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The Heritage Gazette of the Trent Valley

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Cover picture: *The former home of the Charles Huffmans on Boswell Street as seen from the King Street side. Notice the high quality of the details to this Scientific American house. (Elwood H. Jones)*

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The Heritage Gazette of the TV

The Heritage Gazette of the Trent Valley was launched in 1997 with a view to presenting a high quality mixture of articles relating to archives, regional history, and family history. Over the 18 years the Heritage Gazette has published hundreds of articles written by friends and members, or gleaned from our archival holdings or from local newspapers. In recent years, the journal has contained 176 pages a year.

Steve Gavard edited the first four volumes of the journal from February 1997 to February 2000 during which time nine issues were produced in a digest-size publication.

Since May 2000, the Heritage Gazette of the Trent Valley has been a quarterly magazine and published with 8½ x 11 pages. The current issue is the 58th published in the new format. During these fifteen years, the editor has been Elwood H. Jones, who also was the TVA Archivist.

The synoptic index of the Heritage Gazette of the Trent Valley is on the web page of the Trent Valley Archives, www.trentvalleyarchives.com. As well, there are some recent issues of the Gazette and the table of contents of the most recent issues. We are examining effective ways to make most issues of the Heritage Gazette available to our membership. As well, we plan to make important documents and databases available to the membership.

From the outset, the cover page has featured a photograph from our collections, and for the last ten years or so the cover photo has been in colour.

Through the eighteen years the Gazette has been the flagship publication of the Trent Valley Archives, and can justly be described as a phenomenon. No archival, historical or heritage society in the province has a comparable magazine or journal. The journal was intended to make the local history and archives of this region accessible to its members, and the broader community.

The journal has been honoured with an F. H. Dobbin Award presented by the Peterborough Historical Society, and Elwood Jones has received significant awards in recent years that recognized his long tenure as editor of the journal. These include a Paul Harris Fellowship from the Rotary International, the Queen Elizabeth II Diamond Jubilee Medal from what is now Selwyn Township, and the Janet Carnochan Award from the Ontario Historical Society.

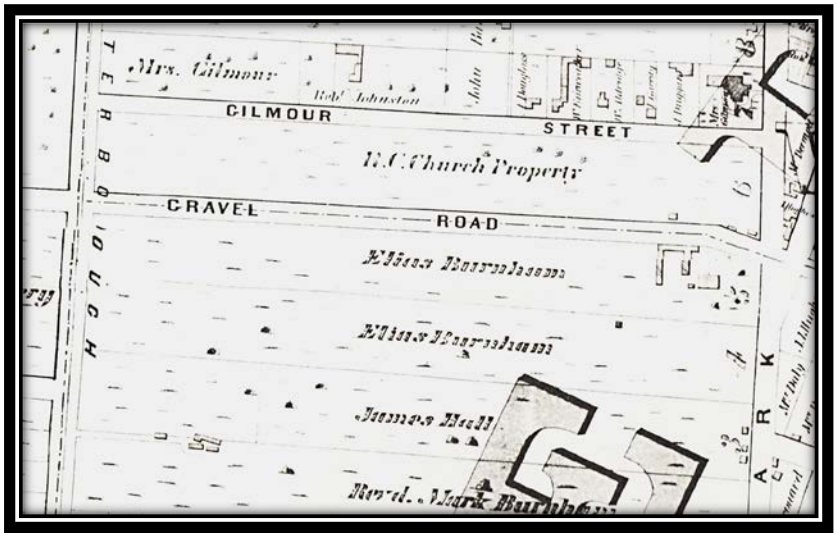
Peterborough and the Avenues: An Edwardian suburb was Elias Burnham's legacy

Elwood H. Jones

The city has engaged consultants to determine the case for declaring the Avenues the city's first Heritage Conservation District. For most people the Avenues refers to the six avenues that run from Charlotte to King between Park and Monaghan. The city has asked the consultants to look at a wider area that would extend the boundary of the Avenues to Bolivar Street.

If approved, this would be the city's first Heritage Conservation District. Such designations are intended to protect the significant architectural features of the houses within the defined district. Buildings are understood to have merit from perspectives of design and layout. As well, though, the streetscape needs to be attractive or pleasing. Streetscape is the impression that pedestrians gain walking the street. Houses might be of similar scale. The shapes of the windows and doors might give a sense of continuity; or they might be variations of a theme. Either way they should seem appropriate to the scale of the street, and there should be a feeling that the sum of the parts is more than single buildings. Are houses compatible with their neighbours?

The Avenues have a compelling shared history. The area was defined by two park lots. The baseline for most local park lots was Park Street, and that is the reason for the name of this street, which historically never had a park. In the days of early settlements, surveyors would determine towns that would likely grow, and the town was divided into blocks defined by streets, and within the blocks the lots were one acre. Park lots, which were about ten acre plots of land, were considered approximately equal in value. The provincial government assumed that town lots would generate income or value quickly, while park lots would only become valuable by exceptional effort by the person owning the land or because the town would quickly overflow its original bounds. For a government that considered itself cash poor but land rich, this was an ideal way to promote the growth of towns and cities and also to ensure that people who would make investments had the incentive to do so.



This is a segment of the 1875 Robert Romaine map showing the area that became the Avenues. The two park lots are clearly marked Elias Burnham. Note that there are several buildings located near the corner of Park and the Gravel Road (later known as Charlotte Street). King Street later ran down the boundary line between Burnham's two park lots.

This park lot, described as nine acres, was officially Township of North Monaghan, concession 13, lot 13, park lot 5. The crown patent issued in November 1828 to the Rev. James Crowley, the local Roman Catholic clergyman, and appears to have been the consequence of petitions that were made to the Lieutenant Governor Sir Peregrine Maitland when he visited the Irish settlers in February 1827, just 18 months after their arrival. This park lot was sold to Elias Burnham on July 8, 1838. In August 1889 Burnham sold a portion to allow the township to lay out King Street along the line between park lots 4 and 5. In 1862, Christina Burnham acquired 7,000 sq. ft. which straddled both townships.

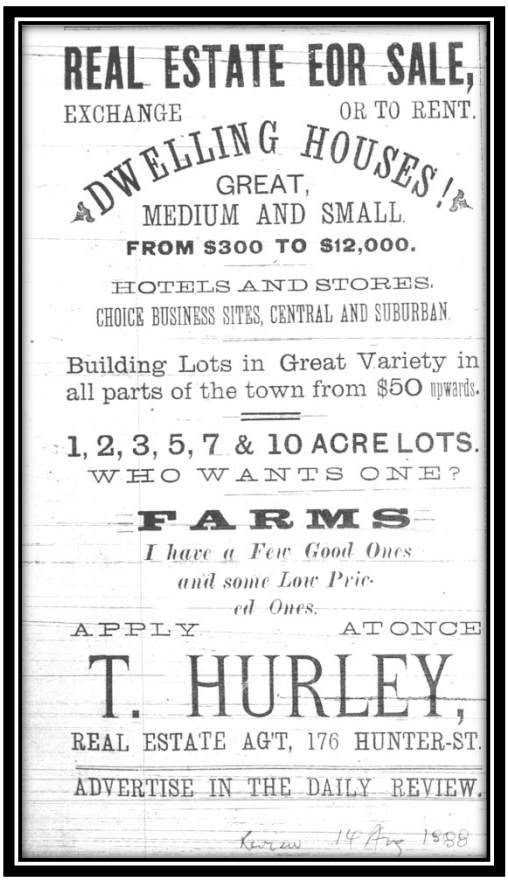
In the 1875 Romaine map, Elias Burnham owned two park lots south of the Gravel Road (Charlotte Street) and there was a complex of buildings at the corner of Park and the Gravel Road. The first residences on this park lot were characteristic villas. Architecturally they would consist of buildings, commonly in the Italianate style, and consisting of houses with narrow windows, perhaps a tower, and some romantic flourishes suggestive of Tuscany. They would tend to have spacious lawns, and of course storage for carriages and stables for horses. The Victorian villa was captured in Clonsilla and at Fleming Place, at opposite ends of Victoria's long reign, and both still standing. But there were other villas long since gone, such as Cordach built on a park lot south of Parkhill for the family of the Rev. J. M. Roger, and in Ashburnham, Hazelbank, the home of Col. Robert Brown which lasted for 40 years to the late 1870s.

When the street numbers were assigned in 1888, Elias Burnham's house was listed at 257 Park Street, and his law office was at 159 Simcoe. A. P. Poussette, another local lawyer, was listed at 309 Park, and a carpenter, Christopher Moffat, was at 305 Park. These places had large frontage, and straddled modern-day Boswell Avenue.

There were some liens on the park lots as there had been mortgages, and Elias Burnham had deeded one acre to Frederick E. Burnham, also a barrister, in 1868, described as about 194 x 234 feet, at the north east corner of park lot 5, which would be Charlotte and Park but extending to what is now the west side of Boswell Avenue.

Elias Burnham (1811-1890) was raised in Port Hope and was well-educated studying law with M. F. Whitehead of Port Hope and with William Draper, later the Chief Justice of the Province of Canada and with Robert Baldwin, best known as leader of the ruling coalition, 1848 to 1851. Baldwin's two major accomplishments were responsible government and the incorporation of local governments and other local agencies such as school boards. He was called to the bar in 1835 and came to Peterborough soon after. Elias Burnham and Stafford Kirkpatrick, Peterborough's first lawyers arrived from Port Hope and Kingston respectively in 1838, just as the district court house was being erected on the hill overlooking a potential park and Water Street. Some sources suggest he came as early as 1835. He lost to George Barker Hall in the 1844 election for a seat in the provincial parliament of the Province of Canada. He was an alderman on town council for the South Ward, 1853-54; 1857-59; 1863-1868.

He had a successful law practice and as well became one of the town's largest property holders. In the downtown, he owned two acres at George and Simcoe, described as south Simcoe, west George 1 and 2, stretching from Simcoe to halfway to Charlotte, including what had been the Caisse hotel. As well he had an acre on the south side of Simcoe, one lot from the corner, now part of the Salvation Army property, east of the temple. The 1869 assessment suggest that he was partnered with his father, George Burnham. In the 1888 directory, Peterborough's first with street addresses, Elias Burnham was living at 159 Simcoe Street, which would have been part of the two lots he owned at George and Simcoe.


REAL ESTATE FOR SALE,
EXCHANGE OR TO RENT.
DWELLING HOUSES!
GREAT,
MEDIUM AND SMALL.
FROM $300 TO $12,000.
HOTELS AND STORES.
CHOICE BUSINESS SITES, CENTRAL AND SUBURBAN.
Building Lots in Great Variety in all parts of the town from $50 upwards.
1, 2, 3, 5, 7 & 10 ACRE LOTS.
WHO WANTS ONE?
FARMS
I have a Few Good Ones and some Low Priced Ones.
APPLY AT ONCE
T. HURLEY,
REAL ESTATE AG'T, 176 HUNTER-ST.
ADVERTISE IN THE DAILY REVIEW.
Review 14 Aug 1888

He was a life-long bachelor, and his sister, Margaret Wilson managed his household.

Elias Burnham's will along with other steps to clear away potential problems led to the creation of a trust for the property in park lot 5. The control rested with Elizabeth S. Boswell and Elizabeth S. Burnham. Elizabeth Boswell (b. 1833), a niece of Elias Burnham, was the wife of John S. Boswell, a merchant in Millbrook, and their sons were Elias (b. 1870) and Maitland (b. 1880). In 1891, Margaret Wilson was living with the Boswells. Elizabeth S. Burnham (b. 1833 or 1834) was living in Elias Burnham's household in 1861, as was Frederick E. Burnham (b. 1835). Except for Pearl, the streets in the avenues, not previously named, were named for these people. Pearl appears to have been the daughter of Elias L. Burnham, a Millbrook chemist, a native of Port Hope, who was likely a nephew of our Elias Burnham. In 1891, this Pearl was12, who had three brothers named George, John and Frederick.

Burnham does not appear as a name in this suburb, likely because there was a Burnham Street in Ashburnham, named for the family of the Rev. Mark Burnham, a cousin of our Elias Burnham.

A sample Real Estate advertisement, 1888. T. Hurley appears to have been quite ready to sell or rent lots that he described as "central and suburban." (Peterborough Review, August 1888) Timothy Hurley was from Asphodel where he was born in 1838. In 1891, the Hurleys had five children aged 14 to 21: Lily; Albert; Minnie; Catherine and Joseph.

The heirs of Elias Burnham, Peterborough's first lawyer, proceeded to develop the Avenues, the nine acres between King and Charlotte, from Park to Monaghan, that had been part of his land portfolio. A plan for subdividing the eastern part was registered June 29, 1905 and Plan 119 for the western part, June 29, 1906. Most of the lots sold very quickly, although some of the last lots sold in the 1920s.

The pace at which park lots developed was directly related to the ambitions of the owners. In Peterborough, there were park lots to the west and south of the townsite that Richard Birdsall surveyed and laid out in 1825. By hedging the limits of the town, this policy was intended to raise the value of the town lots quite quickly. Many of the one-acre town lots

were subdivided into smaller lots by the 1830s. The growth of the town was expected to increase the value of the park lots which would develop generally from where it abutted the town, mainly at Park Street or Townsend Street. The more rapidly the town developed, the greater the likelihood that park lots would follow.

Some of the park lots north of Charlotte Street developed by the 1860s. South of Sherbrooke, development was spurred in the 1890s by the development of Edison Electric, or General Electric of Canada. In between, the Avenues developed after 1905. Because its conception and early development was during the reign of Edward VII, I have considered the Avenues to be an Edwardian suburb.

There were no commercial places, offices or factories in this suburb; it was totally residential. Businesses and jobs were nearby in the rapidly growing city of Peterborough. This was essentially a walking city; most things that one needed lay within a mile (1.6 kilometers), or about 20 or 30 minutes distant. In American cities, people seemed prepared to spend an hour going to work, which meant most of Peterborough was within walking distance of the Avenues.

In nearly built areas, about 20% of the work force was in construction, and this was certainly true in the Avenues. On each of the six avenues there were ten houses on each side, for a total of 120 houses. While looking at the Avenues, I considered Park, King and Charlotte, which developed in the same period, from 1900 to the 1920s. , people in the building trades were numerous.

Architectural style is another key way to look at suburbs. Suburbs tend to reflect current building styles, ornamentation and techniques. The Avenues are characterized by a consistent standard of construction across the area that I examined. In the 1914 assessment rolls, houses were assessed between $1,500 and $1,900 overwhelmingly. There were assessments in the study area as high as $3,000. There were also some as low as $500 which given the visual examination of the area suggests that workshops were erected on certain properties, probably preparatory to construction of houses.

Harry Huffman has helped me in leading tours of the Avenues that were offered by Trent Valley Archives in early June. The Huffman family had builders in three generations dating from Charles Henry Huffman (1858-1945). Charles Huffman was a cabinet maker for McFadden Furniture at their finishing facility at 186 Hunter Street; the company also had a factory on the Rogers raceway in Ashburnham. Huffman was living at 196 Dalhousie Street. This two-storey white brick house fairly close to George Street has charming gingerbread trim along the fascia and a delightful verandah. According to Martha Ann Kidd, in *Peterborough's Architectural Heritage*, the house was built by W. Huffman in 1885, and J. Carlisle was the mason for the project.

Charles Huffman's father, Timothy Huffman, was in 1861 a farmer in Manvers township. By 1871, the family was living in Peterborough, and Timothy was a plasterer. The family had seven children and Christopher at 14, and Charles at 13 were the oldest. As I have no information on W. Huffman, I am wondering if Timothy had moved from being a plasterer to being a contractor. Such advancements were possible in Victorian Canada.

By the 1890s, Charles Huffman had moved from McFadden's to General Electric where he worked in the carpenter shop working on projects such as the manufacture of street cars. By 1905 he had become a contractor and many of his first houses were built in the Avenues.

This view of Maitland Street looking towards King Street is representative of the earliest homes in the Avenues. Nearly every house is a variation of the style of houses that appeared in the Scientific American: Builders and Carpenters Edition from the 1880s. It is indeed the dominant style of house built in the 1890s and up to 1914. The styles remained classic and modern for over thirty years.

Harry Huffman identified many houses that were built by Huffmans in the Avenues, and some of these are confirmed by my examination of street directories. By 1914, Charles Huffman was living at 297 Boswell, a full-front gable house in the Scientific American style that has strong decorative features around the gable, and on the verandah which wraps slightly along the King Street side. It is a reminder of the flexibility of the style which remained popular from the 1880s to about 1920.

Charles Huffman by 1914 was building several houses along King Street. Three striking houses with no other matches in the city were built by Huffman at 533, 535 and 537 King Street. By 1925, H. S. Huffman, a son of Charles, and also a contractor was living at 537, and behind the house the Huffmans built a workshop that remained until the company built modern facilities on Crown Drive in the 1960s. These houses are in the Arts and Crafts style, very popular with the Huffmans, but differed by being so tall for the style.

There were two houses on Elias Street that also became homes for members of the Huffman families. Elias Street was the last of the Avenues mostly a product of the 1920s. As a result there are styles on this street not seen elsewhere in the Avenues. Henry C. Huffman by 1921 was living at 311 Elias, and his son Charles H., who was born in 1910, would be part of the fourth generation of Huffmans tied to the construction industry. This house was a Craftsman style characterized by full side gables, a porch across the full width of the house, and a front shed dormer leading to an unroofed second floor porch that provides the roof for the main floor porch. Around Peterborough this seems to be a signature Huffman house. Such houses can be described as bungalows with finished attics to accommodate bedrooms.

The house at 309 was built for H. S. Huffman, who moved here from his King Street house. There are several houses on Elias that are versions of English countryside cottages, characterized in Peterborough by brick siding on the lower level and the corners but broken on the upper level by stucco.

The Huffman house typify the variety found on the Avenues.

One of the major characteristics of this suburb is the uniform market value of the houses. Nearly all were assessed in 1914, for example, were valued for assessment purposes between $1,500 and $1,900.

The Avenues are characterized as much by the uniformity of housing styles. In the 1931 census, one of the questions was related to the size of the living area, and in Peterborough the average house was 600 square feet, not counting hallways and bathrooms. The houses in the Avenues tended to be twice as large, and so were built for families who were conscious of the need for privacy. The houses tended to highlight the use of wood trim both inside and out. The classic full front gable house remained the classic for about thirty years, partly because it offered good value, and lots of bedrooms.

This suburb might not be the best candidate for designation as a heritage conservation district. The debate will be defined over who should make decisions for change. Can houses be update on the whim of the owner, or should changes only be allowed if sympathetic to the original designs? In the Avenues there are about 1.5 households per house, but the area has except for the 1930s to the 1950s been one in which owners lived in their homes.

The streetscape remain interesting because of the variety of details, and because most additions have been done judiciously with concern with blending with neighboring houses. There is a house on Elias Street which was renovated with no sympathy to the house or the street apparently hoping to put an apartment in the attic. This was contrary to existing planning controls, and construction was stopped, but after the damage was done. Community pride and current planning rules may be all that is necessary.

The Huffmans on the Avenues

Harry Huffman

I was pleased to attend the recent walking tour conducted by Dr. Elwood Jones of the Trent Valley Archives of the Avenues in Peterborough's old west end.

My great grandfather started the family construction company in 1905 by buying lots (by auction) on Boswell Avenue and building houses. He was 47 years old and had left a management position with the Edison Electric in the street car division and was greatly supported by his wife Mary (Rishor). In fact she was the salesperson and promoter of the small enterprise.

297 Boswell at King Street.

They built their own home at 297 Boswell a 2½ storey in about 1909, they are shown in the census of 1911 at this address as well as his youngest son Sheldon H. and his wife Hilda. They were both only 19 years old and newly married..

My grandfather Harry joined the firm soon after the company was formed as the business was doing very well. He had left a position with the Toronto Savings and Loan. In the 1911 census Harry his wife Dora son Charles Jr. (my father) were in a new 21/2 storey at 509 King Street. Sheldon also joined the company and later lived in a house they built at 535 King Street.

The house plan they used at 297 Boswell Street was built on other lots in the area including on King and Maitland Streets. They also built the same plan for my grandfather's older sister Olive and her husband Terry Glover on Mark Street in Ashburnham.

One of the plans that they built was a 2 ½ storey that was a plan from the Scientific American Magazine. Dr. Jones pointed out to our group a home that was built for Marlow Bank's father on Maitland Ave. It is typical of their workmanship as the house still has the finely detailed wood work around the 3rd floor window, and fascia. My great grandfather also did interior trim and doors.

This unusual trio of houses was built by the Huffmans, in a style that seems to raise the Craftsman style by adding a middle floor. It is related to the Scientific American houses, except that the front gable has moved to the side, and a large shed dormer has been added. These houses are on King Street at the foot of Elias Avenue, and the house on the right, 535 King, became the nerve centre of Huffman construction. A large addition to the lot behind was used to build the construction shed for the company. As Harry Huffman commented, many of the decorative features of the houses were crafted there.

In 1911 they purchased a back lot off John Street, behind the house at 535 King Street. They had a shop built on the lot and some of the windows and doors, detailed exterior trim and most of the interior trim was made in this location.. This shop was used by Charles Huffman Ltd. until 1962 when the company relocated to a new building at 670 Crown Drive off the Kingsway.

In 1920 Harry built a new house at 311 Elias Ave. It was a modified Craftsman cottage. It was a two storey home with a full veranda on the front elevation and a second floor porch in front of the modified flat roof on the veranda portion with a walk out from the second floor. This design was very popular in other areas and was built on lots on Downie and Park Streets as well as Hunter Street, West. Harry's new house was one of the last new homes built on the avenues as the last lots were sold on Elias Ave. in 1925.

My grandfather passed away in 1934 and my father Charles took over the company with the help of his grandfather. His mother sold Elias Ave and purchased 629 Charlotte Street "Moira Hall" from the Bradburn family. They converted the grand home to a four plex and my grandmother lived there for over thirty years.

After the second world war my uncle Robert joined the company and they built homes on the Moira Hall property on Monahgan Road from Charlotte Street to Anne. And later Hazeldean was developed. They also built their own homes on Charlotte Street and Huffman Street. For over 60 years the Huffmans built homes in this area from Park Street to Albertus Ave. For many years from the 1950's until the mid 1980's the company was one of the largest commercial and industrial builders in central Ontario, but that is another interesting story.

Houses on Elias Avenue, west side, showing a Craftsman style house in the centre.

