

News from the Archives

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By

Albert Fulton

News from the Archives

January 2000



THE TOLLKEEPER'S COTTAGE

This painting of 1875 by Arthur W. Cox, OSA, ARCA, has appeared in black and white in a number of publications, including "The Art of Wychwood", 1988. When Jane Beecroft and her Community History Project group discovered in 1996 that the tollkeeper's cottage still existed and was about to be demolished, they arranged to have it moved to its present location at the Wychwood Car Barns. In the fund raising publicity for its relocation and restoration, Ken de Waal made a pen and ink drawing from a photo of the painting. A missing ingredient in the restoration plans was the colour of the walls and roof. The Cox painting belonged to a "private collection" and no one whom Jane contacted knew of its whereabouts. All that the Wychwood Park Archives could provide was a copy of a tantalizing letter written by Austin Seton Thompson to Larry Bonnycastle dated November 23, 1971:

Here, in time to wish you a Happy Christmas, is a copy of the 1875 painting by Arthur Cox of the view of Toronto from your present domain. I have noted the title, etc. on the reverse side of the picture, which I had reproduced in Kingston, Ontario, where the original work now hangs. I have the permission of the owner to publish it in my historical "treatise" which I hope will be finished late next year. . .

Mr. Thompson's "treatise" was his excellent 223-page book "Spadina", published in 1975. Mr. Thompson died in 1983.

In December 1999 an exciting event occurred. The Cox painting appeared at the Joyner Canadian Art Auction, held on December 7, from the estate of Mrs. A. Dwight Ross of Kingston.

WYCHWOOD PARK ARCHIVES c/o Albert Fulton 96 Wychwood Park Toronto M6G 2V5 (416) 537-5006 or 203-0921

When I broke the news to Jane, one of her first questions was, "What colour is it?" Whitewash on the walls (as she had expected), but the roof colour is debatable -- the west side is blue-grey but the north side is brown (in shadow?). Maybe there was some artistic licence. Colour photos of the painting are in the Archives.

What is the present location of the painting? For many years I have enjoyed attending the fall and spring previews of the 3 or 4 major local auctions of Canadian art. I photograph many of the paintings by Wychwood artists, I examine the backs re provenance, and I maintain a complete set of catalogues. When an interesting painting turns up, I attend the auction, usually standing in a rear corner trying to see who bought it. In this way I have made some good contacts with collectors and dealers. Occasionally, if no one else wants a modest Wychwood painting, I buy it and then negotiate with the usually patient Emily where to hang it! In the case of the Cox painting I was frustrated. Two eager phone bidders quickly upped the price to almost twice the estimate, and I have no mole at Joyner's to tell me who bought it! Can anyone help??

The painting is a beautiful glowing oil on canvas, 15.5"x26.25". This tollkeeper collected from travellers at the corner of Bathurst Street, which did not continue up the hill, and Davenport Road, which followed an old Indian trail along the base of the Lake Iroquois escarpment. Traffic from the old Vaughan Road, which entered Davenport via the curve seen in the painting at the left, had their tolls collected at other cottages further to the east and south. Photos of some of these are in the Archives, but to our knowledge only the one in the painting has survived.

What is to become of the tollkeeper's cottage? Jane would like to see it restored as a small museum located in the parkette diagonally across the Bathurst/Davenport intersection from its original location. On a personal note, my Utopian vision was inspired by an installation at the Toronto Sculpture Garden on King St. E. during the winter of 1996/97 by artist Liz Magor. She set an old log cabin amid a grove of woodland trees, and passersby could peer through the windows at the artist's clever choice of accoutrements for a pioneer's cabin. In the Archives are interior and exterior photos of this charming example of public art, my second favourite of the more than three dozen displays since the opening exhibition in 1981. When I pass the forlorn tollkeeper's cottage, I imagine it in an urban woodland setting, not unlike Liz Magor's. Maybe it could be preserved in conjunction with part of the TTC Barns, converted for community/library/museum/archives use? Elaine Waisglass has created an 8-minute inspirational video with seasonal background music titled "Taddle Creek Woods at Wychwood Avenue, a Grassroots Community Millennium Project", which can be viewed at the Archives. The "Taddlewood Park Association" has been formed; info -- Carol McLaughlin, 651-7734. Tollkeeper's Cottage info -- Jane Beecroft, 515-7546. Donations to the cottage project are eligible for tax receipts from Heritage Toronto. In the Archives is a thick file on the tollkeeper's cottage, with numerous photos of the structure in its discovered location in a lane off Howland south of Davenport, and of its journey from there to its "temporary" location on the evening of July 4, 1996.

STRUCTURES

If you are channel surfing past Rogers Cable 10 and you see an old building, you've probably happened upon a half-hour episode in the local history series called "Structures". A typical program contains three 10-minute segments, and they are repeated at various times. I have caught some of them at 11 pm on a Saturday evening when Emily has not dragged me out pub crawling. The crew have visited the Archives on a number of occasions. Doug Brown has written a yet-to-be-published book about architect Eden Smith, and he narrated one of the segments while standing in front of #7. Another segment dealt with the Indian Road area where Eden Smith, George Reid, Gustav Hahn et al lived before building their houses in Wychwood Park. Videotapes of these programs may be viewed at the Archives.

James Thompson, son of Austin Seton Thompson mentioned above, is one of the producers and narrators. Spadina House was the home of the Austin family until the death of James' grandmother in 1982, and he narrated the segment on Spadina. James is preparing a revised edition of his father's book "Spadina", and three of the photos are missing. One is of the Cox painting, which his father had given to Larry Bonnycastle, and James was relieved to hear that the painting had reappeared and had been re-photographed.

WHERE IS MARMADUKE?

In case you have been alarmed by the second disappearance of the portrait of Marmaduke Matthews from the Wychwood Library, he is in good hands. The last time he disappeared, he was locked up to forestall a possible kidnap attempt. This time he has travelled to the gallery of the Toronto Reference Library where he has been joined by 24 other notables in an exhibition of oil portraits from the Toronto Public Library Collection (until March 5).

The portrait of the co-founder of Wychwood Park, painted by George Reid, who oversaw the development of the Park, was restored and reframed as the Park Centennial Project in 1988. Details about this undertaking can be found above the fireplace in the upper level of the library, where the painting normally hangs. Other paintings in the excellent TRL exhibition have Wychwood connections. Side by side are striking portraits of Boris Volkoff, painted by Yulia Biriukova in 1936, and of his wife Janet Baldwin, painted by Dorothy Stevens in the 1950s. They were both noted ballet instructors, and Janet Baldwin lived in the George Reid studio house at 83 Alcina in the 1960s. Also in the exhibit is a portrait of Janet McMurrich painted c.1875 by John Colin Forbes, father of portrait painter Kenneth Forbes, who was a long-time resident of the other studio house, at 87 Alcina. Biographical notes on both the artists and the subjects accompany the paintings. Well worth a visit.

BOOKS

Dan Diamond's great Gretzky book, *99: My Life in Pictures*, has been on the best-seller list for almost 3 months. Glowing reviews of Martha Baillie's second novel, *Madame Balashovskaya's Apartment*, from the Globe and Mail and from NOW are on file. Martha has read from her book at a number of locations, including The Idler Pub on Davenport. One of the founders of The Idler Pub and The Idler literary magazine is Gerald Owen (#49). To commemorate the 150th anniversary of its founding in 1849, the Royal Canadian Institute published *Special Places, The Changing Ecosystems of the Toronto Region*. The editors were Betty Roots, Donald Chant, and Conrad Heidenreich, the last of whom is a grandson of Dr. Edmund Walker, original owner of #67. The book contains a photo and a biographical sketch of Dr. Walker, written by Prof. Heidenreich. The spectacular cover image is a composite of the present Toronto skyline and a scene of 3 boys in a rowboat in Wychwood Pond in 1916, with a girl watching from the bank. Three other old photos of youngsters and dogs by the Pond and Creek are in the book. The RCI provides free lectures on scientific topics, held at the UofT Medical Building on Sunday afternoons. Schedules of topics are maintained by the Archives; the next weekly series of nine begins on January 23. For background info about the RCI, ask Jack Sword -- he was president in the 1980s. Copies of these books may be perused at the Archives.

ODDS AND ENDS

Happy New Year from the Archives, as we enter the last year of the 20th century, and enough of this millennium nonsense! One can understand how marketers and politicians would jump on the MELennium bandwagon, but newspaper editors?? As a retired math teacher, I naively expected that they would insist on accuracy from their journalists. But of course it gives us a good

excuse for more great celebrations and fireworks when the 3rd millennium finally does arrive! But I expect to never again be part of any celebration that could rival this New Year's Eve in Toronto.

Emily and I began the evening at Roy Thomson Hall with a magnificent concert by leading Canadian opera singers, some of them surprisingly young. We then joined the exuberant throng heading toward the waterfront on a mild night without a breath of wind. The size of the crowd was variously estimated at three quarters of a million to a million. The voyage to the Island was surreal. The winter icebreaking ferry somewhat resembles a Normandy landing craft, and 9 intense blue search lights mounted on the Island and aimed low at the city pierced the black sky ahead of us. The ferry had to snake its way through the line of 4 enormous ships anchored end to end, and they loomed menacingly above us. Occasionally an exploding flare lit up the sky. On the Island families lined the shore with lawn chairs and blankets and a bonfire. At the countdown to midnight the CN Tower erupted in a series of ascending horizontal bursts of flame, culminating in a blinding explosion from the top which a friend said he could hear in the far reaches of Scarborough. The ensuing 17 minutes of mile-wide continuous fireworks launched from the 4 ships were said to be the largest in Canadian history. My favourites were the white 2000s which appeared in the sky from time to time. And it was paid for by a cigarette company, not the taxpayers! The display was incredibly spectacular, but the flashes and explosions must have been terrifying for any residents of the condos by the harbour who had lived through a wartime blitz. A videotape of the CITY-TV coverage of the entertainment on the special waterfront stage and the fireworks is in the Archives.

Did you happen to see the big 2000 on the pond? On the morning of December 31 when we glanced at the pond from our living room window, we thought that we saw a huge 2000 scratched into the ice. I grabbed my camera, hastened down the hill, and discovered that a talented figure skater had formed 4 perfect large circles and then 2 smaller ones. I hastened back to fetch 2 pails of hot water and a gardening fork, and Emily brought 2 more pails. We erased the 2 extraneous naughts, changed the first 0 into a 2, took photos, and then alerted a few neighbours who took some more photos. Soon the skaters appeared and the numbers disappeared. If the figure skater reads this, please call us so that we can congratulate you for your skill and inspiration!

On the subject of millennium marketing, Canada Post is about to inundate us with no fewer than 68 different 46-cent stamps in its Millennium Collection. Issued in 17 sets of 4 on such themes as Extraordinary Entertainers and Literary Legends, the series on Great Thinkers, which includes a nice photo of Marshall McLuhan, will be issued on February 17. The other great thinkers are Northrop Frye, Roger Lemelin, and Hilda Neatby. Larry Bonnycastle's brother Richard is recognized, not personally but by his creation, Harlequin Books [like the Godfreys' recognition in February 1987 with the stamp for Toronto's First Post Office]. I used to be a collector of Canadian stamps, until it became so demanding!

A pre-millennium project of the Archives has been the compilation of a list of all the occupants of each of the houses in the Park, gleaned from assessment records, voters lists, city directories, and other sources. If you would like a copy of the list for your house, please ask. A more ambitious project has been the creation of a binder of photos, clippings, and other materials as a history of each of the houses. Many kind folks have donated a wealth of items, and I have been happily sorting and taping for several winters. If you have materials pertaining to the homes or the people of the Park, including yourself, I would be delighted to receive or make copies for these binders. I have been compiling and updating them in numerical order, starting with #2, and last winter I completed #45. If you would like to peruse the binder for your house, please visit the Archives during the regular hours of 7:30 to 9:30 every Wednesday evening or at other times by appointment.

Beware of door-to-door gas marketers

Star, Jan 8/00

Fast talking peddlers may pressure seniors to sign up

Seniority

HELEN HENDERSON



If someone turned up at your door offering a "big break" on heating or electricity bills, you'd probably be tempted to listen. A word to the wise: Beware.

Some unscrupulous natural gas marketers already have come under fire for misrepresentation and/or high pressure sales tactics. Now there are fears that fast-talking electricity peddlers will not be far behind.

"Seniors are telling us they feel pressured and intimidated by predatory gas brokers," says Barbara Buckspan of the Volunteer Centre, which runs the ABCs of Fraud program offering seniors' groups tips on how to protect themselves from scam artists.

Complaints heard by the group have been increasing since the federal government started de-regulating the natural gas market more than a year ago. Later this year, when new players are allowed into the electricity market, they fear the situation may get worse.

In the natural gas field, consumer protection groups say the public has been left confused by the whole process. Some bad apples have surfaced among the marketers who act as agents between energy producers and the utilities that deliver to residences.

Among confusing if not outright fraudulent pitches:

ed you from price fluctuations.

Art Wayling, who works with the ABCs of Fraud group, says marketers double-teamed his street two months ago, sending a pair of women down one side and a pair of men down the other.

They showed identification leading people to believe they were with Enbridge Consumers Gas.

A neighbour who signed a piece of paper, ostensibly to verify that her house had been visited, later found she had signed a long-term contract to buy natural gas.

Buckspan herself was incensed to find her elderly mother had been a victim of a similar pitch.

She had the contract, with Direct Energy Marketing, cancelled immediately and was told by the company that its sales force is not supposed to sign people at the door. But she found the whole complaint process frustrating.

Last year, the Ontario Energy Board published a "code of conduct" for natural gas marketers.

Among other rules, it stipulates that they must "immediately and truthfully" identify themselves.

Call centre handles complaints

■ Salespeople falsely purport to represent "your gas company," "Consumers Gas" or "Enbridge Consumers Gas," the company that delivers natural gas to homes in the Greater Toronto Area.

They offer promises of natural gas rebates and/or limited offer cut-rate contracts that turn out to cost you more.

If you sign anything or show them your current gas bill, revealing your account number, you may find you've switched to another marketer whether you wanted to or not.

"Enbridge would never ask to see a bill or an account number and it does not send people to sell natural gas to homeowners," says public affairs manager Mike Campbell.

At the Ontario Energy Board, which oversees the field and licenses natural gas marketers, Peter O'Dell emphasizes that "there are no OEB-authorized rebates and there is no OEB-authorized time to sign up for any offer." Don't believe any salesperson who implies such conditions.

■ Representatives say they are simply checking that you're happy with the service you have now. They may ask you to sign a sheet "just so the supervisor knows we've seen you," or words to that effect.

When you sign, you may in fact be giving them permission to switch your natural gas marketing contract.

You might be locking yourself into higher rates over the long term or find you've signed away your rights to an existing long-term contract that protect-

It also says there is to be no trickery, misleading answers or pressure tactics and that marketers must set out the terms of proposed contracts, including prices, terms of payment, deposits, exit fees and billing details.

Economist John Todd, who heads the Ontario Energy Marketers Association and acts for consumer groups at Ontario Energy Board hearings, says every licensed natural gas marketer must participate in a call centre set up by the marketers' association to offer information and handle consumer complaints.

He also notes that a person has the right to cancel a purchase contract within 30 days of receiving the first bill.

If you have a complaint, you must first ask the company concerned to rectify things, says Todd.

If you're still not satisfied, contact the call centre at 1-888-263-3742.

You can also reach the Ontario Energy Board at 1-888-632-6273.

If you're concerned that someone may be trying to take advantage of you or someone you know, you can also contact Crime Concern, a non-profit organization working with the ABCs of Fraud and police: (416) 225-1102.

Seniority, a column for and about those older than 50, appears alternate Saturdays. Write to Helen Henderson, Life Section, Toronto Star, One Yonge St., Toronto, Ont. M5E 1E6. Please include your telephone number. Send e-mail to hhender@thestar.ca.

■ QUICKFACTS

Avoid con artists

How to avoid being a victim of gas or electricity marketing scams:

- Never sign anything at the door.
- Never volunteer information about your energy requirements or give out an account number.
- If a salesperson calls, get details on the company and its licence with the Ontario Energy Board (1-888-632-6273). Say you will not make a decision until you've checked these credentials.
- If you have signed something at the door that you regret, take advantage of the 10-day period during which you can change your mind. You can also cancel a purchase contract anytime within 30 days of receiving your first bill.

VAUGHAN, Colin — Architect and political journalist, political reporter for CITY TV since 1977, former Toronto city councillor, 1972 to 1976, and not a bad cook. Died at home, age 68, on January 1, 2000 in Toronto. Beloved husband of Patricia Marson. From his marriage to Annette Vaughan, late of Toronto. Mr. Vaughan leaves his daughter Polly, her partner Ralph Wimmer and their son Hamish, all of Vancouver; his son Adam and his wife Suhana Mehrochand and their children Mariah, Aclan and Mimi, of Toronto; and his daughter Annabel, her partner Rob Brownie and their son Kieran, also of Vancouver. In Toronto, Mr. Vaughan also leaves Thomas, Samuel, and Jenny Vaughan, and foster son Alias Downey, children of former partner Susan Walker. He is much missed as well by Patricia's children Sonia, Mike, Bart, Chloe and Dana. Mr. Vaughan is survived by his brother Geoff Vaughan of Melbourne, Australia, his wife Jenny, their children David, Michael, Peter, Jane and their grandchildren. A public memorial service will take place at the Art Gallery of Ontario, 317 Dundas St. W. from 1 p.m. to 4 p.m. on Sunday, January 9. In lieu of flowers, donations may be made to Anishnawbe Health Toronto and Tafelmusik.

↓ Star, June 17/99
Which brings us to this astonishing vendetta of yours with the family Vaughan, pater Colin of CITY-TV and son Adam of CBC television.

Mayor, have you ever heard the expression "letting someone live rent-free in your head"?

Well, sir, the Vaughans haven't just moved in. They're emptying your cerebral liquor cabinet and splashing around naked in your cranial Jacuzzi. In short, sir, they own you.

It took Colin Vaughan several minutes of diligent badgering to put the words in Dalton McGuinty's mouth — "Mike Harris is a thug" — that helped scuttle the Liberal leader's run for the roses.

You?

The Vaughans don't even have to work at it. They drive you to apoplexy — make you look half daft — just by existing.

"These reporters and these columnists and these news people that lie, I cannot put up with them. I really can't.

There's never been a politician who's fought back. I'm the only one."

COLIN VAUGHAN (1931-2000)

Colin and Nettie bought #12 from the Charles Bell Estate in 1965, and Nettie lived there until 1992. Many tales about Colin, not all flattering, have been told around the Park since New Year's Day. Extensive pieces from the 4 local newspapers and video clips from CITY-TV are in the Archives. An hour-long program about Colin is being prepared by CITY-TV.

COLIN HAD MANY FAMILIES. HIS OWN, THE FAMILY HE WORKED WITH AND THE FAMILIES HE SPOKE TO EVERY NIGHT. ON BEHALF OF ALL THE FAMILIES AND TO EACH MEMBER OF THE FAMILY, G'DAY AND THANKS FOR COMING.

ORDER OF PRESENTATIONS

GORD MARTINEAU *introduction*

TAFELMUSIK

GORD MARTINEAU

MIKE HARRIS

AUSTIN CLARKE

DEANNE TAYLOR

JOHN SEWELL

DAVID CROMBIE

BOB RAE

PATRICIA MARSON

ADAM VAUGHAN

TAFELMUSIK

ABOUT THE BUTTONS

Nobody loved an election campaign more than Colin, and nobody had more fun running for re-election than he did in 1973. Unlike the first, in this election Colin chose to produce five different coloured buttons. One was blue for the tory neighbourhoods in the ward; there was a red one for the liberal areas and an orange one for canvassing in NDP territory. Green was for community activists and black for the truly serious.

Campaign workers each chose the appropriate colour, and as such, could identify each other. In a way, it was Colin's way of introducing people to each other. Both the individual identity and the common cause shared equal value.

This time there are six buttons. While each is a different colour they all share the same image. Instead of "re-elect Colin Vaughan", the image for today's memorial is a chair.

It is a Bertola dining chair. In every house in which Colin ever resided there was, and still is, a chair like the one you see on the button. It was the chair you sat in when you shared a bottle of wine with Colin. It was the chair you sat in when you ate one of his meals. It was the chair you sat in when you talked about life with him. It is a chair he loved. And it is a chair that those who loved him knew him by.

Today all of you are being given a chair around his table. Please choose the appropriate chair. Perhaps you need more than just one button. Perhaps you don't.

But be certain of one thing. Today there are enough chairs to make sure everyone has a spot at Colin's table.

WHITE — FOR THE FAMILY

In a crowd, at a party, in the middle of an event, you could always find him by looking for the shock of his hair.

BLACK — FOR HIS COLLEAGUES AT Citytv

The other family. The public family. The flip side of his private family but just as loved.

VIOLET — FOR JOURNALISTS

The pros and the prose.

YELLOW — FOR POLITICIANS

Draw your own conclusions.

RED — FOR FRIENDS AND ARTISTS

In their own way, his friends are all artists; and he never met an artist who wasn't soon a friend.

BLUE — FOR VIEWERS AND READERS AND THOSE WHO LISTENED

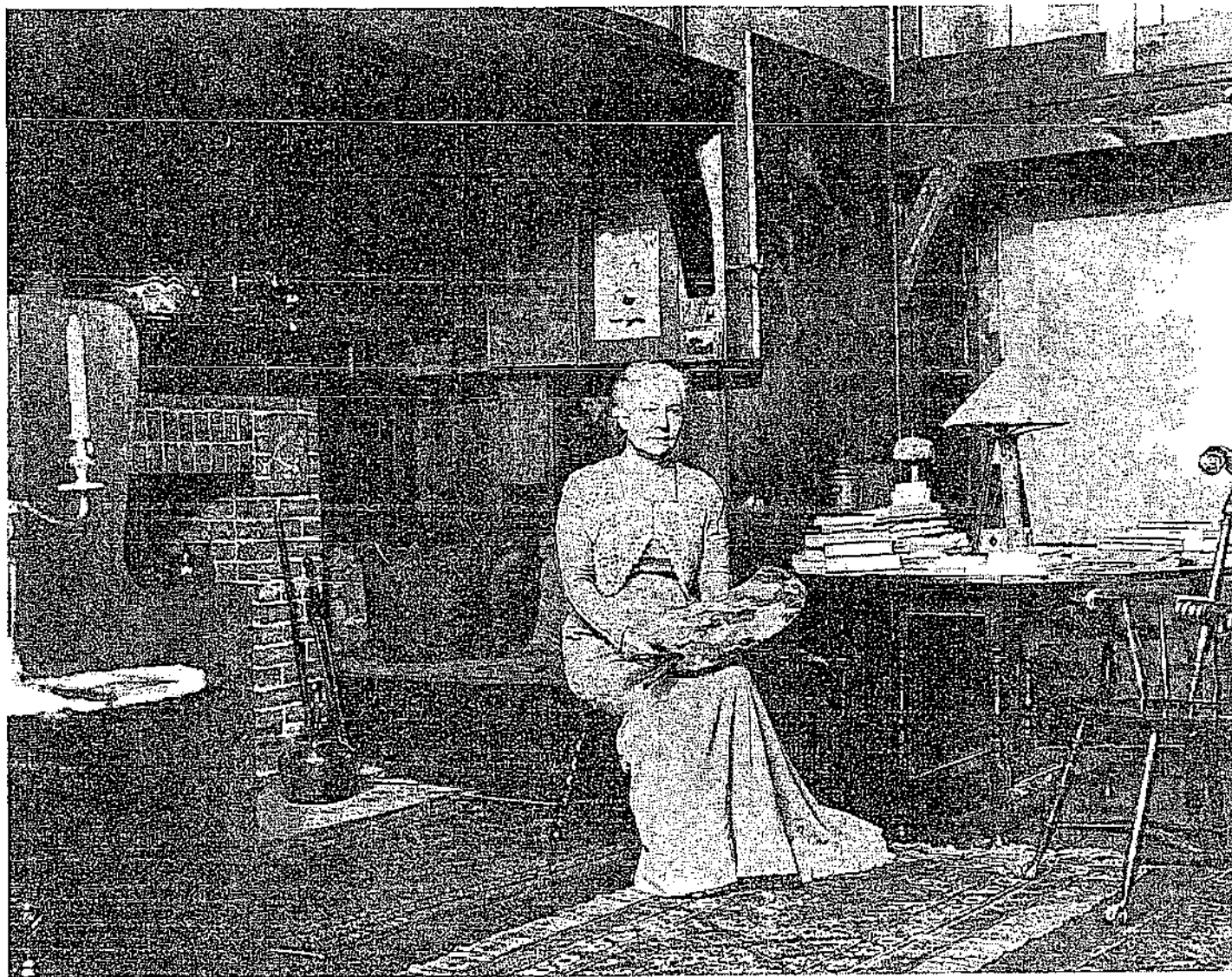
The button is blue but you shouldn't be. Your presence here today honours Colin. Your kind words have amazed and comforted his family. His enduring faith in people lives on, because of you.

As Colin would say "pull up a chair mate."

Jim Coyle to Mel Lastman:

News from the Archives

July 2000



Mary Hiester Reid in her studio at 81 Wychwood Park. Photo by William James, c.1911. CTA.

A slide of this photograph opened the special presentation at the City of Toronto Archives on Saturday, June 3 to celebrate the acquisition of the Keith Miller Collection. The event, with arrangements and lunch funded by the Wychwood Park Historical Society, was enjoyed by about 40 Park residents and guests. Curators Michael Moir and Karen Teeple described the Miller Collection and the Archives facilities. The sorting and cataloguing of Keith's materials is nearing completion, and they can be accessed during the regular Archives hours (info 397-5000).

The above photograph was also prominently displayed at the Wychwood Park Archives during a visit by members of the William Morris Society on Saturday, June 24, and the Giacomellis kindly permitted the group of 60 visitors to stand on their front lawn while I described the subject matter of the photo, which happened to play a part in the renovations at the Art Gallery of Ontario a few years ago.

A dark and dingy painting titled *A Firelit Room* by M.H. Reid was sold at Waddington's in December

1987. For many years I have enjoyed attending the 3 or 4 local spring and fall auctions of Canadian art. I photograph the paintings by Wychwood artists and save all the catalogues. During the auctions I sit or stand in a back corner and try to ascertain who buys the paintings. I have thus made some interesting connections with collectors and dealers. *A Firelit Room* was bought by Emerich Kaspar, and I visited his gallery on Prince Arthur St after the painting had been beautifully restored and reframed. I photographed it and made sure that he was aware of the location of the scene (he was). Fortunately the AGO had the initiative and the funds to purchase the painting. Curator Dennis Reid renamed the painting *The Inglenook in my Studio* and was inspired to create an inglenook in a small room housing local art of the period. The painting hangs by the inglenook, and a portrait of Mrs Reid painted by her husband George hangs nearby. A landscape triptych by Mrs Reid hangs above the mantle, and the cushions on the benches provide welcome respite for footsore folks who have been trudging through the galleries of the AGO. Mrs Reid meticulously depicted the subject matter which you see in the photo, including her pewter and copperware and the paintings on the walls.

Mary Hiester Reid died in 1921. George, with the assistance of their friend and neighbour, Mary Wrinch, organized a memorial exhibition of 308 of her works at the Art Gallery of Toronto, as the AGO was then known. The Archives' copy of the catalogue of the exhibition lists several paintings loaned by residents of the Park. The exhibition was later moved to Mrs Reid's hometown of Reading, Pennsylvania. The first solo exhibition of her work since then will be mounted at the AGO this fall, opening on November 24. It will be interesting to see which of the works from the memorial exhibition reappear.

Eden Smith designed three houses for sisters Mary and Agnes Wrinch. The first, at 9 Rowanwood (1906) was later demolished during the construction of the Yonge St subway. The second was 69 Wychwood Park (1910), where their friend Anne King-Wood operated a private school for local youngsters on the third floor. The third was 29 Alcina (1919), where Mary Wrinch was living in 1922 when George Reid strolled over from Upland Cottage to invite her to become the second Mrs Reid to occupy Mrs Reid's studio. Conveniently for him, both his wives were named Mary! George died in 1947, and Mary occupied Upland Cottage until her death in 1969. Biographies of these three artists and accounts of their activities in the Park, city, country and abroad can be found in *The Art of Wychwood*, 1988, 300 pages, a copy of which can be purchased at the Archives for \$30.

The international quadrennial William Morris conference was held at the UofT on June 22-25. Speakers came from England, Europe, USA, even Australia, and the participants also gathered from far and wide. Eden Smith and George Reid were local practitioners of the Arts and Crafts precepts of William Morris, and the visitors showed great interest in the Park architectural and artistic heritage. The Wychwood Park Historical Society made a generous contribution toward the cost of the bus and the refreshments. We were blessed with incredibly good fortune in regard to the weather. Afternoon showers followed by thunderstorms had been forecast, and after a half hour welcoming tea in the garden of Elaine and Michael at #16, rain drops began to fall. We moved inside for a talk by THE Eden Smith expert Doug Brown and a tour of the ground floor of this grand Eden Smith house (1909). Then the rain abated during an hour and a half walking tour and visit to the Archives. Back on the bus on the way to the evening banquet, the skies opened with a deluge on St George St! Special thanks are extended to Michael & Elaine for their hospitality, to George Burns and Don & Anne who permitted the visitors to stroll the charming path past the Eden Smith house at #56 (1919) and the Ralph Eden Smith house at #97 (1913) [especially since a wedding reception was underway at #97], and to the Bradshaws who provided the use of their lane for the telling of the stories of the two Eden Smith houses bordering that lane and of the fascinating Wychwood connection to the English artists G.F. Watts and Holman Hunt.

In connection with the Morris Conference and to celebrate the reopening of the UofT Art Centre, a remarkable exhibition of Pre-Raphaelite and Aesthetic Movement drawings and paintings was mounted in the expanded gallery. Many of the works were loaned by local members of the Morris Society, and they will be on display until September 22 (info 978-1838). If you visit, take note of the

beautiful tile floor in the foyer. It was originally installed in the home of Thomas Ridout on Sherbourne St near Carlton, which was designed by architects Cumberland and Storm in 1856 at the same time they were working on University College, where the same tiles were installed. After the Ridout house was demolished c.1962, Sheldon & Judith Godfrey acquired the tiles and stored them at their cottage until they were ready to use them in one of their restoration projects. No fitting location emerged, and so the Godfreys in 1995 kindly donated the tiles to the UofT Art Centre.

If Park residents and guests are interested in taking a historical stroll around the Park and visiting the Archives, you are reminded that the Archives are open every Wednesday from 7:30 to 9:30 and walking tours lasting about an hour are conducted on pleasant Wednesday evenings for 10 or more (including children, but not dogs!). Get a group together or we will combine two or three smaller groups. Featured on the tour will be the history of your house! And ongoing thanks are extended to the folks who continue to drop off old and new photos, clippings and ephemera. Anything that you come across pertaining to the Park or its environs, no matter how trivial it may seem to you, is always greatly appreciated.

DOORS OPEN TORONTO, May 27 & 28, 10 am - 4 pm

Saturday, May 27 was a busy day. More than 70 buildings not normally accessible to the public were open, and I would not be able to visit any of them on the 28th. Emily and I hit our first site at 10 am sharp, and we managed to wangle our way into others until almost 6 pm! Unfortunately we missed a morning presentation at the Wychwood Library (Eden Smith, 1916). We would appreciate hearing about it from any who attended, as well as accounts of any other sites that you especially enjoyed.

There were several exciting discoveries, but the most thrilling occurred in the Chester Massey house at 519 Jarvis St, next door to the north of the Hart Massey house at the corner of Wellesley St (the restaurant). Chester Massey, father of Vincent and Raymond, bought and demolished the house to the north of #519 so that he could add an art gallery to house his large collection. In 1908 he commissioned Gustav Hahn (15 Wychwood Park, also 1908) to decorate a frieze around the gallery, and in the Archives there was only one b&w photo of the gallery which showed part of this mural. The gallery has been divided into a hallway and a number of small rooms, and the vacant building and four other adjacent ones are threatened with demolition. I was able to photograph almost the complete mural; it has escaped damage from leaks in the roof and is in remarkably good condition.

Other Hahn murals and ceilings can be viewed at Queen's Park (ongoing restorations), St James Cathedral, Spadina House and Flavelle House (Queen's Park Crescent). His magnificent ceiling at St Paul's Church on Avenue Road, which was viewed by a number of Park residents on a special tour, was sadly lost to an arsonist on April 24, 1995.

TORONTO ISLAND GARDEN TOURS

Here are some outings which may appeal to you or your gardening friends. The fourth series of self-guided garden tours held in even numbered years will take place on the Sunday afternoons of August 13, 20 and 27, 1-5 pm, adults \$5, children \$1. Ten or more of about 25 noteworthy private gardens will be open each Sunday. Tickets and maps can be picked up at our place on Algonquin Island. The Ward's Island ferry departs from the foot of Bay St on the hour and the half hour. From the Ward's dock, follow the signs to 5 Ojibway. Funds raised are used for a public landscaping project.

The Island gardens have been widely publicized in gardening books and magazines. Last summer there was a special tour for 375 members of the Garden Writers' Association of America, whose convention was being held in Toronto. Information about the gardens and other Island activities can be found in the Island website at torontoisland.org. Pops concerts by the Toronto Symphony will be held on Olympic Island on July 1,4,5 at 7:30 pm and on July 5 at 2 pm. PWYC -- suggested: adults \$10, children \$5 (info 598-3375). And one of the best spots to view the fireworks on July 1,5,8 which are launched from a huge barge anchored in the lake south of Ontario Place is the beach at Hanlan's Point. Clothing is optional, but at 10:30 pm most folks prefer to be covered up!

WHO'S WHO IN CANADA, 1965.

MILLER, Dudley Chipman Raphael, B.A.Sc., Mech. E.—President, Dow Corning Silicones Limited (est. 1953), silicone chemicals, head office: Tippet Rd., Downsview P.O., Toronto, Ont.; branches: 300 Decarie Blvd., Montreal 9, Que.; Suite 4, 1379 Marine Drive, West Vancouver 5,



DUDLEY CHIPMAN RAPHAEL MILLER,
B.A.Sc., Mech.E.

B.C. Born London, England, July 30, 1913, son of Henry Chipman Miller, Wanganui, New Zealand and Elsie Raphael Miller, Liverpool, England. Educated: Loretto School, Musselburgh, Midlothian, Scotland; University of Toronto (B.A.Sc., 1935; Mech. E., 1947). Engineer, Duplate (Canada) Ltd., Oshawa, Ont., 1935-36; Production Engineer, Duplate (Windsor) Ltd., Windsor, Ont., 1936-38; Project Engineer, Fiberglas (Canada) Ltd., Oshawa, Ont., 1938-41; Production Superintendent, Optical Shops, Research Enterprises Ltd., Toronto, Ont., 1941-44; Department Head, Rangefinders & Binocu-

lars, Research Enterprises Ltd., Toronto, Ont., 1944-45; Development Engineer, Fiberglas (Canada) Ltd., Toronto, Ont., 1945-50; Sales Engineer, Dow Corning Division, Fiberglas (Canada) Ltd., Toronto, Ont., 1945-53; General Manager, Dow Corning Silicones Limited, Toronto, Ont., 1953-56; Vice-President and General Manager, Dow Corning Silicones Limited, Toronto, Ont., 1956; Pres., Feb., 1965. Has written many technical articles. Married Audrey, daughter of Eric Trevor Owen, Isle of Wight, England and Elsie Una (Maclean) Owen, Isle of Mull, Scotland, Jan. 21, 1939; has one daughter Daphne Alexandrine (Mrs. Daphne Beauroy) and two sons: Iain Hartford Owen and Keith Maclean Owen. Club: University Club of Toronto. Societies: Royal Horticultural; Engineering Institute of Canada; Oriental Ceramic. Recreations: tennis, boating, reading and writing. Hobbies: cloisonné enamel, oriental rugs, greenhouse gardening, cooking and phonograph records. Conservative. Anglican. Residence: 108 Wychwood Park, Toronto 4, Ont.

MILLER, Dudley Chipman Raphael "Bill"

— Of Wychwood Park. Son of the late H. C. Miller and Elsie Raphael of London, England, died peacefully, at Toronto East General Hospital, on Sunday, June 16th, 2000. Educated at Loretto School, Scotland, and the University of Toronto, B.Sc., M.Sc., P.Eng. After secret war-work at Research Enterprises Limited in optics, he was prominent in the Toronto business community until illness forced his early retirement. He will be sorely missed by his family and all who knew him, as a man of profound culture and intelligence. He was an unfailing source of universal knowledge and erudition which he would impart with great wit and a matchless command of English. The relish he took in fine things was contagious and remained undimmed by illness and the passage of time. His children — Daphne Beauroy of Toronto, Iain Miller of Athens, Greece, and Keith Miller of Muskoka — mourn him as do his half-brother Bruce Miller, his grandchildren Fabienne, Stéphane, Muriel and David Beauroy, and his great-granddaughter Rachel Beauroy. Funeral and Reception at the Humphrey Funeral Home — A. W. Miles Chapel, on Thursday, June 22nd at 11 a.m. Cremation; private interment beside his beloved late wife Audrey Owen in St. James Cemetery, July 3rd. In lieu of flowers, which he loved, you may prefer to remember him with a donation to the Mood Disorders Association. Gratitude to the hospital staff for their compassionate care in his last hours.

THE WITCH OF WYCHWOOD PARK by Bill Miller

A number of illustrated children's stories written by Park residents are in the Archives. One of them, with hand-printed lettering by Bill and 8 beautiful watercolours by his sister-in-law Sheila Owen (#49), was presented to Daphne and Ian Miller as a Christmas present in 1945.

Once upon a time there were two little children called Daphne and Ian, who lived together in Wychwood Park, in a horrid little hovel by the Pond, with nothing to eat but goldfish and duck's eggs. Early one morning after breakfast, they decided to go into the woods to pick wild grizberries. When they reached a very dark and shady spot, the little girl thought it would be fun to tease her brother. "Look," she cried, pointing into the bushes, "a rooster's bullside stacker!" But while they were both looking that way, a long skinny arm stretched out of the thicket, and before Daphne even had time to scream, it grabbed her round the mouth and dragged her off. Ian heard the rustling noise and looked round just in time to see his sister's feet disappearing into the bushes.

At once he knew what it was: it was Sheila, the old witch of Wychwood Park, who had carried her off to cook and eat her. Quickly he followed them, keeping well out of sight, and saw the witch drag Daphne into her hut in the thickest part of the wood. Peering through the window, he could see her stirring a huge cauldron over a hot fire. It was full of toads' tongues, frogs' feet, staddocks' stomachs, and many other delicious things. Then he heard her say: "As soon as it is boiling, I will peel her like an onion. Then I will take a sharp knife, remove the fat tummah, and drop her in."

The little boy was horrified and wondered what he could do to save his sister. What if she were already dead? Just then he saw a stir behind the curtain at the back of the room. Two feet were sticking out underneath it, and the toes were wiggling. Ian hurried round to the window of the back room and looking in, there he saw Daphne lying on the floor, tied hand and foot, and waving her arms in the air. Luckily the window was ajar, so he quietly climbed in and looked around for some way of freeing her. Then he saw a lighted candle on the table, tip-toed across to get it, and began to burn through the ropes. "Careful, Ian," whispered Daphne, as soon as she could speak, "it 'urts, it 'urts." But before long she was free, and the two children crept over to the curtain and peeped through a chink to see what the wicked witch was doing.

There they saw her fast asleep by the fire with her cat. The cauldron was boiling and bubbling, but it did not wake her up. They decided to risk walking across the room and escaping through the front door. On the way Daphne stopped. "Ian," she whispered, "would it be a good idea if we set fire to the hut?" So they crept very cautiously over to the fire and with burning sticks set all the curtains alight. Then they ran out as fast as they could and did not stop running until they were a long way off. When they looked round, the whole hut was blazing. Just then there was a dreadful shriek, and they knew the old hag had been roasted to death. So that was the terrible end of Sheila, the witch of Wychwood Park.

Daphne and Ian hurried back to their horrid little hovel, and all they had for supper were goldfish and duck's eggs, because they never went back to pick the wild grizberries.

FROM *The Art of Wychwood*, 1988:

During a dinner at the Canadian Embassy in Athens with Cultural Attache Arthur Blanchette and his painter wife, York and Lela Wilson [41 Alcina] were asked if they knew of a D.C.R. Miller of Toronto. They replied, "Of course. He lives in the same little Park that we do." The reply: "He has offered to supply gratis the materials to cover the Parthenon and preserve it from the accelerating deterioration because of air pollution, and we are wondering if this is a serious offer."

It definitely was a serious legitimate offer, and it would have generated goodwill both for Dow Corning Silicones and for Canada. Unfortunately it got bogged down in bureaucratic red tape and since Mr. Miller's health was deteriorating, he was unable to nurture the scheme to fruition. Press coverage at the time was sufficient to prompt Duncan Macpherson of *The Star* to draw a timely and poignant editorial page cartoon. [The cartoon is included in *The Art of Wychwood*].

BILL AND T'BET by Emily Fulton

When T'bet was a puppy, his habit of plopping on the ground led Bill to describe him as a "Laso Collapse". In all their years of strolling past our house, I remember one time in particular.

I saw them one day, walking slowly, T'bet leading the way, with Bill, bent over a little, puffing on his pipe, following T'bet, so slowly. They moved as a team, totally in sync with each other, so accepting of each other. Then suddenly -- zap! -- came a bicycle speeding by! T'bet, instantly in high gear -- zap! -- after that bike, raced out of sight. Bill stood still, leaning on his cane, and waited patiently for his friend to return. After a little, T'bet came jogging back, tail wagging, grinning proudly. He looked up at Bill as though to say, "Shall we carry on?" Then he turned around and resumed his previous slow pace, and Bill followed, slowly, and together, as always, they made their easy way, going home.

We miss you, Bill and T'bet.

LOOKING BACK

hometown history

ARTIST PAINTED MANY CANADIAN PORTRAITS

BY JEANNE HOPKINS

Wychwood Park had been established as an artists' colony in the late 1800s by artist Marmaduke Matthews.

Many artists who settled in the area had large homes built with studios in the early 1900s. In the 1930s, more artists arrived. One was Kenneth Keith Forbes, who bought a house at 87 Alcina Avenue in 1930. Ken and his wife, Jean Mary Edgell (also an artist) lived in the house for over 40 years before moving to Bayview Village in 1972.

Ken Forbes was born on July 4, 1892, the son of John Colin Forbes (1846-1925), also a painter, and Laura Holbrooke. Ken began painting in his father's studio at the young age of four. He watched and observed as his father painted portraits of many famous Canadians, including John A. MacDonald, Wilfrid Laurier, Charles Tupper, Oliver Mowat, and King Edward VII and Queen Alexandra.

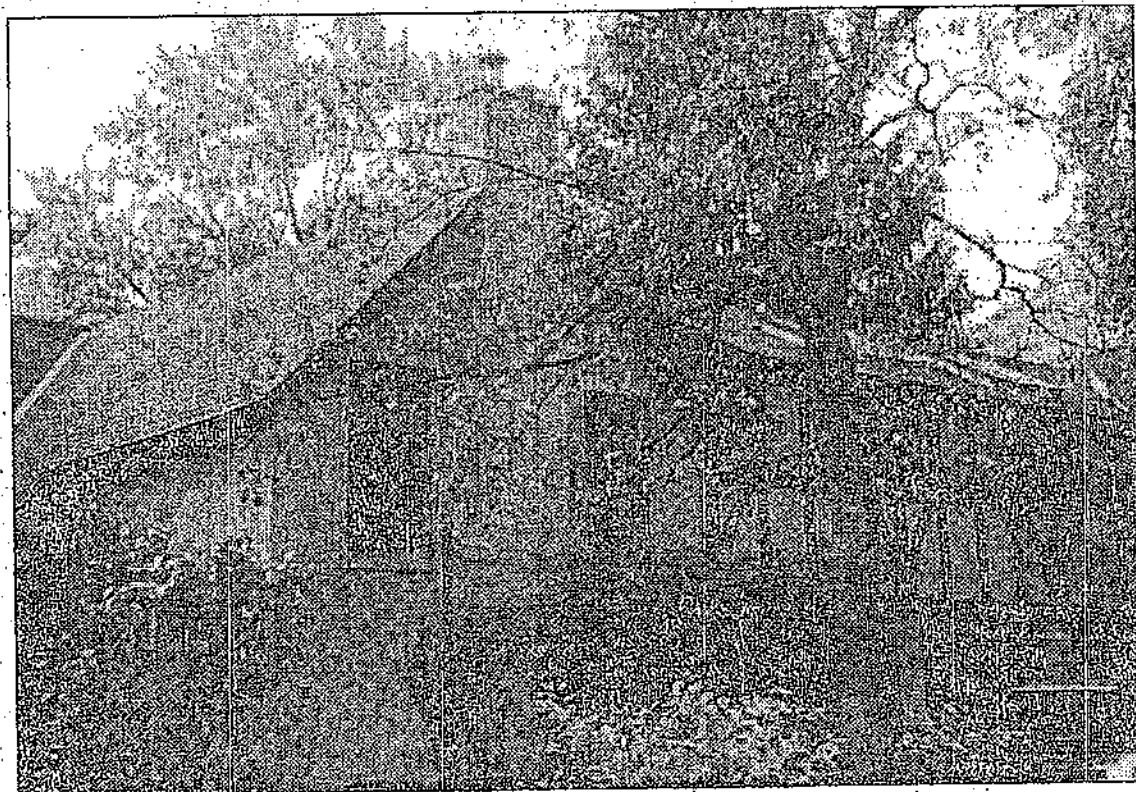
With his artistic talent becoming more evident, Ken was sent to art schools in England and Scotland, often on scholarship. He was only 18 years of age when one of his paintings was accepted by the Royal Academy of London and later purchased for the Leverhulme Collection.

Forbes was also enjoying a successful boxing career, winning championships in 1912 and 1914. When the first world war broke out in 1914, Kenneth joined the Tenth Royal Fusiliers to serve as a private in the Imperial Army, but he was soon transferred to the machine gun corps. Just four months before peace was declared, Forbes was seriously gassed while in France and sent to London to recover. After the war ended, Forbes was asked to paint Canadian War Memorials — a collection of pictures commissioned by Lord Beaverbrook to document the war.

In 1919, Kenneth married Jean Mary Edgell; they had one daughter Laura June. Jean, born in Karachi, India while her father was serving with the Indian army, was also an accomplished artist — painting flower arrangements and other still life.

The Forbes' returned to Canada in 1924, where Ken began working as a portrait painter of Toronto society.

In the mid-1950s, the Forbes' moved to a house on Burbank Avenue, designed by Jean to include a picture window that overlooked a Don Valley ravine. Ken continued to paint, winning many prizes for his works. Like his father, he created portraits of successful and prominent



A THE FORMER FORBES HOME ON ALCINA AVENUE

Canadians — Augustus Bridle, Richard Bennett, John Diefenbaker, and Sir Harry Oakes, who brought Forbes to his Palm Beach home to paint a portrait of Mrs. Oakes and their five children. In 1930, he was commissioned to do a portrait of Frederick Schumacher, founder and president of the Art Gallery in Ohio. Fred had admired a portrait of Dr. Ambrose Lockwood that Forbes had painted for his clinic on Bloor Street East.

In 1932, Forbes was awarded the Proctor Prize at the National

Academy of America — the first Canadian to be so honoured. Just before his return to Canada, Forbes enjoyed his first real success when three of his works (his full quota) were chosen to hang in the Royal Academy Exhibition.

Forbes had also painted landscapes in Banff, Alberta in 1929, so he knew of what he wrote when he began criticizing the modern art of the 1930s. In protest, he resigned from the Ontario Society of Artists because of their emphasis on this new art form; eight years later, he

left the Royal Canadian Academy, for the same reason. In 1958, he founded the Ontario Institute of Painters to "restore sanity in art."

In 1967, Ken Forbes was awarded a medal of service of the Order of Canada. He died in 1980, having left behind a rich legacy of portraits, landscapes, and writings about art.

Jeanne Hopkins is the author of several books on Canadian history, and also serves as Post City Magazine's resident historian.

HISTORY OF YOUR HOUSE, by Albert Fulton, 96 Wychwood Park, February 1994.

Many of us have realized for a long time that there are some errors in The Green Book regarding dates of construction of the houses and the original owners and occupants. This winter's project has been a search of the assessment rolls in an attempt to draw up a more accurate list.

The assessment rolls are more precise than the city directories or voters lists as the city tax collectors have a vested interest in keeping these records up to date. Frequently a lot will be listed as vacant one year, having an unfinished house the next year, and having a full assessment the third year. In these cases, the second year is the one I have taken as the year of construction and the third as the first year of occupancy. If you have any records such as a deed, survey, mortgage, etc., or personal recollections which suggest otherwise, please advise me so that I can make further revisions. The mathematical portion of this year's Park Puzzle can use a new set of numbers!

During my sweep back through the assessment rolls, I recorded the changes in occupancy at each address as they occurred, and hence I have a list of the successive families in each house. If you would like a copy of the list for your house, let me know.

Since the earliest existing York Township assessment book is for 1881, I was unable to trace #6 and #22 back to their beginnings. If 1874 and 1877 are correct, they are probably construction, rather than occupancy, years. In 1881, #6 was owned by Marmaduke Matthews, an Anglican artist, with 10 acres having a total assessment of \$5000 including land and buildings, 8 residents including children and servants, 1 dog, 1 horse, 1 cow, 2 acres of orchard and garden, and 1 acre of swamp. #22 was owned by Alexander Jardine, a Presbyterian merchant, with 10 acres assessed at \$4000, 6 residents, 1 dog, 1 horse, 1 cow, and 3 acres of orchard.

I also discovered interesting information about the families who lived in the former houses on the lots for #16 and #80. The last resident at old #16 was the Anglican widow Maud Kensington, with 5 residents in 1909, the year that the present house was listed as unfinished. Judging from Goad's Atlases, her house was probably slightly north of the present building and was possibly torn down as the new one was being built. A previous family of 6 was headed by the Roman Catholic leather worker John Mullrooney Jr., who knew the correct spelling of his surname! At #80 the last family, of 9 plus 1 dog, was that of the Anglican carpenter James E. P. Kemp, born in 1846. His son Albert was a painter (not an artist), and son Charles was a woodworking machinist. Possibly these gentlemen worked on the new homes being built in the Park. This house was last listed in 1909, and the new house was unfinished in 1910. Since Goad's Atlases show the 2 houses in approximately the same location, the old one was probably torn down before the new one was started. Let me know if you remember!

The original owner of some of the lots and houses was William B. Raymond, c/o Union Trust, 174 Bay St., or Union Trust, c/o W. B. Raymond. Mr. Raymond was a law partner of E.E.A. DuVernet, the original owner of #16. Mr. DuVernet was a vice president of Union Trust and a director of Union Bank.

The dates of birth given in the assessment rolls sometimes vary a bit from year to year, and I usually stick with the last given date, which is the first one I encounter going backwards. Can you follow this? Do you care? Anyway, please advise me if you know that any of the dates of birth and death are wrong, or if you know any of the missing dates, especially of the women whose dates of birth the assessors were too polite to ask. The R number is the total number of residents in the house.

You'll never guess the 'original owner' in this case

Recently I reviewed a 40-year title search for a client buying a property in the Toronto area from the self-proclaimed "original owner."

Curious about that description, my client asked me to trace the ownership of the property "all the way back to the beginning."

I thought of stopping at the crown patent in 1796, the first grant from the crown, when southern Ontario was still named Upper Canada.

But that wouldn't have really been "the beginning." So I continued my inquiry, and eventually reported the following.

The province of Upper Canada was created by the Constitutional Act passed by the Parliament of Great Britain in 1791. It permitted freehold tenure of land in Upper Canada on the same basis as in Britain.

From 1774 to 1791, southern Ontario was included in the vast tract of land known as the Province of Quebec, as defined in the Quebec Act of 1774 enacted by the British Parliament.

The boundaries of Quebec extended from the Ohio Valley in the south to north of Lake Superior. While the French seigneurial system of landholding was retained for Quebec, provision was made for limited English-style freehold tenure, too.

The Dotted Line

ALAN SILVERSTEIN



Star Dec 24/93.

Modern-day southern Ontario was somewhat of a no-man's land in British North America between 1763 and 1774. It sat west of the "Proclamation Line" established by the Royal Proclamation of 1763 as the limit for Anglo-American expansion.

And it was situated south of the new British colony called Quebec (a small territory roughly the size of the seigneurial holdings on the St. Lawrence River). That left it within the "Indian Reserve," where settlement (and land ownership) was expressly prohibited.

