss in Francs, the conversion to Canadian funds reduced his recover to a negligible figure. We wired for more funds from London and had to lie low over the weekend until they came.

On Tuesday, we went by train to Monte Carlo and had a good trip around the principality of Monaco. The casino was out of bounds to British Officers in uniform so we could not partake in the activities there. Four of us had dinner at the Hotel de Paris opposite the Casino and got a real introduction to the way royalty and nobility dined in the years gone by.

The number of varieties of hors d'oeuvres is beyond description and at each of our elbows was a garcon that made sure we had the right wine with each course. The bill amounted to about \$7.50 each which, back in those days, was a fantastic price. We commented to the headwaiter who said it's only 150 francs (total) where a common throw on the gambling table across the road was 100 francs with very little likelihood of any return where as we had a good dinner with first class wines and services.

The next day, we went to Cap Martin for lunch and while many officers went in for a dip in the Mediterranean, we were not equipped for the occasion and later tried to cross the Italian boarder without success. In a motor tour with some nursing sisters, we visited Grasse and Cannes in the mountains and saw the making of perfume and also glazed fruits. At the Grand Hotel on the Gorge de Loup route, I met Francis Smith, an old school mate from Peterborough public school days. We went back to Paris where we spent a couple of days and then returned to the Battalion via Calais to Divion.

At Ourton, we were given a demonstration of the use of the tumpine by some specialists who had been trained by Captain Archibald of the Y.M.C.A. On Christmas day, we had a turkey dinner (or at least fowl) for the men in the school house and it was quite a success.

All through the periods spent in the rear areas and on my leave to Paris, I availed myself of all opportunities to brush up my French of collegiate days, conversing with the natives whenever the opportunity presented itself. When the Brigade interpreter was not available, I was sometimes called upon to act as interpreter when some Frenchman had

a request or complaint and also when the Battalion needed billets for officers and men.

On Christmas day, Colonel Nelles, having invited Brigadier General Griesbach as a guest of honour, along with some of his staff officers to our Battalion dinner, ordered me to get some wines to that he and Paddy Griffin could mix up a suitable aperitif for the occasion. Not knowing much about the properties of wines, I had to rely on our hose at the Chateau where we were billeted and he supplied me with an armful of bottles of different wines. The Colonel and Paddy mixed and heated some concoctions and after much tasting in the process filled six cocktail glasses and awaited the arrival of the guests of honour. I was on the alert for their arrival when I heard a noise of horses hooves on the cobblestone courtyard and went out to direct the Brigadier to the appointed rendezvous. To the dismay of Colonel and Paddy, I had to report that the orderlies had brought the horses and that the guests had dismounted and stopped off at the school en route. The Colonel and Paddy were terribly disappointed; they hurriedly downed some of the drinks and made their way to the school house with apologies to their guests that they were not on hand to greet them on arrival. Wine and beer was available to all at the banquet but the heat of the building accelerated the effects of the hurried cocktails which made it extremely difficult for the hosts to measure up to their usual standards of camaraderie and graciousness.

Changes in Appointments

The death of Captain Lawrence and the wounding of Lieutenant Fletcher along with the appointment of Colonel Nelles presented occasions for promotions and changes in duties. Lieutenant Vic Collins, who had been assistant adjutant, was made second in command of one of the companies and I was appointed Assistant Adjutant Vice Collins. Lieutenant Mackenzie, a very brilliant officer who made a great name for himself in intelligence service in the U.S.A., in the Second World War, was appointed to succeed me as I.O. and Scout Officer. However, as the importance of this phase of the work was growing, a few weeks later, Lieutenant James Pedley was appointed as Mackenzie's assistant as Scout Officer.

For the next couple of months, the Battalion did its regular tours in the Les Brobis-Loos, Hill 70, Cite St. Pierre and Cite St. Emile. I had occasion to ride with Colonel Nelles and Major Blackstock (second in command) to various affairs such as Firing at Le Breuver rifle ranges, platoon competitions in attack, as well as feats in erecting barbed wire obstacles. I also attended a lecture on Courts Martial with Major Stagg at Houdain and early in March attended a Field General Court Martial proceeding at Les Brebis as an observer.

One night when our Battalion Headquarters were in Lievin, two Saxons came over to our lines and surrendered. They claimed Prussia Guards were spread through their regiment; one guard to two Saxons, because of the latter's lack of desire to continue the war. They were brought to our Battalion Headquarters by a company runner and the Colonel suggested I take them down the road a couple of hundred yards to Brigade Headquarters for interrogation. Knowing that the interpreter was on leave, I enquired if

anyone in our Battalion spoke German and in a few minutes a private presented himself in answer to my request.

On arriving at Brigade Headquarters in a Nissen Hut, I informed General Griesbach and his staff officers that I had two German prisoners outside. He asked if anyone spoke German and there being no response, I mentioned that I had brought a man along who said he spoke the language. The General had ordered an issue of rum for the prisoners and on taking it, it brought tears to their eyes and caused them to sputter. It was evidently much stronger than what they had been used to.

The General wanted to know the name of their regiment whereupon the interpreter asked "Wie ghehtz" to which they replied in German, "Very well thank you!" He interpreted the answer to the General as 235th Saxon Regiment! Next, "What was the disposition of their regiments opposed to us?" Again he asked "Wie gehtz" and they answered "very well, thank you", but to the General, he explained, "One regiment in the front line, a second regiment in support and a third regiment in reserve in the rear area."

After the third question, the General told the man he was nothing but a hoax and to get out of the hut. The General then conversed fairly fluently in German with the two Saxons for about fifteen minutes. He allayed their fears that the rum was not poisoned and they broke down their reserve and told quite liberally of their experiences. Evidently, the guard accompanied them on every move, i.e., they were a unit of three but on this occasion, he did not accompany them to the lavatory and they took advantage of the opportunity to get free. While much of their information was not of strategic value, it did give us some idea of the morale of the troops opposite to us.

TVA F142.185 Bomb proofing a trench.

During our tour in the Loos area, a huge installation of gas projectiles or cylinders was affixed in the ground aimed in the direction of Lens. There were several hundred projectiles which could be discharged into the air simultaneously by pressing an electric switch at the point of control in the rear area. For several nights all was in readiness awaiting a favourable wind that would carry the gas over the city of Lens and rear areas and ensuring that none could drift back over our lines. The password for the occasion was "Rats Out" if the wind was favourable and "Cats out" if the show was postponed. After two or three nights of cancellation, the show was on with the popping of hundreds of cylinders and their switching through the air. It was not long after until the alarm bells in Fritz's lines were sounding far and wide in a general gas alarm. The show was not spectacular to watch and of course, the real results could not be known. Being the first bombardment of this nature, it was hoped that the surprise would find many unprepared and as the gas was heavier than air, it was hoped to reach many in their dugouts in Lens.

Toward the end of March, we moved back with the rest of the First Brigade into General Headquarters Reserve under "Stand to" orders. We were inspected by General Griesbach and when the Germans started their March push

farther south against the British and Americans, we received orders to embus at Frayer Hats near Mt. Ste. Eloi. We embussed for Couin about three O'clock a.m. via Frevent Doukens and arrived at Marieun at nine a.m. However, as reports were received that the Germans were breaking through at Arras, we were immediately rushed back to that area. I was rushed with a billeting party on a lorry of blankets back to the Wanquentin-Davivelle area near Arras.

On arrival at Wanquentin, I found many of the inhabitants had fled during the night to avoid the artillery bombardment and that many soldiers in that area had taken shelter in the wine cellars of the homes and had over-imbibed with the free wine. One soldier accosted me and wanted me to buy a large de Havilland Limoges China platter but I was too pre-occupied with my duties to bother with the man by way of reprimand or otherwise.

In entering a huge chateau, whose doors were unlocked and the place deserted, I was confronted with a huge palatial hall with a long mahogany banquet table in the centre. There were many drawers on both sides of the table, one of which was partially opened. Curiosity got the better of me and on opening it; I discovered a money bag about a third-filled with fold French coins. I immediately replaced them and at the entrance to the grand salon there was a burlap bag on the floor by the door containing about a peck of silver and bronze medals won by the owner at Paris, Brussels and other exhibitions of cattle in European Capitals. I took a silver medal as a souvenir but lost it somewhere in my travels before returning to Canada. I have often wondered since what the fate of the bag of gold coins was.

We received word from Brigade that our Battalion would be billeted in Daniville, so we moved on to that village and arranged billets for the Battalion which arrived at about eight p.m. After a tour in the line Telegraph Hill section near Arras, we were relieved by the 14th French Canadians, Third Brigade and we moved to Ecoires where we had a change of Padres from Armstrong to Hamilton.

The Battalion next moved to the Scarpe River area and sometimes when runners were taking messages from forward posts to rear headquarters, they would drop mills bomb in the water and then wait for fish to come to the surface. Several fish dinners were provided in this way but one day, a B Company Headquarters runner took the same action and brought his fish to B Company headquarters to be cooked. He advised the officers who were all licking their lips looking forward to a fish meal in the front line but when the cook prepared the fish and put it on to fry, it soon became evident that someone else's bomb had killed the fish a few days before. The river, about fifteen feet wide and ten or twelve feet deep ran for miles through wooded areas and was shaded by trees so one hot day at Ecurie Camp, a number of us decided to go for a swim. The water was crystal clear and enticing so we all plunged in and received the shock of our lives. The water was so cold and to make matters worse, we almost perished in trying to raise ourselves up the perpendicular mud bank. A few made it and some were gracious enough to give some of us a hand or we never would have made it.

About the 20th of April, we relieved the Second Canadian Infantry Battalion in the Scarpe Sector at which time I relieved Major Griffin as Adjutant. Division and Brigade were anxious to learn something about the Germans opposite to us and it was arranged that a raid be carried out by B. Company under Captain Tommy Breacen. For the next couple of days, we worked furiously on the plans and arrangements with the result that Operation Orders were issued by us at Headquarters for the raid to be carried out on the next night.

Whether the enemy learned about the raid or not, we'll never be able to explain that; when B. Company officers and men arrived in their trenches, there was no one there. However, the raiding party attracted attention and were fired upon with the result that two were killed and about ten were wounded. A false report in some ways got back to Brigade that we had captured a batch of prisoners but they never materialized. We practically held a Court of Enquiry with Captain Graecan to get all the facts for the benefit of Brigade. However, in a couple of nights, two Germans got lost on a working party in no-man's land and to avoid being caught in a cross-fire between the two lines, they landed in our trench near an old mill so after all, we were able to turn over to Brigade, some information and identification of the troops opposite us but unfortunately,

the prisoners expired from their wounds received when entering our trench.

