

HISTORICAL REVIEW 11

1992 - 1993



COBOURG AND DISTRICT
HISTORICAL SOCIETY

EXECUTIVE 1992-1993

Past President	Elizabeth Parken
President	Diana Cunington
Vice-President	Bud Barr
Treasurer	Tom Hawke
Recording Secretary	Victor Hewson
Corresponding Secretary	Vera Roblin

COMMITTEE CHAIRPERSONS

Archives	Marion Hagen
Programmes	Lorraine Oliver
Programme Committee	Dorothy Sifton
	Elizabeth Parken
	Beth Saini
Historical Review	Jim Leonard
Membership	Donna McGillis
Publicity	Donna Gow
Newsletter Coordinator	Dorothy Sifton
Newsletter Editor	Douglas Sifton
Cultural Centre Liaison	Peter Delanty

Cover Illustration: This photograph was among the archival material that came to the Society from the Cobourg Garrison Artillery Association. The photograph is titled, "The Winners of the Governor-General's Cup for General Efficiency, 1939". Those in the photo are:

Front row: Sgt. R. Service; B.Q.M.S. G. Keenan; Lt. C.G. King; Capt. J.C.R. Manning; Maj. F.R. Drewry; Lt. H.D. Hayden; 2/Lt. J. M. Donahue; B.S.M. G. Seymour-Taylor; L/Sgt. H. Harden

Second Row: Gnr. H. Minifie; Gnr. A Keenan; L/Sgt. P.V. Swan; Sgt. D. Tait; L/Sgt. H. Winter; Sgt. J. Drewry; Sgt. R. Higginson; L/Sgt. L. Mennie; L/Sgt. F. Edgell; Gnr. D.E. Simmons

Third Row: Gnr. D. Bennett; Bdr. G. McIntyre; Gnrs. B. J. Lamble, R.N. Dinner, R. Ficht; Bdr. J. Westley; Gnrs. F.J. Ellison, W.R. Robinson; L/Sgt. R. Murray

Fourth Row: Bdr. D. Denton; Gnrs. M. Mallory, J.A. Thompson, J. Mennie, J. Fullerton; Bdr. F. Drewry; Gnrs. D. Fullerton, G. Randall, J.S. Hinman

Cobourg & District Historical Society
P.O. Box 911
Cobourg, Ontario
K9A 4W4

© Copyright, Cobourg & District Historical Society, 1993.

HISTORICAL SOCIETY PROGRAMME 1992-1993

September 1992

SPEAKER: Paul Rapati
"Historic Ball's Mill"

Page 1

October 1992

SPEAKER: Dr. Alec Lucas
"Early Cook's School"

Page 4

November 1992

SPEAKER: Jane Kelly
"Grafton CAUSE 2000"

Page 20

January 1993 **Film Night:**

"Railroaders"

"On To The Bay"

February 1993 **Heritage Night**

SPEAKER: Lee Caswell
"Antique Brass"

March 1993

SPEAKER: Aureen Richardson
"J.D. Kelly"

Page 24

April 1993

SPEAKER: **Annual General Meeting**
Marjorie Kenton
"Publication: Hope and Its Port"

Notes

Page 26

HISTORIC BALL'S MILL

Paul Rapati

Paul Rapati presented a lecture in which the history of Ball's Mill in Baltimore was illustrated with his own slides. Not only has the mill been extensively repaired but plans are proceeding for pumps and machinery to be put back into working order. Having acquired the mill from the Ganaraska Conservation Authority, Mr Rapati has also established his residence in the mill.

Ball's Mills began as a carding mill and saw mill back in 1842. Founder Lambert Stevens sold the mill to Scottish entrepreneur William G. McDougall in 1846. Intending to create an export trade in flour to England, McDougall added a new section to the front of the building for milling the flour. To advertise the new business, he boldly painted, "Cash For Wheat" on the west wall. McDougall also constructed a raceway from the headpond and dam one eighth of a mile up Baltimore Creek. A saw mill and west wing were added later.

In 1868, McDougall went into partnership with John Ludgate of Peterborough County. Eight years later, McDougall passed away. In 1884 the Baltimore Mill was put into Chancery. The mill was purchased by local miller John Ball and was henceforth known as Ball's Mill.

Ball's Mill remained in the Ball family for three generations, each owner in turn leaving their mark on the building. When John Ball took ownership of the mill he continued to use a water wheel and grinding stones until 1906, when he decided to modernize. A steel turbine system was built to generate power. An upper raceway was constructed, and steel flumes and a steel penstock were laid to carry the water. To assemble the steel parts, a man had to crawl into the tubing with red hot rivets and put them through holes. They were then flattened by the man on the outside. John was injured and lost his thumb during construction of this system.

His son Fred took over the running of Ball's Mill in 1912. Under his stewardship the modernization of the mill continued and business flourished. In 1941, Fred's son Jack took over ownership. Jack ran the mill until he retired in 1971.

Ball's Mill was purchased by the Ganaraska Region Conservation Authority (GRCA) in 1971. Originally, the GRCA hoped to be able to preserve the building, but those plans never saw fruition. The building stood idle and neglected and eventually was threatened with demolition. In 1983 local resident Lesley McInnis, on behalf of the concerned citizens of Hamilton Township, stepped in to fight for the mill. After much time and energy, those efforts paid off and Ball's Mill received "a stay of execution". The GRCA chose to sell the building rather than restore it and auctioned off much of the original equipment. In 1988, Ball's Mill was sold to its present owner Paul Rapati, who is currently restoring the mill to its former splendour.

There are many interesting features to examine and learn from at Ball's Mill. It has an elegance which sets it apart from other mills of its period. The architectural style is classical Greek and Roman. The gabled roof is joined by rafters which meet at the uppermost point and are nailed with square forged iron nails. Exterior cornices are practical and beautiful, as are the louvred windows that circulate air in the southern addition.