A pivotal year for this part of North America was 1763. Though the Seven Years' War between Britain and France had stopped in North America with the surrender of Montreal in 1760, it did not formally end until the Treaty of Paris in 1763.

In that treaty, France relinquished virtually all her North

American colonies to Great Britain. Added to the British Empire was New France, stretching from the Atlantic to the Prairies, and from Hudson Bay to the Gulf of Mexico. How the course of history might have been different for this property, if Britain had opted for the sugar island of Guadeloupe instead of New France.

There are no positive signs of development or settlement on this property for over two centuries while it was part of New France.

A military installation was established near Lake Ontario (Fort Rouille), and native villages existed closer to the rivers.

But the lands being purchased apparently just lay idle during the French Period, when the fur trade was the primary industry. They might have been visited as early as 1615 by Etienne Brule, the first European to explore the Toronto region.

The first permanent French settlements were not founded in North America until the early 1600s, under the leadership of Samuel de Champlain.

Jacques Cartier had been commissioned to head the 1535 expedition by King Francis I of France. Cartier's travels also had the blessing of Pope Clem-

ent VII. Two years earlier the Pontiff had amended an earlier Papal Bull to allow the King of France to appropriate any lands discovered in the New World.

The Pope is the head of the Roman Catholic Church and emissary of Jesus Christ who the Pope believes is the son of God. God, of course, created heaven and earth, including the firmament in the midst of the waters. Part of that firmament is the property now being bought.

So according to this chain of title, the "original owner" of the property wasn't the vendor, it was God. But I'm having some

trouble getting a copy of His deed to the property.

Don't be fooled by Finance Minister Floyd Laughren extending the Ontario Home Ownership Savings Plan (OHOSP) "indefinitely."

More important, he cancelled the Land Transfer Tax rebate for those without an OHOSP after Dec. 31, 1993.

Simply put, to get a refund of Land Transfer Tax in the future, an OHOSP must be opened before New Year's Day. That reduces the OHOSP to its original format — a credit against Ontar-

io income tax for part of the money deposited in the plan each year.

All the more reason to open an OHOSP now if your net income is below \$40,000 (\$80,000 for couples), you're planning to buy your first house the next few years, at a price below \$200,000.

The NDP may have extended, but they most certainly also have takeneth away.

From my wife Hannah and my sons Elliott and Darryl, season's greetings, with best wishes for a happy and healthy 1994.

YEAR OF CONSTRUCTION. ORIGINAL OWNERS AND OCCUPANTS

- 2 1926 vacant lot, 1927-29 vacant house, Cyrilda M. Goodman (at #6) owner
Edward R. Dewart (1871-) tenant R9, 1930
- 3 1913 Eden & Annie Smith (at #5) owners
Son Harry Eden Smith R3, tenant for 1914 only
- 4 1912 Ambrose K. Goodman (1863-1919) & Cyrilda M. (Matthews) Goodman R8
- 4A 1953 Charles E. Murray (1901-) & Margaret V. Murray (1904-) R3
- 5 1907 Eden Smith (1858-1949) & Annie E. Smith R5
- 6 1874 Marmaduke Matthews (1837-1913) & Cyrilda J. (Bernard) Matthews (-1931) R8
- 6A 1922 George M. Gilchrist (1887-1979) & Margaret (Edgar) Gilchrist (1887-1970) R6
- 6B 1953 Ernest C. Bogart Jr. (1927-) & Marie Bogart (1927-) R5
- 6C 1954 Stanley Mitchell (1904-) & Susan Mitchell (1907-) R5
- 7 1911 George A. Howell (1872-1923) & Lucy K. Howell R4
- 8 1918 Michael H. Murphy (1887-) & Marguerite Murphy R6
- 9 1918 Austin T. Crowther (1892-) & Kate R. Crowther R6
- 10 1919 Dr. W. Harper Nelson (1889-1945) & Ethel M. (Falaize) Nelson R6
- 12 1918 Elizabeth Douglas, widow R3
- 14 1919 Annie Bentley, widow R3
- 15 1908 Gustav Hahn (1866-1962) & Ellen (Smith) Hahn R5
- 16 1909 Ernest E. A. DuVernet (1866-1915) & Julia S. (Marling) DuVernet R3
- 17 1910 Saxon F. Shenstone (1876-1915) & Kitty A. Shenstone R8
- 18 1920 Walter B. Peace R5
- 19 1912 Charles Trick Currelly (1875-1957) & Mary N. Currelly R9
- 20 1919 Florence E. Withrow, spinster R3
- 22 1877 Alexander Jardine (1837-1899) & Agnes (Litster) Jardine (-1900) R6
- 24 1927 Lucy K. Howell (1878-1954) widow R2
- 26 1921 Newton Wylie (1893-1938) & Judith (Pole) Wylie R9
- 28 1921 John E. Goldring (1883-) & Robina Goldring R4
- 29 Alcina 1920 Mary E. Wrinch (1877-1969) & sister Agnes M. Wrinch (-1949) R3
- 30 1922 Alexander C. Batten (1866-1936) & Bertha L. Batten R3
- 32 1921 J. Peers Wilson (1883-) & Margaret M. Wilson R4
- 34 1922 Niven B. Sivers (1879-) & Winnifred Sivers R3
- 36 1919 Carlton L. Angstrom (1891-) & Hazel Angstrom R3
- 38 1921 Samuel Hisey (1884-) R3
- 40 1921 John H. Wickson (1880-) & Eva Wickson R3
- 41 Alcina 1955 R. York Wilson (1907-1984) & Lela M. Wilson R6
- 42 1921 William C. Ferguson (1869-1944) & Gertrude (Sutton) Ferguson R3
- 44 1917 James M. Greenwood (1878-) & Florence V. Greenwood R2
- 45 1910 Michael Chapman (1881-1918) & Lillian (Mackintosh) Chapman R5
- 46 1988 Federico Allodi & Helen Ross
- 48 1988 Ronald & Pamela Jones
- 49 1910 Eric T. Owen (1882-1948) & Elsie U. (Maclean) Owen (1882-1956) R8
- 50 1988 Abbey & Carole Lipson
- 54 1920 Ramsay G. Stewart (1884-) & Madeline Stewart (1890-1958) R4
- 56 1919 Dr. John J. Mackenzie (1865-1922) & Agnes K. (Rogers) Mackenzie R3
- 67 1912 Dr. Edmund M. Walker (1877-1969) & Eleanor (Walzel) Walker (-1941) R6
- 69 1911 Mary E. Wrinch (1877-1969) & sister Agnes M. Wrinch (-1949) R3
- 77 1914 George G. Burnett (1866-1916) R3
- 78 1989 Mladen & Gabriele Mekinda
- 80 1910 Harry H. Love & Eva (Gage) Love R6
- 81 1907 Union Trust, owner until 1910. George A. Reid (1860-1947), tenant R4, 1908-10,
owner 1911-47, & Mary A. (Hiester) Reid (1854-1921) R4
- 82 1916 Sir William J. Gage (1850-1920) & Lady Ina (Burnside) Gage R5

- 83 1924 George & Mary Reid (at #81) owners
George T. Hamilton (1883-) R2, tenant 1924
- 84 1926 Carson McCormack (1889-1945) & Gladys (Gage) McCormack R6
- 87 1924 George & Mary Reid (at #81) owners
Herbert H. Stansfield (1880-) & Hepzibah Stansfield R2, tenants 1924
- 88 1990 Joseph Oliver
- 90 1928 George M. Anderson, 408 Dupont St., owner
90 Lorne F. Webster R4, tenant 1929
92 Alfred J. Gillies R5, tenant 1928
- 91 1913-14 Alan Sullivan (1868-1947) & Elizabeth Sullivan R10
- 94 1928 George M. Anderson, owner. Also owner of the identical duplex at
57 Burnside Dr., back to back with #90/92.
94 Lillian Ainslie R4, tenant 1929
96 Orval D. Vaughan R3, tenant 1929
- 97 1913 Union Trust, owner. Ralph Eden Smith R5, tenant for 1914 only
Alfred Shann (1852-), owner 1915-1933
- 98 1928 George M. Anderson, owner
Lower: Jean Dean R3, tenant 1928
Upper: Alfred E. Halverson R5, tenant 1929
- 100 1927 Herbert C. Barber (1885-1962) & Ethel M. Barber R7, garage 1932
- 106 1953 John T. Symons (1908-1984) & Marion L. Symons R4
- 108 1929 Robert C. Clarkson & Dorothy F. Clarkson R7
- 110 1952 Nicholas Fodor (1903-1988) & Gretl (Trier) Fodor R5

NEIGHBOURHOOD WATCH REPORT by Peter Caddick

On the beautiful summer morning of August 10, a neighbour accidentally set off the burglar alarm when she opened the door at #78. Three police cars responded. On learning of the false alarm, the officers, who had parked their cars facing the locked south gate, paused to chat with me and my daughter Ginette, who works at the nursing home. Suddenly a blue car came down the hill, sideswiped Tom Bonic's little red car, and made a 90 degree turn into the fence by the pond. The clatter and sound of rending metal got everyone's attention.

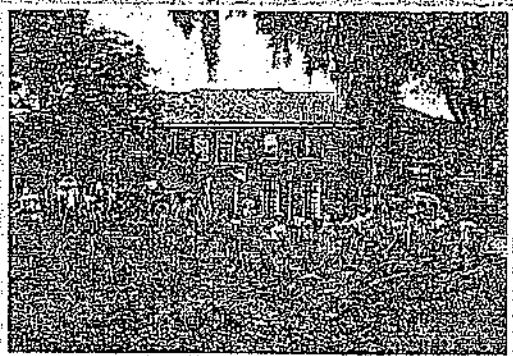
A rather disreputable looking character jumped out of the passenger door, pulled up his pants, and took off up the hill. One officer yelled STOP, but this seemed to spur him into top gear. He switched on the after-burners and disappeared over the brow of the hill. The officers in pursuit were at a disadvantage, having to start from a standing position and being weighted down by bulletproof vests, guns, cuffs and nightsticks. The canine unit was brought in but to no avail. It seems that the chap had gone over a fence into a Braemore garden.

The driver of the car had to be pried out as she was very heavy and seemed to have gone into a state of rigor mortis. All she had on were tight tights and a far too small top. It appears that this lady had borrowed the car and picked up the fellow at Rogers and Dufferin. He had told her he knew a nice quiet place where they could smoke pot and perform a Clinton. On seeing the three police cars, it seems he went ballistic and grabbed the steering wheel.

Footnote by Albert: This is the third time in the past few years that the Park fence has stopped a car from plunging into the ravine or pond, and also the third time that Tom's parked car has been hit. Peter has a word of advice for the police: one of their cars should have been parked facing north for a quick getaway. To report your own observations re unwelcome visitors, please contact a member of the Neighbourhood Watch committee: John Gilchrist, Don Whitewood, or myself.

Signposts

People in our past: Marmaduke Matthews



1837 - 1913

Born in 1837 in Warwickshire, England, Marmaduke Matthews came to Toronto in 1860 after training as an artist in his home land. A founding member of the Ontario Society of Artists in 1872, Matthews was appointed president in 1894. In the late 1880s and '90s, he served as the official artist for the Canadian Pacific Railway and became well known for his landscapes of Western Canada. Matthews bought 10 acres of land in 1873 at the corner of Davenport Rd. and Bathurst St. in Toronto and built a home there a year later. The pond in Wychwood Park, where you can go today, was used by the family for skating parties and swimming and supplied the Matthews' home with ice.

SOURCE: The Estates of Old Toronto, Liz Lindell (Boston Mills Press)

Toronto Star, Nov 2/98

WHOOOPS

Audrey Fox, the neighbourhood historian of Bracondale Village to the west, tells me that the building in this photo is Glendon Hall at Bayview and Lawrence. I'm not sure of the connection between Marmaduke Matthews and Glendon Hall, especially since it was built 12 years after Matthews' death. A photo of Glendon Hall appears elsewhere in the quoted source, but it is a different view. Maybe the confusion arose because the previous home of the owners of Glendon Hall, Mr. & Mrs. E.R. Wood, was called Wymilwood. Included in the source is a large photo of the Matthews house at #6 taken in 1984 by Keith Miller, obtained by the author from the Metro Reference Library, and reproduced with permission of the Wychwood Park Archives. The writer of the column, whom I have not seen named, erred earlier in the year with a photo of the wrong residence of architect William Thomas. With some errors of our own in The Art of Wychwood, Keith and I can sympathize.

WALKING TOURS

Heritage Toronto has put together 22 self-guided historical walking tours of Toronto neighbourhoods. Copies are available at Heritage Headquarters at 205 Yonge St. for \$1 for each tour, or at #96 for a special reduced price. The tour for Cedarvale/Wychwood/Hillcrest, which begins at the north exit of the St. Clair West subway station and ends at the south entrance, was written by Terry McAuliffe, who lives in Cedarvale. On 3 occasions Terry visited the regular Wednesday evening historical open houses at #96 for research, and, with permission of the Trustees, he conducted tours of his route on the Sunday afternoons of May 31 and September 27. Some of the numbers on Terry's map for the seven stops in the Park are inaccurate, and they will be corrected in subsequent printings. If you encounter confused pedestrians with maps, kindly point them in the right direction.

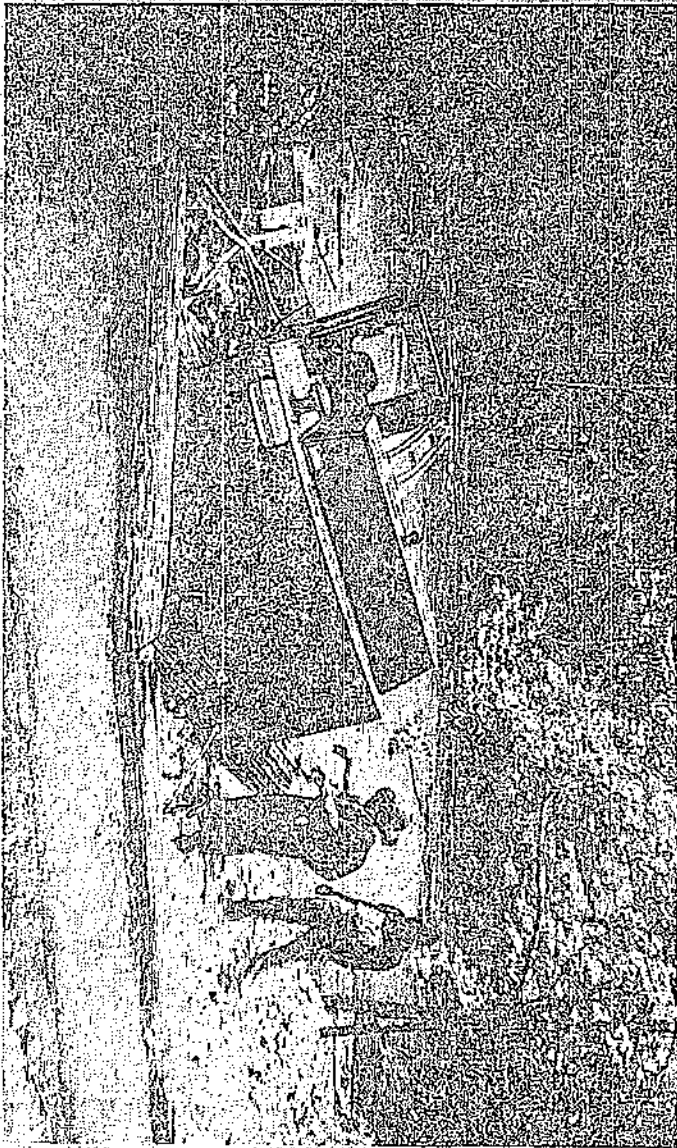
HOUSE HISTORIES ETC.

I have compiled binders for the histories of each of the Park houses from #2 to #44. If you have historical materials pertaining to the remaining houses, it would be greatly appreciated if you would make copies or lend them so that I could make copies. Several hundred photos of the pond project taken by Peter Caddick and myself will be on display at the upcoming Trustees meeting. Please bring yours. Have you noticed the recently uncovered beautiful window signs in the former drug store at the SE corner of Davenport & Christie?

IN MEMORIAM: Gordon Bourne, August 11; Betty Bourne, September 5; Bill Wallace, September 15, Larry Bonnycastle, October 9; Cicely (Ambridge) Bell, October 10.

Albert Fulton, 537-5006 or 203-0921.

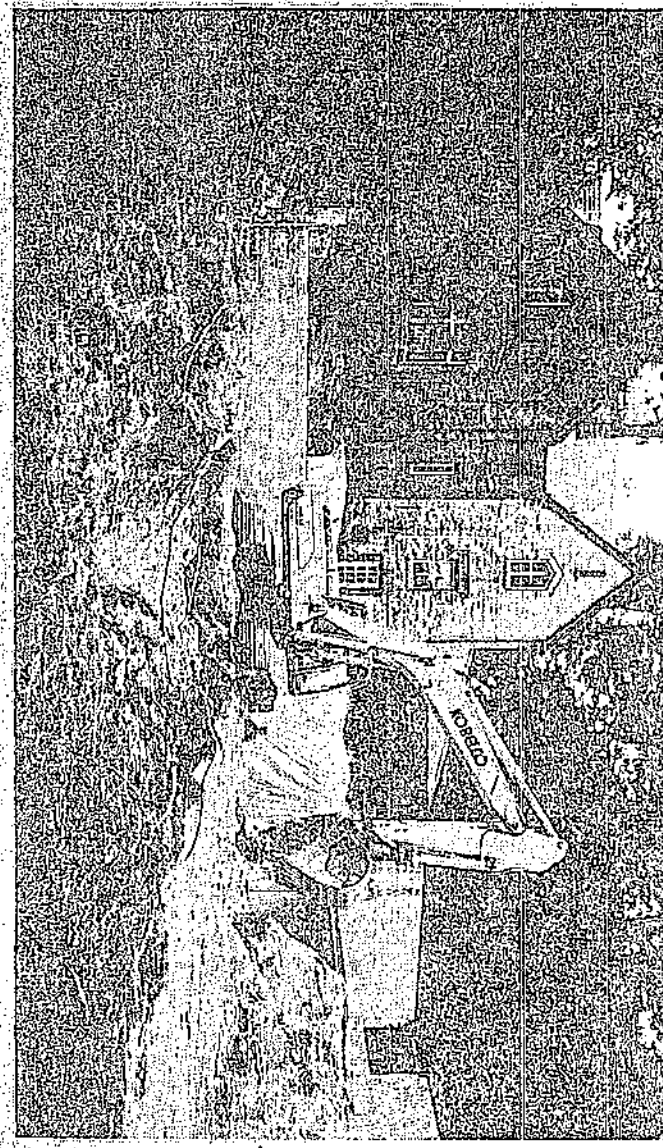
A Tranquil Summer Down by the Pond



August 20



August 10 (by Peter Caddick)



August 5.

(over)

Star, May 20/99

Anagram Genius unscrambles the Leafs

It's a jumble out there for Big Name shinny stars like much-maligned Leaf captain Mats Sundin.

Though the Leafs have scratched and clawed their way to the Stanley Cup playoffs' Final Four showdown and are vying for their first title since Man (with the possible exception of Tie Domi) walked upright, there are still a few faithless Doubting (Steve) Thomases out there.

Even as Leaf mania seizes the city, some local sports pundits are stirring up a whirl of trouble with their spin on how mixed-up the Leaf's Big Names, from Sundin to Modin, have seemed.

So I will now attempt to untangle the Mixed-Up Leaf Big Name muddle by — call it fighting fire with fire — using anagrams of Mixed Up Leaf Big Names.

Thus, I've been feeding a steady Leafy diet into a powerful (and rather snarky) computer program called The Anagram Genius.

(You can use it too. It's free and found on the Net at www.AnagramGenius.com).

What is an anagram? Any Dear Reader(s) of mine is smart enough to know that

William Burrill



anagram is not the home of the NHL Mighty Ducks, nor the name of Anne of Green Gables' grandmother (Anagram Gables).

The Gage Dictionary defines anagram as: "A word or phrase created from another word or phrase by transposing the letters."

For example, I fed the name of Leaf enforcer Tie Domi to The Anagram Genius, and it quickly regurgitated a list of 200 new rejigged phrases, topped by "Idiot Me," "O Dim Tie!" and even "I Do Time" — eerily apt considering the ever-ready-to-rumble Domi spends so many of his waking hours in the penalty box.

But this computer program can do much more than merely mix 'n' match monickers. I've discovered that The Anagram Genius (or TAG for short, or possibly GAT or, in the sub-

urbs, GTA) has an uncanny knack for uncovering the very core essence of the subject or word it is asked to remix.

It is dismissed as coincidence.

But hey, I'm a believer in TAG's mystical powers. And I daresay you will be too after witnessing just how accurately TAG can tag its targets.

For starters, TAG rearranged Mats Sundin into "I'm sad 'n' nuts" and noted that he will "Sit 'n' damn us" for the cheap shots he has taken over his playoff prowess.

So hang in there, Mats. At least your line-mate Steve Thomas will always back you, as his name equals "He Votes Mats."

And even the Mega Mayor is shamelessly trying to highjack the Blue & White Bandwagon as Mel Lastman suddenly transposes into "All Mats 'n' ME!"

Not so lucky is Sundin's fellow Swede and former line-mate Freddie Modin, who is so mixed-up that he's now out of the mix and up in the press booth after stinking out the Hanger with his first-round play.

Modin's demise surprised fans and experts alike but nev-

er baffled good ol' TAG, which immediately pegged Freddie Modin as a "Modified Nerd" in danger "Of dim, dire end" whose Leaf future is "Dim! Done! Fired!"

You can bet the playoff struggles of Swedish Leafs will create told-ya-so cackles on "Coach's Corner: With Don Cherry On HNIC" otherwise known as "Chronic Chic Rowdy Hero Enchants Ron."

(That would be co-host Ron MacLean, a.k.a. "Real Con-man.")

As much as I admire TAG for its awesome analytical powers, I must also note that The Anagram Genius has a really snotty attitude and can be downright nasty.

I mean, TAG knows that this columnist is a die-hard Maple Leaf fan, so why did it rearrange my beloved Toronto Maple Leafs into a team of "Poofers Mean To All" who stoop low enough to "Molest A Fool Parent" with "Total Porno Females" to the "Moan Of Total Lepers?"

And before the playoffs, many detractors felt that Curtis "Cujo" Joseph, the Leafs' Keeper of the Cord Cottage, was grossly over-paid with his \$6-million contract (That's why

Curtis Joseph anagrams as "Jesus! Rich Pot!" and "Ho? Just prices?")

But now every Leaf fan (and a lot of non-Leaf fans from Philadelphia and Pittsburgh) knows exactly why a remix of the name Curtis Joseph equals the haughty dare of "Phi Just score!" (which they didn't) and the solemn vow to "Crush Pit Joes" (which he did).

But let's cut right to the burning question: Are the Leafs Cup-bound?

TAG was finally stumped by this query, so I grabbed pen and paper and worked out the anagram by myself: Will Toronto Maple Leafs Win The Stanley Cup? is just another way of spelling! "Lo Leaf hero Mats' play will net (net) T.O.'s Cup win."

And TAG also predicts that Mats can celebrate with a steamy off-season beach vacation during which Mats Sundin will be transformed into a "Nudist's Man" who enjoys "Smut in sand" while committing "Stud-man sin" while "Amidst Nuns." Nuns? Mats! Ya kinky Swede, ya!

Contact William Burrill at wburrill@thestar.ca

LAWRENCE CHRISTOPHER BONNYCASTLE

Rhodes scholar, businessman, athlete. Born in Russell, Man., on Nov. 19, 1907; died of A.L.S. (Lou Gehrig's disease) in Toronto on Oct. 9, 1998, aged 90.

Larry Bonnycastle died after a life of many successes, both public and private. I didn't realize until I was in my 30s that his characteristic modesty was partly due to his sense that his accomplishments did not match what he expected of himself, or perhaps what he believed his parents expected of him.

His career in business began in London, Ont., where he worked for Northern Life and passed his actuarial exams. He later became the treasurer of John Labatt Ltd. In 1949, he moved to Toronto to become the general manager of the National Life Assurance Co. For the last 30 years of his working life, he was with Canadian Corporate Management, first as its managing director and later as president. My father also served in many volunteer positions.

Although I was impressed by his public achievements, my affection for him is rooted in other areas, where I could see what Samuel Taylor Coleridge called "the buoyant child surviving in the man." I think much of the glory of my father appeared in his athletic life. I confess I loved watching him play (and win) tennis matches. His body and spirit seemed one, and he moved with effortless style. He was also an accomplished hockey player.

My father's buoyant side appears in another story from his youth. At 14, he was sent from Manitoba to Trinity College School in Port Hope, Ont. He and a friend arrived by train in Port Arthur, where they were to take the lake steamer to Toronto. They had an hour to spare, and there was a pool hall nearby. Now my father liked playing pool, and so he seized the opportunity. They played a game, and then headed for the harbour to catch the laker, only to see it receding from the shore. Larry had never travelled to Ontario before, and he hadn't learned that when a Westerner comes east, he always has something taken away from him. In this case it was one hour of his life; they had crossed into a new time zone. But someone advised them that in a fast taxi, they could catch the laker at Fort William — and they did.

I don't know what pleases me so much about this



Larry Bonnycastle in 1970.

story. It seems magical, almost poetic, to take an hour that doesn't exist, fill it with a game of pool, and still make the boat. We know very little about what happens after death, "the undiscovered country from whose bourn/No traveller returns" as Hamlet says. But I like thinking if there is a boat to be caught, my father made it.

The last five years of his life were ruled by a motor neuron disease that gradually destroyed his ability to control his muscles. During his last year he could not speak at all, but the final message I received from him, some months before he died, had a mysterious and endearing quality. We had tried various ways of enabling him to spell words — keyboards, hand signals and so on — but they were too frustrating. Then we tried a simple piece of cardboard, with 26 squares, each with one letter in it. This seemed to appeal to him. His face lit up with a smile and a twinkle came into his eyes as he spelled out, five or six times, a single word: R-H-O-D-E-S.

What did this mean? My father studied mathematics and Greek at the University of Manitoba. He then won a Rhodes scholarship to Oxford, where he studied jurisprudence and played hockey. I bet he played some pool, too.

I think winning the Rhodes scholarship made him feel he had succeeded; his doubts were banished, he knew that his parents and friends would be delighted. That is what the twinkle in his eye meant, as he spelled out, 70 years later, the word "Rhodes." That, too, was the glory of my father. For a few minutes he relived that feeling of triumph, before he slipped into the darkness; and I lived it with him, for the last time.

Stephen Bonnycastle

Stephen Bonnycastle teaches English literature at the Royal Military College of Canada. He is spending this year on sabbatical in Arles, France.

Two new Heritage Conservation Districts underway!

On April 28, Toronto Community Council created two new HCD study areas: the Hazelton Avenue area of Yorkville (including Bishop, Berryman and Scollard) and Metcalfe Street in Cabbagetown. Both are community-based initiatives. Members of the Cabbagetown Preservation Society have undertaken extensive research in their neighbourhood and students from Cardinal Carter High School in North York are converting the information to a computerized Geographic Information System format.

Heritage Toronto

(over)

Larry Bonnycastle served as Park trustee from 1974 to 1986 and as chairman from 1981. His pet project was the ten-year controversial process leading to the Heritage Conservation District designation in 1985, with the plaque unveiling ceremony held on September 25, 1986. At the reception held at #9 after Larry's memorial service on October 14, Peter Russell told the story of Larry's choice of location and type of marker to hold the plaque. After deciding to use a stone, he and Larry visited the dealer to choose the granite boulder, and Larry was quite particular in selecting the right rock.

The clipping on the reverse side of this sheet is reminiscent of Larry's hockey career and of the Bonnycastle family's involvement with the annual Park puzzle. Mary started the ritual when she delivered to residents her 30-part puzzle about birds which the Globe and Mail had published in 1979, and the subsequent annual Park creations abounded with anagrams. The Bonnycastles were winners on three occasions.

In Dan Diamond's recently published massive Encyclopedia of the National Hockey League, Peter Wilton wrote an article about the Canadians who excelled on the Oxford University hockey teams, including Mike Pearson and Roland Michener. The careers of Larry Bonnycastle and his older brother Dick (founder of Harlequin Romances) are described in detail. This article and a copy of Dan's other recent spectacular publication, the history of Maple Leaf Gardens, can be examined during the regular Wednesday evening open houses at #96 from 7:30 to 9:30. Recent photos of the BIG FLOOD on April 15 taken by Peter Caddick and others

Globe & Mail, April 30/99

Bearing down on the Harris Tories

Star, Feb 2/99

THE TORIES have successfully created an image of themselves as being willing, in Premier Mike Harris' words, "to stand up to the special interests" and "to make the tough decisions."

But in the case of the recently cancelled spring bear hunt, Harris and the Tories folded under pressure like Greg Norman at the Masters. It's a fascinating story.

The spring bear hunt was an annual event that resulted in the killing of some 4,000 bears in Ontario, including 1,000 females. The death of the females had a ricochet effect, said the critics, as hundreds of orphaned cubs subsequently fell victim to starvation or predators.

But until recently, most Ontarians were oblivious to the event.

Robert Schad noticed, however, that the bears he used to see at his cottage in the Parry Sound area had stopped coming around.

Schad is a wealthy septuagenarian who runs a successful business in Bolton that makes plastic mouldings. He also has his own foundation, which is dedicated to

backing "initiatives that help to turn the tide in our struggle against ecological destruction."

A few years ago, Schad decided to go after the spring bear hunt. To this end, he threw his considerable financial weight behind various animal rights groups, including the International Fund for Animal Welfare (IFAW), which was in the forefront of the campaign to stop the baby seal hunt.

They succeeded last winter in drawing the attention of Natural Resources Minister John Snobelen, who launched a trial balloon suggesting the spring bear hunt might be stopped.

But Snobelen, who is not a hunter, did not have

the support of cabinet, which includes hunters like Harris and Management Board Chair Chris Hodgson. The trial balloon was shot down in flames.

Then the Schad-backed animal rightists went back to the drawing board. They decided to run a highly targeted, \$100,000 campaign, focusing on eight vulnerable Tory ridings in the Hamilton and Niagara regions. In the pre-Christmas period, these ridings were flooded with radio, bus shelter and billboard advertising. As well, some 15,000 copies of a video featuring adorable orphaned cubs were distributed door-to-door.

"They (the Tories) didn't think we could ever get people mad enough to do anything about the spring bear hunt," says Rob Sinclair of the IFAW. "The whole campaign was designed to convince them otherwise."

It worked. Tory MPPs in the targeted ridings were flooded with calls and, in turn, raised concerns back at Queen's Park. But more daunting still for the government was the knowledge that the campaign was just a foretaste of what would come during the general election.

Early in the new year, Schad got in to see the Premier. A week later, the government announced that the bear hunt would be cancelled. Tory MPPs, already braced for an onslaught from angry teachers, nurses, and other activists during the election, breathed a sigh of relief.

But there is a postscript to this story. The gov-

ernment has discovered Newton's Third Law of Motion: To every action there is an equal and opposite reaction. Now the Tories are being lambasted by outfitters, who had already booked business for this spring's bear hunt, and by the hunting community in general.

I am told that most hunters frown on the bear hunt as something less than a true sport. The bears, still weak from hibernation, are lured with bait to a spot where the hunter lies in concealment and then shot while they eat.

But there is concern in the hunting community that the end of the spring bear hunt heralds more dramatic curbs in the future. "What will be next," asked one hunter in a letter to The Star. "Hunting moose and deer, ducks and geese? Swatting flies? Where will it end?"

The aforementioned Hodgson seemed to feed on this concern at a meeting Sunday in his Lindsay-area riding, where some 400 angry hunters turned out to protest the government's move.

"It's coming folks and it's not going to get any nicer," Hodgson warned his audience. "We can't let that happen."

The backlash has begun. But it's unlikely the hunters will be able to compete with videos of bear cubs. Just ask the sealers in Newfoundland.

Ian Urquhart is The Star's provincial affairs columnist.

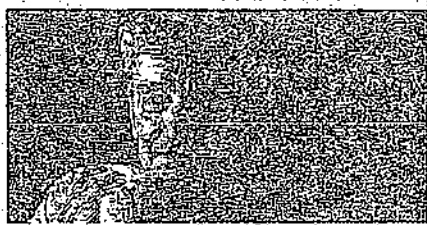
February 4, 1999

MISCELLANEOUS GOSSIP:

Sarah Withrow is a new local neighbourhood columnist for the Forest Hill Town Crier. Her first piece, in the January issue, described her childhood haunts such as Wells Hill Park, Janetta's grocery at Alcina & Bathurst, the recently closed Loblaw's store, and Hillcrest School. She later attended Winona and Oakwood. Wells Hill Park was also the setting for her recent book, *Bat Summer*, for which she received a nomination for the Governor-General's Award for children's literature. Speaking of the Governor-General, on Wednesday Mr LeBlanc presented The Order of Canada to **Shelley Godfrey** in recognition of his heritage preservation work. Previous Order of Canada recipients are **Dr Joan Harrison**, for her osteoporosis research, and **Peter Russell** for his work on the Canadian constitution. Are there other Park honorees, past or present? And yesterday, at the Hot Stove Lounge at Maple Leaf Gardens, a book launch was held for **Dan Diamond's** new production about the history of Maple Leaf Gardens. Do you suppose that the impending opening of the Air Canada Centre was a factor in the timing of publication? After a recent visit to the Arthritis Centre at the Toronto Hospital, Western Division, **John Gilchrist** reported that the waiting room contains a bust of **Dr Wallace Graham** and a large painting by his wife, **K M (Kate) Graham**. The Grahams lived at #10 from 1945 until 1949, and then at #45 until 1976. When I visited the waiting room to photograph these items, I discovered a faint signature at the top which indicated that the painting was hung upside down! When I called Kate to alert her to this sacrilege, she replied nonchalantly that some of her abstract paintings look better upside down or sideways and that hence she has only signed them on the back for years! Our founder **Marmaduke Matthews** had a sense of humor. An example can be found on page 102 of *The Art of Wychwood* in a sketch for a side addition to his home at #6. The WPHAC would probably not approve. Another example is a painting recently acquired by the Fulton Collection of Wychwood Art. It is a view looking south from his front steps, with a couple of chickens and his picket fence by Davenport in the foreground, and some prominent buildings which he could see on the skyline in the 1890s. He put Queen's Park, the E J Lennox "Stewart Building" on College St, and University College in the middle distance, but he moved McMaster Hall on Bloor St toward him so that it appears to be just across Davenport! If you are interested, you may examine these books, etc., during the regular Wednesday evening historical open houses held at #96 from 7:30 to 9:30. You are always welcome, but especially so, if you arrive bearing photos or clippings (which I can copy and return to you).

Albert Fulton, 537-5006 or 203-0921.

(over)



Michael Valpy

Mr. Schad and the bears

IN a world whose sleeve of care is ravelled, bears are not forgotten. Robert A. Schad likes bears. Mr. Schad is an amazing man.

He is founder and chief executive officer of Husky Injection Molding Systems Ltd., a vanguard-technology company located in Bolton, Ont., on the northern limits of the Toronto commutershed.

Mr. Schad and his company win awards for outstanding contributions to business. The company premises are a balm to its more than 1,000 workers.

Mr. Schad contributes 5 per cent of his firm's after-tax profits to charitable works, a model that is breathtaking in the Canadian corporate world, where the loosely acknowledged target for business giving — 1 per cent — is overwhelmingly more honoured in the breach than in the observance.

Husky's charitable budget this year is \$1.65-million. Sixty per cent goes to environmental causes and the remainder to naturopathic medicine. Mr. Schad has said: "We believe that the environment has become a predominant driver of all our business activities. Supporting [environmental programs] is part of our program of putting environmental commitment into practice and giving back to society."

LAST year, Mr. Schad heard of the campaign of Stan Pabst of Parry Sound, Ont., to end Ontario's spring bear hunt, in which the government authorizes the killing of black bears for up to 2½ months after they leave their winter dens. Mr. Schad visited Mr. Pabst at his 220-hectare property, where black bears roamed free and safely. Mr. Pabst's property is mostly bush with a small lake, good bear country.

After persons no doubt opposed to Mr. Pabst's activities slaughtered the bears on his property last October, Mr. Schad decided to take action. After consulting with the Canadian branch of the World Wildlife Federation, he undertook to

fund research into black-bear conservation and protection and a public campaign to end the spring hunt.

The spring hunt has been criticized for years by animal-protection groups, who say it results in far too many illegal killings of mothers and cubs (more than 30 per cent of the spring hunt's victims are estimated to be female, compared with 20 per cent in the fall hunt), that it is the only spring hunt permitted in Ontario for a big-game animal, and that it is a hunt conducted almost exclusively by enticing the bears to food-baited sites where they are killed at short range.

Mr. Schad provided the funding for Ainslie Willock, director of the Animal Alliance of Canada, to develop an anti-spring-hunt campaign. Ms. Willock organized the Bear Alliance. Last month, Mr. Schad financed a two-day Bear Alliance conference of bear-protection groups and bear scientists from across Canada and many parts of the United States.

(The Ontario Federation of Anglers and Hunters and the Northern Ontario Tourist Outfitters complained that they were not invited to the conference. Ms. Willock replied to them in a letter: "The goal of the Bear Alliance is to protect bears and, in particular, to end the spring bear hunt in Ontario. One of your goals... is to promote the spring bear hunt.")

LAST week, armed with research data produced by his funding, Mr. Schad visited the new Ontario Conservative government's Minister of Natural Resources, Chris Hodgson.

He brought with him research results stating that the time spent by Canadians in primarily non-consumptive wildlife outings and activities (viewing, photographing, feeding, studying) steadily increased between 1981 and 1991 — along with economic returns — while the time spent on hunting declined.

The research also showed that 43.6 per cent of the money spent by Canadians on wildlife is on non-consumptive activities and a further 35.1 per cent is spent mainly on natural-area preservation, while only 21.3 per cent is spent on hunting.

Ontario's Ministry of Natural Resources makes the argument that the black-bear population is not in danger so long as the number of females killed annually remains less than 40 per cent. It defends bear-baiting on the grounds that close-range shooting results in fewer mothers and cubs being killed.

The Bear Alliance's research says bear-baiting hunters tend to shoot the first bear in their sights. It also points out that bears have the lowest reproductive rate of any North American land mammal and that the survival rate of cubs is only 30 per cent if their mothers are killed.

Robert Schad told the minister that ending the spring bear hunt is both his personal cause and the commitment he has given to the Bear Alliance.

A good citizen, Mr. Schad.

(over)

IAN BINNIE

Mr Binnie is a stepson of Mona Morrow, who grew up at #16. Ms Morrow's second husband (of three to date) was lawyer James Binnie, and her Binnie family lived at #91 from 1960 to 1965. In 1965, Ian & Susan Binnie bought a house on Toronto Island, lived there until 1971, and rented it out until 1991.

From *The Toronto Star*, February 3, 1998:

OTTAWA — Ian Binnie, the Supreme Court of Canada's newest judge, was described yesterday as a man who takes the law seriously — but not himself.

During a swearing-in ceremony at the court, Chief Justice Antonio Lamer, Justice Minister Anne McLellan, Ontario Attorney-General Charles Harnick and André Gervais, president of the Canadian Bar Association, all described Binnie, of Toronto, as a man with a sense of humour.

And Binnie lived up to the advance billing.

Those in the packed courtroom laughed as he recounted how he had honed his legal "survival skills" by matching wits with his wife, Susan.

"I have had the advantage of arguing with Susan Binnie for the last 35 years and I have yet to meet in this court or elsewhere a player as crafty, artful, resourceful and relentless as my dear wife," Binnie, 58, said after taking the oath of office.

He also noted wryly that some of his other family members, including his four children, were still in a state of disbelief over his appointment as evidenced by the fact they were "in this court silent and incredulous."

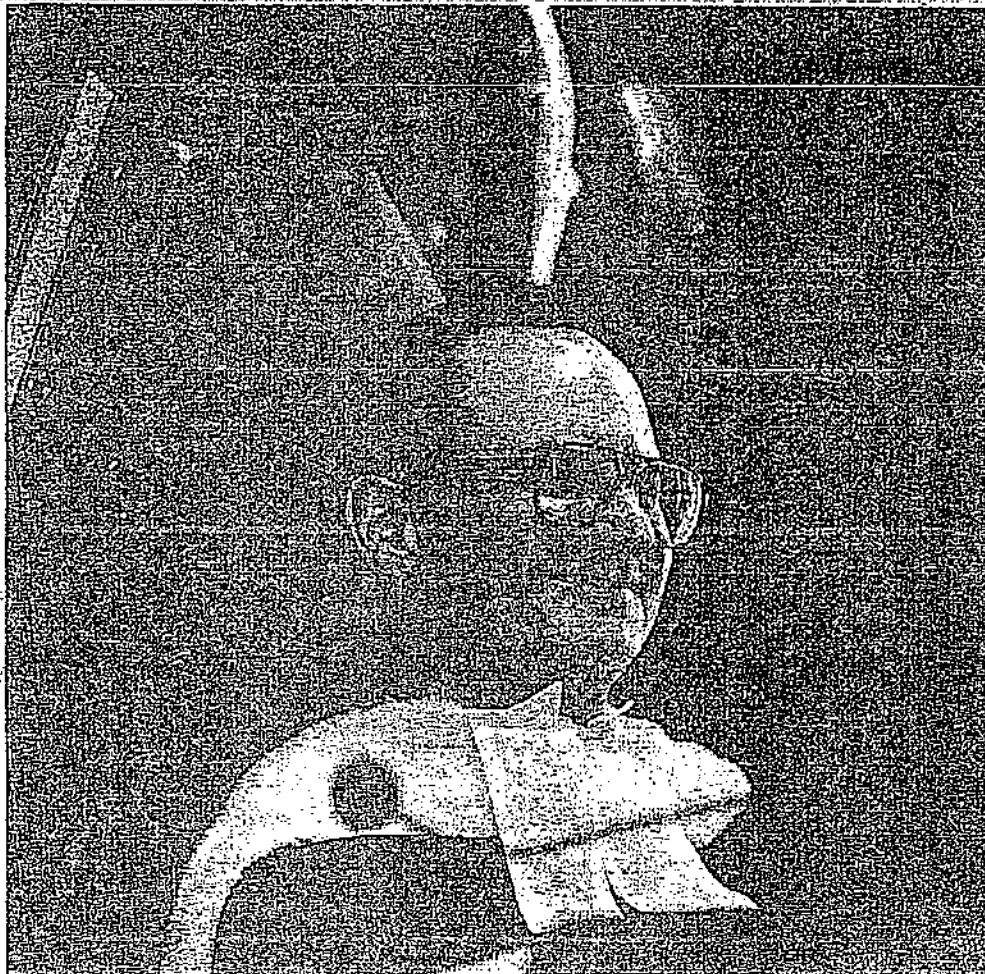
The Montreal-born Binnie, renowned as one of Canada's top litigators, was appointed to the \$189,000-a-year job to replace John Sopinka, 64, who died unexpectedly in November from a blood disorder.

Binnie told the audience, which included Sopinka's widow, Marie, that the legal community remains devastated by his tragic death.

"It is fit to say that never was there a colleague whose wits were quicker, whose humour was as irrepressible and whose friendship was more valued than John Sopinka," Binnie said.

"He was, in the truest sense of the word, irreplaceable and none of us in this courtroom are under any illusion on that account."

Like Sopinka, Binnie was appointed directly from the bar,



CP PHOTO

HAPPY DAY: Ian Binnie, the Supreme Court's newest judge, smiles at a comment made during speeches following his swearing-in ceremony yesterday in Ottawa.

making him the 26th judge to take that route to the high court. Two-thirds of all high court appointees have had some prior judicial experience.

"This is a very happy day at the court," Lamer said. "We are all delighted to welcome to the bench a very distinguished and able cohort whose experience, expertise and sense of humour we all look forward to."

Binnie was associate deputy minister of justice from 1981 to 1986, during which time he acted as the federal government's chief litigator. He represented the federal government on a wide range of issues, including constitutional, aboriginal and

competition law cases.

McLellan recalled that when Binnie left the department to join the Toronto law firm of McCarthy Tétrault, he received an unusual letter of praise from Canada's then-chief justice, Brian Dickson.

"When he decided to return to private practice, he received the extraordinary honour of a letter from then-chief justice Dickson noting that the government had lost its premier advocate before the Supreme Court," she said.

Harnick described Binnie as an easy-going individual whose gentle manner and lack of pretension made it easy for him to relate to ordinary Canadians.

"While Mr. Justice Binnie may have been a 'Bay Street' lawyer, those who know him recognize that he does not even remotely fit the stereotypical image fastened to that segment of the legal profession," Harnick said.

The Binnies have four children — Daniel, 29, an aspiring writer who is travelling in India; Matthew, 27, a doctor; Alexandra, 22, a Rhodes Scholar at Oxford University; and Mackenzie, 17, a high school student.

Binnie's first case is scheduled for Feb. 16 when the court will hear legal arguments on whether Quebec can unilaterally separate.

(over)

TADDLE CREEK

The first issue of a new literary magazine titled *Taddle Creek* appeared last Christmas. Included was a 4-page article by Alfred Holden which began: "The Forgotten Stream, Or Is It? Taddle Creek, once the pride of the University of Toronto's landscape, may be poised for a comeback."

The Taddle Creek Initiative is headed up by Ed Susa, and he has provided a considerable amount of new information to our local history collection. Last Winter Solstice, Sunday, December 21, a bitterly cold day, with the permission of the trustees Ed assembled a group of about 70 Taddle enthusiasts at the south end of the pond. After a short talk, they set out to retrace the route of the buried Taddle. One of the stops was a large back yard on the east side of Albany Ave where the owner last summer attempted to dig up the Taddle. Ed and 14 other hardy souls went the distance to the former mouth of the Taddle at the harbour near Parliament St. Ed will lead the same walk on the Summer Solstice, Sunday, June 21, 10:30 am, starting in the parkette at the NW corner of Bathurst and Davenport, and then proceeding to the pond. For further information about the Taddle Creek Initiative, Ed can be reached at 599-4171.

One of the survivors of Ed's previous walk, Ruth Munson, will be leading a nature walk for the Toronto Field Naturalists through the Cedarvale Ravine, next Thursday, March 26, 10:30 am. Meet at the Heath St exit of the St Clair West subway station. Both Ed's and Ruth's walks are free of charge.

Other Taddle Creek events:

Tuesday, April 7, 11am-1pm: Four 4th-year UofT environmental students will be displaying the results of their study of Taddle Creek, including exhibits, a video, and hand-outs. One of the students spent two Wednesday evenings of research in our local history collection. Earth Sciences Building, Room 2093, 33 Willcocks St (at Huron).

Thursday, April 16, noon-1pm: Another survivor of Ed's December walk, Helen Mills, will conduct a slide show about the Taddle and other "Lost Creeks of Toronto". She is currently writing a series of field guides about these buried waterways. Heritage Toronto Building, 205 Yonge St (former bank building, north of Queen). \$4 each, \$2 for TFN members, free for Heritage Partners.

LOCAL HISTORY EVENINGS

The Fulton local history collection is open to the public for research at #96 on Wednesday evenings 7-9. Information gets shared, and the collection continues to grow. Best to call before you drop in.

WYCHWOOD PARK HOUSE HISTORIES

A list of the occupants of each of the houses from the beginning has been compiled from the assessment rolls, voters lists, Park telephone lists, etc. If you would like to have a copy of the list for your house, please ask. During the past few winters, I have been compiling a binder of photographs and printed materials pertaining to the history of each of the houses. If you possess any of these goodies, it would be greatly appreciated if you would provide copies or lend the materials so that I could make copies. I have been working in numerical order, starting with #2, and I have just completed #42. If your house is numbered between #2 and #42 inclusive, you may examine its binder at one of our local history open houses.

THE ART OF WYCHWOOD

In 1988 the Park celebrated its Centennial with an exhibition of art, photography, and other materials held at #96 during the week of April 10-17. Keith Miller and I expanded the content of the exhibition to a 300-page illustrated book on the history of the Park, mostly about the artists, but also containing a considerable amount of other history. Proceeds from the sale of the book were used to restore and rehang a portrait of Marmaduke Matthews (#6) painted by George Reid (#81), which presently resides above the fireplace in the Wychwood Library. A copy of the book may be examined at the Library at #96, and a few copies are still available at \$30.

Albert Fulton, 537-5006 or 2093-09

(over)

News from the Archives

October 2000



Stu Johnston, Murray Wilton, Bill Wallace, at #17, October 27, 1995.
Each of these gentlemen is remembered in this issue.

REMEMBERING THE DEPRESSION by Stuart Johnston

Reprinted from *A Book of Memories*, a Millennium Project of Belmont House. Stu lived at #40 from 1956 to 1999.

In 1934 I graduated from Westmount High School [in Montreal] and planned to enter engineering at McGill University in the fall. But times were getting tough. My father, whose business was importing clothes for boys going to boarding schools (as well as dress materials such as lace for ladies) was not able to afford the fees for McGill. Mother had a friend (Mr. Fraser) who sold Hardy Fishing Tackle. At that time, it was the very best. She thought that he might know someone in a fishing camp who might possibly need a guide for the summer. As it turned out, he did know someone who had been a stockbroker in Montreal until the market crashed. He and his wife had bought a French-Canadian hotel in La Barriere, north of Ste. Jovite in the Laurentians. Their property included five lakes. Mr. Fraser got in touch with Mr. Fairbanks, and I was hired.

Arriving at the hotel in early May, I was amused to find that fishing wouldn't start until the end of May. However, a Norwegian man who was in charge of the fishing camp was building a new icehouse next to the hotel. I had some experience with wood-working tools, so I was put to work. At the end of May, fishermen began arriving (mostly Americans, as Mrs. Fairbanks was from the States and had some very good connections). We loaded horse-drawn sleds with the guests' luggage, food, bedding, etc., and then we all scrambled up the trail behind the horses to the lakes. The cabins were well appointed with bunks, chairs, tables, woodstoves and iceboxes. Fortunately I had learned to cook at my mother's apron strings, so I was able to feed the four men in my group.

When we first went fishing, I could handle the canoes, but I had no idea where the fish were lying. However, by trailing the other guides, I found that we could catch our fair share. Guests came and went during the following weeks until Mr. Fairbanks told me that fishing stopped around July 15 due to hot weather and shallow lakes. He would no longer need me after August 20. I was shattered and explained my need for money. He thought for a minute. Then he

said that the Norwegian would be leaving in a few days, and if I could milk 6 cows and feed 4 horses, 3 pigs and a raft of chickens, I could stay.

Fortunately, I had milked a cow on a small farm in Huntington, Quebec, where my parents had settled after the war. I had learned about feeding pigs at the Ontario School for the Insane, adjacent to St. Alban's School in Brockville, which I had attended for 7 years. I was fascinated by the pigs and had watched the guards heat waste food in large kettles of water and then ladle the swill into wooden troughs for the pigs to enjoy. Also, milking the cows had its advantages. There was a DeLaval milk separator in the barn. I found out, by setting it on 'High', that the guides and kitchen help (and I!) could enjoy a form of Devonshire cream with our molasses!

One other chore was to feed the 3-legged black bear which was in an enclosure across the road from the hotel. Particularly on Sundays, local residents would bring their children to see the bear. They would toss food to him, and if they offered a Coca Cola, he would catch it with his good forepaw and then roll on his back and drink it down! I was called to the bear's pen one afternoon because, somehow, he had unlatched his chain and escaped up the hill. I disconnected the chain from its base and dragged it behind me until I finally located the bear. I tried to hook the clasp onto his collar ring, but he kept taking menacing swipes at my hand. So I left the chain and the bear on the hill and went down to the kitchen, where the cook gave me some maple sugar. Back up the hill I went to where the bear was still resting. With the chain clasp in one hand, I held the maple sugar above his head. As he reached for the sugar, I tried to swing the clasp onto his collar, but he was too wily and would drop his head and take a swipe at my hand. At last, his desire for the sugar made him lift his head, and I hooked onto the collar.

Then the tug-of-war started! Bear ran up the hill. And I, on the other end of the chain, tried to pull him down the hill. Bear would come a little way, then abruptly stop and run back up the hill. After about 15 minutes we were finally both running down the hill, with Bear gaining on me. Luckily, when we reached his pen, other people who had been watching all this from the road, herded him in! A few days later, Bear escaped again. He had broken the chain and left 20 feet of chain trailing. We searched the woods and hills for several days. We finally assumed that his chain had gotten caught in some rocks and that he must have died.

Work continued until September 15. I returned to Montreal and McGill University, after the most exciting summer job I ever had. That year I didn't even notice the Depression!