After Colonel Nelles came to the Battalion, being very socially bent, he entertained senior officers from the Brigade and other Battalions quite often and liberally. We all shared in the mess fees equally which included whiskey and liquors but some of us were teetotalers and most only partook in moderation. As accommodation at Battalion Headquarters was quite limited and of course our cutlery and dinner-ware only met the requirements of the members on Headquarters, it was necessary for the more junior officers to be guests at some of the company messes. This went well for awhile but we were unable to return the compliment by having the company officers to dinner at Headquarters so eventually, we broke away and established our own mess consisting of Mackenzie I.O., Pedly, Scout Officer, Ferguson, L.G.O., and myself as assistant Adjutant. Mackenzie was a bit of an artist and on top of our Divisional emblem of Red Patch and Green Square, he superimposed a large complacent toad and underneath inscribed the words "**The Little Puddle**".

This is a continuing series. The Morrow memoirs are available to researchers on the research room computer.

Hazelbrae Barnardo Home Memorial 1913

John Sayers and Ivy Sucee

The Hazelbrae Barnardo Home Memorial on Barnardo Avenue in Peterborough, Ontario lists every person, nearly 10,000, who came through Peterborough's distribution home between 1883 and 1923. From 1883 to 1887 both boys and girls came through Peterborough, but after that, all were girls. The research for the names that went on the memorial was conducted by John Sayers, ably assisted by Ivy Sucee of Peterborough and others. The research has been time consuming and demanding, as the researchers



worked without a master list. The list was created mainly from ship registers and various archival sources related to the Canadian government and to Barnardos in England. This is an excellent list, compiled from original sources and scrupulously interpreted. There are bound to be errors created by misreading hand writing, and omissions could easily have occurred, as well. The ship registers could have been improperly maintained, or those creating the lists could have misheard or been distracted. Such officials often misspelled names. None of these difficulties is beyond the ken of genealogists and family historians, but these lists will prove quite useful for all researchers. We are grateful to John and Ivy for doing the research and for giving us permission to share the information they gathered.

For those wishing to pursue research on the Barnardo children, the Trent Valley Archives is a good place to begin. We have some resources, particularly in the Barnardo Homes collection and in the Gail Corbett fonds which includes some memories and some copies of *Ups and*

Downs. As well, we have access to the Library and Archives of Canada's terribly impressive holdings, and have samples of ship lists. We also have the archival copy of the monument from the Hazelbrae plot at Little Lake Cemetery.

This is the tenth installment in the *Heritage Gazette of the Trent Valley*; in February 2012, we printed the names for 1883-1885 and have added one or two years in subsequent issues. Here is the list for 1913.

ALDERSON	Florence	15	F	ALLWORTH	Winnifred	10	F
ALDERSON	Lily	12	F	AMEY	Elizabeth	9	F
ALESIA	Frances E	15	F	ANGOLD	Dorothy	13	F

ANKETT	Fanny	12	F	DENARD	Mary	13	F
ANSELL	Dorothy	10	F	DENSLEY	Daisy	11	F
ARDEN	Daisy A	14	F	DOWER	Violet	9	F
ARDEN	Anne B	9	F	DRISCOLL	Emma	11	F
ARMSTRONG	Sarah	13	F	DUNN	Sarah L	10	F
ARMSTRONG	Ethel	10	F	DUPONT	Louisa	10	F
ASHWORTH	Louisa	10	F	EAST	Lizzie	9	F
ASHWORTH	Florence	10	F	EASTON	Florence	10	F
ATKINSON	Ethel	14	F	EDWARDS	Winifred	14	F
ATKINSON	Hilda	11	F	EDWARDS	Elsie	11	F
ATKINSON	Annie	8	F	EDWARDS	Lilian	9	F
ATKINSON	Emily	11	F	ELLIS	Doris	11	F
ATKINSON	Minnie	9	F	EVEREST	Minnie	10	F
ATKINSON	Louisa	8	F	EVERETT	Dorothy	13	F
BABBIDGE	Elizabeth	9	F	EVERTON	Ethel M	10	F
BAGGOTT	Ellen	12	F	FAIERS	Nellie M	12	F
BAILES	Mary	11	F	FARADAY	Dorothy	11	F
BANKS	Rose	13	F	FARR	Beatrice	12	F
BARKER	Margaret	10	F	FARRELL	Ivy N	10	F
BARR	Alice	14	F	FEATHERSTONE	Hilda	18	F
BARRETT	Florence	11	F	FISHER	Emily	9	F
BARRETT	Alice	13		FOLKES	Hilda	15	F
BEAVIS	Sarah E	7	F	FOSTER	Winnifred	8	F
BECKETT	Clarinda	13	F	FOX	Kathleen	14	F
BEECHER	Ethel	9	F	FOX	Lily	12	F
BENNETT	Mabel	18	F	FREEMAN	Ivy	9	F
BENNISON	Lilian	9	F	FRENCH	Daisy	15	F
BENSLEY	Daisy	11	F	FROOME	Agnes	13	F
BETHEL	Mary	11	F	FROST	Elsie	8	F
BLACKBURN	Ethel	15	F	FULLER	Dorothy	11	F
BRAGAZZI	Dorothy	16	F	FUNNELL	Dorothy	10	F
BREAKSPEAR	Edith	14	F	GARRETT	Jessie	13	F
BREWER	Maggie	11	F	GAY	Adelaide	11	F
BRIGGS	Hilda	11	F	GEE	Daisy	15	F
BRISTOW	Irene	11	F	GEE	Nellie	8	F
BROCKWELL	Rose	15	F	GIBBS	Gladys	9	F
BROOKS	Emily	9	F	GILLINGS	Margaret	10	F
BROOKS	Caroline L	7	F	GISBORNE	Alice	9	F
BRUTON	Florence E	10	F	GOLDER	Rose C	9	F
BULL	Elsie	14	F	GOODMAN	Mary A	12	F
BULL	Marjorie	12	F	GOODWIN	Daphne	11	F
BULLEN	Ruth	13	F	GOODWIN	Eva M	9	F
BULLOCK	Laura	9	F	GRAHAM	Sarah	13	F
BURDEN	Alice	16	F	GRAHAM	Nellie	11	F
BURDEN	Annie	9	F	GRAHAM	Elsie	12	F
BURR	Lucy	9	F	GREEN	Sarah	15	F
CALDER	Miriam	15	F	GREEN	Annie	15	F
CANN	Ivy	6	F	GREENAWAY	Dorothy	14	F
CARPENTER	Mabel	13	F	GREENAWAY	Gertrude	11	F
CARSWELL	Florence	10	F	HACKETT	Constance	14	F
CARTER	Louisa	11	F	HALLIDAY	Mary	15	F
CARTER	Lilian	11	F	HALLIDAY	Sarah	12	F
CARTER	Phyllis	10	F	HAMBLEY	Frances Maud	13	F
CAWOOD	Gladys	12	F	HANBY	Dot	15	F
CHERRY	Temperance	13	F	HANCOCK	Hilda	11	F
CHERRY	Vecilla May	9	F	HARLAND	Phoebe Maud	12	F
CLEAVER	Gladys	12	F	HART	Elizabeth	10	F
COLLINS	Alice H	13	F	HARTGEN	Annie	16	F
COOK	Louisa M	10	F	HARVEY	E Wilhelmenia	17	F
COOK	Lucy	10	F	HASTINGS	Agnes	14	F
CRANE	Rosa A	11	F	HATCHCROFT	Florence	10	F
CRANE	May	6	F	HATCHCROFT	Lily	12	F
CRIBB	Lucy	11	F	HAWES	Emily	15	F
CROSSING	Doris	11	F	HAWKER	Edith	12	F
CROSSING	Gladys	9	F	HAWKER	Edith M	9	F
CROSSING	Freda	7	F	HAZLEWOOD	Nellie	14	F
CRUDGINGTON	Clara	12	F	HELLYER	Gladys	15	F
CULLEN	Elizabeth	15	F	HILL	Elizabeth	13	F

