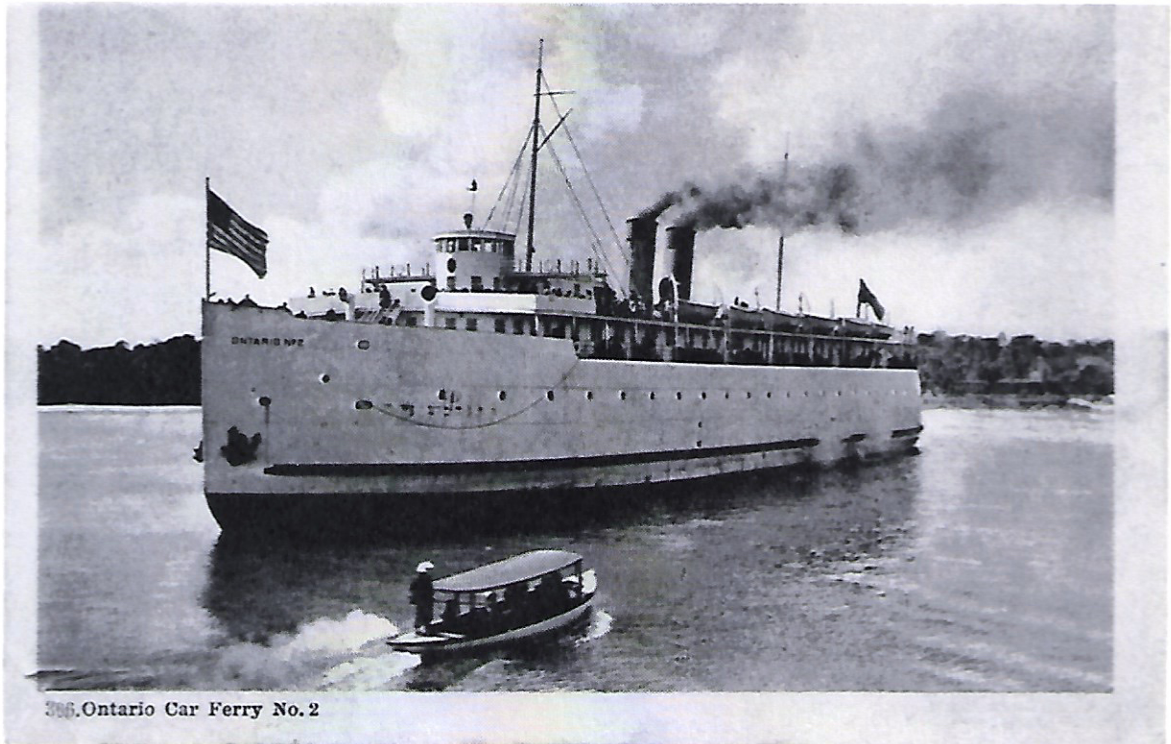
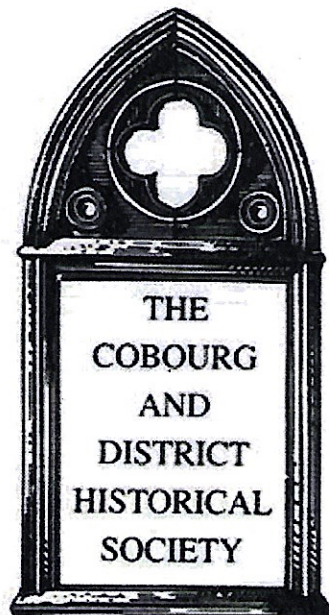


HISTORICAL REVIEW 29



386. Ontario Car Ferry No. 2

2011



2012

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2011 – 2012

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CATH OBERHOLTZER

March 12, 1940 – August 18, 2012

This issue of the Cobourg and District Historical Society's *Historical Review* is dedicated to the memory of Cath Oberholtzer.

Cath, along with her husband, Ron, was a pillar of the CDHS for many years, serving the Society in many capacities and holding many positions on the Society's executive. Perhaps most notable of all was her long-standing involvement with the evolution of the CDHS Archives toward a county archive.

We will miss her.

**THE COBOURG AND DISTRICT HISTORICAL SOCIETY
PROGRAMME OF SPEAKERS
2011-2012**

2011

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Cover Photograph: **The Ontario Car Ferry No. 2**
Courtesy of Walter Lewis

September 2011

Daggers & Mens' Smiles

By Jill Downie

Fortress Guernsey: the making of a memorandum

Ten years ago I went back to Guernsey after an absence of about 40 years. Any place, anywhere, experiences changes in such a long time. Friends grow older, or they die, or they move away, buildings are put up or pulled down, even landscapes alter, for natural or manmade reasons. But there were two changes that were unique to Guernsey, seismic shifts on the island since I was there, where I had lived for about 10 years. For three of those years I was at school there.

The first was money, in the billions of pounds and euros, every currency in the world. In my absence Guernsey had become a tax haven. It always had been, in the days of supertax in the UK, but now with no taxes payable by non-residents on foreign-source income, the banks and the insurance companies, and every financial institution under the sun had set up shop on the island.

From the first taxi-ride, the changes were evident. Most of the greenhouses are gone, and the interior of the island is prettier than it used to be. The money-men have bought many of the old farmhouses and cottages, and put money into them, preserving their unique beauty. As we approached St. Peter Port, I could see a gigantic almost-skyscraper in the distance, towards St. Sampson. Euros instead of tomatoes, finance instead of freesias.

But the tide still retreats thirty feet, and outside our hotel window a cormorant dives for fish beyond the harbour wall in a seascape the colour of a Canaletto. We walk the miles of cliff paths above one of the most beautiful coastlines in the world, gulls wheeling overhead, gorse and fern around us, the sweet smell of honeysuckle in the hedges.



Yachts at St. Peter Port, Guernsey

Some things do not change. But I found myself reconnected with the past most powerfully by the reconstruction of what happened just before I came to live on Guernsey: the occupation of the island during the Second World War. When I lived there, and went to school there, nobody talked about that time very much. People were, understandably, anxious to move on, to forget – some, of course, because they had good reason to hope all was forgotten. But for most, it was the suffering they wanted to put behind them.

In the 50s the visible remains of that occupation were in ruins. I remember being told that there had been a vast underground hospital, built to treat the wounded from both Europe and the planned invasion of England, and I remember peering with my brothers through the iron railings of one of the barred entrances at what looked like abandoned army gear of various kinds, just left there on the ground. My brothers hatched elaborate schemes for trying to get a helmet or two, but it never happened. Along the coast were the crumbling remains of gun emplacements, and one section of the coast was wired off, because it was still mined.

Then, in the 70s, two brothers decided there was money to be made of these things, and Fortress Guernsey was reborn. All the guns had been thrown into the sea, and had to be dredged up again, to be remounted on the batteries along the coast, and the U-boat refuelling bunker is now a museum chronicling the sufferings of the slave labourers who built the labyrinth of tunnels that honeycomb the island, for Hitler's *Organisation Todt*. Now tourists walk past glass cases of whips, knives, stilettos. In the Occupation Museum, the most touching exhibits are the remembrances of tragedy, personal stories of bravery, love affairs, foolhardiness. And the Underground Hospital is now on display, open to the public.



German daggers on display at the former Underground Hospital, now a museum.

Diary Extract

Dear God, what a place. Dripping with water, damp, dreadful, rivulets running down gutters cut into the centre of stone floors. Iron beds, 400 of them, jammed into wards so

dark and dismal. A mortuary. Maybe the feeling in the air is the spirit of all those slave labourers who built this dreadful place. Oppressive, foreboding, terrible. One could go mad in here, I think, very quickly. I am shivering with cold and damp, eyes itching from the mould and mildew. The lady at the desk is telling someone about the slave labourers: Spanish, Polish, Russian, French. The camp and the cemetery are on a lane nearby. One day the Germans came and talked to a family friend, Mr. Boutillier, to dig 17 graves. There had been an explosion. There is a memorial outside. It reads, "This memorial is dedicated to the slaveworkers who died in Guernsey for Hitler's Organisation Todt. 1940-1945."

Those are my words, written 10 years ago, while I was still feeling the full horror of the place, a place that was supposed to be a place of healing. And, at some point on that visit, the idea of writing *Daggers And Men's Smiles* began to take shape. Here is the opening of the book:

Chapter One. September 15th.

Un rocher perdu dans la mer. A rock lost in the sea.

Viewed from above, the island of Guernsey reminded Moretti of Victor Hugo's description of the place when he was exiled there. Once upon a time, on a fine day, you were blinded by the glare of the sun shining off the greenhouses that covered the island, but many of those were now gone. Once, it was horticulture and tourists that brought in the money. Now, it was money that brought in the money, huge sums of it, most of it perfectly legitimate. Over fifty billion pounds of it. Drawn by low taxes – and no taxes on foreign-source income held by non-residents – the money continued to pour in.

The ATR turboprop was bringing them in across the harbour. First, Castle Cornet at the end of its long pier, looking from above like the eighteenth-century print he had on his sitting-room wall. He could see the projecting stones at the top of the Gunners' Tower, like the points of a giant granite starfish, the pale green and dusky rose of the castle gardens that cascaded down the cliff face. From the air the tidal swimming pools at La Valette looked like line drawings on a map. Hidden in the thickly wooded slopes beyond, just before the sweep of Val des Terres, the main road leading to the south, was a huge subterranean U-boat refuelling bunker, now refurbished as La Valette Underground Museum.

Not visible from above. Even from the ground, its entrance was well concealed. Beneath the rock of the island existed another world of passages, tunnels, command centres, a hideous granite honeycomb built by human misery. When he was a child, before the reconstruction of Fortress Guernsey for the tourist, no one talked much about that hidden world. They were anxious to move on, to forget starvation, deprivation, fear. Collaboration. Betrayal. Love affairs.

"They came to Mr. Boutillier, asked him to dig seventeen graves – an explosion, they said. I was terrified. Numb. I only cried when I saw you the next day, alive."