Inside the building visitors can examine other curiosities such as the stencils on the wall, names carved into beams bearing dates long past and old mill stones. There are cedar silo bins that awesomely ascend to the third floor. The turbine system where John Ball lost his thumb, is still there.

Outside the course of the raceway, now dry, etches a path from the headpond, as if awaiting the rush of water to bring the mill back to life.



Ball's Mill, Baltimore, Ontario. Circa 1900. Archival photograph provided by the author.

EARLY COOK'S SCHOOL

Dr. Alec Lucas

An overflow crowd attended the October 1992 meeting to hear a presentation from one of its own members, Dr Alec Lucas. The topic was Cook's School, formerly known as School Section #4, Hamilton Township. Dr Lucas attended this school seventy years ago. His recollections of trains on the nearby Cobourg-Peterborough Railway, of the ringing of the bell which cost \$9.50 when installed in 1892 and of mischievous students taught by both timid and tyrannical teachers, provided a highly personal touch to the presentation. Descriptions of the subjects taught embellished the verbal pictures of the classroom with the knot-hole in the ceiling and the portraits on the walls. The tiny school yard was enlarged in 1924. Dr Lucas' student recollections were enhanced by his experiences as a teacher in the same school.

Cook's School, or School Section Number Four, Hamilton Township, to give its title in heavy-handed officialese, once a one-roomed yellow brick building, used to stand boldly in the countryside atop a hill. Now, though part of a larger building, the whole complex is less conspicuous; it fits unobtrusively, with its farm-homelike aspect into a landscape of woods, farmlands, and ancient hills north of Cobourg, and, as of old, firmly into the history of the area, a living remnant of a once-flourishing village community and a reminder of the permanence of mutability.

Westward, the school looks out at the old John Cook home and, as I remember it, used to look over a great broad field, in summer green and golden with rich crops and, in winter, white with dead-level whiteness, stirring to life only now and then with little flurries or with great gusts of snow buntings. Beyond a fringe of woodland, and a road, the field lost itself in a high pasture, known once as the "blasted hill," where the Canadian militia used to go one day a year to march about and fire guns in the name of national defence, a hill known later, and more prestigiously, as Mount Vernon, when, so the story went, its owner, William Metcalfe, changed its name to make his farm more attractive to a prospective purchaser, a wealthy

American, Senator George Oliver, who did in fact buy it, to become another of the Pittsburgh millionaire summer residents thronging Cobourg at the time and the owner of what he later made a magnificent country seat, Dungannon Farm.

At Cook's school years ago, a boy, especially in bright, warm autumn afternoons after summer holidays, was wont to look with longing at that hill. He cared for and knew nothing of its history. He only knew that it meant freedom, a glorious world apart from the prison house he felt forming about him. Subconsciously, perhaps, he realized that schooling as it was then developing would eventually undermine the rural tradition and way of life. The blasted hill, Mount Vernon, Oliver's Hill or what you will, still remains, and though scarred with houses, its top still reaches toward the sky, stirring, as is the way with hills, a desire to identify with something greater than self.

Before the school runs a road that bumps and twists its way across hills and valleys from Bethesda Church on the Dale Road to Grafton on Highway 401. As part of the Danforth Road, it brings history to the very school door. The road was built in 1799--1801, when Asa Danforth and his men, or perhaps, better, his trail-blazers, chopped their way through the forest from Toronto to Kingston. At Cook's school few, if any, knew much about the road beyond the community, but all knew for certain (though incorrectly) that it was made during the war of 1812 to enable Canadian soldiers to pass through the country without revealing themselves to the hated United States warships on Lake Ontario. They were almost as certain that the soldiers passed right by the school to do battle triumphantly somewhere along the way, despite what history books did or did not say. (They would not have believed that in that early time, the road was far more suited for cattle and wild berries than marching armies.) But a rusty bullet-mould, discovered in the 1920s, near the school settled all doubt, and, they knew, bound Cook's significantly to the heroic past.

Down the hill, past the school house, and just beyond the bridge over the Baltimore-Cobourg Creek, lay another road; no dirt road this, but rather the Cobourg-Peterborough Railroad (1854-1895), the second, not, as often noted, the first Ontario railroad. No buggy, no wagon, not even wandering cattle

could possibly rouse such excitement as the train, when, rumbling, rattling, and belching smoke, it chugged through the valley, a far cry, at six miles an hour, from its younger days when it whizzed along at the dangerous speed of fifteen. If you missed seeing it in the morning, because school took in at nine, not to worry since you could hear it venturing on its way toward Braden's Station, Harwood, and Marmora, wherever that was. Better still, if you loitered after school in the afternoon, you might look right at this erstwhile pride and glory of Cobourg entrepreneurship, if not of engineering, this miracle of modernity, coasting its way from Braden's station to Cobourg with lumber and wheat, but with never a prince again as when the Prince of Wales rode on it through the country in 1860. In a short burst of prosperity, it now thrilled young imaginations with visions of gold passing by, even though only ore from Marmora, not pieces of eight from the Spanish Main. Then it went bankrupt, became part of the Grand Trunk, and left Cook's School to relax quietly in the rural world. Now a thing of fragments, the old railroad is well-suited to ruminative walks. Yet as a symbol, it means more than such diversion. For a few years it made a country school fully conscious of the machine age and seemed proof of the rightness of the Victorian's faith in their God, Progress, but now it has become an even more cogent reminder of how widespread was the one, and how powerful, the other.