Moira Hall, seen here, and the surrounding acreage was bought by the Huffmans from the Bradburns. (Dr. John Martyn)

MARKERS OF CHAMPLAIN'S TRAVELS: PLAQUES IN ONTARIO AND NEW YORK

Alan Brunger and Peter Adams

Articles in recent issues of The Heritage Gazette of the Trent Valley and the Peterborough Examiner describe Samuel de Chaplain's travels in present-day Ontario in 1613, 1615 and 1616.

In 1613, he travelled up the Ottawa River, leaving it to spend time in the Renfrew area before returning to Québec and France.

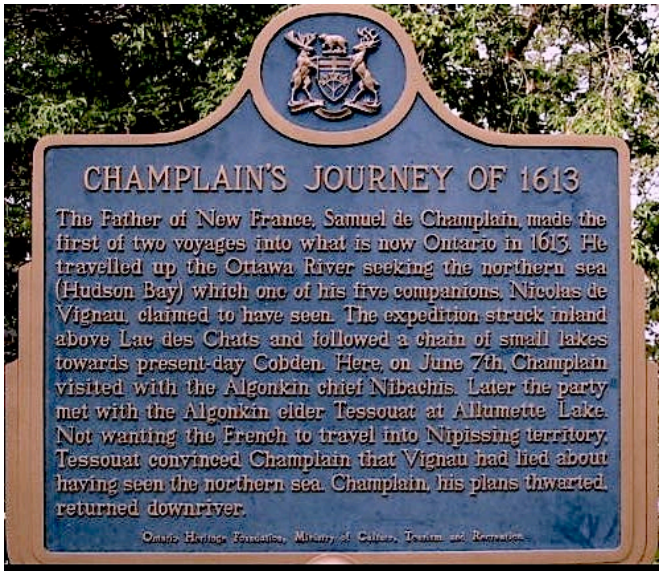
Returning in 1615, he again travelled up the Ottawa River, this time using its tributary the Mattawa, to leave the Ottawa Valley and reach Lake Nipissing. He descended from Nipissing, via the French River, to Lake Huron and Georgian Bay.

Beside Georgian Bay was Huronia, home of the Huron Nation who had invited Champlain to join them in a raid on an Iroquois town near present-day Syracuse, NY.

An army of 500 Huron, with a dozen Frenchmen, travelled from Huronia through the Kawartha Lakes to the Peterborough area whence they descended the Otonabee and Trent Rivers to Lake Ontario. They then skirted the east end of that lake and marched inland to their target, the Iroquois town. They were defeated. They returned by a similar route (leaving Lake Ontario nearer Kingston) to reach Peterborough again in the fall. They rested in the region while Champlain and other wounded recovered.

Champlain then spent the winter of 1615-16 in Huronia before re-tracing his upstream route to return to Québec and France. He never returned to what we know as Ontario.

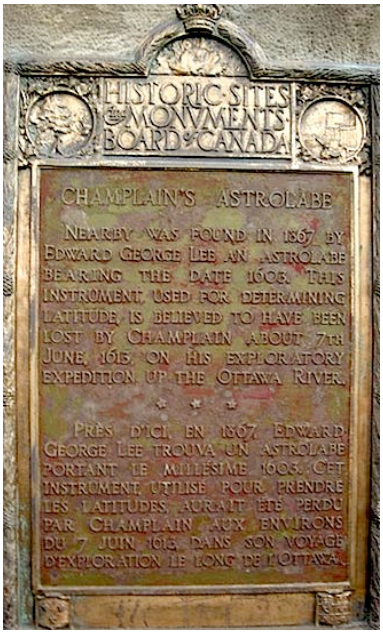
Today, plaques commemorate parts of these journeys, installed by federal, provincial, municipal and state bodies. Here are some examples. Samples of local articles dealing with Champlain's activities are listed at the end of this article, in the Sources section. Other articles will appear in the Heritage Gazette of the Trent Valley during coming months.



PLAQUE TEXT: *The Father of New France, Samuel de Champlain, made the first of two voyages into what is now Ontario in 1613. He traveled up the Ottawa River seeking the northern sea (Hudson Bay), which one of his five companions, Nicolas de Vignau, claimed to have seen. The expedition struck inland above Lac des Chats and followed a chain of small lakes towards present-day Cobden. Here, on June 7th, Champlain visited with the Algonquin chief Nibachis. Later the party met with the Algonquin elder Tessouat at Allumette Lake. Not wanting the French to travel into Nipissing territory, Tessouat convinced Champlain that Vignau had lied about having seen the northern sea. Champlain, his plans thwarted, returned downriver.*

PLAQUE 1: Champlain's journey of 1613 (Provincial)

This plaque, located in Cobden, Renfrew County, Ontario, encapsulates Champlain's entire expedition of that year. The Algonquin (Algonkin) leaders mentioned, Nibachis and Tessouat, had met Champlain previously, down on the St Lawrence. Nicolas de Vignau was one of Champlain's protégés, young Frenchmen who spent years living with the First Nations. The most famous of these protégés was Ētienne Brulé who is mentioned below. Vignau had served his time in this part of the Ottawa Valley where there was at least one young Algonquin who had spent time in France.



PLAQUE 2: Champlain's Astrolabe 1613 (Federal)

County of Renfrew, Township of Whitewater Region, in Cobden, on a cairn at Highway 17 and Main St. (Road 8).

This plaque is located outside Cobden, in the same county as Plaque 1. Champlain lost his astrolabe, an important survey instrument, in this vicinity during the 1613 expedition. It was found more than 250 years later, in 1867, the year of

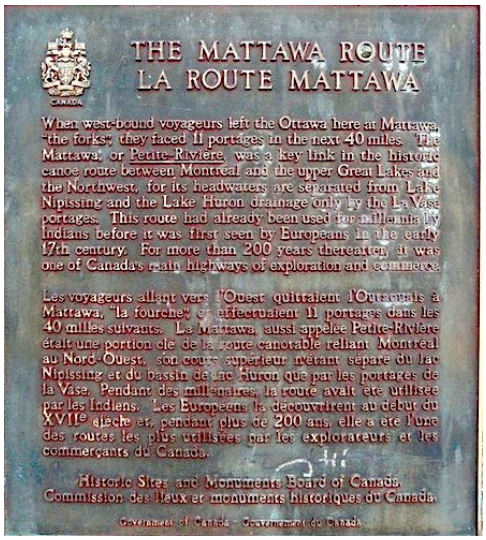
Confederation. Earlier in the trip, he had secured a good latitude (presumably with this astrolabe) which allowed him to realize just how far from the Northern Sea (James Bay) he was, countering information provided by one of his informants. This astrolabe is now in the Museum of Civilization, Ottawa.

PLAQUE TEXT: *Nearby was found in 1867 by Edward George Lee an astrolabe bearing the date 1603.This instrument, used for determining latitude, is believed to have been lost by Champlain about 7th June, 1613, on his exploratory expedition up the Ottawa River./Prés d'ici en 1867,Edward George Lee trouva un astrolabe portant le millesime 1603.Cet instrument, utilize pour prendre les latitudes, aurait été perdu par Champlain aux environs du 7 Juin 1613, dans son voyage d'exploration le long de l'Ottawa.*

PLAQUE 3: The Mattawa Route 1615 and 1616 (Federal)
District of Nipissing, Town of Mattawa on a cairn at NE corner of Main St. (Road 533) & Mattawan St.

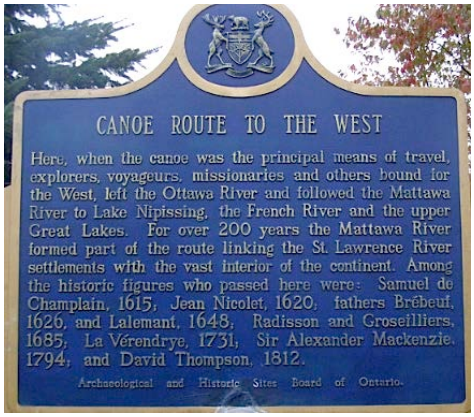
Located in the Town of Mattawa, District of Nipissing, this plaque describes the key role of the Mattawa River (used by Champlain in 1615 and 1616) before and after European contact with the First Nations of Canada. It was the main route from the valley of the Ottawa River to the upper Great Lakes and beyond.

PLAQUE TEXT: *When the westbound voyageurs left the Ottawa here at Mattawa, "the forks," they faced 11 portages in the next 64km. The Mattawa, or Petite Rivière, was a key link in the historic canoe route between Montréal and the upper Great Lakes and the Northwest, for its headwaters are separated from the Lake Huron drainage by only the La Vase portages. This route had already been used for millennia by Indians before it was first seen by Europeans in the early 17th century. For more than 200 years thereafter, it was one of Canada's main highways of exploration and commerce. /Les voyageurs allant vers l'Ouest quittaient l'Outaouais à Mattawa, "la fourche", et effectuaient 11 portages dans les 40 milles suivants. La Mattawa, aussi appelée Petite-Rivière, était une portion clé de la route canotable reliant Montréal au Nord-Ouest, son cours supérieur n'étant separé du lac Nipissing et du bassin de lac Huron que par les portages de la Vase. Pendant des millénaires, la route avait été utilisée par les Indiens. Les Européens la découvrirent au début du XVIIe aléche et, pendant plus de 200 ans, elle à été l'une des routes les plus utilisées par les explorateurs et les commerçants du Canada.*



Plaque 4: Canoe route to the West (Provincial)

District of Nipissing, Town of Mattawa, at NW corner Main St. (Road 533) & Mattawan St. This plaque and the next have the same title. They look at the great canoe route to the West from different vantage points. They cover a period of some 200 years beginning with the travels of Champlain. Their focus is European exploration and trade.



PLAQUE TEXT*: Here, when the canoe was the principal means of travel, explorers, voyageurs, missionaries and others bound for the West, left the Ottawa River and followed the Mattawa River to Lake Nipissing, the French River and the upper Great Lakes. For over 200 years the Mattawa River formed part of the route linking the St, Lawrence River settlements with the vast interior of the continent. Among the historic figures who passed here were: Samuel de Champlain, 1615; Jean Nicolet, 1620; fathers Brébeuf, 1626, and Lalemant, 1648; Radisson and Groseilliers, 1685; La Vérendrye, 1731; Sir Alexander Mackenzie, 1794; and David Thompson, 1812.*

Plaque 5: Canoe route to the West (Provincial)

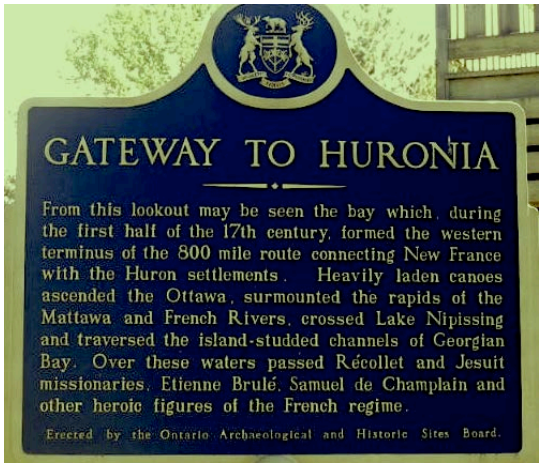
Parry Sound district, Archipelago Township, French River Provincial Park, near visitor centre.

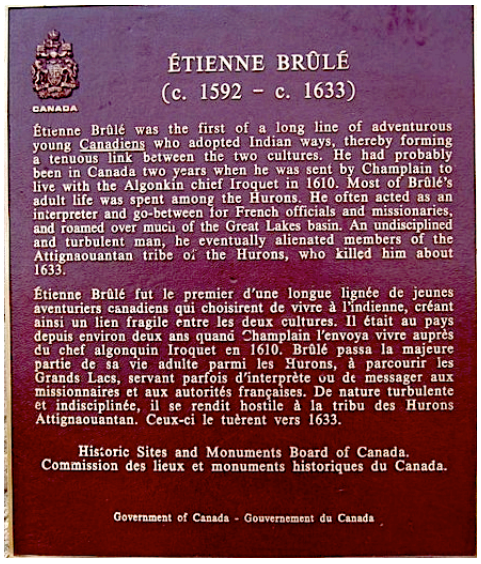
PLAQUE TEXT: *The French River formed a vital link in the historic canoe route via the Ottawa and Mattawa Rivers and Lake Nipissing, which connected the settlements on the St. Lawrence with the upper Great Lakes and the far West. Most of the famous Canadian explorers, missionaries and fur traders of the 17th, 18th and early 19th centuries followed this waterway. Here passed: Brûlé, discoverer of Lake Huron; Champlain, Father of New France; the Jesuit martyrs, Brébeuf and Lalemant; the colourful coureurs de bois, Radisson and Groseilliers; La Vérendrye, pioneer explorer of the prairies; Mackenzie, first European to reach the Pacific by land north of Mexico; Thompson. the great explorer and cartographer.*

PLAQUE 6: Gateway to Huronia 1615 & 1616 (Provincial)

Near the Martyr's Shrine in Tay Township, Simcoe County, on a point overlooking the lake, is this plaque describing the Ottawa River-Mattawa River-Lake Nipissing- French River-Georgian Bay route used by Champlain and many others. This was one of the great intersections of Canada for thousands of years.

PLAQUE TEXT: *From this lookout may be seen the bay which, during the first half of the 17th century, formed the western terminus of the 1280 km route connecting New France with the Huron settlements. Heavy laden canoes ascended the Ottawa, surmounted the rapids of the Mattawa and French Rivers, crossed Lake Nipissing and traversed the island-studded channels of Georgian Bay. Over these waters passed Récollet and Jesuit missionaries, Ētienne Brûlé, Samuel de Champlain and other heroic figures of the French regime.*





PLAQUE 7: Ētienne Brûlé (Federal)

Awenda Park, Tiny Township, Simcoe County.

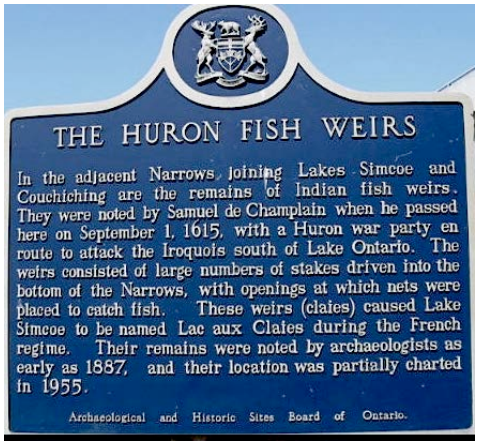
After Champlain, Ētienne Brûlé is the best known of the French in Ontario in the 17th century. Although he did not participate in the expedition through the Kawartha Lakes, he is mentioned in this publication because he was sent with a party of Huron around the western end of Lake Ontario to obtain help for the raid on the Iroquois of New York State. He obtained this help but it arrived too late to help the Champlain-Huron party in their raid. The fact is that Brûlé experienced more of Ontario than Champlain. He visited all the Great Lakes and travelled widely in what are now American parts of the Great Lakes basin. Unlike Champlain, Brûlé did not leave a written record or maps. It is interesting to speculate whether he ever travelled in the Kawarthas.

PLAQUE TEXT: *Ētienne Brûlé was the first of a long line of adventurous young Canadiens who adopted Indian ways, thereby forming a tenuous link between the two cultures. He had probably been in Canada two years when he was sent by Champlain to live with the Algonquin chief Iroquet in 1610. Most of Brûlé's adult life was spent among the Huron. He often acted as a go-between for French officials and missionaries, and roamed over much of the Great Lakes basin. An undisciplined and turbulent man, he eventually alienated members of the Attigaouatan tribe of the Huron, who killed him about 1633./*

Ētienne Brûlé fut le premier d'une longue lignée de jeunes aventuriers canadiens qui choisirent de vivre à l'indienne, créant ainsi, un lien fragile entre les deux cultures. Il était au pays depuis environ deux ans quand Champlain l'envoya vivre auprés du chef Algonquin Iroquet en 1610. Brûlé passa la majeure partie de sa vie adulte parmi les Hurons, à parcourir les Grandes Lacs, servant parfois d'interprète ou de messager aux missionnaires et aux autorités françaises. De nature turbulente et indisciplinée, il se rendre hostile à la tribu des Hurons Attignaouantan. Ceux- ci le tuèrent vers 1633.

PLAQUE 8: The Huron Fish Weirs (Provincial)

This plaque in Ramara Township, Simcoe County, at the Mnjikaning Fish Weirs National Historic Site, commemorates the elaborate fish traps between Lakes Simcoe and Couchiching. These were used for thousands of years to feed the people of the Huronia region. Champlain was very impressed by the scale of the agriculture and fisheries of the Huronia of his day which supported 30,000 people. The 1615 expedition to raid the Iroquois in present-day New York State set off from near here.



PLAQUE TEXT: *In the adjacent Narrows joining Lakes Simcoe and Couchiching are the remains of Indian fish weirs. They were noted by Samuel de Champlain when he passed here on September 1st, 1615, with a Huron war party en route to attack the Iroquois south of Lake Ontario. The weirs consisted of large numbers of stakes driven into the bottom of the Narrows, with openings at which nets were placed to catch fish. These weirs (claies) caused Lake Simcoe to be named Lac aux Claies during the French regime. Archaeologists noted their remains as early as 1867, and their location was partially charted in 1955.*

PLAQUE 9: Champlain memorial 1615-1915 (Local)

This plaque, on the plinth of the Champlain memorial in Orillia by Lake Couchiching. The memorial includes the 12 foot high bronze of Champlain atop the plinth. On the two sides are two groups of three figures; that on the left represents "Commerce" in which a *coureur du bois* barters with two First Nations people and the right hand group is of a missionary with a similar First Nations pair. Although the memorial commemorates the 300th anniversary of Champlain's expedition, because of the Great War, it was not unveiled until 1925 in the presence of First Nations from several tribes as well as official representatives of Great Britain, France and Canada.

PLAQUE TEXT: *1615-1915. Erected to commemorate the advent to Ontario of the white race under the leadership of Samuel de Champlain, the intrepid French explorer and colonizer, who, with fifteen companions arrived in these parts in the summer of 1615, and spent the following winter with the Indians, making his headquarters at Cahiagué, the chief village of the Hurons, which was near this place. A symbol of the good will between the French and English speaking people of Canada.*

PLAQUE 10: Champlain's Rest 1615 (Local)

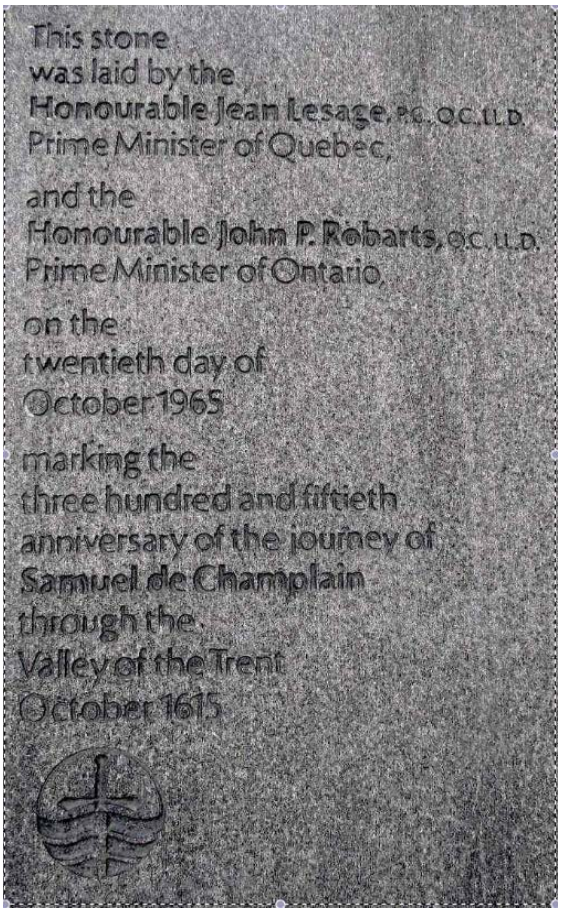
"Champlain's Rest" is the name used for the place at which Champlain stayed for a few weeks in the fall of 1615, to recuperate from his wounds, on his return journey from the raid on the Iroquois. There is some dispute about where this was but it appears to have been somewhere in present-day Peterborough County. This plaque in Selwyn Township, Peterborough County, lays claim to a site on Chemong Lake (one of the Kawartha Lakes}, in a small park, in the village of Bridgenorth. This is at the northern end of an ancient portage from the Kawartha Lakes to the Otonabee River, in Peterborough. This portage was almost certainly used by Champlain on his expedition to raid the Iroquois in New York State. However, the "Rest" was a feature of his return trip when he paused to recover from his wounds. He took another route to reach what is now the County of Peterborough, on his return trip.

Another possible site for the Rest has been proposed in Haultain, North Kawartha Township, north of Bridgenorth.

Erected by the Archival and History Society of Smith Township (now part of Selwyn Township) in July 1988. (Local historian Bob Record deserves credit for supporting the commemoration of Champlain Rest, including this plaque). It must be noted that Robert Bowley describes this as 'the most controversial' of the plaques in Peterborough County (see Sources). He believed that the smaller area of Chemong Lake, before the Trent Severn Waterway constructed retaining dams in the 1800s, made it unlikely that the Huron party and Champlain would have paused there.

PLAQUE TEXT: *Near this spot, in 1615, during the retreat from a raid on the Iroquois in Seneca territory some 100 km to the south in present day New York State, the wounded Samuel de Champlain rested with his Huron Allies for 38 days after the 15 km portage from the Otonabee River along a route close to modern Chemong Road.*

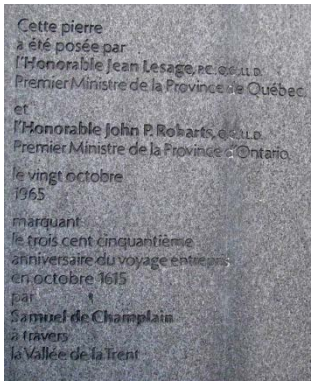
The Chemong Portage, viewed to the south from Champlain's Rest, Bridgenorth – the present-day straight Chemong Road approximates the route of the winding prehistoric portage which linked Chemong Lake, immediately behind, north, of the plaque site, to the Otonabee River, in central Peterborough, six miles (ten km) to the south-east.



