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President's Corner: Trent Valley Archives at 25	Guy Thompson	2
Hockeytahn: the Peterborough Connection	Dave Barry	3
Centennial Signature Surprise at 355 Downie Street	David Ramsay	15
Who Used Hotels around 1890?	Elwood H. Jones	18
From Pontypool to Peterborough: Thomas Morrow in World War I: part 2	Thomas A. Morrow	21
Nick Yunge-Bateman	Karen Hicks	28
93 rd Overseas Battalion, C. E. F., Peterboro, Ont. 1916		29
A short History of the 93 rd Battalion	Peterborough Examiner 1916	30
Peterborough Journal: Excerpts from Septembers past	Elwood H. Jones	32
Samuel de Champlain Came in 1615		34
Ayotte Famly, Lang Pioneer Village, Peterborough County		34
French Community in Peterborough	Elwood H. Jones and Peter A. Moore	35
Champlain's Plaques	Alan Brunger	36
French Language Education in Peterborough: Ecole Monseigneur Jamot ...	Peter Adams and Alan Brunger	37
Queries	Heather Aiton Landry, Dianne Tedford	37
Muriel Foster Scored a Success	Peterborough Examiner 1904	37
Tire Iron Beating, 1974; Market Hall, Nicholas Hornyansky; George and Simcoe, c. 1950		38
Canadians on the Western Front	Heather Aiton Landry	39
Peterborough Journal		40
Recent events [Open House, Minden, OGS Kawartha Branch, Hazelbrae Barnardo Group]		40
Stony Island Church Marks One Hundred Years	Diane Swift, Toronto Anglican	41
A teacher, an archaeologist, and the Serpent [Richard Johnston]	Dirk Verhulst	42
Barnardo Home c. 1885		44
Trent Valley Archives Welcomes Volunteers		44

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

Cover picture: *Hunter Street Bridge, 1853, painting by Edwin Whitefield (1816-1892) English-trained, American painter from the Boston area. This wooden Pratt Truss bridge stood from 1846 to 1871 was the third bridge to cross the Otonabee at this site; the current bridge is the sixth. (TVA, Electric City Collection, F50, 1.105) The canoe in the foreground looks like a Peterborough canoe, but this is pre-1857, when John Stephenson invented the Peterborough Canoe. The bridge is not covered, but the side walls give that impression. The stone mill is the Rogers grist mill and is at the Ashburnham end.*



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TRENT VALLEY ARCHIVES

**President's Corner:
Trent Valley Archives at 25**

It has been an exciting and rewarding year with interesting developments and challenges.

We are celebrating our 25th anniversary. One event to mark this milestone is a silver anniversary dinner Thursday, November 6, at Electric City Gardens, the Queen Street restaurant near Simcoe Street. The dinner costs \$60, and 50% of the proceeds will go to the Trent Valley Archives. There will be a special memento of this auspicious occasion. Call 705-745-4404, for details and tickets. I am looking forward to seeing you there.

I am grateful for the generous response to our recent fundraising campaign. Charitable organizations, such as ours is, always need financial support, but people responded cheerfully and kindly. Thanks very much for this timely assistance. We also acknowledge the support of those who helped us acquire our new microfilm reader printer with digital capabilities. It has proved most useful and we have handled dozens of inquiries that now seem part of the daily routine at TVA.

We continue to receive significant archival and library donations, too. The five photo albums from the T. Frank Matthews family was noteworthy. There were photos of family members interspersed with a fascinating album on the eldest son preparing for overseas by going to Royal Military College in Kingston, where training included football, obstacle climbing and parade drill. Two other albums related to a 1921 steamship cruise from France to Egypt. This had extra interest since the donation coincided with our Open House in early September which highlighted some World War I treasures from our collections. This proved a good project for our new co-op student from St. Peter's Catholic Secondary School.

The Board is considering ways to add colour advertising to future issues of the Heritage Gazette. It certainly seems feasible from the perspective of the editor and the printer. Please inquire about advertising rates at admin@trentvalleyarchives.com.

Thanks, too, to all our volunteers who help in countless ways. We are proud of what they accomplish and how they improve our reputation, as well.

Sincerely,

Guy Thompson

HOCKEYTAHN

the Peterborough Connection

Dave Barry

Long before Peterborough's native son, George "Red" Sullivan, arrived in Pittsburgh in 1968 as the inaugural coach of the newly formed Pittsburgh Penguins of the National Hockey League, following his stellar NHL playing career in Boston, New York and Chicago, two other hockey players and native sons of Peterborough had long before left their mark on the Pittsburgh hockey and arts scene. Their names were Walter "Squddy" (*rocket*) Phelan and James Patrick Joseph Kelly, two old boyhood friends, who like the much later Red Sullivan, were descended from two of Peterborough's esteemed old Irish immigrant families.

The Peterborough Phelan History

The Phelan story starts with Patrick Phelan and his wife the former Bridget Sheridan, natives of King's County Ireland, who with their four sons, including Edward, the youngest, settled in Dummer Township. As a former Sergeant in the British army, having served in Canada during the War of 1812, Patrick Phelan was later granted one hundred acres of agricultural land along the east half of Lot-22; in the third concession of nearby Douro Township in the year 1831. In Douro, they joined the many Irish settlers that had settled the area some six years earlier. However, about eight years later Patrick and Bridget relocated a mile or so to the fourth concession of Douro Township, near the early pioneer settlement of Young's Point; the 1842 census recorded him as a tenant. In his new location, Patrick entered the very rough and tumble lumber industry that had recently moved into the area. About ten years later, possibly for health reasons, the family moved into the bustling town of Peterborough, population some 2,100. Patrick Phelan passed away in 1850, and his wife Bridget, October 5, 1854. Patrick and Bridget Phelan are thought to be among the earliest burials in Little Lake Cemetery in Peterborough.

Patrick and Bridget's youngest son, Edward Phelan, born in 1829, at about the tender age of thirteen, entered the local lumber business, working alongside his father. Edward, still engaged in the lumbering business, followed his parents into Peterborough. He is credited with piloting the first timber raft down the Otonabee river, through Peterborough and on down the Trent system to Lake Ontario. Shortly after coming to Peterborough, Edward met his future wife, the lovely Mary Sullivan, born in 1835, the daughter of John and Bridget Sullivan, recent immigrants from County Cork, Ireland, and later innkeepers in Peterborough. Edward and Mary were married at St. Peter's Roman Catholic Church in July 1852. They had seven sons. Charles J. Phelan became a priest and served at several local area churches. Harry became a well known local business man and hardware merchant on Rubidge Street in Peterborough. Walter was their middle son.

Phelan Hotel, c. 1870 (Trent Valley Archives)

Edward remained actively engaged in the lumber business for many years but in 1854 also joined his father-in-law in a local hotel business. The following year, he purchased the hotel building at 181 Simcoe Street (built in 1849) soon named the Phelan Hotel. Within a few years, Phelan expanded the building, adding his family living quarters to the west side of the building. The hotel had extensive Irish patronage, and was the scene for many social events and political gatherings. The Phelan House eventually became affectionately known as the "Irish Citadel." (*This hotel had many name changes including the Queen Hotel; it is now part of the "Charlotte Mews" shopping area.*) Patrick and Mary worked hard, expanded their hotel business and became outstanding citizens of the community, as well as highly regarded parishioners and Catholic laity of St. Peter's Parish. Edward in 1882 leased his hotel to William Snowden but remained active in the business for many more years. In 1901, sometime after retirement, the couple purchased a private home at the corner of Stewart and Simcoe. Mary died in June 1902, just a month short of their fiftieth wedding anniversary. Edward passed away in September 1903 and was laid to rest alongside Mary at St. Peter's Cemetery in Peterborough.

Walter "Squddy" Phelan was born on May 19, 1875 in Peterborough, the middle son of seven boys and was raised in the Phelan Hotel, at 181 Simcoe Street. With his hard working and successful business parents as role models, combined with his devout Christian upbringing, Walter by all standards appears to have had a very normal if not somewhat privileged life as a boy. As young boys, Walter with his younger brother Charles, were both members of St. Peter's Roman Catholic Church and with their vibrant acapella voices both were probably choir members and maybe even soloists in the church youth choir. Both boys



attended Murray Street Separate School for Catholic boys (built in 1867) the site of the present day Peterborough Armoury. Walter loved sports and athletics, and played ice-hockey, lacrosse, and baseball; his interest never waned.

The Peterborough Kelly History

The Kelly story also originated in Peterborough. John Kelly (born 1792) and Catherine (nee Hearey) (born c. 1805) Kelly were born in Ireland and married around 1829. They and their only Irish-born child, Mary, arrived in adjacent Monaghan Township by 1832, during the year of the cholera epidemic. Kelly served as a farrier in the Royal County Down Regiment and was discharged in 1829. The couple settled in a nine acre park lot in north Monaghan Township, park lot 4 in concession 11, lot 13, which ran from Park Street to Monaghan Road on the south side of Romaine Street. It seems probable that he received such a desirable parcel because he was a British military veteran.

Original Survey Little Lake Cemetery (1850) note Keeper's Lodge - Bottom Center-Left (from Trent Valley Archives)



Kelly also received two half-acre town lots on the north side of Sherbrooke between Rubidge and Reid streets. By 1837, John Kelly had a blacksmith shop fronting on Sherbrooke street, as well as a frame house and some farm animals. His small business was on a road along which settlers travelled between Peterborough and Port Hope and to Cavan, Emily, Ops and Ennismore.

The very hard-working and ambitious John Kelly subdivided and developed several other properties in the area of Sherbrooke and Rubidge. John and Catherine had five more children. John Kelly senior died in 1872 in his eightieth year.. His wife died in 1879. No tombstone remains to mark their final place of rest.

John Kelly junior, the middle son of John and Catherine, was born in 1843 at the family's Reid Street home. His future wife Catherine (Kate) Barry was born about 1843 in nearby Ops Township, but her family soon moved to Asphodel Township near the little village of Hastings, where she was raised. The couple probably met through family ties as young children. Kate's father Patrick Barry, while living in Ops Township, may have been a customer of John Kelly's blacksmith and ferrier business in Peterborough. John and Kate were married at Our Lady of Mount Carmel Roman Catholic Church in Hastings, on Wednesday, 10 June 1863. They raised nine children. John, with his young family and as a trained gardener by trade, accepted a position as "Caretaker" of Little Lake Cemetery in 1875; the same year their middle son James Patrick Joseph Kelly was born. John's new position at the cemetery provided him the use of the original old "Caretaker's Lodge" on the northern edge of that property, along the southern shoreline of Little Lake, at the end of Crescent Street.



Shores of Little Lake Cemetery, site of caretaker's house

At that old stone house along the shores of Little Lake, John and Catherine essentially raised their family of nine, remaining there until 1891. At that time, the hard working and very respected John Kelly, after years of service to the cemetery, having

planted many of those lovely, now well over one hundred year old native trees, left his position and relocated his family to a new house which he had recently built at 257 Rubidge Street on the old original Kelly property.

Upon relocation back to the old Kelly property, John Junior returned to work in the private sector as a gardener and also operated his family run grocery store at the corner of Sherbrook and Rubidge Streets that he had built a few years earlier - 1885 (known much later as *Dales' Meat Market*). Some twenty years or so on, John unfortunately was admitted to the Ontario Mental Hospital (Mimico) in west Toronto, apparently suffering from what today is recognized as "dementia" at about the age of seventy-one, where he unfortunately remained for the rest of his life. Some four years after John was institutionalized, his devoted wife Kate Barry died at the ripe old age of about seventy-five, at Saint Joseph's Hospital in Peterborough – her death attributed to complications from a broken hip. John Kelly Jr. died three years later while hospitalized at Saint Michael's Hospital in Toronto (1921). John and Catherine are both buried in the Kelly family plot at Saint Peter's RC Cemetery in Peterborough.

James Patrick Joseph Kelly, born on October 9, 1875, some five months after Walter Phelan, was the middle son of John Kelly "junior" and Catherine (Kate) Barry formerly of the nearby village of Hastings. With JPJ's father employed as "Caretaker" and later promoted to "Superintendent" of Little Lake Cemetery, young JPJ Kelly was essentially raised in the little "Caretaker's House" located on that property, at the end of Crescent Street, just seven or eight blocks south of the Phelan residence on Simcoe Street.

In youth, James Patrick Joseph Kelly, like Walter Phelan, as the son of hard working and successful working class parents and devout Christians, benefited from a very stable Christian upbringing. Both JPJ Kelly and Walter Phelan were baptized as infants into Saint Peter's Roman Catholic Church and were in their early teens both confirmed into that church. Throughout their childhood both boys shared many religious and social ties and bonds associated with the church and would go on to graduate together from the old Murray Street School for Catholic boys; built in 1867 on the site of the present day Armory. While in school, both boys, considering their outgoing gregarious personalities, were probably engaged in School Theater and music as youth, so traditional to local Irish families of that era. Additionally, young JPJ from about the age of ten, learned the merits of



hard work, sharing with his eight siblings, responsibilities for stocking shelves and other light chores at their father's recently built little neighborhood grocery store, at the corner of Sherbrook and Rubidge Streets (later to become *Dale's Meat Market*).

However, the pair growing up together in a community of only about fifteen thousand people at the time shared many other common interests and associations, most notably, their love of sports and athletics.

Early Peterborough Hockey

Because the few covered ice rinks in Peterborough were almost exclusively dedicated to curling and ice skating; ice-hockey and its predecessor Shinny were entirely relegated to the great outdoors. In about 1877, with little JPJ Kelly and Walter Phelan both at about the age of two, the "Peterborough Trotters Association" commenced clearing a race track each winter on the ice surface along the shallow shoreline of Little Lake, close to Crescent Street, just down the street from the Kelly home.

Not surprisingly, the youth of the town during those long cold winter months, soon claimed this for their own, taking over this near perfect location to gather, organize and initiate their many impromptu games of Shinny. Recognizing the demand for more ice space, the town within a few years assumed responsibility for clearing and flooding the adjacent bay area, almost directly behind the Kelly home, to provide an outdoor skating area and ice surface on which the youth of the town could legitimately claim for their own and upon which to gather and organize their beloved games of ice Shinny. So for many of the little six and seven year olds the likes of little; JPJ Kelly, Walter Phelan, Robert W Montgomery, Ambrose Jones, James R. Davidson, George Dixon, James Hurley and Lionel King, all living in the downtown core and within easy walking distance of the new outdoor skating surface, the town had essentially challenged them to dawn the blades, grab a stick and join in, often alongside older brothers and neighborhood boys, to learn and develop the basics of skating and ice-hockey. In February of 1882, the Peterborough Daily Examiner reported; "*The Little Lake bay is now covered with a magnificent sheet of glaze ice, where at night large crowds are to be seen skating.*"

So, for the local six and seven year olds, the future of the sport in Peterborough, the game as suggested, took on a very unorganized form, with their many impromptu games of “Shinny” played on this well maintained outdoor ice surface behind the Kelly home. As in other Canadian communities with large Irish and Scottish populations, the fundamentals of the game are thought to have been handed down to these lads from their fathers and grandfathers before them; they having originally incorporated many aspects of their ancient Celtic sports of “Hurling” and “Shinty” into the game. So, during those long cold winter days, while chasing and scrambling for the puck on the frozen bay of Little Lake, the Peterborough’s youth honed and perfected their skills, probably skating for hours on end, until either their mother’s forced them in or until their feet and hands grew so cold, that out of necessity, many scrambled up the old stone steps and into the adjacent Kelly home, where they warmed their feet and hands around the old kitchen stove, and perhaps enjoyed a cup of Mrs Kelly’s good ole hot cider; afterwards of course, charging back into the cold and the frozen bay of Little Lake, to spend more of their youthful energy.

In 1890, at the age of fifteen and with their skating fundamentals now finely tuned, the Peterborough Daily Examiner reported that young JPJ Kelly, Phelan and two other friends Lionel King and Ambrose Jones, were dressed in costume and actively joined the annual Winter Carnival festivities held that year in the old indoor rink on Charlotte Street – this at the time, the winter social event of the season for many Peterborough families.

However, by now the old ad hoc form of Shinny was becoming increasingly outdated, as a new, faster and much more sophisticated game emerged. Although the Amateur Hockey Association of Canada had been formed some years earlier (1886) only the larger communities such as Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg and Ottawa were involved and so to set the ground rules and to

govern play of this new modern version of the game for the many smaller communities throughout Ontario, such as Peterborough, the Ontario Hockey Association (OHA) was formed in 1890. This now meant that teenagers, the likes of Phelan and Kelly, if they wished to advance their skills further, would have to transition to this new version of the sport, and quickly adapt to its much faster, disciplined and positional demands. Fortunately for the youth, this new and more exciting game had by then garnered a much greater following within the community, elevating its stature considerably and finally earning it a long sought after berth within the few local indoors rinks of that era. But, it would be another four or five years before the sport could finally unseat Curling from its lofty position as Peterborough’s most popular winter sport.



PETERBOROUGH 1895 JUNIORS, OHA CHAMPIONS
 From Left (rear) - President P. Campbell, W.H. Wonham, G. Horkins, G. Halton, W. Montgomery (capt.), J. Hurley: (front) - G. Dixon, J. Parsons, Lionel King, W. Phelan, R. Davidson.

Their Peterborough Hockey Careers

Within a few years, with their formal schooling nearing completion, and with both young men having developed responsibility, independence and the importance of team work, entered the adult work force. Phelan at the age of sixteen commenced his career as a clerk in his uncle’s hardware supply business in 1891 – this business located at 335 Rubidge Street. Kelly, upon progressing through the ten grades at the old Murray Street School, is thought to have worked full time for a few years in his father’s grocery store at the corner of Rubidge and Sherbrook, or perhaps he continued his education at Peterborough Collegiate Institute for a couple more years. However, by about the age of eighteen, he commenced his first full time job, starting out as a “Bookkeeper,” at the Edison Electric Works in 1883 - this plant having only recently established operations in Peterborough, to take advantage of the abundance of cheap local hydro-electric power, and now expanding its operation to produce electric streetcars and electric powered Rail Line Snow Sweepers. {Photo from Lefty Reid, The First Fifty Years.}

OHA “junior” level hockey was introduced in Ontario in 1892, and that same year the Edison Electric Company (General Electric) founded an “Athletic Association” for its employees and sponsored a hockey team called the “Edison Volts.” This new hockey team is said to have provided a significant boost to Peterborough’s struggling hockey program at the time, when both the town and Edison entered teams in the league. However, neither team gained OHA sanction until the following year.

The talented young Walter Phelan immediately transitioned to the new town league in 1892 and a year later became one of the inaugural members of the OHA sanctioned Peterborough junior team. However, his friend JPJ Kelly, as a recent hire at the Edison company, did not immediately join the OHA sanctioned Edison junior team, waiting until the team’s second year of sanction (1895) before coming on board. Still living at home with his parent, but now at their new location at 257 Rubidge Street, it would appear young Kelly had preferred to continue the old fashioned pond Shinny game to this new and much more competitive version of the game. Soon after though, with so many young Edison skaters and players switching from shinny to

hockey but still apparently struggling with their new shaped sticks, Kelly appears to have joined the crowd. The “Peterborough Daily Examiner” observed in February of that year that the Edison Volts hockey team, although comprised of many skilled young skaters and players, were still holding their sticks “*about as dexterously as a bachelor holds an infant baby.*”

In 1894, in just their second year of OHA sanction, the Peterborough town team (Petes) went on to win their “Midland” district championship and then defeated the Kingston Limestones in the eastern Ontario division, and ultimately went on to win the all Ontario OHA “junior” championship, by thoroughly trouncing the Toronto Granite hockey club in the final by fifteen goals. Walter Phelan, now one of the emerging young stars of the Petes scored five of those unanswered goals. The Peterborough Petes then went on to repeat their performance in 1895, winning the all Ontario title for a second year in a row, while Kelly now playing goal in his inaugural year with the Edison Volts with another old friend and coworker Ambrose Jones as his alternate, had to settle for third place in the four team Midland hockey district, eliminating his team from further OHA contention.

The Petes again remained the class of their division in 1896, winning all but their very last scheduled game, as they prepared to move on to meet the Kingston Limestones of the Eastern Ontario Division, in their quest for a third straight all Ontario title. In this no doubt very confidence building game, Kelly’s Edison Volts, not previously considered strong enough to pose any serious threat to the Petes, caught the Petes off guard that night and defeated them by a score of six to two. Young JPJ Kelly in goal for the Volts, but with a weaker defense in front of him, appears to have practically stood on his head in defending the area between the flags that night, thereby negating charge after charge from the Petes in that win – this maybe the only time in his entire Peterborough hockey career that he was able to upstage his powerful rival Ernie Wason at the other end of the rink; the star goalie of the Petes, who was by now, considered the best junior goalie in Ontario. The Petes however, were without their star forward Walter Phelan that evening, as he was out of town, pursuing a job offer in Winnipeg Manitoba and maybe a chance to participate in that city’s illustrious amateur hockey program. Aside from their embarrassing loss to Kelly and the Volts that evening, the Petes loss had been a bad omen for them. Although they went on to easily defeat the Kingston Limestones in their eastern Ontario semi-final playoff, they ultimately lost by a single goal to the equally talented Toronto Granites, spoiling their chances for a third consecutive all Ontario OHA Junior hockey championship.

Following his “junior” hockey days, the very talented Walter Phelan advanced to the equally dominant Peterborough OHA “senior” hockey club of that era, where he competed alongside other such local greats as Lionel King and Roger Davidson, during the 1897-1898 season. The Toronto Saturday Night (magazine) that season called Phelan and his teammate Lionel King the two best hockey players in Ontario and crowned the little city of Peterborough “the Hockey Capital of Ontario.” The following year, Phelan’s OHA senior team challenged the Winnipeg Victorias of the Manitoba Hockey Association (MHA) the winner two years earlier of the holy grail of Canadian amateur hockey supremacy; the Stanley Cup. In that game in front of the largest crowd to ever have attended a hockey game in Peterborough at that time and despite their loss that evening in a close fought game, Phelan scored the only Peterborough goal and he and his very talented teammate Lionel King were deemed the two best players in the game. However, by 1897, Phelan’s friend JPJ Kelly and his Edison Volts appear to have withdrawn from local hockey competition, with some of them perhaps involved in other capacities with the Petes that season.