Once established, in 1871, the rural public school system, was taken for granted by the community as part of its world, but, by the educators, as an ineluctable, evolutionary social development expressing humanitarian and egalitarian impulses. Yet such an attitude is recent and fits no better into the early history of our culture at large than into that of early Ontario. Centuries ago, Sir Francis Bacon had to write a defence of education for the British upper class, and William Wordsworth, centuries later, another, for British factory children. Even in the United States, dedicated as it was to the rights of man, President Jefferson faced fierce criticism because he dared to propose that children aged seven to eight should attend school. The course of education in nineteenth century Ontario was never easy either, and squabbles among educators over the right to, and the need of, education, and over its aims and methodology characterized its development. The Constitutional Act of 1791 established the provinces of Upper and Lower Canada, but did really nothing for education. John Graves Simcoe made the first public money available for

it, when he granted 100 to Stuart's private school in Kingston in 1792, so fostering the old elitist concept of education at once, a fact underlined by a parliamentary decision in 1797 to set aside over half a million acres of land as a financial reserve for grammar schools and a university. This decision promised much for the well-to-do, but little at all for the ordinary immigrants and their families, who at the time were struggling to plant roots of civilization in a vast wilderness. It is easy and unfair to castigate the government of the time for its neglect of these people. What if Simcoe did say, "Education should be for the superior classes"? He simply expressed the attitude of his class and those then in power. It took an armed uprising, a "Rebellion Losses Bill," and many years to put education in a different and modern perspective; the country was new; mass education, as opposed to private, was new. Educators had first to feel their way. History as number, perhaps, rather than evolution, may explain the growth of education as deriving from the increase in the number of school-age children. In 1842, there were 1,721 elementary schools in Ontario, in 1851, 3001 with 68,159 pupils, in 1874, 4758, with 464,047 pupils.

In 1807 a Grammar School Act was passed. It, too, was elitist, but it was followed by a series of common School Acts in 1811, '46, '50 and finally, by that of 1871, which brought major changes in the elementary schooling of Ontario. The common school became a public school, founded and administered by a Provincial Department of Education, which, trying to de-emphasize the official shift of learning from the home, named the common schools, more suitably, school houses. The new Act established so-called free schooling and compulsory attendance for all children from seven to twelve for at least four months of any given year throughout the Province. Since the school served a farming community, such a law gave some impetus to, and control over, winter classes, the favourites at the time. They did not impede work on the farm. Moreover, school began in September, in the hope that the big boys would still be employed in the fields, and would thus give the teacher (since there was a new one almost every year) a chance, before the big boys reentered school, to establish her authority, the discipline so dear to the heart of the Minister of Education Ryerson, who misreading rural society in terms of the urban, garrison mentality and influenced by the Germanic attitude toward order, made it central to his theory of education. Furthermore, the Act

of 1871 prescribed courses and authorized texts, and not only brought order to bear on a confusion of regulations, but also on a plethora of kinds of schools - common, garrison, church, dame, private-venture - all of which it now reduced to public schools.

Many attacked the Act, especially Edward Blake, Premier of Ontario, who became a spokesman for those who argued that the people had not requested it and did not need it, and that the city had imposed its values on the country. The country people themselves wondered whether it had denigrated their values by putting book learning ahead of "the great wide book of nature," which a farmer at the trustees meetings at Cook's school years ago used to declare loudly was the only source of learning. To try to prove his point that book learning lacked true knowledge and made the rural school an adjunct to the high school, which itself taught nothing, he used to state, "Why, I asked a Cobourg collegiate student, 'how many dozen are there in a great gross'," and, he would thunder, triumphantly, "He did not know." (That illustration of the dreadful failing of town education was my brother.)

Hidden in this maze of regulations and laws were beliefs in the perfectibility of man and in the so-called neglected genius, the first based on a romantic premise that denied original sin and on a later corollary that education would preclude a child's dropping into evil ways; the second belief held that many, lacking education had remained, and would remain, like Thomas Gray's rustics, in the famous "Elegy," "mute inglorious Miltons." These beliefs were central to the educator's thinking of the time that all wanted to be educated, could be educated, and would be better citizens if they were. If modernity has seriously challenged such faith, it was first intended merely to make farm people more content with their lot. Their lives would be less monotonous if they could read and write, and perhaps, more profitable, if they could do arithmetic (even to figuring the interest on a promissory note, which often took the place of cash in farm transactions in earlier times). With the growth of industrialized towns and cities, the rural school (Cook's almost included) was doomed. Elementary education became, not an end in itself, but a preparation for High School and an education that led away from the rural and hence, even more from a way of life to a way of making a living and of getting a better job in the city rather than of doing a better job and living a

better life on the farm. Paradoxically what had meant such hope, at first, helped drive a wedge between the urban and the rural, luring the young to the city and incidentally producing much of the poor Nellyism of romantic fiction, or better, Wordsworth's "Michael" with its tragic great last line, "and never lifted up a single stone."

Cook's school itself seems to have been a response to the renewed emphasis that the Act of 1871 put on education. The area had had access to schools long before the present school was built. Mrs. Letitia Youmans, tasks of attending a school house in 1831 a mile and a half from her home on what was then Creighton's hill (but since then, gentrified as Creighton's Heights). This school may have been a school that allegedly stood on the Baltimore Road near and opposite to the road into the present Hillside Motel. In 1835, she transferred to a private-venture school at Hull's Corners run by Mr. E. C. Hull, who conducted a school upstairs in a hotel in the day and a bar downstairs at night.

Cook's school came into being after as much travail as had the laws that set its educational character. It replaced a school, an earlier S. S. No. 4. (The township had been divided into twelve sections in 1842.) At one time this school perched on the hill just south of the corner of the Danforth Road and today's Highway 45. It was finally sold in 1873, the lot for \$6.00 and the school house for \$29.50. After much jangling as to which side of the creek the new school should stand, the trustees, in their wisdom, wrote to the Department of Education asking for the location of the centre of the school section. The answer only added fuel to the squabbling. The centre was located far up in Sykes's swamp. The trustees voted finally to build the new school on the site where it now stands. According to the late J. L. George, a son of one of those embattled trustees, Mr. Cook and Captain Ewart, of Castle Hill, later degentrified as Halle's Hill, made promises, Cook to give land if the school should be built west of the creek, and Ewart, a free bell, on the same condition. Accordingly it was built on the West, not the East, side of the creek, but no sooner had it risen than Cook made a charge for his property. The minutes of the annual trustees meetings do show a charge of \$80.00 for the land in 1873, but the bell seems to have been hung much later (1892), but also at a price, \$9.50.