PLAQUE 11: Champlain College, Trent University 1965

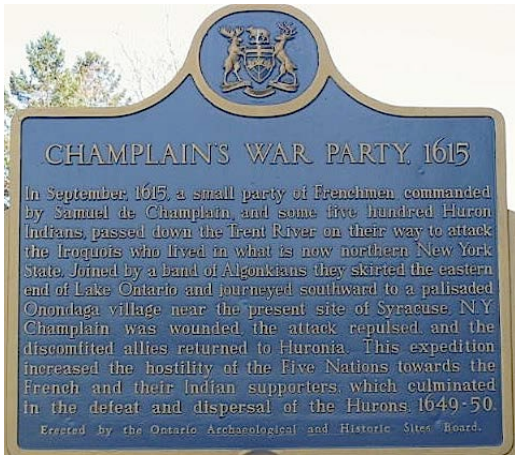
This plaque, commemorates the foundation of Champlain College, Trent University, Peterborough, 1965 The college is sited on the west bank of the Otonabee River down a lower part of which Champlain and his companions descended *en route* to New York State. The plaque celebrates the opening of the College by the Premiers of Québec and Ontario. There is another Champlain College in Vermont, U.S.A., beside Lake Champlain, where Champlain was active years before he came to Ontario.

PLAQUE TEXT: *This stone was laid by the Honourable Jean Lesage, P.C., Q.C. D.D. Prime Minister of Québec and the Honourable John P. Robarts, Q.C. LL.D., Prime Minister of Ontario on the twentieth day of October, 1965 marking the three hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the journey of* ***Samuel de Champlain*** *through the Valley of the Trent. October 1965./Cette pierre à été posée par l'Honorable Jean Lesage, Premier Ministre de la Province de Québec et l'Honorable John P. Robarts, Premier Ministre de la Province d' Ontario, le vingt octobre 1965, marquant le trois cent cinquantième anniversaire du voyage entrepris en Octobre 1615 par Samuel de Champlain à travers la Vallée de la Trent.*



PLAQUE 12: Champlain's War Party 1615 (Provincial)

Located in Trenton near the mouth of the Trent River, this plaque is close to the point where the Champlain-Huron expedition entered Lake Ontario on their journey to New York State.



PLAQUE TEXT: *In September 1615, a small party of Frenchmen, commanded by Samuel de Champlain, and some five hundred Huron Indians passed down the Trent River on their way to attack the Iroquois who lived in what is now northern New York State. Joined by a band of Algonkians they skirted the eastern end of Lake Ontario and journeyed southward to a palisaded Onondaga village near the present site of Syracuse, N.Y. Champlain was wounded, the attack repulsed, and the discomfited allies returned to Huronia. This expedition increased the hostility of the Five Nations towards the French and their Indian supporters, which culminated in the defeat and dispersal of the Huron, 1649-50.*

PLAQUES 13a and 13b: Champlain battle 1615 (Local, New York State, USA)

Nichols Pond Park, Town of Fenner, State of New York, USA

In spite of the two plaques there, the site is disputed by archaeologists, and it may well be further to the west either at the north end of Canandaigua Lake or the southeastern end of Onondaga Lake (in a suburb of the present site of Syracuse).

PLAQUE 13a TEXT: *Site of Champlain Battle. Here Champlain aided by Huron Indians attacked the stockaded Oneida village Oct. 10-16, 1615.*

PLAQUE 13b TEXT: *SITE OF CHAMPLAIN BATTLE WHERE SAMUEL DE CHAMPLAIN AIDED BY 10 FRENCHMEN AND 300 HURONS ATTACKED THE STOCKADED ONEIDA INDIAN VILLAGE, OCTOBER 10-16, 1615.*

The Oneida Nation is of the 6 Iroquois Nations. O-NE-I-TA means "People of the Stone" or "Living Stone." The Oneidas affirm that they sprang from stone.

The Indian village located here was surrounded by water consisting of the pond on the north and an artificial moat on the south side. Around the inner top of the stockade was a wooden gutter. Water was carried up into this gutter for use if the stockade walls were set on fire.

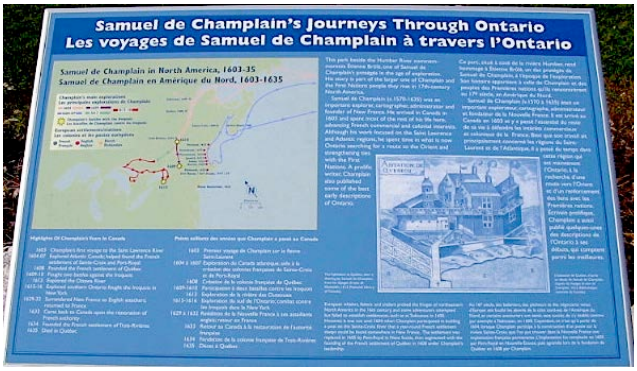
Champlain was wounded twice on the second day of the battle. His men built a moveable wooden platform from which they fired their arquebuses, which were early guns, known as "Iron Arrows" to the Indians, into the village. Failing to defeat the Oneidas during the three days of battle, Champlain withdrew into the woods and waited for expected reinforcements of 500 Susquehannocks, which never came. On October 16th Champlain retreated.

This attack turned the entire Iroquois Confederacy against the French during the ensuing 100 year battle between the French and the English for the supremacy of the New World. The Iroquois were always on the side of the English.

The battle that took place here over 350 years ago is termed by some as the most decisive battle in American history. For it was here that the question of whether America north of the Rio Grande was to become an English or French territory was thus decided.

PLAQUE 14: Samuel de Champlain's Journeys Through Ontario 1613-16 (Toronto)

Ētienne Brûlé Park is located east of the Old Mill bridge, beside the Humber River, Toronto. It contains three Ontario Heritage Trust plaques devoted to Champlain and Brûlé. These summarize Champlain's expeditions of 1613, 1615 in Ontario. The introductory text is given here**.**

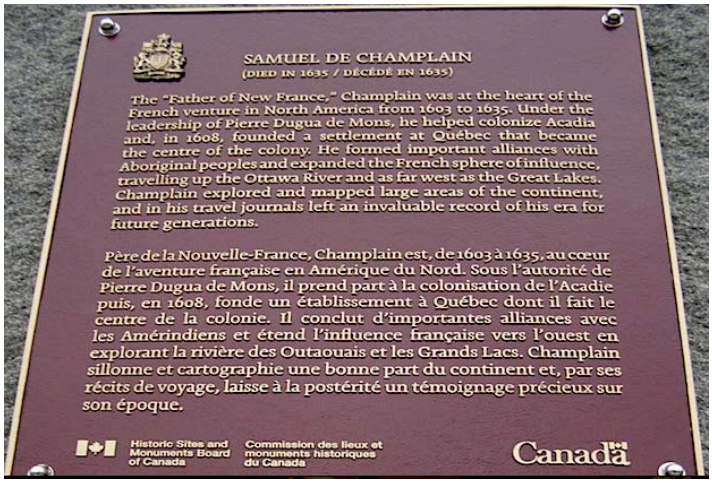


PLAQUE TEXT (INSET): *This park, beside the Humber River commemorates Ētienne Brûlé, one of Samuel de Champlain's protégés in the age of exploration. His story is part of the larger one of Champlain and the First Nations people they met in 17th century North America.*

Samuel de Champlain (c. 1570-1635) was an important explorer, cartographer, administrator and founder of New France. He arrived in Canada in 1603 and spent most of the rest of his life here, advancing French commercial and colonial interests. Although his work focused on the Saint Lawrence and Atlantic regions, he spent time in what is now Ontario searching for a route to the Orient and strengthening ties with the First Nations. A prolific writer, Champlain also published some of the best early descriptions of Ontario.

PLAQUE 15: Samuel de Champlain (died in 1635) (Federal)

This plaque is near a statue of Champlain (shown) in Major Hill's Park, beside the Ottawa River, at the end of Alexandra Bridge, Ottawa. It recognizes Champlain's life work. From the point of view of this volume, Champlain passed by this spot four times, twice in 1613, and once each in 1615 and 1616.



PLAQUE TEXT: *The "Father of New France", Champlain was at the heart of the French venture in North America from 1603 to 1635. Under the leadership of Pierre Dugua de Mons, he helped colonize Acadia and, in 1608, founded the settlement of Québec that became the centre of the colony. He formed important alliances with Aboriginal peoples and expanded the French sphere of influence, travelling up the Ottawa River and as far west as the Great Lakes. Champlain explored and mapped large areas of the continent, and in his travel journals left an invaluable record of his era for future generations./Père de la Nouvelle France, Champlain est, de 1603 a 1635, au coeur de l'aventure française en Amerique du Nord. Sous l'autorité de Pierre Dugua de Mons il prend part à la colonisation de l'Acadie puis, en 1608, fonde un établissement à Québec dont il fait le centre de la colonie. Il conclut d'importantes alliances avec les Amérindiens et étende l'influence française vers le ouest en explorant la rivière des Outaouais et les Grands Lacs. Champlain sillonne et cartographie une bonne part du continent et, par ses récits de voyage, laisse à la posterité un témoignage précieux sur son époque.*

Sources

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www.townoffenner.com/champlain

Bowley, Robert, *Plaqued historic sites in Peterborough County and area*, (Rebel Publishing, 1998)

Carmichael, Dugald M. & Osborne, Brian S. Champlain in The Land Between, Chapter 35 in *The Land Between": Encounters on the Edge of the Canadian Shield*, (Fitzhenry & Whiteside: Markham, ON., 2013), p. 120-22.

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Perkins, M.E., *A Guide to Provincial Plaques in Ontario/ Découvrons notre patrimoine*, (Natural Heritage/Natural History Inc .for Ontario Heritage Foundation, 1988)

Theberge, C.B. & Theberge, Elaine, *At the edge of the Shield: A history of Smith Township, 1818-1980*, (Smith Township Historical committee, 1980).

Wilcox, H.R. *Bridgenorth: 'The centre of the Universe'*, (Smith Township Historical Society, 1997).

Relevant recent local articles

The *Heritage Gazette of the Trent Valley* has already published some articles related to the 400th anniversary of Champlain's visits to Ontario, especially the Peterborough area. It will continue to do so. Some articles have appeared in *The Examiner*, Peterborough. These articles flesh out material presented in the selection of plaques used here.

Adams, P. Champlain and French heritage in Peterborough Riding, *Heritage Gazette of the Trent Valley* (*HGTV*), Vol.1,no.4, Feb,2014, p. 22-23

Adams, P. *Wisakedjak* Premieres in Peterborough, *HGTV*, vol.1, no.4, Feb, 2014, p.2

Adams, P. and A. Brunger, Champlain in Ontario, *HGTV*, in this volume

Jones, Elwood H. Samuel de Champlain came in 1615, *HGTV*, vol. 1, no.4, Feb, 2014, p. 22

Jones, Elwood H. Weirs and the aboriginal fishing skills, *HGTV*, vol. 1,no. 4,Feb, 2014, p.24-26

Jones, Elwood H. Champlain was here: an historical marker in Bridgenorth suggests that the explorer stopped there, *The Examiner*, Peterborough, March 8, 2014, p. A5

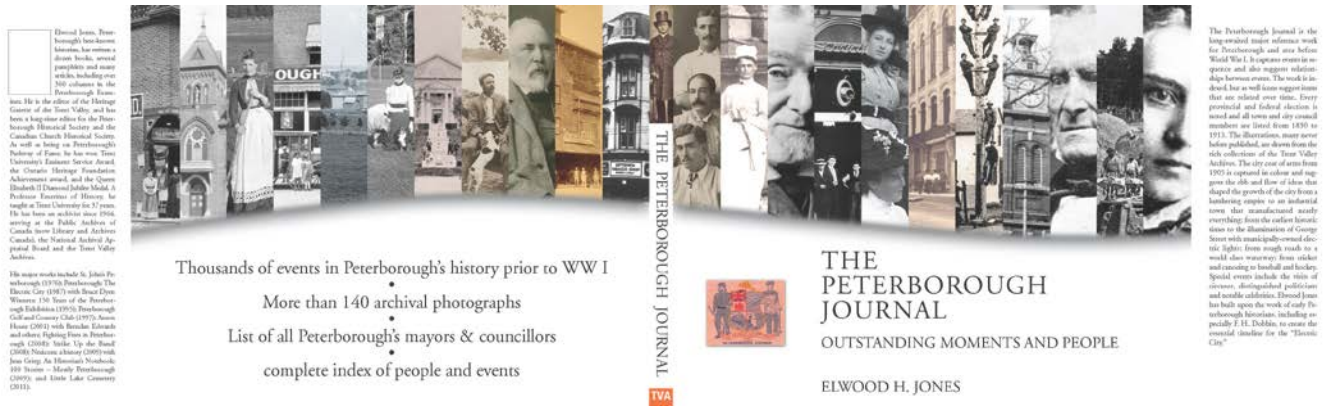
Jones, Elwood H. An adventurer with a vision, *The Examiner*, Peterborough, March 22nd, 2014, p. A5

TRENT VALLEY ARCHIVES BOOKSHELF

The Peterborough Journal

The Peterborough Journal: outstanding moments and people has been described as a treasure. It is featured in our new crossword. Can be used to settle bets.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. Those who become sustaining members of the Trent Valley Archives may choose to receive an autographed hard copy for a really special gift to family and friends.

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



From Pontypool to Peterborough

continuing the memoirs of Thomas Alvin Morrow, 1893 - 197?

THE LIGHT OF OTHER DAYS AROUND ME, part 4

Thomas A. Morrow

3 War time Experience

ENLISTMENT FOR THE GREAT WAR 1914 – 1918

Shortly after the declaration of war, many of my older schoolmasters enlisted and I used to admire and envy them as they marched along George Street to and from their training grounds. Around Christmas time, our younger group felt as if we should be doing our bit and in January, I went up to have my physical examination. Due to exhortations by Mr. Petit, one of my high school teachers, I had practiced deep breathing and when my chest was measured normally, I was too small but the doctor marvelled at my expansion on taking a deep breath so with 3 normal measurements and two expanded measurements, my average was over the 32" required and he passed me.

I had gotten an hour's leave of absence from the store to take my examination and the next day, I told Mr. Kent I thought I would enlist to which he replied, "You'll never meet the physical measurements", to which I replied that I had passed them yesterday.

Some of my boy friends were urging me to enlist and when I asked if they had had, the said, "no:, but they were going to, so I rather took the wind out of their sails when I said I had already done so.

I had to go to the armouries for drill and duties a couple of hours everyday and the rest of the time I would be at the store. Mr. Kent hired Lorne Pelletier from Sault St. Marie to succeed me. Shortly after, we were issued with our red militia uniforms which I wore on duty in the store. Pelletier was much older and rather a man of the world from the experiences that he recounted from time to time so shortly after receiving my uniform, he decided to enlist too.

Our battalion became known as the 39th, one company from Peterborough, one company would come from Lindsay, one company from Port Hope and Durham County and one from Belleville and Hastings County. Judging by the calibre of the men from Lindsay, there could be some truth in the rumour that Sir Sam Hughes, a minister of Militia from Lindsay, had many of the prisoners released from Don Jail in Toronto in order to fill up Lindsay's quota for the Battalion.

Shortly after being issued with our Militia uniforms, scarlet tunic and blue trousers with red stripes, four of us got leave to go to Toronto where we stayed at the Walker House Hotel. Loren Pelletier was the most verbose of the bunch and on enquiries from Toronto Citizens as to who we were, he readily explained that we were on leave from garrison duty at the Port of Halifax. We kept our brass and leather spotlessly clean and paraded about in the best military manner. We took in shows at Shea's Theatre on Victoria Street and at other smaller theatres in the downtown area of Yonge and Adelaide Streets. We enjoyed ourselves but we did not get the thrill out of the leave that we had expected.

About the end of March, our company moved to Belleville where the Battalion was immobilized in a canning factory as barracks.

Very shortly after arriving, I was promoted to the rank of Corporal with 90 days back pay at 16 cents per day – that $9.00 seemed like a lot of money to me although at the regulation rate of $1.10 per day, I was getting more than at the drug store.

While I was home, I gave my sister, Velma, $10.00 per month on account of my board and as this was her only source of income as compared to the others who were earning their living, I agreed to continue the payment while in the army. To make sure that she got it regularly, I assigned $25.00 per month from my pay, $15.00 of which was put in the bank for me.

On Good Friday, I was in the shower at the barracks when the orderly sergeant called out, "Is there a Corporal around?" and of course, proud of my recent promotion, I cheerily replied "yes, I was a Corporal." Okay, says he, you are Corporal of the guard for Easter Sunday. I paraded the reliefs to their sentry posts at the armouries and court house every 2 hours during the day and night and insisted on each sentry taking his duties over in a regimental manner, reciting carefully, the duties he was to perform while on sentry go. The Sergeant of the Guard, who had formerly been in the British Army, complimented me and thanked me for carrying out my duties so faithfully.

Late on Saturday night, one of our Lindsay men was brought in by the Military Police. He was not only inebriated but was suffering the D.T.'s. It took about 6 men to hold him on the floor with his arms and legs extended. He was a big fellow with a cut in his nose which he said was a sabre wound and which and not closed properly on healing. He chewed tobacco and on occasion to amuse the boys, he would take out his cud and stick it in the sabre would slit in his nose. While he was being held on the floor of the barracks, he caught the two ply collar on his winter military overcoat between his teeth and cut out a piece as clean as if it had been a piecrust. It shows the tremendous strength that is developed in such convulsions.

Training consisted of early morning coffee then a half hour of practical training and a run around the cinder path in the park after breakfast. Then we had squad drill, company drill, arms drills and on occasion, field manoeuvres.

Shortly after we got down to fairly serious routine training, an epidemic of meningitis hit the Battalion with the result that a temporary hospital was opened and I, on account of my knowledge of drugs, was made orderly Corporal. The hospital was filled in no time and it was my

duty to greet each patient on the floor with 3 Aspirin tablets and 2 Calomel tablets with requisite water.

Our first causality was a schoolmate of mine from Peterborough, **Merton Adams**. I had visited with him, sitting on his bed as I did so and in less than 2 hours afterward, he had passed away.

One could be a carrier, although immune to the disease with the result that one morning on parade, the Battalion strength was 20 or 30 all ranks because many were carriers and were isolated in the fair grounds at Belleville.

At time went on, we had a special patient isolated in a tent and great precautions had to be taken for disinfecting his dishes and everything coming from his tent. I asked one of the nurses, an efficient red-head, what his ailment was and she replied "venereal disease". It was the first time I had heard the name and I guess the blank look on my face prompted her to add the doctor will explain it to me.

That night, I went off duty at 8 o'clock and went shopping for some disinfectant soap, a throat spray, etc. and spent a few minutes talking to a girl friend with whom I used to play tennis with during slack periods at the hospital.

When I returned, one of the orderlies told me I was wanted by the Senior Medical Officer up in his office. When I went up, three medical officers were seated around a table with two nurses also in attendance. The Senior Medical Officer said he was sorry but he had no alternative but to lay a charge against me in that, without permission, I had broken the quarantine orders which the hospital had placed and asked me what I had to say in defence of my actions.

I said I had not been advised of the quarantine as Corporal in charge and it was incumbent on those in charge to specifically to advise and warn me; for reply to their various questions as to what I had done while away form the hospital. In particular, they wanted to know if I had embraced or kissed my girl friend to which I replied, we were in a store and there was no opportunity. That brought a smile and the red-head nurse winked at me but I didn't get the significance. The chairman said he would have to make a full report to Head Quarters at Kingston and he would advise me of the results in a few days. Afterwards, I said to the red-head – why the wink? She said she couldn't contain herself any longer and when I remarked about not having the opportunity, she thought I realized that the whole affair was a hoax.

During the time I was at the hospital, our Regimental Sergeant, Necfor, started special classes in the evening for the non-commissioned officers and one day when I met him on the street, he wanted to know why I wasn't taking them. I decided that it would be to my advantage to prepare for advancement in promotion because many of the N.C.O.'s were not too adept at giving instructions to their men or of giving the proper words (commands) during drill periods.

Rumours began to get around that the 39th Battalion was going to Bermuda for garrison duty. In any event, some move was in the air. We had had several detainees from the battalion and one day, Col. Preston formed us up and delivered an orientation to us about our duty to our homes and country and ended up by saying if there is any yellow streaked white livered coward in the battalion who die not want to go over seas let him step two paces forward and one man did just that. I don't recall just what happened to him.

After being promoted to sergeant, one of my first duties was to go to Hastings and bring back a deserter. I was admonished to take a pair of handcuffs and take no changes on his getting away. I sent to the Belleville Police Station but several had been there before me and they would not release any more handcuffs so they recommended me to the Chief at Hastings, which I did and was successful. I was told the deserter was being held at the hotel and on my way there, in front of an ice cream parlour, I was accosted by a man and a young son. He said are you the Sergeant who has come to pick up my son, giving the boy's name and I said I was. He chuckled and said, "I envisaged a huge husky man about 6 ft and two hundred pounds, and not a boy like you". I did not tell him that I had qualms about the size of his son – who was underage, had enlisted without his parent's consent and when his mother wrote to him in Belleville to come home, he did that without notifying anyone or ratifying that he was, in effect, deserting, a heinous crime in the army.

Under the circumstances, I did not produce the handcuffs, but said he would have to come back with me to give his story first hand and I was sure he would be back home again in a day or two.

As the warmer weather arrived, the men became more discontented with the confinement of the barracks so we were moved to Zwick's Island under canvas bell tents, about 100 years from shore in the Bay of Quinte and adjoining the bridge and road leading over to Prince Edward County.

Early in the summer, there was open water between the island and the shore and on occasions, men who were late on their passes would sometimes swim across but later in the year the area, usually filled up with bull rushes. The usual routine of Battalion Company and platoon drills and manoeuvres; were carried out to keep us fit and in training.

On one occasion, I was Sergeant of the Guard and in our prisoner's tent, a regular bell tent, we had what was described to me as a desperado, and I was to take no changes on letting him escape. During the evening, we had a cloudburst which inundated all the tents on the low ground including the prisoner's tent. I sent in with the prisoner and fortunately, there was a dry hammock in his tent so I borrowed a pillowcase of straw and arranged it for him to sleep on and then adjourned to my own guard tent. During the night, no extra precautions were taken and when I greeted the prisoner in the morning, he thanked me for giving him a good nights sleep and rest. Our guard was relieved at 10 am the next day at the usual and the old guard marched off having turned over full instructions to the new guard. In less than half an hour, before I had turned into my own ten for a well-deserved sleep, there was a hue and cry throughout the camp that the prisoner had made his escape. Why, as sergeant of the guard, I escaped the humiliation of letting a prisoner escape, I'll never know. Perhaps kind and humane treatment to him as a prisoner was something exceptional whereas the sergeant that followed me was very regimental in his procedures.