BILL WALLACE (1915-1998)

Bill was a Wychwood Park Trustee from 1964 to 1973 (chairman from 1969 to 1973). His pithy annual reports make interesting reading, and the one from 30 years ago is included on the back page. Plus ça change . . .

There is somewhat of a tradition in the Park of naming firstborn sons after their fathers -- the Marmaduke Matthews, the Edmund Walkers, the Trevor Owens, the Joseph Dunkelmans, the Jack Battens, the Geoffrey Clarksons, the Ernest Bogarts, the John Parkers, the Donald Frasers, the John Patersons -- have I missed any? Bill Wallace took it a step further -- his parents were named William and Margaret, and he also married a Margaret! As well, one of his sisters and one of his daughters were named Margaret. Anyone phoning for Margaret Wallace might have some explaining to do!

Bill grew up at #38, which his widowed mother owned from 1923 to 1944. After the war, Bill and his bride and their three daughters lived there until 1960, at which time they sold the house to Barry and Philomena Lowes and bought #77 from Daisy Sutherland.

Don Harrison recently loaned to the Archives the book *Unlucky Lady -- The Life and Death of HMCS Athabaskan*, 1982. Bill was the Surgeon-Lieutenant on board when the ship was bombed in September 1943, and the book contains a photo of Bill and descriptions of his care of the casualties.

Audiotapes of "oral histories" with Bill in 1988 and 1996 are in the Archives, as well as tapes with about a dozen other Park oldtimers. They may be listened to at the Archives. If you happen to find yourself in a nostalgic mood and feel inclined to record your reminiscences of Park people or events, I would be delighted to include your stories in future issues and add them to the binders which I am maintaining on the histories of each of the houses in the Park. You may tell your stories to the Archives tape recorder or write them -- whichever is more convenient. And please, for the sake of your descendants, record your own family history. Your descendants will treasure it (probably!).

MURRAY WILTON (1911-2000)

An era ended with the death of Murray, the Poet of the Park. No Christmas was complete without the Wilton family letter, which included one or more poems by Murray with his observations on the

year's events. When I asked him for a poem to place at the front of the Park centennial book of 1988, *The Art of Wychwood*, he promptly responded with 16 lines of the most evocative verse that I could imagine. Marjorie persuaded him to put together a book of his poems of the 1980s and another of Irish poems after their trip to Ireland in 1990. The Toronto sesquicentennial book of 1984, *Celebrate Our City*, by Barbara Amiel, Lorraine Monk, and Mike Filey, contained two poems by Murray. And in the Archives is a thick file of Murray's poetry, often about significant events in the Park -- birthdays, graduations, weddings, retirements, deaths.

Murray and Marjorie were married in 1956, and they moved into #26 in 1959. This house was ideally suited to Murray, especially in his later years, as he could recline on the front porch, compose a few lines, observe the passing scene, and invite folks to join him for a chat, accompanied frequently with a refreshment. The Park needs more Murrays, and more utilization of our front porches!

Many of my conversations with Murray were conducted while leaning against the fence by the pond. He was one of the most friendly persons I have had the privilege of knowing, and our conversations were frequently interrupted when he greeted everyone -- residents, neighbours, strangers, children, dogs -- who happened to pass by. And these memories of Murray also apply to the other two gentlemen in the photo -- they were all marvellous conversationalists, and they loved to wander around the Park, on foot or in a car with a distinctive foreign twang which announced, even when we were inside, "Stu is making his rounds. All is well." We miss them deeply, but we enjoy still having Stu & Maggie driving around the Park from time to time. From Murray:

OBIT FOR AN OLD OAK TREE

It was on the bank beside the pond
That the majestic oak tree stood,
And proud we were to be a part
Of all that it did for good.
It gave shade and shelter by the pond
For birds and beasts to seek,
And long it held an honoured place
By the side of Taddle Creek.
I do not know how old it was,
Some say three hundred years or more,
For the rings on its trunk were so tightly shrunk
That one ring might encompass a score.
But, even in sorrow, we must be brief,
The sad facts must now be told,
The grand old tree, at last, fell down,
Alas, it had become too old.
Across the pond it lay immersed,
Its splendour all in shambles,
And to the scene a gallant crew
Assembled, midst the brambles.
Oh, how we winced as we slowly winched
The remains of that old tree,
It took three cogs for every inch
Of this limb of history.
With Marshall McLuhan on the quarterdeck
And Corinne brewing Texas chili,
We hauled away and hauled away
With a one, a two, and a three.
It was Carl and Eric, Murray and Joe,
Andrew and Peter to boot,
Who dragged the old veteran out of the pond
And gave it a last salute.

It was Carl who went out in a tiny boat
To say a last farewell,
And what he said when the boat went down
Was drowned neath a passing swell.
With a beer in one hand and a crosscut saw
We reduced it into logs,
And many sad thoughts went through our minds
As we ratched up still more cogs.
The fish that graze within the pond,
Who long know a kindly shade,
Will know, now, if they did not before,
That, once, they had it made.
O Willow! willow, by the pond,
Pray raise your weeping head,
For the old oak tree that graces three hundred years
We will never regard as dead.

WILTON, Murray Alexander — At home, surrounded by loved ones, on October 13, 2000, Murray Alexander Wilton, in his 90th year. Devoted husband of Marjorie, caring father of Jennifer, Peter, Andrew and Elizabeth and loving grandfather of Claire, Alex, Tommy, Zoey, and Adam. He will be deeply missed by all whose lives he touched with his optimistic, generous spirit, clever wit, and inimitable poetry. Friends are invited to visit the Morley Bedford Funeral Home, 159 Eglinton Avenue West, Toronto, on Monday, October 16, from 7:00-9:00 p.m. In lieu of flowers, a donation to the Literacy Program, St. Christopher House, 248 Ossington Avenue, Toronto, Ontario M6J 3A2 or St. Michael and All Angels' Church (Outreach Program), 611 St. Clair Avenue West, Toronto, Ontario M6C 1A3 would be appreciated.

Footnote to Murray's poem: the willow that Murray mentioned met the same fate as the oak. It celebrated the centennial of 1988 by toppling into the pond, where it lay for most of the summer. The swans enjoyed sitting on it. In the fall, Stu Johnston rented a sturdy come-along and chainsaws, and a stalwart crew hauled the tree from the pond, cutting it up as it came out. In the Archives are photos of Stu in the pond in his hipwaders sawing off branches underneath, while Bill Wallace and the others are cranking the winch and sawing off the huge pieces of trunk.

Next door neighbours to the Wiltons since 1961, Don & Joan Harrison have written a delightful biography of Murray, outlining his athletic, musical and occupational activities. Copies have been added to the house history binders for #26 and #28. They got rid of the fence between their properties so that their children would have a better play area and easy opportunity to come and go between the two houses.

CITY ARCHIVES, 255 Spadina Road

An excellent exhibit of local materials opened in the south end of the main floor on October 12. Several items from the Keith Miller Collection are on display. Of special interest is the first page of the last letter written to Kathleen Sullivan (#91) by Harold Goodman (#4) on July 27, 1918. Harold, a lieutenant with the Canadian Expeditionary Force, was wounded at the Battle of Amiens on August 8, 1918, and he died on August 15. He was the only grandchild of Park founders Marmaduke & Cyrilda Matthews (#6), who had seven children, and this branch of the Matthews family died with Harold. Photocopies of the complete letter and of others from Harold to Kathleen may be read at the Wychwood Park Archives. Kathleen was a daughter of the well-known novelist, Alan Sullivan.

Adjacent to Harold's letter is a photo of a group of children in front of some large igloos built by Harold in 1915, just before he left for overseas. Present are Kathleen and her young siblings Darcy and Babs, as well as Douglas and Beverley (a boy) Shenstone (#17). Their father, Saxon Shenstone, had a duck house by the pond, and he died of a heart attack at age 39 while feeding his ducks on Christmas day in the same year as the photo, 1915. Saxon's sister, Mary Fraser (#7), was the mother of Donald Fraser (#24).

Note: a correction for the photo of the horse pulling the ice cutter on the pond -- Freya Hahn was a daughter of Gustav Hahn (#15), not his wife.

MARY HIESTER REID

The opening of an exhibition of paintings by Mrs Reid of Upland Cottage (#81) will be held at the AGO on Wednesday, November 1 at 7 pm. Curators Janice Anderson and Brian Foss will describe the career of the artist and then conduct a tour of the exhibition. \$10/\$8 AGO members. A very special Wychwood Park event!

In the exhibition will be a painting by Mrs Reid of the inglenook in her studio which inspired the creation of an inglenook in a small room in the Canadian art section when the AGO was renovated a few years ago. Mary Mitchell (#5) is a docent at the AGO, and on September 6 she invited a group of docents for refreshments at her home. I was delighted to be asked to conduct an art history tour of the Park for such a knowledgeable and interested group. The Giacomellis kindly opened Mr and Mrs Reid's studios at Upland Cottage to the visitors, and they gazed in reverential respect at Mrs Reid's inglenook. When they conduct their own tours past the AGO inglenook, they will, no doubt, think back to that memorable evening. Thanks, Marc & Sarah! At York Wilson's studio-house at 41 Alcina, Lela graciously conducted a tour of her beautiful home and provided details about her husband's career and about the exhibition of his work at the Moore Gallery held during September. A visit to the Archives rounded out the evening.

Also upcoming at the AGO is the annual Magic Toy Shop exhibition (November 11 to January 21) of 19th century European toys from the collection of Walter Trier, father of the late Gretl Fodor (#110).

ODDS AND ENDS

Needlework Guild: Annual Show of Work, Monday, October 30, 2-6 pm, at #96. Please feel free to drop in (especially new residents) to admire this year's production of beautiful items for needy babies, and for a cup of tea and a chat.

Martha Baillie: Martha will be reading from her second novel, *Madame Balashovskaya's Apartment*, in

the Beeton Auditorium of the Toronto Reference Library (on Yonge north of Bloor) at 7:30 pm on Thursday, December 7. Sharing the program with Martha will be novelists Catherine Bush and Michael Winter.

Videotapes: Peter Wilton was one of five researchers for the documentary series *Toronto, City of Dreams*, which appeared on CTV in one-hour segments on September 17, 20, and 27. The programs contained an impressive amount of archival footage, supplemented by re-enactments by actors of local historical events. A goodly number of community historians and curators were interviewed. (I was invited, but I bashfully declined!) On October 17, in the CBC *Life and Times* series, a one-hour documentary of the career and family life of Maureen Forrester was presented. Videotapes of these programs may be borrowed from the Archives. And if you happen to catch the current dog movie *Best in Show*, watch for Ms Forrester's daughter, Linda Kash.

Archives: The Wychwood Park Archives are open on Wednesday evenings from 7:30 to 9:30 and at other times by appointment. Ongoing thanks are extended to the folks who continue to drop off old and new photos, clippings, and ephemera. Anything that you come across pertaining to the Park or its environs, no matter how trivial it may seem to you, is always greatly appreciated. The newsletter is delivered or mailed to friends of the Park and some former residents. Please let me know of anyone that you think might be interested. If you would like me to announce an upcoming event, let me know and I will tell you the date of the next issue. Note to Park residents: in the Historical Society report of September 30, 1999, which was delivered to you in the Trustees' package last Monday, there is mention of "Honorarium Re: Archives \$5000". This amount was given to Keith Miller, not to me!

14 AUGUST 24, 2000 eye

CITYSTATE

BY JOHN SEWELL

Virginia Woolf asked for a room of one's own. My desire is for a comfortable city street. It's a tall order — we all want the perfect street, but they don't seem to be making them anymore.

Just look at the awful streets being built in Mississauga and Vaughan and Markham. Desolate places, those suburban roadways. Garage doors are the dominant elements, and almost as much ground seems occupied by paved driveways as by grassy lawns. Why are such unpleasant suburbs so much in demand? There's precious little company walking on those streets — actually, often walking on the road itself, sidewalks being so scarce — since there's nowhere to walk to. Everyone drives everywhere. Visual appeal, or anything eye-catching, is extraordinarily rare, particularly since the houses are crassly designed and there are few gardens of interest.

I want a street that's interesting to walk along, where there are other people on it too, and things to look at. The street should feel safe and inviting, in the middle of things but not over-

whelmed by noisy traffic. A convenience shop should be no more than a five-minute walk away, and good transit should be close by.

Virtually every community built since 1950, from Don Mills on, fails on all those counts, but there are numerous streets in the older city, most built before World War I, that fit all these criteria. They can be found in Cabbagetown, Riverdale, Parkdale, the Annex, the Beaches and Swansea, to name the most obvious neighbourhoods. Developers in Victorian Toronto created superb streets. Walk along Carlton east of Parliament, for instance, or on Brock south of Dundas. In Parkdale, try Leopold, or Cowan south of King. Or Elgin, west of Avenue. These streets make you feel good to be in the city.

It's unfortunate that the lessons from these successful streets were discarded in the suburban onslaught. Happily, they had been remembered in the 20th century before the suburbs gained ascendancy. Take any of the streets running east off Broadview south of Danforth, for instance.

What makes these streets feel appropriate? Three or four criteria are key, all seen on my current favourite Toronto residential street, Hilton Avenue, which runs south from St. Clair, one east of Bathurst. Here's what makes it work:

► There's a distance of about 30 metres between the house fronts on one side of the street and the other. The houses are

close to each other, with few spaces between them, and most are three stories high. These characteristics create a sense of enclosure so you know you're on a street, not walking through a field.

► Most houses have front porches, which provide a friendly transition between the public and private edge of the street. People often sit there, or on the front steps, watching what's going on.

► There are many large trees, providing lots of shade.

► The front yards are small. Large front yards defeat most households, and residents settle on boring, uninspired lawns. But small yards often encourage amateur green thumbs. Many houses are identified by their front yards. Look at the pumpkins growing in this yard, the nasturtiums over there. In this yard the colours change every month, starting with whites in early spring, through pinks and purples in May and yellows or oranges in July. With so many different plants, there's lots to attract one's attention while ambling down the block.

► The roadway itself is no more than 8 or 9 metres wide. That allows parking on one side, and two cars to pass each other, provided they travel slowly. With few cars rushing up and down the street, it's perfect for ball hockey. Most evenings see spirited games with parents sometimes joining in. What more could one ask of a street than a place to play ball hockey and be interrupted only often enough to catch one's breath?

► The houses are big enough to be subdivided. Some have secondary apartments, and some have been divided into a unit for each floor. There's a mix of many people — different ages, incomes and backgrounds, something every street should have.

There's nothing magic about creating the half-dozen conditions that make for a friendly street on which to live. The older city has numerous examples, as well as streets that satisfy some of these conditions, but not others. (I've often thought how boring it must be to live in sections of Forest Hill or Rosedale.) But, sadly, these conditions are almost wholly ignored by suburban planners and developers. They design streets that are too wide, yards that are too big and houses that are too small to be subdivided. They might be terrific to drive along in your car, but their design doesn't make it easy for ordinary people to be sociable.

Could that be the real difference between 905 and 416? Here in the downtown we're given an urban design that brings out our best social qualities. In the suburbs the design makes it more difficult for those qualities to be expressed — people have to work hard to be sociable. Do our different political views arise because of the influence of urban design? There's a thought to ponder while walking along a city street. ◀ John Sewell is a former mayor of Toronto. CityState appears weekly.

You've probably guessed by now that John Sewell lives on Hilton! He and his new spouse, Liz Rykert, have moved into #76A, across the street from #79, where Don Baillie and his brothers grew up.

Have you seen the amazing new playground?

Hillcrest Community School's barren asphalt is about to be transformed thanks to donations and 2,500 hours of volunteer labour

Star, Sept 22/00.

BY KRISTIN RUSHOWY
EDUCATION REPORTER

What was a dreary schoolyard full of cracked asphalt and dirt will this weekend be transformed into an amazing playground with towers, bridges, climbers, slides and a replica streetcar.

Three years ago, parents at Hillcrest Community School decided they had to fix up the yard for students, as well as the children at the Hillcrest Community Centre, an on-site day-care centre, and the rest of the community.

"There was nothing for kids to do," said Marcia Nemoy, who co-ordinated Hillcrest's Playscape 2000 committee.

There wasn't even a bench to encourage local residents to visit and socialize, she said.

But by this Sunday afternoon — after 350 or more volunteers put in a collective 2,500 hours of work — Hillcrest will have a castle-like play structure, a courtyard and landscaped

green spaces with plants, trees and picnic benches.

Towers at three entrances to the playground will showcase students' artwork.

Basketball and volleyball courts, as well as spaces to play badminton and baseball, should be finished by Thanksgiving.

The Toronto District School Board, which demolished more than 170 playgrounds across the city — including a smaller one for younger students in an enclosed area at Hillcrest — is hoping this pilot project will be a model for other schools.

"Parents put a tremendous amount of thought into this, working with the school, the day care, envisioning what they feel their kids need and what the community needs on the school site," said Sheila Penny, general manager of technical services for the Toronto District School Board.

Neighbourhood residents, parents and students were canvassed for ideas; children even had a chance to meet the landscape architect and submit their own drawings for the playground.

The Maintenance and Construction Skilled Trades Council, which represents school board workers, has donated the time and skills of some of its members, and negotiated discounts on materials.

The estimated value of the project is \$225,000, though the actual cost is considerably less.

Parents raised \$10,000 by going door to door and \$18,500 through

community events. The rest has come from the City of Toronto and the board, as well as donations from the Kiwanis Club, grants and local businesses.

The biggest donor, Nemoy said, has been the skilled trades council.

"We really couldn't have done this without them."

The city put up the \$30,000 needed for the basketball and volleyball courts.

"Parents have done a phenomenal job of co-ordinating both the city, the board and community resources," said Trustee Sheila Ward.

The castle design is fitting, as the school isn't far from Casa Loma. The replica streetcar — which has a link to the nearby TTC Hillcrest maintenance yard — is two-thirds the size of the real thing and open on one side, like a stage.

Principal Donna LePan said the new, improved yard, especially the gardens, will tie into the curriculum.

There are enough picnic tables out there for an entire class, she added.

Playscape 2000 is modelled on a similar project by St. Cecilia Catholic school in 1997, where 1,000 volunteers turned its asphalt yard into gardens and play areas. Like Hillcrest, it was done for a fraction of the cost.

Hillcrest parent Daniel Melamed and his father volunteered almost 10 hours on Wednesday and will be out again tomorrow.

"It's fantastic what the community is doing," he said.

BY JACK BATTEN

IN ERIC WRIGHT's witty, smartly structured new crime novel, *The Kidnapping Of Rosie Dawn* (Perseverance Press, 216 pages, \$20), he makes a small factual error of the kind that nit-picking, Toronto-centric readers — me, for example — love to pounce on.

Joe Barley, Wright's new sleuth figure, generates the action that leads to the error. Wright has written 10 novels featuring his best-known character, Charlie Salter of the Toronto Police; another novel with Mel Pickett, the Toronto cop retired to cottage country; and two more starring Lucy Trimble, the middle-aged Toronto private eye. Now comes Barley, a man with two occupations and therefore two cases on his hands. Or, more accurately, with one case and one episode.

sode.

By day, Barley teaches English at Toronto's Hambleton College, where he's a "permanent part-time sessional instructor," a designation that figures prominently and humorously in an episode of college politics Barley must resolve. The rest of his days, nights and weekends, Barley performs services, also part-time, for a security firm. In the latter capacity, he finds himself on the hunt for a stripper who's gone missing, and it's this search for the woman named Rosie Dawn that gets Barley tied up with some major villains around town in ways that are vastly entertaining.

It's also in the Rosie Dawn case that Barley precipitates Wright toward the factual error in question. Barley, hoping he's on the trail of something decisive, provokes one suspect into setting out by car to a possibly incriminating location

while Barley covertly follows him. The suspect drives west on Dupont St., then south on Bathurst for a block where, Barley says, "I watched him turn west at the first corner."

Here is where the mistake has occurred. The first street south of Bathurst, as all of us who live in the neighbourhood are aware, is Vermont. Vermont runs one-way east. No driver can turn west on Vermont unless the driver is intent on breaking the law. Barley's suspect didn't have law-breaking in mind. He was merely driving to his home on Vermont and could therefore be expected to know the pattern of one-way streets in the area.

A tiny and unimportant error, you say? Of course, but if I may get personal about the subject, I too have committed gaffes of the same sort, which readers have brought gleefully to my attention. . . .

Jack Batten, a prolific writer of fact and fiction, is a grandson of Alexander & Bertha Batten, the original owners of #30. Jack's father, also named Jack, was president of the commercial art firm Rapid, Grip & Batten, which had evolved from Grip Limited, where many of the Group of Seven had worked. The managing director of Grip Limited was George Howell, the original owner of #7. Another reason why the Park was called an artist colony!

Wychwood Park

Wychwood Park sits on a height of land that was once the Lake Iroquois shore. The source for Taddle Creek lies to the north and provides the water

for the pond found in the centre of the Park. Today, Taddle Creek continues under Davenport Road at the base of the escarpment and flows like an underground snake towards the Gooderham and Worts site and into Lake Ontario. Access to this little known natural area of Toronto is by two entrances one at the

south, where a gate prevents through traffic, and the other entrance at the north end, off Tyrell Avenue, which provides the regular vehicular entrance and exit. A pedestrian entrance is found between 77 and 81 Alcina Avenue.

Wychwood Park was founded by Marmaduke Matthews and Alexander Jardine in the third quarter of the 19th century. In 1874, Matthews, a landscape painter, built the first house in the Park (6 Wychwood Park) which he named "Wychwood," after Wychwood Forest near his home in England. The second home in Wychwood Park, "Braemore," was built by Jardine a few years later (No. 22). When the Park was formally established in 1891, the deed provided building standards and restrictions on use. For instance, no commercial activities were permitted, there were to be no row houses, and houses must cost not less than \$3,000.

By 1905, other artists were moving to the Park. Among the early occupants were the artist George A. Reid (Uplands Cottage at No. 8r) and the architect Eden Smith (No. 5). Smith designed both 5 and 8r, as well as a number of others, all in variations of the Arts and Crafts style promoted by C.F.A. Voysey and M.H. Baillie Scott in England. Between the two World Wars, a number of smaller houses were built when the Wychwood Park Trustees sold a portion of small lots along the western side of the Park. These houses varied stylistically from the earlier larger homes. After 1950, a few "modern" houses were erected on undeveloped lots.

In the 1980s the Park was threatened by the demolition of the large house at No. 16 for the purpose of redevelopment. This provided the impetus for the Park Trustees and other residents of the Park to seek designation of the Park as a Heritage Conservation District under Part V of the Ontario Heritage Act. After many meetings with Park residents and with the assistance of the Toronto Historical Board, a District Plan was approved by City Council and By-Law 421-85 was passed and approved by the Ontario Municipal Board in March 1986.

John Blumenson



The residential designs of Toronto architect Ian (#4A) MacDonald think highly

of the way people occupy a space.

LISA ROCHON reports on his latest creation

G + M Oct 11 / 00.
Urban eye is in a hurry. It vibrates through the streets, picking off lurid colours and surfaces that shine like utensils. Simplicity over complexity, flat over rough textures — these are the preferences of a restless eye. But in Toronto's Beaches neighbourhood, a newly renovated house privileges the curious, slow eye. (15 Beech Ave.)

Next to the lake, close to the boardwalk, the eye consumes at a gentler, walking pace. There is time to consider a house — an unremarkable Victorian farmhouse — that has been urged past the pinched verticals of the late 19th century. Toronto architect Ian MacDonald, working with Olga Pushkar, Scott Sorli, Kevin Weiss and Tim Wickens, has designed a house with views and volumes inspired by the lake's generous horizon. It's a house scaled for the future.

MacDonald is one of a handful of Canadian architects who understand the building art. His residential designs provide rigorous responses to the cramped conditions of urban sites or the more sprawling potential of the country. His designs think highly of the way people occupy, or might occupy, a space. Working at a variety of scales, his millworking and furniture designs often include a wood box next to a fireplace to reinforce the importance of a family hearth. At the Beaches house, a discreet cupboard under a custom-designed

couch is just large enough for a couple of glasses and a bottle of Scotch.

MacDonald has worked for discriminating clients such as furniture design Tom Deacon (the Deacon/Kravis residence being a recipient of a Canadian Architect Award of Merit.) MacDonald's own award-winning home, currently under construction in Toronto's elite enclave of Wychwood Park, is set within the slope of a hill and into the subgrade level of the site. It argues convincingly that beautifully rendered architecture that responds to site and urban context ought to move ahead the timeline of the city. . . .

Wrinkles

Wrinkles, a new musical revue, satirizes the 'prime' of life (that's 50-plus-years-of-age) through a series of songs and sketches. Featuring tunes like *We're Still Alive* and sketches like *At The Sound Of The Tone and Memory Loss*, *Wrinkles* is sure to entertain baby boomers and younger audiences alike. Starring Doug Chamberlain, Corinne Conley and Gary Crawford. Conceived by Joyce Gordon and Helmar Piller. (#69)
The show opens Oct. 19.
Showtimes Tue. - Sat. 8 p.m.; Wed., Sat. and Sun. matinees at 2 p.m.
Tickets, \$19.50-\$56, available at the Winter Garden box office, or call Ticketmaster at (416) 872-5555.
Winter Garden Theatre, 189 Yonge St., (416) 872-5555. (From 2000-10-18 to 2000-11-19)

From the new book, *East/West: A Guide to Where People Live in Downtown Toronto*. Until recently, John Blumenson was the Heritage Toronto representative on the Wychwood Park Heritage Advisory Committee. Two photos of the Park accompany the article. Correction: #81 was designed by George Reid, not Eden Smith.

THE TRUSTEES OF WYCHWOOD PARK

TORONTO 176, ONTARIO

November 24, 1970

TO THE RESIDENTS OF WYCHWOOD PARK

RE: SNOW PLOUGHING AND SALTING OF PARK ROADS

As the Trustees advised at the Annual Meeting, the City now refuses to service the roads in the Park as they are private property. Recently, with the active assistance of our Alderman, Mr. Ying Hope, the Commissioner for Street Cleaning was again approached. It was even suggested that we would be prepared to pay the City for the service provided in Wychwood Park. However, the answer was still NO!

The Trustees have had some difficulty in arranging for the work to be done as all prospective companies appear to have as much work as their equipment can handle. One concern offered us service on a Winter contract basis at a charge of \$900.00 per month!

We have finally made an arrangement with a large concern on an actual "time worked" basis which should end up with a reasonable cost providing the Winter weather is not abnormal. It must be understood, however, that we are not paying for "priority treatment" nor are we on a "contract basis" and there may well be delays in getting service as quickly as one would wish. Also, to conserve cost, the roads will only be salted if absolutely essential. However, our local man, Sam, will be around to spread the odd bit of salt from our own boxes. May we remind residents that the salt in the boxes is for Park roads only, not private driveways and walks.

In order to have the roads serviced as efficiently as possible, and to enable the large size equipment to clear the snow properly, it is essential that no cars be parked on the road. This is an absolute must for the winter. Also may we point out that salt and salt water runoff on lawns is a hazard which cannot be completely avoided and neither the Trustees nor the contractor can hold themselves responsible for salt damage to private property.

Finally, may we once again remind you that all contact with outside authorities on Park matters, particularly the City Hall and our Alderman, should be strictly through the Trustees. We assure you of our full cooperation with everyone.

W. Wallace, Chairman of Trustees

A.D. Stockwood, Trustee

N. Fodor, Trustee

News from the Archives

January 2001

HAPPY NEW YEAR, from the Archives and from the Assessors!

As mentioned at the Annual Meeting, the Archives maintain lists of Wychwood Park tax assessments and lot sizes from 1874 to the present. With the recent increases in market values in the Park, it is not surprising that our assessments have also increased substantially, though by no means uniformly.

The 1999 assessments for taxes in 2000 ranged from \$233,000 to \$1,566,000, with the median being \$408,500. The 2000 assessments for taxes in 2001 range from \$341,000 to \$2,840,000 (median \$799,500). The individual increases vary widely, from 36% to 279% (median 99%). Of the 60 properties, 21 fall within the interval 90% to 110% inclusive. The average increase in the city is 21%, and the mill rate will be lowered in order to generate the same amount of taxes (or whatever increase City Council decides). So when you consider your potential percentage tax increase, subtract the 'free' 21%.

In case you are considering an appeal, the Archives' lists can save you a trip to City Hall to compare your assessment with those of similar properties in the Park. If your property is on the edge of the Park, you may wish to compare it with neighbouring properties outside the Park -- for these, visit City Hall, main floor. The deadline for appeal is March 31. I brought copies to the Annual Meeting of a Toronto Star article of November 29, 2000, *How to Appeal Property Taxes*. If you did not pick one up, I have extras. One family in the Park were successful in a recent appeal. If you would like advice, I will ask them if they would call you.

SHEILA OWEN (1910-2000)

Until moving to Belmont House a few years ago, Sheila held the record for the longest residency in the Park. Her parents' home at #49 was designed by Eden Smith and built by Fussell & Thomas of 406 Dupont St. Eric (1882-1948), Elsie (1882-1956), and Sheila moved into their new home in July 1910, when Sheila was 3 weeks old. Her sisters Olwen and Audrey were born in 1912 and 1914, and her brothers Trevor and Ivon followed in 1918 and 1924. A biography of Sheila written by her nephew Keith Miller can be found in *The Art of Wychwood*, and about 3 dozen reproductions of her exquisite flower paintings and charming illustrations are in the Archives. A copy of the 302-page *Art of Wychwood*, 1988, may be borrowed from the Archives or purchased for \$30.

CHRISTMAS PUZZLE

Deadline: midnight Friday, January 12, at #54.

WYCHWOOD PARK ARCHIVES,

c/o Albert Fulton,

96 Wychwood Park, Toronto, M6G 2V5,
416-537-5006 or 416-203-0921.

Hours: Wednesday evenings, 7:30 - 9:30,
or other times by appointment.

OWEN, Sheila, B.A. (Trinity College 312) --
Eldest daughter of the late Professor E.Y. Owen and Elsie Una Maclean, born in Toronto on June 21st, 1910, died in Toronto on Monday, November 6th, 2000. Predeceased by her sister Audrey Owen Miller. Privately, Sheila was a gifted watercolour artist, but she was doubtlessly best known for her many happy years at Upper Canada College as Secretary to the Headmaster at the Prep; and for her Sunday family gatherings in the beautiful house and garden in Wychwood Park built by her parents in the year of her birth. One of her proudest moments came when she unveiled the Toronto Historical Board's plaque commemorating Wychwood Park as a Heritage Conservation District. She was the veritable heart of the family, the staunchest of friends, a second mother to her niece and goddaughter Daphne Miller Beauroy and to her nephews Iain and Keith Miller. She will be missed by her brothers Trevor and Ivon Owen; her sister Olwen Walker; nephews Eric (Myra), Ronald, Trevor (Wendy) and Gerald Owen (Kathy); niece Meredith Stanford (née Owen); great-nieces Fabienne and Muriel Beauroy; great-nephews Bruce and Tom Owen; Stéphane and David Beauroy; and Rachel Beauroy (Fabienne's daughter). Anglican Service in the chapel at BELMONT HOUSE, 55 Belmont Street, on Tuesday, November 14th at 3:30 p.m., followed by a reception in the drawing room. The Alzheimer Society, 2323 Yonge Street, Suite 500, Toronto M4P 2C9, would gratefully accept gifts in her memory. Arrangements under the direction of the HUMPHREY FUNERAL HOME -- A. W. MILES CHAPEL.

From *TORONTO STREET NAMES, An Illustrated Guide to Their Origins*, by Leonard Wise & Allan Gould, 2000, Firefly Books, 244 pages, \$24.95. Can you spot any mistakes?

Bathurst/Davenport Wychwood Park, originally envisioned as an artist's colony by the two men who bought the property in the 1870s, remains a charming enclave in the heart of the city. The original house, Wychwood, still stands there. Marmaduke Matthews (1837-1913) built it in 1874 and named it after Wychwood Forest in Oxfordshire, near where he grew up. He and his friend Alexander Jardine, who owned the Pure Gold Baking Powder Company, bought more property in 1877 and Jardine built a house slightly to the west of Wychwood called Braemore. Braemore Gardens owes its name to Jardine's house. The two friends now owned all the land from Davenport up to St. Clair between Bathurst and Christie, and they hoped to establish an artist's colony there. The first step towards this goal was taken in 1888 when they subdivided the land into 18 large lots, 17 for building and one to remain as a park. In 1891 they subdivided it again, into 38 smaller lots. They set up a system of trusteeship so that the residents could control the development of the area. Taddle Creek was dammed to form a pond (much larger than the one that remains today) where residents could skate in winter and swim in summer. Other artists gradually moved in and built houses. Many were designed in the Cottage Style popular at the time, by the architect Eden Smith, who himself became one of Wychwood Park's residents. The style was reminiscent of English cottages: swooping rooflines, exposed timbers, leaded-glass windows and huge fireplaces. Wychwood Park retains some of the atmosphere of an English village. It has been administered by a corporation since 1907, even though it was annexed by the city of Toronto in 1909. A board of trustees makes most of the decisions that affect the residents. Matthews first came to Toronto in 1860 and four years later left in a hurry when he eloped with Cyrilda Barnard to New York. But they returned in 1869 with several children and in 1873 bought the Wychwood property. Matthews held the position of official artist for the Canadian Pacific Railway in the 1880s and 1890s, and in that capacity painted many western landscapes. He lived with his large family at Wychwood until his death in 1913, and then his daughter Alice lived there until 1960. Among Wychwood Park's more famous residents was the internationally renowned University of Toronto professor and media guru, Marshall McLuhan.



WELCOME TO THE NEW R.O.B. Magazine. A new name, a new look and, I hope, a new feel. And all of it with the same level of commitment, knowledge and incisive reporting and commentary that has characterized the magazine since its inception.

A key element in any monthly is the cover. Should you choose the cover by picking your best story, and then the art to go with it, or do it the other way around? I'm sure that only journalism students know the right answer, but before they can e-mail it to me, I can say we had an easy choice: a wonderful feature (on page 92) from *The Globe and Mail's* Michael Grange on how sports stars invest their money, and compelling photos by Gabor Jurin of them with their financial advisers. Not that it was simple setting up the shoots; we had to fly business manager Jim Wilson from California to Florida to join his client, Raptor Antonio Davis, who lives in the state in the off-season.

We have added 20 or so new regular features and columns. Technology is a major theme throughout the issue; we have columns by Don Tapscott, whom Al Gore has called one of the world's leading cyber-gurus, Clive Thompson and Mathew Ingram. We have a new Money section (starting on page 179), which we hope will appeal equally to canny investors and to adventurous ones.

Since *R.O.B. Magazine* is written for Canadians interested in business, it will range beyond business in Canada. Our new Foreign Correspondent page will provide a monthly letter from a top international business writer, often from an intriguing, slightly off-the-beaten-track capital. Our first offering comes from the *Financial Times's* Madrid bureau

chief, Leslie Crawford, who writes about the young conquistadors who have helped make the Spanish economy the most dynamic in Europe.

For the first time, *R.O.B. Magazine* will include a regular feature on design and architecture. Most of us work in offices surrounded by items of varying degrees of beauty and utility (or their opposites), from staplers to swivel chairs. We travel in autos or airplanes or trains that are well or badly designed, and stay in hotels that can frustrate or delight. As Umbra designer Karim Rashid pointed out at the TED conference in Toronto a few months back, we touch an average of 600 products a day, yet their design is often an afterthought. Our design spread (page 30) reflects the importance of design in our everyday working lives.

Finally, we have added *Globetrotter*, starting on page 201, an insider's guide to the cities that are most important to those of us who travel. *Globetrotter* will be regularly updated both in the magazine and on our web site.

I would like to thank the entire staff and all our contributors for their hard work and perseverance through the past few demanding months. Special thanks go to our design team, led by art director Marcello Biagioni and associate art director Domenic Macri, who have developed our striking new look. I would love to hear your reaction to what we have done; my e-mail is dgould@globeandmail.ca.

Vibrant Val Ward was an avant-gardener

Star, Dec 9/00

MICHELE
LANDSBERG



COME SPRING, I'm going to plant something amazing, damn it — maybe one of those towering, velvety black hollyhocks that Val loved so much. I'm going to plant it defiantly and determinedly, as much to encourage myself to keep gardening as to remember Val Ward, who died suddenly and far too soon on Nov. 21.

I was thunderstruck when her husband Bill phoned me that Tuesday. It seemed impossible that anyone so bursting with vitality, so fizzy with ideas and over-the-top artistic creativity, could be suddenly gone. Brain aneurysm, he told me. Out of the blue. Brief and shock came first, then the heart-wrenching reality that next spring's new garden season would be without Val. I couldn't bear that, until it occurred to me to plant something wildly gorgeous — tribute to a garden al who would surely not have wanted anyone to stop on her account.

Val was a tiny, wiry woman with a mop of blonde hair, wide hazel eyes and an even wider grin. She swooped into the nursery business six years ago

and was so galvanic — "Whirling dervish!" Bill exclaims — that you had a hard time noticing how small she was. She rocked and rolled the gardening world with her irreverence and her energy; her sheer presence was hugely bigger than her actual size.

Coincidentally, that summer of '94, I had just begun gardening myself. I was sick and exhausted from chemotherapy, but my newly discovered passion gave me so much happiness that I was like a woman obsessed. I found Val selling potted plants out of her backyard on Hocken Ave., surrounded by affable cats. Our friendship be-

gan over purple coneflowers.

By the next spring, Val had moved her burgeoning business (buds with a lower-case 'b') into a gazebo on a concrete island at Bathurst and Vaughan, where she created a lush, colour-zapped perennial garden and grabbed attention with her own larger-than-life papier mâché sculptures. Her grandest was a prancing "pagan lady," a bountiful pinkness of rounded flesh, sensually curling lips and garlands of flowers.

Val was always ahead of the trends in spotting the rarest botanical treasures. She would cruise the aisles of out-of-the-way nurseries and bounce back to town in her rickety truck with a load of unusual plants, her "regulars" waiting curbside to pounce.

"She and her customers were unique," said nurseryman John Val-leau of Valleybrook Gardens, when we talked at Val's funeral. "She was a connoisseur but not a snob. And if she liked something, she could sell it to anyone. Actually, she didn't so much sell plants as sell people on gardening."

I saw that a hundred times. I'd knock off work on some hot weekend afternoon and head for buds to hang out. Val would be dragging pots of perennials together, her hands grubby, T-shirt coming untucked, sparks of enthusiasm flying, as she showed some neophyte how to put different colours, shapes and textures together in fresh combinations.

Val was so quick and smart that she burst on the horticultural scene, a full-fledged star, as though from nowhere. And that reminds me of her wise-cracks. "You can lead a horticulture..." she would tease. "Hey, you!" she would exclaim with affectionate glee whenever a friend showed up. There were always a few of us hanging around, shmoozing and swapping floral obsessions.

If Val visited a nursery, she'd take a huge platter of pastries for the workers; if she had left-over bulbs in the fall, she'd plant them lavishly at shelters, libraries and schools. Her warm generosity and antic humour spilled over into her prose: the buds online catalogue would make me laugh out

loud.

Val's earthy style shocked the more sedate garden gurus of Toronto, but they all warmed to her when they saw how she encouraged hordes of new gardeners. There must be thousands of hellebores growing in Toronto gardens because of her; deep purple Queen of the Night tulips; startlingly black-leaved cimicifugas with bottle-brush flowers scented like grape soda. My very best perennial geranium, wildly magenta, was pressed on me by Val. I take the compliments from passers-by, but she earned them for me.

Val and Bill were a great couple. They loved food, drink, jokes, music, plants, cats and each other, and had worked together (in restaurants, scrap metal, you name it) since they met. Their 20th anniversary would have been on Dec. 19.

When the aneurysm struck Val, she and Bill were working in their promising new shop. Before lapsing into unconsciousness, she just had time to say, "I'm going... I love you, Billy." What a heart.

She was 45.

The Don't Buy Black Socks holiday ad campaign from Rogers AT&T Wireless has got at least one sock industry reader raging mad.

"I'm very angry," fumes Abbey Lipson, chairman of McGregor Industries Inc. of Toronto, one of the country's largest hosiery manufacturers, and a Rogers AT&T phone user.

"It's cheap, it's demeaning. It makes socks the lowest possible thing that someone can buy someone else for a gift."

The Rogers ad blitz is a light-hearted knock on the mundane holiday gift of black socks. It suggests instead the apparently more

G + M, Dec 22/00

inspiring present of a Rogers AT&T cellphone.

Have sock sales been pinched? Mr. Lipson can't really tell yet, and doesn't think so. Retailers say they haven't noticed a dip in sales. But business could be affected in the long run if Rogers persists with its campaign, Mr. Lipson says.

The Rogers newspaper ad goes so far as to show a pair of black socks in a circle with a line crossing it out, the global symbol for something that is prohibited.

"This holiday season, give a more original gift," the headline declares.

"Forget black socks. Give a gift everyone can appreciate." That would be a special deal on a Rogers Wireless phone.

The Rogers television commercials mockingly show overjoyed gift recipients as they open their Christmas box of black socks. One little boy is upset by receiving white socks but is quickly soothed when handed another package of black socks. "Just kidding, son," his dad assures him.

People from Rogers say they've had lots of positive feedback about the ads, and have no plans to step

into the controversy and drop their sock spots.

"The campaign has given more attention to socks than they would otherwise have," Rogers Wireless spokeswoman Heather Armstrong says.

And Rogers doesn't turn up its nose at socks. In its western region, it's wrapping the cell phones in black socks. "We've had an awful lot of fun internally," Ms. Armstrong says.

Mr. Lipson isn't smiling. He says he's "outraged" that Rogers is trying to sell cellphones on the back of

the sock sector. "I consider it very unfair competition."

He considered lodging a complaint with Rogers, but doesn't want the hassle of going through the procedure.

My own view is that the publicity may just help sock sales. I went out and bought a pair of black socks for a friend, as a way to poke fun at the ads. It's almost cool to get black socks now.

**MARINA STRAUSS
RETAILING**

Don Mills' designers followed this post-war architectural trend

BY JOHN BLUMENSON
SPECIAL TO THE STAR

The middle of the 20th century was a period of considerable practical experimentation in domestic and commercial design. One result was the Contempo style.

Building materials previously restricted because of the war now became available to the marketplace. Thus, large sheets of glass, steel and aluminum were more abundant.

Colours changed: Bright yellows, blues and reds replaced the white, grays and blacks of the previous generation.

And industry retooled itself to serve the consumer, rather than the war market.

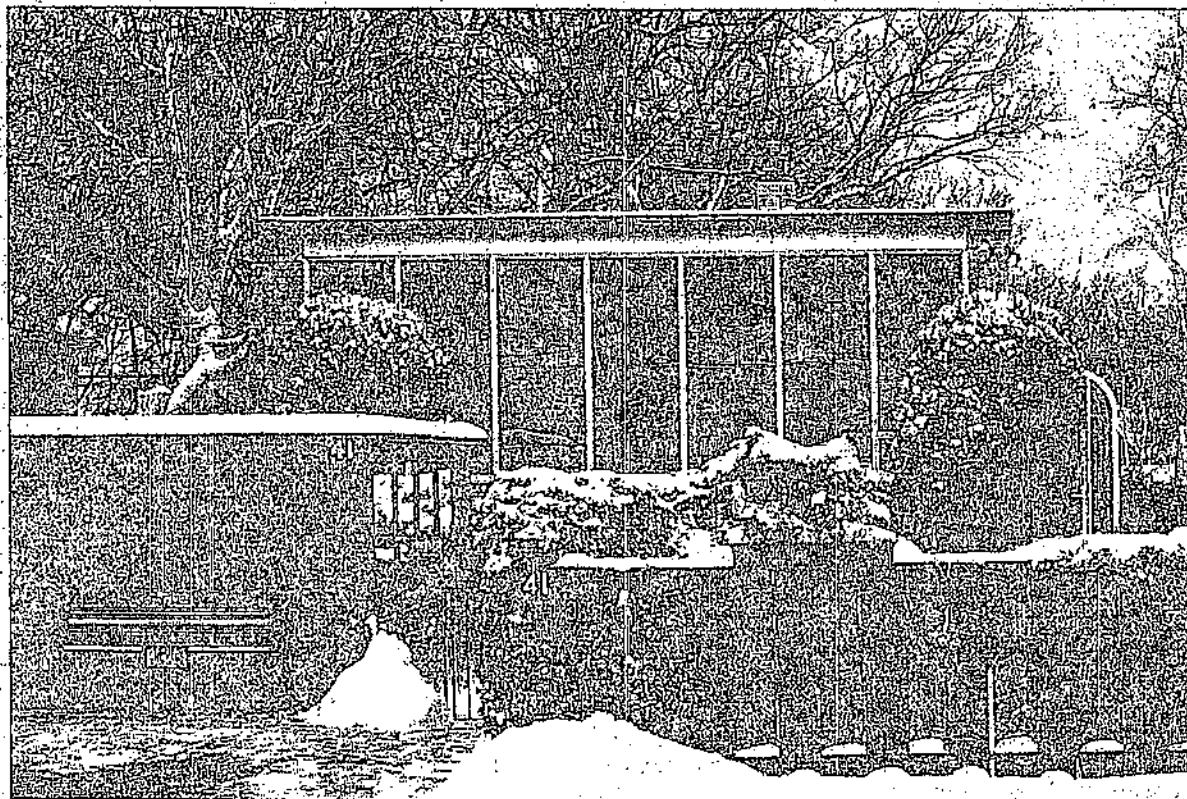
The '50s Contempo style, a popular variant of Modernism, adapted concepts first explored in the stark but functional Bauhaus designs in Europe.

Features, such as open plan interiors, glass curtain walls and panels of brightly coloured brick, wood and metal were applied to many homes, as well as commercial buildings, and, yes, gas stations and restaurants catering to occupants of rock-et-styled cars craving food to go.

A special character of this style is most evident in the shape or profile of the roof. Rather than the perfectly flat roof seen in the International and Art Deco styles, the '50s Contempo is noted for its variety in low sweeping roof slopes.

A favourite roof form is the inverted wing or butterfly roof. These roofs often extended well beyond the exterior walls of the house proper, to form a cover for the car, as in a carport. The addition of applied historic detail, of course, is avoided.

One of the first planned communities in Ontario to apply this style is Don Mills in the former city of North



MODERN STYLING: The above home, built for artist York Wilson, is among the first houses in Toronto to have a butterfly roof, split-level plan and radiant heat beneath a natural stone floor. Below, this Royal York Rd. home is an excellent example of the Contempo Style.

Star,
Dec 30/00

Toronto Styles

York. The developers stated their desire to make Don Mills a first in modern architecture, with the requirement that only the leading modernists of the time be permitted to design houses. Among the selected architects were Irving Grossman and John B. Parkin.

A home on Royal York Rd. in Etobicoke presents a modest but excellent example of the '50s Contempo Style.

The long, single-slope roof continues well past the brick wall to form a cover for the car and entrance door. This same roof also cantilevers over the front glass wall, providing a sun-screen. Plain steel posts support the exposed roof beams.

The entire house lacks any classical or gothic detailing: The esthetic

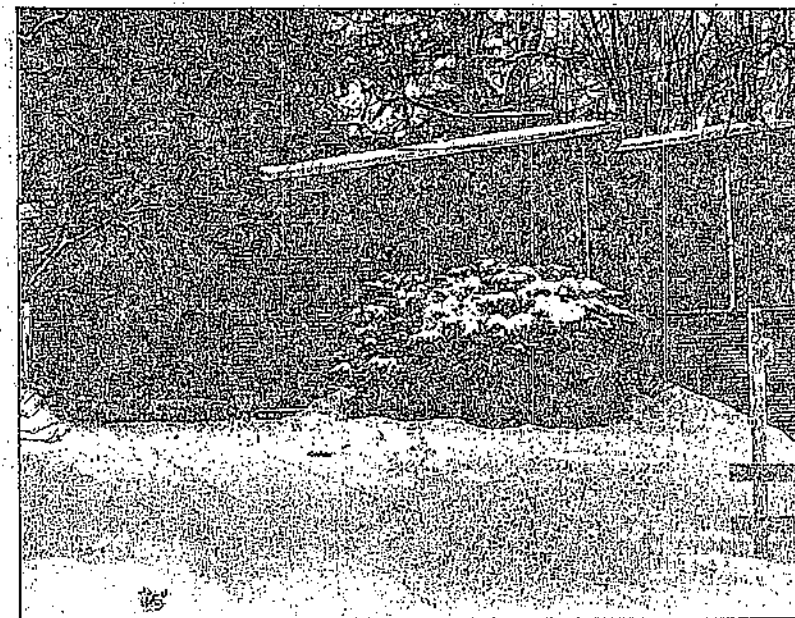
is found in the straightforward expression of form, materials and large windows, in this case with views to the ravine. This is a private residence.

Another property, on Alcina Ave., built for artist York Wilson as his home and studio, is among the first houses in Toronto to have a butterfly roof, split-level plan and radiant heat beneath a natural stone floor.

This house is not a museum, it is private home and a plaque outside commemorates Wilson, whose work includes a mural in the Hummingbird Centre.

Toronto Styles looks at architectural styles in older houses around the city; many of the same styles are reflected in today's new homes. John Blumenenson is a Toronto architectural historian.

He can be reached through The Star at newhomes@thestar.ca.



PHOTOS BY VINCE TALOTTA/TORONTO STAR

News from the Archives

May 2001

WALKING TOURS

Each spring more Torontonians seem to become interested in exploring their neighbourhoods, and the Archives maintain up-to-date lists of the increasing number of free walking tours conducted by Heritage Toronto, the ROM, the Toronto Field Naturalists, the North Toronto Green Community, and others. Following are a few local tours and other events which may be of interest.

Saturday & Sunday, May 26 & 27: Doors Open Toronto

Last year's first exploration of buildings not normally open to the public was extremely successful, with several buildings with Wychwood connections on the tour. A list of the more than 100 sites this year will be published in the May 17 issue of the Toronto Star.

Wednesday, May 30, 7:30 pm: Mike Filey

Northern District Library, 40 Orchard View Blvd (Yonge & Eglinton). Mike will present a slide show of the old and new photos in his most recent book, *Toronto: Then and Now*, a beautiful coffee table sized book. His lectures are always highly entertaining.

Sunday, June 3, 1 pm: Upstairs - Downstairs on Davenport Hill

Starting and ending at the City of Toronto Archives, 255 Spadina Rd, Jack Batten, lawyer and author, will conduct a tour of the estates on the escarpment, present and demolished, and the City Archives will provide refreshments afterwards. The excellent exhibition from the Keith Miller Collection is still on display. Jack Batten's grandparents, Alexander & Bertha Batten, were the original owners of #30 Wychwood Park. Grip Limited, the reknown art printing firm whose managing director was George Howell (#7) evolved into Rapid, Grip and Batten, managed by Alexander Batten and later by Jack Batten's father and uncle.

Sunday, June 17, 1:30 pm: Homes on the Hill

Starting at Well's Hill Park and ending at St Clair and Wychwood Ave, conducted by Terry McAuliffe and Jim Wiswell. With permission of the trustees, this tour will include the Park with emphasis on the architecture of Eden Smith, who also designed the Wychwood Library and the Church of St Michael and All Angels, the alpha and omega of the tour. If you are unable to attend on this date, a copy of the script is available from the Archives.

Sunday, June 17, 2 pm: In Search of Garrison Creek

Starting at the Christie subway station, led by Joanne Doucette. The search for Taddle Creek will be held on Sunday, October 21. Details will follow in a later edition.

Saturday, July 7, 1:30 pm: Indian Road

Starting on the west side of St Joseph's Hospital, Queensway west of Roncesvalles, and ending at the Keele subway station, led by Rychard Bannerman. The Indian Road area was the previous home of a number of Wychwood Park "pioneers" who were instrumental in the early development of the Park -- Eden Smith (#5), George Reid (#81), George Howell (#7), Gustav Hahn (#15), and Ernest DuVernet (#16). Except for George Reid's, the houses are still there -- addresses available from the Archives.

Saturday, July 14, 1 pm: Queen's Park, interior and exterior

George Reid (#81) donated 459 of his paintings and drawings to the province, and many are on permanent display in the building, with the most spectacular hanging in the Lieutenant Governor's suite. Gustav Hahn (#15) decorated the ceiling and walls of the Legislative Chamber, and his work is presently being uncovered and restored. Also hanging are works by Mary Hiester Reid (#81), Kenneth Forbes (#87), and June Forbes McCormack (#83). The tour is repeated on Saturday, August 18 at 1 pm.

Sunday, July 15, 2 pm: North Toronto Garden Tour

Starting at the Eglinton Park Heritage Community Garden behind the North Toronto Community Centre, 200 Eglinton Ave W.

