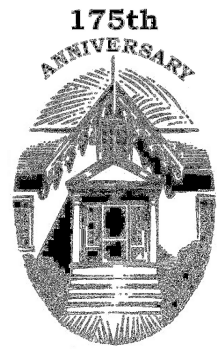




Peterborough Historical Society

392nd Bulletin

December 2012



HUTCHISON HOUSE
THE PETERBOROUGH
HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Honorary President T.H.B. Symons

Past Honorary President Catharine Parr Traill

BOOK LAUNCH

Saturday 1 December 2:00 to 4:00 pm

Hutchison House

270 Brock Street, Peterborough

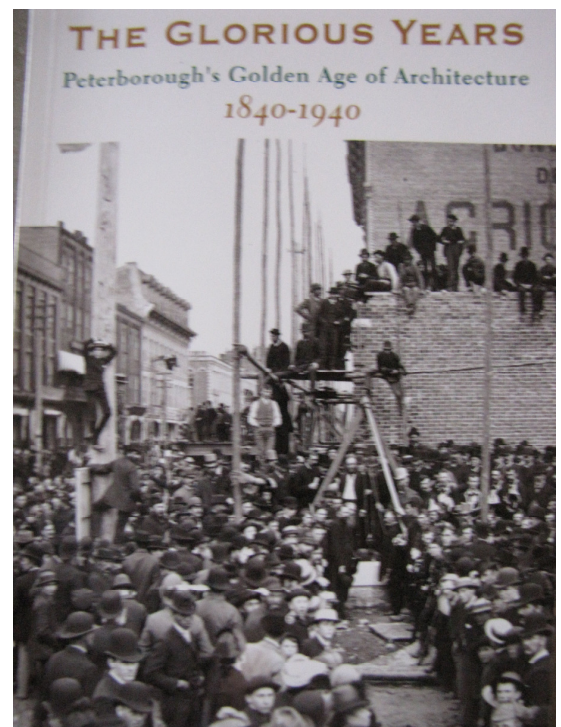
The PHS, PACAC & Borealis Press have partnered to launch

Andrew Elliott's THE GLORIOUS YEARS \$19.95

Light Refreshments will be served

The Glorious Years, Peterborough's Golden Age of Architecture 1840-1940 by Andrew Elliott is a welcome addition to the growing body of literature on Peterborough's built heritage. This major work represents more than a compilation of Andrew's very popular column Walking Back that appears in the Saturday edition of the Peterborough Examiner. It provides in text, illustrations and area maps, a profile of two key architects John Belcher and William Blackwell, a description of key buildings in different section of the community and a very readable analysis of major architectural styles and elements that define these structures. Elliott argues there are four major periods in the development of Peterborough's architectural legacy; the early period of development from 1840 to 1865, a period of unprecedented growth between 1865 and 1885 during which the Second Empire style predominated architectural tastes, the massive industrial expansion during the years 1885-1914 which saw a proliferation of styles such as Edwardian Classicism, Beaux Art and Richardsonian Romanesque and the years of consolidation and slight decline from 1914 to 1940. A real strength of Elliott's text, is the rich personal information he has gleaned from property owners who have willingly shared photos, family lore and documents related to their property. As he states in his introduction, "buildings are a key part of who we are, and we define our place in communities by the buildings we know and love." For this reason, the book also highlights the tragic losses of architectural treasures to neglect, poor planning and differing tastes of what constitutes quality architecture. His book will serve both as a guide to what is best in Peterborough's built heritage and a call to action to protect those architectural assets that define Peterborough.

Andrew will offer a few remarks and will be signing copies of his book at the launch. It will make a great Christmas gift. Come and enjoy the historic setting at Hutchison House. Free Admission.