OCEAN VOYAGE AND ENGLAND

Eventually, the 38th Battalion was assigned to the garrison at Bermuda and the 39th were jubilant that we were to proceed overseas on the C.P.R. Steamship Missandbie.

On that day, we were to entrain about the middle of June. I was acting as Orderly Sergeant for our "B" Company and one of the prime duties was to see that everyone was warmed for parade including cooks and such others whose duties usually exempted them from regular parades. When our company formed up to march to the station to entrain, we were four short whom we thought were last minute deserters. We entrained at Belleville, rode by train oven ight and filed on to the boat the next morning in the Montreal Harbour. On the boat, our first parade was a muster parade to see how many ranks were present and much to my relief, "B" Company turned out to be 3 over strength, not only had the 4 missing turned up but three others who had previously been struck off strength, had boarded the train during the night during its stops on wayside sidings.

For most of us, it was our first ocean-going voyage and we were trilled with the sights along the great St. Lawrence River. Captain Ross Cameron of Peterborough, kindly lent me his binoculars so I could have a better view of Montmorency Falls, the Citadel, Quebec and other interesting and historical sites.

A dental corps of officers and sergeants along with our Battalion made up the compliment of the vessel. Of course, we were accompanied by the usual schools of porpoises, which raced along beside our boat. We saw several whales spouting from time to time, passed close to some icebergs and also saw a tremendous water spout, fortunately whirling several miles away to the right of our course.

When we neared the British Isles, we were met by a gunboat as escort but as a great fog had settled down, we could see much and had to be content with the monotonous sounds of the foghorns of ours and other ships nearby. Eventually, when the fog lifted, we were gazing at the southern coast of England with its postage stamp size fields separated by hedgerows and their variegated colouring, ripening grains, pastures and summer tallow. Horses and other forms showed up in the background on the hills where the sod had been taken up having a white chalk back ground show in various forms.

We were escorted into Portsmouth Harbour where we lay at anchor in quarantine for about 24 hours. Here we were to get our first glimpse of Lord Nelson's Flag Ship at Trafalgar; which was turned into a training ship for cadets. Sea Gulls by the hundreds hovered around us. At first, we were amused at the way they would grab tidbits on the wing when thrown from the ship but as time went on, their weird call and noises became rather nauseating to some of us and we were glad when we were ordered to entrain for our final destination.

The little English engines with their squeaky whistles and cards divided into compartments, which one entered at platform level, were also novelties to us. It was eight or ten men with full kit to a compartment which afforded little room for movement. Moreover, there was no corridor nor washroom facilities available. Naturally, over a several hour train ride, through southern England via London to Folkestone, men had to improvise methods of relief and I must confess that the strollers through the village greens and country walks had to look in the other direction to avoid some of the queer sights.

We detrained near Folkestone and had to march up a long winding road to the top of what was know as Caesar's Hill to a tent camp close by. Naturally, after our boat crossing and confinement in the train, the men did not cover themselves in the British tradition when marching up the hill. The 36th Battalion, which arrived a few days ahead of us were naturally in like condition to ours but their Col. Ashton was not satisfied with their performance and is reported to have marched them down and back up the hill again.

Life under canvas in Britain was a common occasion for the British who had laid down rigid rules and routines to be followed, so we were soon to lose the relative freedom of the Canadian Army and adopt the pattern of the British of street discipline.

Very early in our new life, one of my pals, Bill Hamilton and I got a usual weekend pass to London. Through the YMCA at Tottenham Court Road, we were directed to a lovely pension house on Great Russell Street. Naturally, our first acts were to see Madame Toussaud's Wax Works and Petticoat Lane on a Sunday Morning. As was usual, we both wired the Battalion for a 48-hour extension of our passes. I got a reply promptly asserting but Bill did not get a reply so we concluded that it must have gone astray. On arriving back at camp on Thursday, Bill was warned for Orderly Room on Friday Morning. On his appearance before the Colonel, he said his pal had received an extension and through his would be granted too. The Colonel demanded who his pal was and Bill said he's a sergeant, avoiding the use of my name. However, the Colonel demanded full disclosure and melted out the usual punishment of two days fatigue duty.

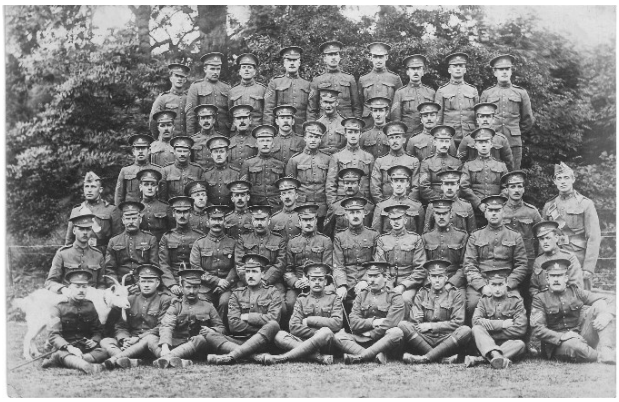
In the meantime, I was out in the training area with my platoon when a messenger arrived and told me to report to the Orderly Room immediately. When I arrived, the Regimental Sergeant Major had by bayonet removed as well as my hat and I was marched between two escorts before the Colonel. The Colonel recited the evidence given by Bill Hamilton, who was a Private and admonished me by saying that if I wanted to continue to associate with Private's that he had no objection to Privates associating with Private's but we were in England now where NCO's

(non commissioned officers) were not to fraternize with Private's.

The reason Bill was not granted his extension; was because on a leave to Peterborough from Belleville, he had overstayed to Monday morning which misdemeanour was recorded on his crime sheet and was a mark against him. It was one of the first evidences to me that "crime does not pay" no matter how inconsequential.

Our training in the Battalion was intensified and from time to time, N.C.O's were detailed to various courses of instruction in Physical Training, Bayonet Bighting, Bombing and Musketry.

Sergeant O'Rourke, from Belleville and I were detailed to attend a short course in Musketry at the world famous Hgthe School of Musketry. The course was cut down to three weeks from an original six weeks to 3 month course and representatives, Sergeants, Sergeant Majors were present from England, Scotland, Ireland from the Guard regiments and Erre Torial [Territorial?] Regiments as well as from the Colonies, Canada, Australia, New Zealand and India.



We had bunks in large dormitories and dined and lived within the barracks. At meal times, although we were senior N.C.O's, one had to be early, otherwise the limited ration of bread, jam, cheese etc., soon ran out and the late comers had to be content with short rations. While a certain amount of cramming went on in the evenings, there was always time for the odd yarn and Sergeant O'Rourke was quite good at improvising stores about Canada.

O'Rourke would deal at length and in great detail with the problems he encountered from day to day in trying to run a successful gopher ranch in Saskatchewan. From night to night, he would bring up a new aspect but nevertheless, the financial results made it worthwhile. I suspected that some of the Scots and Irish new more about Canada than O'Rourke but the English and the big Guardsmen seemed to swallow everything with mouths open and in wonderment.

During the course, Sergeant O'Rourke (who was my Senior in the Battalion) and I discussed how we would organize a section of musketry instructors in the Battalion in order to prepare the Battalion for firing at the ranges at the earliest possible date. However, after returning to our Battalion, the school advised that I had obtained First Class Certificate and Sergeant O'Rourke, a Second Class Certificate, in the light of which I was promoted to the rank of Colour Sergeant Instructor of Musketry. Such a rank did not exist in the British Army but there was such in the Canadian Militia – the main thing was that it gave me the rank equal to a company Sergeant Major with the same prerogatives and pay and O'Rourke became my assistant.

There were several fundamental and basic points inherent in the ready manipulation and firing of rifles which never seemed to get back to the training of officers in Canada with the result that every new Battalion that arrived had to be trained from the ground up in these basic features. This even applied to those training in the Second World War.

In the Battalion, we laid special emphasis on training all the N.C.O's from which we picked out about 8 or 10 who formed a squad of musketry instructors who formed up our Battalion Parade to the extreme right in line with right flank.

The 21st Battalion, in which were some of my Kilkare Mates, was stationed in huts at Sandling Camp, a few miles away, so Max Wetheral, a Signal Sergeant and I walked over one evening to visit them. We saw Bill Saxby, Walter Batley and Allen Harper and after a visit exchanging experiences, we were introduced to a game called "nap" for Napoleon. The players in turn bid on their hands as to the number of tricks they can take with their 5 cards. A rhyme was made up to go with the game.

I'll go one says Russia
I'll go two says France
I'll go three says Italy
I'll think I have a chance
I'll go four says Germany
And wipe you off the map
But they all dropped dead when John said
Go blindly, I'll go "nap".

As the general formation of the ground on top of Caesar's Hill was in the shape of a saucer, we were subject to great floods on the occasions of great downpour of rain. Also, the constant rain made it necessary to have fatigue parties on the alert to move the men's blankets which were piled in military fashion at the entrance to each tent under cover and to let down the flaps on the tents.

In the early autumn, the second division was completed and moved to France and we moved from Caesar's Hill to Sandling and became a Reserve battalion brigaded under Brigadier Ashton, along with 35th, the 36th Battalion and the 11th Battalion. We trained arduously always in the hope that we would go to France as a unit with huts for the men, heated in winter by box stoves and with covered halls, we could carry on training, rain or shine. That winter, it was mostly rain, which was attributed to the disturbances in the air by heavy artillery bombardments in France.

During the winter, I had another leave to London and again met Cynthia Harrison whom Bill Hamilton and I had met through the operation of Canadian Social activities for soldiers. Her real name was Hyacinth, but at her office, she was known as "Pegs" a very popular name in England. She was a charming girl, so different from the mill run than one came across in London and Folkstone etc. and became a valuable guide to me showing me the interesting things and places in London. Once, when visiting the British Museum, I asked one of the attendants where they had the

bottles of dust located. The querulous look on his face, I explained that since coming to England we had so much rant that I hadn't seen any dust and expected they might have such a rarity in the museum.

The sergeants had a separate hut as dormitory at Sandling and being the Senior N.C.O. there, I automatically came into charge of discipline, which was some job. We had several old soldiers with Indian Mutiny experience, some burly hard drinkers as well as many decent fellows. At nights, we played chess, checkers, Twenty-One or Bust, Napoleon. About one night a week, three sergeants from the Marine Gun Corps who were formerly 39th N.C.O.'s would come in and work up a real poker game. I did not play poker but used to watch the boys play and thereby developed a good knowledge of the game. The stakes were fairly high and after quite a series of evenings, it occurred to me that one of the three visitors usually pulled out to be the big winner. I discussed the point with one of our habitual players who was also becoming suspicious, so the next night I kibitized as usual and noted especially the hands that the three visitors bid on. Each time the pot became fairly sizeable, two of the three would raise and raise each other until all the others decided to drop out and then eventually one would throw in his hand without calling and the winner would reap a good pot on a mediocre hand that had not been shown or called. On the next night of their visit, our boys played them at their own game and fortunately, had the run of the luck so that the three visitors had to produce I.O.U.'s which they had some difficulty in meeting out of their army pay over future months.

At Christmas and New Year's, there were some boisterous parties beyond the prerogatives of a sergeant's hut, in view of which I appealed to the Regimental Sergeant Major for separate quarters which was granted to avoid becoming involved in reports to superior officers which might have serious repercussions on the N.C.O.'s involved.

In the sergeant's mess, we had whist, euchre and cribbage for entertainment as well as a neighbouring member of Engineers came in to enjoy a beer and would entertain liberally at the piano and in song ranging from the popular songs to arias from the Grand Opera. He was very popular and his offerings were very much enjoyed by all.

Outside of parade hours, much of our time was spent at Hythe, Folkestone and other seaside resorts. Castles at Westenhanger, Lympne, Dover were points of interest and at weekends, Canterbury with its historic cathedral was a great attraction as also were the seaside resorts of Ramsgate and Margate in their seasons.

Weekly concerts featuring London state stars were billed at the theatre on the "Leas". There was usually a sell out but, unfortunately, all too often, as the curtain rose, the management would read a telegram of regrets from such starts as Violet Loraine, George Robey, etc., that on account of indisposition, they could not appear today. However, on the whole, real good orchestra music or band music was provided with suitable substitutes for absent stars.

On the way back to camp from Folkestone, Caesar's Hill provided a formidable obstacle for those not entirely in command of their muscles and senses with the result that the military police picked up many who did not have signed passes to cover their absences. On the way to Sandling [Sandringham?], there were certain buses that carried one part of the way home but at the end there was a hill to climb although less formidable than Caesar's.

SCOTLAND ON A TEN DAY PASS

During the winter months, Sergeant Max Wetheral and I got a ten-day pass and we decided to take in Edinburgh, Aberdeen and Glasgow on our trip and railway transportation was arranged accordingly. While staying at the pension house in Great Russell Street, I dug out of a cupboard in the wall, a little hand guide as to where the thrifty business-man could stay while in the various cities of Britain and it was invaluable. We had excellent accommodation wherever we went costing in the neighbourhood of 2s, 6d per night (about 35 cents Canadian Funds). At Aberdeen, we landed up at a very posh place but unfortunately, most of the guests were women, rather elderly, several of whom used glasses of the lorgnette type and during our sojourns from time to time in the beautiful lounge we could almost feel the effect of their scrutiny when our backs were turned.

As the weather was very bad, we did not linger in Aberdeen but pushed on to Glasgow where we were enmeshed in a Glasgow fog. However, we did admire their tremendous system of streetcars and their constant movement although at a much slower rate than in our Canadian systems. Here again, the weather was against us and as Edinburgh appealed to us, we entrained for Edinburgh. However, the conductor advised us that our tickets were for return to London and not Edinburgh. We mentioned that we did not want to go home without a trip on the Flying Scotsman and a two shilling tip did the trick.

Besides taking in the sights at the Castle, Carlton Tower, Holyrood, Princess Street, etc., we saw eleven shows on our ten-day leave. As the shows started at 7:00 p.m. and 9:00 p.m., we occasionally would take a tax from one theatre to another, thereby taking in two shows in one evening.

As the war progressed, the Canadian Divisions at the front in France suffered severe casualties and it was not possible to train reinforcements to fill in the gaps in the ranks so that our Brigade was gradually broken up by sending drafts of men in groups of one hundred or two hundred to meet the emergencies. Our 39th Battalion sent over reinforcements where needed but then it was decided that men from certain areas should be sent to Battalions in France representing that area. The Second Battalion in the

First Brigade and the 21st Battalion in the Second Division were from the Kingston Peterborough area so that in future, their reinforcements would come from the 39th Battalion. The 36th Battalion sent its reinforcements to the Four Battalion in the First Brigade and the 19th Battalion in the Second Division.

On one afternoon, I was putting a draft through its final musketry instruction prior to leaving for France the next day. I was telling them the story of how the British rifles at Mons had halted the German onslaught as was told to me at the Hythe School by one of the senior staff officers. A man by the name of Fraser, quite a husky swarthy individual, who had reverted from sergeant to get on the draft had been a perturbing influence on the class and finally when I mentioned the Mons episode, he yelled out "how do you know? Where you there Sergeant?" I immediately decided he had gone far enough and ordered to men to march him over to the Sergeant of the Guard at the Guard Room. I continued with my lecture and class and forgot all about Private Fraser.

The next morning, there was quite a commotion because this man had been detained overnight with a crime sheet being completed to cover the charge. I explained I had only intended his custody during the class but under military law, I had no alternative but to lay a charge which I did but in wording the charge, it was not serious enough to warrant his incarceration in the Guard Room.

Fraser's case came before Colonel Preston and I was the chief witness. I explained exactly what had happened and the Colonel reprimanded Fraser. However, the Regt' Sergeant Major detained me and admonished me for having forgotten King's Rules and orders re Guard Room offences and procedures. As soon as I came out of the Orderly Room, Fraser rushed up to me and almost bowled me over in the act of putting his arms around me and giving me a big hug that nearly crushed my ribs. When he released me, tears were streaming down his cheeks and he said he wanted to thank me from the bottom of his heart for making it possible for him to be on the draft for France at 11:00 o'clock that morning. He explained that this was his third draft but on the other two occasions, he had gone out of camp, got drunk and was picked up by military police, thus missing out on his opportunity to go and therefore I had saved him from a similar fate on this occasion.

The ranks of the original 39th Battalion had become decimated but new Battalions were arriving from Canada which greatly required training. The Battalions in France had their quotas of N.C.O.'s and officers who had won their spurs under fire and therefore they were only anxious to have recruits fro the ranks of officers of lieutenant rank. Some experiments had been tried of sending over sergeants, Captains and Majors but it had not worked out satisfactorily. Very often, the most efficient officer on the parade ground became useless under the stress of shell and machine gun fire.

In lieu of new officers from Canada, many N.C.O.'s who had made good in France were recommended for their commissions and at the same time, those N.C.O.'s in England who were considered officer material were also promoted. Sergeant King, ma married man from Trenton, who shared my table at mess, surprised me one day by saying he had applied for a commission. I considered I would rather stay in the ranks because at the rate the officers lived, they always appeared to be short of funds and therefore I might not be able to afford that life.

THE RELUCTANT LIEUTENANT

On 21 August, I was quite surprised to read my name along with Sergeant Gifford, Bayonet instructor of the 39th, as having been appointed Lieutenant. We received our officer's clothing allowances and immediately set out for London to get our uniforms and equipment. The first day after putting on our uniforms, we set out to visit some of our pals in a London hospital and en route, we had to walk along an enclosed path, about five hundred yards long, just at the time the walking cases from the hospital were allowed out for the day. Of course, these patients were on their best military behaviour, particularly as to saluting officers. I must confess Gifford and I were never so sick of saluting in all our lives so we decided to take turns to return the mens' salutes.

On returning to the Battalion, we were delegated to go on an officer's training course at Shorncliffe Barracks on the way to Folkstone. There we were, allotted to tents, four officers to a tent and one batman to look after each tent. There were about two hundred in the class, including some of my contemporaries of the 36th, Joe Roberts, Eric Bottrill and Joe Noble, also Bruce Thompson from the 35th and Roy Harrison from the 19th in France. I mentioned these in particular because we all landed up with the Fourth Battalion in France at some later date.

Our training consisted of platoon, company and Battalion drills, engineering, how to build bomb-proof shelters or to lay out a road from compass bearings, field operations and tactics, military law and discipline etc., all of which on being successful would qualify one for the rank of field officer or major.

Field operations included the occupation and overnight manning of a section of front line trenches which had been constructed in the area of Caesar's Hill for such training. We marched off in company formation for a few miles and then when we came within range of artillery fire, we broke up into small groups finding our way to the rendezvous where guides awaited us to conduct us up through communication trenches to the front line trenches. At the rendezvous, all cigarettes were doused and no smoking or lighting of matches was allowed in the forward area.

During the occupation, flares were fired into no-man's land giving an atmosphere of reality. Sentries were posted and relieved every two hours so that each one had two hours duty and four hours rest in the clay funk holes that had been dug for such purposes. For those who had not been to France, the whole experience was quite inspiring and thrilling in a way.

An evening patrol was supposed to try a raid during one period when I was on duty and on the signal being given, we started to heave hand grenades into no-man's land. Alas, and to my sorrow, I found out that my nice new uniform fitted too snugly and on heaving a few bombs, the back split open at the seams on both shoulders.

We returned to the school the next morning and had a good sleep in our tents during which our batmen cleaned up our puttees boots and clothing. I heard one veteran batman

say to the other that officers in France would spend ten days in the line and would not accumulate so much dirt on their uniform as we did in one night.

Everything went well for the first two or three weeks when casualties on the Somme in France demanded officer reinforcements. Real happy was everyone whose name was on the list posted as reinforcements to France. I was listed as being posted to the 87th Battalion, a Montreal battalion and with all the others on the list were given a four day's leave to London to get our Binoculars, revolvers and necessary equipment for France. On my return to the Battalion, I was horrified to find my name stuck off the list with the explanation that it would be better for me to be with an Ontario regiment.

Another week or ten days, another list was posted and I was detailed to go to the 76th Battalion in the Fourth Division. We got our usual leave to London and again, on returning to the Battalion, my name had been struck saying it would be better for me to go to a unit in the First Division so back to school I sent. As subsequent events turned out at Vimy Ridge, I was glad that I had not gone to the 75th.

Yet, a third time, I was posted to go to the Second Battalion where the Colonel and Second in Command were former 39th officers and where Gifford had gone so I was delighted with my luck. We had our usual leave and by this time I must confess, my bank balance at the Bank of Montreal, Waterloo Place, was ebbing fast. However, I celebrated with the others of the class. We took in many shows on the strength tat we might not see one again for a long time and on returning to the Battalion, I was greatly mortified to find my name stuck off again. On appealing to Adjutant McManus for an explanation, he said I was still on the staff of the 39th that it was not within the jurisdiction of the school to send me to France and that when the Battalion wanted me to go, they would send me.

The class had been decimated and as some of the officers were difficult to discipline, it was decided for future classes, the N.C.O.'s would go as cadets and would only get their commissions when they had successfully completed their examinations.

In the fall of 1916, it was discovered that there were many Canadians in France under the age of 17 without their parents' consent. Evidently, they had given the wrong ages upon enlistment and the parents wanted them home. But, of course, the lads would have none of that, so they were brought back to England and formed what was known as the Boy's Battalion.

Col Oliver of the Pris Brantford area had taken the 39th Battalion to England but it had been broken up and sent to France in drafts. He was given charge of the Boys' Battalion and it became known as the 34th Battalion. The 39th was asked to supply one officer to the 34th complement and a chap from Windsor was detailed. However, before that time, he had been detailed to take a bayonet course and word was received to send him to the course immediately.

Major McManus, our adjutant, came to me and suggested that I go to the 34th at Shoreham-by-the-sea temporarily until the other officer returned from his bayonet course. I agreed on the understanding that I would not be transferred from the 39th in order to preserve my position in case a call to go to France came.

A couple of years after the war, I had occasion to be seated beside Captain McManus going home on a Yonge Street car and of course, we started reminiscing. Before we separated, I pointedly asked him why my several calls to duty in France had been cancelled. Well, now I can tell you, it was the consensus of the Headquarters Officers of the 39th that you would not be able to withstand the rigours of service in France for more than a couple of weeks where as your services as in instructor in England would be of much greater value ultimately to the Canadian Corps.

SHOREHAM

On reporting at Shoreham, I was made Second in Command of B Co. with one junior officer and a sergeant Major, a quarter master Sergeant and a Sergeant and Corporal to look after a whole company where a full complement of officers and N.C.O's would be about twenty-four.