With permission of the trustees, I shall be conducting an art history tour of the Park for an adult class on May 16 from 1-3 and an architectural tour for the William Morris Society on June 23 from 2-4. These tours will, of course, not enter residential properties without the owners' consent, and I hope that you have no objections. If you have questions or concerns, please contact me.

If Park residents and guests are interested in taking a historical stroll around the Park and visiting the Archives, you are reminded that the Archives are open every Wednesday from 7:30 to 9:30 pm and at other times by appointment. On pleasant Wednesday evenings walking tours lasting about an hour are conducted for ten or more people (including children, but not dogs!). Get a group together or we will combine two or three smaller groups. Featured on the tour will be the history of your house! And ongoing thanks are extended to the kind folks who continue to drop off old and new photos, clippings, and ephemera. Anything that you come across pertaining to the Park or its environs, no matter how trivial it may seem to you, is always greatly appreciated.

ODDS AND ENDS

Needlework Guild: Monday, May 14, 2-5, at Ilse Stockwood's, #54. New residents especially are invited to drop in for a cup of tea and a chat. Bring your babies if you wish.

Substitute City: A photography exhibition at the Power Plant Gallery, 231 Queen's Quay West. Free on Wednesdays 5-8 pm, until May 27. One of the exhibits, by Vid Ingelevics, is a series of panoramic shots taken from various apartments in our local monolith at 21 Vaughan Road. You will recognize many of your usual haunts -- maybe you will see yourself or your car!

Casa Loma Gardens: Free admission to the spectacular front gardens from May through October on the second Monday of each month from 9:30-4:00 and on Tuesday evenings from 4:00 to dusk.

K.M. Graham (formerly of #10 and #45): Exhibition at the Moore Gallery, 80 Spadina Ave, Tuesday to Saturday, 11-5, until May 19.

Unlucky Lady -- The Life and Death of HMCS Athabaskan: A one-hour documentary about the sister ship of the Haida (currently moored at Ontario Place) was recently shown on the History Channel, and a tape may be borrowed from the Archives. Bill Wallace (#77) served as Surgeon-Lieutenant on the ill-fated Athabaskan, and Don Harrison lent to the Archives a book describing Bill's activities, including a photo of Bill and his patients after a glider-bomb attack.

Anthony Jim: Perhaps you have noticed Anthony standing in front of a house and meticulously drawing the building and the vegetation. He has donated to the Archives photocopies of his sketches of #2, 78, 80, 88, 92, 96, 98, 100, 106, 108, 110, and has promised more. If you would like a copy of the drawing of your house, please ask. He refuses to accept remuneration.

Lela Wilson, feisty 90-year-old widow of artist York Wilson (1907-1984), is incensed (as are many others) by the city of Toronto's myopic, Philistine approach to the arts and its thinly veiled desire to sell the Hummingbird Centre to condo developers. One of her late husband's most important works, *The Seven Lively Arts*, was commissioned for the then O'Keefe Centre in 1960 and still graces the front lobby. "We must do something to stop this destruction of our outstanding art," Wilson writes. "Our city is run by many ignoramus who only see dollar signs." Last year, she wrote to His Melness, Mayor Lastman, who offered her solemn assurances that she had nothing to worry about. That Mel. What a kiddie he is.

HAHN, Sylvia Karen — In her 90th year, on Tuesday, January 2nd, 2001, at Lakeridge Health, Whitby, formerly of Myrtle, Ontario. Graduate of Ontario College of Art. Design Artist for the Royal Ontario Museum, Toronto, 1934-1976. Also a freelance painter, sculptor, illustrator, writer, printmaker and artisan. Daughter of the late Gustav Hahn and Ellen Smith. Sister of the late Freya Constance Hahn and Hilda Clair Hahn Hooke. Survived by niece Natalie McMinn of Toronto, nephew Harry (Hal) Hooke of Peterborough; grandnieces Pamela Hooke of Toronto, Suzanne Hooke of Peterborough, Cynthia McMinn of Ottawa, and grandnephew Bruce McMinn of Toronto; cousins Geniefer Hahn Browne of Thunder Bay, Paul Hahn of Toronto, and Mary Hahn Hogarth of Ottawa. Cremation. In lieu of flowers, donations to the Federation of Ontario Naturalists or the Nature Conservancy of Canada would be appreciated.

Sylvia Hahn was the youngest of the three daughters of Gustav & Ellen Hahn, the original owners of #15. She was extremely kind in providing materials for the Archives. The Hahns sold #15 to Bernard & Ethel Allen in 1916. After Mr Allen's death in 1948, Mrs Allen sold the house to Herbert & Barbara Coleman. The Colemans sold to Barry & Philomena Lowes in 1968 and then rented #87, until 1975.

COLEMAN, Herbert Moore MD, FRCS(Ed), FRCS(C) — (Wing Commander R.C.A.F. WW II) Retired Chief of Orthopaedic Surgery Toronto East General and Orthopaedic Hospital. On Monday, February 19th, 2001 of Guelph, of the age of 89, husband of Barbara (nee Crowe), son of the late Dr. Herbert Burns Coleman and Mary Moore Coleman, father of Brian, Derek and Denis, and father-in-law of Marilyn, Kathleen and Aletha, grandfather of Sean, Peter, Allegro and Aislinn, great-grandfather of Zoe. Brother of Dr. William H. Coleman of Orillia, and Catherine (Percival) of Clarksburg and the late Helen Coleman. Survived also by six nieces and two nephews. After graduation from the University of Toronto in 1934, Herb studied surgery in Toronto, London and Edinburgh returning to Canada in 1939. He joined the R.C.A.F. Medical Services. Posted to England in 1940, he was seconded to the R.A.F. directed by the late Sir Reginald Watson Jones and Sir Henry Osmond Clarke in rehabilitating the wounded. He was recalled in 1943 to help set up a similar service for R.C.A.F. personnel in Canada and worked out of Christie Street Hospital and Sunnybrook Veterans' Hospital. He joined the orthopaedic staff of the Toronto East General and Orthopaedic Hospital in 1946 retiring in 1975 to live in Southampton. He was an enthusiastic bridge player, outdoorsman and a sportsman all his life participating in big game hunting, fishing, skiing, golf and curling. In retirement, he added horticulture, gardening, inventing, astronomy and community projects. He travelled widely both before and after retirement to conventions, to view an eclipse in Java and Halley's Comet in the Galapagos. A family service was held in Guelph on Tuesday, February 20, 2001. Cremation with inurnment at Southampton Cemetery of a later date. As expressions of sympathy, memorial contributions to the Elliott Home Building Fund or the St. Joseph's Continuing Care Unit would be appreciated. Arrangements entrusted to the GILCHRIST CHAPEL-McIntyre & Wilkie Funeral Home, One Delhi Street, Guelph (519-824-0031).

G + M, Apr 14/01

News from the Archives

September 2001

A LIFE REMEMBERED

Jack Sword praised for his dedication to public service



ROBERT LANDDALE

Jack Sword flanked by daughter Linda and wife Constance at Linda's 1971 convocation from U of T.

BY JILL RUTHERFORD

JOHN (JACK) SWORD, A MAN who exemplified unselfish willingness to serve his university, died July 4. He was 86.

Born in Saskatchewan and raised in Winnipeg, Sword received his BA from the University of Manitoba in 1935 followed by an MA from U of T in 1950. He began his career in education as a teacher in Manitoba schools before becoming a Royal Canadian Air Force aircrew instructor during the Second World War.

But it was at U of T that Sword's consummate skills as an administrator came to the fore. He rose from assistant secretary of the School of Graduate Studies (1947-1948) to acting president (1967-1968) and vice-president (academic) and provost (1968-1971). He was appointed acting president again in 1971-1972 during which time he helped lay the groundwork for Canada's only unicameral university governing structure. Sword played other pivotal roles in the university administration, including vice-president (institutional

relations and planning) and special assistant to the president from 1974 to 1980 when he officially retired.

"Jack is the last of the generation of senior people who built the university in the years after the Second World War," commented Jack Dimond, former secretary for Governing Council, now retired. "I don't think people now appreciate how much of an achievement that was."

The university, he explained, was a "much smaller, more homoge-

(over)

neous place" in the 1930s and 1940s. But with the swell of returning veterans, a transformation took place that saw a significant expansion of U of T. "The achievement of Jack, [former president] Claude Bissell and others was truly an act of foresight; the university has been better off for it," Dimond said.

One person who benefited from that vision was Robert Blackburn. Now 82, he was the university's chief librarian for 30 years during which time the library holdings vastly increased. But Blackburn lost more than a respected colleague with the passing of Jack Sword; he also lost one of his oldest friends, having first met Sword when the two were training with the RCAF in Portage la Prairie.

"Everybody that I knew respected his ability and his judgment," he recalled.

That judgment was put to the test one convocation when Sword was acting president. It was during the days of student unrest and one graduand, upon receiving his degree, tore it to shreds and

declared it "a useless piece of paper." Sword took it in stride, Blackburn said. He invited the young man to the microphone and gave him "two minutes" to say what he had to say. "The lad was speechless," Blackburn said, laughing. "And walked away. That sort of quick judgment and flexibility was typical of Jack."

Dedicated, steady, well informed and humble. These are the words Blackburn uses to describe his friend. "He was a great one to be up-to-date in politics. He was a very aware person, very curious and very, very retentive of information and of names. He had great grasp and ability."

Although Sword had confidence in himself he was "never guided by pride." Indeed, Blackburn believes Sword's humility and dedication to public service were in part the result of his early participation in the Student Christian Movement in Manitoba and his lifelong involvement with the United Church of Canada. "His life was formed and informed by his Christian beliefs."

Even in retirement, Sword continued to give to his community and to U of T in particular. Among his many contributions to campus life, he was chair of the U of T Press board, a member of the board of stewards of Hart House, chair of the finance committee and director of the University of Toronto Oral History Project from 1981 to 1990. This year he was named an honorary director of the U of T Alumni Association.

His appreciation for history was seen in his other volunteer commitments, most notably as a trustee of the Wychwood Park Designated Heritage District where he made his home with his wife, Constance, and their children Stephen and Linda.

Sword's many contributions to education and his community were recognized when he was awarded a Queen's Silver Jubilee Medal in 1977 and honorary degrees from his two alma maters — Manitoba (1970) and Toronto (1988).

A public memorial service is planned for Sept. 29 at 2 p.m. at Bloor Street United Church.

From The U of T Bulletin, July 23/01, courtesy of Doug Lee.

DOUGLAS BELL

On June 10, 1974 at age 14, Douglas was run over by a truck at the corner of Spadina and Dupont. He was riding his bike to St George's College to write a grade 9 exam. He has written a book about the repercussions of his injuries, *Run Over: A Boy, His Mother And An Accident*, Random House, 219 pages, \$32.95. Douglas is the only child of Cicely (Ambridge) Bell, who died in 1998. The Ambridge family, Douglas, Jessie, and their 4 daughters, owned #19 from 1946 to 1987. Douglas's references to his grandfather are not flattering. A copy may be borrowed from the Archives.

WYCHWOOD PARK GALLERY

Open house Friday, September 28, 3-9 pm, and Saturday, September 29, 11 am - 6 pm. Just south of Alcina at 1362 Bathurst, with only one swan on their sign.

One summer I worked at a resort near Burleigh Falls, just north of Peterborough. Part of my job was to rent out identical 14-foot wooden fishing boats with 10-horsepower Johnson engines.

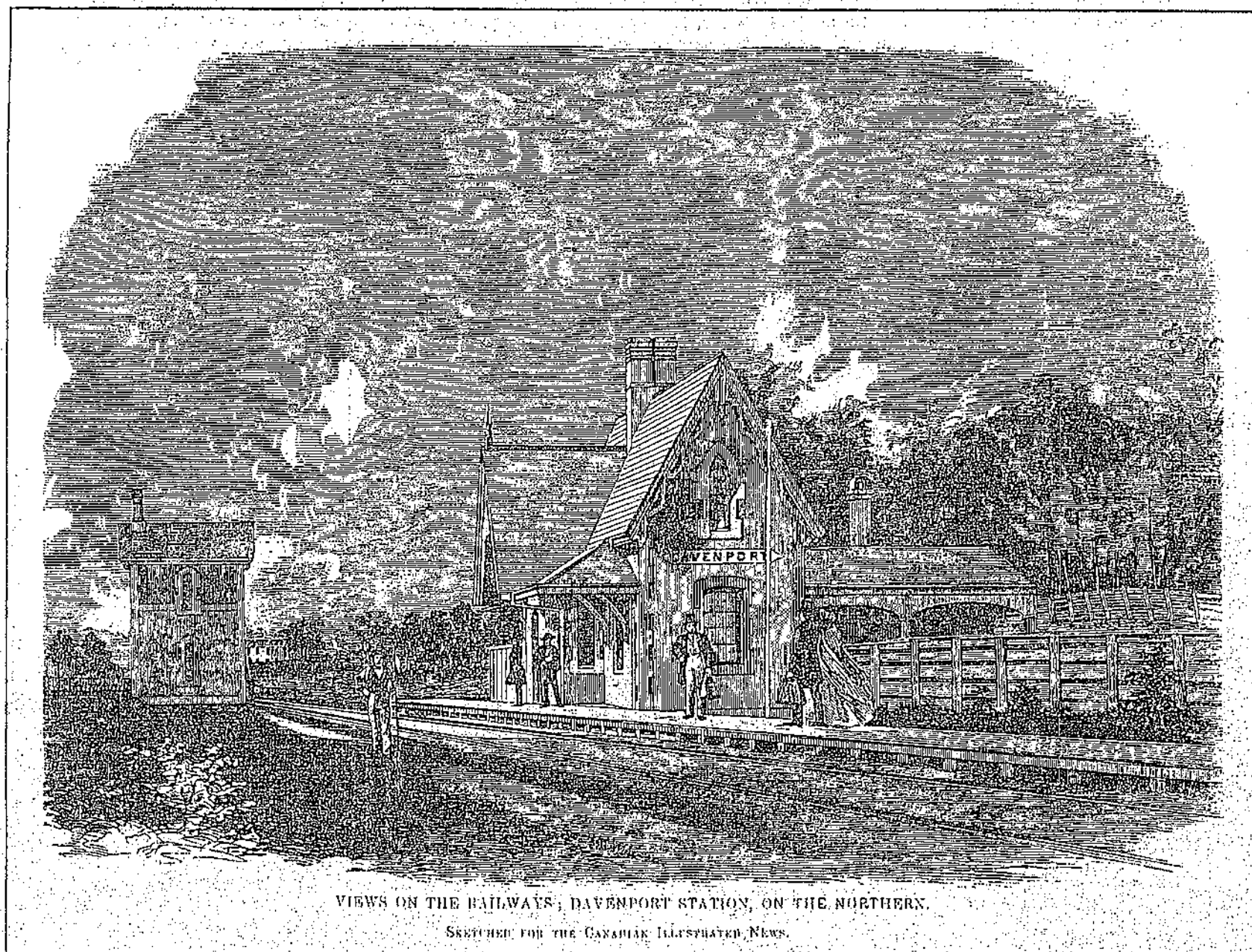
One evening four burly fishermen arrived at the dock from the resort to retrieve their boat. "Where the hell is it?" one of them growled, looking around in vain. I asked what their boat looked like. "It looks exactly like your rentals," came the response.

"Uh, that's it out there," I replied, squinting and pointing at a small dot on the horizon. "I'm afraid I accidentally rented it out."

Fortunately, I arranged a swap. Even more fortunately—for me and for the resort owner—that was my first and last summer renting boats. ☞

e-mail: dgoold@globeandmail.ca

by Doug Goold.



All Aboard Toronto! Railways and the Growth of a City. Exhibition in the gallery on the ground floor of the Toronto Reference Library, 789 Yonge St, until October 7. The Davenport station, built in 1857 for the Ontario, Simcoe & Huron Railway (later the Northern) was located on Caledonia Park Road, north of Davenport.



Since last winter **Anthony Jim** has been making meticulous drawings of Park houses and landscapes. He started at the south gate, made his way up the eastern road, and is presently working on three views of #16. He has generously donated copies of each of his sketches to the Archives and has agreed that copies may be given to the owners if they wish. Anthony's hobby is an offshoot of his occupation -- he creates technical drawings for the TTC maintenance department at the Hillcrest Yards

Emily News from the Archives

January 2002

HAPPY NEW YEAR!

Delivered with this issue is a pamphlet from the City Archives advertising their current exhibition, **Your Home, Our City**. Included is a display case on the history of the Park, with a well used palette belonging to Marmaduke Matthews (#6), a photo of #69 showing the wooden foot bridge across the Taddle ravine from the Park road, and original elevations of the Eden Smith house at 29 Alcina.

HiSTORicity is the name of the Toronto Public Library's new website on the history of Toronto (historicity.tpl.toronto.on.ca). The zoom feature for magnifying the print of city directories and old maps is especially useful. Descriptions of a selection of Eden Smith buildings can be found in the Archidont link, as well as information about the architects of other Park houses, listed by Park addresses. If you would like to order a photo of the Park or its environs from the Library, check with the Archives first - we probably have it and can give you a better deal!

During 2001 the Archives hosted three **art/architecture** tours of the Park for groups of about 25 from a Toronto Board of Education art history course, a UofT School of Continuing Studies architecture history course, and the Toronto Area Archivists Group. The last was an especially challenging (and intimidating) group as they were all professional archivists or graduate students! The kind folks who live at #81, 97, and 41 Alcina graciously welcomed one or more of the groups to view the interior art and architecture in their special homes.

On December 1, Emily and I joined 10,000 other Canadians at the Canada Loves New York rally in the Big Apple. On the drive home we paid our third visit to **Onteora Park**, a Wychwood-like private enclave of Arts and Crafts style "cottages" and a pond, nestled in the Catskills. The similarity between Onteora and Wychwood is no coincidence. George Reid of Upland Cottage, who oversaw the development of Wychwood after 1906, also spent 25 summers in Onteora, where he is credited with the design of about 25 buildings, including the church, library, and his own studio-house. In 1998 Al & Joan Harrison of Teaneck, New Jersey bought one of the Reid houses, with a Reid mural, and they visited Wychwood to learn about Reid the architect and artist. The Harrisons were so pleased with their visit to the Park and to Upland Cottage that they extended an open invitation for any Wychwood Parker to visit their home. And it is amazing! The huge Reid mural wraps around three sides of the 2-storey living room, and the trademark Reid woodwork and stonework is everywhere evident throughout the sprawling 3-storey home on a huge lot with a spectacular view. If you would like to visit, ask us for the address and phone number. Or you can look at our trip photos!

The death of **Jary Havlicek** evoked special memories for us, as he was the previous owner of #96, since 1973. At a Christmas party in 1981 we learned from Mary McLaughlin, then living at #6B, that Jary had recently undergone major heart surgery and that his doctor had advised him against climbing "all those steps" -- he and Sally occupied the upper duplex, as do we. Next day I called Jary, and he eventually agreed to sell the property to us, closing on April 1, 1982. They moved to the village of Whitevale, north of Pickering. Jary, a landscape architect, planted the present lush (overgrown?) vegetation. We have a photo of #96 taken in 1970 by Cindy Gilchrist showing a completely bare front yard. The Gilchrists kindly donated to the Archives an analysis of the Park community written by Cindy for a grade 13 sociology course, including 24 photos. On the next page is a description of the Park written by Jary c.1980.

HAVLICEK, Jaroslav Vojtech (Jary) -- At home on Monday, October 1, 2001, in his 78th year, Jary, beloved partner of Sandy Gibson. He is loved and will be missed by his children Annie Maclean and husband Archie, John, Richard and wife Cathy and their mother Hana Martinek, Scott and Susan Gibson, Terry and Kristin Gibson, Jeff and Ruth Gibson. Dear "Dada" of Skyler, Hana, Ricky, Claire, Amanda, Alex, Adam, Colin and Courtney. Brother of Eva Renton. Uncle of Steve and Alena Renton, Kim and Dan Goughly, Mark and Nancy Renton. A celebration of Jary's life will take place at his home on Friday, October 5, 2001. If desired, Memorial donations made to the Canadian Wildlife Federation, the Humane Society or the Heart and Stroke Foundation of Ontario would be appreciated by the family. Arrangements entrusted to the Mundell Funeral Home, Orlithia. (705) 325-2231.

EXPERIENCING WYCHWOOD PARK by Jary Havlicek

If you are not a resident or someone who has been in Wychwood Park before, and if you decided to visit the Park, you would most likely experience some difficulty. If you would choose to go via Davenport Road, because the south entrance to Wychwood Park is located quite near Davenport's intersection with Bathurst Street, you would either pass the entrance altogether unnoticed, or you would find a wooden gate strung between two stone pillars but closed and locked. You would, however, notice a sudden difference while travelling westerly along Davenport Road. The densely-built housing along the northern side would all of a sudden be interrupted by a green wall of foliage of mature trees and shrubs. That is the southern face of Wychwood Park as it shows itself to a casual passerby. If you would stop your vehicle in front of the closed gate and look inward, or if you would get out and take a few steps through the small pedestrian gate always open, you would see a willow tree growing in the middle of the road, and behind it the road dividing uphill left and right of a ravine full of trees stretching ahead.

Resorting yourself to the city map to find an alternative entry, and after making a loop via Christie Street, you would find yourself at the corner of Tyrrel Avenue and Wychwood Avenue. Right at the corner where these two streets meet and end, you would notice a similar stone gate to the one on Davenport Road, but this one wide open. Two unoffensive posted signs would inform you that (1) there is no access to Davenport Road, and (2) you are entering the private property of Wychwood Park. In order to enter, you would have to stop first and then slowly drive over the street curb. Only after that you would pass through the gate and finally you would find yourself in Wychwood Park.

Almost instantly you would experience the feeling that you are "off the city streets". This spontaneous experience is caused by the unorthodox curbless road which winds ahead of you changing its width, by the total lack of sidewalks, by the special light fixtures fastened at a height your eyesight could relate to, and above all by the canopy of large magnificent trees. The solid trunks of these trees scattered irregularly through the front lawns and gardens which outline the road disregard any alignment and majestically stand wherever years ago the seeds have germinated, encroaching on the width of the road, and in some instances growing right within the pavement. These trunks, some almost in contact with walls of the houses, appear as being pillars of a cathedral built by the nature which supports its ceiling, the canopy of green foliage.

Following the road, you would travel slowly because the physical features of the road/walk would make you do so, and because you would feel that you have escaped from the pressures and rush of the city "outside". You would be happy and satisfied to move slowly, and you would be thankful that you are privileged to have this rare experience in our times. The playing children on the road would not bother you, nor would the tree growing halfway in the road. You would be forced to make the occasional sharp turn, and as the road takes you around, you would encounter some steep hills. You would respect the right of a sleeping dog to enjoy the sunshine in the middle of the road, and you put up with the crumbling surface of the road or with the occasional pothole where the winter's frost-heaving took its toll. But everywhere, lawns, plants, shrubs and trees would be inseparable amenities of your surroundings, making it a little island in the sprawling sea of urbanized Toronto, a little island called Wychwood Park.

You would feel that you are not crowded and that an unorganized space is here within your reach, is surrounding you, and makes you feel free. This feeling is caused by reappearing vistas and wide open spaces which, as you travel along, swiftly replace the occasional dense groupings of architecture or foliage. It would certainly surprise you when a "real" pond would appear in your sight. You would undoubtedly slow down to a crawl or stop altogether and step from your car to watch the shoal of goldfish warming themselves near the surface. If you were lucky and came during the right time of the spring or fall, you would see wild ducks or even the sky blue heron in his glory enjoying their natural surroundings, and while standing, the squirrels would start to move about within the branches of the trees, and some of the many birds would let you hear their chatter and songs.

Not too far away, upstream of the Taddle Creek which emerges here and winds through the marshy bottom of the wooded ravine, you would notice a tennis court embraced by the steep slopes of the ravine so that its hardly noticeable fencing becomes unobstructive to the surroundings. Following the roads, you would constantly keep turning, and several times you would approach a dividing fork. You would, of course, find out that you have travelled along two circular loops, and in order to leave Wychwood Park you would have to use the same gate that you entered, the north gate of the Park. With the exception of one small loop, the houses would be set far back from the road, at least on one side, so that the feeling of the street formed by a row of houses on both sides would not occur.

Along your visiting tour through and around the Park, you wouldn't be able to notice that there is another access via a narrow gravelly road leading to Burnside Drive. In order to use another privately owned driveway which exits to Alcina Avenue, you would have to be a resident, and you would have to have a very good reason for doing so. The narrow pedestrian passage from the Park to Alcina, bordered with a dense and overhead-arched row of lilacs, would also stay undetected by your eye. Leaving the Park, you would perhaps pass some bicyclist or jogger or perhaps two lovers holding hands or a senior citizen on his daily walk. Then, after you've passed through the gate and plunged into the organized structured hustle of our Toronto, after you've stepped on the gas pedal and tensed your senses to be on the lookout for traffic, only then would you think and look back and with a deep sigh coming from your chest, you would whisper, "What a different place -- how unique!"

Star, Nov 1/01

BY DAVID GRAHAM
FASHION WRITER

PARIS — "There's a high that comes from working in Hong Kong that I don't see even in a city like New York," says Bonnie Brooks, over tea in the lounge at the Hôtel du Louvre, a spacious, sunken reception room with walls lacquered a deep red and black and appointed with a distinctly Chinese flavour.

Brooks was in high spirits and bore the kind of broad, clenched-teeth smile someone wears when she can't keep the good news in.

Just moments ago, Brooks and her team landed an exclusive deal for Harvey Nichols in the U.K. to retail the new Stella McCartney collection that had been unveiled here the previous day. And she was unreservedly up. "We just got the word a few minutes ago," she beams. For Brooks, the news was an important professional victory that will put her in good standing with executives at Harvey Nichols and her new boss, Asian fashion tycoon Dickson Poon.

Brooks is the dynamic Toronto fashion retail merchandiser and former magazine editor who left the city just five years ago to make her mark in the competitive world of international fashion as the senior vice-president of fashion retailer Lane Crawford in Hong Kong.

On the outside she's all pretty and blond with an easy-going smile and brilliant eyes. It is the cover for her real assets, her extensive merchandising savvy, her winning way with people and her unrelenting grit. Those are precisely the qualities she needed to transform the antiquated Lane Crawford chain into a competitive luxury retailer.

Even with her considerable experience, it wasn't easy, she recalls.

"I had 800 employees and less than 10 per cent of them spoke English," she says. Over the years she has learned just enough Cantonese to get her point across. "The basic retail terms," she says.

This summer Brooks left Lane Crawford to become group general manager of merchandising for Hong Kong-based Dickson Concepts, a massive player in the world of

high-fashion retailing. The company owns hundreds of stores under dozens of banners, including the famous Harvey Nichols in the U.K. Poon's holdings also include the Asian licence for Ralph Lauren.

Her new position is custom designed to suit her varied skills including her keen eye for recognizing brands that have potential, before they are hot.

"I go around the world studying the various businesses he (Poon) owns, looking for synergies among the designer brands and looking for growth opportunities," she explains. "I'm looking for businesses that have legs, brands that have potential versus brands that have had a lot of publicity."

She appreciates that, to an outsider, her life sounds glamorous. And she concedes that in many ways it is.

"But the work is non-stop," she says. "And when you're standing at an airport at midnight with three large suitcases with no taxis, it certainly does not seem glamorous. I don't live the life of Dickson Poon. Sometimes I have drivers but most of the time I don't. I've never been on his jet. I'm frugal. I wasn't born to this life. I grew up in rural Ontario and I still understand the value of money."

Brooks, 48, was born in Windsor and raised in London, Ont. She studied arts and literature at the University of Western Ontario and York University, then studied merchandising at Ryerson.

She briefly worked at Biba, a hip fashion boutique in swinging London, England, but it was back in Toronto that she applied her marketing and merchandising talents to such retailers as Fairweather, where she worked for eight years, Holt Renfrew, where she spent 11 years, as well as a relatively brief stint at Town and Country.

Brooks was editor of *Flare* magazine from 1994 to 1996 before quitting to move to the Caribbean, where she opened a bar and restaurant with a partner. She was there when she got the call from Lane Crawford. There was an interview, a job offer and Brooks was soon packing for what she thought would be a two-year tour in the

Far East.

"A lot of people accept Asian postings because they know that in a couple of years they can sock away a lot of money," she says. Though Hong Kong is expensive, the taxes are about 35 per cent less than in Canada.

But Brooks now calls Hong Kong home. While she is shopping for a London apartment, she will hold onto her spacious three-bedroom apartment in Hong Kong's Tai Hang neighbourhood, even though her new position gives her little time to enjoy it.

"I have the main level of a three-storey 100-year-old colonial house that's filled with a mix of modern and antique Chinese furniture. It is actually very rare to find an old building in Hong Kong," she says. It has a beautiful courtyard, two living rooms with 14-foot ceilings and a separate building that houses the kitchen and the maid's quarters. Brooks has one maid that comes daily but does not live in.

"When I first moved there I lived in an American expat community. But I was anxious to get out and live in the Chinese community. I just felt it would be such a mistake to live in a place like the Orient and not come away from it without some real knowledge," she says. To learn more about her new world, Brooks enrolled in Chinese culture and medicine courses at the University of Hong Kong.

"I wanted to get an appreciation of their culture, history and their wonderful soft and thoughtful demeanour. I feel enriched and I also feel it helps me to be more effective at work."

Before moving to Hong Kong, Brooks says she was dedicated, driven, results-oriented and perpetually in a hurry. She is still all those things. But now she feels her Asian experience has brought balance to her life. She lives in a world that is measured and respectful outside the business environment but soon becomes frantic and aggressive when the stakes are high.

"There is no sense being in a hurry in a place where you can't speak the language," she laughs. "Now I am more able to adopt a pace that works for specific situations."

formerly at #1,
1990-1996

Star, Dec 14/01.

Community has high hopes for former streetcar yard

Urban eyesore poised for transformation into a cultural hub with historic appeal

The difference between an eyesore and an asset can be minimal. In a city, it can even be non-existent.

Take the example of the old Toronto Transit Commission streetcar yard south of St. Clair Ave. W. between Wychwood Ave. and Christie St. Since the last Red Rocket showed up in 1978, the approximately 2-hectare site has been empty and unused. Not surprisingly, it is littered with broken bricks, twisted tracks and, as a result, resembles a war zone.

Recently, however, the property has started to look a lot better. Nothing has happened yet, but the change in attitude has led to a total reappraisal of the situation and the Wychwood yard may be on the verge of a whole new existence because of it.

Basically, the plan now is to develop the site into an arts and community centre. Most of the interest is focused on a series of five "barns" that date from 1913, 1916 and 1921.

These are large red brick sheds where streetcars were repaired. Though they're not fancy, they possess enormous character and historical significance.

"This is the most exciting project to hit the west end in some time," enthuses Councillor Joe Mihevc (Ward 21, St. Paul's). "The community is so much a part of the planning process, there's a strong sense of ownership."

Mihevc's involvement goes back to the late 1990s when the Wychwood

Urban Issues

CHRISTOPHER HUME



Barns were threatened with demolition. In 1998, the buildings came close to being torn down but were saved at the last minute and, in 1999, the site was handed over to the city.

Now, Artscape, the non-profit city agency dedicated to developing properties where artists can live and work, has also entered the picture. It hopes the barns can be transformed into a cultural hub that includes studios, apartments, offices, galleries, and performance space.

"People's first impression was that the place was a disaster and that everything should be torn down," says Mihevc. "Then we did an architectural review and they began to realize that these buildings are unique. Inside, these buildings are incredible. The barns have skylights and the lighting is amazing."

Another proposal calls for one of the barns to be turned into a greenhouse. Public walkways might be extended through some of the buildings to create a more pedestrian-friendly environment and open up the vistas between Christie and Bathurst Sts.

One of the main obstacles has been the city's lack of money. But by renting the site to Artscape (for \$1 a year), it can hand over responsibility for

fundraising to the arm's-length organization. Artscape can also make deals with private companies.

Though plans are far from settled, Mihevc envisions a three-phase program that would start with a small park on the east side of the site, then continue with building renovations and, finally, housing on the west side.

"It would contribute to the revitalization of the neighbourhood," Mihevc insists, "and the revitalization of St. Clair."

Ironically, when Wychwood Park was laid out and built in the late 19th and early 20th centuries, it was intended as an artists' colony. One of the main proponents was the artist George Reid.

Last night, more than 150 people showed up for a community meeting

'The community is so much a part of the planning process, there's a strong sense of ownership'

to talk about the scheme. Architect Joe Lobko has been hired to take its suggestions and assemble a report. It will be presented publicly Jan. 22.

If all goes according to plan, the re-making of Wychwood Barns would be complete by 2005.

"It's a wonderful opportunity," Mihevc adds. "The transformation has already started."

Christopher Hume is The Star's urban issues reporter. He can be reached at chume@thestar.ca.

Star, Sept 22/01



CENTRAL LOCATION: Wychwood Park Towns, near Bathurst and St. Clair, are priced at \$399,900.

Site borders Wychwood Park

Just a short stroll from the exclusive Wychwood Park community, is the site of a small collection of more affordable freehold townhomes priced at \$399,900.

Just three blocks south of Bathurst St. and St. Clair Ave., the eight Brydale Homes townhomes' site fronts onto Alcina Ave. Each unit in Wychwood Park Towns will contain 1,700 square feet of space and come with stainless steel appliances, a

main-floor powder room, an operable skylight in the second bedroom, marble niche in the foyer, finished full-height family room on the lower level, gas fireplace with marble hearth and wooden mantle, granite kitchen countertop and other features.

The exteriors of the homes feature antique-style clay brick and tooled stucco with upgraded roof shingles, decorative wrought iron on the front windows and tra-

ditional-style double-glazed casement windows. A secured indoor garage provides direct access to the house through an insulated steel door.

First occupancies are expected within six months.

For more information, call Brad Lamb at 416-368-5262 or visit the Web site, www.brydalehomes.com

STAR STAFF

BATHURST / ST. CLAIR

105 Helena Ave. (Bathurst Street and St. Clair Avenue West)
Asking price: \$379,000
Sold for: \$375,000
Taxes: \$2,780 (2002)
Time on the market: 10 days

Near duck pond ?

The vendors have outgrown this Helena Avenue home, but are staying in the neighbourhood they love, listing agent Paul Solomons says.

National Post, Dec 29/01

The house, on a 20 x 148-foot lot with a south-facing garden, is in an area that features many Arts and crafts-style homes, a tennis court and a duck pond. Hillcrest School and three parks are nearby. Features include a combination living and dining room with hardwood floors and a family-sized

kitchen with a door to the back.

There are three bedrooms and a four-piece bathroom with a skylight and soaker tub on the second floor. The lower level has a living room, bedroom or office, kitchen and three-piece bathroom.
Listing Broker: Prudential Sadie Moranis Realty (Paul Solomons)

Star, Dec 29/01.

Cottage-style homes emphasized garden views

267 Indian Rd.

7 Wychwood Park

By JOHN BLUMENSON
SPECIAL TO THE STAR

As a result of rapid urbanization of Toronto at the end of the 19th century, there were some who desired a less dense, less confining, more natural setting for their homes.

One such individual was the architect Eden Smith, who in 1896 built his home at 267 Indian Rd. in the High Park area. The City of Toronto in 1995 designated this house as a Heritage property under the Ontario Heritage Act. If the land to south had not been sold off and built on, this "cottage" would have had generous light and views to the garden.

Eden Smith houses in the High Park area are an early indication of what was to become his trademark "cottage-style" house.

These houses exhibit an exceptional sense of proportion, simplicity of materials and an unusual orientation of house to land.

Smith, born in England, came to Toronto in the late 1880s finding a job, first as draughtsman, in the architectural firm Strickland and Symons. By the 1890s, he went into his own practice.

His two sons, Ralph and Harry, later joined their father and formed the firm Eden Smith and Sons.

It has been reported that by the time the firm closed in 1925, it had designed and built more than 2,000 houses in Toronto. The firm also designed the Church of St. Thomas on Huron St. and libraries, including Wychwood Park (1915) and High Park (1916). Of these last three, only St. Thomas is designated under the Ontario Heritage Act.

Eden Smith refused to accept the then-current academic styles and Vic-



Toronto Styles

torian exuberance. Smith's aesthetic standards were more artistic than technical. His designs favoured the forms and materials of humble, vernacular cottages of the English countryside. His designs have much in common with those of the English architects associated with the English Arts and Crafts movement such as Charles F. A. Voysey and Sir Edwin Lutyens.

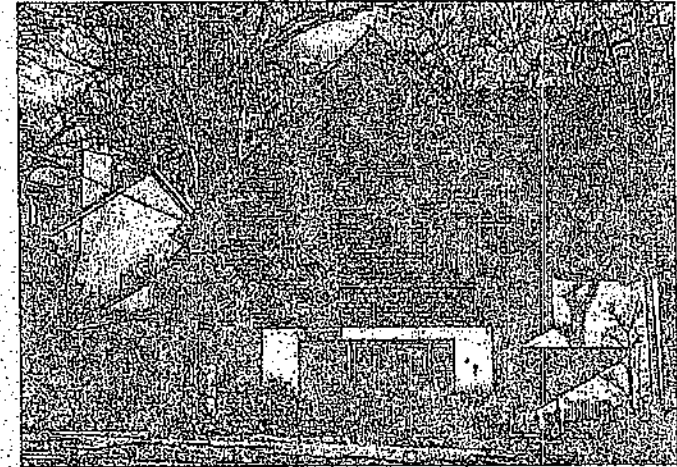
In Canada, Eden Smith-designed "cottages" are noted for their asymmetrical appearance, plain walls in brick and stucco, cross-gables, bands of small casement windows, broad roofs and tall chimneys. The larger,

more formal-appearing "cottages," with broad roof shapes and chimneys, appear tall in comparison to their actual width.

A significant absence of applied historic details is very characteristic. It is rare to see either classical or Gothic ornament on an Eden Smith-designed house. This disdain for applied historical ornament predates 20th-century modernism. In this respect, Eden Smith shares the mainstream of modern architecture with the contemporary Prairie School and the Craftsman Style.

Another unusual feature is Smith's preference for turning the house so that the main rooms would either face south or at least allow a generous garden view.

The main entrance may be found at



JOHN BLUMENSON PHOTOS

SIMPLE STYLINGS: These homes in the High Park area were designed by architect Eden Smith who disdained classical or Gothic ornamentation.

the side or a corner of the house. The kitchen facing the street could also be possible. The principle of siting the house to take advantage of the garden view, was the important factor, not the street presence.

The simplicity of design and the turning of the house from the street are two design characteristics that, at the turn of the century, proved to be nothing short of a housing revolution in Toronto.

The largest cluster of Eden Smith "cottages" can be seen in Wychwood Park near Davenport Rd. and Bathurst St. Eden Smith moved from High Park and built 5 Wychwood Park for himself in 1906.

He quickly built about 10 more houses in the park.

His son also built a large house for

himself next door at number 3. Eden Smith designed 7 Wychwood Park for one of the early residents of this enclave of homes.

In recognition of the unique character of Wychwood Park, it was designated by the city as a heritage conservation district in 1985. All the buildings in their natural park-like setting are identified as significant features of the park.

Smith's unique "cottage style" inspired many other architects and their clients, not only in Wychwood Park and High Park, but also in Rosedale, Forest Hill, Deer Park and other areas throughout Toronto.

John Blumenson is a Toronto architectural historian. Contact him by e-mail at jblumenson@sympatico.ca

News from the Archives

June 2002

3 WYCHWOOD PARK

A few years ago I was asked to contribute historical articles to a Park periodical. Since I was researching the history of the houses at the time, I decided to write a series of house histories. The story of #2 appeared in the next issue, and the story of #3 was prepared but never published, as the periodical petered out. So finally, here it is! The stories of #4, #5, etc will appear (probably) in subsequent newsletters.

In the early years of the twentieth century, Eden Smith was arguably the most popular Toronto architect for homes and churches. He designed a number of houses in the Park, including his own at #5. Both his sons also became architects, and each designed his own house in the Park. Harry Eden Smith, born in 1882, designed #3, and Ralph Eden Smith, born in 1890, designed #97. Both houses were built in 1913, in very different styles. Maybe there was some sibling rivalry!

#97 looks like an "Eden Smith house". Although Ralph is credited as the architect, maybe at the tender age of 23 he was still somewhat under his father's influence. Harry, 8 years older, possibly wanted to "make a statement" in the Park, and #3 is the result. This is all speculation; it would be interesting to know more, especially Eden Smith's opinion of his elder son's contribution to Park architecture.

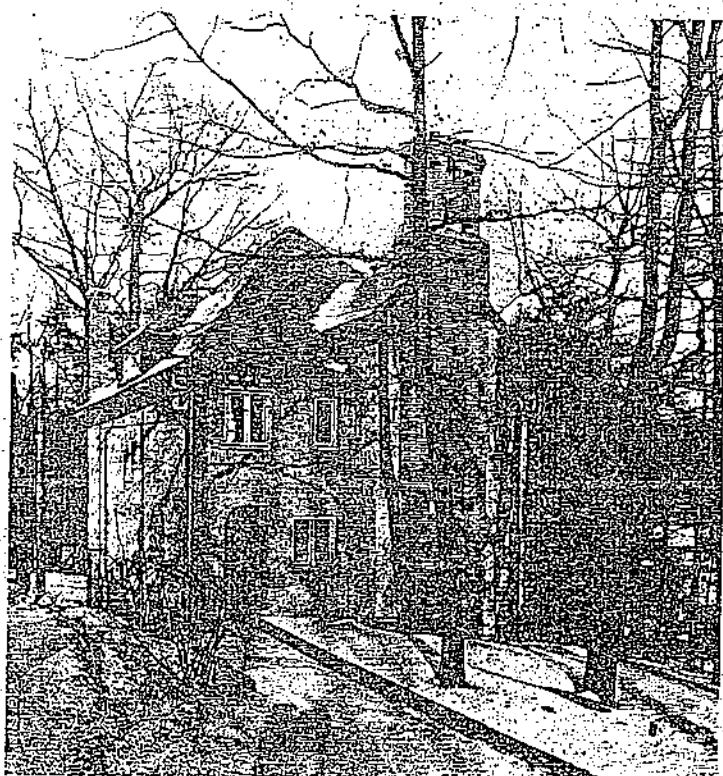
The most striking feature of #3 was the huge, almost industrial, red-brick chimney with 4 projecting flues, standing at attention out in front of the house, rather than having been incorporated into the front wall. This smokestack is not as prominent today as the top section has been removed, the large dormer added to the third floor nestles in beside it, and the whole chimney is covered by vines.

According to an advertising blurb for NATCO Hollow Tiles, the exterior walls were constructed of 8" and 10" hollow clay tiles and coated with dark grey stucco. The cedar roof shingles were left in their natural colour.

From *Construction* magazine, July 1914, with the above photo: "The house is situated on a slope some thirty feet high, bordering a large pond, from which location it commands a magnificent view. The bay window in the dining-room overlooks this body of water, furnishing an additional interest to the attractiveness of the room, which opens on to the verandah. . . . A sleeping-porch leading from the hall provides one of the special features with stone flag flooring on reinforced concrete and tile coping. The ground falls away so rapidly towards the pond as to permit a garage in the basement. Built at a cost of \$10,000, the house has a hot water system and all other modern conveniences."

According to the assessment records, the owner of the house until 1920 was Eden Smith's wife Annie, with Harry (a.k.a. Baize) listed as a tenant for 1914 (with 2 other residents, presumably wife and child). Harry was followed by 2 other tenant families, the Levenstons and the Bowmans, and then the house was sold to Albert Porter, owner until 1948. He was manager of Addressograph Co., and with his wife Ethel and 3 children resided at #3 until 1929, at which time he rented to Raemond Fellows, vice president of Addressograph. The Fellows family stayed until 1936 and were followed by 4 other tenant families - Ryckman, West, Passman, and Cleminson. Hjalmar and Marie Hamer owned #3 until 1963. After spending 2 years there, they rented to the Oscar Lewis family and then to the American consul William Price and family, who later moved to #6C. The next owner was stockbroker Philip Holtby, with his wife Eva and family.

Then came the McLuhans -- Marshall, Corinne, Eric, Mary, Teri, Stephanie, Elizabeth, and Michael, who moved from 29



Wells Hill to "the wrong side of Bathurst" in 1968. From a letter by Marshall McLuhan, July 5, 1969: "Our house is No. 3 and is the only house on a lovely pond in the heart of Toronto. This pond is fed by an artesian spring and constitutes the head waters of Taddle Creek (cf. Tattle creek and gossipacious Anna Livia Plurabelle) which runs across the city (now underground, of course). The pond ripples outward into a heavily treed neighbourhood of twenty-two acres and fifty-four houses. The Park has no 'roads' or sidewalks, but simply these 'Viconean' circles of homes and people in a most unusual, dramatic relationship."

WALKING TOURS

On this Sunday, June 23, Terry McAuliffe of Heritage Toronto will conduct a local tour, starting at 1:30 pm in Well's Hill Park. After exploring the Hillcrest neighbourhood, the tour will cross Bathurst, proceed through the Park, and end at the Eden Smith-designed Church of St Michael and All Angels and its Rectory.

If Park residents and guests are interested in taking a historical stroll around the Park and visiting the Archives, you are reminded that the Archives are open every Wednesday from 7:30 to 9:30 pm and at other times by appointment. On pleasant Wednesday evenings walking tours lasting about an hour are conducted for ten or more people (including children, but not dogs!). Get a group together or we will combine two or three smaller groups. Featured on the tour will be the history of your house! And ongoing thanks are extended to the kind folks who continue to drop off old and new photos, clippings, and ephemera. Anything that you come across pertaining to the Park or its environs, no matter how trivial it may seem to you, is always greatly appreciated.

TORONTO ISLAND GARDEN TOURS

Here are some outings which may appeal to you or your gardening friends. The fifth series of self-guided garden tours held in even numbered years will take place on the Sunday afternoons of August 11, 18, and 25. Ten or more of about 25 noteworthy private gardens will be open each Sunday. Tickets and maps can be picked up at our place on Algonquin Island. Funds raised are used for public landscaping projects. A brochure has been delivered with this newsletter -- please pass it on or photocopy it to anyone who may be interested. In May, Emily and I kicked off the garden tour season by visiting the Keukenhof and Floriade shows in Holland and the Chelsea Flower Show in London, as well as a number of private gardens. We were dazzled! Emily also enjoyed a visit to her childhood home in Heemstede, near Haarlem.

RECENT PUBLICATIONS

The Nabes, Toronto's Wonderful Neighbourhood Movie Houses, by John Sebert. 145 pages, \$25. Included are photos and descriptions of the Vaughan, north side of St Clair, west of Vaughan Rd, the Radio City, west side of Bathurst, south of St Clair, but not the Wychwood, west side of Bathurst, south of Alcina. Photos and floor plans of the Wychwood Theatre are in the Archives.

A Glimpse of Toronto's History, Opportunities for the Commemoration of Lost Historic Sites, published by the City of Toronto Planning Division. Approximately 400 pages, \$35. Maps and descriptions of 250 sites, including a page on Taddle Creek. The maps were provided by the Maps Project, chaired by Jane Beecroft.

Doors Open Toronto by John Sewell (76A Hilton). 279 pages, \$27.95. Photos and descriptions of 98 buildings which were open to the public during the last weekend in May in 2000 and 2001. A few local building are included.

The Nelvana Story -- Thirty Animated Years by Daniel Stoffman. 128 pages, \$40. Nelvana film studio was founded in 1971 by partners Michael Hirsh, Patrick Loubert, and Clive Smith. Mr Smith and his wife, performance artist Melleny Melody, have recently built the unusual residence on the hill at the SE corner of Bathurst and Austin Terrace. Maybe you have noticed Ms Melody coming and going in her intricately decorated pink VW convertible, not to be confused with the orange VW convertible belonging to our downstairs neighbour, Barb Michel.

Copies of these publications may be examined at the Archives.

Sorority girl superhero

THE WARRANTY expired on Lynda Carter years ago. Actor Kathryn Stockwood wants to be the next *Wonder Woman* — which means that Stockwood will have to take on ex-wrestler Chyna, who thinks she should get the gig.

Six-foot Stockwood has the height advantage; Chyna only stands 5-foot-10 sans stilettos. Don't kid yourself — these two women don't exactly pad around in ballet flats. They wear stilettos. If you got it, bench press it and flaunt it.

But Chyna has the weight advantage; she's 165 pounds. Stockwood has shed 20 pounds from her days as token Amazon Patty in the movie *Sorority Boys*.

"I've been obsessed with *Wonder Woman* all my life," confessed ex-pat Torontonian Stockwood over the phone from Los Angeles. "When I was in Grade One, I'd be watching *Wonder Woman* on TV and listening to *Blondie*."

Sorority Boys is a knock-down, drag comedy starring Barry Watson, Michael Rosenbaum and Harland Williams as three playboy college kids forced to go undercover as coeds in the campus sorority Delta Omicron Gamma (or D.O.G.).

Stockwood works out with a trainer, does weight training, cardio, kickboxing, yoga and pilates. "I couldn't do one push-up when I started," she recalled. "Now I do 60 a day. And 500 crunches, 100 squats a day. I weight train three or four times a week and do pilates."

"I'm a size 10, I like being strong and healthy. I have an hourglass figure, I have curves."

Being a size 10 in Los Angeles, where plus sizes mean anything over size zero, is problematic. It is bad enough shopping in Toronto on Queen West, where they tend to forget that women have arms. "Try shopping in L.A.," groaned Stockwood, who compounds the indignity by shopping with best pal and fellow ex-Torontonian Mia Kirschner, who is about the size of a tote bag.

"I went shopping with Mia and the only sizes they had were zero and 2," Stockwood complained. "If I were a size 2, I'd be dead. So many girls in L.A. are anorexic. It's so sad: they have double zero and minus zero sizes."

Sorority Boys is Stockwood's major studio film debut. She's done the indies *Push*, *Swap Meet*, *Ice Cream and Coke Whores*.

"I was discovered by the (*Sorority*) casting agent. Next thing I knew, I was at Disney



VANCE BUCCIGGETTI/IMAGES

GIRLS JUST WANNA KICK BUTT: *Sorority Boys'* Kathryn Stockwood on the red carpet for the film's premiere. She does 60 push-ups, 500 crunches and 100 squats a day. Who better to be the next *Wonder Woman*?

Star Gazing

RITA ZEKAS



surrounded by all these girls who physically looked the part and I was being dwarfed by those girls. I felt like Danny DeVito next to *Shrek*. Originally the part was very wide, a big girl and I figured these girls have a much better shot than me. But I figured I'll go in there and be huge."

"You can't worry about vanity and no makeup; I ate a lot and tried to look puffy. I wore very unflattering clothes and did my work for the character — I embraced the costumes. They shot me in a way to look huge and I thought I'd never date again."

But she did. She is dating actor Hugo Armstrong, though she quipped that they are "just friends."

Stockwood, who is in her mid 20s, was born and raised in Toronto. She studied theatre at McGill (where she met Kirschner) and has her Master's in Fine Arts from UCLA.

When she moved to L.A., Stockwood and Kirschner became roomies.

Up next: the film *The Mostly Unfabulous Social Life Of Ethan Green*. "It's based on a gay comic book about a guy who is a disaster in love. I've been cast as a really intense woman called Gretel, a lesbian from Berlin, a comedic role."

She has also been cast as a lead in the indie film *Henry The 10th*, a political satire set in the future about machiavellian Princess Frances, who takes over the House of Windsor.

Dan MacCannell, the film's writer, is also scripting a one-woman show for Stockwood. It is the true story of Violet, the woman who tried to assassinate Mussolini but only shot off the end of his nose.

Michael Jackson can relate.

And she'll be working on *The Book Eaters*, a film to be shot in real time over three evenings.

"I'd only been out of school for six months when I got cast in this movie and at this point, all I want to do is movies."

Stockwood said. "I want a great film career now because the best roles on stage are for older women. I want to do stage in my 40s, 50s and 60s. Helen Mirren is my idol. I've always done comedy and want to be the next Lucille Ball."

When she doesn't want to be *Wonder Woman*.

Toronto Star, Apr 6/02

Mystery train

On a dark winter evening, I'm driving north on Bathurst, and the roadway is a luminescent river of colour that seems to run uphill at the old Lake Iroquois shoreline, north of Davenport. Off in the middle distance, the familiar vista is interrupted by an unexpected image: a row of upright rectangles of light floats slowly over Bathurst from east to west—a geometric mirage. As I near Dupont, this arresting optical illusion reveals itself, and I can make out the silhouette of a freight train trundling along the Canadian Pacific line. The street glow from north of the tracks is framed in the spaces between the coupled cars. The effect is mesmerizing.