HILLS	Dorothy	18	F	MATTHEWS	Bessie	8	F
HINGLEY	Elsie	13	F	MCCANN	Ethel C	10	F
HOBBS	Dorothy	14	F	MCINTOSH	Cath	11	F
HODGES	Grace	12	F	MCKECHNIE	Emma	10	F
HOLMAN	Violet	16	F	MCKIE	Royal Janet	16	F
HOOPER	Modderina	13	F	MCKINNON	Mary	13	F
HOPE	Violet	15	F	MCKINNON	Isabella	11	F
HORSFORD	Georgina	13	F	MCKINNON	Margaret	7	F
HOUGHTON	Mary	11	F	MCQUADE	Josephine	14	F
HUARTSON	Sarah A	8	F	MESSINGER	Sarah Ann	10	F
HUGHES	Maud M	11	F	MIDDLETON	Maria	9	F
HUGHES	Jessie	13	F	MILLARD	Ada Mary Ann	12	F
HUMPHREY	Amy	11	F	MILLS	Minnie	19	F
ILETT	Nettie	10	F	MITCHELL	Sarah	10	F
INGLES	Edith	10	F	MOIR	Lydia	7	F
JACKSON	Dora	15	F	MONTAGUE	Janet	10	F
JACKSON	Mabel	12	F	MOODY	Grace Daisy	9	F
JENNINGS	Florence	13	F	MORTON	Jessie R	15	F
JENNINGS	Lilian	11	F	MOSS	Alice May	11	F
JONES	Sarah	11	F	MOULD	Ada	15	F
JONES	Mabel	10	F	MOULD	Edith	13	F
JONES	Margaret	12	F	MULLINS	Lilian	8	F
JONES	Caroline	12	F	MURRAY	Sarah	11	F
KEARNEY	Sarah	12	F	MYCOCK	May	16	F
KELLY	Olive Gertrude	11	F	MYCOCK	Christina	14	F
LAMB	Ada G	9	F	NESBITT	Florence	15	F
LAMB	Lily	13	F	NESBITT	Alice	10	F
LAMB	Elsie	9	F	NEVILLE	Alice	13	F
LANCASTER	Daisy	10	F	NEVILLE	Alice	13	F
LANE	Emily K	14	F	NEWBURY	Lily	13	F
LANE	Rose M	12	F	NEWELL	May	14	F
LANE	Florence Elizab	11	F	NEWELL	Georgina	9	F
LANGBRIDGE	Phyllis Louise	8	F	NICHOLL	Phyllis	12	F
LANGLEY	Minnie	14	F	OATES	Alice	10	F
LANGLEY	Ethel	11	F	OLIVER	Dorothy	10	F
LATHAM	Alice	13	F	PAYNE	Ellen Jane	14	F
LEACH	Florence	8	F	PEAKER	Elsie	12	F
LEACH	Violet	10	F	PEARCE	Violet Elizabet	12	F
LEADBETTER	Ethel	10	F	PECK	Alice Faith	9	F
LEE	Alice	13	F	PENNINGTON	Dorothy	16	F
LEE	Hilda	10	F	PETCHEY	Lily	13	F
LEGGETT	Rose	10	F	PICKERING	Mary	14	F
LILLEY	Charlotte J	12	F	PICKERING	Rebecca	11	F
LINDSAY	Helen Jane	11	F	PINK	Millicent	10	F
LITTLE	Caroline	14	F	PITMAN	Queenie	11	F
LIVERMORE	Minnie J	16	F	PRIMMER	Gladys	11	F
LLOYD	Winnifred A	10	F	PRIMMER	Ethel	10	F
LLOYD	Gladys	7	F	PRIOR	Violet	13	F
LODGE	Mary	15	F	PROCTOR	Lilian	12	F
LODGE	Ellen	11	F	PROCTOR	Mary	11	F
LODGE	Jessie	8	F	PRYOR	Marjorie	13	F
LOFFMAN	Annie	14	F	PYRKE	Gertrude	13	F
LOMAS	Ellen M	11	F	RAWLINGS	Annie	13	F
LOMAS	Annie	9	F	READ	Edith	11	F
LOVATT	Florence E	14	F	REID	Jean	10	F
LOVATT	May	12	F	REID	Alice	21	F
LOVE	Agnes	13	F	REYNOLDS	Nellie	13	F
LOVE	Mary	11	F	RHODES	Maude M	9	F
LOVE	Bessie Ann	13	F	ROBERTS	Selina	12	F
LUKEY	Lilian May	11	F	ROBINSON	Katherine	9	F
LUKEY	Annie Eliza	11	F	ROBSON	Florence	12	F
LUNTLEY	Audrey	13	F	ROBSON	Doris	8	F
MAGGS	Beatrice	12	F	RODGERS	Jane	14	F
MANN	Phyllis	8	F	ROSS	Mary	11	F
MARKHAM	Mabel	13	F	ROYAL	Elizabeth	12	F
MASON	Fanny	14	F	RUNDLE	Sophy	11	F
MASON	Eliza	11	F				
MASSINGHAM	Ethel	11	F				

RUSHTON	Elsie May	12	F	TAYLOR	Emily	11	F
RUSSELL	Frances M	14	F	TAYLOR	Winifred	13	F
RUSSELL	Alice L	10	F	TOWNSEND	Laura	14	F
RUSSELL	Gertrude	14	F	TREVITHICK	Mary E	9	F
SALES	Gertie	13	F	TUNNICLIFFE	Mabel	8	F
SALTER	Violet	13	F	TURRELL	Elizabeth Leah	10	F
SAMUELSON	Ivy Ethel	11	F	UPTON	Ann	15	F
SAVORY	Alice Lucy	14	F	URWIN	Agnes Maud	8	F
SCHOBLOM	Annie	13	F	WALKER	Frances E	8	F
SCHOBLOM	Blanche	12	F	WARREN	Mary Ann	14	F
SEABER	Minnie	13	F	WATSON	Ethel	8	F
SEAMAN	Emily	13	F	WEBB	Fanny	14	F
SHEATH	Grace Florence	10	F	WELLSMAN	Eleanor	13	F
SHERWOOD	Bertha Valetta	9	F	WHITE	Winnifred	14	F
SIMS	Ethel	14	F	WHITE	Alice	8	F
SIMS	Hilda	13	F	WHITE	Lillian	14	F
SMART	Edith	15	F	WHITE	Martha	11	F
SMITH	Alice	13	F	WHITE	Violet	10	F
SMITH	Florence	10	F	WHITE	Sarah	9	F
SMITH	Rose M	13	F	WHITE	Elfrida W A	13	F
SMITH	Jane	17	F	WHITTAKER	Dorothy	8	F
SMITH	Katherine Mary	13	F	WHITTAKER	Elizabeth	10	F
SMITH	Elizabeth Emil	11	F	WHITTER	Vera	10	F
SMITH	Floren Beatrice	10	F	WILLIAMS	Beatrice	13	F
SMITH	Vera Eleanor	13	F	WILLIAMS	Elsie	10	F
SMITH	Annie Natrass	8	F	WILLIAMS	Daisy Isabel	13	F
SMITH	Emily	13	F	WILLS	Barbara	13	F
SOMERVILLE	Violet	9	F	WILMOTT	Ruby	10	F
SPANNER	Kate	14	F	WILSON	Grace	14	F
SPENCER	Rosa	13	F	WILSON	Violet	15	F
SPENCER	Genesse	10	F	WILSON	Violet	15	F
SPENCER	Florence	13	F	WILTSHIRE	Eleanor	15	F
SPINKS	Violet E	9	F	WINGROVE	Constance	22	F
SQUIRES	Kate Elizabeth	14	F	WINSBEY	Edith	11	F
STALLARD	Julia	12	F	WOOD	Florence	11	F
STANLEY	Louisa	12	F	WOOD	Dorothy	7	F
STANTON	Theresa Ann	13	F	WOOD	Jennie	16	F
STARK	Edith	14	F	WOOD	Nellie	9	F
STEVENS	Nellie	11	F	WOOD	Mary Elizabeth	11	F
STEVENSON	Sophia	11	F	WOODFORD	Beatrice	13	F
STEVENSON	Charlotte	9	F	WOODFORD	Margaret A	10	F
STEWART	Beatrice	9	F	WOOKEY	Edith E	9	F
STEWART	Mary	10	F	WOOKEY	Patience	11	F
STOKES	Emma	11	F	WRIGHT	Edith	13	F
SUTTON	Ivy	9	F	WRIGHT	May	12	F
SWAN	Nellie Agnes	15	F	YATES	Elizabeth Louise	15	F
TALBOT	Lily	14	F	YOUNG	Annie	13	F

Events 2015

The Avenues: Building an Edwardian Suburb

May 31 and June 7, 4-6 pm, \$15

Stroll through Peterborough's charming Edwardian suburb. Led by Peterborough historian Elwood Jones, the tour will consider park lots, pressures for development, and some of the housing styles that defined the Edwardian Era.

Little Lake Cemetery Tour: From Waterloo to Korea

June 21 and 28, 2-4 pm, \$15

Hear stories of those who served with the military in far-off places and are now laid to rest at Little Lake Cemetery.

Scandals and Scoundrels Pub Crawl

March 13; July 3, 10, and 17, 7-10 pm, \$20

Listen to strange tales about Peterborough's historic taverns. Find out how liquor and hotel culture impacted Peterborough's past and present. There will be time to stop for a drink! Reservations required. Price of tour does not include beverages.

Eerie Ashburnham Ghostwalk

August 7, 14, 21, 28, 7:30- 9:30 pm, \$15

Explore the ghostly past of East City from Quaker Oats to the Lift Lock by

lantern light.

The Summer of 1832: Catharine Parr Traill Bus Tour

September 12, 9:00 am- 4:00 pm, \$80

Experience the Peterborough that greeted pioneer and renowned author Catharine Parr Traill upon her arrival in 1832. Discover the plants that she found and the people that she met, and find the traces of Catharine's Peterborough that are visible to this day in the local landscape. Led by Peterborough historian Elwood Jones.

Little Lake Cemetery Twilight Pageant

October 17, \$25

A cast of colourful characters share tales both macabre and enlightening in Canada's most historic landscape cemetery. The pageant takes the form of a tour stopping at different grave sites where actors dressed in period costumes portray various cemetery denizens. Tours begin every half hour beginning at 6pm.

Downtown Ghostwalk

October 22, 23, 27, 28, 29 7:00- 9:00 pm, \$15

Costumed guides recount spooky tales on this lantern lit tour around Peterborough's most haunted buildings. A popular Hallowe'en tradition since 2003. **Reservations are required for all tours.**

John Boyko And How Canada Fought The American Civil War

Michael Peterman, originally for the Peterborough Examiner



I have known about John Boyko for many years, especially when he was a Masters student in the Canadian Studies Program at Trent. Since that time he has emerged not only as a local literary phenomenon, but as an author of national if not international stature. He has five books behind him and has achieved such recognition by dint of hard work, the steady accumulation of knowledge about our country, and a writer's eye for an interesting subject, be it racism in Canadian society, the career of R.B. Bennett or the rise of socialism and the CCF in Canada. His is a very interesting career still in the making.

It is not surprising that John Boyko rises early. He is up at 5 a.m. most days reading, researching and writing before he takes on his administrative duties at Lakefield College School as Director of the school's summer academy.

To have written five well-received books for major North American publishers, one needs plenty of work time and one needs daily focus and discipline--durable results are the product of careful preparation, diligent research, and good writing, word by word, paragraph by paragraph. Not surprisingly he finds "beauty in a clear thought well expressed." I finally had occasion to delve into his books when I picked up a copy of his newest, *Blood and Daring*:

How Canada Fought the American Civil War and Forged a Nation (2013), as reading material for a recent trip.

Beyond my curiosity about the quality of his research and writing, I was genuinely interested in the subject matter of *Blood and Daring* because it pertained to one of my own research projects. I was not disappointed. Indeed, I learned a great deal from the book and came away an admirer of John's prose and his strong narrative voice. By the latter I mean that he has the ability to grab your attention and make you want to read on; capably he leads you into fascinating byways of Canadian history that he has discovered.

Blood and Daring is an undertaking of great historical importance. As Canadians we often think of the Civil War at a distance, as perhaps America's greatest folly. But we forget that many Canadians were direct or indirect participants in many of its awful events, sometimes to the righteous anger of the northern states. Further, since we were then a relatively small and disparate British colony along America's border, many Canadians were deeply concerned about our future and autonomy once that horrific fratricidal war ended. By 1865, the not-so United States was a fully militarized and powerful nation; moreover, many of its leaders shared the aspiration of annexing Canadian territory or seizing it by force. Boyko's book is ingeniously constructed. It contains six chapters. Each is an entity in itself and each is presented by means of a particular "guide." Taken together, they comprise a vivid and seamless narrative of Canada's involvement in the Civil War.