... from the President

This year's Remembrance Day service had a special significance for me. As with past Remembrance Days I like many Canadians, reflected on the sacrifice by our Service Personnel during two world wars, the Korean conflict, peace keeping missions and most recently the mission in Afghanistan. However, this year I thought especially of the role of Bomber Command and the dangers faced by these young men, flying missions over occupied Europe during World War II. My Dad, Edward Carter-Edwards, was a young wireless operator in 427 Squadron flying Halifax bombers over Europe. On 7 June 1944 on a bombing mission over the Paris railway yards, his plane was hit and the entire crew had to bail out. Ed was able to contact the French underground but a double agent betrayed him to the Gestapo and he spent the rest of the war as a POW, part of which was at the notorious



Edward Carter-Edwards meeting Queen Elizabeth

Buchenwald Concentration Camp. His story has been well documented, through television and newspaper interviews, a National Film Board production, **The Lucky Ones**, and most recently in a documentary, **The Lost Airman of Buchewald**. The national archives has a microfilm copy of the Squadron Diary (Record Group 24 E, Reel C-12,300) which simply noted that the crew on Halifax III "K" Df. 927 was missing and listed their record of missions. Ed's was 22. My Dad also has a copy of the notice sent to his mother that he was missing in action. More important than these records, are the many discussions I have had with him regarding his experiences why he joined and what it was like as a prisoner of the Gestapo in Buchenwald. This summer, he was part of the

Canadian contingent that participated in the unveiling by Queen Elizabeth of a special memorial to honour Bomber Command. While historians debate the efficacy and morality of the bombing campaign, my Dad's first hand experiences of the racial hatred and evil of the Nazi regime, reinforced in his mind why he joined up and why he is rightly proud of his contribution to liberating Europe from the scourge of Fascism.

Dennis Carter-Edwards

Remember When



My interview with Merritt Gordon (appointed Senior Vice President of Canadian General Electric in 1974) covered a wide range of topics from his early training as a mechanical engineer at UBC, to his service during World War II as a flight instructor at Dauphin Manitoba, to his recruitment and subsequent career at Canadian General Electric. Merritt was convinced he enjoyed the best years of CGE during his career. He remarked that his personnel manager found a company diary from the early 1900s which mentioned they were using horses to move things around the plant. He also remarked that he recently learned the grandfather of Professor Tom Symons was responsible for the design of the Company's small building fronting on Park Street.

Two areas were of particular local interest, his work in connection with Trent University and his involvement in the Kawartha Golf Course. Though not directly involved in the establishment of Trent, Merritt had some interesting stories to relate about Trent. "Stan Adamson was delegated to acquire the lands necessary [for establishing Trent University] Stan tells some funny stories of what he

ran into . . . in one case, he was chased off a farm with a guy holding a shotgun.” Merritt served on the Board of Governors for Trent and was present during the university’s first labour dispute. “ In 1982 I was invited to join the Board and served until 1995. I chaired the Executive Committee for 7 years and chaired the Labour Committee . . . I had lots of experience with labour relations.”

Merritt relayed the story of the The Kawartha Golf Course that was developed in the 1930s on land owned by CGE. “A man came from the US as head of the Peterborough Plant and wanted to retain the very good pressmen he had but there was no work for them so he put them out there and they built the golf course - it was a make work project. This fellow was a Jew and a Jew couldn’t get into a golf course in the United States so he started this.” In the 1980s Merritt received instructions from the head office to sell off the land on which the golf course sat. As he told it, “It was a question of an asset that wasn’t producing anything. . . . the best thing to do would be to have the membership buy it. I gave them a number I thought I could sell and said we [being the Peterborough plant] would hold the mortgage and they paid it off very quickly.” In recognition of his work on behalf of the course, you will find a sign marking the Merritt Gordon Drive leading up to the clubhouse.

Merritt played an active role in the community. He served as Chair of the Leadership Campaign for the United Way, Chair of the Peterborough Chapter of the Manufacturers Association and a term as President of the Family Counseling Service. He was the founding president of the Peterborough Hospital Foundation. “In those days it was simply a place for incoming donations . . . initially it had a director and secretary . . . subsequently we put in a professional to develop the foundation and today is a very active Foundation.” He still keeps in touch with colleagues and enjoys lunch with his engineering buddies.