On one level, there's nothing surreal about rail lines, and the CPR's North Toronto Subdivision, extending nine and a half kilometres roughly from Leaside to the Junction, is no exception. The line is a key link in the transportation network that moves freight between Montreal and the American Midwest. It's been there since the 1880s, when it was built by the Ontario and Quebec Railway Co. Until the 1930s, the trains carried passengers to and from the Summerhill station. The CPR also carted manufactured products, such as auto parts destined for Ford's Toronto assembly plant at the north-west corner of Christie and Dupont (now a spiffy loft development with a modish espresso bar). The Subdivision's urban legacy is that corridor of moody industrial precincts that extends along either side of the tracks from the foot of Casa Loma west to the defunct Junction stockyards.

What makes the line atmospheric, however, is its intimate relationship to the string of midtown neighbourhoods that have nestled right up to its edge, and for whose inhabitants the trains represent a ghostly industrial presence in an otherwise residential setting. Rail lines that traverse cities summon up heroic images—towering grain elevators, hardrock mines—of a hinterland that's never far away. They speak of connections between places, but also of being elsewhere.

The trains themselves seem discreet, even coy, about passing through. I live just a few hundred metres away from the tracks, and I'll go for weeks without seeing the rolling stock. Then I look up one day, and there's a rusting, graffiti-daubed tanker idling quietly on an overpass. How can a thing of such heft sneak up on you? The official reason is that when the level crossings disappeared in the early 20th century, so too did the haunting sound of the train whistles. Those stern warnings have been replaced by the faintest of footsteps. You hear them nonetheless. Stand on the front porch on quiet evenings when there's a bit of humidity in the air, and listen to the muted *ka-tung-ka-tung* drifting over the neighbourhood. It's as though a 7,000-foot freight on the long haul to Chicago has slowed, for just a moment, to play a duet with the rumbling streetcars on St. Clair.

—John Lorinc (138 Tynel)

Toronto Life, May '02

Green space versus history in battle for community park plans

Controversy over the final resting place of a nineteenth-century tollkeeper's cottage has flared after plans to restore the Wychwood Car Barns, where the cottage has sat since 1995, were announced.

To the dismay of some area residents, the City has decided to move the cottage to Davenport Square Park, at Davenport Road and Bathurst Street — kitty-corner to its original location — and turn it into a museum.

"More noise, more traffic — and the traffic here is already unbelievable," Davenport resident Mai Kreem said.

Kreem gathered over 50 signatures from her neighbours in an effort to officially oppose the move.

Kreem said she is worried the half-acre museum will significantly reduce the area's green space, as well as increase traffic congestion.

"This has never been conceived of as something that is going to draw big crowds; this is truly a piece of community history," said St. Paul's councillor Joe Mihevc.

"The group (Community History Project) that has been working to restore the cottage has raised sufficient funds to complete the project, and I feel we should give them a chance to make it happen," he said.

Community History Project bought the cottage for \$1 in 1995, when it was almost demolished. The cottage, built in the 1830s, is the only early tollhouse known to exist in North America.

"We're not providing parking, we want people to take the TTC or walk to the area," said project president Jane Beecroft said.

If all goes according to plan, the cottage will be moved as part of a parade on July 7. Beecroft doesn't expect the museum to open until July 2003.

Dutch Dreams

A wild wacky 'n' wonderful place, festooned with gnomes, wooden shoes from tiny to gargantuan, 3-D life-size Dutch milkmaids and cows, and more *schotchkes* than one can imagine. The actual room where you sit to eat is equally entertaining, thanks to bright purple chairs, tables made of tiles picturing windmills, hanging sleds, skis, snowshoes, pots, pans, etc., etc. The owners are both omni-present and omni-cheerful. Their good cheer knows no apparent bounds; ditto the size of their portions and the quantity of stuff with which they garnish.

Who knew that when you order a waffle with two scoops of ice cream, that atop the fresh (fab) waffle and ice cream, there would be a mountain of whipped cream, chocolate sauce, slivered almonds, strawberries, kiwi and pineapple, the entire opus so big it occupies a dinner plate? This is not ice cream, it's decorating. It's embellishing; it's a party every day at Dutch Dreams. Every plate goes over the top.

St. Clair merchants seek B.I.A. status to improve streetscape

If local businesses get their way, area shoppers will have a more attractive streetscape to shop on in coming months.

A group of St. Clair Avenue business operators from the St. Clair Avenue strip between Christie Street and Bathurst Street have asked city council to allow them to designate the zone as a Business Improvement Area.

"Our area has changed a lot over the past few years, and I'd like to see it changing in a nicer way," said Frank Reilly who owns Maple Paints and Wallpaper store and chairs the B.I.A. steering committee.

On June 18, council will determine whether the city clerk should go ahead and poll area businesses about designating the area as a B.I.A.

Village Post, June '02

News from the Archives

October 2002



4 WYCHWOOD PARK, looking north from Davenport c.1912. Photo from Janet Barnes (#6).

The house was built in 1912 for Ambrose and Linn Goodman and their 16-year-old son Harold. Linn was the eldest daughter of Marmaduke and Cyrilda Matthews of #6. Matthews, a professional artist, was the founder of Wychwood Park. Following a family tradition, the firstborn Matthews son was named Marmaduke, and, presumably to avoid confusion, Linn's older brother was called Buzz or Duke or later, Captain. Similarly Linn had been named Cyrilda Maria after her mother Cyrilda Justina. It would be interesting to know the origins of "Buzz" and "Linn". In the same tradition, Ambrose and Linn named their son Ambrose Harold.

Ambrose Goodman was a prosperous lawyer and landowner in Cayuga, south of Hamilton. His paternal grandfather was a doctor in St. Catharines, and his father was a lawyer in Parkhill, northwest of London. After their marriage, Ambrose and Linn lived in a handsome red-brick house near Court House Square in downtown Cayuga (which I photographed in 1988). The Grand River flows past Cayuga, and I have come across a number of scenes of the Grand painted by Marmaduke Matthews, presumably during visits with the Goodmans. When Ambrose moved his law practice to Toronto, he purchased from his father-in-law 1.5 acres with 225 feet



Pausing for tea on the south steps of #4 are the owner, Ambrose Goodman, on the left, and his brother-in-law, Buzz Matthews, with the dog. Photo from Janet Barnes (#6).

frontage on Davenport, and #4 was built thereon.

Sadly, Harold lost his life in France at age 21 almost at the end of World War I. He had attained the rank of lieutenant in the Canadian Expeditionary Force, and he was mortally wounded while leading a charge during the battle of Amiens. Ambrose died a year later at age 56; it was said that he died of a broken heart. A memorial tablet to both Harold and Ambrose is mounted in the former St. Alban's Church (Howland and Barton Avenues), presently the chapel for Royal St. George's College. Since none of Linn's six siblings had children, the Marmaduke Matthews branch of the family died with Harold. An original and several reproductions of paintings and drawings by Ambrose, Linn and Harold are in the Archives. Before John Gilchrist left for overseas in 1943 as a lieutenant with the Army Service Corps, Linn presented him with Harold's dress uniform, which she had saved from one war to the next.

On the eve of Harold's departure for Europe, he had emptied his goldfish bowl into the pond. According to Linn, the fish grew larger and had many offspring. Other residents and neighbours augmented Harold's batch over the years, producing the large assembly which had helped to beautify the pond prior to the dredging of 1998. Recently a pair of 8" goldfish, one yellow and one red, were spotted in the pond. Let's hope they lay lots of eggs. We would like to know who is responsible, so that we could thank them personally!

To support herself and her family after Ambrose's death, Linn moved back to #6 to live with her mother, brother, two sisters and a brother-in-law, only one of whom had regular employment. Various roomers lived in the attic, including the late Bill Wallace when he was

attending medical school. Linn rented #4 to dentist Edwin Zinkan until 1921, and then she sold the house to advertising agent Malcolm Fergusson. In 1927 she built #2 on part of her remaining property, which she rented to a series of tenants until her death, c.1945

Four years after the death of Malcolm Fergusson in 1924, #4 was sold to stockbroker Donald Patterson, one of the few Wychwood Parkers who served time in jail. In 1930 the Pattersons downsized to #14, having sold #4 to lawyer and alderman Ernest Bogart of 53 Burnside. Ernest's wife Edith was a daughter of Geoffrey and Edith Clarkson of #45. The Bogarts produced seven sons -- Ernest Jr, Peter, Geoffrey, Robert, John, James, and **Humphrey!** After Ernest's death in 1951, Edith bought land from the Matthews family and built #6B as a duplex for herself and Ernest Jr. #4 was then sold to another lawyer and alderman, Frank Chambers, whose wife Margaret was also a lawyer, and later a judge. Their children were Peter, John, Allan, and Carol. In 1963 the Chambers sold the house to dietitian and food writer Joan Fielden and her daughter Kimberley, who raised Great Danes on the property. An apartment was rented to a series of tenants. In 1973 Ms Fielden sold to Dr Charles Jones, a radiologist, and his wife Cynthia, a social worker. They and their children, Dale and Debbie, had spent the previous four years living at #32. In 1983 the Jones sold to Joseph and Gillian Fodor, a lawyer and an interior designer, with children Matthew and Michael. Joe had grown up in the Park, at #110. When the Fodors moved to Vancouver in 1994, they rented the house to Marti Paloheimo and Kim Melvin, with children Shawn, Martina, Kayla and Luke. In 1997 the Fodors sold #4 to the present residents, John and Toni Lambert, with children Carson, Sacha and Michael. The Lamberts are to be congratulated on the excellent care of their property, which we take pleasure in viewing on our evening perambulations.

A mystery: What happened to the pillars which "supported" the pediment on the north side of the house? In his youthful days, John Gilchrist played with Donald Patterson Jr at #4, and he thinks he remembers pillars at that time. Neither he nor I have seen a photo with them in place. Can any oldtimers shed light?

The above is one in a series of house histories. The stories of #2 and #3 appeared in previous issues. Any corrections or additional information would be greatly appreciated.

FREE WALKING TOURS

Sunday, September 29, 1:30 pm: Homes on the Hill

Starting at Well's Hill Park (opposite Loblaw's), led by Terry McAuliffe, vice-chair of Heritage Toronto Midtown Preservation. Local neighbourhoods, not including the Park. 416-338-3886.

Wednesday, October 9, 10 am: Wychwood Area, including the Park

Starting at the SE corner of St Clair and Wychwood Ave, led by Anne Scott of the Toronto Field Naturalists.

Sunday, October 20, 11 am: Upper Taddle Creek

Starting at the SE corner of St Clair and Wychwood Ave, led by Eduard Sousa of the Taddle Creek Watershed Initiative. The tour will pass Wychwood Pond about 11:30. 416-599-4171.

Sunday, October 20, 1:30 pm: Garrison Creek Headwaters

Starting at Humewood Park (Humewood, north of St Clair), led by Dick Watts of the Lost Rivers Group.

Wednesday, October 23, 1:30 pm: Hills and Valleys

Starting at the NE corner of Bathurst and Eglinton, led by Ed Freeman of the Toronto Field Naturalists. The walk will end at the City of Toronto Archives (Spadina, south of Davenport) with a slide show by Ed about the formation of local hills and valleys.

ANTHONY JIM

* Again this fall, Anthony, a draftsman at the TTC Hillcrest yards, is generously offering to donate the entire proceeds of the sale of his Park house drawings to the United Way, through the TTC

drive. Last year he sold eight framed originals to Park residents, and this year he has ready seventeen more. If you are interested, we can tell you if he has drawn your house -- he has kindly deposited copies of all of them to date in the Archives. Anthony can be reached at 416-393-4405 (work) or 416-465-3808 (home).

SALLY JO MARTIN

Sally Jo has loaned to the Archives 50 slides taken by her father, Jo Evans. Jo and Mabel Evans and their children Donald, Sally Jo and Frances lived at #30 from 1950 to 1970. Prints have been made and many other Park children of the era appear, including Baillies, Dinnicks, Gilchris, Stockwoods, Wallaces, Wiltons, Woodsides. Some names are missing -- oldtimers, please help!

BRAVO BRADSHAW

Sue and Jim Bradshaw deserve special thanks for their substantial contributions to the rehabilitation of Roy Thomson Hall. The opening night concert on September 21 was spectacular. Afterwards Emily and I dug out our programs and photos of the opening night on September 13, 1982 and found that Andrew Davis had repeated himself in the majority of the program, so that people with long memories could compare the accoustics! It was interesting to observe the effects of 20 years on himself, members of the Thomson family, the Mirvishes, the original lobby carpets, etc. Aside from the hall, the most noteworthy rejuvenation was Art Eggleton's female companion!

HAVE YOU REGISTERED YOUR FIREARMS?

Anne Marie Shorter recently received letters from the federal government addressed to M.E. Matthews and Alice Matthews. Since M.E. died in 1941 and Alice moved to a nursing home in 1960 and there is no immediate family, Anne Marie took the liberty of opening them. The letters advised the addressees that their firearms had not been registered, contrary to the Criminal Code of Canada.

There is possibly a logical explanation. Marmaduke Ernest Matthews was a captain in the Queen's Own Rifles and it is conceivable that he had borrowed a weapon or two. Since they had not been returned on his death, the responsibility passed to his sister. When Alice moved to the nursing home, all she took, according to Janet Barnes, was her toothbrush. Aren't we fortunate that the government keeps such accurate records?!

FROM THE TORONTO STAR, October 4, 2001

Morrow Park is the sprawling home and headquarters for the Sisters of St. Joseph, on grassy acreage on Bayview Avenue near the city's northern limits. The land was a bequest of Toronto businessman F.K. Morrow, who died in 1953. The mother house was ready for occupancy in 1961.

Sisters retire to Morrow Park to live out their years, pursue their hobbies, continue their devotion to God and take comfort from their community of peers.

David Snowden, the U.S. epidemiologist in charge of the so-called Nun Study into the causes of Alzheimer's disease, has come to some conclusions about why nuns tend to live longer than the rest of us, and why their minds often remain sharp. He cites the protecting influences of their profound faith and their collegial life.

"The (nuns') community not only stimulates their minds, celebrates their accomplishments and shares their aspirations, but also encourages their silences, intimately understands their defeats and nurtures them when their bodies fail," Snowden has written.

The Pope stayed at Morrow Park on his recent Toronto visit. Frederick Keenan Morrow (1886-1953) bought #16 in 1920 and added the ballroom extension c.1930. His will stipulated that after his wife Edna's death, the property would be donated to the Catholic Church, e.g. as a residence for nuns. However, after Edna's death in 1985, the church decided to sell the property for the maximum gain, which would probably have been realized by a developer demolishing the house and building seven new ones on the existing lots of record. Fortunately John Payzant and Joslin Bennett bought the property, sold off three lots for the new houses which were built in 1988, and maintained the existing structure.

MCGREGOR INDUSTRIES

"Toronto Tapestry", 1997, by Robert Fulford & Megan Oldfield.



AN INTERNATIONAL COMPANY FOUNDED IN 1927 IN THE HEART OF downtown Toronto, McGregor Industries has long been synonymous with socks both in Ontario and across Canada. Today, its quality legwear can be found in 40 countries throughout the world. From its two facilities in Greater Toronto, McGregor Industries manufactures and markets an extensive range of hosiery—under the brand names McGregor,

Weekender, Superstar, Happyfoot, Footprints, Gold Toe, Christian Dior, Calvin Klein, Levi's, and Guess?—supplying more than 3,000 retail customers in more than 5,000 locations.

In the United States, McGregor Industries operates as American Essentials Inc., the company's fully owned subsidiary. From headquarters in New York City, American Essentials maintains a knitting facility in Hildebran, North Carolina.

The McGregor Industries creative department introduces hundreds of new products annually; some 300 styles are available each season, including approximately 150 to 200 new designs. Textile innovation has long been a McGregor strength, and the company's style range is exceptionally diverse.

FAMILY BUSINESS

When Jack Lipson arrived in Canada in 1913, he established a family company that has spanned three generations. Over the years, the business has not only survived, but it has grown under the family's careful leadership. Today, Abbey Lipson, son of the founder, is carrying on the family tradition, strengthening the firm and expanding it to its current international focus. Additionally, Abbey's sons, Earl and Jordan, are now both presidents of divisions of McGregor Industries.

In keeping with the company's family heritage, McGregor Industries makes family values the guiding philosophy throughout its operations. Employees tend to stay with the organization for a long time—the average tenure is 15 years. "We try our very best to

greet everyone each day. Our strength is our people," says Abbey Lipson. "They are all part of our family."

One of the most important values of this family-run business is its across-the-board dedication to quality. "Quality control is of the essence," explains Earl Lipson. "We have a responsibility to produce quality hosiery. We've always placed a premium on delivering high quality for a great price."

Additionally, McGregor Industries provides complete in-store service to every one of its valued customers. "Our in-store service helps stores manage their business more efficiently," adds Abbey Lipson. "We have a great labour base in Toronto and tremendous staffing at the store level in North America; therefore, we can give the kind of fully customized service that department stores have come to expect."

EMBRACING THE LATEST TECHNOLOGY

The footwear business has evolved into a high-technology industry. In order to stay competitive, McGregor Industries has invested heavily in state-of-the-art machines and technology.

"Computerized manufacturing, software scheduling, bar coding, just-in-time delivery, and quick response inventories have revolutionized the industry. Our business is now very high-tech, very state-of-the-art," says Earl Lipson. "We've expanded our technological capacity to keep pace with consumer demands. It's been a dramatic, exciting development."

The company's new information management systems, for example, allow it to keep a constant tally of

items as they are sold all over the world. This paperless system gives both McGregor Industries and its customers the most accurate, up-to-date readings possible of global sales, which can be broken down by store and by item. "It allows us to keep in close touch with all our customers as if they were just next door," says Abbey Lipson.

Additionally, McGregor Industries and its partner, Osaka-based Gunze, have invested in the latest manufacturing machinery in order to deliver goods as quickly as possible. McGregor's North Carolina facility, as well as its factory on Spadina Avenue in Toronto, is equipped with the latest in digitalized textile manufacturing capabilities, allowing the company to supply retailers with seamless efficiency and quality. Likewise, the Etobicoke distribution centre can handle a huge range of product flow and packaging. Because inventory replenishment is so important to McGregor's customers, orders can be processed, packaged, and out the door in 48 hours. "Thanks to this new technology, we can drive the marketplace—we're the one everyone copies," says Abbey Lipson.

McGregor has won many industry accolades, including the City of Toronto Manufacturer's Award as well as Supplier of the Year designations from several of its customers. "We maintain great relationships with our customers," says Jordan Lipson. "They are our strategic partners. Ultimately, this company is successful because we know what we're doing. We're specialists in this market. We've got the right fashion at the right time. It's attractive and wearable. Frankly, we give the best value."

Compassion centre raid sparks protest

The Annex Gleaner
Sept '02

Local councillor critical of federal drug policy

BY MALCOLM DAVIDSON

Members and supporters of the Toronto Compassion Centre (TCC), a non-profit facility which provided medical marijuana to hundreds of people, demonstrated outside the Department of Justice's Exchange Tower offices last month, demanding better access to the drug and calling for the federal government to change its current marijuana policies.

The protest followed a raid at the centre in mid-August, in which police arrested four staff members on drug charges, including TCC founder (and Annex resident) Warren Hitzig, who withdrew as director of the centre after the bust. Hitzig, who also attended the demonstration, says the TCC had been operating for five years out of its offices at Bathurst Street and St. Clair Avenue West and had never experienced trouble with the police. He wonders about the timing of the raid.

"Was it random? I have no idea. Was it politically charged? It's possible," he says. "It came at such an odd time. You know, we'd been running for five years and then all of a sudden they decide to come in." The TCC is demanding that all charges against the centre be dropped.

Demonstrator and TCC member Arthur Hall, who is wheelchair-bound and uses cannabis to relieve pain caused by a neurological condition, says that since the raid TCC members have been without a reliable source of

marijuana. "Where we have to go now for medical marijuana is not safe," he says, voicing a common concern among users of marijuana as medicine. "It's a back alley."

Under current drug laws, certain medically qualified patients may legally possess and even cultivate marijuana for medical purposes, but it remains illegal to buy or sell. Further frustrating

medical marijuana advocates were comments made by health minister Anne McLellan at a meeting of the Canadian Medical Association just days before the TCC protest. She appeared to backtrack on the government's commitment to research marijuana as a legitimate medicine.

Area Councillor Joe Mihevc (Ward 21, St. Paul's) says he is sympathetic to the TCC's cause and to the plight of medical marijuana users in Canada, adding that his office has never received a complaint about the presence of the centre. He is highly critical of the federal government's marijuana policies, which he describes as "erratic," and of minister McLellan's approach to the issue. "There's a real need for Parliament to clarify [its position] and bring forth legislation around marijuana for medical purposes," he says. "They've got to pull it together. Anne McLellan is not doing her job. It's time for some leadership from her."

Mihevc would like to see marijuana decriminalized for medic-

inal purposes and a distribution network established. He says medical marijuana "should be taken out of the law enforcement realm and into the medical realm as we would any other drug that helps people with their illnesses." He blames federal policies for creating confusion among law enforcement agencies while preventing thousands of people from obtaining what they regard as medicine.

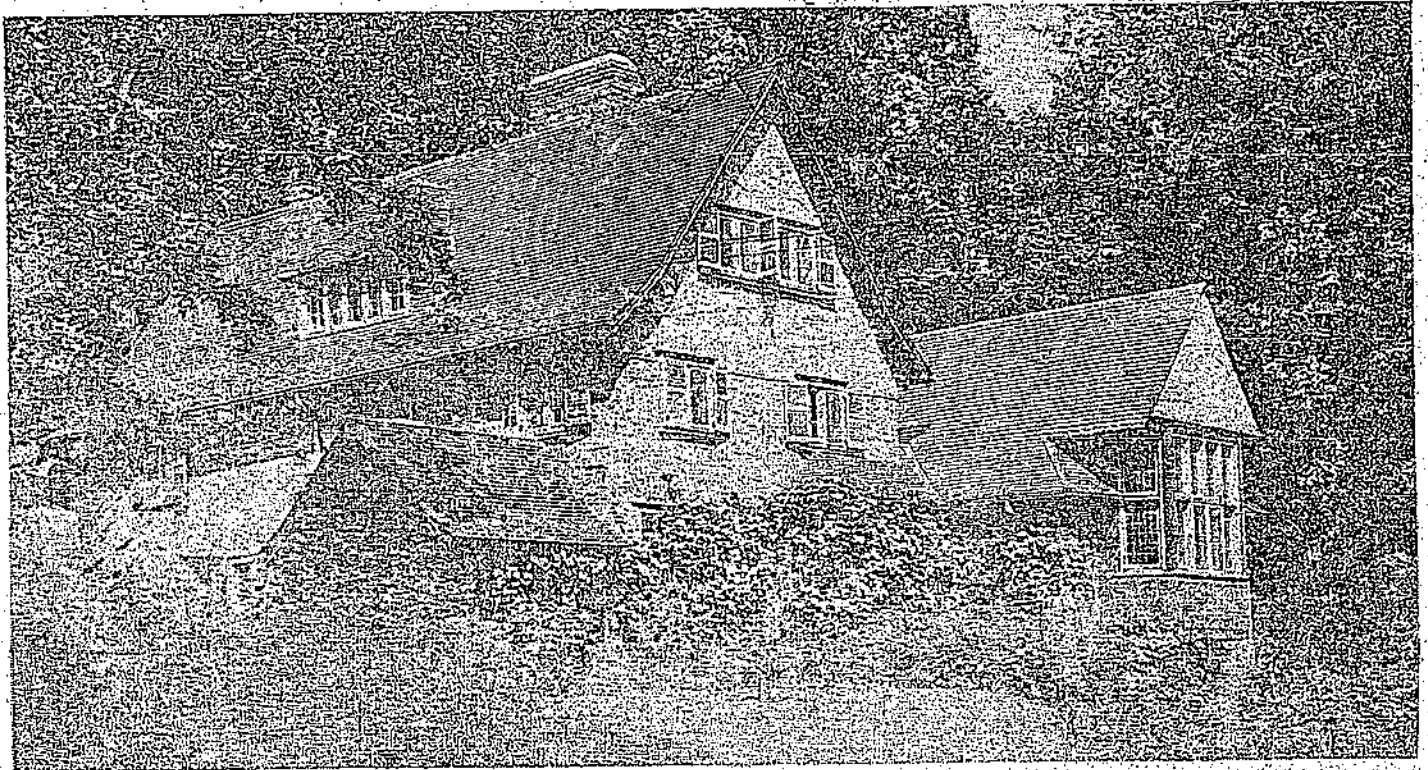
Warren Hitzig also emphasizes the numbers. "It's not a small percentage of people who are asking for this type of medicine," he says. "In every province there seems to be some sort of court case going on for the decriminalization [of marijuana] for medical use. It's not one or two people crying out. It's thousands of people. [The TCC] had a membership before it shut down of over 1,300 people."

Although the future of the Toronto Compassion Centre is not clear, Hitzig is urging members to be patient. Hitzig and the other staff charged in the raid appear in court Sept. 30.

The Toronto Compassion Centre is located at 1380 Bathurst St, just north of Alcona. Details of the fundraising appeal and of the protest march from Old City Hall at 9 am on Monday, September 30 can be found at www.torontocompassioncentre.org.

News from the Archives

January 2003



5 Wychwood Park, circa 1923.

Photo from Keith Miller (#108).

The porch in the foreground has been removed. According to Keith Miller, whose family has lived in the Park since 1910, the ballroom at the rear was added by Dr. Frederick Capon, who owned the property from 1920 to 1928. It is unfortunate that the designer of the ballroom did not use extended flared eaves to match the existing building.

The house was designed for his own family by architect Eden Smith. According to George Reid (#81), construction began in the fall of 1907. Smith, Reid and some other early Park residents had been living in the Indian Road area, just east of High Park. Because of the failure of the York Loan Company which owned much of the surrounding land, they became concerned about the quality of the future development of their neighbourhood. Since 1888, when Marmaduke Matthews (#6) and Alexander Jardine (#22) had subdivided their combined 22 acres and invited others to join them in their private controlled setting, no one had accepted their offer. Now the migration began.

Artists George and Mary Reid had designed and built their large studio house at 435 Indian Road in 1900. Like Eden Smith, they also began work on their new location at #81 in the fall of 1907. Their attractive Indian Road home was reportedly destroyed by fire at a later date, and today all that remains is part of their brick and stucco fence. (Exterior and interior photos of the house are in the Archives). Eden Smith had built his own home at 267 Indian Road. It has been well preserved and received a plaque from the Toronto Historical Board in 1996, to mark its 100th anniversary. Eden Smith had designed a number of other houses in that area, including one at 96 Boustead Ave. (extant) for artist Gustav Hahn, who began construction at 15 Wychwood Park in 1908. The other migrants were art printer George Howell (6 Indian Grove, extant), and lawyer Ernest DuVernet (261

Indian Road, extant). Eden Smith designed houses in the Park for both of them. Construction on the DuVerniet house (#16) began in 1909 and on the Howell house (#7) in 1911. As the Park developed, the roads were given names -- the one running north from #5 to #81 was christened Eden Street. Other homes in the Park designed by Eden Smith or Eden Smith & Sons are #45 (1910), #49 (1910), #69 (1910), #3 (1913), #97 (1913), #77 (1914) and #56 (1919). Other existing Eden Smith homes and buildings in the immediate area are 29 Alcina (1919), 84 Ellsworth (1912), Wychwood Library (1916) and The Church of St. Michael and All Angels (1915). Eden Smith's own family church was St. Thomas' at 383 Huron St., which he had designed in 1893.

Eden Smith's "Arts and Crafts" or "English Cottage" style designs had a profound effect on Toronto residential architecture. Descriptions of his work and influence can be found in several publications in the Archives, some of which may be borrowed. The definitive book on his life and work has been written by Douglas Brown, who has also expertly photographed all of Smith's known Toronto buildings. I was flattered to have been asked to proofread the manuscript, and I will advise you in a future newsletter or flyer when the book has been published.

Eden Smith was born in Birmingham, England in 1859, the son and grandson of master builders. Eden entered his father's firm, eventually becoming partner. In 1881 he married Annie Charlton, and their son Harry was born in 1882. In 1885 they emigrated to Canada, settling first on a farm in Manitoba, and then moving to Toronto in 1887. Their son Ralph was born in 1889. After working for the architectural firm of Strickland & Simons for a few years, Eden Smith opened his own practice. Both Harry and Ralph became architects, joining their father's firm. Each designed his own home in the Park in 1913 -- Harry at #3 and Ralph at #97.

After his retirement in 1920, Eden and Annie spent about half of each year in England and the rest of the time on Harry's farm near Guelph. Annie died in 1936, and Eden lived at the farm until his death in 1949, at the age of 90. His death certificate stated the cause of death to be "cancer of the mouth, myocardial failure and senility". He had spent his last three months in the Homewood Sanitarium in Guelph.

In 1920 the Smiths had sold #5 to Dr. Frederick Capon, a dentist, who in turn sold to Thomas & Mary Milburn in 1928. Thomas Milburn (1875-1945) was the third-generation president of T. Milburn Co. Ltd., manufacturers of patent medicines. For 25 years Milburn was also president of the Boston Terrier Club of Canada. The sprawling Milburn Building, designed by E.J. Lennox in 1886, still stands at 47-55 Colborne St. After Milburn's death, #5 was sold to John & Katherine Fitzgibbons, who had seven grown children.

John Fitzgibbons (1890-1966) was president and chairman of the board of Famous Players Canada. Born in Connecticut, he had come to Toronto from Boston with Famous Players. In 1946 he was awarded the Commander of the Order of the British Empire for his service as chairman of the Canadian Motion Picture War Service Committee.

In 1954 the property was sold to John & Marion Dinnick, who raised their daughters Martha, Sarah and Victoria in the Park, and Martha and Sarah are still here (or nearby). Victoria runs the well-known antique store Gadabout at 1300 Queen St. E. John Dinnick (1911-1981) was president and chairman of the board of McLeod, Young and Weir, investment dealers. During the war he served overseas as a captain in the Royal Canadian Artillery. A Park trustee from 1961 to 1968, he was chair from 1966. John Dinnick's father, Wilfrid Dinnick, was the developer of the "English Garden Suburb" of Lawrence Park Estates, and he is commemorated by the present-day Dinnick Crescent. In his own home at 77 St. Edmund's Drive, the ceiling and frieze in the dining room were decorated by Gustav Hahn (#15). A few years ago, Marion Dinnick donated to the Archives a set of beautiful 8x10 photos of the Park taken by Pringle & Booth in 1957. John Dinnick's sister Charlotte Erichsen-Brown, passed away last October at the age of 95. She was the author of *Herbs in Ontario*, 1975 and *Use of Plants for the Past 500 Years*, 1979.

Next came Bruce & Mary Mitchell and Cassandra in 1977, followed by Stephen and the twins Andrew and Scott. Bruce and Mary ran the active tennis committee for many years. In 1981 architect Keith Wagland designed the rear extension at #5, and the trustees permitted the clean fill to be dumped over the Park fence in front of #96 to shore up the bank of the ravine. In springtime this plateau is aglow with daffodils, planted by Peter Caddick and his crew. At present Bruce Mitchell is President and CEO of the holding company Permian Industries, which employs about 1000 people at its 15 locations in North America.

This past summer, the lucky new residents of #5, Jim & Margaret Hoskins and their sons Jack & Peter moved across the road from #8. They had also lived at #15.

The above is one in a series of house histories. The stories of #2, 3 and 4 appeared in previous issues. Any corrections or additional information would be greatly appreciated.

REMEMBERING SALLY by Marjorie Wilton

Sally and Don Fraser and three-year-old Donald had lived at 24 Wychwood Park for three years when Murray and I moved into #26 in 1959. Sally welcomed us with a lovely tea party at which Mary Jane and Don Baillie and their one-year-old daughter Christina were present. That was the beginning of a long and warm friendship with our neighbours. The Frasers and the Wiltons share a driveway, our side doors almost opening into one another's houses, and we have never quarrelled. In fact, there has never been a cross word over that narrow mutual drive. It was easy to walk across to borrow eggs or milk or any other necessity which we ran out of regularly. We looked after each others' children, enjoyed our old cars, our idiosyncrasies, and each other. We had fun!

The 1960s and 1970s were boomtime years for children in the Park. Anne and Sarah were added to the Fraser family. About 1970, young Donald got the idea for a Wychwood Park May Day, and Sally and the other mothers made it happen, with hot dogs, games, and costumed bicycle parades. The May Day celebration continued for a number of years and has been revived recently. The great Wychwood Park New Year's Eve skating parties on the pond were also a neighbourhood effort. Sally and I were the instigators. We rigged up lights, perched a record player on the McLuhan driveway and, in the Fraser van, hauled down gallons of hot chocolate to the skaters. Sally was an active member of the Landscape Committee, then called the Tree and Shrub or Shree and Tub Committee. I remember her slithering down the bank at the end of the Dent property, then belonging to Mary Fraser, to plant marsh marigolds which still bloom every spring at the end of the pond. She brought trilliums and cardinal plants down from Georgian Bay to brighten the ravine. She was a director of the Wychwood Park Ratepayers Association and was active in the fight against the Spadina Expressway. She also belonged to the Wychwood Park Needlework Group. For many years, Sally served on the board of Humewood House.

Sally was a tall, willowy, beautiful woman with a strong sense of style. She always looked great, whether in jeans and an old shirt or dressed for a party. Her sense of style extended to her house and garden. She loved Canadian antiques and the Fraser house is full of beautiful Canadian pine pieces, lovingly restored by Sally. The candelabrum in the dining room is of wrought iron designed by Sally, using candles instead of light bulbs. For a number of years Sally and two friends had a business buying and restoring Canadian furniture and artifacts. They scoured Ontario barn and garage sales, lovingly restored the pieces and sold them, each spring, in a two-day sale called The Woodshed. Sally had an "eye" and could make interesting lamps or other useful pieces from bits

FRASER, Sally Mae (nee Millar)

—Died at Toronto Western Hospital on Monday, December 9, 2002 at age 75. Sally succumbed to pneumonia, a complication stemming from her 22 years with Parkinson's disease. Beloved wife of Dr. Donald Fraser, mother of Donald Jr. (Allison), Anne Bursey (Kim) and Sarah (Ed Van Hooydonk). Also survived by her sister Joanna Dwinell. She will be much missed by her five grandchildren, Tom, Kate, Martha, Grahame and Gillian, her 21 nieces and nephews, and her many devoted friends. The family will receive friends at the Morley Bedford Funeral Home, 159 Eglinton Avenue West, Toronto, Ontario (two lights west of Yonge St.) on Friday December 13 from 7-9 p.m. A celebration of Sally's life will take place early in the new year. In lieu of flowers, donations in Sally's name may be made to the Parkinson Society of Canada, 4211 Yonge Street, Suite 316, Toronto, Ontario, M2P 2A9 (416) 227-9700.

of unpromising antique junk. I have an attractive Woodshed lamp made from a wooden spool on which, originally, hydro wire was wound. It was scraped down and finished by Sally and wired by Don. She was a gifted craftswoman and she created beautiful jewellery, quilts and other fine needlework.

Sally was a wonderful gardener. Her lovely rose garden in the northeast corner of the front yard and the exotic iris in front of the house were spectacular, as was the interesting and artistic spring garden in back. She had a great knowledge of plants, their cultivation, and care. Last summer I asked her to identify a green stranger in my garden. She recognized and named it immediately.

In recent years Sally has suffered with Parkinson's disease, which gradually diminished her activity and energy. She was very brave during her long illness and remained interested and involved in Park activities and in her friends. I have had many friendly and enjoyable cups of tea with Sally since that first tea party so many years ago. She will be missed.

Sally kindly donated to the Archives photos of the May Day parades, skating parties on the pond, and a fascinating c.1965 photo of fourteen well-dressed Park women grouped on the south steps of #6C after a luncheon hosted by Gwyneth Talbot. Sally provided the names. Of the fourteen, now only Barbara Gilchrist, Marion Symons and Mabel Evans are still with us. A 1977 newspaper article about "The Woodshed", run by Sally, Doris Hamilton and Mona Wales, is in the Archives.

PROPERTY TAX ASSESSMENTS

Once again most of the market value assessments in the Park have increased substantially, although not as drastically as they did two years ago. At that time the median increase was 99%, to a median assessment of \$799,500. For 2003 taxes, the increases range from minus 19% (after an appeal) to 106% (median 31%). The new assessments range from \$483,000 to \$3,539,000 (median \$1,103,000). The average increase in the city is 14%, and the mill rate will be lowered to generate the same amount of taxes (or whatever increase City Council and the province decide). So when you consider your potential tax increase, subtract the 'free' 14%.

If you are looking to sell, you may wish to appeal your assessment as being too low! If, like us, you are planning to stay here forever, you may wish to appeal it as being too high. The deadline for an appeal is March 31 and for a "reconsideration" is December 31. Instructions are available from the Archives, and you may wish to consult the Archives' lists of assessments and lot sizes (from 1874 to the present). If you wish to use comparable properties on Burnside or Braemore, those assessments are available in the website mpac.ca. Key in the address of any property in Ontario.

LELA WILSON

Lela is to be congratulated for receiving the Order of Ontario, to be awarded at Queen's Park on February 5. To support young artists, she has established an endowment which provides \$30,000 per year in perpetuity to Canadian art galleries to buy contemporary Canadian art. Beginning in 1998, the annual grants have been presented to galleries in Winnipeg, London, Oakville, Hamilton, and Vancouver.

Last summer with the assistance of Margaret Logan of Helena Ave., Lela received matching \$25,000 grants from Industry Canada and the firm S.A. Armstrong to hire five students to set up yorkwilson.com. This impressive website contains the complete text of Paul Duval's coffee table book about York Wilson, Lela's biography of her husband, and many other publications. Included are films and video interviews with artists, critics, curators, Eric McLuhan, and Lela, and many examples of Wilson's work. We are delighted that one of the Wilsons in the Archives collection, Asiatic Fishing Fleet, 1957, appears in the website gallery. In the photo album is an amusing item involving Lela and Joanne Mazzoleni at an OSA dinner at the Arts and Letters Club.

HAROLD GOODMAN

The back page of the autumn issue of the University of Toronto Magazine had a full page colour photo of a bugle inscribed with the name of Harold Goodman of #4. From Michah Rynor:

This bugle, blown by Lieut. A. Harold Goodman, 116th Batt. of the Canadian Expeditionary Force, was the first to call the Toronto University Canadian Officers Training Corps to arms. An inscription on the instrument states that Goodman "fell at Amiens, Aug. 8, 1918, while heroically leading his platoon against the Germans," and that it was "presented by his parents of Wychwood Park, Toronto." Goodman was a University College arts student from 1914 to 1916. "His violin, banjo and piano, which gave so much pleasure to his circle, are silent, and this intensifies our loss," wrote Harold's father on September 18, 1918, to Mr. Smith, editor of the University of Toronto Roll of Service. Now the bugle is on display at the Athletic Centre in the Faculty of Physical Education and Health, an oddity among the awards and memorabilia of field and arena heroes of the past.

Half a dozen extra copies of the magazine are available should anyone want one.

WEDLOCK'S THE DEVIL

Sir Edward (Teddy) Bullard came to Toronto from England as a physics professor at UofT. In 1947 he bought #67 from the original owner, Edmund Walker, head of the zoology department at UofT. His wife, Margaret Bullard, has been described by certain old-timers as an "English snob". After the Bullards returned to England, she published (in 1951) the novel *Wedlock's the Devil*, in which the principal characters were an anthropology professor at UofT and his unhappy stay-at-home wife. Some of these old-timers recognized themselves as characters in the book! Her oddball collection of professors at UofT were possibly also inspired by real-life counterparts. She described in detail the dichotomy between the working-class people living on the north side of Alcona and the professional class across the street for whom they performed menial tasks. Life for the wife revolved around tea parties, gossip, the unscrupulous grocer at the corner of Bathurst, dismal streetcar journeys up and down Bathurst, plus a murder and a suicide. A typical Toronto description:

Was there anywhere in the world where the people were so diversely, yet so uniformly ugly? She called to mind the average contents of a street car, the sallow-complexioned discontented faces, the nasal voices, the bad manners, the horrid clothes. People really ought not to be so ugly; it was rude, it was a deliberate insult, a social disgrace. And besides being ugly, an unduly large proportion of them, it seemed to her, were unpleasant. Her thoughts turned to the Reverend Ebenezer Cuttle, who lived three houses up the road. A more sanctimonious, pompous, hypocritical jackass she never hoped to meet. . .

A copy of the cheerful book has recently been acquired by the Archives. It may be borrowed.

ODDS AND ENDS

Puzzle Party: Sunday, January 19, 3 pm, at #97, for participants. Wasn't that a clever puzzle?! And it was nice to learn the names of our younger generation. Last year we were updated on the names of the pet population.

Draper Street (near Bathurst & Front): This charming street of well-preserved Victorian architecture has become another Heritage Conservation District. Donald Smith will conduct a slide show about the process for the North Toronto Historical Society at the Northern District Library (40 Orchard View Blvd., NW of Yonge & Eglinton) at 7:30 pm on Wednesday, January 29. Free.

The Kitchen at #7: Susan and Roger's beautiful new kitchen is featured in a 6-page article in the Fall/Winter issue of the Woman's Day Special, *Kitchens and Baths*.

Ian MacDonald: A 5-page article by Adele Freedman about a country house designed by Ian appears in the Holiday 2002 issue of *Elm Street*. The building bears a certain resemblance to #4A! Ian was one of a dozen recipients of the 2002 Governor General's Medals in Architecture.

Marshall McLuhan: During the first week in December, three one-hour documentaries on McLuhan and his work were shown on TVO. Corinne and Eric McLuhan were interviewed at length. A videotape may be borrowed from the Archives.

Wychwood Park Property Owners
Report of The Tree and Shrub Committee
For the Year 1962

It was quite an active year for the Committee.

In early Spring, Miss Helen Kippax confirmed that her 1948 plan for Park Plantings was still basically valid. Professor Donald C. Baillie conferred with the Forestry Department at the University of Toronto about species of trees which should do well in the park.

An amount of \$210. was provided by the Trustees and a further sum was made available from a Park resident for shrubs in the pond area. Nineteen sizeable trees, twenty-four Forsythia bushes, cash gifts for spring bulb plantings, seedlings including red maple seedlings, were received (all as gifts) and planted in the pond area. Severe heat took a toll of the new trees and shrubs. These have been replaced, or will be replaced, under the guarantee of the nurseries concerned. The bulbs planted have been types that should naturalize and spread, and at the same time provide little interest for the casual pickers.

A resident of the park has taken a personal interest in plantings on the steep hill to the west of the tennis court and has completed substantial plantings.

The Park tree nursery was moved to the vacant lot adjacent to Mr. Ed Brown's residence and some fifty small trees were set up in it last October. In May and October, Professor Baillie planted some thirty trees in erosion gulleys and other strategic locations. The heavy mortality among young trees, together with the continuing loss of older trees, makes this program of replacement essential.

The Committee has held its first meeting of 1963, and it was evident that certain committee members intend to continue their practical assistance. The continuing help of other Park members has also been evidenced. It was suggested that a further grant of \$75. be requested to be held for contingent use. The view was expressed that individual park residents should be invited to continue making such contributions, as their personal inclinations may suggest.

A more detailed record of the plantings completed during 1962 is attached.

Respectfully submitted on behalf of the Tree and Shrub Committee.

Murray A. Wilton.

Rescued from demolition, cottage tells toll-keepers' tale

1820s building to
become museum

Davenport Rd. was
lined with tollgates

Toronto Styles

JOHN BLUMENSON

One of Toronto's first examples of live-work housing is to become a museum. It is also a rare example of vertical board construction.

A toll-keeper's cottage at the intersection of Bathurst St. and Davenport Rd. is undergoing extensive restoration to serve as a museum to the history of toll-keepers, their families and Toronto.

This is the last of five tollgates that once lined Davenport Rd. from Bloor St. near the Don River west to Lambton near the Humber River, says Jane Beecroft, president of the Community History Project (CHP).

And it's the earliest known toll-keeper's cottage in Canada, the CHP says.

Davenport had been an active trail for First Nations people long before the settlement of

Star, Dec 14/02

York. Keeping with the practice in England, the colonial government of Upper Canada built tollgates in many areas of Ontario. By the end of the 19th century, the practice had been abolished. And now, a century later, with the opening of Highway 407, toll collecting has returned.

Beneath the plain clapboard finish, the toll-keeper's cottage exhibits an unusual construction method. The load-bearing walls are made with large planks standing vertically on their ends. Each plank is slotted into a groove cut out of the sill below and the top plate above. The planks averaged in width from 31 to 36 centimetres, with one plank approaching 91 by 5 centimetres thick. Bracing is achieved by the corner posts and exterior cladding nailed across the vertical boards.

New sash windows are being made to match the original. The hip roof will be covered with new wood shingles and a stone foundation will complete the exterior appearance. This vertical plank construction is very rare and while research is ongoing, it is speculated that the cottage may have been built as early as 1820s.

In 1996, the CHP saved the cottage from demolition. Hidden

among some industrial buildings on the south side of Davenport, the cottage was in the way of a new townhouse development. After being moved to the Toronto Transit Commission's Wychwood Ave. property, discussions with city officials eventually led to the CHP moving the cottage to the Davenport Park site this past July.

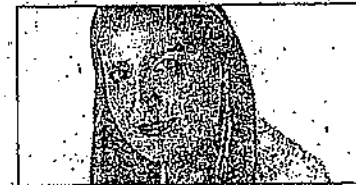
The interior will be furnished to the 1850-1860 period, the years for which records exist about a toll-keeper and his family who lived in the three-room cottage. An addition to the rear will provide storage and meeting space available to the community.

Now with the assistance of a \$75,000 Ontario Trillium Foundation Grant, private donations and the efforts of volunteers, the toll-keeper's cottage has a permanent site. The CHP expects to open the museum in July 2003.

For more information, contact the Community History Project at 416-515-7546.

Toronto Styles looks at architectural styles in older houses around the city. John Blumenson is a Toronto architectural historian. E-mail: jblumenson@sympatico.ca

Star, Dec 5/02



Rosie DiManno

There is very little space around the lawyer's lectern in courtroom 4-10, but the endlessly entertaining Gary Clewley certainly manages to make the most of his narrow stage.

He rises on his toes, pivots on the balls of his feet, swishes his robes — which need new hemming, by the way — and delivers great theatrical flourishes whilst in the process of cross-examining the witnesses. He scratches his head, hitches up his trousers, stabs the air with his spectacles, kneads his hands, dramatically flips the pages of his documents and works his mouth as if chewing on a big wad of bubblegum.

Perhaps there's a bit of Italian in Clewley's background, what with all the gesticulating and semaphoring and operatic pantomime. In any event, it's hugely amusing and a pleasure to watch, truly.

Daniel Mekinda kindly donated to the Archives photos which he took of the parade on July 7 in which the tollkeeper's cottage made its way from the carbarns site to Davenport and Bathurst. Photos of its reverse journey on July 4, 1996 are in the Archives.

Grow west

National Post, Dec 14/02

BY LISA VAN DE VEN

The local city councillor calls it an area in transition. Others suggest it is a community without a name, a neighbourhood still trying to find its focus. But most agree St. Clair Avenue West is changing, and with local real estate prices on the rise, community members are feeling the effects of that change already.

"I think this neighbourhood has been one of Toronto's best kept secrets for a number of years," says Carol McLaughlin, sales representative for Granite Hill Realty and a local resident. "It's becoming less of a secret now. More people are becoming aware of it as a pleasant community to come to."

Housing prices are rising as a result, says Ms. McLaughlin, and a lot more younger families are moving in. And according to St. Paul's West councillor Joe Mihevc, more changes are afoot. Local residents have found a collective voice, and the business community has joined forces to make St. Clair West a stronger, tighter community.

"I think it would be fair to say that it really is, especially the business part, an area in transition," says Mr. Mihevc.

The timing of this transition is not coincidental, he says. While St. Clair West now sits in the middle of Mr. Mihevc's ward, before the amalgamation of Toronto the area was on the edge of York, split among city coun-

cillors and often largely neglected.

In fact, until now the area has always been on the edge of things.

"It used to be, in the World War I era, that this was the very edge of the city," Mr. Mihevc says. "The streetcar came in to basically define the edge."

City dwellers would often take the streetcar to the end of the tracks, he says, and picnic just north of St. Clair in the woods that encompassed the area. Local street names — Kenwood, Humewood, Pinewood and Oakwood,

IT REALLY IS, ESPECIALLY THE BUSINESS PART, AN AREA IN TRANSITION

for example — originate from this period, when forest bordered the northern edge of St. Clair. In fact, some local residents still affectionately refer to the area as The Woods, Ms. McLaughlin says.

"Then, of course, the city grew and expanded," Mr. Mihevc says. "But it used to be a wonderfully treed area, a wonderful area to picnic in, from what the old newspaper articles say."

Now that St. Clair West is more central to the city, says Mr. Mihevc, change is due. It is understandable local businesses are transforming the area into more of a destination for shoppers.

"There's a broad recognition that St.

Clair needs to be renovated," says Mr. Mihevc. "That it needs a new look, it needs a new feel to it, given some of the changing demographics."

With a newly formed Business Improvement Area (BIA) — so new that it remains nameless — businesses along St. Clair Avenue West hope to take advantage of the area's burgeoning popularity. Plans are in the early phases, but local businessman Frank Reilly, owner of Maple Paint and Wallpaper, expects change is on the way. He would like to see the business area reinvent itself as the next Bloor West Village or College Street, but with its own unique personality. He admits that may be a few years away, though. "I think this area ... is just on the threshold of breaking through into a really unique and a bit of a higher-end shopping experience," Mr. Reilly says.

Currently, high-end stores catering to the nearby Forest Hill crowd sit side by side with dollar stores and a Goodwill outlet. Many restaurants offer a wide cultural mix of cuisines, catering mostly to local residents. The one problem that seems to keep the community from achieving its shopping destination status, according to Mr. Reilly, is the lack of parking in the area.

Katherine Anderson, publisher and editor of *The Public Notice*, a local community newspaper, agrees. "[Local merchants] are feeling re-energized and hope to bring more business to the area," she says.

See ST. CLAIR WEST on Page PH8

ST. CLAIR WEST

Continued from Page PH1

"To get people out of their cars to start patronizing their shops, they need a place to park, and there hasn't really been anywhere. And that's really why they've been at such a loss for business," Ms. Anderson says.

While parking may be the business community's main concern, the residential community has issues of its own. In the past year, the neighbourhood has started to gather, speaking out to help shape the change that is brewing in the area. "This is a community that knows how to speak its mind," says Councillor Mihevc. "It's a politically articulate community, in the best sense of the word."

Recently, the community has been in the news as the local Humewood Neighbourhood Ratepayers' Association fought against a McDonald's drive-through at St. Clair and Christie. The residents' association — concerned that a drive-through might pose a threat to pedestrian traffic in the community — helped establish a city by-law banning drive-throughs in downtown neighbourhoods throughout Toronto. (Although McDonald's is appealing for the St. Clair and Christie site).

"It's the perfect example of the kind of passion that neighbours can have about the things that matter to us," says Lis Soderberg, secretary for the Humewood Neighbourhood Ratepayers' Association. "I would say that this neighbourhood certainly gets engaged, very engaged."

The wrangling over the future of the Wychwood car barns is another example

of the community shaping the area. Located at St. Clair and Wychwood Avenue, the barns were once a storage site for the Toronto Transit Commission. Back in the days when St. Clair represented the end of the tracks, the TTC stored its streetcars there. Abandoned since 1978, the barns have now been deemed surplus and the community wants to transform the site into a public park. The councillor and many of his constituents want to combine that park with an arts centre.

"What I'm proposing ... is to put in a community arts centre within the context of a park. So kind of an art-park," says Mr. Mihevc. "The vast community has been supportive, though I acknowledge that there is a small minority that is opposed. They want just grass and trees. But we have a wonderful opportunity to save buildings that have been designated as heritage, and put in some kind of active space."