In all, some 40,000 young Canadians and Maritimers actually fought in the war, often moved by strong moral views or simply the opportunity to be paid for enlisting and serving. But such a statistic belies many larger issues, including the continuing scourge of slavery in North America. The first chapter tells the story of John Anderson, an American slave who had stabbed and killed his owner-pursuer in Missouri during his attempt to escape his bondage. Having made his way to Canada by the Underground Railroad, he lived here for a time but, in December 1860, found himself facing extradition back to the US. His situation led to a much-publicized trial at Toronto's Osgoode Hall.

At the heart of the case was the issue of whether, under America's new Fugitive Slave Law, Anderson could be extradited. By a vote of two to one, the three Canadian judges decided to allow Anderson's extradition. However, after some delay the British government, which had abolished slavery in 1834, overruled that legalistic Canadian verdict and found grounds to allow Anderson to stay in Canada. John Moodie, who happened to witness the actual judgments in court in Toronto that day, wrote to Susanna back in Belleville, "I do not believe he will ever be

given up to the tender mercies of the cold, calculating anti-slavery politicians of the North or the more consistent despots of the South." Moodie's view proved correct.

Two Americans receive chapters of their own. They are William H. Seward, Lincoln's secretary of state, who made no bones about his desire to bring Canada into the Union (in 1867 he bought Alaska from the Russians) and Jacob Thompson, a sociable Southerner who set up camp in a Toronto hotel and, using Southern money, organized a number of clandestine assaults on the North and its prisons, including the famous raid from Canada on St. Albans, Vermont.

The two most prominent Canadians in *Blood and Daring* are George Brown and John A. Macdonald. Each has his own chapter. Brown's is neatly entitled "George Brown and the Improbable Nation" and in it he is praised for his initiative and persistent promotion of the idea of a new federal state that was unwilling to sever its ties with Britain. Boyko envisions John A. as Canada's "indispensable man" because of his adept and practical handling of the Confederation process. The book makes it clear that the very process of Canadian Confederation was forged out of fears of aggression from south of the border. It was a triumph of no small order.

Blood and Daring flows chronically through the Civil War from 1860 to 1865, providing various perspectives on Canada's involvement in the conflict and highlighting all of its crucial events. It is a splendid read and a heartening revision of events usually seen through American eyes. It reminds us that, for Canadians in the early 1860s, the Civil War was not only an opportunity for adventure and commerce but a blunt re-awakening to the dangers facing the British colonies at a time when America seemed poised to turn its Manifest-Destiny eyes northward.

Michael Peterman is professor emeritus of English literature at Trent University. This review first appeared in the Peterborough Examiner in November 2014.

John Boyko, Blood and Daring: How Canada Fought the American Civil War and Forged a Nation (2013) is available at Happenstance in Lakefield.

Old Stone House, Hunter and Rubidge

Arsonists set fire to the old stone house, known locally as the old stone school house, at the corner of Hunter and Rubidge.

According to Martha Ann Kidd, the old stone house at the corner of Hunter and Rubidge has been a local landmark since the 1840s. Robert Ridley, a local contractor, built the house and in 1861 his widow was still living there.

I was able to find a Robert Riddle, 44, Irish Presbyterian, in the 1852 census who was described as a carpenter, as was his 14 year old son, James. This family had moved to Brant township in Bruce County by 1861, where Robert was a farmer and James was a maker of wagon wheels. The house in which they lived was a one-story frame house, for a family of ten, including four

daughters and four sons. His wife, Mary Ann, was 36, and the children at that time ranged from 16 to 1.

I was unable to confirm whether Ridley or Riddle was connected with the stone house. I did not find further references to Ridley.

By 1869 the house, and the lots stretching from Stewart to Rubidge, along Hunter Street, were owned by William Hall. Hall was the partner in the successful local general store business with Robert Nicholls, whose house was the large Greek Revival stone house just north of the Cathedral. In Romaine map printed in the Illustrated Atlas of the County of Peterborough, 1825-1875, the property is much larger than nowadays, and William Hall is shown as the owner. However, Hall died in 1875.

For the next fifty years, the house appears to have been rented as a villa to well-connected individuals, such as bank clerks. In the 1925 city directory, the house was the residence of Thomas DeForge, who was a builder.

The stone building became an annex for St. Peter's sometime in the 1930s and remained that for over 30 years. In recent years it has been a parish hall for the Cathedral of St. Peter-in-chains.

Around the Trent Valley Archives

It has been very busy around the Trent Valley Archives. Since November 1, Sean Morgan has been working on projects related to the computer and the adding of content and appeal to the webpage. He has made tremendous progress building on the earlier work of Amelia Rodgers. We had a co-op student, Cody Starr (seen below) from St. Peter's Catholic Secondary School who worked diligently with Elwood and Heather. We made considerable headway on processing recent archival collections. Cody's favourite projects were probably the Matthews family albums, the Elmir Brown papers and the R. R. Hall legal papers. On these projects, we had invaluable help from Dianne Tedford, Ruth Kuchinad and Greg Conchelas. We spent a lot of time updating our shelf location system, too.

We take this opportunity to thank Cody for his great assistance over the past four or five months, and wish him the best of luck in his college career.

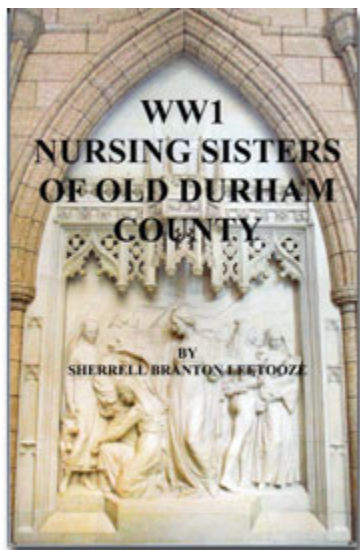


World War I Nursing Sisters : Old Durham County

Elwood H. Jones

Sherrell Leetooze, WWI Nursing Sisters of Old Durham County (Bowmanville, 2014) Pp 180; softcover; 5.25 X 8.2; Photographs and illustration, Published by Lynn Michael-John Associates, Bowmanville, 2014 ISBN 978-0-9737330-6-8 This book is for sale for \$30 at the Trent Valley Archives, 567 Carnegie Avenue, Peterborough ON K9L 1N1.

Sher Leetooze, a Port Hope author who has written some twenty books mostly on aspects of the history of Durham County, has recently published a book about Nursing Sisters in World War I. The 36 women she highlighted all had connections to the former Durham County. Historically, Port Hope was the main town, and the townships included Hope, Darlington, Clarke, Manvers, Cartwright, and Cavan (the last of which is currently part of Peterborough County).



Her earliest books were interested in the Bible Christians (one branch of what became Methodism) and with politics. She has written books on genealogical research and on plants in the garden. As well, she has written township histories on the townships of old Durham county.

Leetooze shares some aspects of research sources that are not generally known, and reveals a deep knowledge of her subject. Her books are invariably self-published.

Forty seven nurses died in World War I, and one of those is in the group that Leetooze researched. Hannah Elizabeth Henning Whiteley (1878-1918) was married briefly, She was born in Port Hope but raised in Goderich, and after her marriage was in London studying nursing at the university or at Victoria Hospital. She was initially posted to the Canadian Red Cross Hospital at Taplow, and after some training took charge at #10 Canadian General Hospital, which was partly sponsored by the University of Western Ontario. Her military career was mainly with this hospital, but she traveled quite a bit, as the hospital moved. They were at Seaford and Eastbourne in Sussex before moving to Calais, France. She was "dangerously ill" and transferred to #13 Canadian General Hospital, a former swanky hotel near Boulogne. This was a hospital only for officers. She died of an abdominal tumour.

Disease is a central theme in this book, perhaps accidentally. Leetooze wanted to look at a group that could be reasonably managed. This relatively small group of women officers who were tied to nursing positions during the war proved ideal. In the course of her research she identified connections between the various military hospitals, mainly Canadian run. Some were run by Red Cross; some by universities with medical programs; some by the military; and a few by British military officials. With rare exception, our group of nurses did not encounter each other.

However, disease was everywhere. It is now well-known that soldiers were more likely to die in hospitals than on battlefields. Some of the diseases that figured in this story were dysentery, trench fever, flu, and bronchitis, Nervous breakdowns and the consequences of war wounds were sprinkled through the book.

Some of the stories are particularly interesting. Leetooze did not understand the limitations she would face in researching this book. There are many roadblocks related to privacy, or to records that did not exist. Several of her nurses never married, and so tracking down family memories, letters and photographs proved difficult.

Fortunately the unit war diaries now in Library Archives of Canada or the Canadian War Museum proved invaluable to her as she tracked down the movements of the nursing sisters. These generally told where they were stationed and also where they were hospitalized when unable to ignore their ailments.

However, the most interesting stories are tied to those who married or those whose families kept their memories alive.

One unusual example was of three sisters who seemed closely tied to each other. The three Grant sisters, Victoria, Dorothy and Josephine were born in 1896, 1898 and 1900 respectively. They all volunteered while travelling together in Scotland, and signed up at the Ballater Auxiliary Hospital, which was run by the Scottish Branch of the British Red Cross Society. The sisters volunteered again in World War II, this time serving in motor pools, repairing vehicles.

The eldest sister, Victoria, was married in 1935 to Charles Frederick Haultain, a son of Dr. Charles Selby Haultain, a surgeon with the North West Mounted Police and stationed at Fort McLeod. This is a Peterborough connection, as Charles Selby grew up in Peterborough, where the family of Major General Francis M. Haultain lived in a large house on Stewart Street just north of Charlotte. His older brother, Theodore Arnold, was the literary secretary to Goldwin Smith, and the author of the first Canadian book on golf. Charles Selby founded the golf club at Fort McLeod, and his cousin, Frederick, who also was from Peterborough, founded the Regina Golf Club. It was an accomplished family. After Dr. Haultain's early death, his widow brought the family back to Port Hope.