As the officers and N.C.O.'s were without overseas service in France, these returned men resented these facts and conducted themselves on most occasions in a manner contrary to good order and discipline.

When the Battalion was lined up on parade, even during the Lord's Prayer, boys in the rear rank would step forward, remove the cap of the man ahead and throw it towards the Colonel's feet. This happened on several instances. On one occasion, an aeroplane manoeuvring overhead made a downward dive. The boys who must have seen ample evidence of similar tactics in France, immediately broke ranks and spread out in a hollow circle on the parade ground.

During the day, there were over one hundred trains daily to Brighton, a favourite sea-side resort for Londoners. Naturally, the boys made use of this convenient transportation to absent themselves from camp as well as overstaying their passes when such were granted. Their frequenting of the pubs and boisterous behaviour was not to the liking of the shops and people of Brighton with the result that complaints were made to the Military Police who made so many arrests that the jails and detention houses would not accommodate them all. While their offences may not have been too heinous, nevertheless, their deportment of unrestrained youth was far below that of the average Canadian Battalion and, of course, much below the British traditional standards.

After a couple of weeks of organizing, promoting men to N.C.O. ranks and trying to straighten out the grievances, some of which were not factual, I arrived in camp on a Friday night from Brighton to read in Battalion orders that I had been transferred from the 39th to the strength of the 34th. I was infuriated with the news, went to company Orderly Room and immediately wrote a letter to the Colonel requesting to be transferred back to the 39th Battalion or any reserve where I would have an opportunity of going to France. On Saturday morning before parade, I handed my letter to the Adjutant on the Battalion Orderly Room telling him what the contents were. After parade on Saturday at noon, the Adjutant called me and said we had hot quick action on my letter in handing me a telegraph from the war office addressed to Lieut. Morrow, 34th Battalion, ordering me to hold myself in readiness to proceed to France.

The Adjutant immediate made out a pass for me to proceed to London on four day's leave but as I had bought a "British warm" overcoat since my last leave, my exchequer was quite low and I wasn't too enthusiastic about a leave in London on my own.

BROTHER ORLAND MORROW

I had received word from home that my brother Orland (age 18) was in England and when in London, I found that his unit was in camp near Seaford a few miles from Brighton as I entrained and hired a taxi to go out to his camp. It was dark when we arrived and the taxi had great difficulty trying to drive through the mud of the camp which seemed ankle deep in places. Eventually, we got to Headquarters where I saw the adjutant and explained I was on my way to France and would like to spend a night with my brother.

Orland had been with the Bank of Ottawa at Sudbury where he enlisted and later had been made pay sergeant. However, being anxious to go to France with his buddies, he had reverted to the ranks but on being given a physical examination later, he was turned down because of a flat left foot. He collapsed when asked by the M.O. to stand on his left foot only although he was not aware of this condition before. He was put back in the pay office but his rank had been given to another N.C.O. On the night of my arrival, we found him alone in the pay hut working by candlelight with two wooden boxes filled with one pound and ten shilling notes which he was counting and entering the amounts opposite the men's names on the payroll for the pay parade in the morning. After some searching, the pay corporal was located to relieve him for his visit with me.

We took the taxi, which was waiting to the town of Seaforth where we registered at a hotel. It was a great thrill to Orland to have a ride in a taxi and to sleep in a hotel with white sheets on the bed. We talked far into the night, quite oblivious to the fact that Orland had only been given an overnight pass which required him to be back on duty the next day because payment to the men was of paramount imp0ortance. We did not realize as Orland left in a taxi for camp, that our waving to one another was really our last farewell. He was killed at Passchendale in October 1917.

FRANCE BECKONED

On returning to the Battalion, I received a further telegram ordering me to report to the R.T.O. at Southampton where I would receive further particulars. A certain amount of secrecy was always maintained in cabled orders to avoid having the enemy pick up information on troop movements, reinforcements, etc. On reporting, the Railway Transport Officer advised me that I was going back to the 4th Canadian Infantry Battalion at which news I was quite delighted but I did not realize the significance of the world back. He gave me my necessary papers for boarding and while disembarking at Le Havre, I got in with some of the officers from the training school and with the assistance of some officers who had been over before and knew the ropes we proceeded to our camp a couple of miles away from the harbour.

The camp was under canvas and with constant rain; there was not much opportunity for the training schedules to be followed. There was an air of depression because several officers had been there for ten days or two weeks still waiting for their call up the line, so constant bridge and poker lost its appeal. Each day a list was posted and those on the list were exuberant while the others cursed their luck. Fortunately, for me, my name was posted on the third morning so I packed by bed roll and pack and entrained via Rouen where I had to change trains.

At Rouen, we spent a few hours visiting the Cathedral, the statute of Jeanne d'Arc, etc. and it was here that I first got my glimpse of the difference between the French and English customs and the much lower standards of sanitation, morality and ways of life generally.

We arrived at Abbeyville late in the evening and I was happy to fall in with Captain T. Hatton, Transport officer of the 4th Battalion who was returning from a course in Transport Officer's duties as he knew where our Battalion was located. Some Transport Officer offered to take our bedrolls part of the way and gave us a ride to a point where our routes divided. We dismounted and for safety, we left our bedrolls in the custody of a signal house by the railway tracks and then walked the rest of the way.

On arrival at rear headquarters for the 4th Battalion, I was directed to the Quartermaster, Captain Kerry, who would put me up for the night. He was surprised that I had separated from my bedroll, and opened up a canvas stretcher on the floor and gave me a grey blanket for the night. Captain Hatton told me to leave the bedrolls to him and he would have them picked up but evidently, his instructions were not clear, because the man he sent came back from the station without them. However, a second attempt was successful.

On the arrival of my regiment, I got ready to join the unit up the line but Captain Kerry received word that day that the Battalion was coming out that night for a week's rest and it would not be worth my while to try and join them on such a move.

The next day, two or three men came individually to the Quartermaster and asked to see Lieut. Morrow. I was expecting to see some old 39th or 36th men but they were strangers and I was a stranger to them when the Quartermaster explained they were expecting to see Herman Morrow, who had been wounded and was hoping to return to duty. When I reported to Major Ross, the Adjutant, he also was rather surprised and said he was expecting Lieut. Morrow (Herman). I was assigned to B Company and took over No.5 Platoon under Lieut. Greenwood.

Guy Greenwood had recently been a corporal but his work was so outstanding, Col Rae recommended him for his commission. The casualties were so heavy on the Somme that he came out of the line as Company Commander. Then, a few weeks later, he was promoted to Captain with the rank of Acting Major for company command purposes. I remember well the occasion of his promotion because he wrote a facetious note to Major G.C. Blackstock, our senior Company Compander, at the time and signed it with the rank of Major. Blackie, not having heard of the promotion, replied to the note by return messenger address to "Rear Rank Lieut. Greenwood". Blackie was very apologetic when he found out he was in error.

The Battalion moved from Goney Servins by route march to La Compte where we were in reserve over Christmas and New Year's holidays to about the middle of January. Lieutenant Marshall and I were billeted together at the home of a French man. Marshall was a graduate of Edinburgh University and somewhat of a linguist as he spoke French and German. On the first night before retiring, he and the Frenchman had quite a chat, which ended by the Frenchman offering us a drink. I had to rely on Marshall to interpret for me and after refusing to have Cognac, white wine, red wine etc., something was said at which they both laughed heartily and when I asked Marshall to interpret the remark, it was, "Perhaps the little boy would like a drink of milk?"

CHRISTMAS AT THE FRONT

On Sunday, December 24, I was company orderly officer whose main duty was to censor the mail the men were sending home. Most everybody was out of the village to the larger towns enjoying Christmas festivities while I was sitting in a cobbler's shop with stacks of letters all around me. The perusal of the letters was terribly monotonous, as for example, Private Ashford, an elderly man of forty, in writing home to his maiden sisters described how he enjoyed a cup of tea before turning in or on getting up or after coming in from sentry duty. In all, he had twenty-two cups of tea before the letter terminated.

The cobbler was tick-tacking at shoes in the next room and as the afternoon closed in early, I had to light a candle. In doing so, I resorted to a parcel, that had arrived in a damaged condition and as there were piles and piles of cigarettes, I thought I would try one. I found it difficult to smoke and to censor at the time and sometimes the smoke curled up my nose causing me to splutter. Finally, I threw it in the fireplace. The monotony of the job and the hammering of the cobbler grew worse with the darkening of the room, so I tried a second cigarette with the same result as the first and then later, I tried a third but no luck. I pondered the remarks that I had heard many a time on how lucky I was that I didn't smoke, so I concluded then and there that there was no point in trying to force myself to do it.

I was the recipient of Christmas parcels from home and friends in Peterborough and Belleville but with all arriving at once, one could not enjoy them to the full and moreover, we helped out many of the boys who were less fortunate,

The next couple of weeks were spent in training, route marches, lectures at Brigade Headquarters where I met several officers with whom I had trained, bathing parades for the men; which really were something. Pipes were run overhead in unheated sheds and two or three perforations were made at about eighteen inch intervals. The men would undress and stand naked under the pipes. The water would then be turned on and most would be lucky to find where the drip was before the water was turned off. Five minutes were given to soap up and then at a signal, the water was turned on again and luck was the man who got enough water to wash off the soap.

We had Brigade parades including church parades, which provided opportunity of seeing pals in the other Battalions. General Currie, our Divisional Commander, gave us a talk and about a week later, General Byng, our Corps Commander visited us and had a look over our training including Mills bombs and the use of rifle grenades.

We moved from La Compte by route march in a blinding snow storm to Bouvigny Huts, a reserve position behind the lines. It was on this march that our Regimental Sergeant, Major Jamieson, in stepping off the road went through the snow and ice and sank in a ditch of water up to his waist. Jamieson's hair was white and some thought his age was around seventy but nothing up to this point could alter him from carrying on. However, he developed a severe cold and when he went down the line, the Medical Officer would not permit him to come back again.

A Brigade School was formed under Major Vandershup of the Second Battalion who had been a company commander of mine back at Belleville. One platoon from each of the four Battalions, i.e., First, Second, Third and Fourth, in the First Brigade was dispatched back to Fosse 10, a mining village on the outskirts of Lens. I had the good fortune to be the officer in charge of Five Platoon, that was selected from the Fourth Battalion. I was billeted with a French School Master and took every opportunity to brush up On my high school French.

On account of my recent training at the officer's school in England, I was called upon to explain some of the newer techniques in drill orders and formations and enjoyed renewing my acquaintance with the major.

ON THE LORETTE SPUR

Between our school area and Bouvigny Woods was a famous spur, the Lorette Spur, where it was said eight thousand Germans and Frenchmen locked in hand to hand battle. That may be taken with a grain of salt but nevertheless, it was a highly strategic position over which a great battle had been fought and the French would take no chances on its being lost again. So, when a relief was going on in the front line, reserves had to be brought up to man the trenches on the Lorette Spur. Our company of Brigade trainees therefore acted as Reserves and on the way up, just at the foot of the steep spur, I allowed my men to fall out for ten-minute break. The snow was a couple of inches deep and it was bitterly cold weather for France. At the end of the rest, just before starting up the hill, Private Langford requested to speak to me through his Corporal and he complained that he had fallen asleep and the boys had emptied his water bottle that he had filled with his rum ration over several months. I explained that he should not have been carrying rum and therefore was no point in pursuing the actions of the men.

When we got into position in the trenches on Lorette Spur, we could perceive that the enemy in the front line was nervous because of the tremendous number of flares that were shot up into the sky, far more exciting and colourful than the displays at the Canadian National Exhibition.

When the front line relief was over, we returned, coming down a hill at Albain St. Nazaire, past the ruins of a church, Notre Dame de Lorette. The road was covered with packed snow and ice in places that made it hazardous for us who had the flat-headed spikes in our shoes. The men were cautioned to be careful and when the front ranks of the column were about two-thirds of the way down, one of the

rear men fell down. Landing on his rifle, it acted as a toboggan that could not be stopped. He slid into those ahead, knocking their feet from under them with the result that less than half a dozen of us reached the bottom of the hill in an upright position.

I was so intrigued with the shape of the ruins of Notre Dame de Lorette that a couple of days afterwards, revisited it in daylight and made a pencil sketch which I sent home to Peterborough. After a couple of weeks, I rejoined the Battalion with my platoon, having missed a rather dirty tour in the line as regards to rain, mud and cold weather.

After bathing parades, target practices with rifles and revolvers, church parades, etc., we went back to the Bouvigny Huts early in February. We supplied carrying parties to build up the engineer's dumps of supplies. About the middle of the month, the 15th Battalion of Canadians staged a raid on the "pimple" par of Vimy Ridge but the Germans were prepared and we lost one officer and forty-seven other ranks as prisoners.

After tours in the trenches in the Souchez Valley that were relatively quiet as to the machine gun and artillery fire but rather unbearable because of the low ground, mud and ice. During one trip, the password each night was the name of a sea fish or mammal. One night, when one of our officers was sloshing through mud and water almost knee deep, he was challenged by a sentry and when the officer answered "whale" the sentry said "swim on. Whale."

Both the Loretta Spur and our front line area was invested with rats and it was common practice for us officers to carry our revolvers at the ready and many a rat bit the dust. Our dug-outs were also very damp with water oozing through the walls and floor as well as dripping from the ceiling. The bunks were made of chicken w\ire and it was fortunate when one got one without a large hole in it, otherwise, one woke up in a jackknife position. On one occasion, I got a parcel of goodies from home and rather than open it up late at night, we suspended it from the ceiling by a strong string. In the morning, when we woke up, the string was there but the box was empty on the floor and pair of heavy grey wool socks were partly pulled into the hole in the wall where the rats had vanished with all the other contents. That same night, they had nibbled away most of the chocolate bar in my haversack which I was using as a pillow under my head.

To be continued

Hazelbrae Barnardo Home Memorial 1912

The Hazelbrae Barnardo Home Memorial on Barnardo Avenue in Peterborough, Ontario lists every person, nearly 10,000, who came through Peterborough's distribution home between 1883 and 1923. From 1883 to 1887 both boys and girls came through Peterborough, but after that, all were girls. The research for the names that went on the memorial was conducted by John Sayers, ably assisted by Ivy Sucee of Peterborough and others. The research has been time consuming and demanding, as the researchers worked without a master list. The list was created mainly from ship registers and various archival sources related to the Canadian government and to Barnardos in England. This is an excellent list, compiled from original sources and scrupulously interpreted. There are bound to be errors created by misreading hand writing, and omissions could easily have occurred, as well. The ship registers could have been improperly maintained, or those creating the lists could have misheard or been distracted. Such officials often misspelled names. None of these difficulties is beyond the ken of genealogists and family historians, but these lists will prove quite useful for all researchers. We are grateful to John and Ivy for doing the research and for giving us permission to share the information they gathered.

For those wishing to pursue research on the Barnardo children, the Trent Valley Archives is a good place to begin. We have some resources, particularly in the Barnardo Homes collection and in the Gail Corbett fonds which includes some memories and some copies of *Ups and Downs*. As well, we have access to the Library and Archives of Canada's terribly impressive holdings, and have samples of ship lists. We also have the archival copy of the monument from the Hazelbrae plot at Little Lake Cemetery.

This is the eleventh installment in the *Heritage Gazette of the Trent Valley*. In February 2012, we printed the names for 1883-1885; May, 1886-1889; August, 1890-1896; November, 1897-1900. During 1913, we printed those who came between 1901 and 1907. In February 2014, we printed the names of the Barnardo girls who emigrated between 1908 and 1909, and in May 1910 and 1911. We have included the ages, and one can see the range is from six to nineteen. The chaperones are also listed and their ages are higher.

ABBOTT	Lilian	9	F
ABBOTT	Penelope	11	F
ALLEN	Georgina	13	F
AMBROSE	Mary E	10	F
AMES	Mildred	8	F
ANDREWS	Martha	9	F
ANGOVE	Clara	13	F
ANGOVE	Elizabeth Annie	11	F
ARBER	Edith	14	F
ATKINSON	Mary E	11	F
ATKINSON	Mabel	23	F
AUSTIN	Rose	11	F
BAILEY	Rose Elizabeth	10	F
BAINES	Elsie	15	F
BAKER	Emily	10	F
BAKER	Gertrude	13	F
BAKER	Mabel	15	F
BALLARD	Florence	9	F
BALLARD	Ada Eliza	8	F
BARBEY	Eleanor Emily	8	F
BARRETT	Hilda	13	F
BARTLEY	Agnes	15	F
BATCHELOR	Louise	11	F
BATCHFORD	Edith	12	F
BATES	Annie	14	F
BATES	Lena	11	F
BATESON	Maude S	12	F
BATTEN	Alice	10	F
BEECH	Dorothy	12	F
BELL	Mary Ann	15	F
BELLIS	Mary Hannah	13	F
BLACK	Doris	11	F
BLACK	Muriel	14	F
BLOWER	Mary	14	F
BLUNDEN	Gertrude Ruby	9	F
BLUNDEN	Gladys Ethel	12	F
BLYTHE	Alice	8	F
BLYTHE	Ann	9	F
BLYTHE	Charlotte	13	F
BOLTON	Mabel	11	F
BOOTH	Florence	14	F
BOTTOMLEY	Minnie	11	F
BOTTOMLEY	Kate	19	F
BOURLETT	Ada	17	F
BOXALL	Grace	20	F
BOYD	Mary	10	F
BRALEY	Elsie	11	F
BREARLEY	Eliza	14	F
BRENNAN	Emily	26	F
BROCK	May	14	F
BROCKBANK	Sarah	11	F
BROOK	Alice	9	F
BROWN	Elsie	12	F
BROWN	Rose	11	F
BROWN	Hannah	13	F
BROWN	Hilda	15	F
BRYAN	Ethel	13	F
BUDD	Sarah A	14	F
BULL	Grace Louise	16	F
BULLARD	Harriett	15	F
BUNTON	Susan	9	F
BUNTON	Violet	12	F
BURGIN	Florence	15	F
BURNS	Augusta	16	F
BURROWS	Annie	11	F
BUTCHER	Milicent	11	F
CARPENTER	Lucy	15	F
CAVILL	Nelly	10	F
CHANNON	Fanny	13	F
CHAPMAN	Elsie	14	F
CLAPHAM	Lily	13	F
CLAPHAM	Annie	7	F
CLAPHAM	Carrie	9	F
CLARK	Elsie	16	F
CLARK	Mary Jane	14	F
CLEGG	Edith	11	F
CLEMENTS	Norah	14	F
COLLINS	Florence May	11	F
COOK	Bertha	11	F
DADEN	Sarah	12	F
DALE	Margaret E	17	F
DAVIES	Lilian A	8	F
DAVIES	Lilian Mary	9	F
DAVISON	Agnes	12	F
DAWSON	Elsie May	9	F
DEAKIN	Florence	11	F
DENT	Ellen	15	F
DENYER	Elizabeth	11	F
DIXON	Louisa	11	F
DONALD	Jane	10	F
DOWDE	Catherine	13	F
DRAPER	Elizabeth	12	F
DUDLEY	Bessie Florence	11	F
DUDLEY	Ethel Maud	8	F
DUFTY	Nellie	10	F
EGGERTON	Alice	11	F
ELSDEN	Vera May	10	F
ELSWORTH	Daisy	11	F
ESSERY	Ellen Maria	12	F
FARROW	Jane	13	F
FEEGE	Florence M	13	F
FISHER	Elsie	8	F
FISHER	Minnie F	12	F
FISHER	Teresa	15	F
FLACK	Minnie Bessie	11	F
FLOWER	Ethel	10	F
FOOS	Fanny	11	F
FORD	Dora Mary M	7	F
FORD	Eliza Emily W	13	F
FOSTER	Florence	12	F
FOX	Grace	12	F
FRANKLYN	Ethel May	13	F
FREEMAN	Christabel	11	F
FULLERTON	Eliza	14	F
GAUSDEN	Rose	16	F
GEE	Ivy Muriel	8	F
GELSTHORPE	Hilda	10	F
GENNERY	Alice	14	F
GENNERY	Annie	9	F
GIBBS	Kate	9	F
GIBBS	Nellie Florence	14	F
GONIN	Emily	11	F
GONIN	Louisa	14	F
GOTTS	Dorothy	9	F
GOUGH	Nellie	9	F
GOULD	Eleanor Ann	12	F
GREEN	Alice	10	F
GREEN	Ellen	8	F
GREEN	Hannah	11	F
GREY	Elizabeth	11	F
GULLIVER	Ethel	10	F
GURR	Sybil	11	F
GYNANE	Winifred	14	F
HABBERFIELD	Alice Rose	13	F
HADLOW	Vera J	11	F
HALEY	Louisa	10	F