The school opened in 1872, exemplifying the drive of the Department of Education toward respectability and a belief, based on environmentalism, in the beneficial influence of improved school houses on the pupils and the community. (The price of the old school seems to prove this point.) Cook's School stood a sturdy, brick structure, designed to indicate the strength and the prominence education was to have in the rural world. Unfortunately the builder, John Thomson, who built the school for \$1,060.00, carried his desire to be modern, or to save money, so far as to use plaster, without laths, for the inside walls, and, to display it, put it directly on the bricks. Whatever the aesthetic value of the smooth, plastered, wall, the cost for extra wood and coal to heat the building soon surpassed it. Besides the stove pipes ran across the ceiling and probably did more heating of the attic than of the room below. At least there was a large knothole in the ceiling through which, if not much heat went in, much light came out, when one of the big boys (George Murray, later a Queen's University football player), would occasionally hang a lighted candle on a wire through this hole. This act was a hit, accompanied by children's laughter and the teacher's shrieking command, "George, come down at once; you'll set the school on fire." I am pleased to say now that he never did and am pleased also to remember, with thanks, the excitement he managed to bring to a little 31' x 29' classroom in a one-roomed school up in the hills of Hamilton township years ago.

This story is not meant to discredit the stove. It did its best at the end of a long string of pipes to stimulate them into warmth. It had an insatiable appetite for coal, and, as stoker, I got almost as much heat from carrying coal as from burning it. In winter this stove, despite its idiosyncracies, became the heart of the classroom, where the great round belly of its jacket dried wet snow pants and mitts, unmindful of odours, and where at recesses and noon hours the children used to gather for its warmth and that of their happy, noisy friendships, in a sort of family gathering that made light of winter.

The bell was another matter, for it was a call to action vis-a-vis pleasurable dalliance. According to regulations it was to be audible at more than three miles, but Cook's was no Big Ben and was scarcely audible at one mile. It was further evidence of the urban impact on rural life. The so-called improved school conditioned the children for a felt need, for city life, as the authorities

interpreted felt need, where time was measured by little ticking moments of office clocks or by factory whistles, not by quiet sunrises and sunsets. The bell was meant to teach punctuality to little Horatio Algiers, though I believe that it had another and secret *raison-d'etre*. It allowed the trustees to know whether the teacher was on the job punctually. At any rate for years the faint clanging of that nine o'clock bell warned the children against the sin of tardiness as they crossed the fields or followed the Danforth Road to the school, and at four let the parents know that school was out. Besides it bred such confidence in the residents that it became a kind of Greenwich time signal of S. S. No. 4. More to the point it reminded the community that a school was part of it, and so established it as a far different school from one that is out of both sight and hearing and accessible only by bus.

The classes at Cook's, like those at other country schools were co-educational and the desks and seats were double, but no teacher ever allowed a boy and girl to sit together, heavens no! Though the classroom had six windows it was scarcely a well-lighted place, until 1938, when hydro power was installed in the school. Before then, snowstorms used to make the room cozily dark, and, despite lightening rods, permanently perched, as of 1926, on the ridge pole of the roof, thunderstorms often made it frighteningly so. The blackboard (no longer, as once, a board painted black) would recede from view. Even seat work would become impossible, if you gave indolence full scope. At all times, on the wall in dark or light, hung, plainly visible, an honour role of the names of those who had passed the Entrance, a formidable case of maps guarded by portraits of Lord Roberts and Lord Kitchener, their moustaches drooping with authority, and an alleged likeness of Queen Victoria, that cost \$1.00, bejewelled and bossomy, staring down over all from behind the teacher's desk. Such were our models, reminders to all in that small room that they were part of the world-encompassing British Empire, and dutifully, as colonials, bound to it. If the school had such magnificences as these, it had no running water, but a free-wheeling trip to the front-yard pump, appropriate for more than pom-pom pullaway, for a drink of water though heavily chlorinated, seemed to atone for such negligence. In 1927 in a long article in the Cobourg Sentinel Star praising Cook's school highly on all counts, the health inspector paid special tribute to Cook's on its water supply, not, however, because of the purity of the water, but because each student had an

individual drinking cup. The whole article was in essence a deserving tribute to the influence of a trustee, F. H. Benedict, who served finally for over forty years.

Even more to the point was a trip to the outdoor toilets; though cold in winter, they were a welcome challenge to the ability to loiter. One teacher used to regulate classroom traffic by hand signals--one finger meant the suppliant wanted to "barrow" a pencil or to impart, or get, some really valuable information from a classmate, two fingers was a request to leave the room. The same teacher, when wishing to leave the room and fearing that a ruckus would break out, used to place one of the girls in charge, whose duty it was to report those who had misbehaved. What knowledge of child behavior that practice revealed! Naturally she reported that all had been peace and quietness; no talking, no looking out the windows, no running, especially not on the tops of the desks.

Outside the school the grounds were rough and hilly. They comprised until 1924 only a quarter acre of land to the East and South of the school house. As usual with land set aside for a school, it was more suited for a pasturefield than a playground. You could have a good game of hide-and-seek or tag there, but you might as well try to play baseball on a hip-roof, for the ball invariably rolled into the woods or to the creek. No one minded that "misfortune," for all land beyond the strands and tangles and broken posts of what had once been a fence was out of bounds. Then came 1924. An acre of land (costing \$150.00) to the West of the school was added to the yard and all was enclosed by a new fence strung on freshly-painted green posts. Again the fence was meant to fence the students in and to separate the school from the countryside, to give all a city-parklike appearance. At that time, too, the old yard became an arboretum, each child responsible for one tree-- a little walnut, mulberry, tulip, or birch coming under his or her care, and what care was bestowed on those young plants.