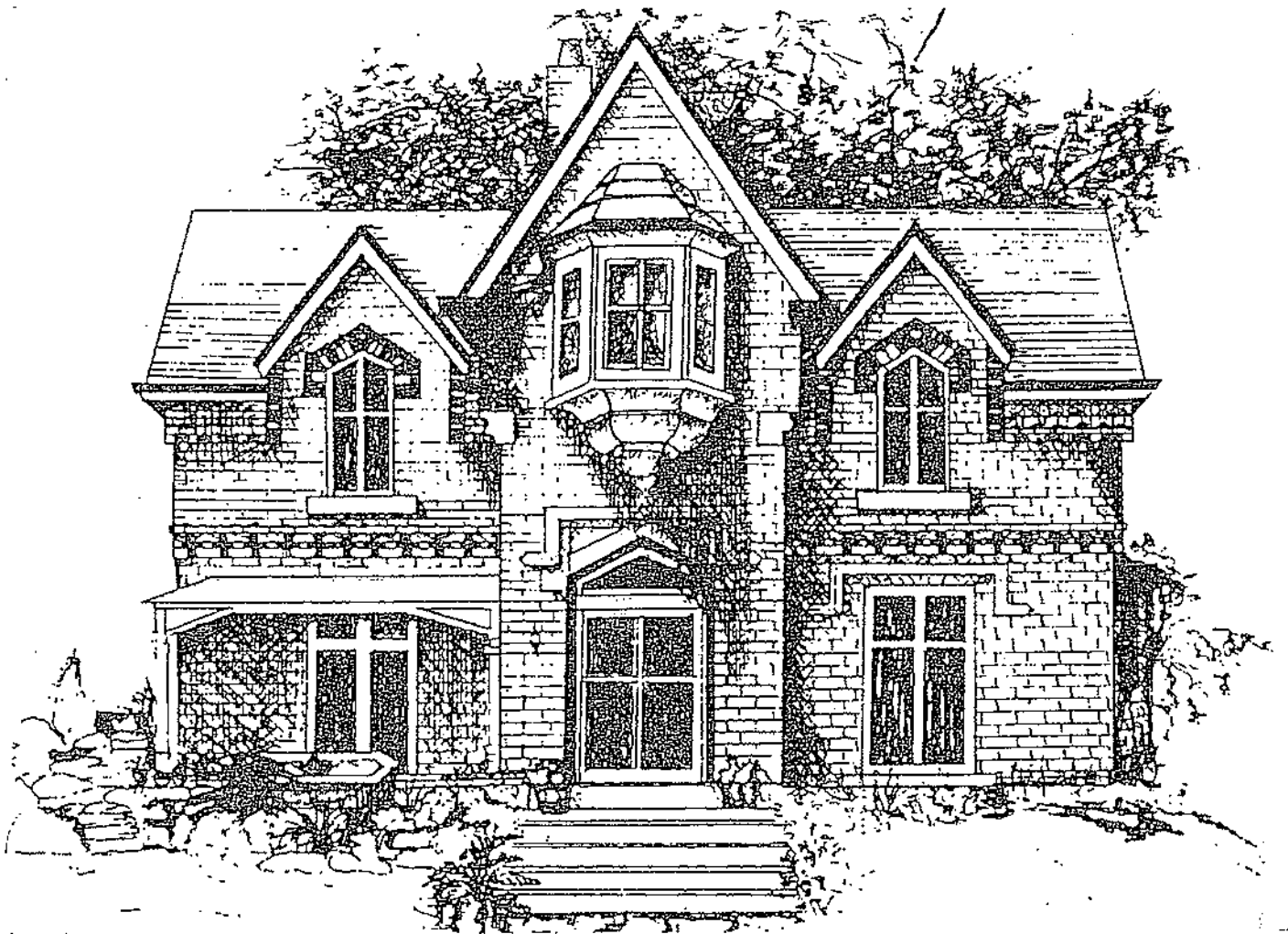
The community is still debating what to do with the barns. Despite the issues currently under discussion, however, local resident Roscoe Handford emphasizes the St. Clair West neighbourhood is not just joined in protest. A culturally and financially mixed community — split fairly equally between renters and buyers — it is also an area where people know each other, she says. By running into neighbours along the street, getting to know local shopkeepers, and putting together organized street parties during the summer, Ms. Handford has become acquainted with many of the people in the local community.

"I have phenomenally great neighbours," she says. "I really love this neighbourhood."

National Post

News from the Archives

April 2003



6 Wychwood Park, circa 1986.

Drawing by Janet Barnes.

According to the Matthews family, #6 was built in 1874 by Marmaduke Matthews (1837-1913). This area was part of York Township at the time, and I attempted to search the history of the property at the City of York assessment office, prior to amalgamation. Since the earliest assessment book on file was for 1881, I was unable to confirm the 1874 date. In 1881 Matthews owned 10 acres with about 500' frontage on the north side of Davenport, half way between Bathurst and Christie. An orchard and garden occupied 2 acres, and 1 acre was swamp (the ravine). There were nine residents, one dog, one cow, and one horse. In the Archives are photographs of paintings by Matthews of his family, house, and outbuildings. The barn and chicken house were located on the site of the present #5 and #7.

Matthews grew up near the town of Shipton-under-Wychwood on the edge of Wychwood Forest in the Cotswolds district of southern England. He attended school in Oxford and then London University and studied under several art masters. Matthews came to Canada in 1860, and he married Cyrilda Justina Bernard (1841-1931) of Toronto in 1864. Their children were Marmaduke Ernest

(known as Buzz, Duke, and later Captain), Cyrilda Maria (known as Lin), Harold, Barbara, Alice and Arthur, born between 1868 and 1880. They named their home Wychwood after Matthews' birthplace.

Matthews advertised himself as a portrait painter, but he got his big break when he was hired by the CPR to paint scenes of the Rocky Mountains to entice customers to visit the CPR hotels in the West. Most of his paintings which regularly appear in the contemporary Toronto auctions date from this period. He was a founding member of the Ontario Society of Artists (secretary, president) and the Royal Canadian Academy (secretary).

The adjacent 10-acre lot to the west was bought by Alexander Jardine (1838-1899), and #22 was built in 1877 for him and his bride Agnes Litster (1857-1900). They named their home Braemore. In 1888 the Jardines and Matthews divided their combined properties into 18 lots, and they named their subdivision Wychwood Park. A map of their 'villa lots' can be found on the cover of your Green Book, a copy of which is given to all new residents by the trustees. To celebrate the Park's centennial in 1988 and to raise funds for the restoration and reframing of a portrait of Marmaduke Matthews painted by George Reid (#81) belonging to the Wychwood Library, Keith Miller and I put together a 302-page book, *The Art of Wychwood*, in which 58 pages were devoted to Matthews and his family. Copies are still available from the Archives at the original price of \$30.

The artist profession is oftentimes not lucrative. After he had dammed Taddle Creek to create the pond, Matthews bolstered his income by selling blocks of ice to the Crystal Ice Company, and he attempted to market a number of mechanical inventions. None of the 18 lots were sold, and he and Jardine re-subdivided their lands into 38 smaller lots in 1891. Finally, in 1906, Matthews was able to sell some of his lots to migrants from the Indian Road area (by High Park), led by Eden Smith (#5) and George Reid (#81). The development of the west side of the Park was delayed until the end of World War I.

After Matthews' death in 1913, his family supported themselves by selling remaining pieces of their property and taking in boarders. The late Bill Wallace (#77) lived in one of the attic rooms

when he was a medical student. After the death of Lin's husband Ambrose Goodman (#4) in 1919, she moved back to #6, and the household then consisted of Cyrilda, the Captain, Lin, Barbara and her husband Ralph Pack, and Alice. Harold and Arthur had died. Only Ralph had outside employment, as a salesman for the Gillespie Fur Company. He also acted as secretary-treasurer for the trustees for many years and received an honorarium. After selling the lots for 6A (their tennis court), 6B and 6C and their Davenport frontage, they sadly sold the last piece of their property in 1952, and #4A was built thereon. When Ralph died in 1960, Alice was the only surviving family member. Pack's estate, owner of the property, arranged a sale of contents, at which several lucky Park residents purchased Matthews paintings for very modest amounts. At age 83, Alice moved into St Stephen's Church Home for Ladies, and "all she took was her toothbrush".

Still containing hordes of Matthews memorabilia, the house, in quite dilapidated condition, was sold in 1960 to John and Janet Barnes, with children John Jr, Martha, Harriet, and Geoffrey. They moved from an attractive house at 5 Chippewa Ave on Centre Island, which was among those demolished to create the present park. For several years they stripped paint and wallpaper, sanded and plastered, and gradually restored the house to a beautiful condition. John (1917-1988) had a long career with the CBC in Vancouver, Montreal, and Toronto, and at Ryerson, where he established CJRT. His hobby was calligraphy and decoration, and beautiful examples of his work can be found on the honour scrolls at Hart House, on the landing above the main entrance. Local examples are prizes for the Christmas Puzzle in wood and leather, exquisitely designed and lettered. Janet (1925-1993) was also artistically inclined. On the front page you were greeted by her drawing of her home, and she and Eleanor Woodside (#22) collaborated on a series of children's story booklets with words by Eleanor and drawings by Janet. Four of the booklets have been donated to the Archives by Sally Fraser and Pam Bonnycastle, and an excerpt can be found on the back page. Janet's father, Colonel Douglas Roe, had been Director of Defense Production in England.

John died in 1988, and Janet sold the property to the young musical couple, Charles and Mary Beth Daellenbach. Chuck played tuba with the Canadian Brass and Mary Beth sang with the Elmer Iseler Singers. Their son Conrad Christian was born in 1990. The basement was renovated, to include an office in the space originally occupied by the kitchen, with walkout on the east side. Alice had recalled that occasionally the cow would enter the kitchen if the bottom of the Dutch door had been left open!

In 1991 the Daellenbachs sold to Ned and Anne Marie Shorter, with children Patrick, Joseph, and Michael. Edward followed in 1996. The Shorters were successful in retrieving and restoring a large portrait of Marmaduke Matthews painted by JWL Forster, which had hung in the hall at #6 for many decades. Anne Marie visited the Archives to examine photos of the original front verandah (on the south side) and is presently having it rebuilt as it was in the Matthews' time. Sadly, the two majestic oaks on the north side were hazardous and have just been removed.

The above is one in a series of house histories. The stories of #2, 3, 4 and 5 appeared in previous issues. Any corrections or additional information would be greatly appreciated.

ANATOL RAPOPORT

Anatol has written two fascinating books of autobiography, *Certainties and Doubts*, 2000, 212 pages, Black Rose Books, \$19.99, and *Skating on Thin Ice*, 2002, 197 pages, RDR Books, \$23.95. From the jacket of the former:

From the world concert stage, to service in the U.S. Air Force, from journalism to mathematics, from studies in conflict and cooperation to peace research, Anatol Rapoport has been both pioneer and lead-figure. Author of approximately 500 publications, Rapoport has spearheaded many scientific innovations, including the application of mathematical methods, first to Biology and later to the Social Sciences. Here, he recounts his life and the people he met along the way.

From the latter:

Skating on Thin Ice is Anatol Rapoport's remarkable coming of age story set against the turbulent history of the early 20th century Russia. Although his memoir draws from the world of Sholom Aleichem, the Rapoport family lived only briefly in the still celebrated in *Fiddler on the Roof*. Rapoport's story spans all of southern European Russia from the Caucasus to the Polish border. Written with a keen eye for history in the making, *Skating on Thin Ice* offers the same verisimilitude that is the heart and soul of great

Russian fiction. Only this time none of the names have been changed. Powerful scenes, such as illegal passengers disembarking from a freight car to push an underpowered train uphill, add the sort of detail that will make a novelist envious. Written with total recall, Anatol's minute-by-minute account recreates everything except the steam rising from the Zbruch River as he laces his skates [to escape from Russia].

The books are available from abebooks.com or amazon.com or they may be borrowed from the Archives.

PAM BONNYCASTLE

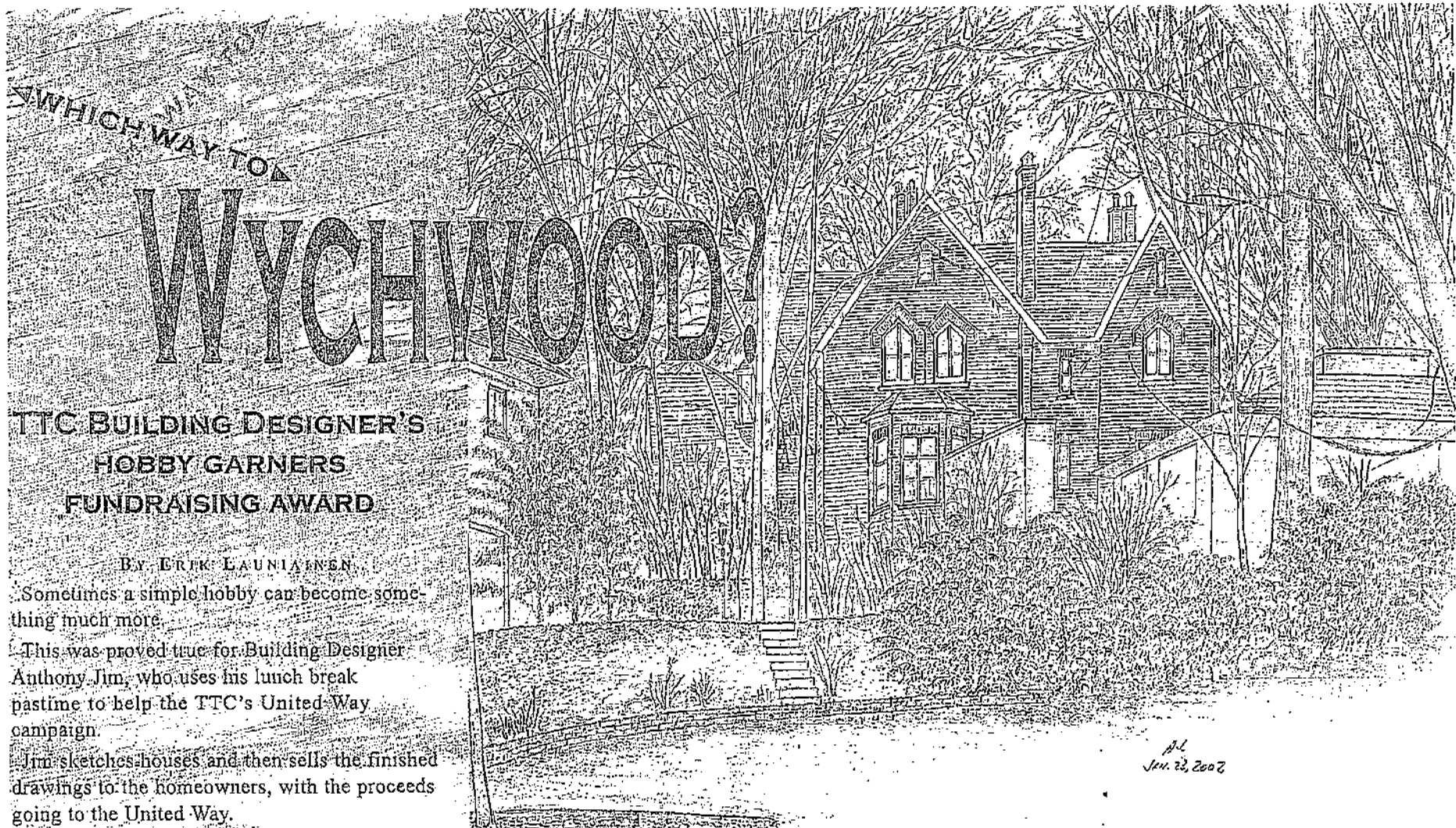
Pam recently donated to the Archives a magnificent collection of photos, booklets, clippings and other items pertaining to George Reid and his wives, both named Mary, and to their home, Upland Cottage (#81). Included was an exquisite plaster Christmas decoration by sculptor Dora De Pedery-Hunt, who lived in Mr Reid's studio apartment in the 1950s. From Pam:

We were living at #36 in 1969, and we learned of the possible sale of Upland Cottage and the two studio houses at a party for Alderman Ying Hope. The Ontario College of Art had inherited the properties after Mrs Reid's death, and we forwarded a bid to the College. It was accepted on Christmas Eve, 1969. Mrs Kathleen Hallam, a tenant of Mrs Reid's, moved out on February 7, 1970. [Mrs Hallam later lived at Briarcrest Nursing Home, until her death in 1988.] We took possession on March 3 and moved in on April 9. Our tenants at the time in the studio houses were Dr Herbert and Barbara Coleman [from #15] in #83 Alcina and Charlotte Ambridge [from #19] in #87. We sold Upland Cottage to the Giacomellis in December 1988.

Everything in the house -- door jambs, windows, etc were slightly out of line (sometimes badly!) and George Reid had skimmed in many places. "Professional" workmen laughed at the irregular measurements -- nothing was "standard", and we loved it!!

WYCHWOOD E-GROUP

A handy way to communicate with neighbours is to share e-mail addresses. Information regarding upcoming events, items for sale or wanted, services offered or desired (baby sitting, dog walking, house sitting), home or car service, Neighbourhood Watch alerts, etc etc can be speedily dispatched. If you are interested in joining a local e-group, send an e-mail to archives9@rogers.com. The updated list will be e-mailed to all members, so that each can set up a specific address book. Other neighbours in the immediate vicinity or family members or close friends of residents could be included if the members agree.



WHICH WAY TO

WYCHWOOD

TTC BUILDING DESIGNER'S HOBBY GARNERS FUNDRAISING AWARD

BY ERIC LAUNIAINEN

Sometimes a simple hobby can become something much more.

This was proved true for Building Designer Anthony Jim, who uses his lunch break pastime to help the TTC's United Way campaign.

Jim sketches houses and then sells the finished drawings to the homeowners, with the proceeds going to the United Way.

"I'm really honoured to sketch the Wychwood neighbourhood," says Jim. "I'm currently sketching my 28th house, and I have another six lined up."

Three years ago Jim began taking drawing paper with him during his lunchtime walks through the picturesque Wychwood Park community, located just north of Hillcrest. Armed with just an HB pencil, Jim started a project that is now a very impor-

continue drawing because he showed a real talent.

A chance meeting with Andrew Fulton, curator of the Wychwood Park Archives, pressed Jim to turn his hobby into a United Way money maker. In fact, he received the United Way's *It Takes Courage* award for his fundraising work.

Fulton ran an ad for Jim in the Wychwood Park newsletter to see if anyone was interested in purchasing a

"They always come out and talk to me when I'm sketching and they encouraged me a lot."

— Anthony Jim

co-workers at Finnest told him he should

year of drawing, and \$2,500 in 2002.



Farhad Farnadi is a Maintenance Planner and a United Way Coordinator. He says that Jim's work has been an outstanding example of what a single employee can do for a good cause.

"He's been great!" Farnadi says. "Anthony has been a one-man fundraising event."

Jim believes that none of this would have been possible without the generous spirit of the Wychwood Park residents.

Jim says. "I saw some of the residents when I'm sketching and they encouraged me a lot. I'd like to give a very big thank you to them."

One area resident even went so far as to cook him a bowl of stew every day and leave it for him on his porch, so that he could eat while he worked.

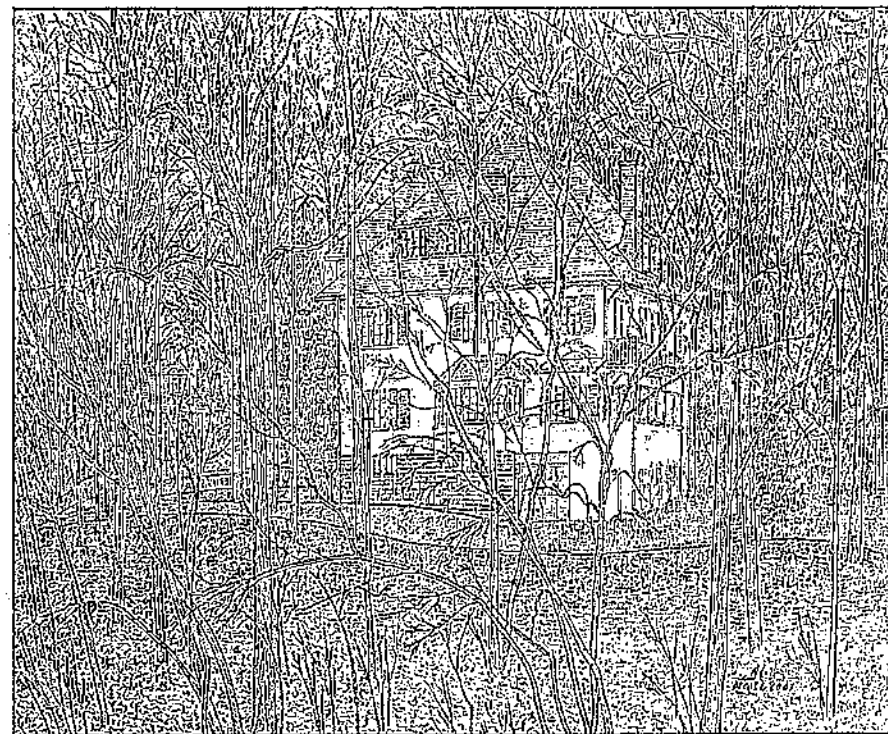
Jim has made a lasting impact on some residents, adds Farnadi.

"A woman in the area had a son who was interested in going to art school, but wasn't sure," he says. "Seeing Anthony out there drawing everyday impressed the boy and inspired him to pursue art."

Each drawing takes him about three weeks to complete, weather permitting. At this pace Jim says he should be finished all 60 homes in Wychwood Park in another two years.

He's looking forward to meeting that goal because the neighbourhood has promised to throw him a big party.

Anthony Jim sketching in the Wychwood neighbourhood.



WAYS

OF HABITATION

IAN MACDONALD

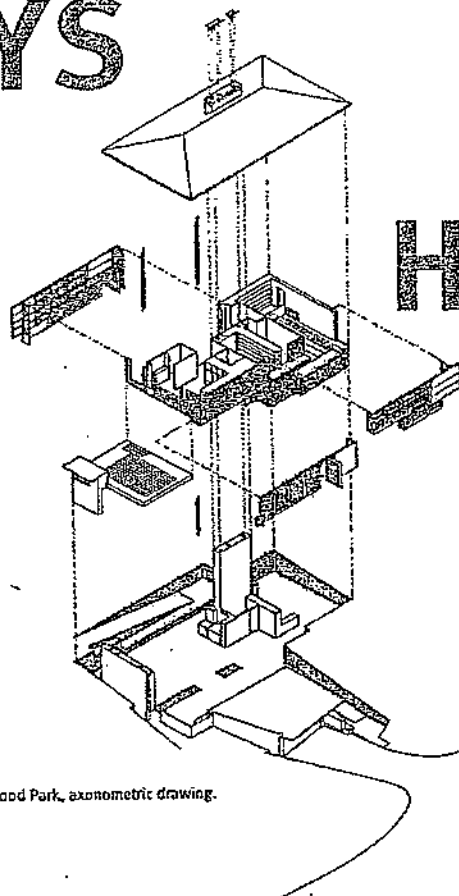


fig. 1 → House in Wychwood Park, axonometric drawing.

Excerpted from *Inhabiting Space*, a 13-page article in *Architecture and Ideas* magazine, Summer/Fall 2001. The full article, on file, contains numerous photos and Ian's thoughts on some of his other buildings.

Q: Let's begin by talking about the way you work. Could you describe your approach, some of the themes and issues which interest you?

A: When a project is beginning our goal is to create something that has a sense of itself, a strong character. Every house has a story or an idea, a way of expressing the character of the place you want to make. So you ask yourself, what is the story? Let's take my house as an example (figs. 1-5, 15-18).

It was built in Wychwood park, a 19th century Arts and Crafts enclave in Toronto. The story there is about this wonderful neighbourhood, a place which has 450 year-old oak trees and where people seem to have a respect for the landscape. What we wanted to do was construct a house that became a vehicle for inhabiting that landscape in a certain way.

When we purchased the site there existed a very ordinary 1950s bungalow, badly sited, badly built. People hated it because it was parked right next door to the landmark house in the neighbourhood and it blocked the view of that. It was poor quality built on spec, it was on a very prominent site, people couldn't help be aware of it and it didn't fit in, but nonetheless it was there.

Always when we look at a site we're looking at how to exploit the opportunities and diminish awareness of the liabilities. The liabilities here were several: one was the reading of the building as a spec builder's bungalow. Looking at it we thought how are we going to inhabit this space? We decided it is important to retain the memory of the original bungalow enclosure and we did that by keeping the roof. But otherwise we did a lot of work to try and erode the form and detail of that original bungalow so that it didn't compromise the ultimate project.

Q: In the end your design was unabashedly modern. Wychwood Park is a very beautiful but also very conservative neighbourhood. How did the neighbourhood respond?

A: When we proposed our design the neighbourhood was very concerned, disappointed and so on that we were not building an English cottage-style house. I guess their first reaction was that if you wanted it to fit in with the character of the place, then that would be the way to go. But what we did works with the spirit and intention of the place.

Q: Could you explain that?

A: One of the objectives of the Wychwood Park heritage plan is that buildings are secondary and the continuous nature of the landscape as a park with no barriers such as fences should be considered the primary thing. Because of that we worked hard to place the house enigmatically within that landscape. We tried to disturb the normal way of reading distance and mass and scale so the house would look smaller and farther away from its neighbours and the street. The reality is it's a big building and it was built on a triangular lot that was very small. It had no private outdoor space although we were able to create these secluded outdoor spaces all the same.

There is also a sense of distance when viewed from the street. The master bedroom window is sub-scale and when you look at it from the road you have a chance of thinking the window is awfully small or the house is awfully far back from the road. We organised the landscaping as a series of layers which leads the eye to read the site and the parts of the house sequentially, as elements in space. We also took advantage of the sloping lot to find the space we needed by going down rather than up or out. At the south end we were able to put the principal rooms at the level of the former basement with the studio space a level below that. At the north end of the house we made a two-story space with light coming in from above.

The key idea was to put the garage in front, but because of the landscaping and change of grade it is almost indiscernible and yet affords the living spaces behind a great deal of privacy.

Q: When you look at the plan or walk through the house one gets a sense of a very strong differentiation between different spaces in the house. Perhaps this is because of the need to work within the footprint of the original house. Nonetheless some public rooms are buried deep within the ground, others are very open. Do you try to create a dialogue between open and closed, introverted and extroverted spaces as a form of ideal habitation. Are these conditions elements of your "ideal" house?

A: It is not so much a question of introverted and extroverted spaces as realizing that in our climate there are times when you have really quiet, still, sunny mornings or days and then the living room is a wonderful room. But when it's really blustery, wild and windy and rainy, then maybe you feel more comfortable dealing with the coziness of the other room; it's more contained. It's simply that. There is no perfect room. It's all about situations.

Q: Sure, but there's no doubt that a characteristic of your architecture is the creation of very contrasting spaces and conditions, often highly particularised by the materials you use or by light or proportion which intensify the experience of being in that space. How do you explain that?

A: Well, you want your design to be anchored in a certain way, and the question is where do you find that kind of anchorage? The opportunities of the site as well as the constraints provide opportunities for making

rooms which have particular characteristics. When I was younger I traveled around looking at a lot of work and one thing I remember seeing was early Ron Thom work and thinking it was very beautiful. There was a really strong, almost haunting sense of place about those projects; you just had an intense feeling of being somewhere.

Q: Did you try to bring those qualities into the design of your own house?

A: Certainly one of our aims was to create a sense of place. Maybe I should explain what I mean by that. When you approach the house you come past a threshold of rich planting, to a narrow opening. It doesn't have much presence viewed from the street, but it feels very comfortable because as you move towards the house alongside the garage, something interesting happens. The path rises slowly towards the entrance, but the height of the stone wall on your other side rises much more rapidly. By the time you reach the house your view is blocked by what is now a very high wall and your only reference point visually is to look back from where you have come. You now feel far from the road, enclosed within the realm of the house but still not in it. In many houses you can walk up to the front door and be standing on the front step and still be in the public realm. The boundary would be defined by the face of the house. But here the boundary is defined by the face of the planting way back at the front of the site.

When you enter the house you are in a place which is contained but comfortable with a washroom at hand and so on. You go down a corridor which pinches down to about three feet. It's got mahogany paneling on one side and black cabinetry on the other and this becomes part of the family room window. When you enter the family room and look back out you appreciate where you have been and where you are (figs. 15-18). You can see the stone wall by the side of the path in relationship to another which exists on a lot across the street; the walls kind of stretch across the landscape. As you look out you can see the roof of the garage. It is a beautiful roof and eventually it will be landscaped. It affords the living room privacy from the street but still allows the possibility of observation out. From a distance looking at the house however, it is almost indiscernible because its height meets the line of the sloping site. All these things give the house a strong sense of place, which I think all houses need.

Q: What is striking about your description is the idea that the house should have a kind of psychic logic. And also that there might be one key idea, or maybe place, that explains the whole. Have you always done that? Is that the way you inhabit a house in your imagination?

A: I don't want to get into deep psychoanalytical questions but I think one of the things I am driven by in my work is trying to get as close to the perfect design as possible. So I think you are always trying to figure out what is the perfect answer, you are always trying to figure out how to put this puzzle together, and it is a puzzle. So you keep working at how you can synthesize spatially the activities and life within a house so that it makes sense in relationship to its opportunities and restraints. That's it.

15

3-10-1941



By Eden Smith & Sons, Architects

The article stated that the shingles on the walls and roof were stained brown and the interior woodwork was stained brown and waxed. The ground floor was quarter cut oak and the upper floors were quarter cut Georgia Pine. The staircases were oak and the trim and doors were Georgia Pine.

THE DRAWING SHOWS IN RED INK THE WHITE LINE, AND

Hours: Wednesday evenings 7:30 - 9:30 or other times by appointment.

window was installed. The unusual roof line has the ridge of the gable facing south (to the right) higher than the ridge of the main roof, which runs east and west. This complication required the insertion of a triangular roof section between these ridges. Eden Smith used the same roof line in the house which he designed for Paul Hahn (brother of Gustav Hahn of #15) at 295 Indian Road. The present owners of that property say that they have had leaks in the area of the triangle. Has anyone seen another house with this odd roof configuration? The present garage on the north side was a later addition.

The house was built for George Howell (1861-1923), Lucy (Knox) Howell (1871-1954), and their daughter Margaret. George was born in Liverpool, N.S. and Lucy hailed from Armagh, Ireland. Margaret married engineer Osborne Mitchell, an executive in the international firm Brazilian Traction, Light and Power. The Howells had been neighbours of Eden Smith (#5), George Reid (#81), Gustav Hahn (#15) and Ernest DuVernet (#16) in the Indian Road area just east of High Park, and the Howells' attractive former home still stands at 6 Indian Grove.

It has been said that Wychwood Park was conceived as an artist colony, and George Howell was heavily involved in the arts. First employed as a clerk with Grip Printing and Publishing Co. in 1891, he rose through the commercial art firm to become managing director. Later known as Grip Limited, the firm employed Tom Thomson and several members of the Group of Seven. The studios were located in the ornate Graphic Arts Building at the southeast corner of Richmond and Sheppard Sts., behind the Sheraton Hotel.

After George's death, Lucy bought the lot at #24 from Judge Thomas Barton (#22), the former croquet lawn for the Bartons. The house at #24 was built in 1927, and Lucy lived there with her housekeeper Minnie Fisher until her death. She had sold #7 to Dr. Donald Fraser (1888-1954) and Mary (Shenstone) Fraser (1892-1984). Their children were Donald, Nancy and Ian, and

they adopted sisters Peggy and Jocelyn Hodge.

Dr. Fraser was a son of Prof. William Fraser, head of the Italian and Spanish departments at UofT. A medical officer during World War I, he was awarded the Military Cross for extreme bravery at the Somme. An account of his wartime service written by Peter Wilton (#26) is in the Archives. After the war, Dr. Fraser worked in medical research at the Connaught Labs and taught preventive medicine at UofT. He achieved international recognition, and he died in Chile of a heart attack while touring South American medical schools for the World Health Organization. An account of his career can be found in the 243-page book, *Within Reach of Everyone, A History of the University of Toronto School of Hygiene and the Connaught Laboratories*, Bator and Rhodes, 1990, a copy of which may be borrowed from the Archives.

Mary Fraser was a daughter of industrialist Joseph Shenstone, president of the Massey-Harris Co. Mary's mother, Mary (Smart) Shenstone, a singer, founded the Toronto Heliconian Club for women of the arts. Mary Fraser's brother, Saxon Shenstone, was the original owner of #17. After Dr. Fraser's death, Mary lived at #7 until her death in 1984. Medical researcher Jeanne Orr lived in the attic apartment for many years and acted as a companion for Mary.

The house was sold to stockbroker Jim Duncan, Barbara (Lacey) Duncan, and their boys Tyler and Michael. Barbara was active in the Landscape and Pond Committees and the community yard sales. In 1988 she waded into the north end of the pond to plant waterlilies which had been donated by our downstairs tenant, Bud Pirie. Unfortunately, they were immediately devoured by the mute swans Marmaduke and Cyrilda, which had also been donated by Bud.

In 1990 the Duncans sold to Stephen Caudwell and Bonnie Rose Brooks. The beautiful blonde brainy Bonnie and three other women had rented #17 in 1977, and she

loved the Park. A fashion executive, she became editor of *Flare* magazine in 1994.

In 1996 the house was sold to the present lucky owners, Roger Dent, Susan Lambie, and daughters Meredith and Evelyn. Their sympathetically designed rear addition would probably gain the approval of Eden Smith. Their beautiful new kitchen was featured in a 6-page article in the Fall 2002 issue of *Kitchens and Baths* magazine.

The above is one in a series of house histories. The stories of #2, 3, 4, 5 and 6 appeared in previous issues. Any corrections or additional information would be greatly appreciated.

WYCHWOOD E-GROUP

Margaret Hoskins has kindly set up a yahoo group, for current Park residents only. This provides an excellent opportunity to quickly share information, especially for Neighbourhood Watch concerns. If you are not yet a member, send an e-mail to hopskin4321@rogers.com and Margaret will sign you up.

WYCHWOOD WOMEN'S GROUP by Emily Fulton

Last year marked the 50th anniversary of the founding of the Wychwood Park Needlework Guild. To begin our second half-century, a change in name and focus might be appropriate. Please call or e-mail me (archives9@rogers.com) with your thoughts. A notice regarding our next meeting will be coming soon.

ANTHONY JIM

Again this fall, Anthony, a draftsman at the TTC Hillcrest yards, is generously offering to donate the entire proceeds of the sale of his Park house drawings to the United Way, through the TTC drive. Last year he sold fourteen framed originals to Park residents, and this year he has ready eleven more. If you are interested, we can tell you if he has drawn your house — he had kindly deposited copies of all of them to date in the Archives. Anthony can be reached at 416-393-4405 (work) or 416-465-3808 (home).

DONALD McKAY

The October issue of *Toronto Life* magazine has a write-up (pg 98, 99) on 111 Park Road, the house designed by Donald (83 Alcina) where he lived before moving to the Park. An architect, professor and writer, Donald is represented in the Archives by a number of other articles about his work.

A TADDLE CREEK BOMBSHELL

Dick Watts, who lives on the escarpment to the west, is the acknowledged expert in the "Lost Rivers Group". For the Heritage Toronto walking tour on September 13, starting at the site of the headwaters of one of the branches of Garrison Creek in Humewood Park, he asked me to conduct the part of the tour which passed through the Park and ended at the Tollkeeper's Cottage at Davenport and Bathurst. During our preparation, I mentioned something about the headwaters of Taddle Creek, and he patiently explained that what he calls "Wychwood Creek" was not part of Taddle Creek.

According to Dick, our creek was one of many small streams that were spring-fed after the glacier retreated, trickled down the escarpment after Lake Iroquois retreated, and percolated into the sandy bed of that lake. He has drawn "Wychwood Creek" on his master map as rising north of Helena, flowing between the present #69 and #77, through the valley and under the present road and tennis court, through the ravine, and ending in the vicinity of Christie and Dupont.

So, I immediately consulted the Goad's Atlases and other old maps in the Archives, but none of them show the creek below Davenport. Can anyone shed light on this mystery?

Incidentally, work on the Tollkeeper's Cottage and museum is proceeding well, and Jane Beecroft deserves to be congratulated. As you pass by, you may see the men hand-splitting and planing the white cedar shingles for the roof. If Jane is on site, she would be delighted to take you inside.

RECENT PUBLICATIONS

Old Toronto Houses by Tom Cruickshank with photography by John de Visser, Firefly Books, 304 pages, \$59.95, is a beautiful coffee table book with 8 pages devoted to the Park. Photos and write-ups of 5 houses are included -- guess which ones!

The catalogue of the recent Tom Thomson exhibition at the AGO is another beautiful coffee table book, 386 pages, \$65.00. Probably the price will be lowered, maybe in time for Christmas. Included is a chapter by curator Dennis Reid about the Arts and Crafts movement in Toronto, and George and Mary Reid (#81) are prominently featured. Copies of both books may be examined at the Archives.

ISLAND BIKE TOUR

The Toronto Island community is home to a large number of artists, and in odd-numbered years they mount a series of outdoor installations beginning during the city-wide Arts Week at the end of September and running through November. Titled *Rogue Wave*, the exhibition spans the Island and can best be visited by bike. Maps are available at the Ward's Island ferry dock.

On Saturday, October 4, I shall conduct a bike tour of the most interesting exhibits and other sites for the Toronto Bay Initiative, leaving Hanlan's Point ferry dock at 10:30 am (catch the 10:15 Hanlan's ferry from the docks at the foot of Bay St). TBI members \$5, others \$10. The starting point will be the recently-installed statue of Ned Hanlan, which was designed in 1926 by Emanuel Hahn (brother of Gustav Hahn of #15). Originally located in the CNE grounds, the spectacular 20' high statue has been moved to the spot where one of the most famous Canadians of all time grew up and began his rowing career.

The tour will include a climb to the top of the lighthouse (1808, second-oldest in Canada), the interior of the Island Church (1884, with magnificent stained glass by McCausland), and, the highlight, a visit to the Island Archives where Emily has offered to serve tea and cookies. Lunch will be available at the Rectory Cafe.

IN MEMORIAM

MCCORMACK, Edward (Ted) — Peacefully at home on Sunday, May 18th, 2003, in his 91st year. Born in North Toronto in 1913, Ted attended school at U.C.C., University of Toronto and the Ontario College of Art. He fought in France and Holland during the Second World War. He later married artist June Forbes and worked at Thompson Newspapers as a graphic artist for many years and as a political cartoonist at the *Globe & Mail*. Ted was predeceased by his wife June in 1961. He raised his two beloved children Sara and Tim on his own. Ted is also the beloved father-in-law of Fraser and Mina and grandfather of Cateigh, Ellie and Maggie Prince. He is also predeceased by his brother Bob. Ted was a talented dedicated artist and cartoonist who created beautiful drawings and paintings for six decades. He will be remembered as an exceptionally kind, knowledgeable and gentle man. Visitation at the TRULL "NORTH TORONTO" FUNERAL HOME & CREMATION CENTRE, 2704 Yonge Street (5 blocks south of Lawrence) on Wednesday from 2 o'clock until time of service at 3 o'clock in the chapel.

SYMONS, Marion Louise (Pugsley)

— Peacefully, at her home on Saturday, June 14, 2003. Beloved wife of the late John Thorburn Symons. Lovingly remembered by her daughter, Frances Marion McCann and her grandchildren, Alexander and Linda. Marion, the last surviving child of the late J. Newton and Millicent Pugsley of Parsboro, Nova Scotia, is survived by her niece Joan Delamere (Pugsley) and many grand nieces and nephews. Marion was very grateful for the exceptional care and attention provided by Betty Bardeau and her team of caregivers. The funeral service will be held at the Morley Bedford Funeral Home, 159 Eglinton Avenue West on Thursday, June 19, at 11:00 a.m. Visitation will take place one hour prior to the funeral, with a reception to follow. In lieu of flowers, a donation to the C.N.I.B. or the Toronto Humane Society would be appreciated by the family. A private interment will take place at Prospect Cemetery at a later date.

Ted McCormack (1913-2003), his wife June, and their children lived in the studio-house at 83 Alcina during the 1950s. June's parents, Kenneth & Jean Forbes, lived in the twin studio-house at #87. A big chapter in *The Art of Wychwood*, 1988, is devoted to the illustrious artistic Forbes and McCormack families. During his last months in his condo on Avenue Road, Ted was a customer on my Meals on Wheels route. I had expressed admiration for his art collection, especially the large painting of June by Kenneth. During the sale of the condo, that painting was

stolen (not by me!). After its photo and details appeared in the Toronto Star, the painting mysteriously reappeared at the back door of the condo building!

Marion Symons (1909-2003) and her husband **Sy** (1908-1984) were the original owners of #106, which they built in 1952. Their daughter **Frances** was born in 1955. Sy, a chartered accountant, served as the trustees' secretary/treasurer for many years. Marion and I grew up in the same corner of Nova Scotia, and her family ran the drug store in Amherst. She and Sy were long-time members of the RCYC on the Island. Hence Marion and I had much in common, and I greatly enjoyed our chats over the years.

Gage Love (1917-2003) was a grandson of **Sir William Gage** (1850-1920), the original owner of #82. William and Ina Gage had four daughters, Irene, Eva, Gladys, and Wilhelmina (aka Willo). Eva married Harry Love, and they built #80 in 1910. Their children were Lena, who married Herbert Horsfall, mayor of Leaside, and Gage. The Loves sold #80 to John & Martha Russell in 1928. Gladys Gage married Carson McCormack, and they built #84 in 1926. Willo married Donald McLeod, and he moved into #82. And so the Gage girls occupied three adjacent large homes (plus the present vacant lot) at the southeast corner of the Park. A newspaper article about Gage Love can be found on the back page.



Works and Emergency
Barry Gutteridge, Commissio

FULTON ALBERT WILLIAM
96 WYCHWOOD PK
York, Ontario
M6G2V5

There has been talk of changing some duplicated street names, but have you heard of a plan to revert to Toronto's original name??

From the Toronto Star, May 11, 2003.
Adam Vaughan grew up at #12.

Citytv reporter Adam Vaughan is passionate about living in downtown Toronto. And it's a lifestyle he wants his 5-year-old daughter, Mimi, to experience first-hand.

So a couple of years ago, after he and his partner separated, Vaughan moved into a downtown condo near the television station. Now, the entire city is his daughter's playground. And he's seeing the city with renewed vigour as he and his daughter explore the downtown, and he passes on his love for the city to his child.

"I wanted a place that was close to the culture of the city, the galleries, the music and close to the politics of the city," says the 41-year-old political reporter. "All the things that were important to me. I wanted my daughter to understand how her father related to the city and have her relate to the city."

"It was important to me to teach her how to access the extraordinary things of Toronto, the sights and sounds of Kensington, Little Italy, Little Portugal, Caribana. When you live downtown you can literally be there in two minutes. It's like the whole city becomes a backyard."

What everyone loves about the emerging neighbourhoods of condos and lofts is being able to walk everywhere.

Citytv's Vaughan, who doesn't drive, and his daughter share that love. It is often on their walks that father and daughter trip over some unique experiences. The pair will head for a local park where Mimi might make some new friends and share her bicycle or chat with the shopkeepers on Queen St.

On their way to Sunday brunch or running weekend errands, Vaughan and his daughter may stop and listen to music playing at a neighbourhood store.

"Mimi loves music," Vaughan says. "We will be walking in the market and a live band starts to play we can stop and listen."

Their wanderings also give Vaughan a chance to show his daughter some of the buildings her grandfather, the late Colin Vaughan, an architect and a former Citytv reporter, designed.

"I'm able to show her and say: That's Grandpa's building. It's kind of neat to be able to show her my roots."

Star, Sept 8/03.

Gage Love proud of dictionary of Canadianisms

Co-founded community foundation

MARY NERSESSIAN
STAFF REPORTER

Gage Hayward Love's greatest legacy, and one of his proudest achievements, was a Canadian dictionary.

Called the *Dictionary of Canadianisms on Historical Principles*, it was the first to publish distinct Canadian words such as "inspectioner," a whaling word, and "suicide squad," from the Canadian Football League.

The book was issued in 1967, when Mr. Love was president of the W.J. Gage Ltd. publishing company.

The introduction "made the case that Canadians have a vibrant language," said his son, David Love, whose first summer job was proofreading the dictionary.

When Mr. Love took over the company, it was a small shop on Spadina Ave. By the time he left, it had become one of Canada's foremost publishers. Although it is no longer a family business, the company recently celebrated 150 years.

Mr. Love was also the publisher and Canadian distributor for the much-loved educational book *Dick and Jane*, which flew off the shelves and made learning to read fun.

The Toronto native died at home in King City last Friday of lung cancer. He was 85.

David Love says when his father decided to sell 80 per cent of the publishing house shares to an American company in 1971, a controversial move, he was unhappy. But he said he preferred to keep the Canadian name than "take government handouts. He didn't think that Canadian taxpayers should pay for his company."

However, in 1977, a Canadian company bought it back and Mr. Love was content.

Mr. Love will also be remembered as a philanthropist, and

his work will leave a lasting mark on Toronto for generations to come.

"His passion was doing good," David said. "He wanted to make (Toronto) a better place to live for everybody."

The list of his endeavours is long: He served as chair of the Gage Research Institute, the Ina Grafton Gage Home, Pollution Probe and West Park Healthcare Centre, and was president of the Board of Trade of Metropolitan Toronto. In 1981, he co-founded the Toronto Metropolitan Community Foundation, now the Toronto Community Foundation, which connects potential philanthropists with community needs.

Asked how his father found time to sleep, David said, "He went to bed late and got up early."

Mr. Love comes from a long line of Torontonians. His maternal grandfather, Sir William Gage, once president of the city's board of trade, told the

*His passion was doing good.
He wanted to make
(Toronto) a better place to
live for everybody.*

David Love, son

board in 1910 that even after travelling to four continents, there was no better place to live or do business than in Toronto.

Sir William founded West Park Healthcare Centre in 1904. It was originally a sanatorium for tuberculosis patients, called the Toronto Free Hospital for the Consumptive Poor. Mr. Love carried the torch for more than 50 years after joining the board of the Weston hospital in 1950, which later became West Park.

Both David Love and Barry Monaghan, president and CEO of West Park, remember Mr. Love's appreciative nature — he was known to thank drivers for stopping at crosswalks. Even on his deathbed, while drifting in and out of lucidity, he found the words to thank the minister who came to see him, his son said.

"He always gave his advice with a smile," Monaghan said. "He was instrumental at the

time the transition was made to (West Park) becoming a public hospital." His contribution included being on the team that created the foundation allowing the facility to receive money.

Mr. Love's contribution was significant "not only to the governance of today but to the vision of the future," he said.

Recently he donated \$250,000 to the hospital's Raising the Bar campaign. He was quoted as saying, "I felt that it needed somebody to give it a bit of (a) start."

Mr. Love attended University of Toronto Schools, and graduated from the University of Toronto in 1939 with a bachelor's degree in history. He married Clara Elizabeth (Betty), daughter of Sir Ellsworth Elvelle, in 1941. They first met when he was 4 years old and began dating when he was 14.

He enlisted in the Royal Canadian Navy in 1942 and served on Canada's west coast, ending the war in command of a minesweeper.

David Love said his daughter Melanie would fume when playing sports with her grandfather. No matter the score, the game always ended in a tie.

They finally understood Mr. Love was trying to teach them that "when the family is together, everyone wins."

Aside from his family, one of Mr. Love's prized possessions was the scorecard of his hole-in-one on July 30, 1979, at the Glen Abbey golf course. The card was signed by Jack Nicklaus, who designed the course.

"None of us believed it, frankly," David said. "We figured he kicked it into the hole." But 12 people who witnessed it confirmed their father's feat.

In addition to wife Betty and son David, Mr. Love leaves children Gage, Peter and Geoff, grandchildren Austin, Bryce, Melanie, Jennifer, Adrian, Charnian, Colin, Gage, Gaelan, Allie, Kate, Jesse, and great-grandchildren Ava, Makayla and Olivia.

The funeral service will be held at Timothy Eaton Memorial Church, 230 St. Clair Ave. W., tomorrow at 11 a.m.

News from the Archives

December 2003

EDEN SMITH

In time for Christmas, the long awaited definitive biography and accurate list of buildings has finally arrived. Eden Smith & Sons designed 10 houses in the Park and a number of houses and other buildings in the vicinity. Doug Brown has examined every city building permit issued from 1890 to 1920 and has settled the odd dispute about whether a house is in fact an Eden Smith house. He also kindly advised the Archives of architects, dates and estimated costs of construction for other Park houses. Doug's fine-quality book with numerous photographs is available from the Archives at the special price of \$23. You may pick it up during the regular hours on Wednesday evenings or whenever we are at home -- please call first.

BUILT HERITAGE NEWS

At the William Kilbourn Lecture and Awards held at the new Carlu on October 20, architect Cathy Nasmith received an award for her semi-monthly free email newsletter, which contains an amazing amount of information about local heritage preservation issues, meetings, and events. If you would like to subscribe, send an email to Cathy at cnasmith@sympatico.ca.

In her December 1 edition, Cathy included a piece about Eden Smith written by Doug and a review of Doug's book, written by herself. They are copied below and overleaf.

8. WHO IS EDEN SMITH? AND WHY SHOULD HE MATTER TO TORONTONIANS?

Douglas Brown

Most knowledgeable Torontonians, if they think of Eden Smith at all, know him as one of those architects who designed cottages in a quaint "English style" back in the early years of the last century. A few may vaguely associate his name with the term "Arts and Crafts" or describe his style as "artsy-craftsy." The more inquisitive among them may have learned that Eden Smith came from an upper middle-class background, spent his youth in bucolic Warwickshire, and was related to the family of Sir Anthony Eden. In almost all of this they would have been wrong -- or at least, misinformed.

Eden Smith made no attempt to be "quaint" or "artsy-craftsy." He creatively followed the precepts of the Arts and Crafts Movement and deserves to be classified with such British notables as C.F.A. Voysey, Hugh Bailey Scott and Ernest Newton. He was deadly serious about his art and attacked his commissions with a moral earnestness. He believed, along with other arts and crafts architects, that the domestic architecture of his day was at low ebb and that it was his duty to set it right. So far as we know, he was the first to introduce the principles of William Morris and the British Arts and Crafts Movement to Toronto and probably to Canada.

We are careful to emphasize that it was principles that Eden Smith introduced to Toronto, not style, for the Arts and Crafts Movement was based on a set of ideals coming out of the Gothic Revival, John Ruskin, and William Morris. They applied not only to architecture but also to the decorative arts, and arose as a reaction against the mass-produced shoddiness of the industrial revolution and the dead hand of classical absolutism. Eden Smith viewed much of the domestic architecture in the Toronto of his day as either part of that mass-produced shoddiness or as an unimaginative repetition of outmoded forms.

We must not confuse Eden Smith with the many Toronto architects who employed Arts and Crafts or Tudor mannerisms because they sold houses. So far as we know, Eden Smith never used the term "Arts and Crafts": he described his own work as "originality in simplicity", and was contemptuous of styles. Thus he had much in common with the "free style" architects elsewhere. If there were one key word that would unite Eden Smith and Arts and Crafts architects the world over, it would probably be "functionality." The beauty of a building was seen to reside in its appropriateness for the purpose for which it was intended.

We see here the direction in which Eden Smith was to take Toronto domestic architecture: away from formalism, balanced facades and Victorian ostentation toward the beauty of functionality, simplicity, understatement and adaptation to site. In introducing British arts and crafts ideals -- most easily applied to rural situations -- to the city, he was forced to devise his own solutions to the limitations presented by

Wychwood Park Archives, Albert Fulton, 96 Wychwood Park, Toronto, M6G 2V5, 416-537-5006, archives9@rogers.com
Hours: Wednesday evenings 7:30 - 9:30 or other times by appointment.

restrictive lot lines, problems of orientation, bylaws, materials, climate, social customs, taste and the absence of a large domestic servant class. Necessity thus forced him to invent an Arts and Crafts type especially appropriate for Toronto and southern Ontario.

Eden Smith managed to seduce a prosperous and influential clientele with his designs to the extent that Arts and Crafts mannerisms became familiar and eventually fashionable. Other architects were not slow to follow, so that in time Arts and Crafts forms were popping up in all the more affluent suburbs and occasionally beyond. Thus he played a crucial role in the reform of house design in Toronto and Ontario in the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, while setting the stage for more modern developments to come.

9. Book Review-Eden Smith-Toronto's Arts and Crafts Architect/ W. Douglas Brown

Catherine Nasmith

Is Eden Smith Toronto's unrecognized Frank Lloyd Wright, or Charles Rennie MacIntosh?

The above essay gives a taste of the quality of writing and the perspective of W. Douglas Brown in his brand new book, *Eden Smith, Toronto's Arts and Crafts Architect*.

Brown, a member of the William Morris Society and a resident of Mississauga, driven by curiosity about the houses in Wychwood Park, wanted to find out more. His journey led him into archives and first hand sources that debunked a number of myths that have grown up about Eden Smith. He found enough information to reset Smith's work as not only an important Toronto architect, but sets right his relationship to other great figures in the English Arts and Crafts movement. The book also shows Smith's place in the debate about the role of architects at the turn of the century—are architects artists or professionals? Personally, I think Eden Smith was on the side of the angels but he was to lose. Brown outlines the split in the Toronto profession, with what became the Toronto Society of Architects squaring off against the future Ontario Association of Architects. Eden Smith was also involved in founding the Arts and Letters Club with members of the Group of Seven. Brown sheds new light on a chapter in Toronto's artistic history that has not been well recorded.