HALL	Edith	9	F
HALL	Helen Louisa	13	F
HALL	Mabel Elizabeth	13	F
HALLED	Katherine Grace	12	F
HAMMOCK	Annie	49	F
HANCOCK	Florence	9	F
HANCOCK	Ada	9	F
HANCOCK	Daisy	9	F
HANCOCK	Hilda	13	F
HANN	Florence	14	F
HARDING	Alice	13	F
HARDING	Ada	13	F
HARRIOT	Annie	11	F
HARRIS	Rose Emma	13	F
HARRISON	Gladys	10	F
HARTLEY	Mabel	8	F
HARTLEY	Mildred	11	F
HARVEY	Ellen	14	F
HEPPLE	Eleanor	11	F
HIATT	Alice Maud	13	F
HILL	Evelyn	16	F
HILLS	Mary Elizabeth	12	F
HILLSTEAD	Elsie	10	F
HILLSTEAD	Rose	12	F
HODGSON	Alice	11	F
HOLLOMAN	Nellie May	10	F
HOPE	Ruby Pearl	11	F
HOUGHTON	Dorothy	7	F
HOWARD	Alice Jane	13	F
HUBBARD	Elizabeth Ann	10	F
HUDDLE	Alice	14	F
HUDSON	Florence	15	F
HUGHES	Ellen	10	F
HUMAN	Margaret	5	F
HUNT	Clara Kate	13	F
HUZZEY	Dorothy	9	F
ISAAC	Kate	11	F
JACKSON	Mary Ann	11	F
JAMES	Alice	11	F
JANCEY	Dorothy	11	F
JARVIS	Alice	11	F
JARVIS	Beatrice	16	F
JARVIS	Evelyn	10	F
JEFFERIES	Elizabeth	11	F
JOHNSON	Amelia	11	F
JOHNSON	Clara	12	F
JOHNSTONE	Christina May	14	F
JONES	Blanche J	11	F
KEANE	Eliza F	14	F
KEANE	Nellie	11	F
KELLY	Myrtle May	11	F
KEMBLE	Mary	12	F
KING	Alice Mary E	13	F
KING	Elizabeth Annie	14	F
KING	Mary Elizabeth	12	F
KINGDOM	Edith May	9	F
LANE	Elizabeth	12	F
LAVENDER	Rosetta	12	F
LIVERMORE	May	18	F
LOWING	Kate L	14	F
LOWING	Lily M	12	F
LYCETT	Elizabeth	12	F
MacFAYDEN	Nellie	17	F
MAGILL	Victoria	11	F
MAIDMAN	Elsie May	13	F
MAKINS	Caroline	6	F
MANTON	Florence	11	F
MARCHMONT	Mary	13	F
MARSHALL	Kathleen	14	F
MARSHALL	Maggie	11	F
MARTIN	Annie	10	F
MARTIN	Elsie	9	F
MARTIN	Gladys Maud	11	F
MARTIN	Lilian R	11	F
MARTIN	Rose Clara	11	F
McGIBBON	Jane	12	F
McGIBBON	Margaret	8	F
McGIBBON	Martha	10	F
McLEOD	Nora	9	F
MEE	Kathleen	14	F
METCALF	Elizabeth	17	F
METCALF	Emily	14	F
MILLEDGE	Edith	14	F
MILLWARD	Elizabeth	11	F
MILLWARD	Mary	12	F
MILNER	Beatrice Ann	12	F
MINES	Elizabeth	9	F
MITCHELL	Gladys	14	F
MITCHESOR	Margaret	14	F
MITTON	Gladys	9	F
MOORHOUSE	Jessie	13	F
MOORHOUSE	Lily	13	F
MORRIS	Dorothy	13	F
MORRIS	Lilian Gladys	13	F
MORTIMER	Helena	11	F
MOSS	Beatrice A	8	F
MURPHY	Annie	8	F
MURPHY	Maud	15	F
NASH	Dorothy	9	F
NEUENDORFF	Elsie Claire	8	F
NEWCOMBE	Annie E	22	F
NEWSUM	Ellen	26	F
NEWTON	Emily	14	F
NORMAN	Mabel	14	F
O'BRYAN	Clara	12	F
O'BRYAN	Maggie	11	F
OLDFIELD	Maud	11	F
OLDFIELD	Violet	10	F
OSBORNE	Ruth	14	F
PAGE	Nellie	14	F
PAISLEY	Margaret	11	F
PALMER	Ivy M	11	F
PARKER	Hannah	11	F
PARTRIDGE	Lily	15	F
PASCALL	Ida	8	F
PAYNE	Violet Maud	12	F
PEACHEY	Ellen	10	F
PEARCE	Bertha	11	F
PEARCE	Elizabeth	14	F
PEARCE	Mary	10	F
PEARSON	Elizabeth	14	F
PENGELLY	Bessie	11	F
PEPPERELL	Florence	13	F
PEPPERELL	Minnie	11	F
PERRIN	Annie Louisa	12	F
PLANT	Elizabeth Jane	11	F
PLATT	Elizabeth Jane	17	F
PONT	Rosina	16	F
POPPLE	Ellen	14	F
PORTER	Sarah	9	F
POTTER	Jessie	13	F
POWELL	Agnes	9	F
RAGGETT	Edith	9	F
RAWLINGS	Phyllis	12	F
RAY	Alice	8	F
RAY	Dorothy B	9	F
REID	Lily	11	F
REYNOLDS	Kate	11	F
REYNOLDS	Margaret	10	F

RIPPON	Rose	8	F
RIX	Mary	9	F
ROBERTS	Elizabeth	12	F
ROBERTS	Catherine	13	F
ROBERTS	Maggie	14	F
ROBERTS	Alice	11	F
ROBERTS	Mary	12	F
ROBSON	Elizabeth Margaret	11	F
ROBSON	Jane	13	F
ROBSON	Sarah Alexandria	10	F
ROCK	Dora	13	F
ROCK	Mabel	10	F
ROGERS	Lilian	9	F
ROGERS	Edith	9	F
ROGERS	Ethel	11	F
ROSCARLA	Audrey Louise	9	F
ROSE	Gertrude	12	F
ROSHER	Winifred	15	F
ROSS	Sarah Jane	14	F
ROUND	May	22	F
RUDLOFF	Charlotte	8	F
RUDLOFF	Margaretta M	11	F
SANDFORD	Elizabeth	14	F
SANDFORD	Beatrice Alice	9	F
SAUNDERS	Emily	10	F
SCHIEMER	Rose	16	F
SCRASE	Edith Daisy	11	F
SHEARN	Annie	10	F
SHEATH	Florence	11	F
SHEPPERD	Irene	10	F
SHORTHOUSE	Violet	11	F
SIGGERS	Grace	14	F
SILLENCE	Ellen Maud	10	F
SIMMONDS	Georgina	14	F
SKAKESHAFT	C C	15	F
SKELTON	Mafey	12	F
SKULL	Emily	9	F
SMEETON	Amy Lilian	11	F
SMEETON	May Victoria	8	F
SMITH	Alice	11	F
SMITH	Ethel	11	F
SMITH	Caroline Elizabeth	11	F
SMITH	Rose	13	F
SPENCER	Elsie	11	F
SQUIRES	Dorothy M	12	F
SQUIRES	Alice	10	F
SQUIRES	Amy	8	F
STANLEY	Ada	11	F
STEPHENSON	Mary	15	F
STIMSON	Daisy	15	F
STONE	Laura Elizabeth V	11	F
SUNLEY	Margaret	10	F
SUNLEY	Mary Jane	12	F
SUTTON	Fanny Elizabeth	10	F
SWAN	Edith	15	F
TARRANT	Irene	9	F
TARRANT	Lillieas	13	F
TEMPERLEY	Hilda	11	F
THOMPSON	Josephine	14	F
THOMPSON	Elizabeth	10	F
THORIOUS	Elizabeth Annie(Freda)	13	F
THORIOUS	Helena Mary	10	F
TINGEY	Winifred	16	F
TOMLINSON	Agnes	10	F
TORRENS	Sarah G	12	F
TOWNSEND	Ada	13	F
TRASK	Gertrude	13	F
TRUMAN	Nellie	14	F
UNDERWOOD	Mary Jane	15	F
UNDERWOOD	Maud Janet	11	F
VOKE	Alice	11	F
WADEY	Elizabeth Mary	10	F
WALKER	Emily	10	F
WALSH	Frances	14	F
WARD	Mary	14	F
WARD	Ellen Mary	14	F
WEBSTER	Doris	11	F
WEEKS	Emily	13	F
WELDON	Emily May(Ellen)	14	F
WESTON	Julia	14	F
WHITE	Ivy	14	F
WHITE	Louise	11	F
WHITEHOUSE	Daisy	14	F
WILKINSON	Elsie	11	F
WILKINSON	Millie	16	F
WILLIAMS	Edith M	12	F
WILLIAMS	Margaret Ann	14	F
WILLIS	Ruby	14	F
WILSON	Cecily	12	F
WINPERNAY	Salina	10	F
WITTEN	Edith	14	F
WOOD	Emma	8	F
WOOD	Esther	11	F
WOOD	May Victoria	15	F
WOODCOCK	Ellen M	10	F
WOODCOCK	Emma Jane	8	F
WOODCOCK	Gertrude May	13	F
WOODCOCK	Selina Maud	11	F
WOODHOUSE	Kate	12	F
WOODLEY	Sophia	45	F
WOODMAN	Gwendoline Amy	12	F
WRIGHT	Lasina	11	F
YARD	Charlotte	10	F
YARD	Gertrude	11	F
YARD	Hannah	7	F
YOUNG	Mary Elizabeth	10	F

Samuel Strickland, Lakefield, c 1860s

Queries

Heather Aiton Landry, Pat Marchen and Elwood Jones

Chained Up and No Place to Go

By NICK HANCOCK
Examiner Staff Reporter

Ted Farrell was standing on the corner of Hunter and Water Sts. Friday afternoon watching all the girls go by.

But the 23-year-old Fisher Gauge employee wasn't going anywhere on his last day of official bachelor-hood. He was chained and tied to a hydro pole.

"My workmates did this" he gasped as he tried to get the heavy chain over his head.

But his "friends" had made good job of tying him up and until the key was "found" about 1 p.m. it looked as though he would have to wait it out.

Overhead on the pole were signs — "Why wait for spring, look at me, do it now, signed A. Sucker" and "I'm getting married in the morning and this is my ball and chain."

But the embarrassment did not have to last too long.

A workmate who had been one of the tormenters saying the key was lost surprisingly found it so Ted could get back to work for the afternoon.

It's a ceremony at Fisher Gauge that the last day of bachelor-hood the ball and chain is hung around the victim's neck.

Ted didn't put up a big enough "fight" so eight workmates grabbed him and hijacked him downtown to make sure everyone knew about his impending doom.

There was nothing Ted could do but as he resigned himself to leaning against the pole and stopped struggling with the chains nobody seemed to notice him too much.

"Your the first person to ask me if I'm alright," he told an Examiner reporter as he tried to get the ropes binding his wrists off.

Other passers-by just stared at him, others saw him and tried to ignore the fact that a man was chained to a pole one gallantly offered a file and drivers just sounded the horn.

One couple carried on an excited conversation while Ted a few feet away struggled to get the heavy ball and thick chain over his head.

After about half an hour a workmate freed him and staggering across the road with his ball and chain Ted got back to work.

Seconds later the city police arrived on the scene. First an officer on a motorcycle and then another driving a patrol car.

Standing on the other corner an excited woman was telling Const. Ed Nicholls — "well he had ginger hair, a brown shirt and he was tied to the pole and . . ."

Ted Farrell gets married today to Molly Donaldson of London.

—(Examiner Staff Photo)

TED FARRELL WAS 'VICTIM' OF PRE-MARITAL HI-JINKS
However, he walked down the aisle today, a free man

FARRELL, Edward

We didn't have any trouble finding a memorable article that ran in the *Peterborough* Examiner when Edward Farrell requested it, because he knew the exact date it ran -- his wedding day in October 1967.

The day before his wedding in Auburn, Ontario, his colleagues at Fisher Gauge took him to downtown Peterborough, tied him to a pole, attached a heavy ball and chain, and hung a sign that read, "Why wait for spring? Look at Me! Do it Now. A succer."

Due to the incident and a bit of car trouble, Mr. Farrell didn't make it to the rehearsal that night, but at least he had an honest excuse -- he was all tied up.

Cowan, William Forrest (b.1853)

We are looking for a grave.

According to the *Peterborough Examiner*, William Forrest Cowan died on December 4, 1911. His obituary states:

"The death occurred this morning of Mr. Wm. F. Cowan, of 491 Albert St. The deceased was fifty eight years of age and came from Kingston, two years ago, to Peterborough, where he has since lived. His was a painful illness, extending over a period of eight weeks and his demise is lamented by a large number of friends. He is survived by one son, George, and three daughters, Mrs. Fred Hillier of this city, Mrs. Barence, Souris, Man., and Mary, of Uxbridge. The funeral will take place from the residence of his daughter, Mrs. F. Hillier, 165 Sherbrooke Street, on Wednesday, at 2 o'clock, to the Little Lake Cemetery."

Although there is a Cowan cornerstone in section O, the cemetery authorities have confirmed that William Forrest Cowan never made it to Little Lake Cemetery.

Cowan was married twice-- first to Nellie (or Ellen), last name unknown. According to the 1891 Census of Canada, they lived in Camden Township, District of Addington. She and William Forrest had at least 6 children-- Lena Alma (Mrs. Bearance), Florence Meecham (Mrs. F. Hillier), George Nelson, Mary, and Percy.

By 1904, he had married Amanda Hannah Vanhouser in Lennox and Addington. She died on October 30, 1913 in Kingston.

Possibly, she is buried somewhere near Kingston. This is not noted in any of the cemetery transcripts to which we have access, but our set for that area is not complete. Is William F. Cowan buried with her?

Baker, Dick

A researcher has asked for information about Dick Baker, a trainer for local long-distance runner Fred Simpson when he ran in the London Olympics in 1908. According to Peterborough city directories, in 1906 Richard H. Baker lived at 188 Dublin and worked as a janitor at the YMCA. In 1907 he had the same occupation but boarded at 81 Lock Street. By 1908 he boarded at 192 Dublin and worked as a school janitor in the East Ward School. By 1910 he was not in the directories, and has been elusive since.

Sheehan, Daniel

Dear Heather,

I wanted to express the appreciation my wife and I feel about our trip to the Trent Valley Archives. I didn't know what to expect but we were overwhelmed. To me a trip to the archives is always a whirlwind as one tries to obtain the maximum amount of information in a short visit followed by weeks of pouring over what has been found back at home. The shear volume of information we obtained in just a few hours at your institution has occupied me constantly for the past week and I still have a long way to go. This staggering amount of information was only obtained because of the care and attention given to us by you, your staff and your volunteers. Despite a constant flow of people into the facility and other work which was underway, there was always someone ready to guide us or to dig something out of the copious boxes or to train us on one of the microfilm machines (including providing us with a guide on how to run that $8000 microfilm-computer wonder). From the moment we walked in, unannounced at that except for a vague "I'll be in this summer", we were immediately provided with resources and invited to take over the big wooden table and to make ourselves at home. Within seconds a book on the Leahy family of Douro was in my hands which has proved quite enlightening as it gives both background on Douro but also on another branch of my family, the Mohers who married into the Leahys. >From the massive tomes of Land Abstract records to the P.G. Towns' articles from 1925 to just plan good advice on where other resources might be located or how to interpret something in the records. The Douro Council minute meetings, for instance, had been tracked down to the Douro Library. I have since contacted them and will be back in the area on Friday to pour over those records. My project is a biography of Daniel Sheehan, my great-great-great grandfather, which will never be read by anyone but a few family members but I always endeavour to be scholarly in such matters. The practical help and advice given during our day at the Trent Valley Archives has proven to be a major factor in putting together what I believe will be an excellent account of this man's life which will be cherished by my children and the wider family.

We have more Peterborough lines to explore in the future and we will certainly be back to TVA again. Express our thanks to your whole crew. They are a wonderful group.

God Bless,

John Paul Bradford, Barrie Ontario

Mary Lavery (1938-2014)

Mary Lavery was a bright light around the local historical and heritage community. At the Trent Valley Archives, she is best known as the author with her husband Doug of the splendid Up the Burleigh Road, one of the outstanding books on our local history. She served as president of the Peterborough Historical Society for three years, and she was a two-term member of the county school board. When Jason Bain asked me how I would remember Mary, I worked very closely with her and Doug when they were writing Up The Burleigh Road, a book that was the first that the Trent Valley Archives published, and still our best seller. The book captured the local history very cleverly because the Burleigh Road was treated as the central character. All else spun around the road, and as the road moved northward, the storylines changed; road making, forestry, local commerce, and agriculture among the rocks was replaced by several cottage communities that brought fresh vigour to the region. As well, I will remember her for her smile, and for her doggedness in finding fresh ways to approach problems. She was the backbone of the Peterborough Historical Society for a decade, and was active in countless organizations. She leaves holes that will not be easily filled.

She is survived by Doug and her three children, Susan, Richard and David. We send our sincere condolences to the family. Donations in her memory can be made to the Peterborough Regional Hospital Centre, Peterborough Historical Society or Trinity United Church.

A memorial service will take place Aug. 14 at 2 p.m. at Trinity United Church, 360 Reid St., Peterborough with a reception and visitation at 3:30 p,m.

Robert Stuart, 98; politically active Quaker Oats heir

By Laurence Arnold

| BLOOMBERG NEWS MAY 15, 2014

NEW YORK — Robert D. Stuart Jr., the politically active heir to the Quaker Oats Co. who led the company for 15 years and, as a student at Yale Law School in 1940, ignited the America First movement against US intervention in what became World War II, has died. He was 98.

Mr. Stuart died of heart failure May 8 while traveling from France to the United States with his wife, Lillan, his son Alexander said.

Quaker Oats — maker of brands including Gatorade, Rice-A-Roni, Cap'n Crunch, and Aunt Jemima — was bought by PepsiCo Inc. in 2001. Its roots go back to the 19th century, when several businesses merged to become American Cereal Co.

One of those businesses, based in Cedar Rapids, Iowa, was run by Mr. Stuart's great grandfather John and grandfather Robert. His father, R. Douglas Stuart, served as Quaker Oats president.

As chief executive from 1966 to 1981, Mr. Stuart oversaw the introduction of instant oatmeal and Quaker Chewy Granola bars. He also continued the company's growth beyond its oatmeal roots. The 1969 purchase of Fisher-Price Toy Co. was the first nonfood acquisition by Quaker Oats since 1942.

Quaker Oats turned Fisher-Price into an industry leader through national television advertising. Explaining the acquisition of the toymaker, Mr. Stuart said, according to a New York Times account, ''The back of the cereal box on the breakfast table just seemed to be a logical fit between the cereal and toy businesses.''

Fisher-Price sales rose to $300 million in 1980 from $25 million in 1966, according to the Times. By 1990, though, the toy unit was being blamed for earnings declines, and Quaker Oats spun it off in 1991. It is a unit of Mattel Inc.

He retired as chief executive in 1981 when he turned 65.

President Reagan appointed Mr. Stuart US ambassador to Norway, a post he held from 1984 to 1989. Politically active throughout his life, he was a Republican Party committeeman from Illinois and served on the national Defense Base Closure and Realignment Commission in 1991 and 1993.

His first leap into politics made history.

At 24, he became founding director of the America First Committee, the antiwar movement begun in 1940 at Yale University, where he was attending law school.

Other Yale students involved in its formation included Gerald Ford, the future president; Robert Sargent Shriver Jr., who would become founding director of the Peace Corps; and Potter Stewart, a future Supreme Court justice.

The Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor on Dec. 7, 1941, followed by Germany's declaration of war against the United States, suddenly ended America First. Mr. Stuart enlisted in the Army and fought in Europe.

Having a Wonderful Time:
Vintage Peterborough Postcards and Postcard Collecting in the Early 20th Century

by Matthew Griffis

This past winter the Trent Valley Archives acquired over 150 historical images of Peterborough and the Kawarthas from Dr. Matthew Griffis, a former employee of Trent Valley Archives and an avid collector of vintage postcards. The donation (now F400) is entirely digital and includes high-resolution scans of the fronts and backs of over 150 vintage picture postcards from Griffis's personal collection. These cards, which were originally sold as tourist items approximately one century ago, depict images of Peterborough ca. 1900-1950 as well as many surrounding Kawartha Lakes communities, among them Lindsay, Apsley, Bobcaygeon, Haliburton, Havelock, Lakefield, and more. Although many collections at the archives include postcards (for instance, Martha Ann Kidd's papers), the Griffis Collection is so far the only collection at TVA that consists entirely of postcard images and is by far the largest of its type at the archives.

The overwhelming majority of postcard views in the Griffis Collection date from the early 20th century when mass-market postcard manufacturing first became an extremely popular collecting (and writing) hobby. The medium, however, dates back to the 1860s when first postal card appeared in continental Europe. These early cards were government issued and featured little to no artwork. Government issued postal cards appeared in North America as early as the 1870s. With changes in postal laws, privately published postcards finally appeared in the late 1890s. Although these early cards often featured religious artwork, advertising, or even humor and jokes, most commercial postcards published in this early period featured images of actual places. Large, multi-national printing companies (for instance, Valentines & Sons, one of the largest publishers of mass-produced postcards in the early century) launched endless lines of postcards featuring views of buildings, parks, events, and other scenes captured in towns and cities across Canada, the United States, and Great Britain.

Postcards became a popular collecting hobby for two reasons. First, for travelers, postcards cost less to send and gave the traveler a quick and easy method of keeping in touch with friends and family back home. They also gave travelers a chance to show others the places they visited. The second reason postcards became popular to collect, even for the non-traveler, was that in

these days photography was a rare and expensive luxury. Few people owned personal cameras or any private means of capturing images of their hometowns. Consequently, postcards became a popular way for the average person to collect images of their own surroundings. Postcard clubs formed, and short- and long-distance trading became a popular method of acquiring cards from around the province or state, or even from across the ocean. Here in the Peterborough area, local postcard publishers ca. 1900-1912 included The Roy Studio and A. H. Stratton & Company (a book and stationary store located on George Street) and The Times Printing Company. Picton's International Stationary Company printed many Peterborough and area postcards in the 1930s and the Parks Studio manufactured many more in the late 1940s and 1950s.

This early period (ca. 1900-1912) is known as the "golden age" of postcards and begins at the turn of the century and ends at the beginning of the First World War. Wartime paper shortages affected printing quality, and by the 1920s fewer postcards were being printed in color. Color printing emerged again after The Depression but the quality was poor. It was not until the late 1940s that quality color postcard printing returned with Kodachrome postcards. Size also changed with time; from the 1890s to the late 1970s most if not all postcards were 3.5" by 5.5". After that, in an effort to increase novelty (and give travelers more writing space), standard postcard size became closer to 4.5" by 6" (these are known, appropriately, as "continental" sized cards).