The rural school was a true community of scholars. It was co-educational and without class distinction. It made learning a group project, not in the sense of co-operative learning, the latest fad from the United States. Though there were classes from the Junior First to the Senior Fourth, later called Grades I to

VIII, they worked as one at a common task, education, in one room. Little Mary in the first Class heard what they were saying and learning in an upper class. She listened to the stories they read and their talk about those dreadful decimals, fractions, and percentages, so that fear of the unknown was not part of the problem she would face when she began to work with them herself.

One of the difficulties the rural school presented was a timetable that allowed the teacher to instruct the various different classes as they came to the front of the room for their lessons, in a wonderful combination of class and tutorial teaching and simultaneously to maintain the process of learning in the other classes. (Even yet I sometimes have disturbing dreams that I have neglected the beginners and have not heard, say, their arithmetic or reading.) The secret to achieving this goal was not busy work such as filling in the "o's" and the "p's", but seat work which has been replaced in modern teaching with homework. Rural school students knew nothing of that curse of modern students and of their parents. Though the Department of Education set the hours of homework to be done, teachers paid little attention, since they felt that those in Toronto knew nothing of the ways of the rural school and seatwork.

A student in a rural school was always part of his or her age group for everyone was always an intimate part of the student body. No special classes differentiated anyone from friends. Once three children at Cook's, despite physical and mental handicaps, continued to attend classes as if not impaired in any way. Likewise, those of superior ability proceeded at their own speed, too. The smartest child I ever knew went to Cook's school. She passed the old Ontario Entrance Examination with First Class Honours when she was only nine and had a first-class Honors degree in Mathematics and Physics from Queen's University when only eighteen. The children treated her and the duller ones with the same generous equanimity of spirit, neither deriding nor mocking them. A boy named "Guinea," because he had a pet guinea pig (what price nick names), had trouble with reading and once tried to read these lines from "The Wreck of the Hesperus,"

She shuddered and paused like a frightened steed
Then leaped her cable's length.

But he read them thus:

She shuddered and paused like a frightened steer
Then leaped the stable's length

The children did not know anything about steeds and cables, nor did the reader, but at least they never embarrassed him with their laughter.

Like all country schools, Cook's was teacher-centred. The teacher's desk stood on a platform at the front of the room, a throne from which all power and goodness would flow over the deserving. Women have always been the forerunners of culture in a frontier society. Between 1872 and 1952, Cook's had thirteen men and twenty-nine women teachers. The latter were cheaper. (In 1888, a man received a year's salary of \$350.50; in 1892, exactly a century ago, a woman, \$324.00.) They seemed also to have pleased the community in that they obviated any of the dangers that young men supposedly might present. Young women were normally not very demanding, though one made us say "g i rls," not "gurls" and "tra.falgar," not "trafal.gar," though each is acceptable. Another required us to wash our hands after entering the room for fear of germs that she knew lurked on door handles. There was one who took directives from the Department of Education very seriously and so demanded that the children come to school all spick and span, even with their shoes shone. Parents, too, found this requirement troublesome, and I wonder how many of those who authorized this standard of respectability at the Department of Education had ever walked through the fields and along a gravel road, or gone barefoot, to school. Yet I liked those young women who taught me my letters and numbers, holding my hand as I scrawled them on my slate with a slate pencil. Being easy-going, their bark was always worse than their bite; so they frequently had trouble with discipline. George, the-candle-from-the-ceiling George, once took the strap from a young woman as she prepared to punish his little brother for shining a mirror on the blackboard.

With the coming in 1921 of S. J. G. Nichols, who stayed for twelve long years, in the name of discipline, such thrilling events ceased. He carried a so-called correction strap, which, hanging like a snake from his back pocket, struck

terror into all, even George of the hanging candle. His punishment was not only physically, but mentally and psychologically cruel. We were yaps, idiots, simpletons, and bone-heads with water on the brain. He was "Sir" at all times. We acted on the command of "Turn," "Stand," "Forward," and "Seats." Fear and trembling were, I soon learned, the order of the time, for a single incident once produced both. One day the inspector came and hanging a large map of Hamilton township on the wall, asked "How far is it to Harwood?" First to be asked, this boy, comparing the size of the map of Europe, as he remembered it, with the map he saw, answered "three hundred miles." Others in the class crediting the boy with some deep knowledge ran the mileage up, finally, to one thousand miles. The next day the miles were reduced to twelve and the class, to contrite, terrified "idiots." So law and order were restored to Cook's after the pleasant way of life it had known when women teachers held sway there.

From 1871 to 1938 the intellectual fare at Cook's school remained a fairly constant diet of reading, writing, and arithmetic. As the years passed, mental arithmetic became more and more praised as a means of sharpening the mind, as memorizing "The Burial of Moses," allegedly trained and enriched its. Aside from practice mental arithmetic gave in using numbers, it allowed the wily teacher a chance for some mental sleight of hand. He would say "Think of a number, add ten, subtract five, add four, take away the number you first thought of, and your answer is 9." Now, there was a head-scratcher mystery for you. Reading, geography, history were the main studies in the humanities, with a smattering of art and music to leaven the loaf a bit. The prescribed readers and spellers were certainly not intended to demonstrate what is really an anti-intellectual slogan, "Learning Can Be Fun." The readers placed emphasis on learning, not fun. They were compendia revealing respect for the students' intellectuality with stories and essays about foreign people, distant lands, their products, and the scientific wonders of nature. Their Canadian content was limited and what poetry they contained for the most part centred on heroic deeds and romanticized nature.

Geography and history comprised names of places, rivers, and lakes, to be learned and located on (traced) maps, or accounts of great British victories in battle or the bad luck that brought defeat. Various matters re the British

Government came under scrutiny, too; for example, The Petition of Rights and the Habeas Corpus, which, we learned, meant, when translated, that "you may have your body", but still made no more sense than when read in Latin.