The book is modest in format, with black and white photographs and a soft cover, and contains much valuable information including an extensive list of Smith's Toronto commissions, and an extensive bibliography. As a self published book, (hence not peer reviewed) it be the question why isn't there more interest from established publishers in printing such books? The success of *Doors Open Toronto* shows there is a huge, as yet untapped, market for information on Toronto's architects. Come on publishers, this is a gem!

I encourage all BHN readers to contact Brown and order your copies. At \$25.00 ea. they make a nice, modestly priced present for anyone interested in Toronto's artistic history, and the place of architects in it. Brown has only published 250 copies so order right away. Douglas Brown can be reached at 1942 Delaney Drive, Mississauga, Ontario, L5J 3L1, 905 822-2169, email, wdbrown@sympatico.ca

MARY JANE BAILLIE

Mary Jane's beautiful glowing work is part of an exhibition of 6 artists currently mounted at The Art Company, 744 Queen St W, until December 9. Tues & Wed 12-6, Thurs & Fri 12-8, Sat 11-6, Sun 12-5, 416-864-9009, www.theartcompany.ca.

THE GLOBE AND MAIL
SATURDAY, OCTOBER 11, 2003

COMMUNICATIONS

The medium is the Marshall

Understanding Me:
Lectures and Interviews
By Marshall McLuhan
Edited by Stephanie McLuhan
and David Staines
McClelland & Stewart,
320 pages, \$36.99

It may not qualify as literature—more like a textbook in the (pleasurable study of statistics— but **Total NHL: The Ultimate Source On The National Hockey League** (Dan Diamond and Associates, 928 pages, \$45) offers endless hours of enjoyment for hockey fans who like to get their facts straight and absorb their history straight-up, no adverbs. There's a history of each franchise, but the heart of the matter here is numbers, whether year-by-year standings or players' complete records.

News from the Archives

March 2004

8 WYCHWOOD PARK

The photo shows Moffatt Woodside on his back steps at #8 in the early 1950s. The car is his 1949 Pontiac. The photographer was Moffatt's son John, using his first camera. The porch was later enclosed by the Strachan family.

The land for the lots of #8, 10, 12, and 14, originally owned by Marmaduke Matthews (#6), had been acquired by his son-in-law, lawyer Ambrose Goodman (#4). In 1918 Mr. Goodman sold the lot for #8 to Michael and Marguerite Murphy. According to *The Green Book*, the house was built by Arthur Whatmough, who also built a number of other houses in the Park.

It appears that Mr. Murphy, a civil engineer born in 1887, encountered problems with his mortgage payments, as the Home Bank assumed ownership of the property in 1926 and turned it over to the G.T. Clarkson accounting firm for liquidation. (Geoffrey T. Clarkson had just moved into #45, where he lived until his death in 1949.)

The property was sold to Norman Wilson M.D. (b.1886) and family, who lived there until 1938.

The Wilsons sold to Emma Davis, who rented the house to Thomas and Nerna Wheeler until 1944. Thomas Wheeler (1900-1978) had joined the *Toronto Star* in the early 1930s and had risen through the ranks to become managing editor of both the *Star* and the *Star Weekly*. In 1944 the Estate of Emma Davis sold the property to Moffatt and Eleanor Woodside, with sons Alexander, John and Michael.

Moffatt St. Andrew Woodside (1906-1970) was born in Carleton Place, Ontario, son of Rev. G.A. Woodside. After graduating in classics from UofT, he was awarded a Rhodes Scholarship for graduate study at Oxford University. (Other Park Rhodes Scholars were Larry Bonnycastle (#9) and



Wychwood Park Archives Albert Fulton 96 Wychwood Park Toronto M6G 2V5 416-537-5006 archives9@rogers.com

Hours: Wednesday evenings 7:30 - 9:30 or other times by appointment

Peter Russell (#14). Are there more?) Moffatt joined the staff of University College in 1931 and then Victoria College in 1932. His later appointments included Dean of the Faculty of Arts and Principal of University College, and Provost, Vice-President and President of UofT.

Moffatt moved to the Park following his marriage in 1933 to Eleanor Barton, who had grown up at #22. Their first home was #92, upstairs in the southernmost of the three duplexes. Son John reports that his father's large piano had to be hoisted through the upper front windows! In 1937 the Woodsides moved to #44, where Alexander and John were born. John can remember lying in his crib for his afternoon naps and being kept awake by the screeching of the streetcar wheels at the Wychwood Car Barns. They bought #8 in 1944 but were not able to move in until 1945. In the interim they spent a number of months with Eleanor's father at #22, where Michael was born.

After the death of Eleanor's father, Judge Thomas Barton, in 1955, the Woodsides moved into #22 and sold #8 to Robert and Katherine Strachan, with children Robert Jr. and Janet. Robert (b.1912) was a publisher with Oxford University Press. The Strachans sold to Jack and Connie Sword, who moved in during July 1967.

John Howe Sword (1915-2001) grew up in Winnipeg, and he received his B.A. from the University of Manitoba in 1935. He had taken a shine to fellow student Constance Offen and they spent Sundays volunteering at the Winnipeg All People's Mission. After graduation they both became high school teachers. During the war years Jack taught navigation in the RCAF, and then he entered UofT for post-graduate studies in philosophy (M.A. in 1950). To support himself, he worked as executive secretary in the School of Graduate Studies.

Jack and Connie were married in 1947, Linda was born in 1949, and Stephen followed in 1953. Jack's long career in administration at UofT culminated in the positions of Budget Chief, Provost, Vice-President, and Acting President on two occasions. Have you noticed that Jack followed in Moffatt Woodside's footsteps, both in address and in UofT appointments?

Jack and Connie began an exciting tradition in

the Park -- they set the first Christmas Puzzle in 1981! And Jack served as Park trustee from 1986 to 1990. In the Archives are two biographies of Jack, written by Connie and Jill Rutherford.

After Jack's death Connie sold the property to Jim and Margaret Hoskins and moved to Christie Gardens, where she greatly enjoys receiving visitors from the old days. The Hoskins, with sons Jack and Peter, jumped at the chance to move across the street to Eden Smith's own home at #5 when it became available in 2002, and the lucky present owners of #8 are Eddie Pal and Ricky Adelstein.

The above is one in a series of house histories. The stories of #2, 3, 4, 5, 6, and 7 appeared in previous issues. Any corrections or additional information would be greatly appreciated.

PETER CADDICK

Peter continues to document the passing scene in the Park, and he kindly deposits duplicates of his photos in the Archives. Two years ago he donated an impressive labelled montage of 18 of his shots. Recent donations record the rupture and reconstruction of the watermain in front of #42 in March 2003 and the sewer collapse and repair in front of #4A in April 2003. In the former, Karen Whitewood fortunately noticed water seeping from the ground in her backyard and alerted Peter so that repairs could be made before basements were flooded. Karen also deposited photos of the operation.

Peter's most valuable donation has been the recent transfer from his collection of 21 parish magazines and other booklets from the Church of St. Michael and All Angels, dating from 1915 to 1957. Aside from the record of church history, they contain fascinating ads for local businesses located on Alcina, Helena, Hocken, Ellsworth, Benson, Christie, Bathurst, Vaughan Road and other streets -- everywhere except in the Park! On the covers from 1919 to 1937 is a drawing of the church by Eden Smith boasting a tall tower at the northwest corner, which never got built. A short history of the church, gleaned from Peter's booklets, follows below.

Peter, his late wife Sheila, and their daughters Lynnette, Colette and Ginette, have lived on Hocken for 44 years. During most of his 33 years of employment at the TTC Hillcrest Yards, Peter

walked daily through the Park, and he has written accounts of his observations of our flora and fauna, especially of his avid bird-watching. In *The Joy of Wychwood* art exhibition, held to commemorate the Park centennial in 1988, Peter contributed one of his watercolours, of subway construction in the Cedarvale Ravine in 1976. He was a founding member and chairman of the Wychwood North Residents' Association and the first chairman of the Hillcrest Community Centre. And, most important of all, Peter has served as our indispensable Park Manager since 1996. From Peter:

My career at the Hillcrest Shops spanned working on anything that rolled on tracks as well as trolley buses and Grey Coaches. I worked on Peter Witt cars, specializing in door operations and treadals that folded up the bottom front step as the doors closed, PCC cars and their related air equipment, and later, CLRVs.

I travelled to work along Davenport Rd. in the middle 1950s on a small Brill bus that looped at Bathurst St., where the Toll Keeper's Cottage now stands. Before the subways were built, the old Witt cars would loop at what is now a 23-storey building in the Vaughan triangle. The driver would take a few minutes break in a little wooden shed before taking off down Bathurst St. with a car full to the brim. Applying his brakes and adjusting his speed with a hand operated dead man's controller, at times it was a harrowing experience!

Footnote: Peter asks for patience in dealing with the malfunctioning street light between #6A and 6B. Many times he has changed the bulb, which kept burning out, and then Hydro changed the fixture. There are still problems and he is working on it.

CHURCH OF ST. MICHAEL AND ALL ANGELS

The first services were held during the summer of 1907 in a tent belonging to the Wychwood Brass Band, just north of St. Clair on Pinewood. During the fall, the congregation moved to Heron's Hall, upstairs in the firehall building which still stands, minus its tower, at 6 Alcina. Claire Piller recently donated to the Archives an 8x10 early photo of Alcina, looking eastward. The tower on the firehall was still intact.

During the fall of 1907, the lot at the southeast corner of St. Clair and Vaughan Road was rented and a single storey 34'x60' tarpaper-

clad building with an almost-flat roof was constructed by volunteers. With a smoky stove and a leaky roof, the parishioners endured the cold and stormy winter of 1907-08. In the spring they added a proper gabled roof and a coat of roughcast.

Because of difficulties in purchasing that lot, the present lot at St. Clair and Wychwood was acquired in May 1909, and the building was moved to its new site at the end of June. Since the operation lasted for a week, a service was held enroute on the street. (No problem with streetcars in those days.)

In 1912 the present rectory, designed by Eden Smith (#5), was built behind the church at 88 Ellsworth. Soon the small church, with a parish of 400 families, was bursting at the seams, and a building committee, chaired by Judge Thomas Barton (#22), hired Eden Smith to design a new building. The cornerstone was laid on November 13, 1915, and the opening service was held on September 28, 1916. The tall tower at the northwest corner had not been built. The old church served as the parish hall. Eden Smith and family continued to attend St. Thomas' on Huron St., which he had also designed.

In 1928 the present parish hall behind the church was built, in 1944 the chapel was added at the east end, and, in 1956, in place of the tower, the present porch and steeple were added. Numerous photos of the various stages in the church's evolution can be found in the booklets recently donated by Peter Caddick.

TORONTO ISLAND ART AUCTION

As a fundraiser for the judicial review launched by Community Air re the validity of the environmental assessment for construction of the bridge to the Island, an auction will be held at the Algonquin Island Clubhouse on Saturday, March 27, beginning at 7 pm. More than 40 artists have donated work, which can be viewed in the website torontoisland.org. Other items include a mystery tour with Mayor David Miller, a Parliamentary Lunch in Ottawa with NDP leader Jack Layton, being immortalized in a story by Margaret Atwood, and much more. Reserve bids can be placed by calling me.

EUGENE KASH (1912-2004)

From the Globe and Mail, March 13, 2004, by John Allemang:

Eugene Kash, who died last Saturday at the age of 91, was a master of reinvention. Over the course of a long and talkative life rarely interrupted by silence, Mr. Kash went from being a violin prodigy in Toronto and an energetic member of Vienna's prewar music scene, to directing music for the National Film Board, conducting the Ottawa Philharmonic, marrying the great contralto Maureen Forrester, fathering a quintet of children after the age of 42, making yearly appearances at Puerto Rico's Pablo Casals Festival, playing the electric violin with Isaac Hayes, teaching with great success at Toronto's Royal Conservatory of Music and starring in his own tribute concert at the age of 90.

"He was so nervous he couldn't play that he worked his ass off for five months," his daughter, Linda Kash, recalled at a gathering in Mr. Kash's artistically cluttered Toronto house.

"And yet he deliberately chose difficult pieces," another daughter, Gina Dineen, said to knowing nods from her siblings.

"And his performance was spectacular," her sister, Susie Whaley, added.

All that reinvention, and the devotion to his family that made him pitch baseballs to his athletic daughters or attend parent-teacher meetings when he might have been practising, probably undercut his musical reputation.

"He was a friend and a colleague of the greats like Pinchas Zukerman and Isaac Stern and Itzhak Perlman," said his son, Daniel Kash. "They all knew him, and respected him, but I think he slightly missed the golden ring that my mother got."

If Eugene Kash ever felt that he had fallen short of some absolute standard set by the Viennese masters who trained him, he never showed much sign of regret. In fact, he seemed to delight in the freedom that came from not having to roam the world as a solemn soloist.

The 1753 Guadagnini violin that his children call the love of his life was as likely to be hauled out in a park as an orchestra pit, and grandchildren became used to his accompaniment as they pounded out *Boom, Boom, Ain't It Great To Be*

Crazy on the keyboard.

When his presence was discovered at a candlelit laneway party in Toronto's Cabbagetown neighbourhood, someone hauled an ancestral violin out of the basement and he happily played it just as if he were back in a Viennese salon. "Everyone stopped what they were doing to listen," Ms. Dineen said. "It was incredibly moving."

For Mr. Kash, the violin was an essential part of daily life and not something played for the moneyed classes from a remote stage. Much of that attitude came from his upbringing in Toronto's Orthodox Jewish community, where a klezmer band was a part of every celebration, and it was reinforced in Vienna where he would take his string quartet to play seemingly spontaneous tunes at private parties, as if they were guests. "The host," he wrote in his unpublished memoirs, "would quietly leave an envelope with my fee in my violin case."

Eugene Kash was born May 1, 1912, on his family's kitchen table in downtown Toronto shortly after his parents arrived from Poland — his mother never forgot the combination of a difficult pregnancy and a 15-day Atlantic crossing.

He was originally named Jackie — another part of the reinvention — and was first spotted as a violinist on his fifth birthday when he tried to play the mandolin a neighbour had given him with a ruler for a bow. A klezmer fiddler was hired to harness this prodigy, but after six months he passed him on to the fabled Luigi von Kunits, a worldly Austrian violinist who became the conductor of the Toronto Symphony.

Never one to belittle his own accomplishments — he formed a string trio to play high-class tea-rooms in his early teens — the young Mr. Kash acted the part of the maestro too convincingly and was tossed into his high-school pool by classmates who found his precocity hard to take.

At 16, he left Toronto for the famed Curtis Institute in Philadelphia, where the competition became much stiffer — fellow scholars included composers Samuel Barber and Gian Carlo Menotti.

In 1931, he and his diamond-merchant father toured Europe, and reunited with Polish family

members who would all later die in the Holocaust. Eugene Kash stayed on to study in Czechoslovakia and Austria, where he settled in Vienna and played under such conductors as Pierre Monteux and Otto Klemperer.

As the Nazi threat increased, Mr. Kash returned to Toronto in 1935 and soon joined the Toronto Symphony. One of his favourite memories from that period was lunching with guest conductor Andre Kostelanetz after rehearsing *Scheherazade*. The smoked Winnipeg gold-eye that Mr. Kash recommended pleased the conductor so much that he immediately directed the chef to ship a case to his wife, New York soprano Lily Pons.

In 1942, composer Louis Applebaum introduced Mr. Kash to John Grierson, the head of the National Film Board, and he was taken on as the board's musical director at a time when the NFB was turning itself into a documentary powerhouse.

He threw himself into the Ottawa musical scene, becoming the concertmaster and then conductor of the Ottawa Philharmonic and organizing a celebrated series of children's concerts — six decades later, he still proudly displayed a child-designed concert poster on his study wall. It was one of his great disappointments that when the National Arts Centre Orchestra was formed in 1957, he was passed up for the conductor's job in favour of Mario Bernardi.

Mr. Kash was a worldly and well-travelled 41-year-old when he first set eyes on Maureen Forrester, who was 18 years younger. In his memoirs, he relates how, at a concert in an Ottawa high-school gym by young Canadian artists, he was bowled over by her interpretation and diction in songs by Schubert and Brahms — not to mention her lusty enthusiasm and buxom figure. The smell of overripe gym socks notwithstanding, they hit it off backstage.

But when he lost his job at the Ottawa Philharmonic, Mr. Kash began to reassess his life. While comforting himself with a conducting course in Mexico, he phoned Miss Forrester in London and proposed.

Their marriage lasted 18 years, a time in which the older Mr. Kash

contentedly played second fiddle to his wife's starring role. "I became one of the original stay-at-home dads," he wrote, and much of his time was spent cramming children into station wagons and driving off to games, lessons and deli lunches while Miss Forrester roved the world.

As a classical musician in his 50s and 60s, he wasn't perfectly suited for the role of suburban dad. While he gamely dribbled basketballs and ran alongside as the children learned to ride bikes, noted his daughter, Paula Berton, "he would really rather play word games such as find all the four-syllable words on the front page of *The New York Times*."

The more frequent their separations, the further the two musicians grew apart. Finally, in 1975, Mr. Kash moved out of the family home, and settled into the rounds of teaching and conducting that would occupy him for the rest of his life.

His later years had their share of incidents. An inveterate walker along the streets of Toronto who was "incapable of riding in a cab when he could take public transit" — he took the subway to his final hospital visit at the age of 91 — Mr. Kash was hit by cars twice, breaking the same leg in each accident.

The first time, lying on the ground with a bone sticking out of his leg, he was heard to shout, "The fiddle! Where's the goddamn fiddle?"

The second time, when he was pinned between two cars at the age of 80, he had the woman who had hit him drive him to the Royal Conservatory of Music, where he shouted at a colleague on the street to grab his violin. Only then, with the love of his life safely in his arms, was he prepared to go to the hospital.

Mr. Kash's devotion to his Conservatory students, many of them children of immigrants like himself, was legendary and he was among the first to speak up when the school was threatened by the expansionist plans of the University of Toronto.

Mr. Kash died on March 6. In his memory, and to fund a scholarship in his name, a concert of music by Dvorak, Smetana and other Czech composers will be held at the Royal Conservatory of Music on April 30.

BANK OF UPPER CANADA

From the March issue of the St. Lawrence & Downtown Community Bulletin, written by the regular historical columnist, Bruce Bell. The Bank of Upper Canada building, located at the northeast corner of Adelaide and George Sts., was built by Dr. W.W. Baldwin in 1825-27 (who also built the original Spadina House). Bell claims that it is the oldest bank building in Canada and the only remaining building in the original Town of York.

In 1870 The Christian Brothers bought the old bank building and turned it into De la Salle College. In 1873 they expanded to take in the post office next door to be used as gymnasium. In 1876 the brothers, hired in my opinion, the greatest architect Toronto ever knew, Henry Langley (The General Post Office at Adelaide and Toronto Sts -1872-1960), to build a wing connecting the two followed by the construction of a huge mansard roof (still in place) that would attach Howard's former post office to the bank thus giving the appearance of one large building.

The new building concealed the original square outline of the former bank forever and maybe, just maybe, it was this all-consuming transformation that saved Baldwin's original 1825 bank from the wrecker's ball.

By the 1940s the entire building was taken over by the United Co-operatives of Ontario and added an addition to the north end of Cumberland's 1850 wing.

An irony of this former bastion to the Family Compact was the fact that the United Farmers of Ontario, a radical political party, was also housed in the former bank.

The years rolled by and by the 1960s the building was being used as an egg-grading station, then artists' studios. Farmers and artists! The graves of the founding fathers were now spinning out of control.

On June 30, 1978 a fire broke out that gutted the top floors and even though the oldest bank building in Canada was designated under the Ontario Heritage Act in 1975 it was on the verge of being demolished.

It sat there an empty shell boarded up and forgotten even though it was now declared a National Historic site in 1979.

In 1980 now legendary developers Sheldon and Judy Godfrey rescued the building that encompassed two centuries of the political, economic and social history of Toronto, not to mention the work of our city's greatest architects. Bless them.

During their extensive renovation John Scott Howard's 1833 Post Office was rediscovered, refurbished and was put back in operation and remains so to this day.

ST. CLAIR STREETCARS from the Forest Hill Town Crier, March 2004:

BY CHRIS VERT

"At last St. Clair Avenue streetcar lines are making that district look like a permanent part of the city." So reported the Toronto *World* newspaper on Aug. 26, 1913 following the first day of operations of the St. Clair streetcar.

Following two years of construction, the line opened in time to carry local residents on their way to the Canadian National Exhibition downtown. Seventy-six people took the very first trip along the route that extended from Yonge St. to Station St. (now Caledonia Road). What was for a long time little more than a narrow concession road had become a wide avenue with a streetcar right-of-way down the middle and room for automobiles to park and drive on either side. The right-of-way, long since removed, was as controversial an issue then as it is today.

The 512 St. Clair West streetcar carries approximately 32,000 passengers each day. The TTC ranks it second in passengers carried per route kilometre, and fourth in passengers carried per vehicle hour. During the busiest times on St. Clair Ave. W., the 512 streetcar carries between 45 and 57 per cent of the travellers on that street. The reason why St. Clair Avenue is as wide as it is today is because it was designed to support a right-of-way.

Track construction began in 1911. St. Clair Ave. W. widened from 66 to 86 feet from Yonge St. to Avenue Rd. and to 100 feet from Avenue Rd. to Station St. The central boulevard for the streetcar right-of-way was 33-feet wide. While the redesign of the street modernized its appearance from a concession road to a major city avenue, not all people were fans of the reserved streetcar lanes. Those folks against the right-of-way felt it

was costly and would slow down St. Clair's progress. Local resident Bill Carter told the Toronto *Weekly Times* in 1938, "How we fought against building a central boulevard — and it had to be removed in later years at tremendous expense."

The right-of-way lasted for many years. But as the neighbourhoods along St. Clair developed and more houses, businesses, and automobiles appeared, the issue of the streetcar's reserved lane kept coming up. Shop owners along the main business portion of the street, between Bathurst and Dufferin, were quite vocal with their concerns about traffic congestion and their requests to have the right-of-way removed. Some had complained that the right-of-way was "a dangerous obstruction to thorough and comfortable travel" and that St. Clair Ave. was "a main traffic artery used by every vehicle owner in the City of Toronto." In 1927, the Commissioner of Works was requested to look into doing away with the right-of-way along this stretch of St. Clair Ave. W. "for the safety of vehicular traffic."

The TTC felt that removing right-of-way was neither desired nor necessary to benefit their operations. It was reported that 75 per cent of travellers on St. Clair West used the streetcar and that streetcars offered faster service due to the right-of-way (an average 11.06 miles/hour on St. Clair compared to 10.65 miles/hour along Danforth). It was noted that there were 25 or 35 per cent more accidents on streets with no right-of-way. "Some citizens are concerned about congestion... Not through any fault of the streetcars. It is on account of the numerous motor cars parked at the side of the road."

Despite the TTC's objections, city council adopted the Commissioner of Works' proposal. In 1928,

the right-of-way removal commenced on St. Clair Ave. between Bathurst and Dufferin. The tracks were paved, and converted to general traffic lanes.

Once one section of the reserved streetcar lane was removed, it became easier to justify doing away with other sections. With the stock market crash of October 1929 and the onset of the Depression, a reason other than traffic congestion or business concerns materialized. Unemployment. Between 1929 and 1935, the remainder of the streetcar right-of-way was razed in stages, "for the purpose of giving employment to the unemployed." In 1929, the portion between Dufferin and Lansdowne was removed, followed by the section from Lansdowne to Caledonia in 1931, and finally, the segment between Bathurst and Yonge in 1935.

Every so often the TTC proposes a right-of-way be constructed again on St. Clair Ave. W., including in reports in 1972 and 1982. In 1974, the concerns about traffic congestion and accidents between streetcars and other vehicles was such that the TTC decided to paint yellow stripes across the tracks in an attempt to ward off cars. It didn't work. Today, the idea of a right-of-way for the 512 St. Clair West streetcar has once again been put forward. Whether that happens or not remains to be seen: One part of St. Clair streetcar history that will definitely not be repeated is the fare those first riders paid back in August 1913 — two cents.

Chris Vert, a schoolteacher for 12 years, is currently on a leave of absence to engage in research and writing. On behalf of Heritage Toronto, Vert completed a display board for the public meetings that traced the history of the St. Clair West streetcar line.

CABBAGETOWN HERITAGE CONSERVATION DISTRICT

Peggy Kurtin is the Larry Bonnycastle of Cabbagetown. Larry (#9) toiled for 10 years, from 1976 to 1986, to have the Park designated as the first residential heritage conservation district. From the Globe and Mail, February 6, 2004, by Jane Gadd:

Peggy Kurtin, a redoubtable Cabbagetown history scholar who spearheaded a successful 10-year drive to have her neighbourhood declared a heritage district, is still nonplussed by the fact she was turned down for architecture school in the 1950s because she was a woman.

"My father . . . and my grandfather were all contractors, so I grew up reading plans and talking about architecture," Ms. Kurtin recalls. "But they [the schools] didn't take women."

So she studied history instead and made a career of writing research reports for various ministries of the Ontario government, and later took courses in Canadian architectural history at the University of Toronto.

Now 72, Ms. Kurtin has achieved the double satisfaction of seeing her eldest daughter practising as an architect and she herself successfully defending the heritage of one of Toronto's oldest districts.

In late January, City Council voted to designate Cabbagetown North as a heritage conservation district, quadrupling the area of Cabbagetown that now is protected from unsightly external renovations that could mar its Victorian-era streetscapes.

The district becomes the seventh residential Toronto neighbourhood to gain the designation after intense lobbying and research efforts by residents.

Previously, a narrow rectangle of the neighbourhood, dubbed Cabbagetown-Metcalf, had been des-

ignated. Ms. Kurtin was behind that campaign as well, aided by half a dozen other volunteers with the Cabbagetown Preservation Association.

The addition of North Cabbagetown extends heritage protection to 700 more homes for a total of 1,000 in the neighbourhood bounded by Parliament and Carlton streets, Rosedale Valley Road and Bayview Avenue.

"Next we'll head south to Gerrard Street," Ms. Kurtin says with a smile during a rare moment of relaxation at her elegant Richardson Romanesque-style home on Winchester Street.

Designation as a heritage district means that any alterations to the façades of houses require a heritage permit as well as a building permit. Applications go to the city, which sends the building plans to Ms. Kurtin and her group for comment on the impact on the streetscape.

If a planned alteration clashes with the appearance of other homes on the street, group members visit the homeowner and use moral suasion and negotiation to have the plans changed.

If that fails, the city can refuse to grant a permit.

"It's much better to do it nicely," Ms. Kurtin says. She adds that her group has not run into any opposition from homeowners so far.

As an example, she recalls a semi-detached house owned by an elderly man who had covered the front with decorative fake stones in the 1950s.

When he sold half the property to a younger man, Ms. Kurtin's group

was involved in negotiating with him to allow the house façade to be restored to the original brick.

"We wanted to get him to allow the change without hurting his feelings," she says. And they did.

The heritage designation provides no power to go back and request changes in homes that have already been altered, or new buildings that clash with the neighbourhood style.

But it does place extra hurdles in the way of homeowners who want to put on additions, demolish a property or replace a gracefully arched window with a giant picture window.

Richard Silver, a real estate agent who makes many sales in Cabbagetown, says the designation probably will not directly affect house prices, but will help preserve the current robust values and the desirability of the neighbourhood.

"It will keep that feeling that people have loved about the area, and that's a positive thing," he says. "You won't get people tearing down an old Victorian house and putting up a place that looks like a prison."

But you'll always get that one person who will want to circumvent everything and paint his house green and just be a pain in the butt."

Once a poor, working-class area, Cabbagetown has bloomed into one of the city's most sought-after areas, with prices ranging from \$600,000 for a semi-detached to more than \$1-million for larger Victorian, Georgian and Romanesque beauties.

What is important for buyers and

sellers to understand about the designation, Mr. Silver says, is that it places restrictions on altering houses, and how stringently they are applied could depend on the vigour of the local preservation association.

The Toronto Real Estate Board has drafted a suggested clause for home-sale contracts in heritage districts and circulated it to all agents to ensure there is no confusion.

"Buyers should know about the implications early on," Mr. Silver adds. "There have been issues in the past where people didn't know, and it was a problem. In fact, I bet if you surveyed 100 per cent of the homes in Cabbagetown, probably very few people would know about these restrictions."

Ms. Kurtin disagrees, however, saying the neighbourhood is extremely close-knit and well-informed about community issues.

"I've gotten to know a lot of the people through the research," she says, "and this is a very friendly neighbourhood. You would never pass someone on the street and not stop and say hello."

She and other members of the CPA's heritage conservation district committee — which includes prominent citizens such as historian Margaret McBurney, architect and local historian Rollo Myers and lawyer George Rust-D'Eye — succeeded in getting the designation where previous attempts had failed.

In 1975, the Don Vale Property Owners Association tried to have the Don Vale area, which encompassed Cabbagetown, designated

as a heritage site. The city's planning board approved the request, but it went no further. (At that time, Ms. Kurtin was involved with the heritage organization in South Rosedale, which eventually won designation.)

She moved to Cabbagetown in 1982, after her husband died, and soon became involved with the Cabbagetown Preservation Association.

From 1988 to 1993, the CPA made numerous verbal and written requests to the Toronto Historical Board asking for direction on how to get Cabbagetown designated. In 1994, the association decided to concentrate on one small area — the two-block, 60-home Metcalfe Street — and, if successful, to expand from there.

Five CPA members including Ms. Kurtin, conducted exhaustive research at the city archives on homes on the street, determining when they were built, who owned them and who first lived in them.

They used assessment files, building permit files, subdivision plans and Goad's insurance maps. They took photos of each house and obtained a letter from each homeowner approving the bid for the designation.

They submitted their report to Heritage Toronto in 1995, but it was not considered until 1998. Heritage staff then suggested broadening the study area, and the CPA committee set to work researching 400 more homes.

That work resulted in the Cabbagetown-Metcalf district's designation in 2001.

News from the Archives

June 2004



9 Wychwood Park

Drawing by Stephen Wilson

This drawing appeared in *Your Guide to Toronto Neighbourhoods*, 1997, by David Dunkelman, nephew of Joseph Dunkelman, who owned #82 from 1945 to 1960.

The widow Kate Kappelle of 465 Avenue Road had bought the lot for #9 from the Wychwood Corporation in 1917, and she and her new husband, soldier Austin Crowther, built the house immediately after World War I. In 1922 they sold to bond dealer Karl Lawrence and his wife Helen. According to the Blue Book of 1930, Helen's receiving days were the First and Third Fridays.

Civil engineer Harry McGregor (1902-1964) and his wife Katherine bought the property in 1940. An amateur photographer, Harry exhibited with the Toronto Camera Club and the Toronto Guild for Colour Photography. In 1945 the McGregors sold to manufacturer William Dalglish and his wife Gwenllian. Later the Dalglishes owned #6C, during the early 1960s.

In 1949 the Dalglishes sold to the Bonnycastles, who owned the property for the next half century and had a major effect on daily life in the Park. Larry Bonnycastle (1907-1998) had interesting

ancestors and relatives. His great-great-grandfather, Sir Richard Bonnycastle (1791-1847), arrived in Upper Canada in 1833 as Commander of the Royal Engineers. He and his family moved into an attractive house overlooking the harbour at the corner of Front and Peter Streets (drawings in the Archives). He was also an amateur artist and writer. To celebrate the incorporation of the City of Toronto in 1834, Sir Richard organized the first art exhibition, which included work by Paul Kane and himself. Late in life he wrote a series of accounts of his travels throughout Canada. In 1837, as commander of the militia in Kingston, he received his knighthood for repelling an American invasion. A plaque in his honour stands at Fort Henry. In Toronto he is commemorated by Bonnycastle Street, not exactly a major thoroughfare. Do you know where it is?

Larry's maternal grandfather was Major Charles Boulton, who led Boulton's Scouts against Louis Riel and the Metis in the Rebellion of 1885. He had been captured while leading a group of homesteaders during the first Riel Rebellion in 1869, and had barely escaped being executed. Later on he published an account of his adventures, *Reminiscences of the North West Rebellions*. He was appointed to the Senate by Sir John A. Macdonald. A relative, D'Arcy Boulton, had built The Grange in 1817, which still stands behind the AGO.

Major Boulton's daughter Ellen married Angus Bonnycastle of Russell, Manitoba, who served as a judge for many years. Ellen wrote poetry, founded the local newspaper, and instilled high intellectual standards in her six children. Richard (1903-1968), the eldest, graduated from Oxford University, became chief fur trader for the Hudson Bay Company (really!) and, in 1949, co-founded Harlequin Romances. His wife, another Mary Bonnycastle, was the first editor, and she read every manuscript to make sure they contained "no swear words, shocking sex scenes, or unkind comments about plain girls". Richard's biography, *A Gentleman Adventurer*, 218 pages, was written by Heather Robertson in 1984. Richard and Mary's son Richard Jr., of Calgary, founded the well-to-do holding company, Cavendish Investing Group. Their daughter Honor married Michael de Pencier, publisher of *Toronto Life*. Humphrey, who also studied at Oxford, was headmaster of Rothesay College in New Brunswick from 1938 to 1970. Augusta married architect and historian Anthony

Adamson, who loved to tell stories about his own Toronto ancestors, the Cawthras and the Mulocks.

At age 14 Larry was sent from Manitoba to Trinity College School at Port Hope. He then studied mathematics and Greek at the University of Manitoba, winning a Rhodes Scholarship to Oxford, where he became captain of the hockey team. In *The Official Encyclopedia of the National Hockey League*, published in 1998 by Dan Diamond (#18), Peter Wilton (#26) wrote an account of the strong Canadian presence on the Oxford hockey teams, with such players as Larry, his brother Richard, Lester Pearson and Roland Michener.

After graduating from Oxford in 1932, Larry passed the actuarial exams while working for Northern Life in London, Ontario, and then became treasurer of John Labatt Ltd. In 1949 he moved to Toronto and the Park as general manager of the National Life Assurance Co. For the last 30 years of his working life, he served as managing director and then president of Walter Gordon's Canadian Corporate Management Co.

Larry and Mary met at the University of Manitoba, and they kept in touch in Europe. While Larry was at Oxford, Mary was secretary to the Canadian ambassador in Geneva. Then they returned to Canada, were married in Toronto, and Mary joined Larry in London, Ontario. Their children are John, Michael and Stephen. In 1956, 18-year-old Michael drew the famous Park map which, with revisions as new houses were built, is still in use today. Larry served as Park trustee from 1974 to 1986 and as chairman from 1981. His pet project was the ten-year process leading to the Heritage Conservation District designation in 1985, with the plaque unveiling ceremony held on September 25, 1986. At the reception held at #9 after Larry's memorial service at the Church of St. Michael and All Angels on October 14, 1998, Peter Russell (#14) told the story of Larry's choice of location and type of marker to hold the plaque. After deciding to use a stone, he and Larry visited the dealer to choose the granite boulder, and Larry was quite particular in selecting the right rock.

Mary began the tradition of the annual Park puzzle when she delivered to residents her 30-part puzzle about birds which The Globe and Mail had published in 1979. Mary and I were kindred spirits in our pursuit of photo-ops in the Park, and we frequently compared our results. I was greatly impressed by her persistence during and after the

Plaque Ceremony. She hustled about trying to capture on film all who were present, and then she mounted her pictures with all the names and other details of the heritage designation into *Wychwood Park, Album I*. In the next few years she completed Album II, "mostly of pleasant scenes taken in the Park in different seasons, and a few memorabilia of certain events and happenings". Eventually she kindly donated both precious albums to the Archives.

After Mary's death in 1999, the house was sold to the present lucky owners, Gary Clewley and Jennifer Lofft, with children Bronwen, Alice, Blythe, Isabelle and Declan.

The above is one in a series of house histories. The stories of #2-8 appeared in previous issues. Any corrections or additional information would be greatly appreciated.

WYCHWOOD PARK WALKING TOUR

Wednesday, July 14, 7:30-9:00 pm. (Rain date July 21).

Starting at the Archives, the tour will emphasize the rich architectural and artistic heritage of the Park, and we will visit at least two interiors, hopefully more. If you would let us take a peek at your interior architecture and/or art, we promise to be on our best behaviour. RSVP, and feel free to invite interested friends. If necessary, the number will be limited on a first come basis. Following the tour, please join us for refreshments at the Archives.

WHITEWOOD, Donald Forbes, P.Eng.

— Having skipped our family curling team through its fourteenth season, Don has hung up his broom for the last time. He passed away peacefully, at Toronto, on Sunday, May 9, 2004, after a short battle with brain cancer. Donald Forbes Whitewood was born in Toronto to the late Margaret (Madge) B. Forbes and William Earl Whitewood on July 16, 1932. He leaves his wife Karen, and his children James Whitewood, Christine and Neil Anderson, Robert and Barbara Whitewood. He also leaves his very special grandchildren, Monique and Nicole Whitewood, Meg and Douglas Anderson. Don graduated from Hurmewood Public School, U.T.S., and University of Toronto as a mechanical engineer. He began his professional life as an engineer with Torrington Bearings and Pittsburgh Paints before moving into teaching at Oakwood Collegiate, where he was head of physics for many years. He became fascinated with the use of microcomputers in education in the late '70s, and pioneered their use in the Toronto Board of Education, before taking a position at the Board Office in 1981. Well-known in the

field of microcomputers in education, he lectured in Canada, the U.S., Europe, and Israel. Don retired from the Board in 1987 and took a dream trip, sailing from South Africa to Australia on the Tall Ships. Always busy with a construction project or two, which included building a sailboat and several house additions, he needed to buy a cottage when it looked like he was running out of projects at home. Family and his many friends will miss his keen probing mind, which always looked at possibilities; his creative solutions to problems; and his wonderful sense of humour. The family will receive friends at the HUMPHREY FUNERAL HOME - A.W. MILES CHAPEL, 1403 Bayview Avenue (south of Eglinton Avenue East), from 2-4 and 7-9 p.m. on Friday, May 14th. A memorial service will be held at LEASIDE UNITED CHURCH, 822 Millwood Road, on Saturday, May 15th at 3:00 p.m. In lieu of flowers, the family would appreciate donations to Don's surgeon's research into brain cancer. Please make cheques payable to the "Arthur and Sonja Labatt Tumour Centre," 555 University Avenue, Toronto M5G 1X8, Attention: Guha Research, or the charity of your choice.

TORONTO ISLAND GARDEN TOURS

Sundays, July 11, 18, 25, 1-5 pm, \$6.00

Here are some outings which may appeal to you or your gardening friends. The sixth series of biennial self-guided tours will start from our place on Algonquin Island. Ten or more of about 25 noteworthy private gardens will be open each Sunday. Funds raised are used for public landscaping projects. A brochure has been delivered with this newsletter -- please pass it on to anyone who may be interested.

MURIELLA PENT

Don Gutteridge advised the Archives of another novel with a Park setting, recently written by Russell Smith, the weekly *Virtual Culture* columnist for The Globe and Mail. From *Muriella Pent*:

"Very important meeting tonight. Very important. We have to get this goldfish decision worked out once and for all. We have to fix up that pond. The water's stagnant, it's all choked up with algae and silt and what have you, the swans --"

Previous novels set in the Park were *The Truth Teller* by Katherine Govier, 2000, in which the principal characters operate a private school at #45, and *Wedlocks the Devil* by Margaret Bullard, 1951, who lived at #67. Are there others? The last mentioned is the most interesting, as Mrs. Bullard actually lived here and some of her characters turned out to be quite similar to some of her neighbours! A copy of each book may be borrowed.

Don and Karen were married in 1957 and arrived at #44 in 1959, having bought the property from Miss Edith Mowat. Their children James, Christine and Robert were born in 1960, 1962 and 1965.

Don loved working with his hands, and over the years he made many improvements to the house. The south addition of the rec room and deck were constructed in 1966. In the early 1970s residents returning to the Park were greeted by a sailboat in the backyard which Don worked on in all seasons, using a big tent in wintertime. The bare steel hull of the 28' Oldenburger arrived in the spring of 1971 and the finished boat was launched in July 1973 and moored at the marina in Port Credit. She was named *Out of the Woods*, for Whitewood, Wychwood and Oakwood, where Don taught. Her dinghy was named *Into the Bushes*.

The delightful garden outside the gate, which welcomes us back to the Park, is lovingly tended by Karen. It can be thought of as a memorial garden for Don. We miss him.

ANGRY TALK (9)

I rack my brain daily trying to come up with European rivers and Norse gods

BY LIBBY ZNAIMER

I realized I had a problem when I hid it in my notes and brought it onto the set of a talk show I was hosting. I had tried it for the first time just two months before, and already I was hooked. This isn't a case of substance abuse, compulsive overeating, gambling addiction or any of the usual bad habits. I'm referring to a nine-letter word for a word game that can take over your life if you're not careful.

I'm not alone. Crossword puzzles have had that effect on people since they first appeared in 1913, when an ex-pat Brit named Arthur Wynne came up with the game for the Sunday Fun section of the *New York World*. By the '20s the crossword craze had spawned a Broadway musical and a fad for black-and-white fashions.

The *New York Times* may have declared the "crossword epidemic" over in 1927, but today, the editor of the paper's famed puzzle says that 50 million Americans do crosswords every day. Does the rule-of-10 mean that five million Canadians are similarly racking their brains each day for the names of obscure European rivers and Nordic gods?

"It's not like it's a bad thing," offered my husband, Doug, sympathetically. "They say you'll never get Alzheimer's if you do crosswords." I had come to believe that this was an urban myth, or worse, the kind of rationalization you could expect from an alcoholic touting the benefits of red wine.

"But it's true," says Laura Di Battista, health specialist at Citytv and crossword aficionado. She started doing crosswords

about five years ago after interviewing Dr. Donald Stuss of the Rotman Research Institute at Toronto's Baycrest Geriatric Centre. "I asked him if there was anything people can do to avoid the slide into dementia," she recalls, "and he told me categorically that the best way is by doing crosswords."

Alas, while touting the health benefits of crosswords, Laura admits to working on them in her car at red lights. And not just any puzzle: She and her husband Wayne are hooked on cryptics. The gulf between those who favour cryptics and those who prefer regular puzzles is the great divide of the crossword world.

"The cryptic is much more challenging. It requires you to think outside the box," says lawyer Bill Estey. "Each clue is like a little mini-mystery, and you have to figure out the setter's manner of thinking to get the answer."

For Estey, the cryptic is a family tradition started by his late mother. For years, she would start the weekend puzzle on her own, and then call her sister Eleanor McKinnon in Regina several times each Saturday to confer about the answers. Estey recalls being "roped into" cryptics about five years ago. After his mother's death, he and his sister continued the Saturday deliberations with their 92-year-old aunt until she passed away earlier this year.

Cryptic solvers might evince some snobbish superiority, but there is a trick to these puzzles. You have to identify the key word in each clue, then figure out how the other words contribute to the answer.

There are books that lay out the

rules of cryptics. There's even a true-life account of the adventures of a South African crossword addict who drove across Africa and ended up in England where the cryptic is a veritable subculture.

These books are selling well. According to Sonya Gaulin, of Indigo Books and Music, the crossword category, as a whole, is steady, but sales of more challenging crosswords have gone up in recent years. "People are bored with the everyday puzzles they find in daily newspapers," she says. They are buying harder cryptics, and even puzzles put out by Mensa, the organization for self-proclaimed geniuses. These are guaranteed "to entertain even the sharpest minds."

How much time do people devote to this high-minded entertainment? Bill Estey laughs nervously when I ask. "My wife would tell you way too much," he says. "She thinks I'm crazy." For a guy who likely bills hundreds of dollars an hour, he thinks nothing of spending four hours on a weekend cryptic. But he's delighted if they take less time. On the day we spoke, he told me he got everything but three words on his lunch break. "I was quite pleased with myself," he said.

Recently, I, too, found myself taking a crossword to lunch. It was a defining moment. Until then, when there was just enough time to sneak away by myself for half-an-hour, I would take a fashion magazine. I settled in to my puzzle, then realized that at the next table sat a man similarly engrossed in a crossword book. He was balding, pudgy and geeky (he even wore a pocket protector). Suddenly, I realized I was seeing my future, and it was a big empty square.

Libby Znamer is money specialist at Citytv.

Saturday Post

Post, April 12/04

News from the Archives

September 2004



10 Wychwood Park

Drawing by Anthony Jim

Marmaduke Matthews (#6), founder of Wychwood Park, died in 1913. His son-in-law, Ambrose Goodman (#4), held mortgages on the remaining Matthews lands, and he assumed ownership. In 1918 he sold the small pie-shaped lot for #10 to Arthur Whatmough, who built a number of houses in the Park. In 1920 Mr. Whatmough sold the completed house to Dr. Harper Nelson (1888-1945), a general practitioner who used the small room on the west side as his examining room. Dr. Nelson had been born in Armagh, Ireland, and he moved to Toronto with his family at an early age. After graduating in medicine from UofT, he married Ethel Fallaize in 1913. Their children Harper Jr. and Barry were born in 1915 and 1921.

The Nelsons moved out in 1932 and the house was rented to a series of tenants and their families until 1945. They were auditor Benjamin Ware, president of the Hurley Machine Co. Frederick Chapman (wife Lillian and daughters Gladness, Joyce and Mary), art dealer Gordon Conn and his wife Rheta, stockbroker Jack Allen (from #15), traffic manager Frank Spence, John Gilchrist's sister Betty

Wychwood Park Archives Albert Fulton 96 Wychwood Park Toronto M6G 2V5 416-537-5086 archives9@rogers.com

Hours: Wednesday evenings 7:30 - 9:30 or other times by appointment

Seaborn and children Richard, Jane and John (her husband Robert, an army chaplain, was overseas), and Dr. John and Dorothy Morgan.

In 1945 the "Doctor's House" was bought by another doctor, Dr. Wallace Graham (1906-1962), with wife Kate (the well-known artist K.M. Graham) and children John and Janet. Dr. Graham began research in the treatment of arthritis and rheumatism, collaborating with Dr. Almon Fletcher (#14), father of Dr. Joan Harrison (#28). They set up a unit at the Toronto General Hospital, and in 1947 Dr. Graham became the founding president of the Canadian Arthritis and Rheumatism Society. In 1949 the Grahams sold #10 to Mabel Wilson (husband William, daughter Catherine), and the Grahams moved to #45.

After Mrs. Wilson's death in 1965, the house was sold to newlyweds Robin and Judy Korthals. Their daughter Lisa was born in 1969. Robin rose through the ranks to become president of the TD Bank. In 1973 the Korthals sold to Bob and Christa McDermott.

In 1982 a house swap occurred. Bob, Christa and sons Christopher and Hendrik wanted more space, and John and Barbara Gilchrist's three children at #6A had moved out. And, so, for the past 22 years, John and Barb have been comfortably ensconced at #10.

The above is one in a series of house histories. The stories of #2-9 appeared in previous issues. Any corrections or additional information would be greatly appreciated.

ANNE STOCKWOOD (1913-2004) by Kate Graham

Anne became a close friend of mine when my husband and I moved to 10 Wychwood Park at the end of the war. A few years later we moved to 45 Wychwood Park. My husband, Dr. Wallace Graham, died suddenly in 1962 and I left the Park but kept in close touch with the Stockwoods.

Anne and I were members of a non-partisan women's group known as the Women Electors, which kept a close eye on municipal affairs and the Board of Education. Anne was elected president of the Women Electors and her skill as chairperson was outstanding.

Anne lived at 54 Wychwood Park with her mother and step-father Ramsey Stewart until she married Alick Stockwood in 1938. They lived

briefly in York Mills in a house with a lovely garden. A few years later they moved to 18 Wychwood Park, where they were living when my husband and I and our two children moved to #10. A few years later, Anne established the Wychwood Park branch of the Needlework Guild [in 1954].

Anne was an avid skier and she bought a house in Collingwood. A broken leg did not deter her from her passion for skiing. She also helped establish the Blue Mountain Art Foundation.

When her daughter Mary and son Philip moved to British Columbia, Anne decided to move to Victoria. Once again she had a busy full life. She signed up for courses at the University of Victoria and made many new friends. She became fascinated with Haida culture and she organized wonderful trips to the Queen Charlotte Islands for such Wychwood Park friends as the Baillies, Frasers and Harrisons.

Later she decided to return to Toronto and lived briefly at the Balmoral Club. When she became ill she moved to Briar Crest Nursing Home in Wychwood Park and died on June 14. Anne lived a full and active life and her many friends miss her greatly.

LIBRARY MURALS

Delivered with this issue is a brochure about an exciting project at the Dufferin/St. Clair Library, on the east side of Dufferin St. just south of St. Clair. In 1926 George Reid (#81) painted murals on the four walls of the adult's room, and in 1932 Doris McCarthy (still going strong at age 94) decorated the walls of the children's room. During renovations in 1964 both works were painted over. According to Doris, "I was shocked when I found that it was gone. They never even called me when they painted over it. I would have at least gone to take photos."

In 1988 two members of the Regal Heights Residents' Association began a campaign to have the murals restored. To date, the Reid panel over the fireplace has been expertly uncovered and repaired by art restorer Laszlo Cser. To view, turn left and enter the children's room -- the adult's and children's rooms were switched during the renovation. Go diagonally through the room to the door at the left of the room dividers if they are closed. Through this door you will find the Reid

mural. Donations to the project through the library foundation are tax deductible. Photos of the original murals and of the restored panel are in the Archives.

A celebration of the mural restoration will be held at the library during Toronto Arts Week on Tuesday, September 28, 7:30-9:30 pm. The gentlemen who initiated the project, John McAuley and David Self will be present, as well as the restorer.

NEW BOOKS

The Essential Toronto Island Guide, 92 pages, \$12.95. A detailed walking tour guide to Centre Island and the residential areas, with emphasis on architecture and landscaping, written by two long-time Islanders. On sale at the Wychwood Park Archives. A few copies of Doug Brown's book on Eden Smith (\$23) are still available. Doug says he will not be printing more.

The Annex, by Jack Batten, 160 pages, \$39.95. Described are the histories of St. Alban's Cathedral and St. Alban's School, where Marmaduke Matthews Jr. (son of the Park's founder) served as headmaster from 1898-1910. Some of the teachers boarded at #6 and the students received their swimming lessons in Wychwood Pond. Batten, known for his murder stories, fact and fiction, includes a famous Annex murder trial in which the crown attorney was E.E.A. DuVernet, the original owner of #16. A photo of an early 1990s reunion of some 40 mostly unidentified members of the Stop Spadina Expressway gang has Colin and Nettie Vaughan (#12) front and centre. How many others can you name? Jack Batten's father, also named Jack, grew up at #30 with his parents Alexander and Bertha, the original owners. On Sunday, October 3, he will conduct a tour titled "Music, Murder and Religion in the West Annex", starting at 1 pm at the City of Toronto Archives, 255 Spadina Road. Info: 416-397-7977.

ISLAND BIKE TOUR

On Saturday, September 25, I have been entrusted with the responsibility of conducting a bicycle tour of Toronto Island for the Toronto Bay Initiative -- members \$5, others \$10. We shall depart from the Hanlan's Point ferry dock at 10:30 am (bring your bike and catch the 10:15 boat to

Hanlan's Point from the docks at the foot of Bay St.)

The first attraction is the spectacular statue of Ned Hanlan which was sculpted in 1926 by Emanuel Hahn, brother of Gustav Hahn of #15. Originally located in the CNE grounds, the 20' high monument was moved last fall to the spot where the world-famous sculler grew up and began his racing career.

The tour will include a climb to the top of the lighthouse (1808, second-oldest in Canada), the interior of the Church of St. Andrew by-the-Lake (1884, with magnificent stained glass by McCausland), and, the highlight, a visit to the Island Archives where Emily has offered to serve tea and cookies. Lunch will be available at the Rectory Cafe or the Gravity Coffee House at Ward's Island.

THE DAMNATION OF DUCKWEED

This summer presented problems for duckweed removal from the pond. Two years ago Emily and I dragged our 100' chain through the below-surface growth and then used our 100' skimmer to remove the surface residue. We did this once per week and cleared the dam 10-15 times per week so that the surface would be continuously flushed. Last summer the growth was approximately halved, and we got by with using our equipment every other week, while clearing the dam as before.