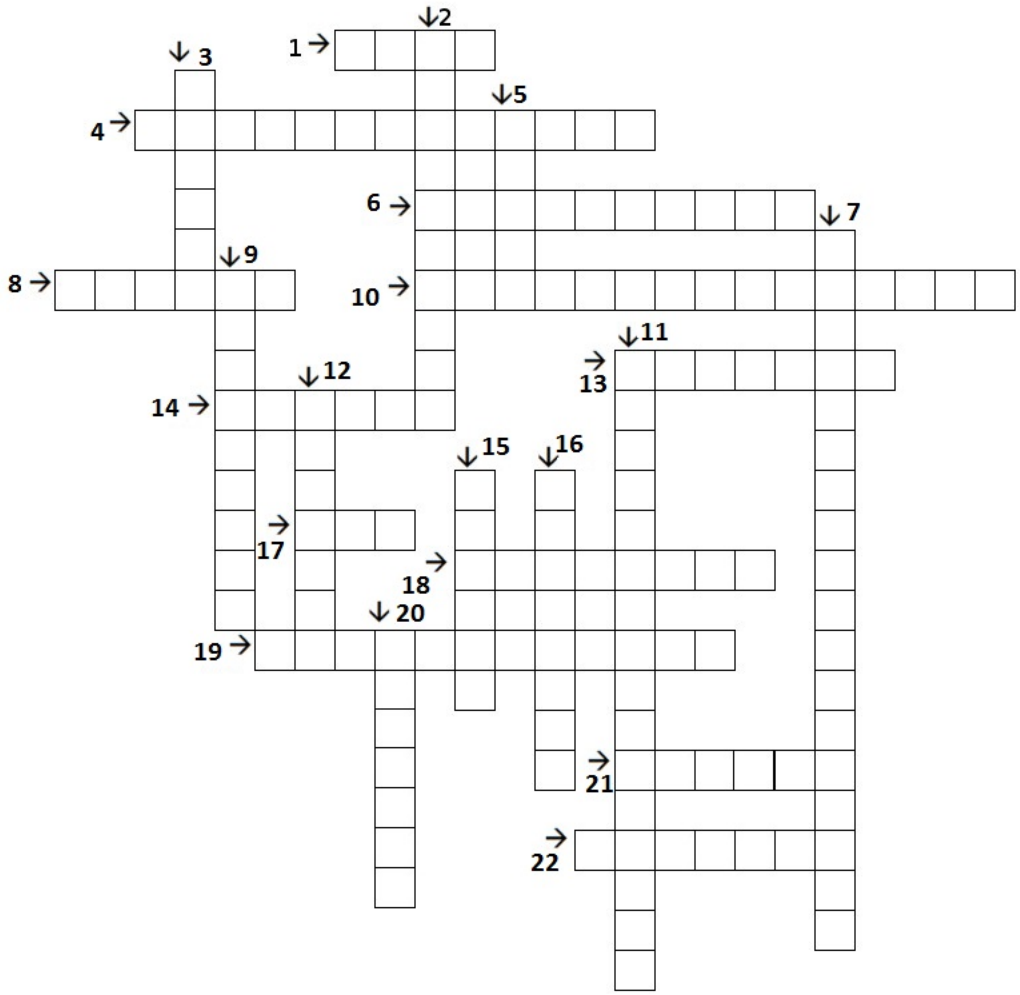
The most highly coveted form of postcard is something called an "RPPC" or "real photograph postcard". These cards are easily identifiable as being real photographic prints (often black and white and adjusted to standard postcard size) instead of mass-produced, lithographed prints. RPPCs usually have manufacturer information and address lines on the back printed with a rubber stamp. These cards are rarer because they were often manufactured exclusively by local photographers and so their print runs were lower than their mass-produced counterparts. The Roy Studio manufactured many RPPCs; in the 1950s the Parks Studio manufactured many more RPPCs of the Peterborough area.

Postcards, though invaluable to social and architectural historians, can be both a blessing and a curse if an historian knows little of their limitations. Postcard views, especially on cards created before the invention of color photography, offer us an interpretation of what these views (often based on original, black and white photographs) would have looked like to the human eye. However, colorizations, done by technicians at the card manufacturer (who likely never saw first-hand the places or things they were colorizing), tend to be inaccurate. Moreover, cropping and other such processes common to image production often influenced how the postcard recipient perceived the destination depicted on the card. Many postcard manufacturers, most notably Valentines & Sons (who had offices in Toronto), airbrushed blue skies and soft white clouds on nearly all outdoor views. Other fictions, such as painting in people or even automobiles (to modernized an otherwise outdated view), were other frequent ways of changing original photographic views to create an impression on the viewer. One small example of from the Griffis Collection is of the newly completed Carnegie Library on the southeast corner of McDonnell and George Streets, which is based on a Roy Studio image taken in the fall of 1910 before the city landscaped the grounds around the completed library building. The postcard view, prepared by Valentine's & Sons, shows a library with a healthy green lawn in front of it.

Many, though not all, of the cards in the Griffis Collection are postally used. Those that are usually contain inscriptions on their backs. However, these inscriptions are rarely related to the subject(s) of the postcard images, and thus, as "life writings", tell us little about the place or event depicted on the card itself. Nevertheless, some of the highlights of collection include views of Peterborough churches (including several of St. John's), schools and public buildings, early views of Jackson Park (including several Roy Studio cards of children tobogganing), hotels, businesses and factories, and more. Other cards in the collection show life in the Kawartha Lakes as it was in the early 1900s, including views of regattas on Stoney Lake and steamers traveling up and down the Trent Severn Waterway. Trent Valley Archives member Andrew Elliott has used some of these images in his popular Peterborough Examiner column; and for the past several months TVA has been posting selected images from the collection on their Facebook page.

Postcard collecting is a very satisfying and educational hobby. For historical researchers, it may be difficult to think of primary historical documents as market collectibles. Yet purchasing cards from a dealer (or a collector's store) remains, even today, the best (or at least the most efficient) way to begin a collection, and sometimes the only way for a researcher to acquire a particular view. However, while postcard collecting is considered an evergreen hobby, newcomers face a different market in our internet age than older, more seasoned collectors. Sites like eBay, Bidstart, and Delcampe make it easier to locate cards by location, subject, or era, but also bring much more competition from other collectors. Consequently, while mass-produced cards dating from 1900 to 1914 usually sell anywhere from $5 to $20 (depending on scarcity and condition, of course), RPPCs, depending on their subject, can go anywhere from $15 to $100. Moreover, while some cards turn up for sale rather frequently, others are so rare they turn up only once every few years.

If you are interested in beginning a collection, particularly one related to local history, plan on searching online listings weekly if not daily. A worthwhile collection of cards in decent shape takes years to build. In the meantime, the Griffis Collection is available for researchers at TVA. Postcard images make attractive additions to publications, especially if printed in full color.



Peterborough Journal Crossword 1

All answers can be found in *The Peterborough Journal; and on the website, www.trentvalleyarchives.com*

Across
1. Built at the corner of George and Murray Streets in 1897
4. These were raced in Peterborough during the 1880s
6. Age of Catharine Parr Traill when the Peterborough Historical Society held its first meeting
8. The first electrically illuminated street in Peterborough
10. Pest of the year, 1897
13. Henry _____, brewer
14. Compiled the "Historical Index of Peterborough, Canada"
17. Senator and Canada Life Insurance Company magnate
18. Spoke at Bradburn Opera House about "waifs and strays"
19. William Patterson, a Queen's University medical student, was charged with this
21. One of the teams that lost to the Peterborough Lacrosse Club who win the Gildersleeve Cup in 1883
22. Owner of the *Peterborough Review* newspaper

Down
2. Royal event observed in Peterborough with the dedication of People's Chime
3. Ballot counted out of 1887 Dominion election
5. Location of school established by Mary A. Maxwell
7. Currently occupies the land where the Battle of Nogojiwanong might have taken place before 1700
9. What George C. Rogers received from the Peterborough Rowing Club on his wedding day
11. Law, McLean & Bradshaw established this in 1882
12. Prominent Peterborough architect
15. Woollen mills that won the gold medal at the Dublin Exhibitions for the best Canadian tweeds
16. Landmark Peterborough building that collapsed in August 1913
20. Township of the Colborne District; also a hotel that burned in 1859

Stony Lake in the Summer of 1927: Preparations

Jean Fairbairn

Jean Fairbairn wrote many letters to Max Mackenzie during the summer of 1927 Max was working at the Bank of Montreal in London, England, and Jean was keeping him informed about life in Montreal and Stony Lake, places that had long been favourite haunts of both Jean and Max. Here we provide excerpts pertinent to life at Stony Lake. The entire collection of letters for the summer of 1926 and 1927 are in the collections of Trent Valley Archives. Most of the letters from 1926 were published in the Heritage Gazette in August 2013. Ed.

#42

75 Saint Luke Street, Montreal, P.Q.
June 18th, 1927

Darlingest Max:-

I shall write some of the day's chronicle now before dinner – and spend the evening sewing. I should have sewed this afternoon, but I started to read, and had all I could do to stop myself. The book was "The Tower of London," by Ainsworth; his purpose is to reawaken an interest in the Tower, in hopes that more of the rooms, etc., will be open to the public – perhaps they now are, for it was written quite a while ago. It's very interesting and I love it – besides being all about the Tower (and all the towers!), it's about Lady Jane Gray, and I am trying to find out whether the story part is as true as is the Tower descriptions. It's long - over six hundred pages, but interesting. The author always has one poor man in a dungeon while he turns to carry on about the prisoner's sweetheart. So you have to read on until you see what happens to the lover in the dungeon and then you can't stop because you want to find out what happens to the beauteous damsel. Please go and see all you can of the Tower of London so you can tell me about it, and I'd love a postcard.

The day's doings have been very tiring and uninteresting for you to hear. I went shopping with Mummy and so didn't get anything for myself and only bought the material for Jack's pyjamas, which probably he won't like and I will have to use for dresses! I don't think I would have chosen it for pyjamas, but Jack, of course, wants a rather exotic pair to wear to the masquerade – and as "Sleep Tight" he will certainly go "y-awning" for the material is decidedly stupid.

It is on days like this that I sometimes desire a car. This afternoon was lovely and breezy – warm but not hot, and I should have loved a drive – but not having a car, and being rather too tired to walk, here I have wasted a beautiful afternoon sitting in the house – though my bedroom is certainly quite the airiest room there is – and reading, a back verandah would be a help, and though we have one, it is in an awkward situation where you cannot hear the phone, and where, with the sun blazing on it, you sit in full view of the apartment house kitchens, and overlooking the garbage pails. We have an awning up, but if you have to answer the phone, it is more a nuisance than anything else, and anyway Betty won't let us fix the place up to sit on, for she likes to study outside. So a lot of fresh air goes to waste. I pine for a garden, and a back verandah upon which one can sit in peace and some privacy, and even play bridge with friends.

9:15 P.M.

Oh dear, what a lot of time I can waste – or not really waste, but still use up without accomplishing anything that shows.

I meant to sew this evening and yet all I've done is to copy recipes. I used to have an old exercise book in which I had slowly but surely collected lots of good recipes that I had used. Some kind person, however, threw it out, and I've been trying to collect some of them again before I go to Stoney Lake where I'll need them. The disgusting part is all the ones I can't get in the ordinary cook books, were given to me by various Aunts, friends, old cooks, etc., and I can't get them again. They are of course the ones I really want….

Sunday, June 19th, 1927

,,, At present I am decidedly disturbed by a pain which Mother and I have diagnosed as appendix. It is the very little pain, hardly noticeable, and has come several times before, yet I have few of the other symptoms of appendicitis. And yet, even though there is nothing to bother about, I don't know whether I want to get away up in the wilds of Stoney Lake, if I am going to suddenly get the disease.

I'm going to be more than merely busy this week. I have two mornings off from invigilating and, of course, all my evenings free except for my engagements with you, but I have so much to do to get ready for Stoney Lake – mending stockings, and getting ready things to sew up there, etc. Mary Doupe will arrive sometime soon, I expect. I don't know when, for sure, but in ways, I would just as soon that she didn't get here until Thursday or so. For the longer she is here, the more money I will expend – and I am trying desperately to leave $25.00 of my dress allowance in the bank. As there is only $9 there now, and $5 from hats and $5.00 from the dress only make $19.00, I don't know where the other $6 will come from unless I can do without the money I spent on Jacks pyjama material. But probably I can sell something – Lois Barlow wants a pair of shoes that I have! It is awful to be so mercenary, but it will be necessary in the fall. And if any more of my friends get engaged, I don't know what I will do!

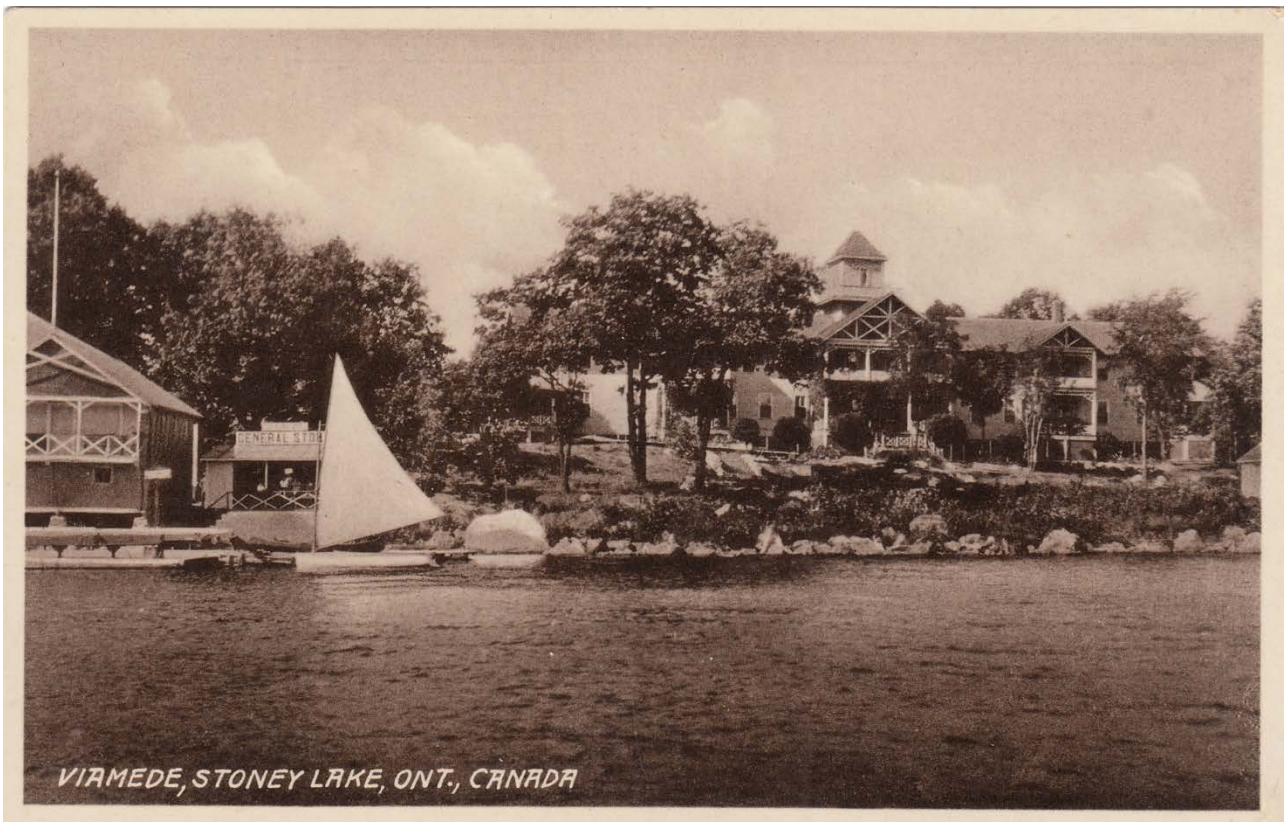
…

Jack expects to get to the Lake about July twenty-fifth or thereabouts. He'll probably have three weeks and thinks it a great idea if you could come up and be a companion to him. I do too, but I just dream about it and hardly hope, for I really expect to hear you say "I really couldn't possibly, Jean," or something to that effect. It really would make the Lake rather nice for one week at least. I am afraid it won't be very nice during the other times, now that Ontario no longer has prohibition, I am afraid the place will be pretty awful. There were such horrible drinking bouts after the dances from all I heard, and there were quite enough people

at the dances last year who shouldn't have been there, I fear for the sobriety of the parties now. Not that I went to many dances last year; I was spared, thank goodness. But this year I may have to usher Mary to some. However, I hope once she gets to know a few people she will get herself taken to any that she wishes to go to – and I will then be allowed to spend my evenings enjoyably with you – in writing and in spirits.

Beresford, Bill, Mrs Keator[?] and Mrs. Mitchell will probably be upon us – and then perhaps Kay.

But what a difference it will be from last year when we all went up, for the first time, over July first and the wedding. I'm going to spend heaps of time thinking about it, I can say that for sure. It makes me hope, when you get home, you'll be able to come and spend a few more such wonderful, wonderful days with us.



…

#43

Baron Byng High School, Montreal, P.Q.
June 20th, 1927

Dearest Max-of-mine:-

…

I do wish Mary Doupe would soon let me know when she is coming, for I want to go up to Stoney Lake on Friday, the 24th, but if she isn't here then, I can't very well go – which will mean that I should go to Dody's wedding in Ottawa, and at present I am counting upon not going to it.

Besides, I think Eleanor Brooks may come up with Mary and me; I have to wait to hear from Mary before I can ask Eleanor for sure. I can't very well go up alone with Ellie for she's such a dependent sort of child and the family wouldn't want us to be alone up there. However, there's heaps of time before Friday.

We will probably be up alone until the following Wednesday or Thursday, when Daddy will come up with Mother and Betty. He will spend his birthday (and yours), the first of July and the weekend, and will then go down, probably taking Eleanor, if she comes. After which, Isabel,

…

75 Saint Luke Street

7:30 P.M.

I stopped writing to you this afternoon because I ran out of ink, and didn't want to use the black stuff – and, of course, I forget to clean our my pen and start writing with the black.

I had rather hoped that I should find a letter from Mary Doupe when I got home this afternoon, so that I could tell you fairly surely when I am going to the Lake. If Mary doesn't come I will probably wait and go up with the family on Wednesday night, the 29th. In ways I would just as soon do that, and yet in other ways I would like to get up there as soon as possible. Of late, the time has not been lagging, but last summer went fairly quickly, at times, up at the Lake, and probably, the sooner I get there, the quicker will fly the time, until the 6th or 7th of August. I'm afraid, Max of mine, that time can't come quickly enough.

…

#44

75 Saint Luke Street, Montreal, P.Q.

June 21st, 1927

Dearest Max:-

Here comes my Tuesday night epistle, which always makes Daddy work so hard on Wednesday mornings! This one goes by the Empress of Scotland. It is probably the last time that Daddy and the C.P.R. will get organized for next Wednesday I will be at Stoney Lake – and then in five more weeks, and three or four days you will be home, which excites me, even though I know that the next half is the longer one.

Today, bright and early I hied me to my daily task – and Elliot and I raced together, which means, in other words, that I met him and we hurried. Also Dick Eve, so I was well supported and was thankful to reach University Street and take a bus. Walking quickly is bad enough, but when it is coupled with heavy conversation, I become rather breathless. To add to which, the day has been frightfully hot. At present it is quarter to twelve P.M. and I am sitting by an open window all ready for bed, yet without a dressing gown on, and I am not cool by any means. So you can imagine me walking up St. Urbain Street hurriedly. There are only about three trees on St. Urbain, and the sun is always on it, also much dirt. So it is hot. However, tomorrow is my last morning, and I have a rest until Friday afternoon, so I have nothing to kick about.

I didn't write to you during the exam because I sewed. I have to get Betty's dress done before I go away and I still have so much to do for myself, I don't quite know how to arrange matters. I have managed to get them to give me $6.00 rather than $5.00 for the dress, and even at that price it's ridiculous, for that includes the cost of the material. And as they pay at least $6.00 to a dressmaker to do an ordinary summer dress, besides the cost of the material, I don't think it pays to work for your family - because no dressmaker would put the amount of hand-work on a dress that I put on this one, no less than $15.00. That I do such work for nothing, shows you dearest one, I'm not entirely out of money. I do do things for my family merely for love. I say merely, because when you are trying to scrape together some money, love is nothing when considered in dollars and cents. But it's really more than all the money in the world. (And <u>much</u> more when it's you.)

…

As far as I know now I'm going to the Lake on Friday with Mary, if she arrives in time (I haven't heard from her yet) and with Eleanor Brooks, if she can come and, if she can't, with some other damsel. It seems rather awful to ask your guests to come help clean your cottage, but with almost a week to do it in, I don't think it'll be hard work. I could go up with the family a week from tomorrow night, but that will be just a year from the time you came with us, and I'm afraid I'm a sentimental sop. I would just as soon go by myself. The trip could be about the same except for you - same car, same boat, same days - and everything.

The only trouble about leaving Montreal is that the mails will be awful from Stoney Lake to London. It will take such a long time to get the chain started again – so don't get worried if there is soon a lapse in my correspondence. I will try to work things so that there won't be a lapse, but I don't know if I can. …

#45

75 Saint Luke Street, Montreal, P.Q.
Wednesday, June 22nd, 1927

Max dearest:-

I am so bedazzled by what the postman brought this afternoon; I have to write what I can, now. I went to answer the door and on the way upstairs opened a fairly thick yet not fat envelope – but when I found <u>19</u> written pages inside, I burst into giggles, and Phil Cumberland, who had lunch with us, thought that I had gone crazy. However, it has decided the point that I was arguing with myself in a letter I wrote some time ago, about the size of letters. I like best the letters that look thin yet are enormous inside. I don't see how you ever got so much in one envelope – and you told me so much. It just thrills me to know what you have been doing, from bed to bed as Dr. Dawson would say.

Phil motored up from New York in: 🚗 ← Ford 1923…. 🚗 Ford 1923 – this is better!

It is now outside our door and I don't yet see how such a wee bug would get so far. It's quite roomy inside, but quite the most ridiculous thing outside, and is called the peanut! She is going on to Toronto but cannot decide whether to motor or not. At present she's asleep downstairs, and I am snatching a few minutes to write this before she wakens for tea.

Quite the most wonderful part of your letter is your acceptance of our invitation that you come to Stoney Lake – oh! if anything happens! I have decided, and the family seems to have accepted the decision, to come to this part of the world for your return, and also to see that nothing stops you from coming to Stoney. We can then make the final arrangements. When I read what you said, I almost broke my neck turning a summersault – and poor Mother didn't know what had happened. I fear I am old and decrepit but I will get to the Lake and limber up so that I will be in good condition to ward off a spanking etc.! I just can't stop thinking about it – perhaps I had better go and sew, now, and have tea, and then I won't be quite so excited.

<u>10:30 P.M.</u>

I'm afraid I've not got over my excitement – nor will I in all probability until you're really, truly at Stoney Lake. I've been working hard this evening and so, for a while, I'll take a few minutes off, and have a talk with you.