When the Ballater hospital closed in 1919, the commander wrote a generous letter commending the three sisters for their "excellent work." Ballater was near Balmoral Castle, the Scottish retreat of the Royal Family. Florence Alexander Hunter (1885-1917) was the most decorated of the Durham nursing sisters. Most of her siblings left the farm near Orono to go to the United States. After a brief stint in teaching, however, Florence worked as a nurse at Grace Hospital which was connected with the eventual Toronto Western Hospital; her future husband was a frequent patient there. Florence graduated from a course at Kingston Military Hospital and then sent to Niagara for a course on running a tent hospital. She sailed on the Franconia, the first troop ship taking Canadians to England in 1914. The nurses had another course in nursing in wartime conditions on the Salisbury Plain. She was then assigned with a group converting a hotel to a hospital, #2 Canadian Stationary Hospital, near Boulogne. While waiting for the conversion, she and the other nurses were dispersed. According to Florence's diary, as the conversion was completed it had to receive 20,000 casualties from the battles of Ypres and Aines. Nurses had responsibility for the sanitary conditions, and this entailed a great deal of scrubbing. The staff of 160 of this Hospital was awarded the 1914 Star, also known as the Mons star. This was given to those who served in France between August 5 and November 22.

In the spring of 1915 she was with the Canadian tent hospital near Wimereux, and soon received the first victims of the German gas attacks. Canadian casualties were very high in the spring of 1915.

By July, the #1 Canadian Stationary Hospital was on the move to the Dardenelles, eventually establishing the hospital at Lemnos. The conditions were terrible as the mid-day heat and the late night cold complicated the medical conditions of the soldiers and the nurses. Florence Hunter was transferred to Salonika. Malaria and dysentery, mainly caused by the poor sanitary conditions, produced grave situations. She was interim Matron when the Matron was too sick to continue.

Florence was mentioned in dispatches and in the London Gazette and in February 1917 she was awarded the Royal Red Cross, Second Class at Buckingham Palace. Florence was hospitalized with malaria for much of 1917. While waiting to rejoin her unit she served at the Red Cross hospital near Taplow, which had been erected on the tennis courts of the Astor estate.

She resigned in November 1917 to marry Howard Ridout, now a paymaster, but earlier one of Florence's patients. They spent most of their remaining years in Toronto.

This book of the nursing sisters of old Durham county provides interesting insights into the difficulties of fighting World War I. The group was diverse but all seemed dedicated and worked diligently under very trying conditions. They might be representative of nursing sisters from other parts of Canada. It was striking how many of these nurses enlisted from western Canada, or from big cities in Ontario; this probably reflected the migration patterns of people in that era who were raised in east central Ontario. The book offers insights on a slice of the Ontario experience with the Great War.

Queries

Heather Aiton Landry and Elwood Jones

Peterborough's earliest photographer?

The Trent Valley Archives has been committed to uncovering the history of our early photographers. Fraser Dunford compiled information that was presented in our issue back in 2000. At that time we had not identified a photographer who was in the Trent Valley region that early. The daguerreotype was developed in 1839-40 in France. The dissemination of the technology was quite rapid in that era that also admired progress. It would seem that the gentlemen mentioned had their photos taken by R. Milne, and we may have seen photos by Milne without knowing it.

This extract from the Weekly Despatch was made for Martha Ann Kidd and our copy is in her papers, TVA Fonds 90.
Weekly Despatch, 18 October, 1849
Address to Mr. Milne,

The following is a copy of the Address presented to Mr. Milne previous to his departure from this Town.

Peterboro, 24 December, 1849

Dear Sir, Having had the opportunity of availing ourselves of your professional services, we cannot permit you to leave Peterboro, without expressing our high estimation of your talents and ability, and our cordial wishes for your success and prosperity.

We are dear Sir,

Your, &c.,

Robert J. C. Taylor, James Wallis, Thos. Benson, J. Edwards, D. McFarlane, John Hall, A. MacPhail, Hjas. Hall, Walter Sheridan, District Clerk, William Bell, W.S. Conger, Sheriff, C.D.A.S. Fowler, J.P., Geo. Frederick Orde, Thos. Fortye, W.H. Wrighton, R. Nicholls, F. Ferguson, John Rousby, Daniel Griffith, Charles Perry, Robert Ridley, James Ryan, F. Almond, E. Burnham, John J. Hall, J.L. Hughes.

(Reply)

Gentlemen: I sincerely thank you for this unexpected mark of your esteem. I feel happy to know that I have given satisfaction and hereafter, in the exercise of my profession, I hope I may experience from others, as much kindness as I have received during my residence with you.

I am your obedient servant,

R. MILNE

PCVS Class 9-I 1943-44

Thanks to Penny Wall, Ennismore who shared this photo of the PCVS 9I class of 1943-44. The Trent Valley Archives has the PCVS Echoes for a great many years between the 1920s and 1970s, and for the years of these students. However, the Echoes did not print the class pictures except for the graduating students. This was not printed, but it is clear that all the classes had their photos taken.

Helpfully, the people in this picture are identified. Back row, left to right, John Rose; Clare Savage; Donald Post; Sheldon Smith. Centre row, 1 to r: John Lantamario; Ross Taylor; James Layer; Brian Wade; Harold Webb; Bill Wakeford; Allan Sage. Front row, 1 to r, Bill Tiffin; Bill Lerace; John Robson; Jack Thompson; Ted Payne; Ross Thompson.

A New Pulpit.

The fine new pulpit, made for St. John's church by Mr. A. Comstock from plans prepared by Mr. J. E. Belcher, C.E., is completed and will be first used on Easter Sunday. It is a beautiful piece of workmanship in oak in the perpendicular gothic style, to correspond with the altar rail and windows of chancel. The cost of it is \$100 which sum has been secured through the exertions of Messrs. Harry Long and Joseph Mills, who have much reason to congratulate themselves on their success in adding another adornment to one of the most beautiful church interiors in Ontario. The elegant gas standards which adorn it, are the gift of Mayor Stevenson,

Examiner, 18 April 1889 (Thanks to Ken Brown)

This pulpit is still in use at St. John's Anglican Church in Peterborough. The look is different as the pulpit is now entered from the chancel rather than from the nave. As well, the sound system was hooked into the pulpit in the 1960s. The information in this news clipping was not known to the parish archivist-historian, Elwood Jones.



—(Bob Santen Photo)

BOVINE BELLE BRINGS GLANCES FROM SHOPPERS ON GEORGE ST.
 Daisy was escorted through downtown by John Holmes and Hilliard Armstrong

Wall Street or Bust

Heather Aiton Landry

Sometimes, a request arrives in my e-mail in-box that causes me to think, "Did I read that wrong?" That's exactly what I thought when I first saw this e-mail from Jennifer Beaudin, formerly of Peterborough but now living in Nova Scotia:

"I am looking specifically for a photo circa 1966-1967... that was published on the front page of the Examiner-- it is of two of my Grandpa's (Mike Andrews, Central Smith Creamery) employees walking a cow down George St. Into the (then) Bank of Nova Scotia wearing a sign that said "Wall Street or Bust."

Upon re-reading the request, I contacted Ms. Beaudin for more information. She informed me that she was tracking down information in support of Mike Andrews' nomination for inclusion on the Peterborough Pathway of Fame, and was excited to learn that we would be able to locate the article in our Peterborough Examiner fonds. I also requested a more concise date range. Although we have an excellent index of the Examiner's early years thanks to the work of Diane Robnik, searching for specific articles after 1891 often requires a good deal of extra time and effort without a specific date. After checking with her sources, she narrowed the time frame to September or October 1968.

Volunteer Dianne Tedford located the articles and photo, beginning with the Examiner, 9 October 1968.

Ms. Beaudin was also aware of the story in New York that led to her grandfather's escapade. She recalls her grandfather's playful sense of humour, and says that he dreamed up the idea of marching a cow down George Street not only in order to poke fun at the ridiculous situation on Wall Street, but also to play a practical joke on his friend Mr. Meeks, the manager of the Bank of Nova Scotia in Peterborough at that time.

The placard worn by Daisy during her George Street debut was proudly displayed in Andrews' office for many years.

Even new buildings are haunted: Trent Valley Archives downtown ghost walk October 2014

Jessica Nyznik, Peterborough Examiner, October 2014

If you've ever felt an eerie feeling when walking across Confederation Square, there's a good reason for that - you just passed through Peterborough's first cemetery.

Although bodies were transferred to other cemeteries in 1850 as the city grew and it didn't make sense to have a graveyard in the middle of town, Heather Aiton Landry said there's really no way of knowing if any got left behind.

"You've got to wonder if we've missed anyone else here underground," said Aiton Landry, the guide for Trent Valley Archives Downtown Ghost Walk.

As the group prepares to set out on their journey through town, Trent University students Alayna Simpson and Holly Prince take the last few sips of coffee before embarking on the tour.

The two friends said they didn't know what to expect on the walk, but were definitely intrigued when they caught wind of it.

"I'm totally into that - that's what drew my attention," Prince said of the supernatural, while adding she was eager to learn more of the city's history.

"I'm hoping to be surprised," said Simpson, although also admitting that ghosts somewhat freak her out.

With kerosene lanterns in hand, Aiton Landry, dressed in a black cloak, led the way, with guide Don Willcock, dressed in garb from the 1940s, tailing up the rear.



Aiton Landry shared multiple stories of unrest at the Peterborough Armoury on Murray St.

In 1998, some reconstruction of the foundation unearthed more than a dozen bodies buried in the building's parking lot.

During the few months it took sort out the situation, the women who worked in the offices located near the lot experienced some strange occurrences.

When they would leave the office, which they would lock, upon their return they would find papers

strewn across the room and furniture would often be rearranged. This went on until the bodies were removed.

While the office antics may have stopped, the Great Lady, who is presumed to be the love of an officer from The Armoury who went off to war, still remains a fixture and can often be seen roaming the mezzanine level of the building.

A few of the next stops were along Stewart St., involving more intimate stories of homeowners experiencing spooky situations concerning past residents.

"You may think this is too new to be haunted," said Landry as she walked to the front of the Peterborough Public Library on Aylmer St.

Library patrons have seen a ghostly woman walking through walls, books flying off shelves and experienced the smell of wood burning, she said.

"So many people think only old buildings can be haunted," she said.

One of the tour's final stops was to the former exercise yard of the County Court House jail, which also used to be where criminals were hung by the gallows.

A replica of the original gallows remains in the concrete yard, where five people were hung and buried.

The bodies were removed in the 1990s, roughly 70 years after the last hanging.

After a two-hour jaunt around town, Prince and Simpson got ready to make their way home, satisfied with their adventure.

"I loved it," Prince said of the tour. "I walk by these buildings every day and you don't know the history involved in them. It makes you want to stay there for a night and experience the ghostly encounters."