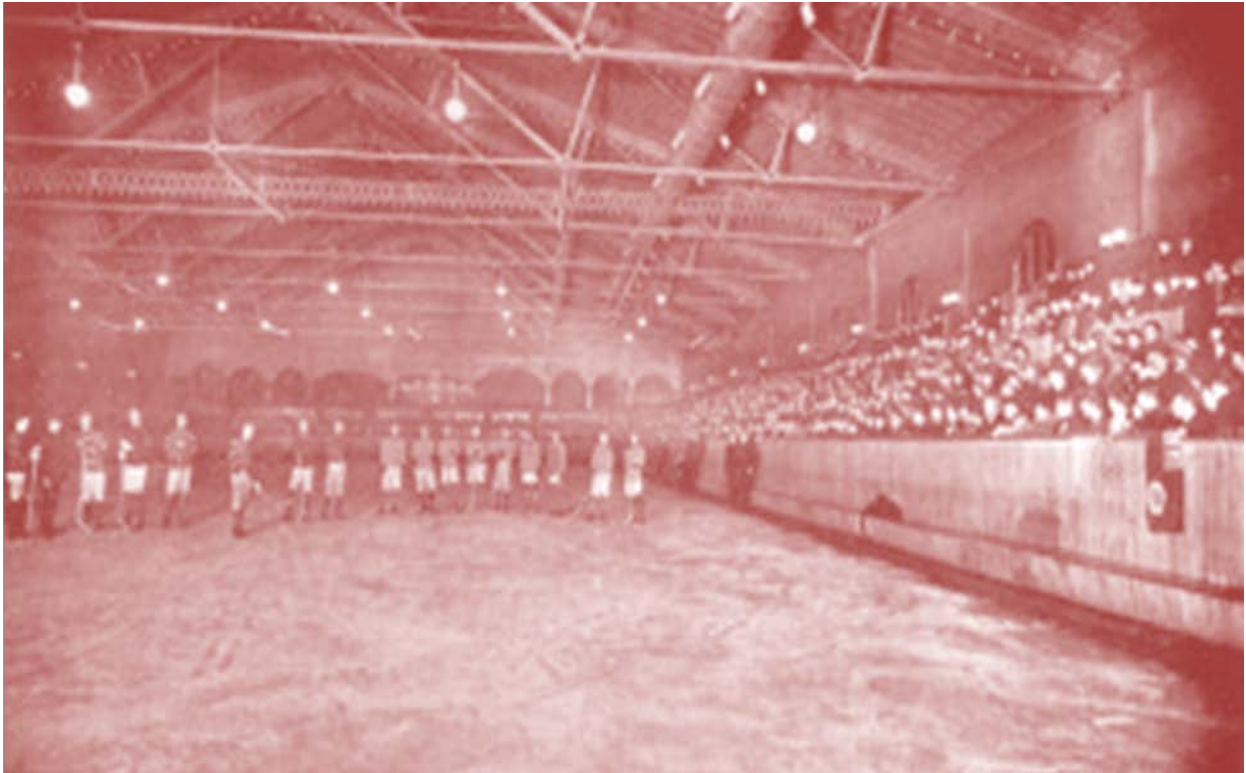
Many communities across Canada, especially the larger centers such as; Toronto, Ottawa, Montreal and Winnipeg, along with other American centers, such as Buffalo, Boston, Pittsburgh and some of the smaller cities along the upper Michigan Peninsula were by now all vying for good Canadian hockey talent, and prepared to offer good jobs to takers. With his growing hockey pedigree, the adventurous young Walter Phelan left his old home town and relocated to the small western Ontario town of Listowel, where he joined that community’s senior OHA hockey program for the 1898-1899 season. One again, he became an instant hit, working himself into excellent playing form and leading his new team to its best ever record, barely losing out to their arch rivals, the powerful Waterloo senior hockey club, which eventually went on to defeat a considerably weakened Peterborough senior hockey team in his absence. At the end of the season Walter returned to Peterborough to contemplate his future, where he was listed in the directory for that year as a boarder at his parents Simcoe Street hotel.

Their Pittsburgh Hockey Careers

After his very productive season in Listowel and now at about the age of twenty-five, with his fame and reputation growing, Walter Phelan, maybe through a Queen’s University contact, his former senior OHA nemesis, caught the attention of the newly formed Western Pennsylvania Hockey League, which had recently commenced recruiting young Canadians to supplement their local talent pool. This league at the time still in its infancy and in the process of converting from a game more akin to Polo on ice to the much faster and hard hitting Canadian version of the game was playing all its games out of the recently refurbished Duquesne Gardens sport complex in downtown Pittsburgh. The “Pittsburgh Sunday Leader” wrote at the time; “*if these young Canucks were not born with skates on, then it is very evident that they have lived on skates most of their lives and no ordinary hockey player has any business mixing it up in their class.*”

About the time that Walter Phelan relocated to Listowel, in western Ontario, his old Peterborough friend, James Patrick Joseph Kelly had grown equally restless, leaving his clerical position at the Edison - General Electric plant (originally *Edison*) and relocated to Buffalo New York, where he lived with his Aunt Margaret Barry-Ryan (formerly of Norwood). In Buffalo, he started out as a clerk for a Railroad company, following which he switched companies and worked a short while as a “Clerk” for the Columbia Phonograph Company. During this period, the city of Buffalo, lead by the University of Buffalo, was also in the midst of embracing Canadian style ice-hockey, and with help from its northern neighbor, a new city hockey league had been born; called the “Buffalo Hockey Association.” Like in Pittsburgh, to supplement the skills and knowhow of its players and organizers alike, young Canadian talent was recruited from the nearby Ontario border communities. So, it may be that the adventurous young JPJ Kelly, with his passion for ice-hockey, was among one of the early young Canadians to be involved in

that program. However, Kelly did not stay in Buffalo long as Pittsburgh called; soon after following his old friend and his dreams to Pittsburgh Pennsylvania in late 1899 or early 1900.



Duquesne Gardens, Pittsburgh Pennsylvania 1900

Pittsburgh's recently refurbished Duquesne Gardens at Fifth Avenue and Craig Street in the old downtown Oakland district of that city had been the first arena in North America to install an artificial ice system. The owner of the facility, Senator Christopher Lyman Magee and his new manager James Conant of Ohio quickly realized that to expand their gate receipts, then limited mostly to speed skating and costume carnivals, they would need a much larger paying audience. With Canadian style ice-hockey relatively new to the city, but highly touted for its fast skating, hard hitting, crisp passing and exciting nature; the pair soon turned to the potential of the Canucks to rouse the local population. Consequently, the Western Pennsylvania Hockey League (WPHL) was founded in 1896; with three teams set up and ready to compete by 1899-1900; the Pittsburgh Bankers, The



Pittsburgh Athletic Club and the Pittsburgh Keystones. To better attract young Canadian talent such as Walter Phelan, many local small businesses with connections to Mister Magee through their membership in the prestigious old Duquesne Club in downtown Pittsburgh sponsored these young Canucks, providing them with local jobs to ease their financial transition to the city. Of course, this local job creation scheme was intended not only to supplement their meager hockey income, but more importantly to provide cover for their hockey salaries, allowing the young Canadians the ability to skirt the OHA rules against professionalism.

The Pittsburgh Press, in the fall of 1899 headlined the arrival of a flashy young Canadian hockey sensation from Peterborough Ontario, by the name of Walter "Scuddy" Phelan. In its beginnings, promising young hockey talent, the likes of Walter Phelan were able to promote their Canadian friends, encouraging them to join them in Pittsburgh, and hopefully to become actively involved, even if as second tier players and organizers in this league, still very much in its infancy.

Walter Phelan c. 1900

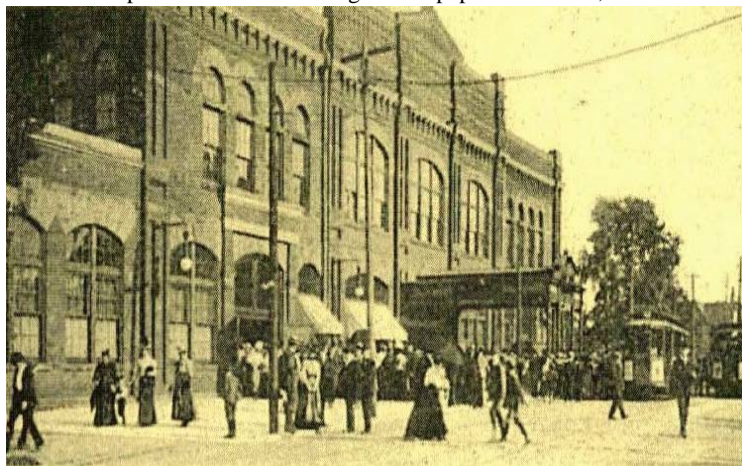
According to the Pittsburgh City Directory for the winter of 1900, Walter Phelan, a Canadian of Irish origin was employed as a Sales Clerk for the J.C. Lindsay Hardware Company, located at 200 Wood Street, in the heart of the downtown business district of Pittsburgh. Mister Lindsay; the owner of the company was a well established member of the prestigious Duquesne Club in downtown Pittsburgh and a contemporary of Senator Christopher Lyman Magee, owner of the

Duquesne Gardens. About a block away, at 541 Wood Street, Walter's old friend James P. J. Kelly was listed as a Bookkeeper for the D. L. Gillespie and Company; electrical manufactures. Mister Gillespie, also a local hockey promoter, was the brother-in-law of Senator Christopher Lyman Magee, owner of the Duquesne Gardens. Kelly at the time was listed as a resident boarder at 703 Wylie Avenue – this area then known for its concentration of Irish and German immigrants, located in the Middle Hill District, one of Pittsburgh's historic old downtown neighborhoods. Some five or six blocks away, his friend Walter Phelan was living in a boarding house at 530 Neville Street, a mere two or three minute walk to the grand old Duquesne Gardens. So it would appear, that during the winter of 1899-1900, Pittsburgh's newly arrived elite young hockey player from Peterborough Ontario had encouraged and promoted his old Peterborough friend James P J Kelly to join him in Pittsburgh and to become involved with the newly formed WPHL, where a good job would be awaiting him.

The game was then played seven aside in thirty minute halves; each game giving players a thorough workout, as they labored and toiled up and down the Gardens huge artificial ice surface, then sized about fifty feet longer than a standard NHL ice surface of today. Despite this, Phelan quickly became the darling of the fans and the Pittsburgh press alike, who with their traditional loyalty and affection for sports stars, extolled his many dashes and up ice charges, as he racked up more and more goals for the Duquesne County and Athletic Club (DC&AC). Having created a distinct buzz throughout the Gardens that first season, the handsome and talented young Peterborough athlete maintained almost a "goal a game" pace, while playing the "Center-Rover" position for the DC&AC. By the end of that first season (1899-1900) he had scored a remarkable thirteen goals in fourteen regular season games and was credited with almost singlehandedly leading his struggling team to respectability against the perennial league champs, the Duquesne Athletic Club (DAC). The Toronto Globe news paper at the time somewhat jealously reported that Pittsburgh had gone hockey "crazy" and that some ten thousand boisterous spectators had recently attended a game.

Exactly what role his old friend JPJ Kelly as a former goalie in the Peterborough town league may have had that first season in Pittsburgh has not been determined, as scant records exist for other than the very flashy young forwards and stars of the game during that era. However, Kelly family history has it that their grandfather James Patrick Joseph Kelly, a lifelong hockey enthusiast and proponent of the game actually competed in one semi-professional hockey game in Pittsburgh; a fact his family often affectionately teased him of throughout his life. Because team membership was a part-time job in the WPHL in those days and team line-up and player availability was so erratic and unpredictable, coaches and players often relied on spares, other team officials, or even second or third tier players and friends summoned from the stands to fill the voids during any given game. So, it may be that James Patrick Joseph Kelly of Peterborough Ontario made his semi-professional hockey debut in Pittsburgh Pennsylvania, not likely as an elite young forward like his good friend Walter Phelan, but as a much less flashy substitute goalie, probably summoned out of the stands one evening.

Kevin Slater in his book entitled "Season Review, Western Pennsylvania Hockey League;" composed of hockey statistics compiled from the Pittsburgh news paper of that era, illustrates that Walter Phelan continued to compete in Pittsburgh



for two more seasons. During the 1900-1901 season he scored twelve goals in ten games for the "Duquesne County and Athletic Club" and then after joining the "Keystone" hockey team, he scored another three goals in five games. The following season (1901-1902) he went on to score two goals in two games, while competing for the "All Stars" of Pittsburgh, against such arch rivals as the Queen's University team from Kingston. However, later that season upon joining the "Bankers" in the WPHL and now probably out of his peak playing condition, his goal production dropped, scoring only one goal in six games.

*Hockey fans, Duquesne Arena, c. 1900
[Pittsburghhockey.net]*

Unfortunately, the WPHL struggled to maintain top-notch Canadian talent due to its conflict with the OHA, and increased competition back home, where equal or better paying hockey positions were available. Although JPJ Kelly took up year round residency in Pittsburgh, remaining as a boarder at 703 Wylie Avenue, Walter Phelan appears to have been a seasonal resident only, probably returning to Ontario during the off-season, where he undoubtedly played lacrosse, his second passion, before migrating back to Pittsburgh each winter, where he had different boarding houses each of his first three winters.

While playing at his peak, during those heady days of hockey glory in Pittsburgh, Walter's playing career came to an abrupt halt in the spring of 1902. Towards the end of that season, Harry Peel, one of Walter's teammate from the previous season, admitted to the Pittsburgh press that he had accepted thirty-five dollars a week to play in the WPHL. Player morale quickly plummeted and as the season wound down in March of that year, young Canadian players headed north in droves in an attempt to salvage their OHA amateur status, but also because, no other amateur teams, Canadian or American would thereafter play against the teams of the WPHL. The Queen's University hockey team from Kingston Ontario also cancelled a scheduled exhibition tournament in Pittsburgh. Walter Phelan had probably been paid more, considering his stellar record of 18 goals in 18 games versus Peel's record of 5 goals in 19 games, Phelan, as with so many of his contemporaries, abandoned his Pittsburgh hockey

dreams, and headed north to his native Ontario. As well, both of Walter's parents were seriously ailing and his younger brother Father Charles Phelan was becoming increasingly worried.

According to the Society for International Hockey Research (SIHR), Walter Phelan played in the WPHL for three different teams, 1899-1902, scoring a very respectable 23 goals in 30 games. In Kevin Slater's compilation of hockey stats for that same period Phelan scored 32 goals in 41 games. This later stat includes exhibition games, some against tough competition, such as Queen's University and Cornell. These exhibition games were an extremely important part of the spectator interest and revenue stream at the Duquesne Gardens. In reflection, Walter's greatest achievements during his short playing career in the WPHL was that first exhibition tournament in December 1901 when he arranged a match and then spearheaded the offence against the powerful Queen's University hockey team which had always presented a challenge for his old Peterborough senior team.

Walter relocated from Pittsburgh to Toronto, where he was employed by the "License Branch" of the Ontario Provincial (Ontario) Secretary's Department. His dear mother; Mary Sullivan-Phelan suddenly passed away in Peterborough in June 1902. His father's health problems deteriorated and he passed away in September 1903.

The Sound of Wedding Bells

James Patrick Joseph Kelly, maybe a little frustrated at not having achieved the hockey glory of his old friend, quit his first Pittsburgh job. He became a salesman with the Columbia Phonograph Company of Pittsburgh; another Edison company; he had previously worked for Edison in Peterborough and Buffalo. The handsome young Kelly had a better reason for remaining in Pittsburgh - her name was Harriet Claire Curran, the beautiful daughter of William (Billy) Curran and Mary Elizabeth Eckhart. Her father Billy Curran had emigrated from Belfast, Ireland to the USA settling in West Virginia, and then Lancaster County in eastern Pennsylvania. Her mother, Mary Elizabeth Eckhart, a child of ethnic German origin, had emigrated with her parents from Alsace-Lorraine. They were married in Dudley, Pennsylvania in 1871. Billy Curran ran a successful hotel and saloon at 601 Wylie Avenue, Pittsburgh.

According to family oral history, the gregarious JPJ Kelly befriended Billy Curran shortly after reaching Pittsburgh. He was smitten by Curran's beautiful young daughter. Curran's business was in the Lower Hill District, in the entertainment district of Pittsburgh, not far from JPJ's boarding house in the Middle Hill District. Kelly, probably accompanied on occasion with his friend Walter Phelan, patronized Billy's establishment, presumably as they walked home from their Wood Street employers. Harriet, the eldest of six children, an amateur dancer and a patron and supporter of the performing arts since childhood, was busily employed as the arts and entertainment organizer at her father's establishment.

Some five years later, on Tuesday, 20 August 1907, James Patrick Joseph Kelly of Peterborough married the beautiful Harriet Claire Curran of Pittsburgh in a small private evening ceremony at the bride's home church, the magnificent Sacred Heart Roman Catholic Church in east Pittsburgh. The groom's brother Doctor Thomas Kelly of Peterborough and a graduate of Queen's University was the groomsman, and the bride's sister Miss Lillian Curran was the bridesmaid. Sadly the very likable and popular Billy Curran had passed away earlier in 1907. He had been injured in a botched robbery attempt on a cold evening in the fall of 1906 while walking home from work. After a short honeymoon vacation in Europe, JPJ and Harriet returned to Pittsburgh via Peterborough, where JPJ proudly introduced his beautiful new bride to local family and friends.

A Second Hockey Career

A Pittsburgh Press article in February 1908 described Walter Phelan as "*in his day, the greatest center in the business,*" Phelan claimed that the hockey game that evening between the Bankers and Lyceum, both teams of the recently revived WPHL, was the best ever played at Duquesne Gardens. Moreover, he asserted, any of these present day Pittsburgh teams



could match the best in Canada. This may have been a reasonable claim considering the present league featured the likes of Frederick Wellington "[Cyclone](#)" [Taylor](#) on leave from his civil service job in Ottawa and Harry "[Con](#)" [Corbeau](#). Both went on to exemplary professional careers, with Taylor later being inducted into the Hockey Hall of Fame in Toronto. Phelan assured the press that evening that the remainder of the series would be even faster and better. Although never stated so, the confidence extolled by Phelan that night would suggest he had some input and stake in the outcome of the game, presumably as a team coach. Unfortunately, the league continued to struggle due to its persistent inability to hold onto top Canadian talent – these players often abandoned their contracts mid-season, and headed home to Canadian professional and semi-professional leagues where salaries were now considerably better. Although the 1908-1909 season began with some promise, by late December fully one-third of the league's players had accepted offers to play in different leagues; by 1910 the WPHL was history. Consequently, the prestigious old Duquesne Garden hosted no more hockey games until 1915, catering instead to the nation's new roller skating craze.

Summer 1913, Afternoon at Highland Park: LR: Baby Eugene, JPJ Kelly, Harriet Joan, James Jnr (Peterborough Family Archives)

The Growing Kelly Family

Walter Phelan remained in Pittsburgh until at least mid-April 1910. In the 1910 census he was listed as a "Special Representative" of the Pittsburgh Brewing Company, which avidly supported organized ice-hockey in the city. However,

Walter's day job was at risk, considering the uncertainty of the Western Pennsylvania Hockey League the growing influence of the temperance movement throughout North America.

During all this Pittsburgh hockey turmoil, James Patrick Joseph Kelly, now a budding sales manager with the Columbia Phonograph Company and his wonderful wife Harriet Claire Curran had five children, all born in Pittsburgh between 1909 and 1916, named Harriet Joan, James Jnr., Eugene (Gene) Curran, Louise and Frederick Norbert. JPJ dutifully registered for the US Army draft in September 1918 but was not called up to serve, as World War I ended in November. In 1919, JPJ Kelly became a naturalized American citizen.



The Five Kellys Act (Boston University Archives)

The young Kelly family thrived in their modest little home on Mellon Street, in the heart of east Pittsburgh, not far from Harriet's mother's beautiful home on Stratford Avenue. Harriet, wanted all five children exposed to music, playing musical instruments and taking dancing lessons. Her husband, JPJ Kelly, with his proclivity for sports and athleticism, desired that all five children learn and participate in various sports, but especially that all three boys master his traditionally Canadian sport of ice-hockey, the sport he had long ago mastered along the frozen shores of Peterborough's "Little Lake." As a compromise, all five children engaged both activities; equally dividing their time between music, the performing arts and various sports. The boys, from a very young age, took boxing lessons, played baseball and football, but most

importantly, all three learned to skate and handle the puck under JPJ's watchful eye on a frozen back yard rink that he built and maintained for them every winter. "My father was a Canadian....he'd flood our back yard in winter, keep the ice clean, and he had me on skates when I was five," he was later quoted. However, all three boys also joined their two sisters, studying music, taking piano and violin lessons, as well as joining the girls in their Saturday morning dance lessons, at a studio not far from their Mellon Street home. To put their hard earned lessons to work, the very athletic and artistically talented family eventually formed a family quintet, simply called "The Five Kelly's," who danced and sang at various church groups and local fund raisers.

As the children grew older, interest in the Quintet waned, but music and dance still remained an important part of family life for the Kellys. Also, James Jr. and Fred were less interested in ice-hockey, but Eugene's love and passion for the game only grew greater.

Pittsburgh was known as "Hockeytahn" to its many fans and supporters. Its high school, amateur and semi-professional ice-hockey teams continued to grow. Pittsburgh successes included the world champion Pittsburgh hockey team of 1917, Pittsburgh's very successful Olympic hockey bid in 1920, and the competitiveness of the Pittsburgh Pirates, the city's first NHL entry in 1925. JPJ constantly recounted his Peterborough hockey escapades, and so within the Kelly household ice-hockey almost certainly garnered equal time with music and dance. Under his father's still careful tutelage, young Gene Kelly, like his father many years earlier, aspired to become a professional hockey player. In February 1926, when about 13 or 14, Gene Kelly accompanied his father on a visit to help clear up the complicated estate of John Kelly. His aunt, Mary Ann Sheehy, lived at 751 George Street, the grand Queen Anne style home now known as Sadleir House.

During this particular trip Gene Kelly tested his hockey skills and skating prowess against his Canadian peers. Gene's cousin, Sarsfield Sheehy, was active in the local recreational hockey scene, and Gene was able to play a couple of games with the George Street United junior hockey club. The local George Street teens all aged between seventeen and eighteen years of age, were heavily involved in a playoff series against a team from St. John's Anglican Church in the city's Church league. Although somewhat anecdotal, the *Peterborough Evening Examiner* reports indicate the young Kelly lad only joined the George Street boys in the first two games of the series; the first game playing as a substitute and in the second game as a defense man. Family history recalls that although their young American cousin at the age of fourteen was much smaller than his George Street counterparts, he nonetheless held his own, and favorably impressed the crowd. What the feisty lad had lacked in brawn he more than compensated for in his sheer spunk, speed and finesse on skates – this no doubt, a carryover from his earlier dancing days.

Back in Pittsburgh, emboldened and encouraged no doubt by his successful Peterborough experience, young Gene's lure for ice-hockey only grew greater. This was soon to receive an even greater boost, when the family shortly thereafter relocated to a newer and larger house on Kensington Street in the heartland of Pittsburgh's youth hockey scene. Ice hockey in east Pittsburgh then primarily evolved around the prestigious Shady Side Academy, teams from the nearby community of Blawnox, and of course young Kelly's Peabody High School. With his speed and deftness on skates armed with his Peterborough experience, young Kelly went on to provided new life to his Peabody High School team, where he far outshone all his teammates and competitors. "I was one of the best school hockey players you could find... Yeah, I can brag about myself at hockey... I played ice-hockey well enough to think that if I stayed with it I could be a professional one day," he once explained later in life.