His mother, talking to his father, late at night, the two of them reliving the agony. His father had been there, underground, digging, dragging trucks of rock

in a harness, like a beast, with the Russians, the Poles, the Ukrainians, the Czechs, the French. All of them at the mercy of Hitler's Organisation Todt. Hidden from view, once. Now reconstructed, open to the public. The giant blood-red oil tanks for diesel, the glass display cases of knives, stilettos, the steel-lined rubber truncheons, the whip with its leather strips.

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"The horror of that moment," the King went on, "I shall never, never forget!" "You will, though," the Queen said, "if you don't make a memorandum of it."

Through The Looking-Glass.

The following are the words of a woman who made a memorandum during those years. Her name is Winifred Harvey, and she kept a diary from 1940-1945 which was published in 1995 by the *Guernsey Press*. Winifred Harvey came from a distinguished military family, and it was this military background that gave her the respect shown for her by the professional German officer. Her father was a colonel who had served in the Indian Army, and she had an uncle who was a general. When her father retired towards the end of the 19th century, he settled in Guernsey, where Winifred was born. Newlands, the family home, was one of the island's beautiful, grand homes.

In the extracts that follow from *The Battle Of Newlands*, I have condensed some entries, but altered none of Winifred Harvey's words. Where necessary, any additional explanatory material in brackets is in italics, and the underlined titles to each entry are mine.

"A prosperous isle is now a desert isle."

July 1st, 1940. **The arrival of the Germans, the occupation begins.**

Monday July 1st. Rose came to call me this morning, eyes and mouth round with excitement. "The Germans are here!" The milkman had seen them and it was true. They came last night. Well, I thought, I had best get dressed. So I got up quickly and as I came downstairs Booty and Miss Hayer were coming in the door. I said to Booty, "Come tonight. Don't stay alone in your house." She agreed. They had a paper with them with ten orders by the German Commandant. Our time must go on one hour, all firearms, swords and daggers must be handed over at The Royal Hotel by noon, we may use our wireless, churches may hold services, all private cars are to cease running after today. Only old Roberts came today, so I packed up the swords, took down the spears, and sent him down to the Royal with them. The officer took them, said, "These are souvenirs, we don't want these." So Roberts brought them back. Later we heard the story of the arrival. One plane arrived about midday on Sunday at the airport and landed a machine gun and some soldiers and went off again. About 7 p.m. more planes came with the Commandant, officers and troops. All day and till Wednesday big troop carriers were passing backwards and forwards continuously, bringing troops and equipment and going back. We are now quite cut off from England, no news and food will be the anxiety. It is hoped that letters will reach us through the Red Cross. I suppose it is delayed shock but I cannot read a book, or practise, or stick at anything for long.

November, 1940. **Attempted landings, and accidental ones.**

One afternoon last week four RAF men got ashore at Portinfer in a rubber boat. They were helped to land by fishermen and were taken to a cottage. They had been 58 hours in the boat and were frozen and in a collapsed state. On landing they asked if this were Cornwall and were told, "No, you are unlucky. This is occupied country, Guernsey." They were taken to the Emergency Hospital and put to bed. Then the staff thought they ought to tell the Germans. They came out, most annoyed, and armed guards with fixed bayonets were posted around the ward. At 1 a.m. more officers arrived and turned the airmen out of bed, searching the beds and the mattresses. One boy was so collapsed the Matron thought he was dying, and she forbade them to touch him, saying she took full responsibility. The next day they were better, and all removed to the German hospital. At the end of the week they were marched through the town, though the tables were turned as our people cheered the boys, and a little boy started singing, "There'll always be an England." The airmen called out, "Keep your spirits up." Certainly everyone is very cheery and the frightfulness has quite failed so far, in spite of the Bekenntmachung every other day, with death penalties attached.

March, 1941. **The different types of soldiers, and her fear of losing her home.**

Sunday March 30th. I have been through a dreadful 10 days. Marie Louise came to tea and we went round the garden. Tramp, tramp, tramp of heavy boots down the road and eight hefty jerries came straight in at the gate and up the drive, taking not the slightest notice of us and shouting at the tops of their voices. So I went straight up to them and in my best German asked the leader, a hulky, cheeky-looking fellow, what he wanted. "Was ist's?" The others hung back, looking a bit sheepish, but, "Was ist's?" he said, in the cheekiest way. With determination I repeated myself. He looked around and saw the others hanging together and crumpled a bit. "Wir dechten es war ein Park." "Nein, "I said firmly, "Es is Privat Haus." "Ach, privat haus," he said, and they turned tail and marched out, followed by my ringleader. We then went inside and bolted the door, feeling a bit shattered after having put to flight the armies of the alien. These are a new lot, very rough-looking fellows, Labour Corps, here to place and entrench the big guns commanding the Russel. The numbers are now about three thousand of which a thousand are Hitler Youth, here for training. Hence this awful business of houses. All Jerbourg has been turned out at 24 hours notice and they have put the big guns there.

April 23rd, 1941. **Acts of defiance, great and small.**

Troops seem to be pouring into the island and more big guns have arrived. They are 36 feet long, mounted on rubber wheels and drawn by great tractors with caterpillar wheels. One has been put opposite the Welch's gate. Mrs. Welch went out and asked a sergeant if any of them could speak English. No one took any notice of her. So, pointing at the gun at her gate, she said the only German word she knew. "Verboten!" Upon this word they all sprang to attention and moved the gun. Whereupon Mrs. Welch retired into the garden again. But presently she saw them hacking great branches off the trees to camouflage the gun. So she went out again and, pointing at the tree she said, "Verboten!" And they stopped.

June 1941. **Weight loss. Troop numbers.**

I weighed myself yesterday and find I have lost 3 stone. (42 lbs) It is quite a long time since I wrote in this journal. There are thousands of troops in the island, ten thousand now, and they say the numbers are to be made up to twenty thousand. They have been taking over whole districts and turning people out at a few hours notice. Doris Carey had an amusing interview with an officer who told her his name was Alfred. He studied her as an interesting specimen of what he called an 'English lady.' He said he would like to live with English people and study them. Doris said, "May I speak plainly. There is a war on. We are at war with you, and it would be very difficult both for us and for you." "Ach," he said, "that is interesting. I had not thought of that."

July 1941. **Rations and Russia.**

We have no more flour and the separated milk is now down to $\frac{3}{4}$ of a pint a head because of all these troops. The actual numbers, I am told, are 8 thousand. They are pouring guns and tanks into the island and this week brought 120 horses, beautiful beasts. We think they are being bombed out of France. Every night we hear the guns and the bombardments going on. There have been some RAF raids lately, but we don't know what damage was done. Damage to the Germans is kept very dark. There is a lot of dissatisfaction amongst the troops at having to go to Russia. They say ten men were shot for stoning an officer's car, and that a draft of men mutinied at the White Rock while they were embarking. They brought out a machine gun and drove them on board. The punishment for some of the men was that they had to march around the island till they dropped with full packs on. People saw them, and saw men falling and being kicked by the officers. Many of the men marching looked more like depressed and driven convicts than a victorious army.

October 23-29, 1941. **Leaving Newlands.**

On October 23rd I had just done the rabbits when Minnie came running in and said, "Two German officers are here." I said "Show them into the library." And with an inward prayer for courage went to meet them. There was a very large, stout and imposing-looking elderly officer with an interpreter. We bowed. The interpreter said, "Madam, it is necessary we see over your house, all of it." I ignored him and said in German to the officer, "Have you a permit?" He said, "It is for the General." No more to be said. I bowed again and said, "I will show you." The house, unfortunately, was looking lovely, it was a sunny morning, flowers about, everything spick and span. I said I was willing to billet if necessary, but Captain Seelig said it was for officers. They went away and I carried on. Just after tea Major Langlois and the interpreter came and I met them in the hall. Major Langlois said, "Miss Harvey, the Germans want your house. Will you let them have it?" I turned to the interpreter and said, "What can I say? I have no option." He (Professor Heinz Schlussrig) shrugged his shoulders. *(They offer her part of the house, but in a private conversation with the Major, she is advised to leave. She packs up some of her furniture, and the major finds her a place where she can take her chickens and rabbits)* The next morning Captain Seelig and Heinz arrived. Very polite, much clicking of heels and bowing. "Madam," he said, "Have you anywhere to go? You may stay if you like." "Sir, I think it is better for me and better for you that I should go. You will be free and I will be free." Seelig said, "Madam, it is as you wish." I then said,

“There are a few things, sir, I am anxious to take ... my piano, I am a musician and it is a great comfort in these days.” “Certainly.” Then we went into the drawing-room and he said, “This is a beautiful carpet .. it is a shame for the boots ... take it, madam.”

Discussion with the interpreter, Heinz.

“Madam, I hope we have not put you to too much trouble.” “Trouble?” I said. “If you call being turned out of your house no trouble, perhaps not.” “Yes,” he said, “It is not pleasant. Aber es ist krieg. I do not know, but I think in one year the war will be over and you can return.” “Yes, I too think that in a year or a year and a half the war will be over, but not as you think.” “But you are not English. If you are Guernsey, how can you be English?” “I am Guernsey. My family has been here for 200 years, but Guernsey has always belonged to England.” “I have always liked the English, but I do not like your Churchill ... the lies he tells. Why does he tell such lies? He is a dilettante.” “Well, I don’t think he does tell lies, but you know what propaganda is like on both sides.” “I do not know if the Germans will always be in Guernsey. If we are, what will you do?” “Much as I love my home and my island I shall not stay here.” “Why not?” “Because I have always been English and the men of my family have been and are officers in the British army and you cannot expect me to be disloyal now.” Heinz looked at me and said, “I would think as you do.”

November 1941. **The defiance and courage of the French.**

There are hundreds of Frenchmen, Dutch and they say, Poles and Czechs. The French are an independent lot. They are very badly treated and only get one poor meal a day. If there is any revolt, that meal is docked. In spite of that they have been refusing to work. On Armistice day they went on strike, came into the town and marched up and down the High Street singing the Marseillaise and shouting, “Vive Churchill!” They mobbed an officer’s car. The Gestapo were busy and the prison full. Last week another batch arrived. Some are elderly men and some little boys of about 13 or 14. One poor boy was crying and said his mother did not know where he was. He was working in the fields and a German officer came up to him, he was out in a lorry, then on the boat and shipped here. Another elderly man had been in the cinema in Paris, and on coming out German sergeants tapped him on the shoulder, ordered him on to a lorry and he was brought here. He asked on landing where he was.