Dennis Carter-Edwards

For King, Country — and Czar: James Garvey, Hugh Nolan, and the Canadian Siberian Expeditionary Force, 1918-19

Over 60 people attended the November presentation of the Society in the lecture room of the Public Library. The guest speaker was local historian and PHS Board member Don Willcock who spoke about the little-known Canadian Siberian Expeditionary Force. James Garvey and Hugh Nolan of Lakefield were two men from this area who were conscripted to be on this mission. They joined a 4000-man strong contingent, comprised predominately of soldiers conscripted in the last year of the War. This Siberian Expeditionary Force was stationed at Vladivostok, in Russia, a key military port at the Pacific end of the Trans-Siberian Railway, as reinforcements to aid the Czarist White Army. Underscoring the local connections of the story, Willcock told of the arduous train journey the men made across the country hindered by an outbreak of Spanish Flu. He described their mustering in Victoria, British Columbia, the various troop transports that carried them across the Pacific and the conditions experienced by the Canadians soldiers upon arrival in Russia. Unlike other Canadian contingents engaged in the violence of the Western theatre of the war, the men at Vladivostok saw little military action and returned to Canada by June 1919 after spending a Russian winter away from home. The lively presentation was accompanied by numerous contemporary photographs, colourful war art and copies of original regimental records and personnel files. Following the talk, Don answered various questions from the appreciative audience.

Michael Eamon, Program Committee Chair

Hutchison House Report

I'm finding that as I grow older time grows shorter with each passing year. It seems now that Christmas comes upon us just as soon as the last leaf drops from the tree. Gone are the days of childhood when the stretch from Halloween to Christmas was almost unbearably endless.

I understand the age we live in forces one to constantly be looking toward the next big commercial event. It's hard to escape the constant barrage of ads, the piped in festive music, Santa arriving at the mall in mid-November. What ever happened to just marveling at the changing of the seasons?

If someone truly wants to contemplate the spirit of Christmas they should take time to reach back in history to find it. Take Catharine Parr Traill for example. She has pages in *The Canadian Settler's Guide* dedicated to Memories of Christmas Day in the Backwoods.

Catharine writes of Christmas 1838: "I remember one Christmas day in the Bush. It was the year after the memorable rebellion in Canada: my brother-in-law had been appointed to a company in the Provincial Battalion then stationed in Toronto; my sister who had remained behind with her infant family was alone, and we were anxious that she should spend this day with us, and that it might look more like an English Christmas day, I dispatched Martin, the boy, and old Malachi, the hired man, to bring a sleigh load of evergreens, from the swamp to dress the house with, but when all our green garlands were put up, we missed the bright varnished holly and its gay joy-inspiring red berries, and my English maid Hannah, who was greatly interested in all our decorations, remembered that there were high-bush cranberries, at the lake shore, and winter greens in the swamp, but these last were deep beneath a covering of two or three feet of snow. With the red transparent berries of the cranberry we were obliged therefore to content ourselves, and little Katie brought her string of coral beads and bade me twist it among the green hemlock boughs, clapping her hands for joy when she saw it twined into the Christmas wreath.

Then we sent off the ox sleigh for my sister, and her little ones, for be it known to you, my reader, that our settlement in those days was almost the Ultima Thule of civilization, and our roads were no roads, only wide openings chopped through the heart of the forest, along which no better vehicle than an ox sleigh could make any progress without the continual chance of an overturn. We bush-settlers were brave folks then, and thankfully enjoyed every pleasure we could meet with, even though we had to seek it through means so humble as a ride in a rude vehicle like an ox sleigh, through the wild woods, with the snow above, and the snow below, and in good truth many a pleasant ride have we enjoyed travelling through that dim forest, through bowers of snow-laden hemlocks and dark spruce, which shut us out from the cold wind, like a good fur-lined cloak.

Reposing on a bed of hay covered with buffalo or bear skins, or good wool coverlets, and wrapped in plaids, with well wadded hoods, we were not a whit less happy than if we had been rolling along in a gay carriage, drawn by splendid horses, instead of the rudest of all vehicles, and the most awkward and clumsy of all steed. At night our lamps, the pale stars of the moon, walking in brightness in the frosty sky, casting quaint shadows of gigantic form across the snowy path, or wading through misty wrack or silver-edged cloud.