Roy Schooley, a Canadian from Welland, Ontario, manager of the former semi-professional "Pittsburgh Yellow Jackets" of the International Hockey League and an avid promoter and supporter of Pittsburgh's intra-scholastic hockey program, invited young Kelly, to join his team for their training workouts at the old Duquesne Gardens in the fall of 1927. Kelly, 15, was a small but muscular high school sophomore, gymnast and speedy young hockey player. The previous season's semi-pro Yellow Jackets had starred Canada's legendary super star athlete Lionel Conacher (the Big Train). The present Yellow Jackets team had kept some of their former star players and were now competing in the recently re-configured Western Pennsylvania "Amateur" Hockey League. With its leftover mix of veterans from the previous semi-pro Yellow Jackets, combined with several new fast young skaters, such as young Kelly, the team was still a very formidable force, able to provide very entertaining hockey and produce a few top notch players, some of whom eventually played in the new National Hockey League (NHL). However, it is not clear if young Kelly really cracked this team, or if like his father years earlier, simply served as a team substitute for a game or two. Regardless, his proficiency and deftness on skates would absolutely have impressed and helped this team. However, as young Kelly approached his senior high school years, his lure for dancing and drama returned. He restarted his dance lessons in earnest and joined the Peabody High School gymnastics team. The Kelly cellar, once a ball hockey rink, now became a dance practice area.

A New Start

Unfortunately, James Patrick Joseph Kelly lost his career position with Columbia a year or so later, as the phonograph machine became increasingly passé, displaced by radio, the new rage of the country, as well as by the early impact of the Great Depression. Following another brief visit to Peterborough in about 1929, to finalize his father's estate, and maybe to visit his old friend Walter Phelan, who had recently returned to his old home town, JPJ Kelly returned to Pittsburgh to join his family in a new endeavor; the formation of the "Kelly Dance Studio." This venture was based on Munhall Road in the working class district of Squirrel Hill, in east Pittsburgh. With the family struggling through the Depression and with escalating university costs for all the children; middle son Eugene dropped out of Penn State University and returned home. Living at home once again, he along with his younger brother Fred essentially took over the operation of the newly established dance school which then took the name, "The Gene Kelly Dance School." There, both young men taught daily dance lessons to some two-hundred and fifty students, while completing their undergraduate degrees at the nearby University of Pittsburgh. Gene obtained a degree in Economics and Fred a degree in History.

Peterborough Calls

Local Peterborough sports literature suggests that Walter Phelan remained in Pittsburgh for a number of years as a hockey coach, but this does not seem to be the case. With the final demise of the Western Pennsylvania Hockey League in the fall of 1910, and with no ice-hockey played out of the old Duquesne Gardens again until about 1915, there was little to keep Phelan in Pittsburgh. His US Army Draft Registration Card dated 12 September 1918 recorded him as an unemployed salesman named Walter Phelan of Peterborough Ontario Canada, living at 1100 South Wilton Avenue, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. His next of Kin at the time was "C. J. Phelan of Peterborough Ontario," his younger brother, Father Charles Joseph Phelan, then the rector at St. Peter's Cathedral in Peterborough. Walter Phelan's Philadelphia address was only a few blocks from the University of Pennsylvania, and he may have been working in their on-again, off-again collegiate hockey program. However, according to Paul Christman, an amateur hockey researcher from Brooklyn New York, who has researched the origins and history of Philadelphia hockey, said this theory would be difficult to prove, primarily because of the absence of any hockey records in those years.

By early 1929, Walter Phelan, returned to his native Peterborough, where he lived in a second or third floor apartment over a commercial building on the east side of George Street, just north of Hunter Street (412 *George Street North*). Sadly, in mid-morning 12 December 1930, Walter (Suddy) Phelan, 55, slumped to the floor and died almost instantly, as he sat for a haircut in Spencer's Barber Shop and Billiards establishment, at 56 Hunter Street East in Peterborough's east city. This shop was owned and operated by Garrette Spencer, another local man of Irish origin, born a few years after Walter and JPJ Kelly, in Burleigh Township. The Ontario Vital Statistic record for Walter Phelan, documents him as "single" and a "retired Traveler." At the time of death, he was living with his nephew Nagel Phelan, at 335 Rubidge Street; the very location from where he had started his career as hardware supply clerk, so many years earlier. The death certificate indicated Walter had returned to the Province of Ontario about fourteen years earlier (1916) and had been living in Peterborough since 1926, the same year that JPJ Kelly had visited his home town with Gene Kelly. A Requiem High Mass was celebrated at St. Peter's Roman Catholic Cathedral in Peterborough at 9 AM on Friday December 12, 1930, for the still very popular and respected Walter Phelan. The mass was celebrated by his younger brother the Rev. Fr. Charles Joseph Phelan, then the parish priest at St. Mary's Church in Campbellford, who was assisted by his cousin, the Rev. J. V. McAuley of Ennismore. The cathedral was full, with many mourning relatives, friends and acquaintances as well as several of his former athletes and hockey players. The pall bearers were V. J. McElderry, K. C.; James Lynch; Chris Graham; G. White; and Fred Young of Young's Point. Two of these men were in the hotel business, but some of these men were no doubt former boyhood friends of Walter Phelan and JPJ Kelly, but none from those hockey glory days of 1894 through 1898. However, Walter's old boyhood friend and fellow hockey enthusiast, James Patrick Joseph Kelly of Pittsburgh Pennsylvania apparently did not make it home for the funeral of his old friend; probably still struggling from the Depression and now busily engaged in the family dance studio in Pittsburgh. Walter Phelan is buried in St. Peter's Roman Catholic Cemetery in Peterborough alongside his parents.

Adult Kelly Family

After the “Bitter Thirties” and following a short stint at Law School, Gene Kelly relocated to New York where he originally danced and worked off-Broadway. Through dogged determination and perseverance, he eventually made it onto Broadway, where he originally starred alongside Judy Garland, before going on to Hollywood; the rest of that story is history. All Kelly children, except James junior, the eldest boy, went on to perform on Broadway with younger brother Fred Kelly eventually replacing Gene there, as he headed off to Hollywood in 1941. The baby of the family, Fred Kelly, resisting Gene’s entreaties to join him at MGM in Hollywood, remained in his shadow the rest of his life, but did however star in one movie with older brother Gene, before returning to his old Canadian roots in the late 1950’s for a short period, where he performed alongside the upstart, Robert Goulet at the prestigious Royal York Hotel in Toronto and from where he also choreographed various CBC produced musical shows. This role of course, allowed Fred Kelly the opportunity to renew many old Peterborough family ties and acquaintances.

Hockey Players Turned Hoofers Fred and Gene Kelly

All of Gene and Fred’s long hours mastering their skating and hockey skills on that frozen back yard rink in Pittsburgh years earlier had not been in vain. Both men used their skating skills. Gene did a wonderful tap dance routine on roller skates in the 1955 movie “It’s Always Fair Weather” and younger brother Fred also did an equally amazing tap dance routine on roller skates at the Royal York in the early 1960s; both men resembled hockey players during those routines.

The Empty Nesters

As the Kelly children spread across the USA, Harriet and James Patrick Joseph remained in Pittsburgh and along with daughter Louise continued to run the Kelly School of Dance for several ears. Although some biographers claim that JPJ Kelly at one time became the “Road Manager” for Al Jolson, there is no Kelly record to support this claim. This myth may have stemmed from much earlier days, when the gregarious and affable JPJ Kelly lived on and was associated with the Middle Hill District of Pittsburgh, the heart of the Pittsburgh entertainment scene and the location of his father-in-law’s hotel and saloon.

James Patrick Joseph Kelly visited his old home town of Peterborough Ontario for the last time in July of 1951, to attend the funeral of his older sister Mary Anne Kelly-Sheehy. While home for that sad occasion, family members took in the Hollywood blockbuster of the day “American in Paris,” starring Gene Kelly.

Although JPJ’s younger brother George Patrick Kelly died a few year later in Peterborough (March 1955) JPJ was too frail to travel back to his old hometown, again, following a debilitating stroke a year or so earlier in Pittsburgh. James Patrick Joseph Kelly passed away on 12 July 1956, aged 81, in a nursing home in nearby Wilksburg, where he had been confined since his stroke. Following a Requiem High Mass with only close friends and family in attendance at his beloved old Sacred Heart Roman Catholic Church in east Pittsburgh, where he had been married some fifty years earlier, James Patrick Joseph Kelly was laid to rest at Calvary Roman Catholic Cemetery on Hazelwood Avenue in Pittsburgh. All five of his children made it home for the very private family gathering, including middle son Gene and his actress wife Betsy Blaire, who were both filming in Paris at the time. JPJ’ youngest and only surviving sibling Mae Kelly-O’Brien was the only Peterborough relative to make it to Pittsburgh for the funeral. Betsy Blaire, his daughter-in-law once described her affable father-in-law James Patrick Joseph Kelly; “an alert and quiet man,” loving and gentle with wit in his eyes and the Irish gift of the gab..... radiating warmth at the heart of the family.” Sue Cadman, a U.K. based dancer, researcher and writer, whom the writer has worked with, observed; “from what I have recently learned about Gene Kelly’s ancestors, it would seem that he came from a long line of determined, intelligent and hard working men and women who were eager to improve the lives of themselves and their families.”

Following JPJ’s death his beloved wife, Harriet Claire Curran-Kelly resided at Pittsburgh’s comfortable “Kenmawr apartment complex” on Shady Side Avenue, across the Street from Sacred Heart Church. From there, she is said to have attended Mass almost daily, for the rest of her life. Gene Kelly often referred to her as his “saintly” mother. Harriet comfortably lived on for another sixteen years, enjoying her many grandchildren and no doubt, marveling at times at how well grounded all her children were and of all her children’s many successes. All five Kelly children had gained a university education, all became



accomplished musicians and dancers, four of them performed on Broadway, and some engaged in the performing arts for the rest of their lives; the field she so loved and supported all her life.

The beloved Harriet Claire Curran-Kelly peacefully passed away on Saturday evening, 3 June 1972 at her comfortable Shady Side apartment, surrounded by many of her loving family. All children again made it home for the simple family gathering and the Requiem High Mass held at her beloved Sacred Heart Church. She is buried alongside her devoted husband at the Calvary Roman Catholic Cemetery in Pittsburgh.

Epilogue

Because Pittsburgh has long been considered in American hockey circles as the “Birthplace” of USA hockey, one might quite justifiably credit Walter Phelan and maybe to a lesser extent, James Patrick Joseph Kelly, both of Peterborough Ontario, as two of the earliest pioneers of that great hockey dynasty.

Some years ago, an aging Pittsburgh priest joined the writer and his wife Sharon, reflecting at the gravesites of JPJ and Harriet Kelly. We marveled the very tight knit, devoted and devout Christian family that he had years earlier remembered as a young seminarian from the Mulhull Road district of east Pittsburgh. He also fondly recalled the Kelly Dance Studio which had brought so much joy, excitement and entertainment to so many of the youth of east Pittsburgh, including some of his younger siblings.

JPJ and Harriet Kelly’s middle son, Gene Curran Kelly, through his fiercely competitive nature and active years as a hockey player combined with his legendary dancing career, more than anyone else in the business, understood the complex synergy between active sport and dance. Using his whole body as an elite athlete, combined with his low center of gravity, Kelly was able to move effortlessly between hoofing, lyrical steps, acrobatics, and jazz. Although he typically compared the more artistic movements of his unique dance style to that of a baseball players, or boxer and even to a hockey goalie, (*such as his father so many years earlier*) whenever asked about the origins of his more vigorous athletic dance style, that so distinguished him from his contemporary Fred Astaire, he always credited this to his days of playing ice-hockey, the sport he had been so passionate about as a youth – his game having its genesis in his father’s old home town of Peterborough Ontario and with the clearing of that small patch of ice behind his grandparents’ home on Crescent Street. Gene often went on to explain; ***“my father was a Canadian..... I played hockey as a boy and some of my steps come right out of the game... wide open and close to the ground.”***

As an accomplished young hockey player in his youth, no doubt heads up and always able to anticipate the puck movement, Gene Kelly throughout his legendary dancing career was heads up and always able to anticipate the beat.

Eugene Curran Kelly, the middle son of JPJ Kelly and Harriet Claire Curran like his father before him sadly passed away in his sleep at his home on Rodeo Drive in prestigious Hollywood California, on 2 February 1996. The cause of his death like his father before him was attributed to complications from a stroke. Although Gene remained a proud American, served in the US Navy during WW-II, visited his old hometown of Pittsburgh, vacationed frequently in Ireland, his ethnic homeland, was a lifelong fan of Canadian hockey and especially of Canada’s Red Kelly, the onetime hockey star of the Toronto Maple Leafs, and always remained interested in his Peterborough heritage, he never visited his father’s old home town as an adult. He died some seventy years after his last visit to Peterborough.

Although the middle son of Peterborough’s James Patrick Kelly went Hollywood, it has often been said he really didn’t, always remaining extremely grounded and remembering who he was and where he had come from!

Fred Kelly, Gene’s younger brother and often mentor, died in Tucson Arizona in 2000, where he is buried and where his daughter Colleen resides and runs her own dance studio, “Dance Kelly Style.”

Louise Kelly-Bailey the second youngest offspring of James Patrick Joseph Kelly and Harriet Claire Curran and the last survivor of the Kelly family of Pittsburgh passed away in Dothan, Alabama in 2008 and is buried alongside her husband, her parents, other siblings and many of her Curran family ancestors at the Calvary Cemetery in Pittsburgh Pennsylvania. Her daughter Catherine still resides in Dothan, where she owns and operates the third generation of the “Kelly Dance Studio.”

Credits

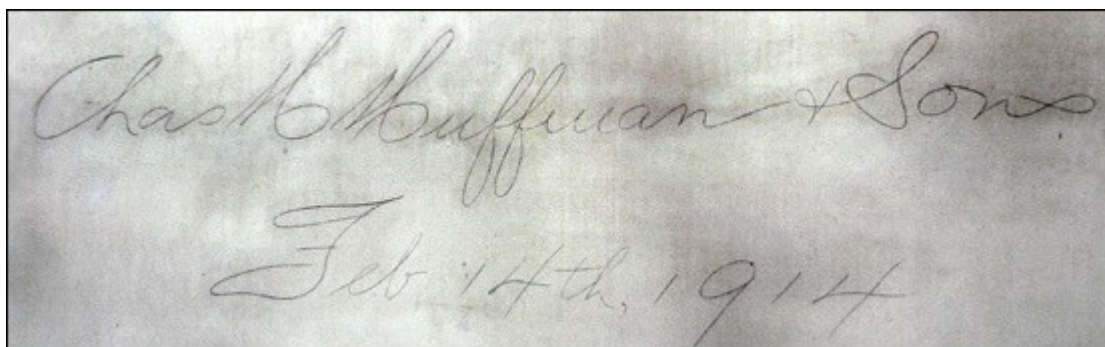
- Rosemary McConkey – Input on the Phelan family genealogy
- Collen Kelly, Tucson Arizona – Kelly family reminisces
- Trent Valley Archives- Elwood Jones and staff and resources
- Peterborough Sports Hall of Fame –Don Wasson; Walter Phelan hockey file
- Carnegie Library, Pittsburgh Pennsylvania 4th Floor Family History Section – News Paper resources, access to Gene Kelly file.
- Boston University; Gene Kelly Archives
- Heinz Center; Pittsburgh Hockey Hall of Fame – Resources
- Brooklyn NY – Research – Philadelphia Hockey History

Dave Barry is a Peterborough based writer who with his wife Sharon has written earlier articles for the Heritage Gazette relating to the Barry family, the Kelly family and the hockey great Dit Clapper.

Centennial Signature Surprise at 355 Downie Street

David Neal Ramsay

On 6 November 2013, while removing layers of ancient paint and wallpaper from the front room of my house at 355 Downie Street in Peterborough, I uncovered the following penciled inscription, written large; "Chas H Huffman & Sons Feb 14, 1914". Interestingly, this 'message in a bottle' emerged from obscurity exactly one hundred days before its centennial, and started me on a search to find out more about the house and the man who was proud enough of his work to sign it.



Here is what I found.

On 22 June 1846, the Crown granted Susan McDermot a patent of land, described as all of town lot 18 south of Simcoe Street, in the town of Peterborough. The grant also included a few square feet of lot 19.

Park Street was the original boundary of the town, and lots to the east were surveyed as town lots. Park Street was so named because it was the base of park lots extending to Monaghan Road. The town lots adjacent to Park Street were gore lots, and were generally smaller than the acre of regular town lots. The blocks containing gore lots tend to be triangular. Town Lot 18 south of Simcoe is a gore lot bounded on the north side by Simcoe Street, on the east by Downie Street, and on the west by Park Street N. At the southern tip of the block, Downie and Park Streets nearly meet each other at Charlotte Street. Peterborough has several triangular blocks along both Park Street and Parkhill Road and these affect traffic patterns.

A birds-eye view map of Peterborough published in 1895 shows two houses at the north end of the lot. The Thomas Kelly house is not depicted. Birds-eye view maps are works of art made to look like aerial views. This map has several errors and was discussed by Elwood Jones in the Peterborough Examiner, March 2013. The map features numerous advertisements and appears to have been circulated primarily for the purpose of promoting local industry and commerce. I'd like to know more about these two houses. One is depicted as a three story mansard roof construction, while the other is a two story hip roof type with wrap-around verandah. It would seem odd to demolish two substantial residences simply to enable new construction at a time when open land was available nearby. More likely, the two houses were added by the artist.

On 26 October 1874, Susan McDermot sold the lot to Thomas Kelly for \$725, and held a \$330 mortgage. My guess would be that the price indicates land still vacant, but could be wrong. Regardless, in the south end of the lot, Kelly soon built a modest story and a half house which still stands today; 341 Downie Street.

On 28 January 1882, the still undivided town lot was transferred from Thomas Kelly to Francis A. Hilton. This transaction is accompanied in the land records with the odd notation; "Francis A. Hilton to the use of Mary F. Kelly for life & remainder to children". Hilton owned the property but the house was for Mary to occupy for life. The land was used by the children, which a subsequent entry in the ledger indicates were seven in number. It's a bit murky, which is possibly why on 25 April 1898, there is an entry of Lis Pendens in the land records. Lis Pendens is Latin for Suit Pending, and the entry indicates that there was a dispute over ownership.

Notwithstanding the still unresolved dispute, on 16 March 1906, ownership was transferred from Mary F. and Thomas Kelly to Patrick J. Kelly for \$5,000. At this point the property was still listed in the land record as "all" of the lot, undivided and with at least one building on it; 341 Downie street.

Seven years later the lawsuit appears to have been settled and the lot was split for the first time, with the entire

portion north of the house at 341 Downie Street being sold by Patrick J. Kelly to Charles H. Huffman on 16 April 1913, for \$3,600. Interestingly, the final entry for the lawsuit was recorded April 25, nine days after it was sold to Huffman.



Excerpt from the Romaine map of 1875 showing the properties around Downie, Park and Charlotte.

Charles H. Huffman, and his wife Mary L. Huffman (nee Rishor) were the first generation of a family of builders well respected for the quality of their work. The company built around 300 residences in Peterborough during the early part of the twentieth century, survived the depression under the guidance of another generation of family members, and went on to larger commercial projects in later decades. The business left family ownership in the 1970s.

Huffman immediately divided the land into six lots and built four houses at 353 and 355 Downie Street and 354 and 356 Park Street N. Two other houses, at 350 and 352 Park Street N. were not erected until the mid 1920s, by which time Huffman would have been almost seventy, so they may be

the work of his sons. By 1923, he was living just one block north at 400 Downie Street, on the southeast corner of Hunter, where he lived the rest of his years.

On 30 November 1913, the house at 353 Downie Street was sold to Herbert W. and Alice S. D'Arcy for \$3,650. Then, on 15 March 1914, 355 Downie Street was purchased by Ethel May and James N. Hall for \$4,600. Ethel May Hall is the only name on the deed, but there was a mortgage registered in both names. The legal description on the deed did not yet include the house number, though numbers had been around since 1888. And next, on 6 June 1914, 356 Park St. N. was sold to John C. Read for \$4,850. As no more sales were registered before 1926, 354 Park St. N. was probably a rental property during that period. This house has been poorly maintained compared to the other houses.

The deed to the sale of 355 Downie was registered on 16 April 1914, coincidentally 100 years before brought that deed to light on 16 April 2014.

From old city directories, I have compiled a list of occupants of the house. The Halls never took up residence there, instead renting to a succession of tenants. They sold the house on 15 April 1943 to Harold Ivison Walker for \$4,600, the price they had paid over 29 years before. Perhaps the house had become shabby after so many years as a rental property. Maybe the depression and WWII were factors.

Seven years later, when Harold Ivison Walker sold the house to Glen Joseph Moher and Muriel Moher on the 15th of September, 1950 the value had more than doubled to \$11,500. The post war boom was clearly taking hold, and the house may have been improved.

Nearly 30 years later, on 19 November 1979, the Mohers sold to Reta Kyselka for \$25,400.

Reta Kyselka appears to have occupied the house for only a year, with the 1981 residents listed simply as 'students'. The city directories also list a tenant, David Leitch, student, for the years of 1982 to 1985. The house sold on 25 June 1984, to Michelle A. and David Landry, who had a mortgage for \$34,002. The sale price is not listed in the land records.

On 9 August 1989 my sister Sharon Suzanne Ramsay-Curtis and her husband D. Bruce Curtis became the next owners. I moved into the house at that time and handled payments and maintenance for the next 15 years, during which time I

had many boarders to help cover costs. I bought it from Sharon and Bruce on 11 January 2005.

Since 1989, little time and money was spent on maintenance or improvement, but as the house has good bones, it is still in remarkable shape. I now have more time available, and am enjoying giving the old place some well-deserved TLC, which is why Chas. H. Huffman's proud autograph finally emerged from its hundred year seclusion, and set me on this enjoyable fact finding mission.

OCCUPANTS OF 355 DOWNIE STREET

Most entries from the earlier parts of the list may be considered to represent the previous year, due to the time lag between gathering of information and publication of the directory. Where it was possible to find, I have included the place of employment and/or occupation, and in (brackets), spouses first name.