December 1941. **America in the war.**

(She was allowed to, and paid, frequent visits to the house) It was a bad time (this time). Every door was locked, the house silent, and they were all in the drawing-room with the wireless turned low, listening to the Fuhrer’s speech. When I passed the window, I could not resist a glance. They were all sitting around listening, with faces as long as a fiddle. Hitler had just told them that Germany and Italy had declared war on America. When the speech was over and they all came out, they looked very glum.

January 1942. **Food. Starvation.**

There have been a great many deaths since Christmas. Dr. Symons told me today that several have definitely been due to starvation. It has been bitterly cold, severe frost, and we none of us dare light fires till teatime or the evening. Also the absence of fats is

telling on us all more than anything else in our semi-starvation diet. We are living chiefly on roots, there is no fish and nothing else to buy. I have begun eating my own rabbits and very good they are. Potatoes gave out before Christmas, there are none to buy, but my own have lasted until this week. (*end of January*) The vegetable dishes we live on are very good and I look forward to my meals immensely, but I could eat the whole meal over again with the greatest ease. We have still got some bad winter months to get through, and feeding the animals is a job.

May. Dr. Symons is very much worried over the food situation. Many people are dying of starvation and the hunger oedoema (sic). No potatoes, no roots, no sugar for nearly 2 months, and hardly any meat. Working men have nothing to eat but cabbage and spinach and there is not enough bread, fat or flour. The queues that form the minute a few carrots appear on a stall are terrible.

February 1942. **Slave labour and starvation.**

There has been an importation of about 1400 foreigners, French, Belgians, Basque and Spanish, to work on all these precious fortifications and roads. They are terrible-looking people ... filthy, dirty, miserable and starving. Everywhere in the island is ruin and desolation, railings and walls knocked down, houses burnt, robbery and looting. The farmers do not know what to do, as fast as they plant seed potatoes they are dug up and eaten. The best land on the island is being ruined, excavated for gun-pits, filled with concrete ... the island is as fortified as another Gibraltar. Thank goodness February is nearly gone.

May 1943. **Fear of starvation.**

(*RAF having to attack supply boats, because of troops concealed on boats labelled "Food For Guernsey."*)

The doctors and the Controlling Committee have fought very hard all week for us. The doctors told the Germans the civil population was now on the verge of starvation, but no notice was taken of them. The Controlling Committee have tried to get in touch with Jersey in order that together we could appeal to the Swiss representative of the Red Cross in Berlin. We are the only occupied place without a neutral or Red Cross representative to whom we could appeal.

August 1943. **Things begin to change.**

A funny thing happened one Friday afternoon. A big General was here, reviewing the troops. All the morning they had been marching up the Grange in battle dress. In the afternoon Allen was cutting the grass on the front lawn at Newlands; the house was empty and shuttered, as everyone was at the review, when up came the young six-footer lieutenant I call the Lamp-Post. He walked all round to make sure that no one was about, and then went into the dining-room, flung open all the shutters and windows and turned on the wireless. (3.p.m. British Overseas News) at full blast so that Allen outside could hear every word. There is a great change in their attitude, many of them realise that Germany cannot now win the war. They speak of the terrible state of Germany under our bombardments; some say it will be over in 6 months and the bombast seems to have gone out of them. For us to continue in patience and caution is a great strain. This is a true story of the underworld to which I now belong. A Guernsey man and woman had their

wireless in their front room and listened to the news every night at 9.p.m. In the next door house was living an Hungarian woman who was visited by a German soldier. One night the soldier came out of the house and, instead of going straight up the steps and away as usual he came across and tapped on the window. They opened it and, with tears in his eyes, the soldier told them that 3 hours earlier he had had notice that he was to leave Guernsey that night. The Guernseyman said to him, "Is it Russland?" He nodded, "Ja," and begged them to be kind to his Hungarian mistress next door. They turned back into the room, and realised the wireless had been on the whole time.

April. 1945. **The beginning of the end.**

I have had several conversations with the Captain. "Last week I was under orders to leave Guernsey and go on the new General's staff in Jersey, but today I am to stay." I said, "Did you want to go?" He shrugged his shoulders and said, "Jersey? Here? What does it matter for the last few weeks. Your armies are on the outskirts of Frankfurt and there is violent fighting in the north and they are over the Rhine." I (naturally) knew nothing. We were walking round and round the front, and he kept watching the windows and talking low. He said, "We officers here, we cannot see how Germany is coming to it." He meant surrender. I then asked him, "Is there any chance of a revolt against the Nazis?" He dropped his voice and said again with great emphasis, "None whatsoever. It is impossible to revolt. The men are all drafted into the Volksturm, there are only the old men and women and there is the Terror, the secret police, watching everyone. It is hopeless. We are told that the allies will destroy all Germany, the men will be deported to work as slaves in America, Canada, the British Colonies, and the women and children abused and murdered." In an agonised voice he cried, "I cannot believe it. I know the English, I have English friends. They are not as Goebbels says. But the men are told this and they are mad with rage."

(Chances of revolt coming from Guernsey) Moulin was told by a German officer that Captain Bessemrodt was on the suspect list with General von Schmettow who has been sent back to Germany to be tried, and Captain von Helsdorf who is still here under house arrest for wanting to surrender these islands. Meanwhile the men look desperate and terrible.

May 3rd, 1945. **Hitler's death.**

It is only now that events are coming rapidly to a climax that I dare write in this journal that I have a crystal set. There are so many evil informers about. I cannot think how I could have born (sic) the strain of these fateful days without it. I was alone at Newlands, watering plants, when I heard a cheerful whistling coming down the path. It was Captain Bessemrodt. "Am I disturbing you? I want to tell you the news." He told me about Hamburg, and the Fuhrer's death. Of course, I only knew a little, as was seemly! He said, "For the first time today I have hope. I have dared to look at the picture of my wife and children and think, 'I will see you again.' You have waited 5 years for this and I have been in the army 6 years and before that 3 years in the last war. Nine years of my life wasted, and for what? Now I can go back to my work, my writing, my profession." I go out and get stinging nettles in David's field and we cook them and have them as spinach and as soup. The strain is terrific and I cannot sleep. Tired ... tired...

May 8th. 1945. **Churchill's announcement and the British arrival.**

At 3p.m. Churchill spoke and in his announcement he said, "...and our dear Channel Islands are free from today."

Wednesday, May 9th. Three British ships and a destroyer came in this morning. So we hurried through the rabbits and other duties and ran down to the Court House where a large crowd had assembled. There were only about 25 men with one officer, all in battle dress. The crowd burst into God Save The King, and few eyes were dry. We had waited 5 years for this. What struck me most was the red, bronzed colour of the men's faces, and their robust, sturdy frames. I had forgotten people could look like that. What a contrast to the grey and yellow faces of our population and the German soldiers much worse, weedy, bent, weak, with the same yellow starvation colour. Many of them look dying on their feet.

May 10th, 1945. **Surrender.**

The destroyers Bulldog and Beagle approached the island and called on it to surrender. In answer a German patrol boat put out from the island and a young Nazi naval officer came aboard from a rubber dinghy. He gave an exaggerated Nazi salute to the British general and said he had come to discuss armistice terms. He was told it was not a question of armistice but unconditional surrender. He said his orders did not embrace that and warned the British ships to keep outside the four-mile limit, or his admiral would consider it an act of aggression and open fire. Guernsey and Alderney were known to have the most heavily fortified coastline in the world. The young officer was given so many hours to return. Just at midnight the boat returned and the surrender was signed. Later, it was revealed that the final surrender of the Channel Islands was owing to a mutiny of several officers of High Command who refused to obey the Admiral's orders.

May 1945. **Captain Seelig's goodbye.**

When I got to the house the Captain came out. He looked horribly drawn and white, but was as kind and thoughtful as ever. He spoke of his life in the last war when his family lost everything. He had gone on with his university training, had taken up teaching and writing, and had become a doctor and professor. He then told me had written a book about the island and the leading people in it, and when he returned to Germany he hoped to get it published and would send me a copy. I said, "I too have written a book of the Occupation for my family. It's the Occupation from my personal and private point of view." He said, "I hope I shall have a good role in the book." I said, "You have indeed. A very friendly, helpful role. I call my book The Battle of Newlands. And the battle of Newlands finishes tomorrow, when you leave the house. "Yes," he said. "It finishes tomorrow."

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And people began to move on. Then, about 25 years later, two enterprising brothers reconstructed and recreated some of those terrible five years.

Guernsey has made a memorandum.

Please note that the above diary extracts are only for use in the Cobourg and District Annual Review in which they appear in the context of my presentation.



LEFT: German underground hospital

BELOW: Artifacts on display at the underground hospital, which is now a museum.



All images courtesy of Jill Downie.

October 2011

Traveling on the Great Lakes

By Walter Lewis

A Brief Introduction to the History of Passenger Travel on the Great Lakes

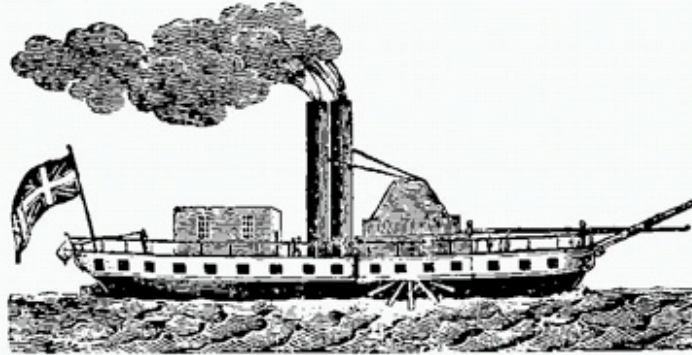
People have used the Great Lakes as a highway ever since the first human settlements in the region as the glaciers retreated from the last ice age. The native canoe was a key to trade in the watershed for centuries before the Europeans arrived. It has become one of the enduring symbols of the fur trade both around the Lakes, and as goods passed around them on their way across the prairies and the upper Mississippi region. From the seventeenth century, starting with the *Griffon*, their presence was supplemented with a few small sailing vessels, but the larger *canots du maître* dominated the route from Montreal around the north shores of Lakes Huron and Superior, carrying men and trade goods to the west. The canoe was never a great carrier of passengers, however. Most of those on board had to wield a paddle and “work their passage.”