Then there were art and music, each a-once-a-week lesson purportedly in the cause of aesthetics and the pleasure of the senses. Art comprised looking at pictures (called art appreciation) and a concern with perspective and eye-levels. Yet despite studying the famous Avenue of Trees and drawing of innumerable boxes, the children in their paintings and crayon-drawings (usually of autumn or winter scenes) produced only bad imitations of a style Grandma Moses later made famous. It was all a pleasant passtime, but no artist or art critic grew from such seeds at Cook's, that I know of.

Music, like art, was a pleasant diversion. Nichols encouraged it. At recesses and noon hours he practised his piccolo, or flute, or that strange thing, a mandolin. He stressed singing and made "By Killarney's Lakes and Fells" a great favourite though few understood what it was all about. In later years (1940), the school bought a piano and hired a professional musician, who came, to the children's delight, no matter how foul the weather, once a week, to teach singing. The school went every year to the county music festival, and though it never won a prize, it had a good outing and, I'm sure, the children will never forget "Santa Lucia," or any other song after hearing it ad infinitum in the choral competition.

There was another annual event, the school fair held at Baltimore, a thing of parades, races, and exhibits of student-grown vegetables and student-owned livestock. Cook's was no crack squad on parade, but always won the shield or a trophy for the most prizes in the agricultural exhibit. More satisfying was the trip (sometimes on a hayload) to Baltimore with its stores and their goodies for one cent each. The school fair was dropped by the Department of Education during World War II and was never reintroduced, I believe, having failed to stimulate much interest in the farming community, even among those who would, it was hoped, revitalize it when they became men and women.

For many years Cook's school pursued a programme of studies of the same sort and in the same old way as it had in the beginning. Then in the mid-1930s came Thorton Mustard's so-called New Course of Studies, which de-emphasized content education for process education. Geography and history became social studies, which stressed local places and their history, and included the study of civics. All well and good up to a point--no more lists of capitals and countries, but the denigration of core courses and of memory in learning hardly seemed propitious. Moreover, the civics text centred on middle class, urban values. Among other things, it taught how to set a table and where to place the fish knife among several other kinds of knives. No one in the Department of Education seemed to realize that one was as apt to find a fish knife in a farm kitchen as a scimitar (and, I surmise, in an urban). The same programme required the students to make scrap-books of news clippings from magazines and newspapers their parents received at home. Again, no one seemed to realize a simple fact, that many children came from homes that subscribed to neither newspapers nor magazines.

One day in the spring of 1939, the school inspector entered the room noiselessly. (I used to think that inspectors were born wearing soft-soled shoes and had studied the art of opening doors soundlessly, if not the polite custom of knocking on them.) At any rate, the inspector came upon a little girl, standing beside her desk and reciting the seven times table. Requesting her to stop, he then announced that the teacher would no longer require anyone to do such work again. From then on all would discover the meaning of multiplication by counting out piles of beads. Even the children who were learning the tables were less pleased than amused. Reading came under fire, also, but because, paradoxically, it stressed a child's discovery of the meaning of a word for itself. Phonics were out; word recognition was in. Yet watching a child sounding out words is one of the most rewarding pleasures teachers can have. They can actually see the child learning. The old first book was gone, too, with its well-known fables and children's poems, replaced by a Mary, John, and Peter thing, in which "Mary sees John" and "John sees Mary," and father is always a grocer or a fruit salesman, but never a farmer in a field. The new Grade I reader was also confusing pedagogically. The preface pointed out that a child's mind is at its most receptive stage ever. The conclusion listed the forty words that the child should have learned over the

year. Forty words, a requirement that meant that word recognition was no challenge to those who denigrated memory as part of learning.

The method of teaching reading is even yet much debated, as recent issues of the Toronto Globe and Mail demonstrate. After all the years of searching and the millions dollars spent, the adult population even yet is supposedly thirty per cent functionally illiterate. Now some propose to return to the method followed in the Toronto Model School in 1880-1881; "Pupils are first taught to recognize entire words. When a number of these are known, they are taught the sounds of the letters, and are required to recognize words and pronounce them by sounding their different parts." Perhaps it is true that the more things change the more they remain the same.

Lest the student in the rural school develop the mind at the expense of the body, the Department of Education in Toronto, forgetting such activities as cutting wood, milking cows, and hoeing gardens, prescribed calisthenics as a way of exercising young muscles. Girls, however, were only to push dumb bells around the room with long sticks in the name of strengthening their arms and expanding their chests. They were too delicate for the "robust male" exercises of arm bending, astride jumping, and knee bending, none of which was entertaining unless arm bending gave the opportunity to wack someone nearby. Under Nichols, all these were replaced with toe dancing, if big heavy boots can be thought to participate in such dainty graciousness.

Whatever these meant as healthful exercises, they meant little as enjoyment. Baseball supposedly meant both health and pleasure. Misnamed softball, it was played with cannon balls, at least so they seemed to tender little hands that tried to catch them and would drop them. Prisoners' base was more popular and less individualistic. Everyone participated actively in it at all times and needed only to know how to run to play. Noon-hour field trips were sports, too, even in winter through the woods and fields and along the creek and often involved more than sixty minutes, but never involved uninterested boys and girls. They always seemed to find "nature-learning" preferable to book-learning as the farmer at the trustee meetings had maintained it was years before.