1915	– Frank N. Hourigan, Hourigan and Maclean
1916 to 1918	– Gerald A. Wood, Machinist, Peterborough Machine & Lubricator
1919 to 1920	– Charles Robertson, Assistant Engineer, Trent Canal
1921 to 1923	– Alan H. Cameron, Traveller, Perkins Insurance Co
1924 to 1926	– James Everett Lillico, Grocer ¹
1927 to 1929	– Alexander W. Spence (Frances), Assistant Engineer, Trent Canal
1930 to 1932	– George Frederick Elms (Ethel J.), Plant Superintendent, Bell Telephone
1933	– Ernest N. Draper (Ivy B.), Agent, Metropolitan Life
1934 to 1939	– T. Vincent Whittington (Marion), Service Station, 395 Aylmer
1940 to 1941	– Frank F. Corrigan (Martha), Salesman, Massey-Harris
1942	– Harry T. Tilley, Worker, CGE; Peter Tilly (Lorraine), Soldier; Orr W. Shunk (Lois), Worker, Massey-Harris
1943 to 1950	– Harold Ivison Walker (Edna), Traveller
1951 to 1979	– Glen Joseph Moher (Muriel), Engineer, CGE
1980	– Reta Kyselka
1981	– Students
1982 to 1984	– David Leitch, Student
1984 to 1989	– Michelle A. Landry (& David)
1989 to present (2014)	– David Neal Ramsay, Delivery Man

¹There is a Roy Studio photograph from this period, looking north on George Street from just south of the corner at Simcoe Street. It includes a small truck with signage reading 'J. E. Lillico, Grocer'. Based on this, I did a little more digging in the city directories and discovered that James Everett Lillico ran a grocery in the premises at 354 Charlotte Street (Telephone 492), which is the unusual triangular building at the extreme southern tip of the block where Downie, Park and Charlotte Streets all converge. Prior to 355 Downie Street, his residence was at 313 Park St. N., also just steps away from the store.

OWNERS OF 355 DOWNIE STREET

15 March, 1914 to 15 April, 1943 – Ethel May Hall and James N. Hall
15 April, 1943 to 15 September, 1950 – Harold Ivison Walker
15 September, 1950 to 19 November, 1979 – Glen Joseph Moher and Muriel Moher
19 November, 1979 to 25 June, 1984 – Reta Kyselka
25 June, 1984 to 9 August, 1989 – Michelle A. Landry and David Landry
9 August, 1989 to 11 January, 2005 – D. Bruce Curtis and Sharon Suzanne Ramsay-Curtis
11 January, 2005 to present (2014) – David Neal Ramsay

Source materials at the Trent Valley Archives included the land registers and the street directories for the city of Peterborough, the historical atlas, the Cameron map of 1896, the birds eye view map of 1895.

Elwood Jones, the walking tour of the Avenues, June 2014.

Martha Kidd; 'Peterborough's Architectural Heritage: a listing of existing structures erected prior to 1890 in the area bounded by the Otonabee River, Parkhill Road, Park Street and Townsend Street'.

Doris Huffman and Harry Huffman; 'The Huffmans, A Family of Builders'.

Harry Huffman, a great grandson of Chas. H. Huffman, was also very helpful.

There were also useful resources at the Peterborough Public Library, the Kawartha Ancestral Research Association, and the Ontario Land Registry Office, Peterborough branch.

Who used hotels around 1890?

Elwood H. Jones

Historian At Work, Peterborough Examiner, September 20 and 27, 2014

Inspired by a recent book by Molly Berger, *Hotel Dreams* (2011) which looked at the ways hotels changed expectations in American cities, I wrote several columns on Peterborough hotels for my regular Saturday column in the Peterborough Examiner. Even in Peterborough, people wanted convenience, luxury and the latest in technology and style. Hotels became tied to urban ambitions between 1829 and 1929.

Several readers have wondered about the ways hotels were used or how we could find our information about who stayed there. The only hotel register that I have been able to use is the 1914 White House Hotel register. It is also possible to get moments in time by creative use of the manuscript census and the street directories.

At least one can find out about permanent residents and about hotel employees who live in the hotel or nearby. For example, the 1888-9 Directory which reflects a snapshot in late 1887, listed permanent residents in hotels and inns. There are always gaps in such sources, but what is captured is a useful sample of who used hotels.

George Henry (1844-1897) and his wife were running a boarding house at 295 George Street. The Southern Hotel was built at this site in 1895, and it eventually was known as the Grand, the New Grand, and now Sin City. The Scottish born Henry was fined \$57.25 in June 1889 for "unlawfully keeping liquor for sale." When he died of cancer of the stomach and liver he was living at 191 Charlotte Street. Patrick Murray, William Kervin, and Robert Wilson, the three residents listed in the directory, were all described as labourers working for the Grand Trunk Railway.

The Grand Central Hotel, the former Caisse House, 343 George Street, was owned by F. J. Daly. Daly was at this hotel from 1883 to 1894 and moved to the Russell House in Orillia which he renamed the Daly House. This was a popular hotel and the directory notes 12 who seem to be permanent guests. Dr. F. H. Brennan (1861-1927) had his office at 274 Hunter Street, and by 1895 he was at 215 Brock Street. Brennan had an outstanding military career that culminated in the Boer War. After that war, he stayed in Transvaal and died in Johannesburg.

Dr. Edward McGrath (1864-1919) had his office at 531 George Street, the home of his father-in-law, Dr. John O'Sullivan (1842-1887) a former MPP for Peterborough, 1874-1879, and by 1890 he had moved to this house, now part of Kaye Funeral Home.

Robert R. Hall, Liberal MP for Peterborough 1921-1925, was also living at the Grand Central, and was listed as a lawyer with Stratton and Hall. Francis Garvey was described as a manager for J. Garvey. Joseph Goulais was a barber working for Fred Potvin, whose barber shop was across the street from the hotel. James Little was an insurance agent. F. McAuliffe was a clerk for John Hackett. John Miller was a clerk for David W. Dumble, the police magistrate. J. E. Prentice was a telegraph operator. George Scriber was a worker at the Peterborough Lock Works on

Simcoe Street. W. H. Meredith was a cutter for G. C. Clark. James McKay was also listed at the Grand Central.

The hotel was a home for newcomers to the town who needed accommodation before getting a house. There were no apartment buildings, and so the hotel may have doubled as one for some people. It was a convenient location and the meals were considered good.

James Latimer was running a boarding house at 56 (now 576) Harvey Street, a solid brick full front gable house; a modest two-storey house. In 1888, the boarders noted were Robert Thompson, a driver for Meldrum Davidson and Company; and Andrew Dever who worked for Dickson Lumber. There were many houses that had boarders, including one on the west side of Queen Street.

J. E. McIntyre was listed as the proprietor of the Oriental Hotel, but I think that the Dickson Lumber Company owned it, and that the hotel was used for boarding lumber crews. Boarders here included the hotel bookkeeper, Alexander Graham. Richard L. Benson, described as a gentleman, was boarding here. Alex Elliott, a grocer with Elliott & Tierney resided here. So did Henry LeBrun, the tailor and clothier whose store was next door in the Cluxton Building, Peterborough's most fashionable business address since 1881. LeBrun was the key sponsor of sports teams including most notably the lacrosse team that won the Gildersleeve cup only a few years earlier.

Michael Halpin was proprietor of the Peterborough House at 182 Hunter Street. This appears to be the site of the parking lot next to Parkhill on Hunter. At this time, John E. Belcher had building a new Peterborough House for Cornelius Halpin at 215 to 221 Hunter. Boarders included Patrick McHugh, plasterer; Gilbert Dafoe, wood turner; and Joseph Giles, tailor. McHugh and Dafoe could have been working on Belcher's 17-room hotel.

Clancy's Hotel, now known as the Red Dog, was built by David B. Henthorne in the early 1880s. In 1888, its boarders included John Clancy, the innkeeper. Timothy McMahon, a brass moulder at the nearby Peterborough Lock Works had a room here. Other workers living at the Clancy were John Powers, Michael Connors, plumber Philip Annand and carpenter Thomas H. Hoolihan. In 1891, Clancy's had two bar tenders and a yardman working for him. Daniel McNamara, 45, and James Drain, 31, were the bar tenders and John Stribble, 65, was the yard man.

The building at the corner of Aylmer and Hunter, 229 Hunter, was listed in 1875 as the Albion Hotel (which was also the name of a hotel in Ashburnham.) In 1888, this seems to be a boarding house run by W. H. Lowes. There were seven boarders there at the time. Patrick Lynch was working for Dickson Lumber Company and Francis Cook was a carpenter. The others were just workers: David Davis; Patrick Cahill; William Spence; Robert McDonald; and Michael McShea.

There were six boarders at 231 Hunter, really the corner part of the same building. William Scollie was a carpenter at the Canoe Factory, presumably Peterborough

Canoe, and Charles Beresford was a painter at the same place. James Whitehair was a moulder at the William Hamilton Manufacturing Company on Reid Street near Murray, Peterborough's largest employer in 1888. John Sandpillar, Lawrence Hill and John O'Brien were described as labourers.

The hotels at the corner of Hunter and Water had street addresses on Hunter Street. The Morgan House at 123 Hunter (now the site of Scotiabank) was owned by Alfred Morgan had Henry Franks as his main employee. The lodgers included Alexander Gibson, a watchmaker working for J. Clark, and Alfred Thomas a civil engineer working for John E. Belcher. Allan Charters was a clerk for Edgecomber Pearse at the court house. The other boarders were Charles Taber, George A. Schofield, Mark Lockington, H. P. Reid, C. W. Hawley who worked at the Ontario Bank and Henry Kerr.

Alfred Morgan, of Welsh ancestry, and an innkeeper like his father, was 43 and lived in the Morgan House with his wife and two children, 17 and 9 when the 1891 census was taken. His bar tender was Samuel Campbell, 34. Henry Franks, 24, was the hostler and the yard man was Richard Lund, 19. Annie Wilkeson, 31, was the "kitchen girl" assisting Maggie Barrett, 32, the cook. Maggie Milliken, 20, was the chambermaid.

On the other side of Hunter, at 124 Hunter, was the Croft House. William Croft the proprietor was assisted by Adam Davidson and William Hetherington. Thomas Workman, Peterborough's most accomplished artist, particularly famous for his portraits, was living at the Croft House, and had his studio at 435 George Street. Robert Hamilton, an insurance agent, had his office here.

William Johnston was a law clerk with A. P. Poussette, whose office was in the Mechanics Institute Building, only a block away. Dr. John Clarke (1852-1899), a native of Peterborough whose office was at 166 Brock Street, on Doctor's Row, was also boarding at the Croft House. George Robertson, a commercial traveler was boarding here. Henry Kerr was also a boarder.

There were several hotels along Simcoe Street between George and Aylmer. R. N. Roddy, the proprietor and innkeeper of the CPR hotel (which had no connection with the railway), lived in the hotel; the hotel was at 172 Simcoe Street, between the Turnbull Medical Building and the city bus terminal. The ten boarders noted in the 1888 assessment included two hotel employees; Henry Linton was the bartender, and William Graver was a groom. Thomas C. Holden was a young market gardener, while Peter Moffatt, a hack driver, may have worked for the hotel. Two employees of the neighboring Peterborough Lock Works, established in 1885 where the bus terminal stands, boarded at the CPR. They were John H. Farley, a polisher and J. E. Blair, a moulder.

Others staying at the CPR Hotel John O'Donnell, an insurance agent; S. P. Conroy, tailor; John McCombs, millwright; and James Melley, a cigar maker. There was another cigar maker, Hugh Quirk, staying at the Snowden House, 180 Simcoe. A new Snowden House was being built on Charlotte Street, and that building is now the Charlbond Apartments. Also at the Snowden House were two interconnected benefit societies: Catholic Mutual

Benefit Association and the Emerald Beneficial Association.

In the 1891 census, William Snowden's hotel staff were listed at the new hotel on Charlotte Street, just west of Jackson Creek. Snowden was 54, and his wife, 54. Their children were 22, 19, and 12, but none was assigned a job title. Dixon Jewett, 18, was hotel clerk, and was not the first Jewett working in a Peterborough hotel. Mathew Dean, 20, was the livery keeper, and John Knox, 47, the hostler. The two cooks were Sarah Newall, 28, assisted by Lena Perkins, 29. Mary Kaly, 19, was a general servant. Such a staff could handle a good trade.

Another Lock Works employee, A. P. Burton, a pattern maker, was boarding across the street at Phelan's Hotel. Edward Phelan was the innkeeper at this stone hotel with the 1849 date stone. At the time of the 1891 census, Phelan was 55, and his wife and two sons, Walter and Joseph, lived there as well. Joseph Larend, 65, was the yard man and Charles McCall, 40, was the bar tender. There were two lodgers. Francis Garvey, 41, was a manager of a grocery store while Thomas Fortye, 37, was a hardware merchant.

The Cavanagh Hotel at the corner of Charlotte Street would soon emerge as Peterborough's grand hotel, and would be named the Empress Hotel. They operated boarding houses along the east side of Water Street in the terraces sometimes identified with the Green family. These seem to have been numbered 330 and 332 Water Street in 1888. Delilah Allen, the widow of Edward Allen, lived here. So did Matthew Carton who had a general store at 342 George Street. John Dobbin was a bookkeeper. Robert Powell and William Young worked at the Stove Works. Alfred Edmunds was a CPR telegraph operator, who worked at the Market Hall just across Charlotte Street. Robert Strachan was a jeweler working for A. A. Sanderson. George Russell was working for A. Clegg.

Washington Irwin was a pedlar, or traveling salesman. Many hotels by the 1880s catered to travelling salesmen, and often provided rooms where they could display their samples. In the 1950s, the biggest parade of the year was the Travellers' Day Parade held in conjunction with the Friday of the Exhibition, which featured the Royal American Shows and its sideshows. The New York born Irwin, 32, was married in June 1889 to Estella Young from Hastings. He later became an insurance broker based in Schenectady, New York.

The neighboring building, 332 Water Street, had several boarders. Three worked for the Lock Works: Richard Calvert, Frank Burdette, and pattern maker William Springer. William Battisby was a tailor with Hall and Hayes, the department store on George near Simcoe. T. E. Hawley was with Hawley Brothers. A. D. Garlick worked for W. Croft, presumably the innkeeper at Water and Hunter. Patrick Grady was a driver for McKee and Davidson.

The 1891 census for the Cavanagh Hotel is useful. Timothy Cavanagh, the innkeeper, was 48 and his wife was 40. Six of their children aged 5 to 21 were living at the hotel. Richard, 21, was a hotel clerk while his 19 year old brother was a bar tender. John Montgomery, 50, a blacksmith lived at the hotel with his wife and two young children, and may have worked in the livery. Thomas

McNaughton, 70, was the hostler. Thomas Tunnum was a hack driver, clearly responsible for driving people to and from the railway station. Arthur Beaumont, from India, and described as an infidel, was the hotel clerk, while John Beaumont, 19, was a bell boy, and Anglican. The two waiters in the dining room were Catherine Sandpiller, 19, and Jane McGoldrick, 17. Francis Lacombe, 28, was the barber.

turner for J. D. Baptie's operations on Dublin Street. William Rowells, a stonemason, and two bricklayers, William Sanson and Benjamin Simmons, were also boarders at the Commercial.

The number of boarders who were tied to the construction trade is noteworthy. Construction workers counted for about 20 per cent of the work force, and tended to be geographically mobile. Such workers could take the



The Huffman House (later the Empress) 1890s, a view from Water Street looking to Charlotte Street. (Trent Valley Archives, Electric City Collection)

The other names recorded in the census were lodgers. They included William Johnson, 57; Richard Fitzgerald, 24, a coat maker; David Yarnold, 23, upholsterer; John Farley, 24, lock polisher at the Lock Works; James Aylward, 41, a shanty clerk; Dennis Attridge, 34, marble polisher; James A. McGill, 27, miller; and John E. Blair, 25, stove plate maker.

William Kenneally was running the Stewart House inn at Water and Hunter, 399 Water. However, I was unable to detect any boarders tied to the Stewart House in this directory.

Edward Brown was the innkeeper at the Commercial House, formerly run by Kenneally. Lewis Square who was a miller with Meldrum and Davidson, a major flour milling operation on the Dickson Raceway was boarding at the Commercial. So was William Firby, a wood

train from Toronto when construction opportunities seemed bright in Peterborough. Many would board for the short term, and would look for hotels or boarding houses that were close to their projects. Peterborough had a steady demand for construction workers throughout the period to 1922 or so.

Street directories and assessment rolls have the great virtue for treating people equally. As a result historians can place some people in a context and that helps to have a better idea of the fabric of society. The hotel district in Peterborough was geographically compact.

Looking at who was staying in hotels in Peterborough in 1889 provides a useful snapshot of the town as a whole. Notice, for example, that we caught a mobile work force that was using hotels that were convenient to where they worked. Some hotels had a classier clientele, suggestive of hotels that offered a wide range of services. Notice too that we identify people by what they did. In the world of 1888 that is how it was.

From Pontypool to Peterborough Thomas Morrow in World War I: Part 2

Thomas A. Morrow
And his transcriber

3.2 Diversion [by Morrow's transcriber]

As I have been quite enthralled re-typing Alvin Morrow's memoirs, I wondered if some of the areas he was describing in his writings would be found in pictures on the internet. Much to my delight, a picture of the Church Notre Dame de Lorette was found. (this picture is obviously prior to the WWI destruction)

Here is the write up that accompanied this picture:

"The original oratory at Notre Dame de Lorette was raised in 1727 by a painter called Nicholas Florent Guilbert, a native of Albain St Nazaire. He had made a pilgrimage to Loretto in Italy and been cured of his illness. On his return home and in gratitude for his cure, he raised his small oratory on the hill next to his village in order to shelter a statue of the Virgin Mary which he had brought back from Italy. The oratory was destroyed in 1794 and rebuilt in 1815 before being transferred into a small chapel in 1880. The battle for this imposing 165 metre high hill raged for twelve months, from October 1914 until October 1915."

Further searching the internet, I found this excerpt regarding the church:

Once the hill was gained and held, the French then dominated the little towns in the glens below; but much blood had yet to flow ere Ablain and Souchez and Carency were won — those thrilling combats round the sugar factory, who can forget ?

It was then that Ablain's church acquired its new picturesqueness and the existing scene of singular beauty was wrought in the wrack of battle.

What measure of beauty the Church of Ablain St. Nazaire may have boasted in the days when the village priest celebrated Mass at its high altar and gave the holy wafer to children of the countryside, who may have died in the fight to wrest its ruins from the invader, I do not know. But if one could think the war away, the scene now presented by the gleaming white ruin of that church, standing like some lovely landmark of monkish days, the great hill once more verdant Nature's touch, forming a splendid background, is instinct with picturesque beauty and the peaceful passing of time.

In grey autumn and in gleaming spring have I looked upon this sacred ruin and marvelled at the soft lines of

beauty which the bursting shells could have shaped from its, masonry with such curious mimicry of the gentler work of time.

Of roof there is no vestige, and only one side of the nave remains, its well-proportioned arches uniting the broken apse to the tall and dignified ruin of the tower, the former height of which is rather emphasised than diminished by a slender fragment of the topmost part still standing erect and pointing, like an accusing finger, heavenward. Under the leaden skies of autumn Hill Sinister, behind and dominant, seems to absorb into its own gloomy mass this pale and ghostly group of Gothic arches with its still aspiring fragment of a tower ; but in the sunshine of spring the white stonework sparkles, and the whole airy ruin stands out luminous from its surroundings as if endowed with a radiant nimbus of martyrdom.

More likely than not they were friendly guns that wrought the ruin of Ablain's church ; so may it not be that in this inevitable and unwilling destruction it assumed this new form of beauty, which enemy wantonness would not have given to it ? Such, at least, is a pleasing fancy that may be permitted to the wanderer who comes upon the scene to-day..

Some day the Chapel of Our Lady on the hill-top may be rebuilt in memory of the many thousands of French heroes who laid down their lives on the Lorette, but when the builders come again with brick and mortar to remake a new village where Ablain stood, they must not touch that lovely, war-made ruin of the parish church. Let them rear a new one, if they must, but build they never so well, they will achieve nothing more beautiful than this monument of the great day⁹ when French endurance overmastered Hunnish devilry.



at

The church ruins can be noted in this picture (see down arrow)



Photos prises aux combats de Lorette, du 10 au 20 Mai.

VIMY RIDGE

On Saturday, March 3, we marched to Berlin and the next day to Lapugnoy where we stayed until Friday. B Company officers Mess was at a place where there were three personable daughters who helped out in supplementing our usual army rations as well as making our stay more enjoyable. We left for Hallicourt and then on the following days to Estree Cauchy, which, of course, the soldiers nick-named "Extra Cushy". The officers were billeted in a very old chateau devoid of glass in the windows but with sacking to help keep out the wind. The other ranks were well looked after in farmers' haylofts etc.

After church parades and the usual inspections, bathing, etc., for a few days, we were briefed as to our future operations. An area was chosen similar to the geography of Vimy Ridge and with tapes and obstacles; trenches, villages, fortifications etc. were marked out. We had Battalion and Brigade operations over the area day after day, in order to familiarize one and all with what would confront us on the ridge. Towards the end of the month, the officers were taken to Lillers to study a relief map of the whole area which was quite realistic.

On March 29, our Battalion relieved the 14th Battalion from Quebec in the Vimy area. During our stay, our artillery fired shrapnel and heavies into the enemy's strong rows of barbed wire entanglements with a view to cutting the wire but subsequent events showed it was not an effective method. While in the line, we officers took every opportunity of studying the terrain through our field glasses.

We were relieved on April 2 and spent each night on working parties, carrying up sixty-pound bombs (pigs) which were like a large bowling ball with a two inch handle about two feet long. They were very awkward to carry, they made the men's shoulders sore and when they slipped off into the muddy trench, it was almost hopeless to get it back up into place again. On the second day at Maison Blanche, a wiz bang hit

the shelter in which my Lewis Gun section were sleeping and wounded seven of them, mostly with leg and foot wounds. The next night, I took number Six Platoon in place of Lieutenant Walker to dig a new trench. Evidently, some of the work of the night before was spotted by a German aeroplane because we not sooner got started when a barrage of shells arrived, killing one and wounding another. However, we stuck with the job and finished it about 12:30 o'clock.

On the following night, I took my own platoon on a carrying party and we were cut off from our destination by a steady evening barrage of shell fire. We took shelter in shell holes and whatever protection there was and waited impatiently for the barrage to cease. As time wore on, my Sergeant Copeland reported the men were becoming restive so we studied the barrage and discovered a fault in it, a lesson learned that was to prove most helpful in later engagements. The German batteries, as was their wont, were very methodical in firing their guns in regular sequence, number 1, number 2, number 3, and number 4 with the shells, say, thirty or forty yards apart at their destination. We discovered that while number 1 gun in the battery was firing, number 3 gun in the next battery was firing so that the gap between the two areas was about two hundred yards of frontage void of shells. We timed the shells and moved closer to the barrage into position and as soon as number 4 gun on the left had fired, we rushed through at that point in a couple of short sorties and got well through and behind the barrage to deliver our stores to the forward dump. Fortunately, before our return, the barrage had stopped. Up to this time, I began to think that I was a jinx to the men because I had run into so many casualties but subsequent events proved this to be the turning point.