With the Loyalist settlement came a wider range of craft on the waters of the Lakes: from canoes, to small boats, sloops, schooners and the brigs and snows of the Provincial Marine. With them came more shipwrecks. In 1780, the *Ontario* disappeared on Lake Ontario with over 80 lost. The *Speedy* vanished with judge, lawyers, and the accused while trying to meet a court date at what would become known as Presqu'île Point in Northumberland County. Most travelers, however, survived their passage. Although travelling before the War of 1812 was hardly a pleasure expedition, there were a small number attracted to the growing reputation of Niagara Falls as one of the great natural wonders of the world. Above the Falls, small vessels like the *Nancy* would take passengers along with cargoes of furs and trade goods from Fort Erie to the Detroit frontier and beyond to Michilimackinac and Sault Ste. Marie.

Like many other private vessels of the period, *Nancy* was caught up in the War of 1812. Desperate for control of the Lakes, the navies bought up most of the few sailing vessels and replaced their crews. For three seasons, almost the only passengers were troops being shifted from one campaign to another. When news of peace reached the Lakes towards the end of the winter of 1814-15, the navies sold off their smaller vessels, and trade began again but at a much higher level.

Late in 1815, both residents of Ernesttown (Bath) and Sackets Harbor saw work began on a new class of vessel, the steamboat. By the time *Frontenac* and *Ontario* were complete with their engines, the spring of 1817 had arrived. Just over a year later, there were five steamboats on the Great Lakes, all but one of them on Lake Ontario. The principal steamboat running along the north shore of Lake Ontario was the *Frontenac*, larger than all the rest, with a retired Royal Navy sailing master in command. She brought the Peter Robinson settlers to Cobourg in 1825, but generally served a route from Kingston to York (Toronto) to Niagara-on-the-Lake. Passage could be bought for £3 or about \$12, nearly a month's wages for a common labourer. This fee bought meals and a

berth in either the great or the ladies cabin. Deck passage, at 15s (about \$3) entitled you to bring your own food and sleep wherever you could find an unoccupied piece of deck. Some shelter might be found in the hold depending on how much freight had been taken on board. Bring your dog and get charged another 5s (\$1).



The Steam-Boat

FRONTENAC,
JAMES MACKENZIE, Master,

Will in future leave the different Ports on the following days—
VIZ.

Kingston, for York, on the 1st, 11th and 21st days of each month.
York, for Queenston, 3d, 13th and 23d days of each month.
Niagara, for Kingston, 5th, 15th and 25th days of each month.

RATES OF PASSAGES.

From Kingston to York and Niagara, £3 - 0 - 0

From York to Niagara, - - - - 1 - 0 - 0

Children under three years of age, half price; above three and under ten, two thirds.

A Book will be kept for entering the names of Passengers, and the births which they may choose, at which time the passage money must be paid.

Passengers are allowed 60 lbs. weight of baggage, and 10 lbs. baggage to be paid for at the usual rate.—Gentlemen's servants cannot sleep or eat in the Cabin.

Deck Passengers will pay 15s. and may either bring their own Provision, or be furnished by the Steward.

For each dog brought on board, 5s.

All applications for passages to be made to Captain Mackenzie, on board.

FREIGHT

Will be transported to and from the above places at the rate of 4s. per barrel bulk, and Flour at the customary rate, delivered to the different consignees. A list of their names will be put in a conspicuous place on board, which must be deemed a sufficient notice—and the Goods when taken from the Steam-Boat, will be considered at the risk of the owners.

For each small parcel, 2s 6d. which must be paid on delivery.

Kingston, April 25th, 1819.

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Beginning in the 1820s, there was a steadily increasing stream of emigrants from Great Britain and the long settled parts of the United States making their way into the Great Lakes region. Those coming from or through the United States typically came up the newly opened Erie Canal, either all the way to Buffalo or branching off to Oswego or at Rochester to cross Lake Ontario. By the mid-1830s, there was a steamboat that made regular crossings from Rochester to Cobourg with some of that traffic. Others coming to Upper Canada arrived at Quebec City. Once they passed the quarantine, they made their way up the Montreal by steamboat. From there, a faster route lay directly up the St. Lawrence River to Kingston. Alternatively, the cheaper route involved a week in the empty freight barges being towed up the Ottawa River and through the Rideau Canal to Kingston. From Kingston there were a variety of options but the most popular was on up Lake Ontario by steamboats that stopped in the new harbours at Cobourg and Port Hope on their way to Toronto. With the co-ordination of the postal service starting after the rebellions of 1837, for those who could afford it, passage was reduced to a reliable two or three days of travel.



Philip Bainbrigge watercolour painting of the Cobourg harbour, Library and Archives Canada

By the late 1850s the character of this trade was changing. The new St. Lawrence canals had made the Rideau Canal a strictly local route. The new railways were about to do the same to the main lines. The Grand Trunk Railway started opening sections between Montreal and Toronto in 1855, so passengers did not have to depend on the steamboats to take them around the province on business during the eight month season of navigation.

The passenger business on the Lakes was not done. It continued to transform itself. It would be another 30 years before the rail lines reached all the way around the lakes and in the meantime a number of steamboats were deployed to fill the gaps. Indeed, in places like Georgian Bay, with its numerous islands and deep inlets, there was a continuing business serving communities through to the era of the automobile.

On other routes there was a different response. The business of “deck” or “steerage” passengers might be drying up and the mail contracts were gone, but there was still some freight to be carried. But the generation of steamboats built in the 1850s and after made special efforts to emphasize the quality of the experience for those that could afford it. Pianos appeared in the great cabins (or saloons). A band would be hired for a special event to supply music for dancing. For the steamboats that stopped at Port Hope and Cobourg on their way to Montreal, advertising began to emphasize the natural beauty of the Thousand Islands and the thrill of running the rapids of the St. Lawrence. Nowhere else could you take a commercial steamboat down rapids like these and return via a canal.

In 1860, the steamboat operators got the perfect chance to show their services when the government hired the *Kingston* to be a real “floating palace” during the tour of the Prince of Wales. She brought the prince up the river from Quebec to Montreal, took him for a private run down the rapids, delivered the royal party from Brockville to Kingston to Cobourg, and then made a final grand entrance into Toronto. On the *Kingston*, the bridal suite, of which she had boasted for years was transformed the “royal suite.”



The SS *Kingston*; Courtesy of Walter Lewis

This generation of passenger vessels was not without its share of fires, shipwrecks and other disasters. The *Kingston* burned twice in less than two years and with its line mates was known to occasionally bump and scrape its way through the rapids. Some of the American steamers on the upper lakes were lost to fire and storm.

By the turn of the twentieth century, there was a great revival in leisure travel on the Lakes. The steamboats built in the 1850s and 1860s were replaced by a succession of new, larger steamboats. Some still had paddlewheels; most had propellers and massive triple-expansion steam engines. None rivaled the *Titanic* in size. Indeed where on the Lakes in those years could you have docked something that large? But a number of the new steel-hulled passenger vessels were 300 to 500 feet in length, and could sleep hundreds in staterooms and carry thousands for day trips.

Serving Cobourg were the new *Kingston* and *Toronto*. They ran overnight from the foot of Yonge Street in Toronto as far as Prescott, where passengers transferred to a day boat, like the *Rapids Prince*, to run down the rapids to Montreal. In 1913 these all became part of the Canada Steamship Lines fleet (CSL). For the trip across the lake to Rochester, traditional steamboats like the *North King*, were replaced by *Ontario No. 1* and *Ontario No. 2*, giant railway car ferries, with a passenger deck for those interested in crossing. During Prohibition in the United States, thirsty Americans crossed by the thousands. Some of them even had their automobiles ferried across, perhaps to enjoy the scenic wonders of the north shore, perhaps to provide more places to stash an extra bottle or two for the trip back.

It was the automobile as much as the Great Depression that largely brought an ended the profitability of the great passenger vessels on the Lakes. Families with cars started to travel independently to a broader range of destinations, including the family cottage after World War II.

So what happened to some of these vessels? The Prince of Wales' *Kingston*, under a succession of names, was transformed in 1912 into a salvage tug and spent ten years rescuing other craft before being laid up in Portsmouth (the 1976 Olympic harbor). In the early 1930s, with scrap pieces at an all time low, she was taken out into Lake Ontario and sunk. Today she is a popular scuba diving site. The *Greater Buffalo* and *Seeandbee* were acquired by the US Navy at the beginning of World War Two. The Navy stripped off their upper cabins, added a flight deck and operated them out of Chicago as the world's only paddlewheeled aircraft carriers. *Hamonic* burned on the Sarnia waterfront in 1945, and in the early hours of 17 Sept 1949 her line mate, *Noronic*, burned on the Toronto waterfront with the loss of some 118 lives. Tighter safety regulations had been in the works since the *Morro Castle* disaster (1934), and Canadian officials clamped down hard in the wake of the *Noronic* fire. In the ten years following World War Two era there was a parade of vessels to the ship-breaking yards at Stelco in Hamilton and along the Welland Canal. Canada Steamship Lines abandoned its passenger operations above Montreal. The rail lines shut down their Cobourg ferries, in part because of the transition from steam to diesel in that same decade.

What remains are a tiny number of operating vessels. Best of the survivors is the *Segwun* (1887), restored and still running under steam on Lake Muskoka, and the sidewheeler *Trillium* (1910) still out for special events in Toronto harbor. From a different era, the *Badger* (1952-53) still runs under steam on Lake Michigan. Among the passenger boats that have survived as museums there are the *Milwaukee Clipper* at Muskegon, Michigan and the *Norgama* at Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario. Perhaps the most newsworthy in 2012 is the *Keewatin*, for years preserved in Douglas, Michigan but which in June is shifting back to her traditional berth at Port McNichol near Midland, Ontario.