Although Cook's, like all country schools had no gymnasium, the winter interfered little with outdoor activities and even less with entertainment inside or out. "Fox and Hounds" was fun and exercise enough for all as the players chased one another along snow-beaten paths in the school yard. The nuisance of snow pants and boots, however, kept several in at recesses and noon hours; so they made do with games. Lost Heir, a card game, was a favourite, which seemed endlessly payable, unlike snap, without disputes. There were "toys" of a sort, also. A globe that defied you to find not only Cook's school, but even Cobourg on it: a tellurian; an example of the beloved concrete material of the teaching profession, a model that demonstrated what happened to the sun, moon, and earth during the change of seasons. At noon-hour though it became an interesting plaything designed to entertain with little balls on spindles that could, and did, spin round and round very quickly if you knew your "stuff." Tired of these amusements, you could turn to chart of gaudily-coloured portraits of birds and one of illustrations of the human body; each chart posed a strange problem: why was there never a lyre bird in the woods round about? why were the nude human beings pictured as sexless creatures? Had the children more biology they would have had an answer to the first; had they known Egerton Ryerson, they would have never dared to let the second question cross their minds.

Cook's school house, once one of the most impressive and vital rural schools in Hamilton township and the last of eighteen formerly scattered through it, still stands, but now no longer as a one-roomed school. It is now part of multi-roomed building, a day-care centre. Yet despite this change, this new school, as a fusion of the old and the new has retained the dignity of the old. It keeps twentieth-century urbanism at bay. It remains now not so much a demonstration of state over local authority, but a tribute to a community of an earlier generation, to those who wished to maintain an improve the rural way of life, and to those who have maintained the school out of respect for them

GRAFTON CAUSE 2000

Jane Kelly

Jane Kelly treated the members to an account of the recently completed CAUSE 2000 project in Grafton. She illustrated her presentation with colour slides of historic homes, churches, inns and attractive streetscapes in the village. The review of these settings was part of the catalogue of assets which the team of architects undertook as part of their planning proposals for the future.

Before presenting the Grafton 2000 CAUSE Program to you, I thought it important to sketch the history of the community of Grafton.

A treaty with the Mississauga Indians in 1784, gave a large tract of land along the north shore of Lake Ontario to the British. From this tract sprang many settlements, one of which was Grafton. Originally called Haldimand Four Corners, Grafton was situated at the junction of Danforth Road (1800), the road to Grafton Harbour on Lake Ontario, and the surveyed baseline from Trenton (1790). In 1832 the village was renamed "Grafton" after the home town of a prominent settler, John Grover, originally from Grafton, Massachusetts.

In the 19th century, Grafton supplied the surrounding agricultural township with essential trades, merchants, churches and taverns. Travellers on the Danforth and Kingston Roads were provided with refreshments and accommodation at inns and taverns which dispersed the products of local distilleries and breweries.

Commerce declined in the late 19th century as marine shipping lost ground to rail transportation. The Grafton train station was situated to the south of the hamlet leaving it effectively by-passed.

Much of the early architecture and streetscapes remain in Grafton today. The appreciation of this architecture and the recognition of its gradual erosion over time, prompted the Haldimand Township Local Architectural

Conservation Advisory Committee (LACAC) to research means of preserving our valuable assets for future generations.

The LACAC was aware of a volunteer program sponsored by the Ontario Association of Architects (OAA) to assist communities to work towards thoughtful environmental planning. The Community Assist for a Urban Study Effort (CAUSE) team consists of nine professional planners, architects and landscape architects who work within the community for five intense days. Their job is to stimulate, focus and create awareness of issues and opportunities. The program is meant to act as a catalyst to inspire citizens to work together towards future growth and an enhancement of the quality of life in their communities. In June of 1991, the LACAC applied for this program. Our specific concerns were:

1. Development:

Our proximity to Toronto and our reasonable land costs led us to believe we were a prime development target. Our township's official plan dealt with nebulous concepts that seemed to lack an understanding of the exceptional assets and qualities that Grafton possessed. While we accepted the inevitability of growth, our group felt that more thought should be given to proper planning and development.

2. Architectural Preservation:

It was our concern that Grafton's unique architecture should not only be preserved and protected, but should also play an important role in the future of Grafton.

3. Trees and Landscape:

Considering the importance of trees, plants and landscapes as a compliment to architecture, we were concerned about the serious deterioration of our streetscapes.

4. Historic Ambience:

The lack of control regarding construction, building set-backs, signage and sign placement detracted from the heritage appearance of the hamlet.

After a meeting in March 1992, we learned that Grafton was indeed being considered as a project community. A local steering committee was set up to orchestrate the event.

Our municipal council expressed interest in the project but was not prepared to support it financially. Although the CAUSE team members donated their time, the transportation, accommodation, food and report printing costs were to be the responsibility of the host community.

The Ontario Association of Architects estimated the total amount needed to sponsor a CAUSE program to be between \$10,000 and \$15,000. Needless to say the steering committee had its work cut out. Although we did not actually raise \$10,000, we did gather volunteer support and services far beyond our grandest expectations. We were able, in the end, to meet all financial obligations.

The CAUSE team arrived in Grafton on Thursday, October 22, 1992. After a welcome luncheon at Ste. Anne's Inn, attended by our Member of Parliament and our Member of Provincial Parliament, the team was whisked off on a helicopter tour of the study area followed by a guided van tour. After Thursday's public meeting, attended by over 100 people and meetings with township and county resource people, the team was beginning to grasp the important issues in Grafton.

Friday was spent gathering more information and studying existing documents. In the background, the steering committee scurried around coordinating meals, developing film and handing out aspirin!

The team worked long days and nights to produce a 108 page document for the residents of Grafton. This report was presented in the Township Hall at noon on Monday, October 6 to an audience of over 70 interested people.

Despite the referendum, Grafton was planning for its future!

The report went far beyond the LACAC's original focus, dealing with diverse issues such as traffic flow problems, senior citizen housing, reintegration of Barnum House into the community, arena land use, tourism, development of a heritage district, signage by-laws, the resource recovery plant and the direction of future development.

The report stated that Grafton's population projections were overly optimistic and would not be achieved. Newcomers will choose Grafton because of the quaint hamlet character. Builders were urged to be sympathetic to the unique character of the hamlet, lest "they choke the golden goose of development economics". The report also stated that the township has enough building sites and subdivisions on the books to last well into the 21st century.