I am going on Friday to the Lake, whether Mary comes or not, and my companion is your fair cousin. I don't know how things are going to work out, because I fear that I may find it hard to connect with you in writing, unless I can get Marg to write letters, too. However, somehow I will manage. As far as is known, Daddy has to be in Toronto on Friday and will meet us on Saturday, and all go up to the Lake. I was so thrilled before, because Daddy and Mother were going away for the weekend on a visit, and we three would have gone alone. Not that I don't want Daddy, exactly, but everything would be so much easier without him, and now we will all be herded around like cats who know nothing etc., which irks. Besides which, if Daddy is coming, we will probably have to take up with us the new servants – at present, perhaps, a man and his wife who are out of work and want to go away at once. If we don't take them (I mean engage them), I may not have that added work – for it makes things really much

harder with people like that to have to look after. They do a certain amount of work, but they don't know how to go about things, so that you have to show them everything, and then keep watching them, so that in the long run it is easier and quicker to do it yourself. Besides which, if we have them we will have to all go up on the boat, but alone we can motor, which is much nicer, cooler, etc., and gives us the whole morning to work. However, I can only hope for the best (from my point of view). I certainly don't want to have to start training Mother's servants. Mother and I have entirely different methods, and there always seems to be a rupture when Mother's more severe regime comes on top of mine. And I would much rather bring servants to a clean bedroom, kitchen, and cottage than to a filthy place filled with field-mouse nests, which will make them want to leave immediately.

…

I have been "stocking up" as it were, for my departure. All winter, as soon as my stockings become so far gone to wear, I put them away in a little drawer, and tonight was the night I got them all out, mended and washed them, etc., and now I've about 12 pairs all ready to be thoroughly worn out and deposited in the fire. I don't know if you noticed them last year, when we were working around, but they are certainly "on their last legs!" I am going to have some lovely colours this year. One pair were grey but since I washed them, they have become a delightful mauve, which (to cap this paragraph) "est mauvais."

…

…. Oh! I can't realize you'll be with us in August; I hope nothing happens to stop your visit.

With love (so much that it's indefinite and indefinable, but very great), Jean.

#46

[Postmark… Montreal, P.Q., June 24th, 12 p.m., 1927.

Max dearest:-

This is going to be very choppy, for I have Mary with me, and I can't turn my back on her all the time.

Such a busy day - so far, I have lived in taxis. I got up early and did much work and taxied down for Mary, and brought her home. Then we went downtown and got her trunk through the customs.

I left her at the station and by the usual route rushed up to 118 Aberdeen Avenue and saw your Mother for a while, and Amy who has just got home from New York, Malcolm who got home this morning, and Topsy who came in to see Amy.

Your Mother looks wonderfully well, Max – and they read a letter which had come from you from Doncaster, and I enjoyed it immensely. Of course there had to be an accident! I took up a few flowers, and they were set in a brass jar-affair, and of course, when a gust of wind came along they were top heavy and fell over, spilling water all over everywhere. Your Mother's bedroom shoes might have been bath shoes, they were so full of water – and Malcolm's precious exam papers were christened, among other things. So we spent a busy time, Amy with the mop, and I, trying to get things dry in the sun.

Oh wonderful – you are to come to the Lake when you get home for you will not be needed until a week or so before the wedding. Great excitement from me –

Then I got into a taxi and went to Eaton's to meet Mary and buy me a bathing suit and a few odds and ends before lunch – which we were to have at the Club at quarter to one, with Olga and Helen.

I got to Eaton's at 12:15 as arranged; we would have been in perfect time for lunch, only, Eaton's were out of bathing suits in my size so I had to go to Morgan's and I, the hostess, didn't get to the Club until one.

…

We don't know for sure whether Daddy is coming to the Lake, or not, yet. If he comes we three will have a drawing room, which would be nice, but if he doesn't, we will be ordinary "berthers" – and thank goodness I don't have to take up any maids. The married couple isn't coming because we felt they would be too old and not strong enough. But – Blodwin came to Mother and asked to be allowed to come, and poor Mother, in desperation, had to say she would take her. She will certainly be good up there, as long as she doesn't get fed up with being away from her "friend." And that is, of course, what we are afraid will happen, for he does not want her to go away, and probably will not make matters easy for her. But she's not been able to get a job and so wants to come. Again, we are hoping that things will turn out for the best.

I do hope that Marg is going to be all right. I think the change will be very good for her, if she doesn't get overtired, but it is so easy to tire yourself out up there – and especially when you are weak, as she is. It would be rather awkward if anything happened, but we will have to watch her carefully. We will make her sit and wash the spinach while Mary and I do the heavy work. Poor Marg!

…

The parade is going to be fearful and wonderful. All along Sherbrooke Street they have erected enormous wooden arches, and covered them with boughs, bunting and beavers – also flags. They are going to be left up for Dominion Day, and it is rather awful, for they wreck traffic. There is one just between Union Avenue and University Street – of all busy places, and another at Grey[?] and several, beside those. They just leave enough room for a car to carefully go on either side of the arch, and one - a ford - may go through the middle (I mean under the arch) at a time. So you can see how they hold up traffic.

….

I told your Mother about Dick's first driving attempts. I didn't realize until afterwards that perhaps it might worry her to think that you used garden walls for brakes – I told her, before she'd read your letter aloud, and I thought you'd probably told her of it. But I don't think she'll worry, for she seemed very amused, and knew that it was Dick.

Your Mother said that my Mother had asked you to come up to the Lake when you got back, and that she (your Mother) was so thrilled, because although your trip abroad was wonderful, you didn't get any of the swimming or canoeing that you liked best. It really is silly of me to come back to this subject every few minutes – but it seems too wonderful to be true that you will really be able to come, and I was afraid that your Mother wouldn't be anxious to spare you – I know I wouldn't be, if I were she.

The principal has just come in and announced that if any of the girls are interested in a proposal to have a farewell dance[?] tomorrow night, they are to meet after the exam. It was quite funny – every head immediately looked at the clock and then every hand started to write like mad!

…

#47

75 St. Luke Street, Montreal, P.Q.
Thursday June 23rd – or rather
Friday A.M., June 24, 1927

Dearest Max:-

…

I am quite thrilled with myself, for I have done a lot. I have everything mended, etc., and laid out to pack. I've been through my numerous drawers and boxes and cleaned them out and left them free from junk. I've cleaned my whole room for the summer, and though I still have much shopping to do, and some clothes and things still to put away for the summer, I feel I have done quite well. But I know there is going to be a rush, for I will be shopping and working all morning, and invigilating all afternoon, and so I will only have the evening in which to pack, and there are so many things to see to that I hardly know where I'm at.

Miss Lewis is going to take care of my bird, and there are so many things to do for it – I cut out enough rounds of paper to cover the bottom of his cage until the middle of August! And I have to get him to her [….?], too. What a life!

…

Mummy said she told your Mother we'd asked you to come to the Lake, and were hoping your Mother could spare you; quite apart from the fact that I told Mummy that you had accepted, and your Mother said she thought that you could come – so I am still excited.

…

I am going to post this early tomorrow morning when I go to the station, and the letter I'm going to write from Baron Byng High, I will post from Peterboro. Then I will send a letter down by Daddy, and I won't have missed out too many.

I think things are going for the best - according to my ideas. I don't think I am taking the servants up to the Lake – which is one good thing. Another is, Daddy couldn't go to Toronto tonight, and if he is able to go to the Lake, he'll come with us. That's another very good thing, because if he'd gone to Toronto, he would have arrived in Peterboro at midnight on Friday, and naturally would want to sleep and not motor up at six A.M. So we would've had a horrid wait. But things are looking brighter and I'm relieved. I do hope we can work a nice comfy way of getting you up to the Lake – but that is all to be arranged later, and I must stop thinking too much about it.

…

#48

Juniper Island, Stoney Lake, Ont.
June 26th, 1927

My darling Max:-

I have so many things to tell you that I really can't begin, for I haven't time as Daddy is going to take this down and we are just waiting for the beans to cook for dinner, after which he departs in haste. So this is going to be a "measly note," and this afternoon I will probably

regale you with pages and pages of everything under the sun, which will leave here in the morning.

Of course, I brilliantly went and posted, on Friday evening, the letter I wrote that afternoon, instead of waiting until I got to Peterborough. After all my planning!

I will first tell you the lovely time we had getting down from Baron Byng High. We were in a great hurry, because I had to take the papers to College and wanted to be in time to get my check. So we took a taxi – and of course were blocked at the Biological Building and had to walk to the Arts one. So that at least it saved money! Of course I couldn't get my check, for all the registrar's and bursar's office people had left early, to view the St. Jean Baptiste parade and made Margaret Robertson wait to collect the exam-books.

That being fruitless, we next rushed to do some shopping, but we couldn't get across Sherbrooke Street for the darn (excuse the word – it seems much worse in writing) parade was going on – it had been since two o'clock, and would continue indefinitely. We had to wait 25 minutes before we could cross – and when we did, we took our lives in our hands and defied the policeman and rushed across behind a float.

Darling, I've only got this far and must stop, but it brings so much love to you that you will forget the brevity of this note. Your Jean.

#49

Juniper Island, Stoney Lake, Ontario
Sunday, June 26th, 1927 (2nd part)

Dearest Max:-

…

To continue where it left off, we finally managed to break the lines and run across Sherbrooke Street – followed by the oaths of the policeman who told us we couldn't cross while the parade was on.

Then we shopped, went home, dined and started our packing, and continued that until it was time to go to the train, which now leaves at 9:30 Standard Time and arrives at 4:50 A.M. (But don't let that deter you!) The only thing I forgot to pack was my camera – but fortunately it will come, and I left my room in a beautiful state, which thrilled me because I was afraid that with Mary on hand, I would never get it tidy. I was nearly demented, though, because Mary had little to do, and Betty insisted upon coming up and talking nonsense and trying to draw me in, and getting in the way – oh, I was exasperated, I fear, because I was in such a hurry. My only regret is that I couldn't bring up my dear little fern – I had to put it in the garden and hope it will be all right. But I am afraid there will be nothing left in August, for the other day I put it out in the rain, which wasn't very heavy, and the poor little fern lost three fronds – which were broken.

At 10 – (9 Standard) we proceeded to the train, and had lots of fun in our stateroom (for Daddy came). To begin with, Mary found that she had broken the lock of her hatbox and insisted that she couldn't open it (though the next morning I pushed the little button and the thing opened without a key). Mary is here with most of her belongings in her hatbox and mine. So I leant her night clothes and she went to the upper. Marg had the lower and I the couch. But I certainly didn't sleep well, I don't know why – I certainly enjoyed myself in my thoughts, however, for we had a lovely summer together, you and I.

We rose at 4:10 A.M., motored up to the Lake, collecting Bobbie on the way, and had breakfast in the kitchen of McCracken's, for the hotel wasn't open. For the first time in my life, I arrived at Stoney Lake to open the cottage, on a rainy day. Oh!, it was cold and raw, and the rain started soon after we got over here. Fortunately it cleared up for five minutes only and the sun came out, which seemed to warm the air, after which it only rained a little though it was cloudy all the time.

How we worked – it was fun, for me, at least. We attacked the filthy kitchen, washed <u>all</u> the dishes, glasses, swept out all the remains of mice, cleaned refrigerators and cupboards and were just about done by lunch, for which we ate a tin of pork-and-beans left from last year, because Daddy got caught in a heavy rain storm, and there was so much wind that he couldn't manoeuvre the boat with all the provisions!

After lunch Mary went with Daddy to pay some calls and buy more necessities, and Marg fell right to sleep on the verandah. I was sorely tempted to sit down and write to you, but there was so much to do I felt I couldn't. So, as we had no place to sleep, I hauled forth sheets and tried airing them over the stove, which I fear didn't work very well. Then I swept down the walls of the boathouse and was just beginning to sweep the floor and make the place habitable when Mary appeared with Dr. Leeming[?] and Bob, Daddy following in our "chaloop." I was almost mad, for I did so want to get the place ready to sleep in and, of course, it was impossible because they stayed until it was time to get food, after which I found that Daddy had told them we'd all go over there to listen to the radio in the evening. I was so dead that I wanted to sit down and weep. Having planned to clean the boathouse and make the beds in the afternoon, write to you after tea, and get to bed early, I did feel a bit put out – especially when I'd told Daddy the reason I wished he not come, was that he would go calling, and visitors were sure to come, so that we got no work done – which has happened, though it isn't exactly fair to be nasty to Daddy about it! I really shouldn't kick because by dint of much rushing I managed to get the beds made before tea – and Mary and I fell into a cold, windy lake, as well – which was very refreshing but decidedly not good for me because I was tired. Also, the radio was very nice and it would have ended beautifully but for the fact that I got exceedingly cold on the way home, which, together with tiredness, a swim and damp sheets, I managed to give myself a cold.

….

#50

Juniper Island, Stoney Lake, Ontario
June 27th, 1927

Dearest Max-of-mine:-

At last I have a wee minute to myself to spend with you. I managed to manipulate things so that Mary is writing up at the cottage, and Margaret reading beside her – while I'm in the boathouse. I just can't write to you with those two talking and looking on – even though they may not know to whom I am writing.

This afternoon I got another wonderful letter from Edinburgh. If it weren't for that, I fear I would be in the most dreadful dumps. I don't think there is a muscle in me that isn't aching, and I have a sore throat from my silly cold, and I feel miserable. There is yet so much to do before Wednesday – as yet only the kitchen, the boathouse and Mother's room are respectable, so that there are three more bedrooms, the living room(!) and the shack yet to clean. It doesn't sound very much, but when you hear that all I managed to get done today was Mother's room and the front verandah, you will realize what a job it is.

I certainly have my trials. I don't mind the work - really love it, though, it is tiring; nor do I expect Marg or Mary to do much – but I do wish they wouldn't hinder me. This morning I got Mother's bed made, and Marg came in and fell asleep on it, so that I had to stop work, not to waken her, and then I had to practically make the bed again. And Mary went in swimming and lay down for a sunbath and fell asleep – so that we couldn't have lunch until much later. And after lunch I did what I could until they insisted that I stop – for they feel that they aren't doing their share, or something, if I work in the afternoon.

Oh – please forget I said all that - I don't mean to say things, because they are working - but they seem to give up so easily and think I'm a cross grumpy grouch because I don't stop to talk when I'm working.

Today has been a beautiful sunshiny day – it just thrills me to have weather like this – and all I do is hope that it will be the same in August when you come.

Yesterday - Sunday - was wonderful too. It was very windy without a cloud in the sky - cool yet gorgeous. I had a beautiful swim in the morning, and how I did wish you were coming in with me. Of course you were there, MDM, in spiritis, but even that is not the same.

I have a beautiful system, Mary and Marg could sleep forever if allowed, but I can't, so I get up - in negligee, and get breakfast, and then come down and get them up - which is quite a job. They seem to feel because we have a lovely clean boathouse to sleep in, a kitchen to cook in, and a verandah to eat on, we need nothing more and have all the time in the world. Consequently, though, I try to hurry them up. They don't respond and, though I was up at quarter to seven, we weren't through the breakfast dishes until half-past ten. So, after we'd made our beds, pumped[?], etc., there wasn't very much time for me to clean up the cottage before I started to get lunch.

By the time you come back I hope to have long luxurious locks - so I go about with my hair streaming in the breeze - I hope to do it up only for Church, and I think it should improve with the fresh air. It does look rather ridiculous to see me with long hair all over the place. At present it isn't quite to the bottom of my middy collar, but I'm dying to have it to there by the time you come. Mary keeps me company by not doing hers up, but it's much shorter and curls about her shoulders, so it isn't quite so awful. My great fear is, it will attract a bat – or get caught in the flywheel of the motorboat engine, or burn up while I'm lighting the stove – but I hope nothing so drastic will happen, for I would hate to lose what paltry hair I've managed to acquire.

…

P.T.O

8:00 A.M.

Good morning Max, dear. This is a most heavenly morning and I do wish I were able to go in swimming – I will pretend that you are going in, anyway.

I feel great this morning – but for my cold – and my disposition is cured again. My fear is that the trials of the next few hours may make me crabby.

But enough of that – I am going to write to you for ten minutes – for I have got the breakfast, all but the toast, etc., which can't be done until the last minute, and when I'm finished writing I shall waken my guests, and while they are getting up, I'll rush to McCracken's with this, and post it on the early boat.

I must tell you of our birds. There are lots of Martins – I haven't been able to watch them long enough to know how many compartments are filled – and they have great fun with the Wrens. The Martin house is moved down the hill to a place where it does not rock so much, and the Wren house is attached to the verandah and it is occupied by the cockiest little bob-tailed Wren you ever saw.
We all wonder where he lost his tail, but we really don't mind him without it. | ↑ Here must have died |

How soon my time is up. I'll have to tear or I'll be late for the mail…

The postcards are from the Griffis Collection at the Trent Valley Archives, Fonds 400.

Trent Valley Archives Events

Our lawn sale was held on the Carnegie Avenue lawn at the Trent Valley Archives

It's been a busy tour season so far at TVA. May began with the debut of the Rice Lake Bus Tour. **Rice Lake Bus Tour** led by Pat Marchen and Don Willcock was a great success, and we include some photos from that trip taken by Elwood H. Jones and Pat Marchen.

The Lakefield Walkabout in May featured our tent at the main intersection of the village. The century old Lakefield post office will be officially recognized as a Selwyn Township heritage landmark on August 9, 2014. It was the main base for the Trent Valley Archives tent during the Lakefield Walkabout in May 2014. Visitors from the past in front of Celtic Connections. See picture on previous page. (Elwood H. Jones)

Also new this year is Elwood Jones' walking tour of that part of Peterborough known locally as the Avenues. This Edwardian suburb is currently being considered for designation as Peterborough's first formal heritage district. On June 1 and 8, Elwood told the story of this district's development, highlighting aspects such as architectural features, design options, and pressures for land development. Both tours were well attended, and the weather was very co-operative.

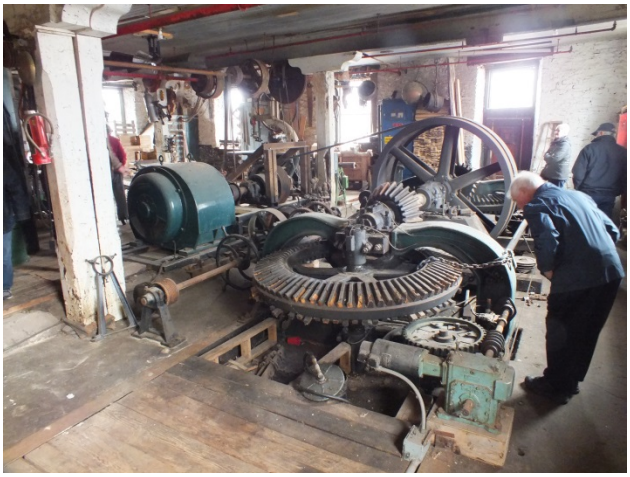
We brought back our popular tours of Little Lake Cemetery during the last three Sundays in June. Karen Carter-Edwards led the first of these, "The Seats of the Mighty", which focused on the lives and contributions of some of Peterborough's early movers and shakers. The following week, Susan Kyle shared stories of Peterborough's fascinating military past.

Our newest tour of Little Lake Cemetery debuted on the last Sunday in June. "Ladies of Little Lake" was researched and written through the combined efforts of Pat Marchen, Shelagh Neck, Heather Aiton Landry and Karen Hicks, and tells the stories of Peterborough women. The stories they collected feature a varied group of women from the nineteenth and twentieth centuries-- some well known in their time, and others not. Among them are artists, pioneers, businesswomen and farmers. This tour was led by Karen Hicks, and has been very well received.

The Eerie Ashburnham Ghostwalks also returned for another season. They have been so popular this year that we scheduled another tour in addition to the scheduled four. Attendees heard ghostly tales from Peterborough's past-- some gruesome, some mysterious, and some sad. The Peterborough Theatre Guild once again graciously invited us to tour their building on as many nights as possible.

One of the popular stops on the Rice Lake Tour in May was the mill in Hastings, known for its associations with Henry Fowlds, and in more recent times with a leather company. (Elwood Jones)

One of the exhibits on the walls of the fascinating museum created by the family of Pauline Browes is this neat cartoon about her appointment to the Mulroney cabinet.



Inside the mill we viewed machinery from times past.

The White House in Gore's Landing was a welcome stop for afternoon tea.

The remarkable Alderville war monument reflects a First Nations world view. (Elwood Jones)

The Joseph Scriven monument in the Pengelly burial ground honours a family tutor known widely for his hymn 'What a Friend We Have in Jesus." The Foster Russell fonds at the Trent Valley Archives contains material related to the biography of Scriven written by Russell.

TRENT VALLEY ARCHIVES

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Open House Sept 13

Upcoming Events

The fall tour season is almost upon us, and we have some exciting events in store!

On June 13, 17 lucky participants explored 3 historic Peterborough taverns during our popular **Scandals and Scoundrels Pubcrawl.** The group, led by our very own scoundrel, Don Willcock, learned tales of murder, robbers, paranormal events and mysterious deaths. This tour will run again on August 8, 15, 22, and 29; $15. Space is limited, so reserve your tickets now!

This walking tour of downtown Peterborough features stories of our historic taverns. You will hear strange tales about many of these, and will also tour three establishments that serve libations to a thirsty public to this very day. Although drinks are not included in the price of the tour, there will be ample time to purchase and imbibe them as required.

Open House at TVA is free admission
Peterborough and the Great War
September 13 at 1pm

The Trent Valley Archives is celebrating 25 years since incorporation as an incorporated charitable organization committed to the preservation of archives and archival materials in east central Ontario. Our successes have exceeded expectations, but much remains to be done.

Here's your chance to visit the archives, meet the staff and volunteers, ask questions, and see what we have to offer. We usually highlight additions made to our collections in the past year or so. As it is 100 years since Canada went to the Great War, we wanted to highlight photographs, memoirs and newspapers related to that war and its implications.

Downtown Ghostwalk
October 23, 24, 29, and 30 at 7pm, $10

A Hallowe'en tradition since 2003. Costumed guides recount spooky tales of the downtown core by lantern light. Reserve early-- these tours book quickly! Each year we make changes and look at different scary tales, and look for entertaining angles. You do not want to miss our 14th edition. You are welcome to wear costumes and add t to the atmosphere.

Little Lake Cemetery Twilight Pageant
October 18 (Note earlier date this year)
1-hour tours begin at 6:30pm

Experience first-hand some of the denizens from Peterborough's past as they tell their own stories near their gravesites. Little Lake Cemetery is home to over 32,000 people, but we try to capture some who represent special stories, or whose lives cut across the face of the community. The talented actors presenting these lives are truly special and we are grateful to the support of the Peterborough Theatre Guild and of historic Little Lake Cemetery, one of Canada's outstanding landscape cemeteries. This year, we new actors and fresh stories. . Isabella Valancy Crawford (who was absent last year), Daniel McDonald, and W. G. Morrow have confirmed their return for this very special annual occasion.

We are also planning other events including one to mark the silver anniversary of the Trent Valley Archives. Keep in touch!!!

Have you sent in your donation to Trent Valley Archives. See our letter with incentives.