The big ferries may be largely gone, but around Southern Ontario you can still take a day trip that uses the Glenora ferry, the Amherst Island and Wolfe Island ferries. In the summer thousands of pedestrians cross to the Toronto islands on a small fleet of ferries, including, on special days, the *Trillium*. Further afield are the Pelee Island ferry, *Jiimaan* (1992), and the Tobermory-Manitoulin Island ferry, *Chi-Cheemaun* (1974). If your taste for adventure goes a little further, *Canadian Empress* (1981) does tours on the St. Lawrence and the lower Ottawa Rivers and the *Yorktown* is spending the summer cruising the Great Lakes. We may not need to go by passenger vessel when we travel for business or move from one community to another, but it remains a fascinating way to see the world.



The *SS Yorktown*; Courtesy of Walter Lewis

November 2011

The Story of Pratt's Mill

By Sandy Pratt



Pratt's Mill (Pratt Family collection)

The story of the Pratts' involvement with the mill actually begins in 1864 with the flood of that year, which washed out the dam and took out the five or six ponds between the dam and the lake. The flood was blamed on James Dickson who was in charge of the mill at the time. He failed to pull sufficient stop logs to prevent the floodwaters from overflowing the dam bank. From this time to the early 1900's there was not a pond at the mill but rather a meadow.

Let me tell a few stories about the Dicksons. James Dickson's sons were a wild bunch. One joined the Northwest Mounted Police and subsequently deserted, a not unusual occurrence since the lives of enlisted policemen was not easy. He subsequently became a rancher in Montana. My father said he remembered this tall stranger in a Tom Mix hat visiting in the 1920's. Dickson said he was keeping a low profile because the Mounties were looking for him.

Another son joined the Rough Riders and took part in the charge up San Juan hill. He was back, in U S Army uniform, drunk on the main street of Cobourg at noon. My great-grandfather Alexander, who was an elder in the Presbyterian Church, of which young Dickson was a member, suggested to him that he ought not to be in this state on the main street of Cobourg at that time. The answer was "No Pratt is going to put me off

the main street of Cobourg”. Obviously, there was still some feeling between the families.

One final story concerns Lydia Dickson, who went into the Klondike by dog sled with her brothers. Ed Dunk, a clerk on the Grand Trunk Railway, went into the Klondike after her, brought her back to Cobourg and married her. She died suddenly of a heart attack in 1960. Ed died three days later, either of the throat cancer he suffered from, or, as my father maintained, of a broken heart.

The mill property was a troubled one from 1864 until 1883 when the Cobourg Flour Milling Co. bought it from one Alex Hargraft. The following analysis is based on my reading of the Minutes of the Cobourg Flour Milling Co. which I have in my possession. The object of this public subscription company, was to re-equip the mill as a modern roller mill facility of 100 barrels a day capacity. Among the major shareholders were:

Alexander Poe –miller, the largest shareholder

Alexander Pratt –flour dealer

R. Allan Short –journalist

John Rawlins –miller

Alexander Brown –miller

William Brown –teamster

There were many other shareholders and and two share investors.

The Minutes are not easy to read but one gets the impression that there was a lot of talk and little action. I could find a list of three quotes for flour milling machinery, but no passed motion accepting one over the others. I also found entries of Alexander Pratt buying up shares in one and two share lots. I suspect that my great-grandfather was losing patience with this inactivity. The result was that he bought out the other shareholders on July 4 1889. In October 1889, the property was transferred to my great-grandmother Maria Ball Pratt.

My great-grandfather Alexander Pratt was born in Pitlessie Fifeshire Scotland in 1851. By 1878, at the advanced age of 27 he was advertising in a brochure for the Cobourg fair stabling, fodder and storage of their carriages for 100 horses. He was an agricultural merchant, who delt in timber, fodder, and, as time went on, more and more in flour.

The desirability of a new penstock and turbine had been discussed in the Minutes of the Cobourg Flour Milling Co., but no action was taken. Sometime in the early 1890`s Alexander Pratt installed the new penstock and turbine. This was the penstock with which I was familiar. Alexander Pratt had three sons; Wallace 1883-1976; Wilbert Ball Pratt 1886-1951; Stanley Pratt 1888-1956. Wallace graduated in medicine from the U of T in 1908. W B Pratt, my grandfather, ran the mill after Alexander died in 1911. Stanley Pratt had a coal business at the harbour in Cobourg.

At this time I would like to remind you about the transition from horsepower to the internal combustion engine. My father explained to me that if they wanted to deliver a ton of feed to a farm just east of Port Hope they would get a head start by loading the wagon the night before, tarping it down in case of rain. The teamster would be up at 6:00 in the morning, bring the horses in from the paddock, and harness them and be walking them down Ontario street at about 6:30. He would hitch the team to the wagon and feed them using nose bags. He would then go up to his breakfast which his wife would have ready for him. He would get away shortly after 7:00, and if he made good speed and did not dawdle, he would be back by noon.

The transfer to motor transport also required certain attitude adjustments. When my grandfather bought his first model 'T' Ford truck, the teamster got to drive it. One day, when my father was a little boy riding in the passenger seat, he noticed that the truck was headed for a short fence post. He pointed this out to the teamster only to be told not to worry. They subsequently hit the post and took out the whole front suspension, requiring a long wait for parts to repair it. No horse would ever have gone over that post, so the teamster had never had to develop the skills of avoidance.

My great-uncle Wallace graduated in medicine in 1908. He could not find a position as a doctor and ended up as a time keeper in a lumber yard in Cleveland. Remember the Pratts delt in timber. The lumber yard was bought out by a west coast lumber company, and he moved to the west coast as company doctor. He was a captain in the U S Army Medical Corps and served two years overseas at the end of the first world war.

In a 1973 letter to my father, on the occasion of his 90th birthday, he recalled being 7 years old in 1890 and being sent barefoot to retrieve the family's three cows from the meadow. One of the cows was dry and kept stampeding in all directions sorely trying the efforts of this barefoot 7 year old. In his own words , it was an age of enlightenment, for the next day the hired man and he took the cow up the road to Micky Fox who had a bull. They brought the cow home completely cured of her obstreperous behaviour.

Father was in officers training at Brockville when he was called to the commandants office, given a 48 hour pass and told to go home. Why? Your mill has burned. The commonly held explanation of what caused the fire was a hot bearing in the bottom elevator boot. This set whatever was being transported on fire . The burning material was carried up and dumped into a dust filled bin. Boom!

I was told by an eye witness, Basil Samons, who lived across the road at 997 Ontario, that he was sitting on his front porch when first Albert Petchie then my grandfather W B Pratt came running out of the loading door followed by a puff of black smoke. Basil went down to help not waiting to change out of the white flannel plus 4's he was wearing. He assisted in putting the suction line for the pumper into the pond. The fireman operating the pumper, was excited and directed the first burst of water not into the fire hose but to an open port, dousing Basil with the rusty water which had been in the pumpers system!



The mill after the fire (Pratt Family collection)

The mill was rebuilt in 1942. In the kitchen of the present mill is a post with 'W B Pratt' burned into it. In 1942 you did not just go down to the local lumber yard for material. W B Pratt probably reached into his contacts in the lumber trade and had a consignment of timber delivered by rail to the siding at Elgin street with his name burned into it to identify it as his.

1950 was a year of many repairs to infrastructure, including repairs to the wheel house. Also, in either '56 or '57, a concrete foundation was poured to support the turbine tank. The dam, first installed in the early 1900s was also repaired.

January 2012

A Textile Memoir of Baltimore

By Doreen West

How many times have you driven north on Hwy 45 through Baltimore and wondered about its past? CDHS member, Doreen West—author, historian and needle worker par excellence— has created an almost three metre long work of art in fabric illustrating the history of her beloved birthplace, the village of Baltimore. She tells its history well, having lived there most of her life. Created using the applique technique, Doreen's colourful masterpiece of folk art is historically accurate down to minute details of persons, places and things. The following anecdotes from Doreen's childhood in Baltimore during the 1930s and 40s are depicted in the "Baltimore Tableaux."

Frank Clapperton (Cappy) worked at the mill for three generations of the Ball family. As kids we spent a lot of time at the mill playing hide and seek, burying ourselves in the grain bins, eating rolled oats with a bit of salt, and being a general nuisance. Of course our parents told us to stay away from there, but no one ever kicked us out. When it was time to go home, Cappy would haul out his whisk and brush us all down so that our parents wouldn't know where we had been.

Grandma Smith lived on "The Farm" as we always knew it – a couple of miles north-west of the village. She was a horse person, and "Tip Lady" was her horse. She would drive down to the village, stop in front of our place and pick us up, and we would ride around behind Noble's store where the horse was tied up in the shed. She would do her shopping, have a visit, then head home. Grandma, an erstwhile poet, always gave us kids a poem and a silver dollar for our birthdays and at Christmas.

Uncle Joe Oliver, who lived at the farm with Grandma, would, in the winter, drive his team of horses and sleigh to the mill and do whatever, then come around to the stores to do some shopping. On his way home most of us village kids would hop on the sleigh and Uncle Joe, being a good singer, would sing at the top of his voice as the horses trotted along with sleigh bells jingling. After we got about a mile up the road he would stop and let us off, and we would walk home.

Archie Eastwood had the woollen mill down by the bridge, and we kids would visit it often. At the front there would be bins of wool that had just been sheared from the sheep. It progressed through various stages, and we eventually got to see Mr. Eastwood weaving blankets on a big loom towards the back.

Archie Eastwood was also our figure skating teacher. The rink was in the old Presbyterian Church shed up on the hill, and we had to time our jumps for the middle of the rink, otherwise we would knock our heads on the rafters. We put on a carnival every winter, and I remember we were invited to skate at carnivals in Colborne, Hastings,

Omeme, and other places. Cobourg had no rink for a long time because the old one fell down, and shortly after the new one was built, it burned down – so twice a week a bus came from Cobourg bringing skaters to Baltimore and a lot of Cobourg girls belonged to our Silverblades Skating Club.