The CAUSE team recognized the need to protect the wealth of architecture as well as the gentle streetscapes of Grafton. They suggested a heritage conservation district (through the Ontario Heritage Act), be created in the heart of the hamlet. This district would be highlighted by a town common.

The report also suggested that the needs of seniors be addressed. Foot path access to the post office and shops from Haldimand Court should be built.

These are but a few of the thought provoking ideas presented by the report. I shall conclude my presentation tonight by quoting from the introduction of the report:

"Never has a CAUSE Program had such universal participation in one of their studies. One fifth of the population of Grafton attended the initial public meeting. More than seventy people volunteered their time, their favourite recipes, their homes and the use of their family albums. More than thirty individuals and firms from Pickering to Colborne donated money, and the donations are continuing to come in. Grafton has redefined the meaning of community to the delight of the Ontario Association of Architect's CAUSE Team."

J.D. Kelly

Aureen Richardson

Aureen Richardson challenged the members's powers of observation at the March 1993 meeting as she passed out prints of John David Kelly paintings. This gifted artist, born in Gore's Landing in 1862, worked for seventy-one years in a Toronto lithography firm. He painted 28 superbly researched oils and watercolours of major historical events before his death in 1958. Aureen Richardson's account of J.D. Kelly's work was illustrated with numerous slides. Her book, Historic Visions of J.D. Kelly was published in 1992.

Canadian artist J.D. Kelly was born in Gore's Landing in 1862. At the age of seven he moved to Percy Township. At eighteen Kelly attended the Ontario College of Art and graduated as a gold medalist.

In 1885 he was sent to the North West Rebellion for the weekly magazine, War News. As he travelled across Canada he had the first real sense of following the routes of explorers.

Following his views of the large illustrated maps that he saw in the Swiss railroads he approached the Canadian Pacific Railway asking that they promote tourism and travel in Canada in the same fashion. Kelly was commissioned to create pictorial maps and they became a standard CPR feature.

For some seventy one years Kelly was a creative artist with the lithography firm Rolph-Clarke-Stone.

In 1927, at the age of sixty-five, J.D. Kelly was commissioned by Confederation Life to paint several scenes of great events in Canadian history for the company calendars. He completed his series by the age of ninety-two. These works are well known and the titles include, "The Discovery of Canada-Jaques Cartier, 1534", "The Coming of the Loyalists (St. John, N.B.), 1783" and "The Klondike Trail, 1898".

Kelly was known as "Mr Accuracy" by his friends. He was always careful to ensure historical accuracy in even the smallest details in his work. For example, when he painted the Cartier works, he travelled to Perce Rock at Gaspé and painted the rock as it would have appeared in Cartier's time - as one 1/5 mile long rock face. Today the rock is in two pieces. For the work depicting John Graves Simcoe's opening of the first parliament, Kelly visited the site at Niagara-On-The-Lake and also spent several weeks at the Public Archives in Toronto and the Toronto Reference Library.

J.D. Kelly died in 1958. Kelly was not well known in Canada until 1967 - the Centennial Year. His own modesty was partially responsible for his lack of fame. His works are well known as every Canadian can recognize one of his historic paintings but his name is little known. As a modest man Kelly wished his pictures to be known, but he did not wish glory for himself. In 1968 the Historic Sites and Monuments Board of Canada erected a plaque at the Old Mill Park in Warkworth, the town Kelly called home. Because of this plaque, local people and students have grown up knowledgeable about Kelly and his artistic legacy.

In 1983 the author approached Percy Township Council to celebrate the bicentennial by framing a print of Kelly painting, "The Coming of the Loyalists" to hang in the Council chamber. Percy Township approached Confederation Life retiree, Richard Hymes about securing the company's support. The Company was so appreciative that local interest was strong that they donated 24 framed prints. These prints now hang in the Council chamber. Since then, Confederation Life has supplied several prints to local schools, the Golden Plough Lodge and libraries in Warkworth, Hastings, Campbellford and Roseneath.

In 1988 while taking elderhostel courses in Australia and a month in New Zealand, the author shared Kelly's pictures particularly, "Captain Cook at Vancouver". The president of Bathurst College, N.S.W. said, "It's a better picture than we have if Captain Cook". During the stay there the picture was framed.

NOTES

January 1993 - "Film Night":

The January 1993 meeting was the annual "Film Night" of the the Society. Visitors and members watched two films that recorded a part of Canada's history. The first was "Railroaders" showing the challenge and the hazards of maintaining communications and the rail line itself between Revelstoke and Field, British Columbia. The isolation and the hardships which challenged the railway crews earlier in this century have proven the mettle of people who gave us many of our traditions.

The second film, "On To The Bay" reviewed the surveying of the line and the building of the tracks to Churchill on Hudson Bay. The retelling of the story by an original surveyor and the use of old footage and archival material added considerable depth to the film.

Members of the Ganaraska-Northumberland Model Railway Club were welcomed as guests as were members of the East Durham Historical Society. Creighton Orr tested the skill of a few members on an old telegraph key.

February 1993 - Heritage Night:

Lee Caswell outlined the history of the development of candlesticks, emphasizing particularly the use of brass. He traced the story from the earliest period showing examples of 17th century workmanship through the Victorian period, ending with glass and other materials. Two reference works were recommended, Making Fire and Light in the Home Pre 1820 by John Caspall and The Brass Book, by Peter Nancy and Herbert Schiffer.

Heritage refreshments were prepared and donated by Beth Saini, Jean Hamilton, Donna McGillis and Mary Rimmer.

April 1993:

In 1992 the senior researchers with the East Durham Historical Society published, Hope and Its Port. At the April meeting Marjorie Kenton who was one of the contributors for the book, presented an account of the planning and production of the project. She was assisted in making the presentation by husband, Rolf.