On Monday, April 5, 1917, we were relieved in the trenches and moved back to Ecoivre where we had very important parades, namely, pay and muster parades as well as bath parade. On Easter Sunday, we

had Battalion Church parade and on Sunday afternoon, basked in the sunshine listening to our band playing its limited repertoire of marches and hymns. Later in the evening, we moved forward into the assembly area, under the cover of darkness and into Elbe trench in readiness for the attack on Vimy Ridge.

This was a long slope about three miles long which had a commanding position in the overall strategy of the war and was firmly guarded by a well fortified Hindenburg Line, a second support line and a third line of trenches away back at the top. All of which were heavily protected with great festoons of barbed wire entanglements, in all, a most formidable object to attack.

The objective of the First Brigade that day was to capture the third line at the top and consolidate our position. Zero hour for us at 7:30 a.m. was, of course, somewhat later than for the other brigades that had to attack the Hindenburg and support lines. By morning, we were pretty well chilled through and the men really appreciated the rum ration that set their blood in circulation again. The officers synchronized their watches and immediately at the tick of 7:30 a.m., everyone was out of the trench, moving forward.

The Hindenburg line had been captured but the enemy was firing everything he had with his artillery in the hopes of protecting his men as well as pulverizing his enemy. As we approached this concentrated barrage, I was able to detect a fault in his system of firing similar to what occurred on the night of the work party.

My Platoon was following me in artillery formation, i.e., in four sections split up into a diamond formation so all could not be wiped out with one shell. I signalled to stop and when a certain shell in the series had exploded, we rushed through on the double and were safely behind the barrage when further shells fell behind us. Unfortunately, one section of men of the 27th Battalion on our left ran smack into a direct shell explosion blowing them all sky high.

There was an elaborate time table for our artillery to lay down a barrage to protect us attackers, resting for five minutes or so then lifting and advancing, so it was important that we not proceed too fast to get caught in our own artillery fire. By the gallantry of our attackers and the pounding of our artillery, that was the greatest accumulation of weapons up to that time in the war, the enemy was subdued and captured and we reached the crest of the ridge with his huge barbed wire entanglements.

During the day, there was intermittent rain, snow and sunshine. In the process of our advance, dodging shells and impassable craters and objects, it is most difficult to keep one's true sense of direction with the result that we veered to the left of our imaginary line by about fifty yards or so. When we gained our objective, we located a German dugout in the wire barricade in which there were about thirty Germans. We yelled down for them to come up and surrender but just then, a Captain of the 27th appeared with some of his men and as the dugout was on his front, they claimed them as 27th Battalion prisoners.

Our instructions had been to dig in and consolidate our position as soon as the wire obstacle had been captured and cleared, so this we did. The men set forth with their picks and shovels that they had carried all day and in short order; we had a perfectly constructed trench with bays and traverses, parapets etc. Major Voss, a staff officer with a row of impressive ribbons on his breast, complimented us on having the finest trench he had seen on the Canadian Front. However, orders came through that we were to move forward and to dig in the middle of the wire entanglements, about thirty yards from our position.

C Company on our right, had received the orders earlier but struck a chalk soil and in the time that we had dug a trench six feet deep, they were only able to go down about eighteen inches. Three of their officers, Lieutenants Starr, Gregory and Robb all fine men, were talking together, commiserating on their hard luck when I approached them. They and their men had been working hard and had discarded their improvised bandoliers of Mills bombs in a heap by the side of the trench where they were standing. I reported my reluctance to give up my trench, to move forward but agreed to help to join our trench with theirs.

Sometime later, I had made out my report for Captain Jolliffe, who was acting O.C. B Coy. In the attack, when a company runner came along asking for my report because no one knew where number Five Platoon was. During the night, I stayed with my men in our trench and about four o'clock in the morning; I awakened numb and cold, covered with a blanket of snow with my hip resting in a puddle of water from the snow melted by my body. When I came to my full senses, I decided my only course of action was to take a swig of rum from my water bottle that was carried by officers for emergency purposes. I decided this emergency would warrant my taking my first rum ration. I took a couple of gulps and it seemed to taste like milk and honey and the blood went tingling to the tips of my fingers and toes. At day break, I divided the bottle into rather meagre issues but the men were quite appreciative. A couple of nights later, when we were in the warmth of a dugout in Thelus Village, the rum ration was passed around by our quartermaster but I was unable to swallow my ration which brought tears to my eyes and caused me to cough and sputter.

The next day, I got in touch with Captain Jolliffe who still had not heard from me for the company runner, to whom I had given my report, although a B Coy. man, had been temporarily attached to Battalion Headquarters to which my report had been taken.

On the 10th, Lieutenants Mowatt and Fawcett had been wounded when exploring our position in front of the ridge that was quite a deep wooded slope on the enemy's side. Patrols were sent out during the night into Farbus Wood and Farbus Village, that later was at the foot of the ridge. It was in this area where our cavalry tried to exploit our success by advancing on Willerval and other villages in the forward area but it was soon discovered that horseflesh could not stand up against machine guns and mechanical forms of warfare.

At Vimy, British tanks were used on a large scale to overcome machine gun emplacements and other strongholds likely to hold up the infantry. Many of them became mired or were put out of action before they crossed no-man's land but later in the day, they were very helpful in crushing down the barbed wire entanglements to let the infantry through. They helped us materially at our objectives where we found out that the constant wire cutting of the artillery for two weeks or so previous to the attack, had very little effect.

Company H.Q. were located in Farbus Wood on the face of the ridge, in a German dugout where we found bacon and eggs on the officers' plates from their unfinished breakfast from the day before. I picked up a little ebony inkwell with a screw cap that I have held unto this day as a souvenir. My Sergeant O'Hearn from Peterborough, also scrounged a large pair of field glasses from me but during the operations dampness got into them and could not be removed so I passed them along to someone else.

In Farbus Wood, we were confronted by a very weird sight in that a German soldier had actually been caught with his pants down and blown by a shell up into a tree where his body was suspended over a limb. Apparently, after rigor-mortis set in, another shell passed his way so closely that the driving band on the shell, in passing, had taken a slice off each cheek of the exposed buttocks resulting in a pair of bright red rings encircled by a later of pure white fat.

On Wednesday, about four o'clock in the morning, we were relieved by the Second Canadian Brigade and we moved back into the Island Traverseline of German trenches. Although number Five Platoon had no casualties in the attack, due to intermittent and scattered shelling by the enemy, we had five wounded men during moves from trench to trench.

Our Battalion moved around in the support and Reserve areas adjacent to the ridge and had several working parties establishing outposts; repairing the road from Arras to Lens. Eventually, I was delegated to guide Lieutenant Reid of the Canadian Engineers, in laying tapes as a guide to working parties in digging trenches from which to launch an attack on the village of Arleux-en-Gohell. This village was captured by the Second Brigade in an attack on April 28th and paved the way for an attack on Fresnoy on May 3rd.

FRESNOY, OPPY AND GAVRELLE, MAY 3, 1917

Although the capture of Vimy Ridge on April 9th was a wonderful military achievement, the greatest by the allies in the war to date, the results were not all that were anticipated. It was considered with the loss of the ridge, the Germans would fall back several miles to Drocourt Queant line of defence, thereby releasing the City of Lens and the surrounding coal mining area of Fosses and neighbouring villages of Loos, Maroe, Le Breshis Leevin, Cite St. Pierre, Cite St. Laurant, etc all of which furnished us with dugouts shelters or billets for a long time in the future.

Instead, the Germans started to construct another line from Lens through Arleux, Fresnoy etc, a couple of miles in front of and parallel to the ridge. The French were in need of the coal from this area to bolster their war production and general economy so; it was decided to attack before the Germans got too well established. The usual preliminary work was done, mapping the area with its strong and weak points and finally zero hour was set for 3:45 a.m. on the morning of May 3rd, 1917. The First Canadian Brigade was to attack the village of Fresnoy by passing through Arleux and English Troops on our right were assigned other villages in the chain of defences.

Major Greenwood, M.C., the company commander of B Company of the "Mad Fourth", was appointed as Brigade Liaison Officer and attached to the Third Battalion. I was given this company to command in his stead, for the first duty, in case support was required by the Second Battalion in the first line of attack.

The first attacking waves went over the top at zero hour while we in supports awaited orders from the front. At about 7:00 a.m., B Company Sergeant, Major Crouch, came into Headquarters dugout where Major Sidney Griffin was in charge and displayed a haversack full of watches and revolvers which had been taken from the captured Germans on their way back to the prisoner's compound in rear of the ridge. I kept one of the watches as a souvenir, but it never was of much value as a timepiece.

About 10:00 a.m., the Second Battalion called for reinforcements to protect the area on its left flank left void by reason of their advancement and B Company was ordered to take over the assignment. We had had a long dry spell of weather with the result that when the enemy's shells exploded on contact with the ground, the dust that was thrown up along with the smoke from the shells provided a perfect screen for me to move the company overland, rather than through the circuitous trenches. So, we were in position in a very short time occupying some of the line and communications trenches that the enemy had partially constructed.

The officers reported the disposition of their platoons with the exception of Lieutenant Yznaga, a very heavily built officer of Spanish extraction, who was a real linguist speaking about five languages fluently. With my Sergeant Major, we made a hurried inspection of our location from a strategic point of view as well as to locate the missing officer. We cut overland when we thought our movements were screened by the dust and smoke until a whiz-bang shrapnel shell burst directly over our heads. Fortunately, the velocity of the missile caused a hail of pellets to pass over our heads and kick up dust just a few yards in front of us.

As little progress could be made in the man-filled trenches and discretion being the better part of valour, we crawled along the top until we located Yznaga, who was lying in a funk hole in the trench along with Johnston, his elderly batman, beside him. I reminded him of his duty to report and asked him to come along to Company Headquarters where he would be available in case of further orders and moves. We had only gone about twenty-yards when a shell made a direct hit on the spot where the two had been lying. The sight and thought was too much for his Spanish blood. He dropped to the ground

like a log and his face turned a greenish yellow so the three of us had to drag his hulking body along the ground for about sixty yards to our Headquarters in a partially constructed dugout entrance.

After the use of much precious water, we revived him but on account of his condition and temperament, I decided his platoon would be better off under the guidance of its experienced N.C.O.'s and sent him to rear Headquarters where he was evacuated down the line. He was later assigned to a job with the Graves Commission from which he wrote me a letter at a much later date and thanked me profusely for being so understanding in dealing with him.

The bombardment continued with its accompanying dust and smoke when the sentry on Headquarters spotted three Germans crawling towards our lines and reported to me. At first, we thought they were wounded and time and time again, we had to wait for the dust to subside to see if they were still alive. They finally reached our lines a few yards away from Headquarters, so I went over to interrogate them. They were unarmed and in good physical condition and consisted of a stretcher bearer wearing a large Red Cross on his arm, a corporal and a private. The corporal recognizing me as an officer, saluted and handed me a note which read as follows:

"Gentlemen, two officers, 40 men, German soldiers beg for Pardon and are your prisoners. We have several blessed men for whom we beg for a medicin. Have the kindness to lead me To one of your officers Czucupindt, Lieutenant of the German Army 3rd.5-17"

As none of them spoke English, I regretted the absence of Mr. Yznaga as a linguist. However, in my best high school French, I was able to converse with the corporal, whose French was about the same calibre as mine.

We understood there were great tunnels underground used by monks from the monasteries. Owing to the severity of our bombardment, this group had taken shelter in one of these deep tunnels and after a lapse of several hours had concluded that our troops had passed over and were beyond their location, whereas, in fact, they were beyond the flank of our attack and not on the actual front at all.

Corporal Bruce, a sturdy and very stable N.C.O. was assigned with Private Huot, a bomber, to accompany the stretcher bearer back and to bring in the prisoners. I ordered the Corporal and Private to be held as hostages warning them all that if our men did not return or if I did not get a satisfactory message from them in one hour's time, the hostages could say their prayers before summarily being dealt with. Bruce and Huot were well-armed with Mills bombs and entered the German tunnel with one in each hand in case of necessity. The officer who wrote the note understood and spoke fairly good English so Corporal Bruce had no difficulty in explaining the conditions of his mission. By devious routes familiar to the Germans, following depressions in the ground, a Captain, two Lieutenants and sixty-five other ranks accompanied Corporal Bruce and Huot and were turned over in our rear area for the prisoners of war compound.

Later, B Company received orders to reinforce the Second Battalion in the front line beyond the village of Fresnoy to make up for their heavy casualties. Under cover of darkness, we were guided by a Second Battalion runner through the ruins of Arleux to our front line position. I reported to the O.C. of the Battalion, who was located in a partially constructed entrance to a dugout and shared by a couple of other of his officers. He invited me to share the accommodation with them but I begged to be excused so I could share the trench with my officers and men, having in mind the chaos that could result from a direct hit that could wipe out the whole lot. As the trenches formed a good target and had been pretty well battered in spots, I decided to dig a fox-hole a few yards behind the trench and in the morning my pack, which I left on top at the edge was riddled with shrapnel. My trench coat which was folded inside was like a sieve when I opened it out. The only article which wasn't destroyed was my shaving mirror, a glass about two inches by three.

We did not quite realize it at the time but due to the fact the English were not too successful on the right of our line, a large portion of the artillery fire, from the enemy on their front, along with some from the left flank, was turned into the Canadian front, where success had been attained, so we received a tremendous pounding all night. In many letters of the men I censored afterwards out of the line, the common theme was that during the day, they prayed that night would come in hopes that the shelling would diminish and then during the night, they prayed for daylight with the same hope.

After forty-eight hours, we were relieved by the East Surrey Territorial regiment, which I understand, withdrew from the forward position a couple of days later because they considered the position untenable and not of sufficient strategic importance.

On being relieved, we made our way back at night to the Willerval (sunken) road and during our rounding-up of the company, one of the men found a water dump – that is – a dugout containing gasoline cans that had been filled with water. Owing to the heat and dust, many men had run out of water and were very thirsty. They were admonished to preserve the water for those up front whose lives might depend upon it but it is difficult to restrain a thirsty man, even myself. Our orders were to clear the ridge before daylight. When we reached the ridge, whose ascent was quite steep, I ordered the men to fall out on the side of the road for a ten-minute rest. At 8:00 a.m. my second in command woke up and then awakened me to broad daylight while most of the men were still asleep. Whether it was sheer exhaustion or reaction to the stress of the bombardment for the last two days or the effect of the residual gasoline in the water we drank, that acted as a sedative, we never found out.

During the relief that night, I stumbled in the dark and fell on a piece of barbed wire that penetrated through to my kneecap. Later a stretcher-bearer cleaned it with iodine and bandaged it.

A couple of days later, I was instructed to report to Advance Brigade Headquarters in a dugout in front of the ridge. When I descended, I found Brigadier General Garnet Hughes and his staff officers present. They greeted me in a very friendly fashion, putting me at ease then asked me

about the note of surrender that I had received from the German officers that, in their opinion, would be a most unique souvenir of the war. As General Byng, our Corps Commander, was leaving the Canadian Corps, they felt it would be a most fitting souvenir to present to him, on the occasion of his saying farewell to the First Canadian Division. They appeared somewhat crestfallen when I advised that I had already put the note in the mail in a letter to my sister Velma in Peterborough. They asked me about the details of the whole show and whether or not someone should be recommended for a decoration. In the light of subsequent experiences, I considered that I was rather naïve in stating that all that had been done was within the call of duty. When I arose after the interview, they noticed the limp caused by some stiffness in my knee and on their communication with our Battalion Headquarters, they

naturally, the adjutant assumed it was for me. H.G. was quite annoyed at having to wait about six months before joining the Battalion and particularly in missing Vimy Ridge and Fresnoy. After great difficulty, I finally got him to realize that I was quite innocent of the error in my favour.

At Verdrel, we engaged in outdoor sports. We were inspected by General Currie and at Hersin, by Lieutenant General Byng. On Saturday, May 12th, along with Jolliffe and Collins, I went to Pernes where we attended Corps school for three weeks and I specialized in Intelligence and Scouting work.

The photo, from Trent Valley Archives F142, shows soldiers joining General Currie to watch a baseball game.



recommended attention by our Medical Officer, excuse from parades and for me to ride on any extended moves. I might add that Corporal Bruce was later awarded the military medal for his bravery and faithfulness in carrying out orders in subsequent engagements.

On Sunday, May 6, we moved back to the village of Verdrel for a rest. It was here that we received some officer reinforcements including H.G. (Herman) Morrow and I became aware of the real story of my appointment to the fourth Battalion. Owing to a similarity of names, Paddy Griffin, our adjutant, soon drew a distinction calling Herman "H.G." and me "Toc Ack", being code for T.A. H.G. had originally been with the 34th Battalion, having enlisted in Galt and after going to the Fourth Battalion, had been wounded and evacuated to England. On recuperation from his wounds, he, like many others, did not enjoy life in Reserve Battalion in England and applied to the War Office to be sent back to the Fourth Battalion. The telegram that was handed to me read "Lieutenant Morrow, 34th Battalion" and as this Battalion had been reconstituted, the telegram came to it at Shoreham. Without any identifying initials,

During the course, officers of the four Canadian divisions trained together to get better acquainted and to develop a greater degree of camaraderie but toward the end, we were segregated into our respective divisions for the purpose of inter-divisional competitions in trace events, baseball and soccer as well as rifle and revolver shoots. In both the rifle and revolver competitions, I was more than surprised to end up with an almost perfect score that added to the total points in the other games and gave the First Division the overall First Prize. At the time, I had a very keen eyesight and steady nerves, both of

which are so necessary for good marksmanship.

On returning to our Battalion, Colonel Thompson appointed me as Officer commanding the Scout section and I took over the duties from Lieutenant Harry Salisbury, a former 39th Battalion N.C.O. who had received his commission some time before.

The Scout Section consisted of thirty-three other ranks who had been specially detailed from the companies and trained by the scout officer for their special duties. The section was made up of a division as follows:

a) **Observer Division** – This was considered to be the senior division of ten men under a sergeant (sergeant McNair) all of whom had served long and faithfully in one of the other divisions and were rewarded by promotion to an observer.

The main duties consisted of setting up observation posts in advantageous spots behind our lines which were well screened and camouflaged to avoid detection. Partially demolished buildings usually afforded adequate elevation and were ideal for installing telescopes and other

accoutrements used in plotting on maps of the area, points where enemy movements were observed behind their lines as well as to locate the flashes of fire from machine gun points and from trench mortar and artillery fire. Also, movements in the forward area through defective trench systems were reported for use by the sniping division.

b) **Sniper Division** – This division of ten men under a corporal was made up of men who qualified by their marksmanship in rifle shooting at the ranges. They located points of vantage and camouflaged such posts so they could remain in them from before dawn till after dusk and command the movement of the enemy at vulnerable spots in their trenches or defences. At dawn and dusk, there were always some soldiers on both sides who became careless and took extra risks in exposing themselves when going from post to post and it was at these times when the telescopic sights on the rifle were most efficient in allowing a true aim on the target.

c) **Scouts or Patrolmen** – This division of ten were under a Lance Corporal (Lance Corporal Perkins) and was the most junior of the three divisions. The main duty was to keep the upper hand and control of the activities on our front by patrolling no-man's land each night. On a new front, we usually started with a strong patrol of eight to twelve men, including some snipers or riflemen to cover the four reconnaissance men with rifle fire in case of eventualities. After a careful appraisal of the front, usually we reverted to a small reconnaissance patrol of four men who would go out just after dark and another would go out in time to return to our trenches before daybreak. The duties of such a patrol would be to create a sort of listening in no-man's land to ascertain if the enemy was active in sending out patrols or digging saps (trenches) out to their wire, establishing listening posts on their side or jumping-off spot in case they contemplated a raid or bombing post from which they had suspicions of the enemy's activities.

As scout officer (or intelligence officer) it was my duty to get reports from each of the three sections and make the Battalion Intelligence Report to Brigade Headquarters that in turn, consolidated the reports from its various units and issued its daily report to component Battalions, Artillery and Machine Gun Batteries. By the information obtained from the several sources being plotted on the map of the area, enemy guns, batteries, machine gun posts and vulnerable spots in their trenches and lines of communication could be definitely pinpointed so that counter battery fire and harassing fire on troop movements could be effectively carried out at times considered to be most effective.

In addition to collating the reports for Brigade, I took an active part from time to time in all three phases of the scout section undertakings. That included instructions to the Observers in map reading, uses of the prismatic compass taking bearings on locations, judging distance visually and by use of range finders, instructing the snipers in the proper care and efficient handling of their rifles and telescopic sights. Also, allowance for distance and wind in sniping at soldiers behind the German lines and allowance for movement when sniping at airplanes that came close to our lines to take picture of our trenches or strong points. Instructing the patrol section in the formation of patrols, how to navigate over the ground to make progress with the

least apparent movement and noise. It also included how to protect other members of the patrol and if their leader froze at some point, the next senior was to take over and carry the patrol to its conclusion and right destination.

During my tenure of the office I took patrols, at some time or another, over every front that was occupied by our Battalion. Although many of the scouts thought we came under rifle or machine gun fire from time to time, the crack of the bullets in the air above us indicated that we were not the target being fired at. The old army philosophy holds true "one never hears the bullet or shell that hits him."

However, one patrol in the Hill 70 area stands out vividly in my memory. There were some brick piles located in no-man's land evidently remnants of an old brick works from pre-war days. They were so located as to be nearer the German trenches than to ours between the two sets of barbed wire entanglements and bordering on the right flank of our line. One night, when I was about to take out some scouts on a reconnaissance patrol, Captain St. George Clarke, company commander, spoke to me en route to the front line about investigating the piles to see if the Germans were making any use of them such as for listening or observation posts. I explained that the itinerary of the patrol had been given to the companies to alert their sentries and that if he would alert the Battalion on the right about investigating the brick piles, I would try to investigate them providing our time schedule was not upset.

We left our trenches at the designated starting point on the left of our line, got through the gap in our wire and proceeded in our usual diamond formation to move across the whole front as close to the enemy's wire as was practicable, making sure that each of the four of us kept abreast with the others. Several men, crawling on their bellies through shell holes over miscellaneous wires and obstacles on the ground, without making noise or movement that might attract attention, could not travel very quickly. Each, with his revolver at the ready, must be careful to avoid any accidental discharge that might injure one of the patrol as well as disclose our presence to the enemy.

We had proceeded more than half way across our front and were nearing some smaller brick piles when the German opened up with an intensive mortar fire throwing huge "MINNIES" (Minen-wurfers) a cylindrical bomb about nine inches in diameter and about thirty inches long, filled with a yellow solid explosion substance. They might be likened to depth charges at sea, for it was their concussion and demolition effect on dugouts and strong points that counted rather than any shrapnel effect from the bursting shell. Each Minnie, as it fell and exploded, would open up an excavation comparable to a cellar required under a four-room bungalow but unlike a gun-shell, the range and direction from the trench mortar was very uncertain and unpredictable. It seemed we were in the direct line of fire and as a precaution, moved closer to the enemy's wire because some landed in front close to the brick piles, some landed to our rear and most fell in the area of our own wire and trenches.