George Hogg had one of the two blacksmith shops in the village. His daughter, Etta Hogg, was for years the sole teacher of about forty students at the public school. We had our jokes, like “What did you have for lunch?” with the answer being “Oh, I ett a hog.” Miss Hogg was generous at doling out the strap. Of course I never got it because I was the perfect child, but my brother Warren, who was the hell-raiser in our family, was a frequent recipient. He laughed, I cried.

We village kids had to go home for lunch because we lived so close, so we would gobble our lunch and rush back to play ball, Red Rover, tag, or one of our other myriad games. In my eight years at public school, I don’t remember one overweight kid.

The older McKagues lived across the street from the Hoggs. Mr. McKague had chickens which tended to wander across the street. Murray Noble told about riding his bike down through the village and running over one of the chickens and killing it. We went home and told his mother. Murray had worked all summer at his uncles’ farm and they had given him a five-dollar bill in payment. His mother told him to take his five dollars and go pay Mr. McKague..... so, very reluctantly, he did. Mr. McKague said, “Well, there’s one chicken that will know enough to stay off the street. You don’t owe me anything.” Murray went home happy.

Tamson Curtis built a house sometime in the 1930s, and lived there with her daughter, Marion, who became my second-best friend. When Mrs. Curtis moved from the farm, she brought a cow with her, which resided down over the bank on the other side of the street. Several of us thought, as we had never milked a cow, this was a good time to give it a try. We got a stool and a pail, and were attempting to accomplish this feat when a loud male voice roared, “Get out of there.” We never tried it again, and I have no idea whose voice it was. Maybe the sky opened up and God spoke to us. Mrs. Curtis, who later married Archie Bowman, surrounded her house with rock gardens and grew the most beautiful flowers. Marion, three years older than I, was small, blonde, and pretty, and always had a bunch of boys hanging around her. I so much wanted to be like her.



My dad, Arthur Smith, built this garage [shown above] in 1928-29, and the most “historical” part of it is that I was born in the spare bedroom (the second floor, left side window). The window opposite, hidden behind the sign, was the living room, and mother, Hilda (Richards) Smith, being an outgoing people person, used to hang out the window a lot of the time, chatting with everybody that stopped for gas and inviting many of them in for a cup of tea. There were no local restaurants, so anybody who was getting their car fixed stayed for meals (or overnight), which mother thoroughly enjoyed, and many card and crokinole parties were held here.

Grandma Smith had written a poem for my dad on how great the garage business was, and Dad sent her a reply, part of which reads as follows:

A great big Packard stops in front
on his way north for bass.
We hold our breath and hope to get
an order for some gas.

He toots his horn and we rush out,
we come from underneath.
He gets free air and wants to know
how far to Roseneath.

There were originally four sets of gas pumps in the village – at the two stores, Bull’s garage, and our place. Over the years the other three closed and we were the only one. Frequently there would be knocks on the door in the middle of the night with somebody out of gas, or a car broken down. Dad always attended to them.

My older brother, Warren, and I planted a Victory Garden down over the bank across from our place, in spite of the fact that we had a big garden and lawn at the back of the house – but I’m sure that our little two-by-four thing helped win the war.

My little brother Ron still snickers today about how he used to put tin cans on top of my bedroom door, which would crash down when I was trying to sneak in from a late date. When I caught on to that, he would attach strings from the door to cans hidden in various places. I guess he was just honing his engineering skills.

My maternal grandparents, A.J. and Ella B. Richards, lived next door in the old Pickering Hotel which Grandpa bought in 1920. This was my second home, and many family get-togethers were held here with the Balls, the Grays, the Leans, and the Smiths. Grandma was a neat-nik, and I think that veranda got more coats of paint than any other veranda in the entire country. Grandpa could be found across the street playing horse shoes with Charlie Sully. Horse shoes was a summer pastime for most of the men in the village.



The Post Office was in the store owned by brothers Frank and Arthur Noble [shown above], and Arthur was the postmaster. When I would go to pick up our mail, Arthur would always tell me if there was a post card from someone, and what it said, so you really didn’t have to read it. Or he would say, “You’ve got a letter from your penpal in England. Give her my best.” The village men sat on the veranda and visited in the nice weather, and when it was cold they huddled around the old pot-bellied stove in the middle of the store, listened to Amos and Andy on the radio, and settled all the world’s problems. My younger brother, Ron, learned to read by the time he was four, and they got a big kick out of propping him up on the counter and having him read labels. Yep! Life was pretty complicated.

Charlie Jibb and wife moved from their farm to the village, I think about the mid 1930s, and Mr. Jibb died not long after. Mrs. Jibb pretty well kept track of the village from her front window, and we could always count on being invited in by Mrs. Jibb or her daughter, Evelyn, for tea or cocoa and cookies, or some such thing. In the summer evenings pretty much everybody sat out on their verandas and you could always stroll down through and visit with all and sundry.

A lot of people didn't have cars back in those days, and, when many couples were to be married they would have dad drive them to the manse, wait until after the ceremony, then deliver them to wherever they wanted to go, and for whatever reason it was always a big secret. Dad was always good about keeping the whole thing quiet, but invariably Mother would figure it out, and by the time the happy couple came out of the manse, mother and half the village would be waiting with confetti, streamers, and tin cans to be attached to the car. I think it exasperated Dad.

Herb Bull and family moved to the village in 1933, and as long as I can remember, their youngest daughter, Fay, and I were best friends, even though our fathers were in competition in the garage business. The businesses leveled out over the years, with my dad selling cars and tractors, and Mr. Bull doing more farm-related stuff with his threshing machine.

Fay spent a good bit of her time at our place and a real routine developed. Towards meal time or bed time if our phone would ring, Fay would position herself at the door. Mother would answer the phone and if it was Mrs. Bull, mother would fire her a nod and Fay would be off and running. Mother would then say "Fay? No, she's not here", and she and Mrs. Bull would chat for a few minutes – at which time Fay would burst through the door at home. *Of course* Mrs. Bull never caught on.

Ollie Lidster ran the telephone office in the village. Most people had a party line, and it was part of the entertainment listening in on all the calls. Everybody was aware of this, and frequently someone would tell you whatever you said wasn't right, so you had to mind your Ps and Qs. Ollie had a neat little car with a rumble seat that would hold two people. We occasionally got to ride in it, which was really a big deal. The big telephone pole in front of the office was home base for our almost summer nightly games of hide and seek.

Uncle Reg and Aunt Hazel Gray had the second store in the village. Of course we bought all our groceries there, and everything was put "on the bill", which was paid once a month. When anybody gave me one cent (or heavens to Betsy, five cents!) I would head to the store and agonize for ages over what I would spend it on, and whoever waited on me seemed to have all the patience in the world. Aunt Hazel had her flowers out front, and well as a nice green lawn, which is long since gone.

A short time after Grandpa bought the Pickering Hotel, the back part was removed and moved down the street to its present location, and became the Baltimore Hall. Mother said she remembered they rolled it along on logs, and that Mrs. Hie, who rented that part,

sat in the window and peeled potatoes. This is where dances, concerts, showers, etc. were held until about 1950 when the new Community Centre was built on the hill.

Bill Munroe had the second blacksmith shop in the village. As kids we loved to go in and watch as the beginning of a horseshoe was heated up in the forge until it was red hot, then hammered into shape, before it was dunked into water where it hissed. And we loved to watch as Mr. Munroe nailed shoes on the horses. At no point did he ever treat us as a nuisance.

Jacob's Ladder stretched from behind Monroe's blacksmith shop up the steep hill to the cemetery and church. Mable Bull and Jean Ferguson used to ride their bikes to Cobourg, buy a pie and a ten-cent package of cigarettes, come back out, climb Jacob's ladder, eat the pie and smoke the cigarettes ... or so I've been told.

The ball field was at the top of the hill where the subdivision now stands. Our girls' ball team played with local teams as well as up and down the lakeshore from Belleville to Scarborough. I was the pitcher, Ella Hogg the catcher, and my future sister-in-law, Dorothy Butters, played first base. I think that's probably Marie Davey on shortstop. Gordon West and Roy Young were always on hand to cheer us on.

Maybe the depression era was the worst of times, but as kids we thought we had the best of times. We had the freedom to explore the hills and valleys, the woods, the creek. In winter we had snowball fights, we skated, had sleigh rides, slid down the hills on the seat of our pants, played games of shinny on ponds, and made many a snowman. In summer we swam in the creek, skipped rope, played ball, hide-and-seek, anti-anti-eye over, Red Rover, jumped in the leaves, made leaf houses, and collected chestnuts as play money. And in between, we had books, lots of books to read.

All images courtesy of Ken Strauss



February 2012

The Scoop on *Watershed's* First Ten Years

By Jane Kelly

I remember coming to an Historical Society meeting in Cobourg years ago; a meeting that featured Percy Climo as the speaker. Percy was getting on...I think he was in his 90s. and he had some difficulty getting around his words. In a moment of frustration, Mr. Climo reached into his mouth and withdrew his false teeth, depositing them in his breast pocket for safe keeping. While I'm not sure that I can deliver my topic with the same wit as Mr. Climo, I can assure you today that my teeth are my own and they will stay in place for the duration of this presentation.

The Watershed Story

Tonight I would like to share the Watershed story with you. It started about 13 years ago. My two girls, Jessie and Jamie were away at school and I needed a new challenge. I set my sights on the Magazine Journalism course at Ryerson. In classrooms filled with 20 year-olds I found a niche. My teachers encouraged my writing, noting that my life experiences (read age) lent a sincerity and unique depth to my writing. I'll give an example of my unique depth of experience.



One evening, each student was asked to write a 500-word story about the most frightening experience we had encountered as 12-year-olds. Three students told how they were terrified when they first learned to ride a two-wheel bicycle without training wheels. Another student reminisced about a ferris wheel ride at the exhibition. Another talked about his first subway ride. When it was my turn, I told a story about being on the St. Lawrence River in late November...in a canoe...during a snow storm. Our canoe, loaded with decoys and a makeshift duck blind, slapped up and down against the waves. Icy water splashed over the gunnels. Somehow, my older brother and I made it to shore, slipped out of our mittens that had frozen to our paddles and made a fire. Yes, I guess I had life experience.