Photo of Heather Aiton-Landry at the jail yard by Jessica Nyznik. jessica.nyznik@sumedia.ca

Peter Lemoire

It is my husband, Laverne LeMoire's' ancestral info we are gathering. His grandfather who was Peter Lemoire married Matilda Pello. Peter was 99 years old when he died in 1948. His father Michel married Lucy Ferch. Two of his brothers were Narcese and Maxime LeMoire. My husband's great uncles were named of Touro or Toro.

The volunteers at Trent Valley Archives were unable to track down an Examiner article related to the drowning of a family member around 22 April 1953 in the Scugog River.



The Market Hall 1913

The Market Hall was built in 1889, to replace an earlier market hall, and to give a strong presence to the corner of Charlotte and George Street. It proved to be a catalyst for extending the downtown south a block or two. And it remains the most identifiable downtown landmark.

Peterborough without the Market Hall is now unthinkable. Great efforts have been made since 1974 to give life to the building, and since the creation of the Market Hall theatre the love and the efforts of our town seem fulfilled.

However, from 1945 to 1975, those who favoured removing the market hall in favour of new ultra-modern business space prevailed. The building that was saved was only part of the market hall as is clear from this photo.

This view was taken from the Customs House site, now the site of the Empress Gardens.

There and Back Again: Searching for Peterborough's Irish Roots

Trent Valley Archives and the Peterborough Public Library are pleased to present **There and Back Again: Searching for Peterborough's Irish Roots** on Tuesday, February 17, 2015 at 7:30 pm at the Library. This celebration of Heritage Week will feature special speakers who will share ideas about the links between Ireland and the history of Peterborough.

Alan Brunger, Trent University professor and an expert on the Peter Robinson settlement, will speak about

the various immigrations from Ireland to Peterborough County. Selwyn Mayor Mary Smith and professional researcher Dennis Carter-Edwards have prepared a special presentation regarding their 2013 trip to Ireland.

Colleen Allen will speak about Irish resources at the Peterborough Public Library and Examiner columnist Elwood Jones will comment on resources to research Irish ancestry at the Trent Valley Archives.

Meghan Murphy, popular local media personality, will share her story of a found diary, her journey to Ireland, tracing the Peterborough Robinson settlers, especially her Galvin and Murphy ancestors.

Local musical trio, Nassau Mills, will entertain with a program of Irish music from the early days of Peterborough County. This group blends old-time folk and bluegrass instrumental styles with elements of blues, jazz, rock and pop.

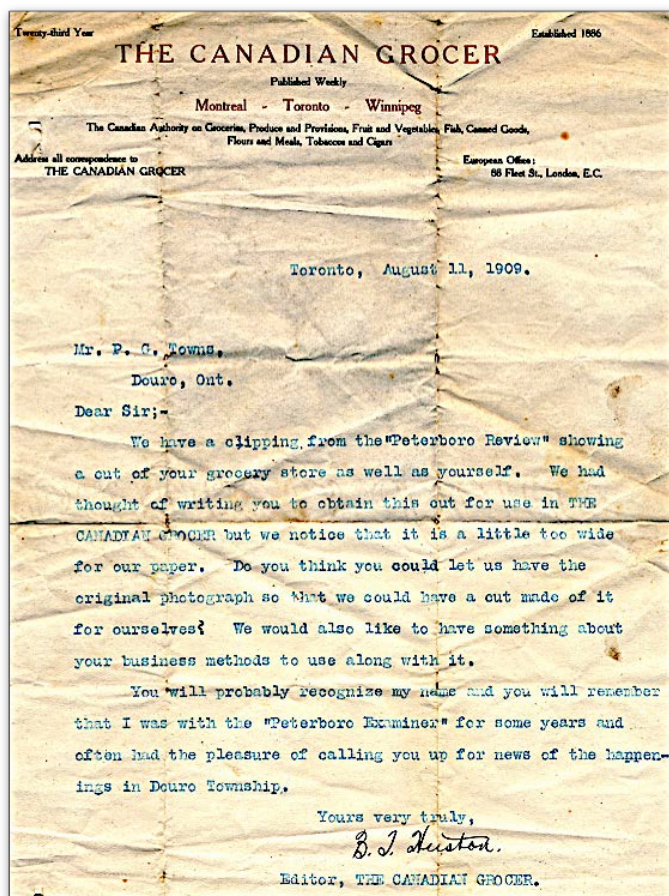
The evening promises to be interesting and fun. So come out and learn about your heritage or just listen to interesting stories about Peterborough's Irish roots. Thanks to the sponsorship of the Trent Valley Archives and the Peterborough Public Library, this seminar is free and open to the public. Donations will be gratefully accepted. Refreshments will be served.

For more information about this event, please contact Heather Aiton Landry at Trent Valley Archives, 705-745-4404 or admin@trentvalleyarchives.com



*Irish Immigrants Carroll & Bazil Flaherty
F321 Olive Doran Fonds Courtesy Trent Valley Archives*

This is our Heritage Week Special Event
Hope to see you there!!!



P.G. Towns and the “Canadian Grocer”

The Canadian Grocer wanted to do a feature on P. G. Towns. Michael Towns has shared this letter which is of interest for several reasons. B. T. Huston, the letter writer was a former Peterborough journalist. The interest in Towns was important, but the information was to be supplied by Towns. It looks as if it would be worthwhile to do some perusing in the Peterborough Review and the Canadian Grocer. In an earlier issue, we published a Canadian Grocer report on a local grocer. As well, at the time of the 1929 Old Boys Week many former newspaper writers shared their memories of working in Peterborough.

WORKSHOP ON UPPER CANADA & CANADA WEST RESEARCH

April 11, 2015
North York Central Library Auditorium
5120 Yonge Street, Toronto

The Ontario Genealogical Society, Toronto branch, and the Canadiana Department of the North York Central Library, is planning a workshop on research on various aspects of life in what is now Ontario, before Confederation. The workshop features speakers who are active researchers on Old Ontario (of Upper Canada and Canada West). The objective is to let family history researchers learn about aspects of the world of their ancestors, or some of the realities and experiences that were part of their world.

I will be speaking on “Transportation in Upper Canada.” The timetable at press time looked like this.

FINDING YOUR UPPER CANADA ANCESTORS

A Workshop about the Settlers of Early Ontario

SATURDAY APRIL 11, 2015

AGENDA

9:30am – 10:45 am (Auditorium)

Opening Remarks Welcome and Introductions

Session P1 The Maps of Upper Canada and Canada West: Essential Tools for Genealogists *Joan Winearls*

10:45am – 11:00 am BREAK

11:00am – 12:00pm

Session A1 I’m Not Related to D.W. Smith – Why Should I Look at His Records? *Jane E. MacNamara*

Session A2 Justice in Early Upper Canada *Linda Corupe*

Session A3 Early “Real Estate Agents” in Upper Canada *Ruth Burkholder*

12:00pm – 1:30pm LUNCH BREAK

Noon – 12:30pm (Lobby) Guided Tour of North York Central Library (optional)

1:30pm – 2:30pm

Session B1 Transportation in Old Ontario *Elwood H. Jones*

Session B2 And Your Petitioner Shall Ever Pray: Land and Other Kinds of Petitions *Guylaine Pétrin*

2:30pm – 3:00pm BREAK

3:00pm – 4:00pm

Session C1 Get Me To The Church! – Using Church Records To Find Your Ancestors in Ontario pre-1867 *Amy Brewitt*

Session C2 Widows of the War of 1812 – Research Sources and Strategies *Janice Nickerson*

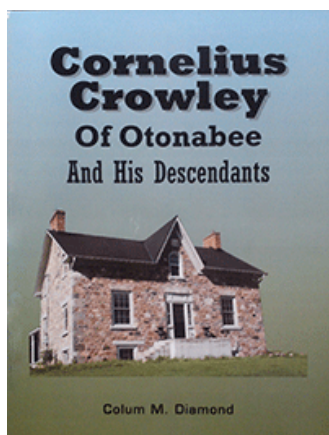
Session C3 Charles Burton Wyatt: An Online Case Study of an Early Upper Canada Surveyor General *Marian Press*

Bev Lundahl, Entangled Roots (see advertisement inside cover)

Bev Lundahl is a member of Trent Valley Archives, and has written for the Heritage Gazette of the Trent Valley. We are selling her book at Trent Valley Archives for \$20 plus shipping.

Her new book on the McGregor family in the Peterborough area has been enhanced by the historical research done by Pat Marchen who took Bev's family on a tour of sites tied to the Scollie mystery. Pat has been working on the book since 2003 when she shared her findings in three articles that were very popular with our readers. Pat's book will be published in the near future and should be a great complement to Bev's well written book.

Colum Diamond, **Cornelius Crowley of Otonabee and His Descendants** (Peterborough 2014) Pp181, illustrated



Colum Diamond has written several significant works on local family history, and has written feature articles for the *Heritage Gazette of the Trent Valley*. We are pleased to say that our Bookshelf is selling this book, and it has already been used by researchers interested in the Black Crowleys. Peter McConkey was the editor and researcher for much of the book.

The Cornelius Crowley (1770-1844) family arrived from County Cork in Otonabee by 1831, con 14, lot 15 e ½. The transfer to the next generation, James Crowley the Younger, required application to the Heir and Devisee Commission. An excellent map of Otonabee shows the relationship of the lands of the extended family. There is some discussion of the first treaties from the First Nations to the British government, and of the land patenting process and of surveying. As well, the family connections are carefully considered.

Many of the illustrations are in cover. The historical research extends to documents, photographs, land records, census lists, newspapers, and more. This is a useful book for anyone doing family history, or wanting to know how to track down sources.

Little Lake Cemetery Vandalism

Mary McGee, *Little Lake Cemetery*

This is a list of monuments that were damaged by vandals in mid-December 2014.