We tried our best to pin-point the location from which the flashes were appearing and to judge the distance by relating the time the sound reached us to the flash but

our accuracy was greatly marred by the devastating explosions which forced us to cover our ears for protection from concussion and to protect our bodies from the falling debris. To this must be added, the mortal dread of one mortar falling short that would annihilate the whole patrol.

We decided to remain stationary close to the enemy's wire until the barrage was over because we could not visualize why so much ammunition would be used or wasted on such a fruitless mission, whatever was in their minds. Of course, there was a predominating thought that this might be the prelude to a large-scale raid on this part of the front and that we might be caught in the fire from both sides. We were behind schedule for our patrol to pass certain posts in our line so that a dash by the patrol to regain our one line at a wrong point at a wrong time might

be taken by a nervous sentry to be a raid by the enemy on which to open fire.

The bombardment lasted about fifteen minutes, which seemed like an eternity. It took us a few minutes to collect our wits and to realize that the minnies had stopped rather than just a lull in the proceedings. We finished the course of our patrol without investigating the brick piles and there was great rejoicing when the patrol reached our lines without a blemish. Our troops had been ordered to "stand to" in case of a raid and contrary to our expectations, had suffered no direct casualties from the bombardment. However, I do attribute my lack of an acute sense of hearing to the effects on my eardrums that night. In later life, Dr. Oswald Chenoweth, on the occasion of my first siege of thrombo-phlebitis, reminded me that such an experience would take several years off my life expectancy.

Nick Yunge-Bateman

"Photography, apart from being a usually a fairly exact image, is also a reflection of your own feelings. The better photographs should draw out some sort of inner feeling." (Nick Yunge-Bateman)

There were many hidden gems in the Peterborough Examiner collection. It came to Trent Valley Archives as a large quantity of photos and clippings, but in time, with the help of volunteers, it began to differentiate itself and we got a glimmer of what it was that we have acquired.

When the SPARK Photo Festival organizers came to TVA in 2013 and said they were interested in using one of our collections for their Showcase Exhibit at the historic YMCA, we started with the Examiner Collection. But, at that point, it didn't have what the festival was looking for. They went, instead, for the Fairbairn collection and it made a wonderful highlight of SPARK in 2014.

But the collection of Nick Yunge-Bateman photographs, which was a part of the Examiner collection, also came to our attention. We highlighted it in our office as the TVA exhibit in the SPARK Photo Festival. We chose a selection of his images from 50 years ago – 1964.

Nick Yunge-Bateman was employed by the Peterborough Examiner from 1954 to 1965 as "a two-way man" – reporter and photographer. Hundreds of his photograph negatives were part of the Peterborough Examiner collection which Trent Valley Archives received a couple of years ago. Among the requisite shots of cheque presentations, team photos, sports events and accidents, there are many images that stand alone, and stand up well, as creative work, 50 years later.

I interviewed Nick Yunge-Bateman by telephone in British Columbia a few months ago and told him we were planning an exhibition of his work.

He laughed when he talked about the photographs he took 50 years ago at the Peterborough Examiner. He describes his work as "typical newspaper ambulance chasing," photos of accidents and service club meetings, that "whole ball of wax."

But he has imbued even ordinary scenes with warmth and an eye for light and a thoughtful composition that elevate them above his too modest appraisal.

Photos in the TVA exhibit for SPARK included the Canada Packers fire, mid-summer in the Lion's Pool,

Karen Hicks
children selling lemonade for the Red Cross and other moments.

Originally from Lancashire, and with a trace of accent remaining, he and his wife came to Canada from Wales. While working at the Montgomeryshire and Maryellenshire County Times he interviewed Senator Rupert Davies, who was a Welshman. "Someone was impressed with my abilities," Nick says, and that resulted in a job offer from the senator's son, Robertson Davies, editor of the Peterborough Examiner. He was employed as a reporter earning \$50 a week.

During his time here, photography evolved; he worked with old 4 x 5 speed graphic or ground graphic cameras then into 2 1/4 square and 35 mill.

The photos in this series were arranged very systematically. The photos, usually 4"x5", 2"x2" or 35mm, are placed in 4"x5" glassine envelopes and a number is clearly written on the envelope with a grease pencil.

When I asked Nick about the photographs he took in Peterborough, the first thing he mentioned was the official opening of Trent University. He remembered the event at Central School and that Governor-General and Mrs. Vanier were present. We featured some of these photographs in our exhibit of his work in April, 2014 at TVA to mark the 50th anniversary of Trent this year.

From Peterborough he went out west in 1965. He developed an interest in aerial photography, but, in the interview he said these days, due to his age, he only took a few passport pictures and custom framing orders afternoons at his gallery in Port McNeill, B.C., a community of about 3,000 people.

Following a discussion of the value of Google in locating people, he laughed as he pointed out his grandson is the most famous Yunge-Bateman to be found on Google. The 29-year-old namesake is a model, a world champion in martial arts, and an actor who starred alongside Rutger Hauer and Gregory Smith in his first major acting role, *Hobo with a Shotgun*.

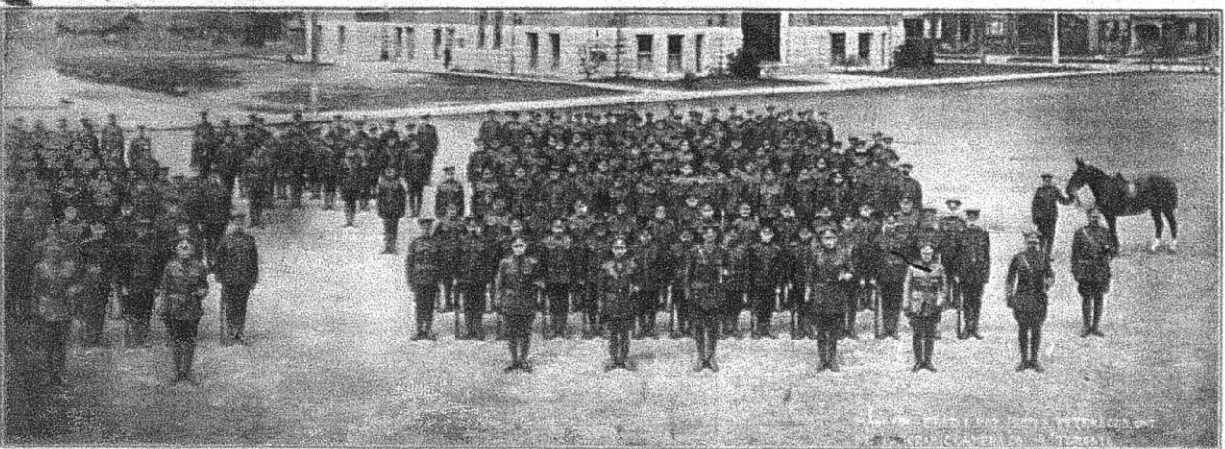
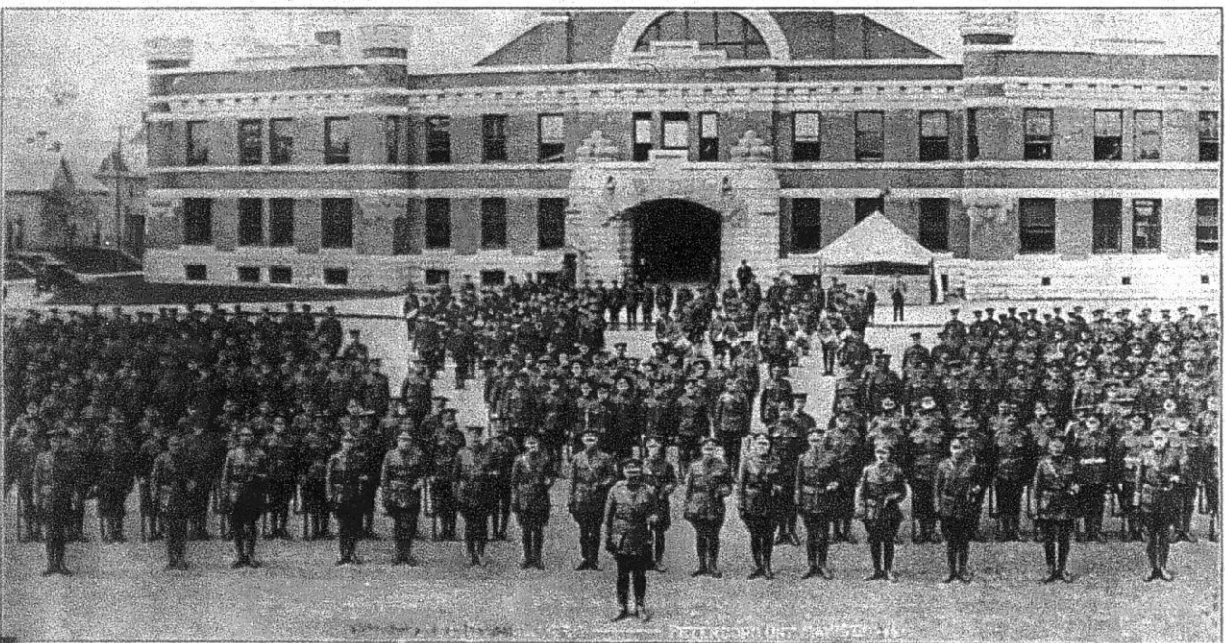
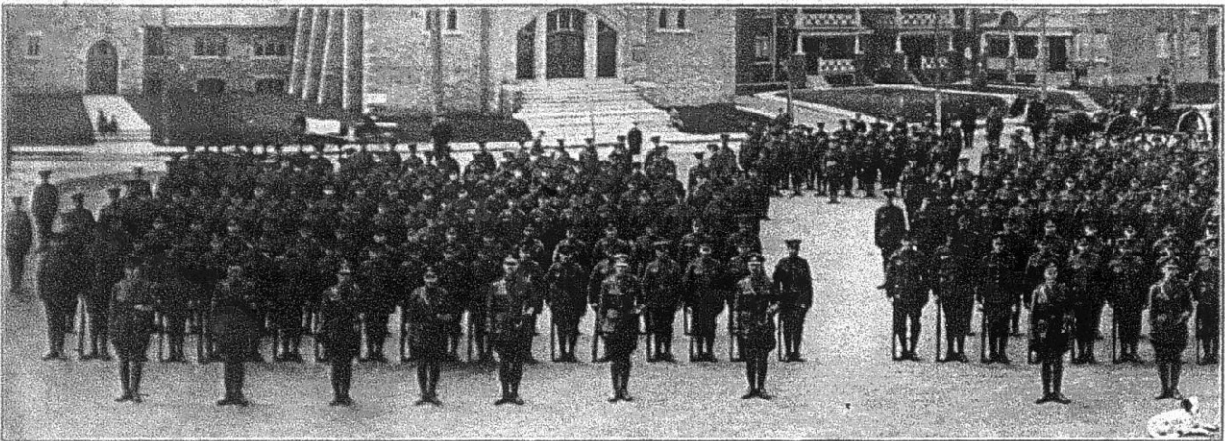
Nick Yunge-Bateman died June 2 in Campbell River, British Columbia, of a stroke. He was 85.

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SATURDAY JUNE 3 1916

----- T. ; ; ; dOVERSEAS BATTALION, C.E.F., PETERBORO, ONT.



A SHORT HISTORY OF THE 93rd BATTALION

Some incidents in the Career of the Fine Overseas Unit Which Left Peterboro this Morning on the First Stage of The Journey to The Front HAS SPLENDID RECORD

*Peterborough Examiner 30 May 1916
Transcribed by Dennis Carter-Edwards*

Peterborough's fine overseas battalion which left this morning for Barriefield Camp has had an interesting career and a short resume of its history should be interesting just now.

The first suggestion of a battalion for Peterborough County, was coincident with the organization of the Peterborough branch of the Speakers' Patriotic League. This useful association was formed at the end of July last year, and in the first week of August launched a monster recruiting campaign, of which a mass meeting in the Armouries, addressed by Hon. Geo. Foster was the crowning feature. This was on August 4th and at that time the suggestion was made by the Speakers' Patriotic League that Peterborough County be allowed to form an overseas Battalion. The suggestion was not acted on by the Government at that time, but a little later on August 23rd, to be exact, it was announced by Mr. J.H. Burnham, M.P. that Peterborough was to be made an infantry headquarters and training depot, and that at least 500 men would be trained here during the winter.

FIRST RECRUITS LEAVE

In the meantime there was a great increase in recruiting and by the end of the third week in August over 100 recruits including twenty bandsmen, had reenrolled themselves. There was some doubt as to whether these men, with the exception of the band were to join the 59th Battalion at Barriefield or remain in Peterborough as the nucleus of a new unit. Lieut-Col. Walker allowed the men to make their choice, and on August 25th the band and thirty three men left for Barriefield, leaving fifty-six here for the new battalion. This was really the beginning of the 93rd, although the battalion was not definitely authorized for nearly two months afterward.

At that time it was understood that the Peterborough detachment would form part of the 80th Battalion at Belleville but in spite of that local authorities still clung to the hope that Peterborough battalion would eventually materialize. Major RT Hounsell of the 57th Regiment was placed temporarily in charge of the recruits on August 28th. On September 1st, Sergt. Walter Hughes, cornet soloist of the 57th Regiment was appointed bandmaster and the work of organizing the present splendid band commenced; the musicians of the 57th Regiment and Temple Band quickly responding to the call.

On Sept 7th Lieut Col Johnston now Commanding Officer of the 93rd was announced as second in command of the 80th Battalion and took over the command of the local detachment. On Sept 19th the recruits, then 136 strong, were inspected at the Peterborough Industrial Exhibition by Sir Sam Hughes.

PETERBOROUGH HEADQUARTERS

A few days later on Sept 27th the announcement was made from Ottawa that Peterborough would be the headquarters of the new battalion with two companies to be recruited here and a company each in Cobourg and Lindsay.. This left the status of the recruits who had already enlist in doubt. It was not known at that time whether they would still be continued as part of the 80th Battalion or not.

AUTHORIZED IN OCTOBER

In fact it was not until a month later that it was officially announced that the Peterborough battalion would be known as the 93rd Overseas Battalion and that the officers and men who had joined here and had been carried on the strength of the 80th would form the nucleus of the 93rd. The announcement arrived at the Armouries just as the Medical Officer of the 80th was examining the local men with a view of having them removed to Belleville and was enthusiastically received by the men. In November headquarters announced that recruiting for the 93rd would be confined to Peterborough County.

About the same time it was announced that Lieut-Col. Jos. Mills, of the 2nd Battalion, formerly of the 57th Regiment, was on his way home to take command of the 93rd. Col. Mills arrived in Peterborough early in December, and was in command for a few days when he was called to Ottawa and presented with a splendid Christmas box in the form of the important appointment of Inspector of Supply and transport for No.2 (Toronto) Division which he accepted. On December 20th Lieut.-Col. Johnston, of the 3rd Dragoons, who had been acting Officer Commanding practically since the commencement of the battalion was placed in command.

Recruit continued steadily. By Christmas the battalion had reached the 500 mark. Recruiting stations were opened at Lakefield, Apsley, Havelock and Norwood, and the announcement that the men who enlisted at these centers would be allowed to train there for the winter had a marked effect on recruiting.

On May 3rd and 4th these platoons were mobilized in Peterborough.

SPLENDID CONDUCT

The stay of the 93rd Battalion in Peterborough has been remarkable for the splendid behaviour of the men in khaki. Throughout the long months the battalion was here there was not the slightest trouble of any kind. A small force of military

police, aided by the good conduct of the soldiers individually, has kept law and order so efficiently that probably any similar number of civilians during the same period could not show as good a record.

THE RECRUITING PROBLEMS

While the 93rd has been longer in organizing than some of the county battalions, this may be accounted for very easily. In the first place the county of Peterborough is on the whole sparsely populated and widely scattered with few large centers, making the work of reaching eligible men difficult. This threw a lot of the task of raising the battalion up on the city of Peterborough, and different from many other cities. There were frequent calls here for many for other units. First the Mounted Rifles took away 45 men. Then 60 more went to the 59th Battalion and some 45 to the 80th; while 145 joined the [33rd?] Battery, practically the whole battery coming from this city. More recently, the 52nd Battery took 60 splendid recruits away, and a number of others have joined other units, so that altogether since recruiting started for the Peterborough County Battalion, some [illegible 850??] residents of Peterborough have enlisted outside the battalion. Since last

August, enough citizens of Peterborough have enlisted to complete the strength of the 93rd if they were together, without calling on the county at all, so that there is no reason to feel that the district has been backward. Since the war commenced, 2300 Peterborough men have joined the colours or one for every nine of Peterborough's population. The average for Canada is about one for every twenty-five.

A FAMILY BATTALION

That the 93rd is a family battalion is evidenced by the fact that there are thirty five pairs of brothers in the ranks, while no fewer than fifteen fathers are serving with their sons in the battalion. There are five brothers from one family in the 93rd, the five Taylors from Chemong Indian Village.

HUGE PHOTOGRAPH OF 93rd BATTALION WAS TAKEN TO-DAY

Peterboro' Soldiers Face 42 Centimetre Picture Machine Without Flinching--No Church Parade on Sunday--Advance Guard to Leave For Barriefield Camp on Monday--To-day's Orders and General Military News.

The 93rd Battalion, which will be soon leaving Peterborough to face the Germans had to face a 42 centimetre camera this morning, when the Roy Studio took a photograph of the whole battalion. The huge panoramic camera was operated from a high platform erected by the Pioneers, and the Battalion was drawn up in semi-circular fashion with the Armouries as a background. The picture will be one of the biggest of its kind ever taken in Peterborough and the group was the largest number of overseas men to be photographed in this city. Afterwards the Studio took individual photographs of A and B Companies, and of a number of the platoons. C and D Companies, the Machine Gun Section, Signallers, etc. will also be photographed, so that there will be a complete photographic record of the battalion in Peterborough. Posing for the camera put also a complete stop to the drill this morning.

Battalion Orderly Sergeant for tomorrow, Sergt. Clarke.
Battalion Orderly Corporal for today, Corporal Wood.
Battalion Orderly Corporal for tomorrow, Corporal White.

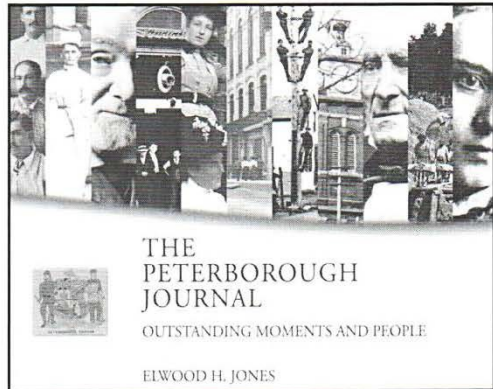
PARADES--Saturday.
8.30 to 7.00, Physical Training.
8.30 to 10.30, Bayonet Fighting.
10.00 to 10.30, Orderly Room.
10.30 to 11.00, Physical Training.
11.00 to 12.00, March On.

STRENGTH--Taken on.
The following men having enlisted, is taken on the strength of the Battalion and posted to the Staff from May 12th:
No. 15697a, Pte. A. H. Cooke.

POSTINGS.
Lieutenant V. McA. Eastwood is posted to B Company from May 19th.

COMMAND.
The following N. C. O.'s will be shown on command while attending the Physical Training School at London Det.

Ontario Historical Society
OHS Bulletin Summer 2014



In his chronicle of *The Peterborough Journal*, noted Peterborough archivist, local historian, and author (and 2013 OHS Carnochan Award recipient) Elwood Jones has compiled a fascinating compendium of moments and people who figured in the history of Peterborough and area prior to the Great War. Yet this lavishly illustrated book is more than a catalogue: Jones brings his deft historical touch to the context, interrelation and significance of the events and their participants. Carefully and astutely designed as a reference book, it is both indexed according to key words, in traditional fashion, but also by icons that quickly allow the readers to find the topic, event, person or group for which they are searching. As such, this book is a first-rate introduction to Peterborough and area history, a 'walk through the past' for community members, and an incentive to further study for historians, local and otherwise. The index includes more than 2,400 entries to whet researchers' appetites for more!

Peterborough Journal

The Peterborough Journal: outstanding moments and people will be available in October and looks to be a terrific Christmas gift. This attractive book is the major reference work for Peterborough and area before World War I. It covers thousands of events, and has over 140 archival photographs from our collections. The appendices include list of town and city councils and an extensive index. Historian F. H. Dobbin had developed a chronology in 1913 and our new book is a major rewrite that includes observations by Elwood Jones, our archivist and historian. Pages 184, illustrations, index. Paperback, \$25; Hard cover, \$40. Order from Trent Valley Archives, 705-745-4404.

The book received a very favourable review from the Ontario Historical Society. See to left.

We have included excerpts from *The Peterborough Journal* illustrating a few of many events from September.



1832 September 2

Catharine Parr Traill and Thomas Traill spent three months in Peterborough before moving to Lakefield. Her memories of early settlement days have appeared in several books that she wrote, perhaps most engagingly in *Backwoods of Canada* and *Pebbles and Stones*, books that span her writing career.

Catharine Parr Traill and her husband arrived in Peterborough on September 2, 1832, almost exactly 180 years ago. Traill published a book in every decade from the 1830s to the 1890s, and covered a wide range of subjects. She wrote books for children, for new immigrants and for women. She was particularly famous for her writing on nature, and especially on plant life in the Trent Valley area.

Her Peterborough experiences were far more important than one might first imagine. She spent her first three months in Canada in Peterborough. She stayed a few nights at McFadden's Inn, at the Peterborough end of the Hunter Street bridge. Then she spent a week with Mary and Ephraim Sanford, the local postmaster. For most of the time before moving to Lakefield,

Thomas and Catharine stayed with Frances and Thomas A. Stewart.

During these months she went to her first church service in Canada, which was at the log schoolhouse (on what is now McDonnell Street near College) that doubled as the Anglican church. She began her study of local plants, as she became a self-taught botanist and perhaps our earliest observer to express the need for government action to prevent the loss of species, such as the white pine. Everything she learned about Canada, she first learned here.

**1851 September 27**

Mayor Charles Hudson, Esq., Mayor, laid the foundation stone of new town building, a market hall designed by the famed William Thomas. This was followed by dinner at the Commercial Hotel and an ox roast. The ox was not cooked completely and was left to be cooked overnight, during which time it was kidnapped by young men (the usual suspects). The ox was found near the toll gate, at what is now Clonsilla and Sherbrooke. The pranksters, revealed in a news item in 1889, were the sons of well-known citizens: Harry Winch, Bill Lundy, Bob Bestard, Tim English, Robert A. Morrow and Thomas E. Bradburn.