Call it what you will - life experience, or simply bravado - I convinced myself and my husband that I could develop a magazine that would be profitable that would serve Northumberland County.

Over the winter of 2000, my kitchen became a think tank. We needed a mandate, a rate structure, a printer, a designer and delivery system, a sales team and writers. The first step was to find a name for the magazine. A geographical name that defined our publishing borders made sense. But Northumberland had so many geographical features: lakeshore, rolling hills, vast tracts of forest and farm land. What were the common features? We were all part of a watershed - either the Ganaraska or the Lower Trent, but

none the less watersheds. Northumberland could be defined as a region drained by a river, river system, or other body of water.

Our premier issue weighed in at 24 pages and was printed on a newsprint paper. A rule of thumb in magazine publishing is that the ad to editorial ratio should be within the 40 to 60% ratio. In other words, for a magazine to be profitable, it needs to have at least 40% advertising to survive. Our first issue had a 15% ad to editorial ratio. Not a promising future. But it didn't take long to gather steam. We offered a new advertising vehicle for local businesses and municipalities – a new vehicle with a defined demographic.

Our art direction was exceptional. Meg Botha brought her experience with *Saturday Night Magazine* to the table. We could not have been more fortunate. Meg also created many of the ads for Watershed, ensuring a fit with the overall look of the magazine. And we had a small cadre of writers and friends who were willing to put heart and soul into our editorial. But what of that editorial? How did we develop the format that serves us to this day? As publisher and editor (chief cook and bottle washer, I might add), I have a mandate that helps guide the editorial:

- No politically charged editorial that pits neighbour against neighbour
- Balanced editorial with articles on culture, history, humour and food and wine and current events all with a local bent
- No articles are to be directly related to advertising...also known as advertorial. (What is advertorial? Often advertisers would like to book ads booked on the premise that they will receive editorial content.)

The Birth of an Issue

The first part of the magazine puzzle is the editorial slate: finding the articles that match the categories. I send out assignments about two or three months before the issue is "on the street." Our sales representatives hit the road, signing on new clients and checking in on existing contracts. Editorial and ad contracts are due one month prior to print date. The actual production of an issue takes 4 weeks.

What is involved with production?

- Consolidating ad sales: Basically by determining the sales revenue you determine the size of the magazine.
- Layout: While some publications use computer layout software, Meg and I prefer a hands on approach. The initial layout is done on a metal board with the editorial and the ads mapped with moveable magnets. From there we develop we refer to as our stretch limo - a seemingly endless length of paper that guides us through production.
- While Meg is busy designing ads, I begin to format and edit the writers' work. Keep in mind that most writers work on PC while most graphics are done on Macs.
- Meg and I meet to discuss the art that will highlight each article.
- Emails and phone calls go out requesting images.
- Text and art are flowed into a page template.

- Meg sends rough proofs for editing a step that allows us to cut text if necessary. These proofs are not finessed. The letters haven't been kerned, in many cases the headings haven't been added.
- Meg and I make corrections to the draft proofs on her computer.
- Ad positioning is checked.
- Each page is printed to size for final proof reading.
- Watershed leaves for the printer.

The actual printing takes place on a web press. A web press uses huge rolls of paper and is less expensive than a sheet fed press and since 2004, we have printed on a clay coated stock. Ten days later, the delivery truck arrives with the magazines on skids. Each magazine weighs about 220 grams or about half a pound. Over the next week, our delivery team moves 12,000 pounds or 25,000 magazines from my barn into the delivery trucks.

Watershed Moments

I would like to share some Watershed moments that stand out in my mind.

In 2004, I asked David Bojarzin to research and write a story on the National Air Force Museum in Trenton. He agreed and set off to learn more about what went on in the huge hangers. He called me a few days later and said, "Jane, the real story is the restoration of the Halifax bomber that was retrieved from a lake in Norway. I gave him the go ahead without thinking too much more about it. I scheduled a photo shoot with some of the volunteers who worked on the aircraft on the following Saturday morning. Three older gentlemen met me at the hanger where the massive body of the Halifax NA337 was parked, waiting for new life.

When I left home I told my husband I would be home by noon. Not only did the volunteers have coffee and sweets for me, they also had lunch. Having spent the better part of the day photographing and talking to these charming gentlemen, who regaled me with their stories, I left the hanger with a sense of responsibility, a sense of respect and a sense of awe.

But the story didn't end there. After the story was published in Watershed, we received a call to congratulate us on the quality of the article. The Restoration of Halifax NA337 was to become required reading for any new volunteer wanting to be part of the restoration. In fact, the late Jeff Jeffery, former Halifax pilot, and a founding member of the Halifax Aircraft Association commented that the Watershed article was the only story that was factually correct.

But the story continues. I received a letters from Norway, England and from across Canada - letters that told of wartime experiences. Here is but one letter:

“Hello Jane (all chaps 79 and over are allowed to call pretty girls by their first names)¹

Your cover story about the Halifax bombers certainly caught my eye, as my picture is shown, plain as can be, on page 11. That’s me, leaning over one of the bomb trolleys, nicknamed “Queen Mary’s” which were needed to bring the “big fellows” from the bomb dump. As an RCAF armourer, I was stationed at Eastmoor, in Yorkshire, from where the Leaside squadron flew the Halifax bombers. I must certainly contact the HAA....”

And finally, I received a call from an old next-door neighbour, Lt. General Chester Hull. His daughter and I had been best friends as children. In a luncheon honouring his contributions to the armed forces, a copy of the Watershed Fall 2004, with the mighty Halifax on the cover, was on each place. Uncle Chess, as we called him when we were young, called me a few days later to compliment the publisher of Watershed for the fine article. He had no idea he was talking to Janie Grinnell! Two weeks ago I was at Chester Hull’s funeral, and after the service a reception was held under the wing of the Halifax in the RCAF Museum.

Yet another Watershed story speaks to the commonly held notion of “Six Degrees of Separation.” In the Winter 2007 - 2008 Issue, local writer George Smith wrote a story about his grandparents immigration from Scotland to Toronto in the late 1800s. George’s grandfather had worked in a furniture factory in the small village of Lochwinnoch. As it turns out, George Smith’s grandfather had worked in the furniture factory owned by Patsy Beeson’s grandparents. I’m sure many of you know Patsy for her dedication to the Art Gallery.

Last fall we ran an article titled, “The Countess of Cramahe Township.” The story had all the best ingredients - drama, romance, hardship and adventure. And it was true. Vera Teleki was the Austrian born daughter of Hans Prinzen, a university professor in Vienna. Young Vera would often entertain Sigmund Freud and Albert Einstein with her rhymes and poems. She married a fellow Austrian who had many Jewish contacts. Tortured by the Nazis, he took his own life in order to save those of his wife and children. Vera escaped to Hungary where she met and married Count Teleki. The Teleki ancestral home was a 94-room castle set in the Transylvanian alps. But Vera was forced on the move again, first by the Nazis and then by the Communists. Vera and family escaped Hungary just before the Iron Curtain fell. They arrived in Canada in the early ‘50s, virtually penniless but gradually built a new life in their adopted country. A few weeks ago I received an email from Australia from Ann Hallam, Vera’s step sister’s child, who after many years of searching had found lost relatives through the article in Watershed. The note read as follows:

I have just read your article on Countess Vera Teleki.) (I have been doing research on the Przibram family for a number of years, and until tonight had

¹ I left that part of the letter in, to give you an inkling of how charming these old lads were!

no information at all on Vera. Vera was the step sister to my mother, Maria who was the daughter of Hanz Przibrans second wife, Elisabeth (Elle) who he married in 1935. I am at present putting a book together of my mother's life and until recently assumed that all members of the family perished in the holocaust, as my grandmother and step grandfather.

My quest is to find out why no one in the family contacted my mother who became a war refugee in England. I did not even know that my mother was a war refugee until my adopted grandmother, Lady Mary Morris of Grasmere gave me some information a number of years ago. Obviously my mother found her past too painful to talk about and it is only recently that I am slowly getting information from her when she visits me annually in Australia. My mother has little recollection if none of her step sisters as they were a lot older than she was when her mother married Hans. I shall be going over to Europe this April to try and trace my grandmother's last journey from Amsterdam to Theresienstadt. In addition I am hoping to try and find out about my paternal grandfather, Frederich Frohlich and my grandmother's family who were called Ruhmann from Guggenbach.

I look forward to hearing from you.

Regards

Ann Hallam

As a follow up, the article has been entered in the National Magazine Awards.

I spoke earlier about the depth of talent that is nestled in the Watershed. Our two-part article "The Future of Healthcare" and "The Crisis of Healthcare" was voted the best series on healthcare in any publication - newspaper or magazine - in Canada by the Ontario Registered Nurses Association.

I can tell you an interesting aside about our Healthcare series. It didn't take the medical world long to latch onto Paul Dalby's articles. We had calls from healthcare professionals asking to use excerpts of the article. In all cases, I would call Paul and ask him whether he would permit the article's use, after all Paul owns the rights to the articles. We have an implicit understanding that he would not sell the articles again to publications in our region. Paul always agreed to share parts of his articles, until the day I took a call from The Community Health Network. The group wanted to re-run the articles in their entirety in a not-for-profit healthcare magazine. I asked if the magazine carried advertising. The answer? Yes. Pharmaceutical companies were paying for ads in the new magazine. I asked whether Paul would be paid for the article. The gal at the other end of the phone was startled... "Oh of course not! We are a not-for-profit magazine." I tried not to sound sarcastic with my response, "So you are a volunteer?" I asked. "No," she replied. "I receive a salary."

"But your boss must be a volunteer?"

The gal on the end of the phone hung up on me.

Embracing Our History

Too often our history gets locked up in the archives; the stories of our past hidden in boxes and files. Part of Watershed's mandate is to tell the stories that have contributed to who we are today. Sometimes we feature extensive articles that delve deep into our history, like the article titled "Victoria Hall, A Cinderella Story," written by Patsy Beeson. Not only did Patsy tell the story, she brought the grand old gal back through her words.