- | | | | |
|-----|----------------------|------------------------------------|------------|
| 1. | Lieutenant Ackerman | Historically significant/Cross | *Section Q |
| 2. | Clementi | High Profile/Church/Pres./Cross | Section A |
| 3. | Nicholls | Cross / Historically significant | |
| 4. | Hutchinson | | Section B |
| 5. | Irwin | Large | Section B |
| 6. | Fusee | | Section B |
| 7. | *Unknown | | Section B |
| 8. | Waddell | High Profile | Section B |
| 9. | *Crevally | | Section B |
| 10. | Giordano | New, Cross | Section C |
| 11. | Curtis | | Section C |
| 12. | Rogers | Significant Family, Cross | Section D |
| 13. | Barnardo | Historically Significant, Targeted | Section D |
| 14. | Martin | Angel (propped up) | Section F |
| 15. | Morrow | Significant Family | Section E |
| 16. | Barnardo | Historically Significant, Targeted | Section O |
| 17. | Adjacent to Barnardo | | Section O |

There was high traffic around Morrow Mausoleum (historically significant) and the Black Angel (historically significant). Last year, the Daniel McDonald

Monument was found broken in the spring – we assumed weather (but now we wonder if it was targeted because of its historical significance)

Editor's Note: About half of the monuments that were damaged were featured at some point in the past on a tour organized by the Trent Valley Archives. There are over 30,000 burials in Little Lake Cemetery and our tours were designed around themes related to those who died or around the art of the monuments. This is one of the most important cemeteries in Canada for its age, its landscaping, and for the quality of its monuments. I wrote a history of the cemetery to mark its 160th anniversary. Trent Valley Archives is amazed that people find such vandalism to be entertaining. The board of directors sends its support and we will co-operate with whatever efforts are made by Little Lake Cemetery to address these issues of vandalism and of repair. We also thank the staff for their continuing commitment to the maintenance of the cemetery. We will keep our readers informed of the ongoing efforts.

Colonial Bus Lines

Gordon A. Young, Lakefield Heritage Research

Duff Warren shared these interesting photos of the Colonial Bus Lines with Gord Young of Lakefield Heritage Research.

The coach on the right is a "Flxible Clipper Coach" which used a "Buick straight 8" with enormous power for its time. For reasons never known precisely, the "Flxible" was almost exclusively used on the run north of Peterborough, through Lakefield, Burleigh Falls, Apsley and finally Pembroke. The parent company, "Voyageur" of Montreal owned by the Demarais family was finally combined in the late 1960's into "Colonial Voyageur". All but one photo is taken at the Louis Street lot.

Several coaches in the photo to the right have green flags indicating a "through bus". All other coaches are a "standard" GM highway coach with the "Sherman tank" six and the "Allison tank vee-drive". The extra headlight on all coaches is the amber-fog light. The GM coaches were almost exclusively limited to the Toronto-Ottawa runs, along with the equally strange gas-guzzler, Brill [Can-Car] Coaches, with a flat-six. [The "Flxible" also employed the "Allison tank vee-drive"]

Greyhound Canada finally bought out the two routes and have made little money either.

The Flxible Co. was an American manufacturer of motorcycle sidecars, funeral cars, ambulances, intercity coaches and transit buses, based in the U.S. state of Ohio. It was founded in 1913 and closed in 1996.





Marble Advertising Mystery

This remarkable slab of marble, about 6'x2' and an inch thick has been in the basement of the old Douro bakery. We had an opportunity to view it in January 2015, and were quite amazed. This photo shows the right hand side. It contains advertising for A. M. Laidlaw, who had men's wear store on the north side of Hunter between Water and George. John Mervin was a butcher at the corner of Aylmer and Water. The Examiner was on George Street north of Hunter. A. Elliott and Company was selling liquor. E. F. Mason is here listed as a grocer at 429 George Street. One might argue that these places are fairly close to George and Hunter. There was another ad to the left for Kuntz Brewery whose local agent was H. A. Middleton of Lindsay. So there is a pattern.

Several of the ads included phone numbers. Peterborough was served, 1893-1923, by the Canadian Machine Telephone Company, the first to offer telephone numbers to subscribers. Their system worked with four levers each calibrated 0 to 9, and could accommodate numbers to 9999. When Bell took over the system in 1923, callers went through switchboard operators until 1940 when Bell introduced the dial system locally. They promoted the change with a tent at the Peterborough Industrial Exhibition that assured people that they could dial phones. In a sense it was a downloading of services to the user, but that was a sign of things to come.



It will take more research in the street directories to nail down the date of the advertising. That might help us to identify the sign maker, for there is no identification on the marble slab. It could be around 1900. The Heritage Gazette of the Trent Valley carried Colum Diamond's feature article on John Coughlin and the monument works that his family established at 216 Hunter Street, between 1885 and 1897. The company lasted long after. While there were other makers, Coughlin is a good place to start.

If any readers can identify with any part of this note, please contact Elwood at ejones55@cogeco.ca.

Peter Robinson on Irish settlers in Peterborough October 1825

Cobourg, 6th Oct. 1825

My Dear Brother

I leave this in a few minutes for Smith-- The emigrants are all at the Depot at the head of the Otonabee River, with the exception of a few invalids,-- I send Major Hillier a return of the deaths that have occurred since their arrival at Prescott

Men Women & Children from 14 Years upwards	28
Children under 14 including those just born	37
65 Total	

By this you see that the mortality has not been so great for the numbers, at the uncommonly unhealthy season--I had a letter from Major Hillier in which he mentions that Burke had been instructed to call on me to consult as to the survey as to the Town plot at the head of the Otonabee River, and I expect soon to see him -- By the Bye why not call the Town Wilmot Horton it is the prettiest place I ever saw & on the plain is my extension & has just trees enough for ornament.

It is impossible to foresee what difficulties I may get into with such a party as I live so remote from any force sufficient to quell a riot -- as yet I am obeyed, and I exact their obedience but there are many idle rascals from Ireland frequently exciting our people to mischief and leading them astray -- Such advisers do much mischief however & I am determined to carry a high hand at the Depot & first man that troubles me shall be imprisoned & kept there until I get advice--

A Mr. Haran a Catholic priest is now at the Depot he seems quiet enough but from what he said last Sunday at Mass I fear he wants dissention -- He publicly told the Ewes that Mr. Crowley had no authority to come among them -- The latter had spent some days with us & gained [illegible] the affections of the people, and appearing a very proper person-- As soon as the Bishop arrives he must see to this--

Love to Em God Bless You

P. Robinson

J. B. R.

Addendum: "Tell Mr. Crowley he will hear from me next post"

Source: Trent Valley Archives, F 99, Upper Canada Collection. The original was in British Archives, Colonial Office 42, Upper Canada Despatches, 1826, vol. 380, pp. 247-248. Peter Robinson to John B. Robinson, October 6, 1825, enclosed in John B. Robinson to Robert Wilmot Horton, January 22, 1826

Upper Canada 1826 Miscellaneous, B-309. Copy in Library and Archives Canada and Trent Valley Archives.

Comment:

Trent Valley Archives and the Peterborough Public Library will present **There and Back Again: Searching for Peterborough's Irish Roots** on Tuesday, February 17, 2015 at 7:30 pm at the Library. This celebration of Heritage Week will feature special speakers who will share

ideas about the links between Ireland and the history of Peterborough.

This document is from the very extensive Upper Canada Project papers at the Trent Valley Archives, fonds 99. The project aimed to document the political history of Upper Canada to 1840. The collection includes many newspapers on microfilm, which are available in the Reading Room. But it also contains microfilms of some political papers in the Library and Archives of Canada and the Archives of Ontario which were transcribed and then digitized by a team led by Susan Kyle.

This letter illustrates the surprises that can come in such a collection. Peter Robinson had arrived in Peterborough with settlers from Ireland, late August and September 1825. He wrote to his brother who was the Attorney General of Upper Canada, John Beverly Robinson, who then forwarded the letter to the Colonial Office, particularly to Major Hillier.

It is noted that Robinson did not think that 65 deaths in an emigration group of over 2,000 was high. This suggests that the trip across the Atlantic was indeed risky in 1825.

The Otonabee was then known as the Otonabee.

Robinson spoke highly of the town that became Peterborough: "the prettiest place I ever saw." Notice that he suggested the name of the town should be Wilmot Horton. Frances Stewart had mentioned that Horton was in the air, and her English relatives thought it the prettiest name that had been suggested.

Wilmot Horton was the person who hired Peter Robinson to lead the two Irish emigrations: 1823 to Lanark county area, and 1825 to the Peterborough area. Horton, Nova Scotia is named for him. But Zaccheus Burnham chose the name Peterborough around October 1825, but the name was not yet known to Peter Robinson.

The letter also suggests that Robinson was not positive that he could count on the support of those who emigrated in 1825. He is on his way to Smith Township, probably what became Bridgenorth. He is hoping to get the support of the settlers and of the bishop, the Rt. Rev. Alexander McDonnell.

The letter raises fresh questions even as it provides insights not generally known. Research in the archives is filled with adventures like these. Some may get discussed on February 17. See you there.



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"Without archives there is no history"

R. B. Fleming article Continued from page 6

ⁱ Perhaps not surprisingly, the latest and possibly definitive biography of Champlain -- *Champlain's Dream* (Toronto: Vintage Canada Editions, 2009) -- was written by an American scholar, David Hackett Fischer.

ⁱⁱ A search on the internet quickly reveals that even Washington DC had a Champlain street, as do other American cities.

ⁱⁱⁱ In April 2014, a French genealogist, Jean-Marie Germe, claimed to have discovered the baptismal records of Champlain. However, the claim has met with a mixed reception. See <http://www.cfqlmc.org/bulletin-memoires-vives/derniere-parution/858>. My thanks to Lilianne Plamondon for bringing this website to my attention.

^{iv} Although there is no known contemporary portrait of Champlain, other eminent figures of Champlain's generation such as Cardinal Richelieu were painted by Court artist, Philippe de Champaigne. (C.W. Jefferys, "The Visual Reconstruction of History" in *The Canadian Historical Review* (vol. XVII, no. 3), 1936, 255.) See also Marcel Trudel, *The Dictionary of Canadian Biography*, vol 1, 186-189. The only drawing published during his lifetime is a tiny, cartoon-like figure that portrays Champlain during a battle with Iroquois Mohawks, 30 July 1609. (Conrad Heidenreich and Ritch, Janet, *Samuel de Champlain Before 1604* (Toronto: McGill-Queens University Press, The Champlain Society), 2010), 434). See also Fischer *Champlain's Dream*, 1-3. Fischer sees much in the image: "a high forehead, arched brows, eyes wide apart, a straight nose turned up at the tip, a fashionable moustache, and a beard trimmed like that of his king, Henri IV." According to Francois-Marc Gagnon, a French historian quoted by Fischer, the style of this small image, a self-portrait, shows "a man of action direct, natural, naïve, biased toward exact description toward the concrete and the useful."