A glorious goose fattened on the rice bed in our lake, was killed for the occasion: turkeys were only to be met with on old cleared farms in those days, and beef was rarely seen in the back woods, -- excepting when some old ox that was considered as superannuated was slaughtered to save it from dying a

natural death. Remember this was sixteen years ago, and great changes have taken place since that time in the condition of all ranks of people in the Province; now there are luxuries, where before necessities were scarce. However there was no lack of Christmas cheer in the shape of a large plum pudding, to which our little ones did ample justice. A merry day it was to them, for our boy Martin had made them a little sledge, and there was a famous snow drift against the garden fence, which was hard packed and frozen smooth and glare – up and down this frozen heap did James and Kate with their playmates glide and roll. It was a Christmas treat to watch those joyous faces, buoyant with mirth, and brightened by the keen air, through the frosty panes; and often was the graver converse of the parents interrupted by the merry shout and gleesome voices of their little ones; and if a sadder train of thought brought back the memory of former days, and home, country, and friends, from whom we were for ever parted; such sadness was not without its benefit, linking us in spirit to that home, and all that made it precious to our hearts; for we knew on that day our vacant places would be eyed with tender regret, and “some kind voice would murmur, ‘Ah would they were here.’”

That night unwilling to part too soon, I accompanied my sister and her little ones home. Just as we were issuing forth for our moonlight drive through the woods, our ears were saluted by a merry peal of sleigh bells, and a loud hurrah greeted our homely turn-out, as a party of lively boys and girls, crammed into a smart painted cutter, rushed past at full speed. They were returning from a Christmas merry-making at a neighbour’s house, where they too had been enjoying a happy Christmas; and long the still woods echoed with the gay tones of their voices, and the clear jingle of their merry bells, as a bend in the river-road, brought them back on the night breeze to our ears. There then we were breaking the Sabbath stillness of the dark forest with the hum of joyous voices, and the wild bursts of mirth that gushed forth from those glad children, who had as yet known little of the cares and regrets that later years bring with them as the inevitable consequence of a mature age. But soon overpowered by excess of happiness, and lulled by the low monotonous creaking of the runners of the sleigh, and heavy footfall of the oxen, one by one, our happy companions dropped off to sleep, and we were left in the silence to enjoy the peculiar beauties of that snow clad scene, by the dreamy light that stole down upon our narrow road through the snow laden branches above our heads. And often in after years, when far removed from those forest scenes, has that Christmas night returned to my memory, and still I love to recall it, for it brings with it the freshness of former days, and the array of infant faces now grown up and fulfilling the state of life into which they have been called by their Heavenly Father.”

C.P.T. Christmas, 1853, Oaklands, Rice Lake.

I hope you enjoyed Catharine’s tale of one Christmas in the backwoods. Through our 19th century educational programs we strive to keep the memory of a bygone era alive by sharing stories and traditions from the past, but there is nothing like reading firsthand the accounts of others who lived through it, no matter what era.

Erin and I wish to thank all of the dedicated volunteers who help out in so many ways. We really could not get very far without you! We’ll be holding our annual Volunteer Pot Luck on Thursday, December 20th beginning at 1:30 pm. in celebration of the holiday and another year well spent in the company of friends.

Don't forget to mark your calendars for our **Hogmanay** celebration on January 1, 2013. Once again we will be ringing in the New Year with lots of traditional fun and food. In the meantime, I would like to wish everyone a very happy and safe holiday season.