The documents placed in the cornerstone included the names of the members of the Council: B Charles Hudson, Mayor, James Harvey, Joseph Spencly, John Reid, Thomas Chambers, Clarke Spalding, James T. Henthorn, Edmund Chamberlen, Egerton Perry, M. D., Thomas Hutchinson, Robinson Rutherford and John Haggart. It also listed the members of the Building Committee: B Edmund Chamberlen, James T. Henthorn, Thomas Chambers, John Reid and James Harvey, Esquires. The note also said that Walter Sheridan, Esq. was the architect, and David Taylor was the contractor. This note was signed by W. H. Wrighton, Town Clerk, and dated "in the 15th year of the reign of Her Majesty, Queen Victoria."

**1873 September 9 to 16**

At the 1873 militia camp at Hunter's Grove (later known as Crawford's Grove) the 57th, 46th and 45th Battalions were placed along the river in that order going down river. The tent for Col D'Arcy Boulton, the senior officer and camp commander was next. The Cavalry were further down river "in a small field surrounded by second growth timber" which protected the horses from the wind. North and west of these units there was open space for company and squad drill. Further west, was the officers' mess. North of all this and the 40th Battalion was a large field which was used for battalion and brigade drill. There was a list of officers and a statement of strength. Someone had cut out the figures for the 57th

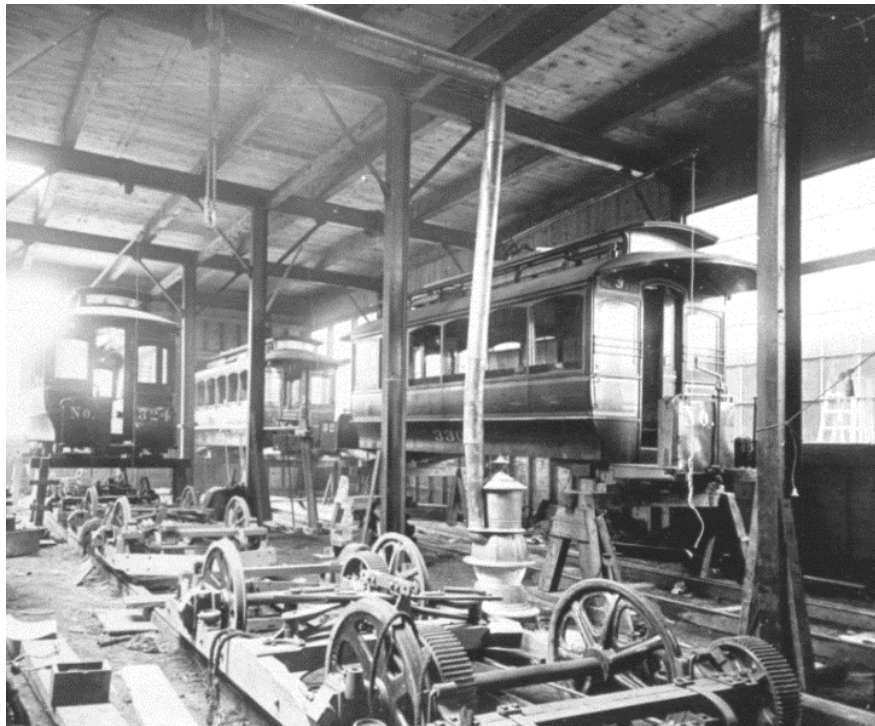
Regiment from the copy of the Review that was used for microfilming but Dobbin had the summary information. The cavalry unit had 150; the four infantry battalions counted for about 1,050 all ranks.

The camp began on Tuesday, September 9. The soldiers paraded through the town on Saturday afternoon. The town had a half-day holiday. On the following Monday afternoon and Tuesday of the camp, the Deputy Adjutant-General came to inspect the camp; he praised the brigade for "its fine appearance and good work." The

citizens of Peterborough entertained the officers at a Ball on Monday night, September 15. On Tuesday evening, the Horticultural Society held its annual fall exhibition at the Drill Hall on Murray Street, and this was combined with a "Promenade Concert."

**1890 September 1**

Councillor E. H. D. Hall read to council report of the manufacturing committee appointed to select and secure a location in the town for the proposed factory of the Edison Electric Co. The choice had been submitted to the Company and accepted, being blocks of property west of Park Street and reached by Wolfe, Dalhousie and other streets. Park lots no 14 - 17, in Township of North Monaghan but now embraced in the limits of the town. Secured option at price of \$400 per acre from Chamberlain estate and P Hamilton. Recommended that the Council confirm the report and prepare and submit to ratepayers a by-law to raise



necessary money for purpose. When the Company shall have erected buildings to the value of \$30,000 a deed of the land shall be given. Town to provide right of way for switches, lay down sewers and water pipes as provided under agreement. Exempt from taxation for 10 years. A by-law was submitted to the ratepayers and carried by a vote of 565 for and 11 against. Papers 3 October 1890.

This is a photo of the place where Canadian General Electric made streetcars in early 1890s. This is from the Electric City Collection at the Trent Valley Archives. This and the excerpt appeared in my latest book, Peterborough Journal, which is available from Trent Valley Archives. The streetcar building was one of the buildings demolished along the Wolfe street side of the Canadian General Electric Works during August and September 2014.

Samuel de Champlain Came in 1615

2015 marks the 400th anniversary of the arrival of Samuel de Champlain to central Ontario. Heritage organizations throughout the area will note the occasion with special events, publications, etc. Trent Valley Archives will be a part of this occasion with the publication of a special issue of *The Heritage Gazette*. Anyone with stories, proposals, and ideas are welcome to submit them to Trent Valley Archives by **November 2014**.

We are members of the board of the Trent Valley Archives who are interested in raising awareness of 2015 as the 400th anniversary of the expedition in which several hundred Huron and Algonquin warriors brought a small party of French soldiers, led by Samuel de Champlain, through the Kawartha Lakes and the Trent Valley in late 1615. We thought that this might be of interest to your group as the expedition's routes (from Huronia to New York State and back) more or less paralleled that of the TSW today. All communities along the Waterway can relate to this event. For example, here in Peterborough County there are two possible sites for "Chaplain's Rest" (the place where the returning expedition stopped on its way back to allow Champlain to recuperate from his wounds). One is in Bridgenorth (where there is a plaque) the other is near Haultain. We thought that this anniversary might generate interest in the Trent Severn Waterway.

Ayotte Family – Peterborough County



Ayotte Cabin, Lang Pioneer Village, Peterborough County (Alan Brunger)

Joseph Ayotte Sr. (1809-1898) came from Lower Canada (Quebec) to Upper Canada with the lumber drive. He remained in Peterborough County, married Mary Ann Leahy (1811-c. 1895), and raised a family of eight children. This cabin was his first family home, which later became the cottage, once a larger home was built. The children were Henri-Joseph (b. 1836); Elizabeth; George (b. 1845); Lewis (b. 1849); Peter-John (b. 1851); Jean-Baptiste (b. 1852); Bathier (b. 1853); and Francis Augustin (b. 1854). While this building was being used as the Ayotte homestead, during the summer the wood stove was moved to the summer kitchen (small room at the rear) in order to cool the main part of the house. In the winter, the stove would be moved back into the main house and the empty summer kitchen would be used for cold storage.



Ayotte cabin, courtesy of Lang Pioneer Village, Peterborough County

The main structure of this cedar log home provides an excellent example of lap keying, a type of joinery evident at the corners of the building. An upper floor served as a loft bedroom. This cabin now houses the lumbering exhibit in Lang Pioneer Village, which outlines the growth and significance of the lumber industry in developing Peterborough County during the 19th century.

Paul Ayotte, a descendant of Joseph and former Mayor and Councilor of the City of Peterborough, retains the family cottage on the original property by Clear Lake. He recalls numerous stories of the family and their long presence in the area.

There are materials related to the Ayotte family in the papers of the late Robert Delledone at Trent Valley Archives. The Ayotte family papers, 1830s-1980s, 1 cu ft, in this fonds include receipts tied to running the farm. The Delledone papers relate primarily to Lakefield and the surrounding area, and were used in preparing the history of Lakefield, published by the Lakefield Heritage Society, *Nelson's Falls to Lakefield: a history of the village* (1999).

French community in Peterborough

Elwood H. Jones and Peter A. Moore

There has been considerable interest in the French community around Peterborough. Peter McConkey has done considerable research and this can be consulted at the Trent Valley Archives. Peter A. Moore wrote about "The Early French Settlers" in *Kawartha Heritage* (1981) which was edited versions of presentations made at the Kawartha Conference, held at Trent University in 1980. Moore covered those that came from France, but most of the early French settlers came from Lower Canada. Moore began his story with Champlain in 1615.

He noted that Fenelon Falls was named for Father Fenelon, one of two Sulpician monks sent in 1658 to minister to Cayuga Indians near Belleville. Fr. Trouve

Many of the French settlers came for the timber and lumber trades, and many left as the trade diminished. Even as the forests receded, the Kawarthas and the Otonabee provided the avenue for bringing the harvest to the mills of Lakefield, Nassau and Peterborough. Over time, the water proved the basis for electricity and tourism, and many descendants of the early settlers remained.

Moore commented on the Thibadeau family. The family escaped from the French Revolution to the United States and then to near Montreal. They settled in Harvey Township near Nogie's Creek, at Tighs Mountain. Among their neighbours were the St. Thomases and Bouchers who settled north of Nogie's Creek. All three of the families had river drivers. Ed Thibadeau (1884-1980) was a grandson of the original settlers, and the three families had many descendants.

Joseph Ayotte (1809-1898) came as a teen-ager, probably the earliest French settler in the region. By 1834, he had fifty acres in Smith Township just north of his first clearing. He built a log cabin and a saw mill. He was mechanically inclined and made a water wheel and several wagon wheels. Moore told the family legend of the first day at school, when there were four Jack Ayottes attending. As one of them explained, "Well, you see, there's Pete's Jack and Joe's Jack and Kitty's Jack and our Jack."

Other families with similar experiences were the Ouelettes, Demoes, Beteaus, Fontaines, Laveroux, and LaChapelles.

There were also families without forest connections. Modest Duplessis aged 58 came about 1834 and operated a brewery near Hastings, at Walker's Mills. Also near Hastings, then known as Crook's Rapids, Roselle Lesvesque (d. 1898) married Basil LaJoie (d. 1881) who was a chopper helping settlers clear their land. Their daughter, Caroline, was the first white child born near Hastings. According to Richard Birdsall's diary, Joseph Lavelet was paid \$10 to supply lumber and build a porch, a woodshed, and a backhouse. Other French families in the eastern part of the county included Fochas, Preneveaus and Goulets.

stayed in the Belleville area; Fr. Fenelon went into the northern part of Victoria County, where Fenelon township and Fenelon Falls still bear his name and stayed until 1664. Many French emigrants had been forced out of France by the Huguenot expulsion, and much later by the French Revolution. Job opportunities brought them to his area.

The first major magnet was the timber trade from the Kawarthas which led to lumber rafts being sent down to Quebec City for export mainly to Britain. Some early rafters had been hired in Quebec City and came back to be lumberjacks, cooks and rafters. Moore cited a typical contract for the Mossom Boyd Lumber Company, in which workers were paid \$16 a month, payable at discharge.

Once, Ed Goulet road a river raft to Quebec City, bought a horse (a rare commodity in Asphodel), rode it back and sold it for a considerable profit.

Most of the workers at the cotton mill in Hastings, one of the earliest in the province, were French. Most settled on the south side of the river near Clyde Street, and the area was known as the French Village.

In the town of Peterborough, the first French settlers arrived in the 1840s, and by 1861 there were 250 families of French descent. The best known of these families were the Laplantes. Toussain Laplante (d. 1884) and his wife Olive Brault (d. 1901) had seven children when they arrived in 1849, and then they had nine more children. Toussaint, when looking for work, met Charles Perry, then the owner of the big mill at Nassau Mills, near the Lachine Rapids. Laplante ran Perry's timber raft through the Lachine Rapids, and Perry informed him there was lots of work for someone with such skills.

It was a tough trip from Laprairie to Peterborough, and the last part of the trip was by May's horseboat. At the pier, then at the foot of Sherbrooke Street, they were challenged to fist fights, and fared well, and settled near the river bank. They were treated as outsiders for many years. Their oldest son, Noe (1840-1929), started working as a butcher for Richard Winch, a neighbor on Crescent Street, and later for Daniel Hopkins. Eight years later, 1860, he bought Hopkins' business for \$200. This was a stall in the Market Hall, which was midway between Charlotte and Simcoe on the Water Street side of the market square. In 1865, he went to Laprairie and returned with a bride, Arthemise Desautel (d. 1923).

In 1870 Laplante purchased the ten acre park lot bounded by Lock, Westcott, Park and Romaine. He built his large home at 87 Lock Street. This became the centre of the French community even by 1881. On Sept. 3, 1881, an altercation that began in Madame Berube's unlicensed drinking spot at George and Lake streets simmered into a deadly fight. Just after midnight, at the corner of George and Charlotte streets, Nelson Hamelin, 25, stabbed an athletic Joseph Larocque, 24, with an ordinary jack knife and Larocque died almost immediately. Justice was swift,

as the coroner jury and the post mortem were done two days later, on Monday, Sept. 5, and the murder trial occurred one month later.

Laplante retired and sold the butcher business to his brother Noel and to L. D. Letellier. He then built a summer home on an island in Lovesick Lake and bought a 30 foot, glassed-in steam launch. In the 1890s, he served on the town council and on the Separate School Board. He was a friend of Sir Wilfrid Laurier who visited Laplante each election campaign between 1896 and 1911.

Noe Laplante rented land to the Peterborough Golf Club in 1897 when they had to leave Burnham's Point because Mrs. Burnham wanted rent. This property stretched from Lily Lake Road to Jackson Park and was accessible from the rail line through the park.

There were other French merchants on George Street. Leandre Potvin ran a bakery near Lech's furriers that also sold "heavenly" ice cream. Henri LeBrun had the town's leading men's wear store at George and Hunter, and from the 1880s he was a major sponsor and coach for local lacrosse and hockey teams. LeBrun employed as many as

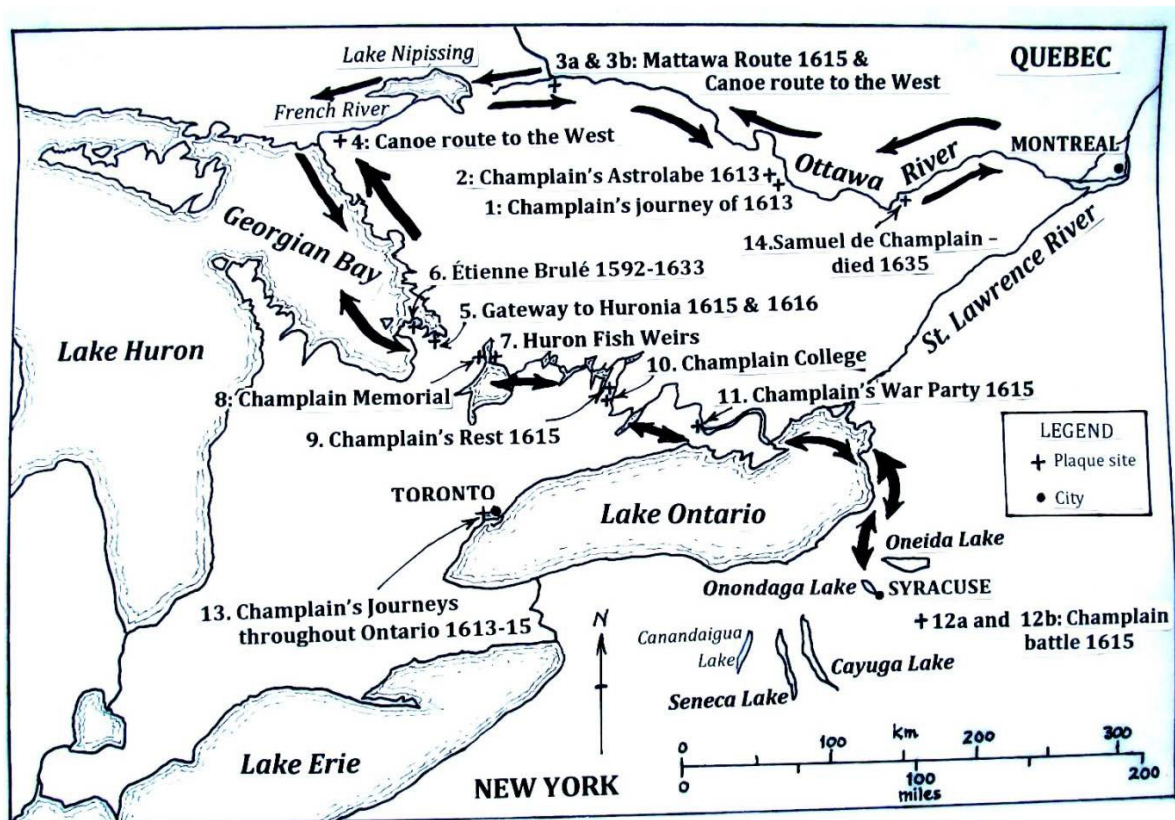
28 people. Mme Brisbois, whose fine stylish ladies wear store was on Burnham Street, employed about 16 seamstresses. Burt LeRoque owned the Montreal House and ran a livery stable. Mr. Courneya was a conductor on the first street car in town, in the early 1890s.

The DeForge family owned the stone house at Hunter and Rubidge. The Lavoies ran the first knitting mill in town. Other important French family names included Delaire, Hurtubise, Primeau, Giroux, Gosselin, Paquette, Levasseur, Doig, Gabouri, and Brioux. Moore claims that there were over 100 small manufacturing plants in Peterborough, and many of them came from Quebec.

In religion, the first bishop of the Roman Catholic Diocese of Peterborough, erected 1882, was the Rt. Rev. John James Jamot (b. 1828) who came from France in 1855. Many of the sisters in the Congregation de Notre Dame, which supplied teachers in St. Mary's school from 1867 to 1902, were French. They were succeeded by the Sisters of St. Joseph, which also had some French nuns.

In short, the influence of French settlers was very significant.

Champlain's plaques



Champlain's plaques in Ontario and New York

This is the map that was prepared by Alan Brunger to accompany the excellent article in the last issue of the Heritage Gazette of the Trent Valley.

French language education in Peterborough: École Monseigneur Jamot

Peter Adams and Al Brunger

This is a contribution to Trent Valley Archives' efforts to celebrate the 400th anniversary (2015) of Samuel de Champlain's visits to Peterborough in 1615 and 1516 and of the French heritage of the Trent Valley. We are most grateful to Le Conseil scolaire de district catholique Centre-Sud for assistance with this note.

The French presence in what is now Ontario dates back at least to Champlain's visits of 1613-1615. Sainte-Marie Among-the-Hurons, established 1639, was the first major European (French) settlement.

Today, there are almost 600,000 francophones in Ontario, distributed all over the Province with concentrations in Eastern Ontario (42%), Central Ontario (29%) and Northeastern Ontario (23%). There is a Francophone school system which spans junior kindergarten to high school and on into French language post-secondary institutions such as Alfred College, Guelph, Collège Boréal, Windsor and La Cité collégiale, Ottawa, and six other institutions that offer programs in French.

The current system of French language education flowed from the French Language Services Act of 1986. The school board for east central Ontario, the Conseil scolaire de district catholique Centre-Sud, was established in 1998 serving a region extending from Niagara to Peterborough and Lake Ontario to Georgian Bay. It includes 15,000 students and 54 schools.

L'École élémentaire catholique Monseigneur-Jamot was founded in Peterborough in 1998 to serve francophone families of the region. It is a K-8 school. In a couple of years' time, it will be transformed into a K-12 school located on Woodglade Avenue, Peterborough. The new school will serve 1300 francophone families in the region.

Monseigneur Jean-François Jamot, after whom the school is named, was a priest who came to Ontario from France in the mid 19th century. With the Sisters of St Joseph, he established a number of schools before becoming, in 1882, the first Bishop of Peterborough at a time when the diocese extended into Northern Ontario.

Queries

**Muriel Foster Scored a Success
At Concert Last Night in George Street Church
A True Artist Who Captivated her Hearers –
Other Artists on the Programme**
Peterborough Examiner, 15 April 1904

Muriel Foster, the great English contralto, and "great" is not too strong a word to use, appeared last night at George street church, and her reception was a gratifying one, to the organization instrumental in securing Miss Foster's visit to this town.

Peterborough has been visited by many lady vocalists, but it is doubtful if a truer artist than Miss Foster has ever been heard here. The unstinted praise which the continental and American press have given her, was acknowledged by all who had the privilege of hearing her last night to be well merited.

Added to the richness and beauty of the voice, of the charm of her unaffected manner, in which particular she differed pleasingly from many singers who have appeared here in the past. Of Miss Foster's voice, no praise that might be given her, would add to its charm. For richness and depth of tone, Miss Foster's voice is remarkable, and in all her selections last night she proved herself a singer with a truly artistic temperament.

The audience was not as large as the excellence of the programme warranted, but those who attended were of a musical inclination, and the artists met with a sympathetic audience.

Some little delay was caused in the opening of the programme because of the fact that the train upon which Miss Foster was to arrive, met with a mishap near Garden

Heather Aiton Landry, Dianne Tedford and Elwood Jones Hill, and was delayed nearly three hours in reaching Peterborough. During the interval of waiting, Emiliano Renaud, the pianist who accompanied Miss Foster on her tour, rendered a number of his best selections, which was a complete recompense for the delay.

The first number on the programme proper was a moonlight sonata, Adagio Sostenuto, Allegretto, Presto Agitato, by Beethoven, given by Mr. Renaud, and in it, as in the preceding selections given, he was heartily applauded.

Miss Foster's first number was Goring Thomas' "My Heart is Weary," and with the first notes sung came the conviction on the part of her hearers that she was all that had been represented.

A triple number by Mr. Renaud, (a) Minuet, composed by Mr. Renaud; (b) Ave Maria, by Henselt; and (c) Valse Allemande, by Rubenstein was next given by the pianist, following which Miss Foster, by special request sang "O Rest in the Lord," and "Entreat me not to Leave Thee," to the unbounded pleasure of her hearers. A reverie and a paraphrase, "Kuas Waltzer," were Emiliano Renaud's next contributions and like his other numbers were highly acceptable to the audience.

Miss Foster closed her portion of the evening's programme by her rendition of "If Heaven I Win," "Because My Love Is a Rose," and "Happy Song," in each of which she displayed varying powers of song. Her expression was admirably adapted to the sentiment of the different compositions, and that her singing was appreciated was evidenced by the fact that she was enthusiastically encored after each number.

Mr. Renaud closed the evening with a fantasie on themes from "A Midsummer Night's Dream," by Mendelssohn-Liszt, introducing the wedding march.