Our Meanderings section gives our readers a photographic glimpse into the people, the places, and the events of the region. It's not a history lesson per se but an attempt to stimulate the imagination and foster an understanding of the communities we live in.

Watershed Cover Art

One of the questions most asked of me is, "Where do you get your covers?" The answer is simple although the process isn't. Watershed's art director, Meg Botha and I use an international image company to source our cover art. Typically we sort through at least 3000 images - sometimes more - to find the art that suits the issue. I am embarrassed to say that often we dismiss some of the world's greatest art with a casual comment like, "It's too dark, or it's too busy." The images sent to us are large files: 60 megabytes.

Meg and I thought we had the perfect image for our tenth anniversary cover. We contacted the image company, cleared the copyright with the Louvre in Paris and thought we were home free. Two days after we had gone to press, the family of the late artist contacted us - in French - and advised us that the image was to be used in its entirety without any additional text allowed.

At that point, we madly called the printer but it was too late, the cover section of the magazine had already been printed. The unusual family conditions applied to the use of the image cost us \$2500. Meg and I scabbled to find another image, hoping that the hiccup wouldn't delay the publication of this special issue. At two in the morning, we found an image in the public domain that would replace the cover and sent it off to our printer.



Cover art from the Spring 2012 (left) and Summer 2012 (right) issues of Watershed magazine. Courtesy of Jane Kelly

Every Issue Has an Issue

In conclusion, Watershed is a team effort. We often work late into the night, racing towards the deadline. Somehow, despite the fact that “every issue has an issue,” we get the magazine to the press on time. The Watershed team has weathered broken bones, brain surgery, personal loss and aging parents. We’ve seen our way through lost files, crashed computers, bad printers, late nights and utter fatigue. The latest “issue issue” happened only a few weeks ago. My daughter had her first baby and our first grandchild. His due date was March 9th, the same day we deliver our spring files to the printer!

I can tell you that after each issue, we sit down with a welcome scotch, a sigh of relief, a nervous laugh and a good deal of pride!

March 2012

Wesleyville: The Little Village That Could

By Kathryn McHolm and Sue Stickley

Along eastern Ontario's historic Lakeshore Road, about 10 km. west of Port Hope, you'll find the remnants of the village of Wesleyville. The Wesleyville Church, centerpiece of the village, has been the focus of conservation efforts by hard working volunteers since the Friends of Wesleyville Village was formed in 2008. The Friends of Wesleyville Village are a group of about 150 members and supporters who share a vision of preserving and revitalizing this abandoned community for 21st century uses and heritage education. Its restoration is already reinvigorating community spirit among local residents and visitors alike.



ABOVE: The Wesleyville Church

Visitors to the Church and village environment immediately recognize the peaceful, co-operative spirit of the place. These values should be preserved and the lessons from the past applied today. The vision of the Friends of Wesleyville Village is to preserve the remnants of an abandoned village community for the purpose of commemorating the lives of our forbears and educating the people of today regarding their way of life and values exemplified within the village.

The remainder of the 19th century village consists of the schoolhouse, tow barns and two houses owned by Ontario Power Generation. Ontario Power Generation owns all the surrounding property except the Church and cemetery. The “Y” house is the only property they lease and is occupied by a good neighbor. The cemetery is still active and is managed by a local board.

Before the Friends organization was formed in 2008, the future of the village looked bleak. A year later, the Friends had negotiated a 20-year lease on the Wesleyville Church from the United Church of Canada and the preservation work began. Tasks outlined for the first 5 years of the lease, that were accomplished in 2010, included the huge job of relocating the bats, removing the accumulated toxic guano and urine and re-installing the ceiling. In just over two years, the Church has been made usable for a number of public events. This building continues to be the focus of the Friends' efforts in order to restore the structure to full 21st Century requirements while conserving the character, beauty and values of the past.

In 2010 volunteers painted the chapel interior. In September of that same year, the lights went on after 40 years! Many community events in the Spring, Summer and



Fall months, for fun and fundraising, have taken place and attract many neighbours and visitors. The trees have been trimmed, the interior details painted, and the reconstruction of the side entrance structure is complete. The next step to be undertaken is work on the washroom and improvements to accessibility. In the winter of 2011, the church furnace was refurbished by volunteer Dan Mackenzie. All work being done is funded by ongoing fundraising events, membership dues, and donations. Major support for the restoration was also provided by the Port Hope Branch of the Architectural Conservancy of Ontario (ACO) and Cameco Corporation.

The Friends of Wesleyville Village were honoured to receive the

2011 Marion Garland Heritage Award from the Architectural Conservancy of Ontario, Port Hope Branch, at the Annual General Meeting in February 2012. Presently the church is available for rent for events such as weddings, meetings, art shows and small classes. In the future the aim is to make all the buildings available for events, conferences, educational seminars, etc. The buildings will also become a resource and education centre for the preservation of our local history; with archaeological digs, flora and fauna walks and displays of artefacts.

The feeling you get in Wesleyville is special and the Friends of Wesleyville Village want to share this ambiance. It is their vision that all the remaining buildings should be conserved and made available for appropriate public uses.

All images courtesy of Sue Stickley/Friends of Wesleyville Village.

April 2012

Annual General Meeting and Historical Show and Tell

By Ken Strauss

Our April 2012 meeting was the CDHS Annual General Meeting. Members had the opportunity to approve the minutes of the previous meeting, nominate and vote on a slate of officers for the 2012-2013 fiscal year, approve proposed changes to the Society's constitution and discuss other administrative matters.

The business meeting was followed by a number of brief but fascinating presentations, as seen below, of various historical artifacts including a christening gown, books, prints, unusual porcelins and items recovered from various archaeological sites.



All photographs are courtesy of Ken Strauss.

May 2012

CDHS Bus Trip to Alderville

By Judith Goulin

On what was to be a very hot day in May, a group of intrepid CDHS members boarded a bus to visit the Alderville First Nation Reserve. The small community of Mississauga Ojibway at Alderville is governed by a Chief and four Band Councilors. Dave Mowat, who is currently a Band Councilor, was our guide for the day. He met us at the attractive red brick Alderville Community Centre where he gave us a short history of the Mississauga Ojibway since their arrival at Alderville c. 1830.

We walked a short distance to the striking white monument that is visible from a long distance along Hwy 45. It has been described as one of the most remarkable monuments in all of Canada. This cenotaph, built in 1927 and recently refurbished, is dedicated to the honour and glory of those from Alderville who served in the two World Wars, the Korean War and Vietnam. As a point of interest, First Nation men were not drafted into military service but they wanted to serve their country.

Nearby, the Methodist Church and misionary school were of great interest. The original church was built in 1837 and a second church built on the same site survives as a functioning United church. In the early days of Alderville, a number of the First Nation men became Methodist ministers and served their people. The missionary school was a short-lived venture but the original school building is still standing and is used as offices by the band. Today, Alderville's children attend Roseneath Public School where classes in their native language are part of the curriculum.

The Alderville Cemetery is located along a peaceful side road. To enter the cemetery, we passed through an exquisitely crafted cast iron gateway that depicts many native symbols. The cemetery is large, the day was hot, so Dave turned our focus to his family's gravestones and in particular to a recently installed monument that commemorates his most famous ancestor: his grandfather, Fred Simpson, who ran in the 1908 Olympics. This was the same year that Tom Longboat ran.

Paradoxically, although there was a strong bias against "Indians" at this time in our history, Simpson and Longboat were accepted by society as superior athletes who could conceivably win medals for Canada. Today, "Indian" is viewed as a pejorative by many; "First Nation" is the preferred term.

Fred Simpson is remembered in the Alderville community not only as a farmer, ricer, trapper and logger, but also as an awesome long-distance runner. Dave Mowat told us that his grandfather thought nothing of running from Alderville down to Cobourg.

Dave gave us an abbreviated walking tour of the Black Oak Savannah. We were interested to learn that this savannah is the largest intact piece of native grassland habitat left on the Rice Lake Plains. It serves as an important model in the future restoration of other prairie remnants in the area. This 50 hectare grassland site, both home and haven to many bird and animal species, is located close to the south shore of Rice Lake. Although the Black Oak Savannah is on Reserve land, everyone is welcome to visit this peaceful place.

It was a great day for a picnic, so we enjoyed boxed picnic lunches in the shade at the Roseneath Fairgrounds. We got in touch with our inner child by riding the historic Roseneath Carousel. This museum-quality merry-go-round was built in 1906 in Abilene, Kansas, by C. W. Parker who gained fame for the carousels he built. The Roseneath Agricultural Society bought it in 1932 for \$675.00. This carousel has 40 basswood horses that are all painted differently. In 1986 it was painstakingly restored to its original condition, including the use of period paint and fine detailing on each unique horse. The mellow sound of the music it plays is unforgettable, generated by a 1934 Wurlitzer 125 Military Band organ.

Near Rice Lake, Dave showed us his community's work-in-progress, a solar farm being constructed on Reserve land. Looking northward to Rice Lake, Sugar Island looms out of the water like a giant green egg on its side. Owned by the Alderville band, but uninhabited, this island is used for camping, hunting and fishing. In the past Sugar Island was where the rice harvest took place. As we gazed on beautiful Rice Lake, we learned that the gathering and processing of rice was an important ritual, central to the Mississauga culture. It was a time of celebration. Historically, everyone in the community would participate in gathering the rice into canoes, then cleaning, drying, parching or curing it before the two final steps in the process: dancing and winnowing. Dancing the rice is literally that: men wearing clean moccasins dance on the rice to remove the husks. Winnowing is shaking the rice on a blanket so that the wind blows away the chaff, leaving the rice grains that are then ready for consumption. We rounded out the day with a very welcome stop at a beautiful cool oasis: a store offering a great variety of native crafts made not only in Alderville but from all over Canada.

For a more detailed account of Alderville, look up the account of Dave Mowat's address to The Cobourg and District Historical Society in *Historical Review 24*, 2006-2007, which is available in the Cobourg Public Library.

All photographs courtesy of Ken Strauss.



ABOVE: The Black Oak Savannah

BELOW: Alderville Cenotaph



Roseneath Carousel