Cheers, Gale Fewings



PHS Historic Site Plaques – location and sponsors

1. ROBERT REID.. east side of Nassau Mills Road, start of northern trail
2. NASSAU MILLS...west side of Nassau Mills Road, 100 m south of Armour Road
3. JAMES REID HOUSE...100 m south of Armour Rd. intersection
4. AUBURN HOUSE...off Armour Rd, behind Paddock Wood condos
5. MALONE HOUSE... north of Dunlop and Auburn intersection
6. GRAND JUNCTION RAILWAY BRIDGE...west end of Dufferin Street
7. ONTARIO CANOE COMPANY...south of Hunter Street, Rotary trail
8. ASHBURNHAM RAILWAY STATION...on trail between Hunter and Robinson
 *(Sponsor: The Corbett Family: Andrew, Vanessa, Pierce, Garret)
9. THE STREET CAR ERA... on trail Hilliard at Water
10. NICHOLLS' HOSPITAL...on trail at Argyle
11. QUEEN ALEXANDER SCHOOL...on trail near Barnardo Ave.
12. PETERBOROUGH NORMAL SCHOOL ..on trail north of Benson Ave.
13. CANOE VOYAGE OF JOHNNY SMITH...Marina Pier
14. LAKEFIELD CEMENT FACTORY...trail, 200 m from Lakefield
15. PETERBOROUGH-CHEMONG RAILWAY ... trail at Hilliard
16. GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY LINKS...on trail Parkhill at Benson
17. PETERBOROUGH MATTRESS COMPANY...on trail behind Mark at Driscoll
18. DUKE OF WELLINGTON ORANGE LODGE...on trail Nassau at River Road
19. KING EDWARD SCHOOL PARK... King Edward Park facing George St S.
 *(Sponsor: King Edward Park Committee)
20. NICHOLLS' OVAL...on trail at Parkhill and Inverlea Bridge
 *(Sponsor: The William Corbett Family *In Memory of Elizabeth Wand - Weir Stevenson*)
21. JACKSON PARK....on trail in park near gazebo
 *(Sponsor Susan Fair and Amy Gagne. *In Memory of Ed Boyce*)
22. THE MISSING LINK...trail at Brock and Bethune near Hutchison House
23. NOGOIWANONG... trail , foot of Simcoe St.
24. THE ROGERS' RACEWAY....Driscoll at Douro
 *(Sponsor: Dennis Carter-Edwards. *In Memory of Ralph and Dorothy Mackie*)
25. DICKSON RACEWAY.... London St. Bridge
26. BLYTHE MILL... Water St. N. at Mill St.
 *(Sponsor: Jim and Ruth Lillico)
27. ANSON HOUSE...on trail Water at Anson St.
 *(Sponsor: Dr. Elwood Jones)
28. THE BRIDGE WORKS...on Millennium trail , old CPR turntable
29. GAS WORKS...on Millennium trail , Simcoe St at Otonabee River
 *(Sponsor: Dr. Stewart Brown)
30. INVERLEA PARK... Parkhill Rd. at Denistoun Ave.
 *(Sponsors: PHS, Rotary, City of Peterborough)
31. ISOLATION HOSPITAL... in park on Water St. at Langton St.
 *(Sponsor: The Peterborough Medical Association)
32. HAMILTON PARK..... in park on Bonaccord Ave.
 *(Sponsor: Dr. Terry Hawkins)
33. STREETCAR TURNABOUT...in Hamilton Park at Monaghan and Parkhill
 *(Sponsor: Dr. Trevor Hawkins)
34. MOIRA HALL....Albertus at Charlotte
 *(Sponsor: Nicholls/Civic Nurses Alumnae Association)
35. KINGDON BARREL FACTORY... on trail at Barnardo
 *(Sponsor: Grandchildren of Stan Kingdon)
36. CANON DAVIDSON HOME... 64 Hunter Street East.
 *(Sponsor: Dr. and Mrs. Robert Hinton)
37. DICKSON-ARLIDGE ... 14 Murray St.
 *(Sponsor: Peterborough Kiwanis Music Festival)
38. WENONAH MOTOR HOTEL... trail in park at Water , north of Riverside Zoo)
 *(Sponsor: Greater Peterborough Chamber of Commerce)
39. THE GOOSE POND Water St. north of London St.
 *(Sponsor: Lcrd Ed Meyers)
40. War Memorial

Bulletin submissions for the January issue due by Wednesday, December 19, 2012. We welcome articles of historical interest.

The Bulletin

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Publisher **Marilyn MacNaughton**
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Bulletin (ISSN 1484-5983)

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Give a PHS Membership for Christmas!

For those hard to buy-for people on your list, why not consider a one-year membership in PHS. It's a great way to introduce your friends to our organization and hopefully they will decide to continue as members.

We will provide you with a Membership Card in their name inside a Season's Greetings Card.

Individual: \$35.00 Family: \$45.00 Student: \$15.00

Call the PHS office 705 740-2600 to order your gift cards now.



Join us for Hogmanay at Hutchison House January 1,2013