^v In the estimation of at least two historians, the imaginative portrayals of Champlain by Jefferys are the best. See Heidenreich and Ritch, *Samuel de Champlain Before 1604*, 435. In French Canada, «le portrait de Champlain le plus connu est une copie du portrait de Michel Particelli d'Emery d'après une gravure de Moncornet, » so I am assured by Lilianne Plamondon (e-mail, 20 Dec 2014).

^{vi} In his exhaustive study of Champlain's journey through Huronia in 1615, Conrad Heidenreich, in *Huron, A History and Geography of the Huron Indians, 1600 – 1650* (Toronto: McClelland and Stewart Limited, 1971), concludes that it is impossible to be certain of the pathways of Champlain, and the exact location of Huron villages visited. Archaeological research over the next decades will, no doubt, identify more exact locations.

^{vii} Trudel, *The Dictionary of Canadian Biography*, vol. 1, 197.

^{viii} Heidenreich and Ritch, *Samuel de Champlain Before 1604*, preface xv.

^{ix} For an illuminating article on porosity, see "Sherlock Holmes as myth and reality" in *The Guardian Weekly*, 07.11.14, 39.

^x In addition to curiosity and alliances, Champlain made these trips because he was associated "with many trading companies that paid for New France." See Fischer, *Champlain's Dream*, 6.

^{xi} In his *Des Sauvages* (1603), Champlain wrote about the first ever arrangement between a European power and Canadian Natives. As Conrad Heidenreich and Janet Ritch point out (*Samuel de Champlain Before 1604*, preface xviii), Champlain was unique among Europeans to co-operate in mutually beneficial endeavours, including, of course, making war on the enemy Iroquois. Most other European powers were disdainful of Natives, especially those living in territories that the Newcomers coveted.

^{xii} Toronto Reference Library, Marilyn and Charles Baillie Special Collections Centre, Baldwin Collection of Ephemera, "1913 Champlain" in index card drawers.

^{xiii} Canada's attention was focused on the European front. Furthermore, Vernon March, who, along with his brother Sydney, won the sometimes heated competition to create the monument, was conscripted into the Flying Corp in 1916. Not even the good offices of Sir Edmund Walker, chair of the Bank of Commerce, founder of the Toronto Art Gallery (today's AGO) and first president of The Champlain Society (founded 1905) could convince the British War Office to release March from service. When he was eventually released, in January 1917, it was due to illness. The March brothers resumed preliminary work on the monument. Not until November 1918, three days after the armistice was signed, did the actual molding of the figures begin in England, though the question of proper representation of the seven figures remained a bone of contention. In January 1920, for instance, the committee, working from photographs, informed the sculptors of several inaccuracies, mostly connected with the Natives, especially their clothing, features and hair. Worst of all, the figures of Brûlé and Brébeuf seemed overwhelmed by the four "splendid" Natives. (For all this and more, thanks is too insignificant a word to bestow on Dr. Conrad Heidenreich for sending me documents and emails, including a summary of the correspondence between the Canadian committee and the sculptors. Thanks also to his late wife, Nancy, who, a decade ago, when her husband was researching his book re the founding of The Champlain Society, read and summarized that correspondence. Sir Edmund Walker, chair of the subcommittee that chose the March brothers, was Heidenreich's great grandfather.)

^{xiv} Much in the same way as the architect E.J. Lennox, in his gargoyles on Toronto's Old City Hall, made surreptitious fun of difficult councilors.

^{xv} Fischer, *Champlain's Dream*, 328. For another illustration of the 17th century *arquebus*, see John Keegan, *A History of Warfare* (New York: Vintage Books, 1993), between 272 and 273; and Fischer, *Champlain's Dream*, 3.

^{xvi} After Lt. Gov. John Graves Simcoe's personal secretary.

^{xvii} For a detailed, scholarly description of the Talbot River before the construction of the Trent Canal, see James T. Angus, *A Respectable Ditch, A History of the Trent-Severn Waterway, 1833 – 1920* (Kingston and Montréal, 1988), chapter 20.

^{xviii} If we accept Watson's Kirkconnell's contention, that the Hurons retreated from the land that became Victoria County between 1590 and 1610, there would have been no loss of memory of the route a mere five to twenty-five years later. (See Watson Kirkconnell, *Victoria County Centennial History* (Lindsay, Watchman-Warder Press), 1921, 123.)

^{xix} Laidlaw participated in both the Northwest Rebellion (sometimes called Resistance) in 1885, and in the Anglo-Boer War, 1899-1902. His highest rank was Lieutenant in the Lord Strathcona Horse during the Boer War. "The Colonel" may have been an assumed title.

^{xx} Col. G. E. Laidlaw, "Samuel de Champlain" in *Twenty-Ninth Annual Archaeological Report, 1917, Being Part of Appendix to the Report of the Minister of Education, Ontario* (Toronto: A.T. Wilgress, 1917), 17. I thank Tom Mohr for putting me in touch with this and several other articles that I would likely have missed.

^{xxi} Generally speaking the Talbot runs on an east-west axis, but at Gamebridge, near the Landing, it arcs around and through the village. East of Bolsover, the river's serpentine pattern was subsumed by the Trent Canal.

^{xxii} "Bud" Tisdale's connections with Sir William Mackenzie, president of the Canadian Northern Railway Co., made him wealthy from railway contracting in the West, where a Saskatchewan town bears his name.

^{xxiii} Heidenreich and Ritch, *Samuel de Champlain Before 1604*, map at end of Preface.

^{xxiv} Before the old road from highway 12 near Gamebridge to Coboconk was widened, paved and renamed highway 48, the total length to Coboconk was popularly known as The Portage.

^{xxv} See E.C. Guillet, *The Valley of the Trent* (Toronto: The Champlain Society for the Government of Ontario), 1957, 133 and 140.

^{xxvi} Laidlaw, "Samuel de Champlain," 18.

^{xxvii} The author drove between the two Landings, from Balsam Lake to near Lake Simcoe one snowy day last December. My odometer gave me a distance of 27 kms or 16 miles or 5 to 6 French *lieues d'une heure de chemin* (basing calculations on 1 *lieue* to 4.9 kms); or ca 5 English leagues. For an explanation of "league" or "lieue," see [http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/League_\(unit\)](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/League_(unit)); also see "Conrad Heidenreich on Champlain in Huronia," a summary of a paper delivered in September 2010 to the Huronia Chapter of the Ontario Archaeological Society, in which Heidenreich explains the frustrating variations in the definition of a league (<http://www.oashuroniachapter.com/200/12/conrad-heidenreich-on-champlain-in.html>). And also Heidenreich's *Samuel Champlain in Wendake: The Country of the Huron in Ontario, 1615-1616* (De Grassi Point ON: Oak Cottage Productions), 2014. Of course one must always keep in mind that, since 1966, Heidenreich has had doubts about Champlain's distance estimates ("Samuel Champlain in Wendake," 47-52).

^{xxviii} Champlain's 10 leagues = Laidlaw's 12.5 to 15 miles = 20 to 24 kilometres. Laidlaw does not say how he measured the distance. Presumably he drove, or was driven, over it in a car perhaps manufactured before the Great War, during which auto manufacturers, like Tudhope in Orillia, turned to manufacturing munitions. An expert on antique cars has cast light on the subject: "What condition was the road Laidlaw was using? Odometers ran from the front wheel and a modicum of inaccuracies could have resulted from slipping, cheating, and god knows what else!", (e-mail Paul Gockel to author, 16 Dec 2014).

^{xxix} See Fischer, *Champlain's Dream*, 629.

^{xxx} In his *The Valley of the Trent*, 3, E.C. Guillet adds another complicating factor: Champlain's "account of the journey is not sufficiently definite to indicate with certainty whether all the carrying-places [portages] were used to save time; or whether, on the other hand, the Indians were pleased to show him all their best hunting grounds, and avoided short cuts."

^{xxxi} Leslie M. Frost, *Forgotten Pathways of the Trent* (Toronto: Burns & MacEachern Ltd., 1973), 102. In fn 51a, Frost quotes Samuel Eliot Morison's *Samuel de Champlain, Father of New France* (Toronto: Little, Brown (Canada), 1922; and Boston: Little Brown, 1972). In his biography, Morison proposed a variation. Though he does not rule out the possibility of a landing somewhere unspecified on Balsam Lake, Morison speculated that "from Balsam the warriors portaged their canoes a good ten leagues to avoid Fenelon Falls." Somewhere south of the falls, he continued, they entered Sturgeon Lake where they found "good paddling again." Morison's theory is close to that of Laverdière. In 1973, in his *Pathways of the Trent*, Frost questioned Morison's methodology – he had merely flown over the area between Lake Simcoe and Balsam Lake and south to Fenelon Falls and Sturgeon Lake, and, Frost claimed, he had not accounted for the changes in the lay of the land since 1615. Frost preferred the Laidlaw interpretation. In addition to the brevity and imprecision of Champlain's narrative, other factors have created uncertainty. In the 19th and 20th centuries, the land and water of the area was transformed by the following: the arrival of surveyors and, subsequently, the settler-farmers in the early 19th century; the destruction of forests wrought by the timber industry in the 19th century; and the construction of the Trent Canal, including the massive Kirkfield Lift Lock, during the 19th and early 20th centuries. Just north of the Portage Road and east of Bolsover sits a man-made lake, once locally known as "The Drowned [sic] Land" but officially called "Canal Lake." The lake subsumed the Talbot River. After WWII, the Ontario Department of Highways eliminated a couple of the fatal curves of the Portage, widened it, smothered it in asphalt and renamed it highway 48.

^{xxxii} Eavan Boland, "The Black Lace Fan my Mother Gave me," in *Outside History* (Manchester: Carcanet Press Limited, 1990), 11.

^{xxxiii} Probably 1835, the year of the first survey of Bexley. In 1834 Vansittart fell out with a business partner on land development near Woodstock ON. See http://www.biographi.ca/en/bio/drew_andrew_10E.html.

^{xxxiv} The phrase is borrowed, without permission, from "Motoring the Three-Rut Road" written so elegantly and poetically by Tom McIlwraith, and published in *The Land Between* (Toronto: Fitzhenry and Whiteside, 2013), 30.

^{xxxv} Years ago the intersection was known as "Biddy Young's Corner," after an Irish-born hotelier who brewed her own whiskey and who, when caught bootlegging, made a habit of saucing magistrates.

^{xxxvi} The map is dated 1790. The actual survey, however, may have begun five years earlier, unless, of course, the Collins map was confused with that of Frobisher by the plaque's researchers.



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