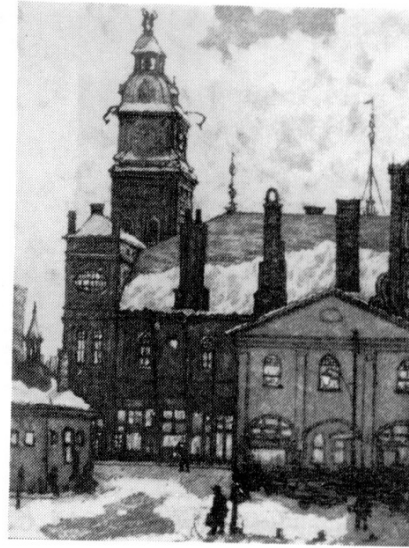
Miss Kate Eadie acted as accompanist to Miss Foster in a thorough musicianly manner.

The choir of George street church, under whose auspices the concert was given are to be congratulated on the success of the event, and also upon their good fortune in securing artists of the caliber of those who last night delighted the musical public of Peterborough. Miss Foster, during her stay here, was the guest of Mrs. McAllister, and at the conclusion of last night's concert, a number of prominent musicians were invited to Mrs. McAllister's home to meet Miss Foster. This invitation was gladly accepted and at the pleasing reception thus tendered, Miss Foster kindly favoured those present with a number of further selections, which still further pleased those fortunate enough to hear her.

Thanks to Dianne Tedford and Elwood Jones, responding to request from Andrew Elliott.

Tire Iron Beating 1974

We had an interesting query related to a motorcycle gang in Peterborough in the news in 1974. It proved to be a fascinating story that was very well-covered in the newspapers during the spring of 1974



31

Nicholas Hornyansky, A.R.C.A., O.S.A., C.P.E.
(1896-1965)

THE TOWN CLOCK, PETERBOROUGH

colour aquatint, signed and titled in the margin. 5½x4in. 13.3x10.2cm. unframed

\$200-300

Thanks to Callie Stacey for sharing this old sale notice for a painting of the Market Hall by Nicholas Hornyansky.



George and Simcoe c. 1950. Notice that the addition to Zeller's has not been built, and a three storey building stands between the Turnbull building and the CPR Hotel.

Currently we have a university student working on the Nick Yunge-Bateman sous-fonds of the Peterborough Examiner archives. Megan Schevers, working with the archivist will prepare a finding aid and address some of the conservation issues. Our high school co-op student, Cody Starr, has worked on the T. Frank Matthews albums, and on the photographic collection of Syd Chambers, and will work on other projects through the fall term.

Canadians on the Western Front

Heather Aiton Landry

Trent Valley Archives was pleased to debut a new photo exhibit, *With Canadians on the Western Front*, at our Open House this past September 13. Three collections are featured: F142 Canadians on the Western Front, F416 93rd Overseas Battalion (donated by Robert Gordon), and two photographs donated from the Hicks family estate, donated by Fern Minor and Sandra McColl.

Most of the featured photographs are taken from an album that was donated to Trent Valley Archives in 2006 by Bruce Hodgins, President of Camp Wanapitei on Lake Temagami. It was probably compiled by Ed Archibald, founder of Camp Wanapitei, who operated YMCA canteens on the Western Front.

The album is composed of 503 black and white 8 x 10 prints. They appear to have been taken by official military photographers, none of whom are specifically identified, for the purpose of publication in newspapers. The photographs relate primarily to activities between battles and the aftermath of battle, and the “ordinary” lives of soldiers. Some photos are probably staged, and most reveal aspects of soldiering life behind the front lines. Short captions are pasted to the back of many of the photographs, likely for the purpose of revealing just enough to satisfy public curiosity, but not enough to risk revealing any secret information to the readership.

Canadians on way to Christmas at the front (F142-474)

A small party of troops make their way along a road laid through the old front line through two barriers of barbed wire. The troops are laden with personal kit like haversacks and big packs but none appear to be carrying rifles. Neither are they carrying trench stores like sandbags, shovels or rolls of barbed wire

Dishing out a meal in the trenches (F142-028)

Soldiers from the 15th Battalion (48th Highlanders) being served soup. The large container was known as a “dixie” and the soup is being ladled into each man's mess tin. The two Highlanders on the right are wearing khaki

canvas aprons over their kilts and the typically battered looking Balmorals. The two soldiers on the left have covered their steel helmets with burlap sacking to keep the sun from reflecting off the smooth steel surface and catching the eye of a German sniper. The 'SB' brassard the one is wearing shows he is a platoon stretcher bearer.

Two panoramic photographs are also featured in the exhibit. Both are Roy photographs, and were shot on May 19, 1916 in front of the Peterborough Armouries just weeks before the 93rd Battalion headed to Europe. Fred Roy considered the large panoramic photograph of the entire battalion to be the most complex photograph shot in Peterborough to that date. Besides assembling the entire Battalion on the parade square, the men had to be arranged in a semi-circle so that the effect of a straight line was produced as the panoramic camera scrolled across the scene. The other panoramic photograph on display shows the men of B Company of the 93rd Battalion.

The exhibit was produced through the collaborative efforts of Don Willcock and Steve Guthrie, who chose the photographs and provided captions, with technical assistance from Ron Briegel, Dianne Tedford, Rick Meridew, Elwood Jones, and Heather Aiton Landry. The photographs will be on display at TVA throughout the winter months, .

THE PETERBOROUGH JOURNAL

OUTSTANDING MOMENTS AND PEOPLE

ELWOOD H. JONES

Pages 184, illustrations, index. Paperback, \$25; Hard cover, \$40.

This book makes an excellent gift for those on your Christmas shopping list who love Peterborough history. Sometimes as one moves from their home base it is harder to keep track of local history. This book is designed to be a reference book for events from earliest times to 1913. It fits neatly on the desk or coffee table; it is arranged in chronological order; it has icons, photographs and indexes to find information that could settle a bet on the spot. Lavishly illustrated, a guide to TVA's best pictures for the period.

Order from Trent Valley Archives by phone, email or web page.



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The Hazelbrae Barnardo Home Memorial Group held an afternoon of entertainment for Ontario British Home Child Day Sept 27 at Northminster United Church. There were three guest speakers talking about their new home children books. One was set in western Canada, a second, in England, and a third, in Peterborough.

Elwood Jones, our archivist, spoke September 13 to the Minden history and genealogy group about the Trent Valley Archives, noting its exceptional resources that let people find out about past times everywhere in the Trent Valley, from Minden to Trenton.

Elwood Jones, Alan Brunger and Peter McConkey were among four featured speakers at the Ontario Genealogical Society, Kawartha Branch, conference, October 4, at Northminster United Church. The talks were all well-received. Elwood spoke on the Cumberland settlers of 1818; Alan, on the 1831 emigrants from Wiltshire to Dummer and Southwold; and Peter spoke about Peter Robinson settlers of 1825, and particularly on the difficulties preceding the emigration.

Stony Lake island church marks 100th year

*Diana Swift, Toronto Anglican
The Anglican Diocese of Toronto*

In 1913, as the clouds of war gathered over Europe, island-dotted Stony Lake remained the serene jewel of Ontario's Kawartha cottage region. And serene jewel it still is. But back in 1913, the beautiful lake lacked a dedicated place of worship for its Anglican summer residents—until the Rev. Dr. Alexander Mackenzie, headmaster of The Grove, a boys' preparatory school in nearby Lakefield (now Lakefield College School), launched a campaign to build a church.

That culminated in the 1914 completion of St. Peter's-on-the-Rock. The picturesque white church sits on the rocky shore of an island donated by a local lumberman and landowner with the Dickensian-sounding name of Mr. F.W. Lillicrap.

According to Sue Dutton, the church's historian and member of its 100th anniversary planning committee, fundraisers collected \$499.15 in donations for the original simple structure designed to hold 150 people and built by a local farmer. As the congregation grew and became stable, founders Alick and his brother Michael Mackenzie devised a model that is still adhered to today. Their vision was for an incumbent and his family, "ideally from a city parish, to live on the island and to officiate for either July or August," Dutton wrote in her article on St. Peter's, "Good Roots." Accordingly, in 1920, funds were raised and Clergy Cottage was built and furnished the next year.

In 1921, the church was extended by 10 feet to the north, allowing for an additional 30 people. When the expanded St. Peter's was dedicated on July 16, 1922, its furnishings included its trademark shutters, pine pews to replace the old steamer chairs and a new wharf.

On Sunday, July 20, St. Peter's celebrated its centenary in a superb service seamlessly marrying music and worship. The event was actually scheduled 25 years ago and has been in active planning since 2011. Almost 500 people made the July 20 trip by boat from the mainland to the church, in strong contrast to the inaugural service of July 29, 1914: this attracted just 24 congregants and took in a princely \$1.75 at the offertory.

The sanctuary island itself remains unnamed. "But what's amusing is that the two channels around it are named Hell's Gate and Devil's Elbow, so called by lumbermen because they were narrow and annoying to try to move log booms through," said Dutton.

"This church is very central to the community here," added Patrick Bunting, chair of the centenary planning committee. "I came here as a child, and my grandchildren attended the anniversary service, so when I look at the front door, I realize that five generations of my family have passed through that portal." Bunting noted that before 1914, worship and Sunday school were held in local gathering spots and in cottages, some of which are well over 100 years old.

Far from being confined to a single Sunday, the anniversary celebrations encompass a cottage tour conducted two weeks before the service, a potluck supper at a local pavilion on the eve of the service, a jazz vespers to take place in August and a commemorative photography yearbook to be published in 2015.

Apart from seating for 200 in the church, the organizers provided ministering clergy and sheltered outdoor seating for an additional 350 people. Among the dozen clergy in attendance was Archbishop Colin Johnson, metropolitan of the ecclesiastical province of Ontario and diocesan bishop of the diocese of Toronto, who presided at the service. "The simple wooden church with its shuttered, glassless windows open to the breezes, was packed," said Johnson. "St. Peter's parishioners come from a variety of traditions, so it is a strongly ecumenical crowd worshipping together using the Anglican liturgy. In fact, St. Peter's has one of the largest congregations in the diocese of Toronto during the summer."

Other priests included Archbishop Andrew Hutchison, former primate of the Anglican Church of Canada, and Bishop Greg Kerr-Wilson of the diocese of Calgary, both of whom served as summer clergy at St. Peter's and stayed for a month in Clergy Cottage with their families.

In giving his part of the homily, Hutchison drew inspiration from Matthew 16:18: "You are Peter, and on this rock I will build my church." Hutchison's ancestral home lies in nearby Peterborough and he spent several months at St. Peter's in the 1990s when he was a priest in the diocese of Toronto. "The service was a most remarkable event in terms of planning and execution, considering how difficult it is to get 500 people over to an island," he said. "It was an enormous challenge, but everything went smoothly."

Bishop Kerr-Wilson, who assisted with the readings and the eucharist, fondly recalled his three summers at the island church in the 1990s as among the best vacations of his life. "It was a wonderful place for a young family. So when the anniversary celebration was announced, we knew we wanted to make the trip east."

St. Peter's has a long history of musical excellence, and a high point of the anniversary service was its musical program featuring vocal and instrumental performances with organ, piano, strings, woodwinds and brass. "The music was beautiful; the service was beautiful. The setting was beautiful," said Kerr-Wilson.

See more at: <http://www.anglicanjournal.com/articles/island-church-marks-100th-year#sthash.5uNP3mct.15rBMo9s.dpuf>

A teacher, an archaeologist, and the Serpent

By [Dirk Verhulst](#), Special to The Examiner, first of a series
Thursday, August 21, 2014 3:07:27 EDT PM



A crew from the Royal Ontario Museum carries out an archaeological dig at Serpent Mounds south of Peterborough in this 1957 Examiner photo. The crew included several people from the Keene area. (Trent Valley Archives, Examiner F342, series D4)

This is a story about an archaeologist and a teacher. It is a love story. It is also an adventure story. And, like all good adventures, this one is set in an exotic, even mysterious, place.

The archaeologist's name is Richard Johnston. In 1956, when this story begins, he is a 26 year-old American student working towards his PhD. Despite his young age, Richard has already had extensive experience doing fieldwork in Colorado. He has just been appointed the assistant field director for the Royal Ontario Museum. The teacher's name is Gwen McCarthy. That summer she has just turned 21, but she too has already acquired considerable experience in her chosen field as a teacher of the deaf. She is relaxing at home with her parents in Keene, Ontario and visiting her friends at the nearby Hiawatha First Nation, many of whom she has gotten to know through delivering mail, sharing seats on the school bus and attending summer dances at the reserve.

The setting of this story is Serpent Mounds, located at Roach's Point, on the north shore of Rice Lake, near the village of Keene. At first glance there doesn't appear to be anything particularly unique about the site,

which blends naturally into an embankment above the shore of the lake. In the early morning or late afternoon, however, the angle of the sun brings out clearly defined shapes in the landscape.

The largest shape appears to be that of a serpent. At one end, its head rises toward the east; at the other, its tail tapers to a point in the west where it disappears into the earth. In between the body winds its way through the ridge for over sixty meters. Adjacent to the main mound are eight round structures ranging from seven to fourteen meters in diameter. Not surprisingly, early visitors to the site dubbed them the 'eggs' of the serpent.

Serpent Mounds is a place that invites questions: What are they? Who built them? How were they built? How old are they? And, above all, what do they mean?

In 1955 a crew from the Royal Ontario Museum, under the direction of William R. Adams, Kenneth Kidd, and Dr. A.D. Tushingham (1956) prepared to find answers to these questions. The next year, Richard joined the team as its assistant director. The crew also included several young men from the Keene area; one of them was Gwen's brother, Don.

Father Garvey, a Jesuit priest from Ohio, who had accompanied the archaeological team, began every morning with mass at the Catholic Church in Keene. Many members of the team took part. Don assisted him as a server.

One day, Father Garvey asked Don, "Do you have a piano at your place?" When he replied that not only did he have a piano but also a sister who played it very well, the young priest's immediate response was, "Well, then, let's have a party." And that's how Gwen met Richard.

They talked, he invited her to a movie, they fell in love and before long she became a frequent visitor to the site, occasionally helping with the digging and sorting of artifacts uncovered by the crew.

EARLY SIGHTINGS

The team from the Royal Ontario Museum was not the first to conduct excavations at the site. Throughout the nineteenth century there had been widespread digging and looting at the site. In their reckless search for bones and artifacts, the grave robbers showed little regard for the ancient traditions of the native people buried there.

It was not until 1897 that the first excavation by a reputable archaeologist took place. David Boyle, one of Canada's earliest and most respected archaeologists, who worked for the Ontario Archaeological Museum, the precursor to the ROM, was invited to visit the site by the owners, Mr. H.T. Strickland and Mr. G.W. Hatton. In his Annual Archaeological report of that year, Mr. Boyle (1897:17-25) conveys some of his findings. He admitted to, initially, being rather skeptical about finding anything of significance. Upon his arrival at the site, however, he was immediately impressed by the setting which he described as providing "one of the most commanding on the shore, the land rising with a sharp proclivity to a height of not less than seventy or eighty feet from the water."

With the permission of Mr. Strickland, who had accompanied him to the site, Boyle cut into one of the round mounds and, to his surprise, quickly uncovered "two human skeletons in a sitting position." Unlike the treasure hunters who had preceded him, Boyle had a strong commitment to heritage preservation. In his report he expressed dismay at what he aptly characterized as "the morbid depredations of diggers anxious to merely lay bare or to possess a skull."

Further digging revealed more human and animal bones, as well as shells, charcoal and "a human skeleton lying on its right side." With little evidence other than personal observation, he speculated that the first remains, those of the sitting skeletons, were of relatively recent origin, but that the skeleton found at the lowest level was much older.

Finding a credible explanation for why they had been placed there was quite another matter, however. According to people living in the area, both white and native, the long mound had been "thrown up as a means of defense against the Mohawks." Boyle quickly dismissed that explanation, pointing out that the location was too easily accessible from all sides and, therefore, impossible to defend.

Boyle offered a more esoteric explanation and became one the first archaeologist to apply the terms

"serpent" to and "egg" to the features. During one of his walks through the site, he recalled being "struck by the thought that this was a serpent mound" reminiscent of others he had seen, especially one in Ohio.

Although Boyle cautioned against indulging in wild speculation about the origin and meaning of the mounds, he went on to do just that. The serpent and the egg, he told his readers were "connected with the great mysteries of life," the egg with "fertility" and the serpent's periodic shedding of its skin with the "perpetuity of eternity."

As to what should be done to preserve and protect the site, he was much more practical. The property, he urged, should immediately be purchased by the local municipal government or by the province.

It would be almost 60 years, however, before any level of government would follow Boyle's advice.

The only other significant early archaeological examination of the site was that done by Henry Montgomery (1910). He too quickly uncovered skeletal remains and grave goods during his visit to the site. Montgomery supported the parallels drawn by Boyle with the Mounds in Ohio. As to the age of the site he estimated the date to be "about the 10th century, 500 years previous to the arrival of Columbus at the shores of America."

From October 24 to 26, 2014 Peterborough will be hosting the Ontario Archaeological Society's Annual Symposium. To recognize this important event, as well as to celebrate Peterborough's rich archaeological history, Mayor Bennett has declared Oct. 20 to 26 as Peterborough Archaeology Week.

The local chapter of the OAS is partnering with Trent U., SSFC, Curve Lake First Nation, The Canadian Canoe Museum, the Peterborough Museum and Archives, Hiawatha First Nation, the Trent Valley Archives, and other local groups to present a number of special events that will be open to the public during that week. Further information and registration forms are available on the OAS Website: ontarioarchaeology.on.ca.



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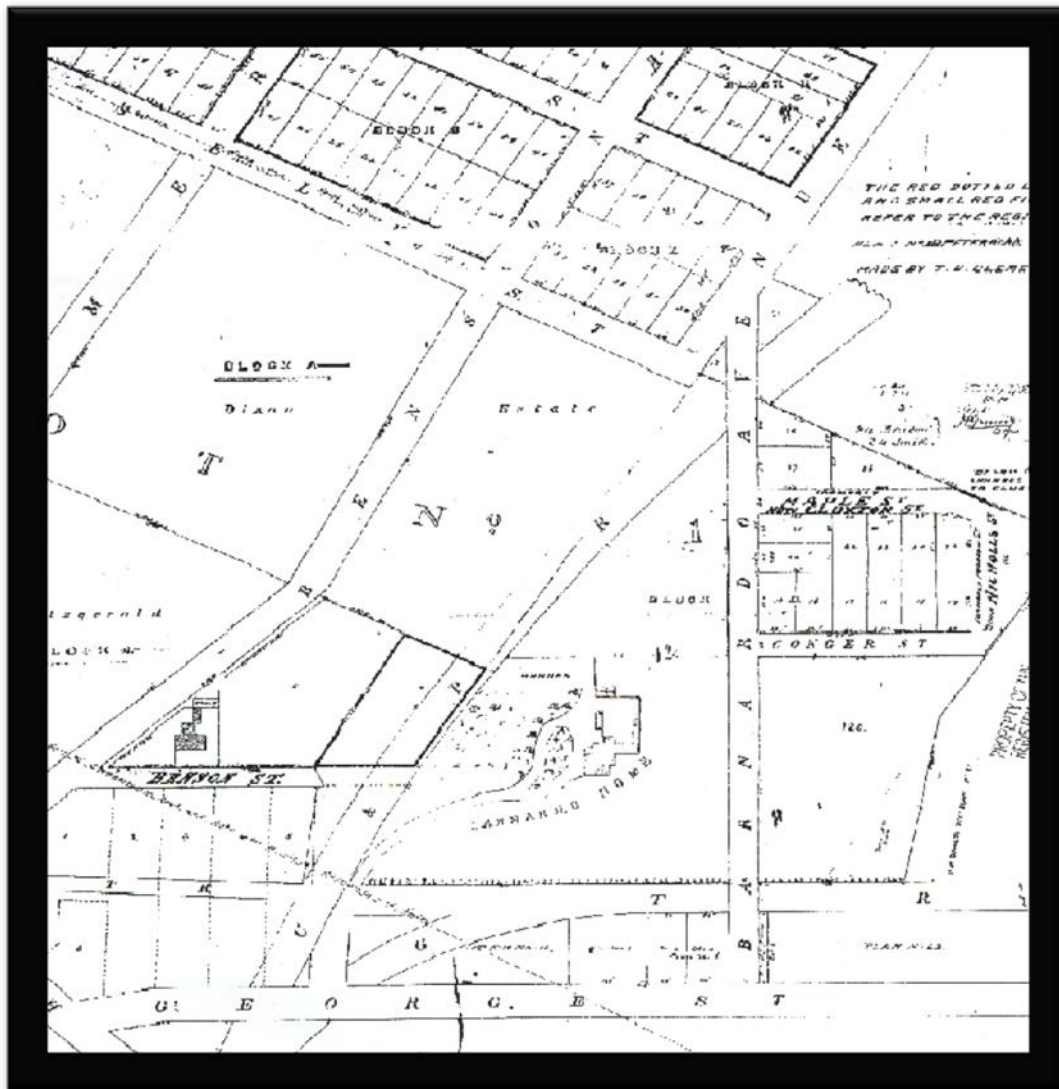
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Barnardo Home c. 1885



We recently received this c. 1885 plan which centres on the Barnardo Home. George Street is at the base, and some other streets are quite clear. However, the area did not develop this way. Note, though, that the grounds of the Barnardo Home were landscaped. We are grateful to Gordon Young and Erik Hanson for drawing out attention to this.

We will continue to list the Barnardo children who came through Peterborough. So far we have done up to 1912, and will do 1913 in the next issue of the Gazette.

For those wishing to pursue research on the British home children, the Trent Valley Archives is a good place to start.

The Trent Valley Archives began 25 years ago, and throughout its history it has depended on volunteers. Many have worked physically in moving collections, and since 1998, when we came to Fairview Heritage Centre, they have helped on construction projects, electrical issues, erecting shelving, making boxes, landscaping, roof repair, etc. Many work on the processing of photographic, map, land records, and manuscript documents in our 430 fonds, and our significant library and genealogy collections. Some of our volunteers have helped for several years. Don Willcock and Alice MacKenzie are our land records specialists, Carol Sucee is our librarian, and Dorothy Sharpe does typing for the editor of the Heritage Gazette, and other projects. We have several volunteers working on the Peterborough Examiner, of whom Colum Diamond, Betty Wells, Doreen Lavery, Eleanor Darling, Sharon Barry, Callie Stacey, Greg Conchelas and several others have been outstanding over the three years since we received this exceptional archives. And of course the Board of Directors has been outstanding year in and year out. We also have a cadre of volunteers assisting with workshops, special weeks, tours and pageants. We have worked with many community groups to make all of this possible.

We need more volunteers, and we can use your talents, whatever they might be. Talk to Heather Aiton Landry or to Elwood Jones, or to members of the board, such as Guy Thompson and Susan Kyle, our current and past president.

Hope to see you soon.