This summer we used our chain and skimmer on three consecutive Tuesdays in July, and we removed considerably more duckweed than before. Unfortunately, the weed quickly took root on the bottom at the north end and edges, making it impossible to remove with our equipment. In our opinion, only a boat and rakes and a lot of work would provide results. Hence we regretfully notified the trustees that we were abandoning the task.

ODDS AND ENDS

Marshall McLuhan Way is the new name for a section of St. Joseph St. near his famous coach house. The renaming ceremony was held on August 18.

Marion Symons: Frances (Symons) McCann donated a great batch of Wychwood memorabilia left at #106 by her mother, who died on June 14, 2003. Included are photos of Sy, Marion and

Frances, and other Park old-timers such as the Fodors and Bonnycastles. Could some contemporaries please help with names?

Douglas Goold: A one-hour documentary titled *Bre-X, Jungle Fever* was shown on the History Channel on August 23. Doug, who wrote the first-published book on the subject, was interviewed at length. A tape may be borrowed from the Archives.

Anthony Jim: Again this fall, Anthony, a draftsman at the TTC Hillcrest yards, is generously offering to donate the entire proceeds of the sale of his Park house drawings to the United Way, through the TTC drive. In the past three years he has raised almost \$6000. If you are interested, we can tell you if he has drawn your house -- he has kindly deposited copies of all of them to date. Anthony can be reached at 416-393-4405 (work) or 416-465-3808 (home).

SIR WILLIAM GAGE (1849-1921)

According to local legend, Sir William, who lived at "Bon Air", 434 Bloor St. W., bought the parcel of approximately 20 acres bounded by Davenport, Bathurst, Alcina and a line running

north from Taddle Creek with the idea of building a TB sanatorium. Since some neighbours were not enthusiastic about the project, he instead built his hospital in Weston, by the Humber River. In 1911 he offered the 6-acre portion on the brow of the escarpment at Bathurst and Davenport to the provincial government as the site of a lieutenant-governors's residence. The province had bought the Chorley Park property in Rosedale for \$120,000, but the choice of site proved to be controversial. Sir William offered his land for the same price and agreed to use the money to buy approximately 10 acres on the south side of Davenport for a public botanical garden. Would not our neighbourhood have been different?! The province turned him down and proceeded to build the magnificent Chorley Park chateau, which was sadly demolished in 1959. Sir William then built his own residence (#82), beginning in 1916.

The following piece was excerpted from a Toronto Star article of August 29, written by Angus Skene. The Star later reported that about 1700 people attended the centennial celebration for Sir William's sanatorium, including four generations of Gage descendants.

If you've never had reason to stroll down Buttonwood Ave., near the intersection of Jane St. and Weston Rd., then you might not know about the Weston Sanatorium. Today, its name is the West Park Healthcare Centre, and specializes in chronic care and respiratory medicine, but to anyone of a certain age it will always be the Weston San. It was once a tuberculosis hospital, a place where patients were sent for treatment but also a place where people were simply isolated to keep their disease from spreading.

The first building opened here 100 years ago, in 1904, the brainchild of publisher and extraordinarily philanthropic citizen William Gage (the anniversary is not lost at West Park; anyone with a connection to the facility is invited to 82 Buttonwood Ave. from 11 a.m. to 4 p.m. this Thursday to celebrate).

Why Gage took on the fight against tuberculosis isn't clear, though his good friend Hart Massey had lost his young son Charles to the disease, and had memorialized the boy in the building of Massey Hall. And as a child, Gage knew a blacksmith whose entire family of 14 was wiped out by tuberculosis. Whatever his reason, Gage made the fight against tuberculosis his life's mission.

In 1896, he started the National Sanatorium Board and, after Toronto City Council refused his request for capital, he shelled out \$25,000 of his own money to build Canada's first sanatorium, at Gravenhurst in the Muskokas.

In those days, people knew tuberculosis was caused by bacteria, and they knew it was contagious, but they also knew they had no real medical treatment for the disease. So patients were isolated in remote sanatoriums, which were not much different than resorts. Treatment basically amounted to good food, fresh air and lots of bed rest. To some extent, this worked.

Gage was a tireless proponent of sanatoriums and they soon popped up across Canada, but the Gravenhurst sanatorium overflowed with patients from Toronto. So Gage bought the old Dennis farm in Weston, which was then a country town on the western fringe of Toronto, removed enough from the city to offer fresh air but connected to town by an electric railway.

For the first few years of its life, Weston San lived under the name of the Toronto Free Hospital for the Consumptive Poor -- consumption was the Victorian name for tuberculosis, and the untreated poor ran the highest risk of

dying from the disease.

Gage's hospital was a private institution, funded with his own money and the backing of a wide array of contacts and friends. In fact, the man who ran the electric train service also owned Toronto's streetcar system, and he donated 15 old, horse-drawn streetcars to the hospital for use as patient housing. The streetcars bumped the hospital's capacity up to 30 patients, cared for by one physician and a handful of nurses.

Each vehicle was converted into a little cottage, with flowers out front and neat little furniture inside; they stretched like an Edwardian trailer park across the grounds. But those happy campers were in grave danger. In 1904, one in every thirteen people in Canada got tuberculosis, and of those, almost half would die of the disease.

But the story of the Weston San is, on balance, optimistic. Despite a few disastrous fires, the hospital shed its ominous original name and sprouted new buildings. Some were for children and teens; mothers with tuberculosis gave birth in a special facility where, out of cruel necessity, their babies were in turn isolated from them. By the 1920s, Weston San had evolved into what we might recognize as a modern hospital.

IN MEMORIAM

STOCKWOOD, Anne — Peacefully at the Toronto General Hospital on June 14th, 2004, surrounded by her family. Loving wife of the late Alick Stockwood. Daughter of the late Lt. Trafford Jones and the late Madeline (Jones) Stewart. Step-daughter of the late Ramsey Stewart. Loving mother of David and his wife Ilse, Mary Lynch of Victoria, British Columbia and Phillip and his partner Marion Starr of Balfour, British Columbia. Dear grandmother of Andrew, Kristina, Kathryn Stockwood and David and Sarah Lynch. Loving great-grandmother of Allegra, Teagan, Kiri, Ben and Olivia. She will be remembered by friends in Toronto, Collingwood and Victoria. A funeral service will be held in GRACE CHURCH ON-THE-HILL, 300 Lansdale Rd., Toronto, Ontario on Friday, June 18, 2004, 11 a.m. In lieu of flowers, please send donations to the Foster Parents Plan of Canada, 95 St. Clair Avenue West, Suite 1001, Toronto, Ontario M4V 3B5. (Morley Bedford Funeral Services - Toronto).

JOHNSTON, James Stuart — Stuart passed away at Belmont House on Sunday evening, September 12, 2004 with his wife of 39 years, Margaret (nee Young). He will be greatly missed by his family: daughters Anne Statton Browne (Bob) and Barbara Johnston, stepson Roger Stockman, the Statton grandchildren Robert (Michelle), Stuart (Larissa), Catherine (Scott) and Andrea. His ready smile and firm handshake will be remembered by all. Stuart was born in Montreal in 1915, received his engineering degree at McGill and joined Dominion Gas Products (later Union Carbide) in 1940. After leaving Union Carbide in 1978 he worked with the Welding Institute of Canada and the Compressed Gas Association (Canada). Stuart and his wife Jane Sealy (died 1961) lived in Montreal, Winnipeg and Vancouver - finally moving to Wychwood Park, Toronto in 1957. Stuart was a friendly neighbour, resident repairer and long-time trustee during his 42 years in

the Park. He continued his contributions in his new community at Belmont House from 1999 to his death. In the mid-50's Stuart joined Rotary in Winnipeg, continuing his service at Toronto-Eglinton Club until two weeks ago. Many thanks to the staff at Belmont House and Eldercare - especially Joan - and Dr. A. Bayley at Princess Margaret Hospital. A Memorial Service will be held at Grace Church on the Hill, 300 Lansdale Road at Russell Hill Road, on Friday, September 17, 2004 at 4:30 p.m. Friends are invited to stay for a reception in the Parish Hall. Burial will take place in Montreal at a later date. In lieu of flowers, donations may be made to the Belmont House Foundation, 55 Belmont St., Toronto M5R 1R1 or the Rotary Club of Toronto-Eglinton Foundation c/o Jane Russell TD Commercial Banking, 2 St. Clair Ave. E., Suite 200, Toronto M4T 2V4. Cards available at the funeral. Arrangements entrusted to Morley Bedford Funeral Services, 426-489-8733.

If you would like to share your reminiscences of Stu, especially of his years of devoted service to the Park in so many capacities, would you please send them our way before the middle of September so that they can be included in the next issue. Thanks.

October 26, 1977.

From the Wychwood Park Trustees:

SOUTH GATES

Thanks to the skill and some 16 hours of time devoted to the project Stuart Johnston has once again refurbished the South gates and has also installed a metal post on each side of the road to hold a metal link chain. The chain was kindly donated by Dr. Douglas Wright and many others helped with the project including Drs. Bill Wallace and Don Fraser and Messrs. John Barnes, Bruce Mitchell, Murray Wilton and Don Whitewood. Also Mrs. Emily Van Rhee and myself.

Such communal efforts help the Trustees to hold down the cost of running our Park in this inflationary period and we would point out that had we employed outside professional help the work would probably have cost more than \$500.00.

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Some residents put out edible garbage at the roadside in plastic bags and despite the fact that many owners of dogs do not let their animals run loose on garbage mornings the remaining dogs and canine tourists quickly open them up knowing exactly where the most succulent morsels are to be found. This problem can be largely overcome if the bag is placed in a rigid container with lid. One local dog can even take off a secure lid with the dexterity of a raccoon.

We look for your co-operation. Thank you.

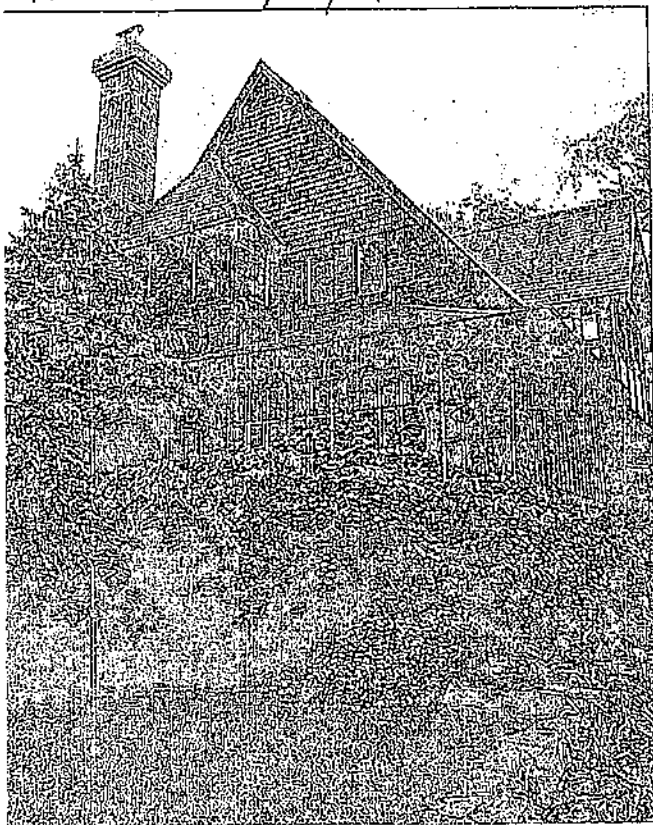
A. Stockwood
Chairman of the Trustees



Eden Smith designed an estimated 250 homes in the city's upscale neighbourhoods, but few people know of his arts and crafts-inspired residences, many of which have been demolished

Toronto's enigmatic architect

Globe, July 30/04.



LOUIS FALG/THE GLOBE AND MAIL



J.P. MOCZULSKI/THE GLOBE AND MAIL



J.P. MOCZULSKI/THE GLOBE AND MAIL

BY JANE GADD

Those who appreciate historic architecture in Toronto may be familiar with Eden Smith — a Toronto practitioner of the arts and crafts school led by Briton William Morris at the end of the 19th century.

But even they probably know only Mr. Smith's public buildings, such as the Group of Seven studios on Aymer Avenue, St. Thomas Anglican Church on Huron Street and three public library branches that resemble Elizabethan church halls.

Toronto is aware of the extent of Mr. Smith's contributions to the city's upper-class residential neighbourhoods, where he and his sons built an estimated 250 homes in the early 1900s.

And that's a real shame, according to some architects and history buffs who have watched helplessly as this treasure trove of gracious homes has fallen one by one to the wrecker's ball, replaced by modern facsimiles of better-known styles such as Georgian and mock-Tudor.

But W. Douglas Brown, a retired technical writer for the Ontario Re-

ment, has done what the official guardians of Toronto's cityscape could not.

Through painstaking archival research conducted as a labour of love, Mr. Brown has documented the life and death of many of these homes and uncovered the true history of an enigmatic architect who did his best to conceal his working-class Birmingham roots and, in the process, robbed himself of his rightful legacy.

Mr. Smith, it turns out, was in Mr. Morris's circle while attending the Birmingham School of Art in the

1880s, a period closely tied to the Morris movement.

Mr. Morris lectured at the school a dozen times while Mr. Smith was there, and his ideas permeate the writings of Mr. Smith, who emigrated to Canada in the mid-1880s and opened his own firm.

He feigned a rural and vaguely aristocratic background to win elite clients rather than reveal that his father and grandfather had been ordinary builders in one of the sooty hubs of Britain's Industrial Revolution.

Mr. Smith's misinformation had

led to his direct connection with Mr. Morris.

"He claimed he did architecture as an avocation rather than a vocation. He said that Eden Smith was a double surname and hinted that he was related to 'Sir William Eden [a.k.a. the first Baron Auckland],'" Mr. Brown says.

But genealogical research conducted for Mr. Smith's granddaughter in the 1980s and donated to public archives revealed that Eden was Mr. Smith's first name and that he had been born, raised and educated in Birmingham.

From left: 267 Indian Rd. in High Park — the architect's home and the earliest known of his houses still standing, the rear of 5 Wychwood Park, and 7 Wychwood Park. Top, Eden Smith about 1910 (Wychwood Park Archives).

There is a lot we can learn from Eden Smith . . .

ARCHITECT from page G1

"He thought [the deception] could help him in his business dealings," Mr. Brown says in an interview at his modest Mississauga home. "I felt it was my duty to try to correct the misinformation."

It is in the scores of homes he built in High Park, Wychwood Park, Forest Hill, Rosedale and the Annex at Mr. Smith's adherence to the organic, asymmetrical, functional ideals of the arts and crafts movement were most apparent.

Unlike proponents of neoclassical design, which were (and remain) popular, Mr. Smith did not strive for symmetry or grandiosity in his homes, and used very little ornamental detail.

They had steeply pitched roofs, any irregular angles, tall graceful chimneys and often were entered on the side rather than the front. The entire home tended to be oriented toward the garden, with the principal rooms overlooking the garden rather than the street.

They followed the arts and crafts philosophy of building from the inside out — starting with one room and adding on as needed, rather than fitting the rooms inside a fixed shell.

They were finished in brick or stucco — the movement valued honesty and simplicity and eschewed owned upon false finishes such as one siding.

A Smith home "looks as if it belongs there. It clings to the earth," Mr. Brown says.

Toronto architect Barry Samp-



J.P. MOCZULSKI/THE GLOBE AND MAIL

Left, 26 Dale Ave., and one of the Eden Smith houses that has been torn down. It was at 198 Warren Rd. in Forest Hill.

son echoes that definition. "It's an English idea, a modest idea of a gracious lifestyle as opposed to conspicuous wealth," Mr. Sampson says. "[The homes] are delicate in their engagement of the landscape . . . they're not so much about projecting your wealth."

Some of the best remaining examples of these homes are in the little-known enclave of Wychwood Park, a ravine-side community built around a pond near Bathurst Street and Davenport Road. It includes several Eden Smith homes and enjoys some protection from having been designated a heritage community by the city.

Mr. Smith lived there in the 1910s, and built a number of homes

there for fellow artisans.

The architect's first family home in Toronto still stands at 267 Indian Rd. in the High Park area and has the protection of an individual heritage plaque.

But his numerous houses in Forest Hill, Rosedale and the Annex, inspired by English cottages and mansions, have no such protection and are most vulnerable to redevelopment.

Mr. Brown's self-published book, *Eden Smith: Toronto's Arts and Crafts Architect*, documents how almost half of the homes he built in the Annex have already been demolished.

And even since the book was published in 2003, at least five



W. DOUGLAS BROWN

Smith houses in the Forest Hill and Poplar Plains areas have fallen.

"I'm surprised there has been no outrage from the neighbours," Mr. Brown says. "In Forest Hill, the houses are going down all over the place and no one says a word."

Even the stately specimen he selected for his book cover, which used to stand on Warren Road in Forest Hill, has been torn down and replaced by "a monster home that uses the whole width of the lot," Mr. Brown says.

Kathryn Anderson, a heritage preservation officer with the city, says it would love to preserve these architecturally important homes, but the problem is, there is no inventory of them.

"We have no comprehensive list of his works, and there is always the problem of resources and staff to do new inventories," Ms. Anderson says.

Officials in the city's planning or building departments normally contact the heritage department if a demolition permit is sought for a building that may have heritage interest, she says. "But in these cases they haven't."

"I'd be very sad to see more of them disappear," says Joe Lobko, chairman of the Toronto Society of Architects. "I don't know why people would tear down something beautiful."

Mr. Lobko points out that Mr. Smith was also the architect of two

highly successful social housing projects built in Toronto at the same time — Spruce Court on the west side of the Don Valley and the Bain Avenue apartments, now the Bain Co-op, on the east side.

Both are considered exemplary for the creative use of landscaped courtyards to break up rows of units and provide oases of beauty that residents can actually use.

"His work has a wonderful relationship to the landscape," Mr. Lobko says. "There is a lot we can learn from Eden Smith on how to create comfortable, green, low-cost housing."

Mr. Sampson says that during Mr. Smith's time the architectural community had "a sense of stylistic leadership" that it lacks now.

"Now there's relatively little of that. There are Ian MacDonald, Shim-Sutcliffe [Architects] and Bruce Kuwabara, but they are not producing many houses. When you think of Eden Smith producing 250 it's incredible."

Mr. Brown, who says he cannot afford an Eden Smith home himself because they are in the highest-priced neighbourhoods of Toronto does see some signs of hope, however.

"Some people are moving into Eden Smith homes, realizing what they've got and restoring them to their original form."

One of these is a home on Clarendon Avenue once occupied by Group of Seven artist Lawren Harris and another, on Balmoral Avenue is being restored from three apartments into a single-family home.



On an average day, 60,000 vehicles pass through the intersection of Davenport Road and Bathurst Street, their drivers stopping for nothing but red lights on their way to somewhere else.

As they await their green signals, the curious might wonder about the old wooden building on the northwest corner, but it's a safe bet few know they're looking at an old toll keeper's cottage, where they would have had to stop and pay up had they passed this way during the 19th century.

There are days when Jane Beecroft must covet the authority of the toll keepers who worked here. For a decade now, the 71-year-old heritage advocate has led a volunteer effort to restore the rare building, and she needs another \$150,000 to finish the job.

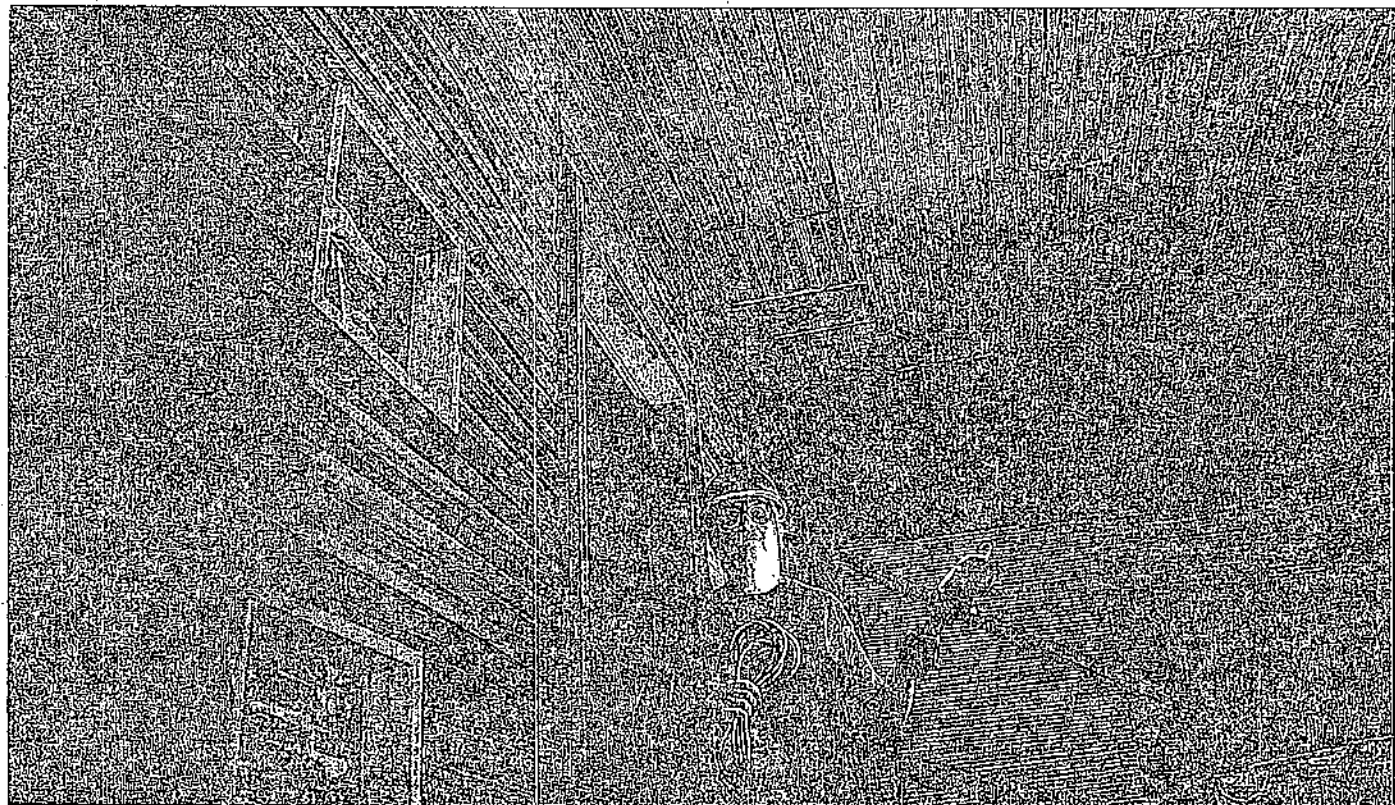
"If we could stop the traffic, yes, we'd have it made," says Ms. Beecroft, president of the Community History Project. "But I don't think we could do that."

A one-day toll of \$2.50 a trip is all it would take to help preserve what is thought to be the only building of its kind left in Canada.

Still, Ms. Beecroft's group has done enough research to know that road tolls aren't any more popular today than when people, on horseback, in carriages and on foot did their best to avoid them as early as the 1830s, when the little building went up on the corner across from where it now stands.

They're also accustomed to the winds of indifference that seem to blow in with each passing car, in a city all too willing to push aside its past in pursuit of the present.

"Toronto keeps reinventing itself," she says, sitting in the dim of a building recently built on one side of the cottage, soon to serve as a museum for the old toll system. "It's like putting a seed in the ground and as soon as it sprouts, pulling it out of the ground to...



FERNANDO MORALES/THE GLOBE AND MAIL

Jane Beecroft stands inside the old toll keeper's cottage at Bathurst Street and Davenport Road. She is trying to raise money to save the house.

if the roots are all right."

The toll keeper's cottage has managed, just barely, to survive this process since it was decommissioned in the 1890s and moved from site to site in and around the Annex in the century following.

Ms. Beecroft's group found it in the pages of a local history book, in a bucolic 1875 painting by Arthur Cox, before they chased neighbourhood rumours to Howland Avenue in the late 1980s. There, in the back yard of a private home, they found the cottage hiding under several layers of roofing and siding added over the years.

In the meantime, they'd unearthed enough history to know they'd found something unique.

The cottage was one of five toll stops along Davenport Road, one of the oldest routes in Southern Ontario, which had served as an Indian trail long before the city was... The...eper

worked for private companies contracted by the government of Upper Canada to collect fees for road improvements.

"The tolling system was hated," Ms. Beecroft says, "and the toll keepers bore the brunt of it."

Some of the cottages were burned down, although the toll keepers, who lived in them with their families, were underpaid and struggled themselves.

When they examined the building, volunteers also discovered its rare construction, with its roof supported by the vertical planks of the walls.

A developer was planning to clear the site, so they bought the building for \$1 on condition they move it within a month. The group raised \$26,000, and in 1996 carted the cottage to the city-owned Wychwood yards, where it sat for six years.

In the summer of 2002, the city... the c... off ti... so

the group, yet again, had to gather donations to move it to Davenport Park, on land leased from the city.

Since then, volunteers have spent thousands of hours restoring the cottage to as close to original condition as they can, right down to the old-style nails used to tack fresh, hand-split cedar lath onto the interior walls to prepare them for a new coat of traditional plaster.

Along the way, though, they've often had to drop their hammers and pound the drum for donations. Ms. Beecroft hoped to open the cottage and adjoining museum last fall, then this fall, "but I don't think that's going to happen unless an angel comes down out of the sky."

Even if one did, the cottage is but one of dozens of efforts heritage advocates have taken on, with only tepid support from otherwise occupied Torontonians.

...gro...als c... little

surprise to Larry Richards, a University of Toronto architecture professor who sits on the board of the Ontario Heritage Foundation.

Despite such recent, isolated successes as the Distillery District and the elegant Carlu, Toronto is "lagging disgracefully behind" other centres in preserving its built history, Prof. Richards says.

"The mindset of the city is too often preoccupied with finances and money," he says. "It gives stronger priority, quite often, to fast money-making, rather than a longer perspective that has a deeper interest in cultural things." Or, in the words of Ms. Beecroft, "We look like a city that was born yesterday."

It may be tough to convince such a city to act its age, but Ms. Beecroft isn't about to stop trying. "I'll do it as long as it needs me," she says.

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News from the Archives

January 2005



6A Wychwood Park

Photo from Construction magazine, May 1925

The house was designed by architects Craig and Madill and was built for John Gilchrist's parents in 1922. They had purchased the lot, site of the Matthews family tennis court, from the estate of Ambrose Goodman (#4). Ambrose (1863-1919) was a son-in-law and owner of the remaining lands of Marmaduke Matthews (#6), founder of the Park. In the foreground of the photo can be seen the circular driveway in front of #6, which wound its way down to the Park road through the present site of #4A.

The Construction article included first and second floor plans and a photo of the living room. "This house is on the brow of a hill overlooking the city towards the south. The living room and sun room, both of which open on to verandahs, have all been placed to get this south view. The garage is on the

Wychwood Park Archives, Albert Fulton, 96 Wychwood Park, Toronto, M6G 2V5, 416-537-5006, archives9@rogers.com
Hours: Wednesday evenings 7:30 - 9:30 or other times by appointment

north side facing the street, while at the angle of the building is an attractive porch in English detail forming a special feature of the north facade. A stone fireplace with an interesting oak over-mantle in English character is seen in the living room view."

George McCuaig Gilchrist (1887-1979) and Margaret Havergal Edgar (1887-1970) of Sundridge, Ontario were married in 1913, and their children Betty, Nan and John were born in 1916, 1919 and 1922. John was the same age as the house. Also in 1922, Margaret's sister, Mary Edgar, founded Camp Glen Bernard on Lake Bernard near Sundridge, which John and Barbara later operated for many years.

George Gilchrist was president and managing director of Kops Bros., a corset manufacturer, at 559 College St., and John was vice-president before taking over the camp. George served as Park trustee from 1944 to 1947. The following is excerpted from a letter written c.1926 by Margaret to their former "mother's helper", Luba Shumilo:

Betty and Nan are going to Havergal this year and like it very much. Mr. Gilchrist takes them over every morning, also Mona [Morrow, #16], Pat and Shirley [Allen, #15], and then anytime it is not convenient for him to go, Mrs. Morrow takes them. John has grown a great deal. He and Godfrey [Murphy, #8] play outside nearly all the time.

In the preparation of *The Art of Wychwood* in 1988, John kindly submitted to an "oral history" audiotape session, and anyone who would like to hear John talking about growing up in the Park may listen to the tape. One of his favourite youthful activities was playing hockey on the pond against other neighbourhood teams, under the supervision of Captain Ernest Matthews (#6), son of Marmaduke. From John:

He kept 10 shovels by the back door at #6 and no one was allowed on the ice until it was completely cleared. It was the only rink in the neighbourhood and at one time we had plastic cards issued to control the use of the rink. We could see goldfish frozen in the ice, and as winter wore on and the ice wore down, we'd be cutting up the goldfish with our skates! My mother used to have to send me back to the pond to retrieve my sweaters, toques, etc., when I ran out of them. We played hockey all winter long and I credit all this practice as the reason hockey was my best sport -- I managed to get as far as Junior A.

John and Barbara Ann Blake were married in 1944 and they moved into #6A in 1950. Their children George, Gai and Cindy were born in 1947, 1950 and 1952. In 2002, Sally Jo (Evans) Martin (#30) loaned to the Archives for printing 50 slides taken by her father, Jo Evans, mostly of birthday parties and other groupings of Park children. The

Gilchrist kids appear frequently, with Baillies, Dinnicks, Evans, Stockwoods, Wallaces, Wiltons, Woodsidess.

In the spring of 1970, as a project for her Grade 13 sociology course at Oakwood Collegiate, Cindy conducted a demographic survey of the Park and submitted a 32-page paper plus a series of 10 maps and 24 photos. For her research notes she managed to obtain the approximate ages (within 5 year ranges) of all the adults and children in the Park! Her parents kindly donated the paper and notes to the Archives. It is a time capsule of life in the Park 35 years ago, and the house photos are especially valuable.

In 1982 a house swap occurred. Bob and Christa McDermott at #10, and their sons Christopher and Hendrik, were looking for more space, and John and Barb's children had moved out. And so, for the past 22 years, the McDermotts have been comfortably ensconced at #6A. In 1984 they carried out a major renovation, which included adding a south-facing dormer to the third floor.

The above is one in a series of house histories. The stories of #2-10 appeared in previous issues. Any corrections or additional information would be greatly appreciated.

DINNICK FAMILY PAPERS

The Ontario Archives have recently posted on their website 61 photos from the Dinnick collection, mostly of houses being constructed in Lawrence Park. Included is the Eden Smith house at 51 Dawlish Ave. (image 10009537). This is very rare. The walls were built of hollow clay tiles, which were then covered with stucco. The photo shows the tiles before they were stuccoed. The same method was used at #3, designed for himself by Eden Smith's son Harry in 1913 (same year as 51 Dawlish). In the Archives is an advertisement showing how clay tiles could even be used for floor construction!

To access the photos, go to www.archives.gov.on.ca, click on Site Map, then Visual Database, then enter Dinnick in the search window. Click on any of the photos to enlarge them. The house at 77 St. Edmund's Drive was built for Wilfred Servington Dinnick, developer of Lawrence Park. The ceiling and frieze in the dining room were decorated by Gustav Hahn (#15). Wilfred's son John and family lived at #5 from 1954 to 1977, and two of his three daughters are still here (or nearby). John Dinnick was Park trustee from 1961 to 1968. His widow Marion donated to the Archives a set of beautiful 8x10

photos of Park scenes taken by Pringle and Booth in 1957.

KEITH MILLER (#108)

"I am recovering from a heart attack and am being treated for congestive heart failure among various other ailments. Malingering death, I call it. The visiting VONs are mildly amused at the term. It is important to pass on these photos before I pass on. Some may repeat as my precocious senility takes hold."

Keith has always been somewhat of a kidder, so he may outlive me and many of you as well! At any rate, he has recently emailed nearly 300 photos gleaned from his family albums of life in the Park dating from 1910, when Eden Smith designed #49 for his grandparents, Eric & Elsie Owen. Prints have been made of most of them, and Keith has given me permission to provide copies, if you wish. Numerous Park houses and scenes appear, including the wooden bridge which spanned the valley of the Taddle between #19 and #67/69 and the early days of the tennis court, which was created by Elsie Owen and Mary Wrinch (#69).

ODDS AND ENDS

Neighbourhood Watch: Margaret Hoskins has kindly consented to take John Gilchrist's place as The Eye on the Middle. Please call Margaret, Karen Whitewood or myself if you have something to report or to ask about. We keep a record of all incidents, and we notify you of serious concerns. We no longer deliver alerts by hand but email the members of the "wychpark yahoo group". If you are not yet a member, send an email to Margaret at hopskin4321@rogers.com and she will sign you up (current Park residents only). If you do not have email access, you may read the messages at the Archives.

Park House Histories: The City of Toronto website has an updated list of all heritage properties. The Wychwood Park section is considerably more accurate than the original Green Book listing, but there are still a few errors and omissions. I shall contact them again. To view, go to www.toronto.ca/culture/index.htm, click on Heritage Properties Inventory, then Heritage Conservation Districts, then Wychwood Park.

New book: *Ontario House Styles*, Robert Mikel, \$34.95. In the chapter on Arts and Crafts, Mikel seems to rate George Reid above Eden Smith -- the three photos of Upland Cottage are bigger than

the three photos of Smith buildings! Erratum: In the Archives is a copy of a letter written by George Reid in which he states that he and Eden Smith both began work on their houses (#81 and #5) in the fall of 1907 (not 1905). A website with examples of Ontario architectural styles is www.ontarioarchitecture.com. It omits Arts and Crafts!

WISH magazine: The Dec04/Jan05 issue has a 6-page beautifully illustrated article about the current household at Upland Cottage. At major book stores for \$4.50.

Anthony Jim: Again last fall, Anthony sold his sketches of Park houses to raise funds for the United Way as part of the TTC Hillcrest Yards campaign. He sold all ten of last year's production, raising \$2400 (more than \$8000 to date!).

Thank you, thank you, thank you to Richard & Claudia at #77, for the repairs to the stucco in the alleyway, which they don't see, but which has been an eyesore for the rest of us for decades. Also, thanks for the lighted house number -- we need more!

JOHN AND BARBARA GILCHRIST

End of a Wychwood Park Era, 1922-2004

by Don Fraser

It is hard to imagine Wychwood Park without the Gilchrists. When John died suddenly last month, he had lived in the Park since 1922, the year of his birth. Barbara Blake married John in 1944 and their three children, George, Gai and Cindy grew up in the Park. Now, since John's death, Barbara has moved to be near Gai in Oakville. After more than 82 years, there are no longer any Gilchrists in Wychwood Park.

Happily, the Gilchrist memory lives on in the minds of us residents. I arrived at #7 Wychwood Park when both John and I were 7 years old. He was certainly my longest friend. After Sally and I married and moved into #24 in 1954, the Fraser children grew up a few years behind the Gilchrist youngsters, but they were friends. The Park's connection with the Gilchrist family has continued until now.

When we were boys, "Gilch", and I were inseparable. In those days, as today, there were miraculously always lots of children of all ages to play with. Our gang of boys followed behind Bill Wallace, the Halversons, the Shenstones, the Walkers, the Woods, the Owens, Anne Stewart (Stockwood) and Mona Morrow. In addition to

Gilch and me, there were Alex Cruikshank, Brian Mansell (a relative of Captain Matthews), Peck Turner, Bobby Bickford (a very poor skater), Barry Nelson, Tommy Senior and Pat Wilson. As far as I can recall, there were no noticeable girls -- except, of course, our sisters who did not count.

In the winters we played hockey on the pond. This was a major activity. In fact, in 1937 we were sufficiently well-organized to enter a midget team in the THL -- the "Wychwood Park Blue Shirts" (the blue jerseys of UCC and UTS performed double service) and we played very creditably. Each springtime we played softball on the vacant lot west of #6A, now occupied (we believed unfairly) by #6B and #6C. Between seasons we played ball-hockey on the cement floor of the Gilchists' new garage. We played bicycle-tag on the beautiful front lawn of #16, pursued angrily by Richard the Terrible, the Morrrows' long-suffering gardener. Lacking wheels, he never caught us.

Summers, there was some desultory football but the main activities were the four-week camping trips into Algonquin Park that were organized by Captain Matthews. There were usually eight or nine adolescent boys in three canoes. Although four weeks seemed a little too long for some of us, it was a wonderful experience. In those days before

the war, Algonquin Park was very much a wilderness area.

Only last summer, John and I were reminiscing about the special debt we boys owed to "The Captain". Captain Matthews was a retired teacher; having taught at a boys' school in Toronto. He lived at #6 and he devoted his life to us boys. Whenever it snowed, he would shovel the pond in the morning while we were at school. He would evict any skaters that did not have a Wychwood Pond permit and on occasion when we were attacked by the dreaded "Davenport" he would act as a guardian policeman. Captain Matthews was undoubtedly a very important figure in our childhood and adolescent development. It is too bad that the girls missed out.

This wonderful life ended in 1938 when we graduated from high school. Some of us entered university. John joined his father's business for a time. World War II was a disruption that caused us to scatter. John and I and most of the others eventually joined the forces. We discovered girls and married. Of our gang of boys, only John and I returned to live in the Park. I am the last of the pre-war gang. Farewell to a family that has made an important mark in the history of Wychwood Park.

DISPATCH John Gilchrist G. + M. Dec 24/04.

GILCHRIST, John William - On December 6th, 2004 in his 83rd year. Beloved husband of Barbara for 60 years, proud father of George of Sudbury, Gai McChesney (Tim) of Oakville and Cindy Neave (David) of Vancouver. Dearest Grandad of Megan and Matthew McChesney. Brother of Nan Richmond (Dick) and the late Betty Seaborn (Bob). After John served as a Lieutenant in the Royal Canadian Army Service Corps he worked for a short time in the corset manufacturing business with his father. In 1955 he and Mrs. G. assumed ownership of Glen Bernard Camp, Sunridge which they directed with enthusiasm and dedication for over 20 years. John served for more than 50 years as a member of the Rotary Club of Toronto. He was proud of spending all of his 83 years as a resident of Wychwood Park and every summer on Lake Bernard. He was an avid bridge player, keen curler and loyal Leaf fan. John, Dad, Grandad, Mr. John will be remembered for his insatiable curiosity, positive outlook, wonderful sense of humour, love of nature and genuine interest in people. He lived life with great joy and we will miss him. In respect of John's wishes there will be no funeral. A private family gathering has been held. For those who wish, donations may be made to the Rotary Club of Toronto, 100 Front Street West, Toronto, M5J 1E4 or to a charity of your choice.



Glen Bernard Camp was more than just a lakeside summer retreat for John Gilchrist.

It was where love first blossomed between him and the girl who would later become his wife. It was where their three children had some of their greatest moments of childhood and adolescence. And it was where legions of girls formed everlasting memories of summers gone by.

Mr. Gilchrist died of bone cancer in Toronto on Dec. 6 at the age of 83.

He had lived in Wychwood Park his entire life, first in his father's home and then in a smaller house nearby, but for decades Glen Bernard Camp on Lake Bernard near Sunridge, Ont., between Huntsville and North Bay was Mr. Gilchrist's summer home.

His aunt founded the camp in 1922, and in 1938 he took his first job there as a 16-year-old canoe-

trip guide. It was on a trip to Algonquin Park that he wooed a fellow counsellor named Barbara, and they eventually married.

The couple continued to work at the camp until 1955, when Mr. Gilchrist's aunt asked them to take ownership.

For 20 years, Mr. and Mrs. Gilchrist ran the all-girls camp, but he was not the kind of owner to simply sit in an office hiding from the campers, recalls his daughter, Cindy Neave, who grew up at the camp along with her older brother, George, and older sister, Gai. "He was right into it," Ms. Neave says.

As the male owner of an all-girls camp, his voice always stood out during song sessions. "You'd always hear his voice, booming over everybody else's in the room," she says. "He could never sing on key, but you'd always hear his voice."

The camp's influence was evident last week when former campers streamed into Mr. Gilchrist's home to reminisce about summers past.

— Joel Korn

WYCHWOOD PARK -- ANNUAL REPORT, 1945-1946

THE TRUSTEES SUBMIT THEIR ANNUAL REPORT FOR THE YEAR 1945-1946

Complaints of a disturbing noise caused by an internal combustion engine were made by residents at the southern end of the Park. Your Trustee, Mr. George Gilchrist, through an entirely amicable understanding with a member of the Board of the Dominion Oxygen Company, brought this nuisance promptly to an end.

Fencing at the south and south-east end of the pond has been carried out with the appropriate insertion of posts and scantling. Wire has not been put in place as it is not yet procurable.

A retaining wall and revettments along the edge of the road around the pond have been built by Sheppard.

Road patching of a fairly extensive nature has been done by Sheppard with occlase. The roadway between the north gate and the intersection was in particularly poor shape.

The hydro pole in front of No. 3 was broken by a motor truck. Mr. Pack promptly informed the police. The pole was replaced in due time but the culprit remains officially unknown.

Last Fall, large branches of willow were blown down and one tree went into the pond. These were removed.

The snow cleaning has been very satisfactory this year because of the considerate treatment meted out by the weather man. Great restraint and sagacity, we believe, was exhibited by the trustees in not entering into an attractive contract to the Warren Paving Co. The snow of the one serious storm of the season was removed in five hours at a cost of \$30.00.

The trees on park land were studied at some length by your trustees. Four tenders (according to identical specifications) were received. The quotations for this work ranged from \$180.00 to \$300.00. The branches dangerous to traffic and pedestrians were removed. In addition, the large dead red oak was cut down to a reasonable level. The damaged willow north of the pond was cut down. The wood was cut and piled. The five large oaks were trimmed. The willow in the centre of the road near the south gate was extensively trimmed and cabled.

It is with sincere regret that the Trustees note the death within the year of Mrs. R.E. Pack, Mr. E. Jacobs and Mr. D.F.M. Sykes.

Stuart Bell, (#12)

Donald T. Fraser, (#7)

George Gilchrist. (#6A)

MACKLIN HANCOCK by Dave LeBlanc.

Globe and Mail, October 1, 2004.

Don Mills would become the most important postwar development in Canada. For sheer scale and influence, it ranks up there with the three American "Levittowns" created by builder William J. Levitt in New York and Pennsylvania.

But it compares more closely to the neighbourhoods developed by Joseph Eichler in the San Francisco bay area.

As former Toronto mayor John Sewell writes in *The Shape of the City*, Levittown was "simply an unending collection of streets lined by repetitious and inexpensive houses." In contrast, Mr. Eichler used young architects to design daring yet affordable homes for the middle class in suburban areas that only sometimes provided small shopping areas. Mr. Hancock and his assistant architect, Douglas Lee, went one better: They built an entire architect-designed, self-sufficient town that had everything a person needed to live. Don Mills was not a suburb nor was it never intended to be.

"Don Mills is now wrapped into the suburbs, [but] it still is like a New Town," Mr. Hancock says, adding that "it's degenerated recently" but "the people there still want to keep it the way it is."

And "the way it is" today and the way it was when it was conceived in 1952 is modern. Messrs. Hancock and Lee laid down the law early in planning their brave new town 12 kilometres northeast of downtown Toronto: If you want to build here — houses, factories, libraries, churches, banks and even the shopping centre — it had better meet with our approval or it doesn't get built.

Colour-palettes were prepared by Mr. Hancock's sister, Marjorie, a graduate of the Ontario College of Art (now OCAD) who "understood colour, she understood the relationship of one building to another," he explains.

If a builder didn't have an architect who could carry out Mr. Hancock's vision, one would be provided for him. To this end, Hancock and Lee amassed a stable of architects that would eventually become Canada's brightest stars. Names such as Peter Dickinson, James A. Murray, Henry Eliass, Irving Grossman and John C. Parkin (with the firm of John B. Parkin and Associates, no relation) all worked for Mr. Hancock at various stages.

John B. Parkin and Associates was so heavily involved in the Don Mills project that Mr. Hancock tried to persuade them to move their of-

fices to one of the designated industrial areas. At first, they thought it a strange idea: Why relocate a white-collar architectural practice to an industrial area? So, Mr. Hancock, always the persuader, told them: "This is a new kind of industry, it's pharmaceuticals, it's not where you have a foundry!" Shortly thereafter, the Parkin firm was located in Don Mills.

While the commercial heart was the shopping centre at Don Mills Road and Lawrence Avenue, each neighbourhood "quadrant" that bracketed it on every side had its own heart, too. Central to each was a school and a church in "every denomination we could think of," Mr. Hancock says.

Pedestrian pathways led from each neighbourhood quadrant back to the shopping centre, so that "you could go around your town without getting in the way of high-speed cars," he says, tracing imaginary lines on the table in front of him. Outside of the residential areas — with walkup apartments and row houses in addition to single-family dwellings for a true mixed-income community — were the industrial areas.

The hope was that you could both live and work in Don Mills, thereby preventing it from degenerating into just another bedroom community.

The final protective outer layer were the greenbelts: Wilket Creek to the west, a golf course and E.P. Taylor's Windfields Farm to the north, the Don Valley to the east and Flemingdon Farm to the south. These boundaries are much harder to see today, since Don Mills itself has been surrounded by developments on all sides. But when it was all crisp in the mid-1950s, it was as modern as jet travel and Mr. Hancock and Mr. Lee couldn't get it built fast enough to keep up with the demand.

"Canada suddenly flowered, it wanted to be modern, it didn't want to be ancient, it didn't want Victorian houses," Mr. Hancock says of the postwar period. "What it wanted was housing for the future that people could afford. And, affordable housing was the fundamental idea behind [Don Mills]."

"Mack was an idealist," says his former assistant, architect Douglas Lee. "He was also a humanist and a very socially conscious person and highly principled. He did not compromise a great deal and I think that's one of the reasons he achieved as much as he did." And, he added: "He loved Chinese food, and that couldn't be all bad."

SCENES FROM THE HOUSE DREAM. DAVID HOFFOS, VARIOUS ARTISTS

Art Gallery of Nova Scotia

To Feb. 13, 2005

At the Art Gallery of Nova Scotia, the coloured lights are up, there's garland in the atrium and come the weekend, they'll be overseeing hundreds of gum-dropped, sugary construction sites at their annual Gingerbread House Family Sunday.

The holiday spirit doesn't end there, though. The gallery is the recipient of the York Wilson Endowment Award, an annual award given exclusively to Canadian art museums or public galleries to assist with the purchase of an original artwork by a Canadian artist. The award is named after painter York Wilson (1907-1984) and is comprised of gifts totalling \$613,636 from his widow, Lela Wilson, and the late Maxwell Henderson. The \$20,000 prize money (drawn from the returns of the endowment) is intended to "significantly enhance [a museum's] collection," and is to be paid directly to the artist or their dealer, should they happen to have representation.

The AGNS is using the prize money to purchase David Hoffos's *Scenes From the House Dream, phase Two: 65 Footers*, a two-channel installation that uses glass, mirrors, three television monitors, two VCRs, tables, a miniature model and a framed glass portal to create a miniature, dreamlike world.

While his addition to the gallery's permanent collection is cause for celebration, there is more. As Spalding explains, "This marks the first time that the York Wilson has been awarded for a multi-media piece." Until now, the seven-year-old award has only ever been given to painters and sculptors, as was originally intended. As a diehard film, video and installation artist, Hoffos is anything but.

"I guess it was a bit of a coup," he admits over the phone from Calgary, where he lives and works. "The gallery had to do a bit of work to convince the jury, the Canada Council and the York Wilson Endowment committee that going outside the original boundaries of the prize would be something worth doing."

National Post

Dec 16/04.

McLuhan: A Family Tradition

By Peter Budnick

Eric McLuhan, son of renowned Marshall McLuhan, is in love with thinking. He writes about his thoughts on subjects that dangle on the razor's edge of relevancy, fascinating those who still hunger for revelation and understanding. His latest book, entitled *The Dance of the Ages*, on the obscure topic of kinetic aspects of static art, created by Egyptians 3,500 years ago, is typical of his mental exploration.

Having exposed the substance of his new work, he says to me, "Did you know that watching colour television could be more fatiguing than watching black and white television?"

"What's that got to do with Egyptian art?" I asked puzzled.

"Well," he said, "communication is the basis of social interaction. Style, technique, technology, and vantage point enable communication".

I thought I was starting to get the message, but I was still floating in a cloud of mystical bewilderment. Eric, it appears was leapfrogging his father's celebrated principle of "the medium is the message". He was telling me that the same medium can be delivering different messages and have a different impact on the mind.

Eric McLuhan is a popular University Professor of English. He does not restrict himself to lectures on literature. He conducts experiments with his students to reveal how technology can influence perception.

During the recently televised Presidential debates in the United States, he divided his class into two groups. One group watched the debates on television and the other group restricted themselves to only hearing the debates without watching the participants on the television screen. Eric was demonstrating to his students how the same medium could deliver radically different messages, depending on the vantage point.

Fascinated, I sat with Eric, in a mutual friend's cluttered living room. We discussed topics such as religion, politics, science, and even mythology. With Eric's clarifications and explanations, I began to appreciate our complex, threatening world in a comfortable, simpler, even amusing light. Our friend's living room started taking on the aspect of a very ordered space.

I could not help but smile and envision this profound, exciting personality, clad as a precocious leprechaun, gleefully dancing around a glimmering pot of gold. This leprechaun was not interested in concealing his intellectual treasures, but was very eager to share them with me and the whole world.

Eric was born into a family of six children. His upbringing was secure, loving and always stimulating. His mother, Corinne, a talented actress and theatrical director, chose to place herself in her husband's shadow, when Marshall McLuhan's star lit up the heavens and he even appeared as himself in Woody Allen movies.

Corinne's retreat from the limelight was made willingly but not silently. At the age of 94, she is still fond of pronouncements such as "behind every successful man is an astonished woman".

Marshall, on the other hand, was known to respond with, "Hell hath no fury like a woman playing second fiddle".

Eric McLuhan continues the family tradition with his startling, twisted humour, penetrating intellect, and mind-bending ideas. I'm compelled to read everything Eric McLuhan has ever elevated to the printed form.

*Toronto Waterfront Magazine,
November / December 2004.*

Celebrating McLuhan

A U of T professor and a longtime benefactor of the university have created a new graduate scholarship in honour of one of U of T's truly "great minds."

Derrick de Kerckhove, director of the McLuhan Program in Culture and Technology, and Michael Paine of Belmont, Mass., have contributed \$25,000 each to create the McLuhan-de Kerckhove-Paine Ontario Graduate Scholarship in the Faculty of Information Studies.

The university matched the contributions, and the province of Ontario will double-match the income, to yield a \$15,000 annual award for a student pursuing a master's or PhD in information studies.

Marshall McLuhan taught English at St. Michael's College for more than 30 years, and devised the theory that the way we receive information is crucial to how we perceive and interpret it; hence "the medium is the message." A resurgence of interest in his work began in the mid-1990s, with the rise of the Internet and other digital technologies.

"We've gone through the end of print and are into the ascendancy of the computer," says Paine. "McLuhan explained that form itself was a result of print and that as we move to the new medium, we will have to reinvent form." He hopes the new scholarship will give more students the opportunity to consider McLuhan's provocative ideas. — Cameron Taylor

*U of T Magazine
Winter 2005.*

Constitutional Odyssey

Can Canadians Become a Sovereign People?
Third Edition

Peter H. Russell (#14)

Constitutional Odyssey is an account of the politics of making and changing Canada's constitution from Confederation to the present day. Peter H. Russell frames his analysis around two contrasting constitutional philosophies – Edmund Burke's conception of the constitution as a set of laws and practices incrementally adapting to changing needs and societal differences, and John Locke's ideal of a Constitution as a single document expressing the will of a sovereign people as to how they are to be governed.

The first and second editions of *Constitutional Odyssey*, published in 1992 and 1993 respectively, received wide-ranging praise for their ability to inform the public debate. This third edition continues in that tradition. Russell adds a new preface, and a new chapter on constitutional politics since the defeat of the Charlottetown Accord in 1993. He also looks at the 1995 Quebec Referendum and its fallout, the federal Clarity Act, Quebec's Self-Determination Act, the Agreement on Internal Trade, the Social Union Framework Agreement and the Council of the Federation, progress in Aboriginal self-determination such as Nunavut and the Nisga'a Agreement, and the movement to reduce the democratic deficit in parliamentary government.

Comprehensive and eminently readable, *Constitutional Odyssey* is as important as ever.

Peter H. Russell is a university professor emeritus in the Department of Political Science at the University of Toronto.

Approx. 360 pp / 6 x 9 / September 2004

2 tables

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The following excerpt is from the foreword to *I Brought the Ages Home*, by Charles T. Currelly, the first director of the Royal Ontario Museum of Archaeology. The book is now available in a fine edition (ROM, 2004) to commemorate the 90th anniversary of the opening of the Museum.

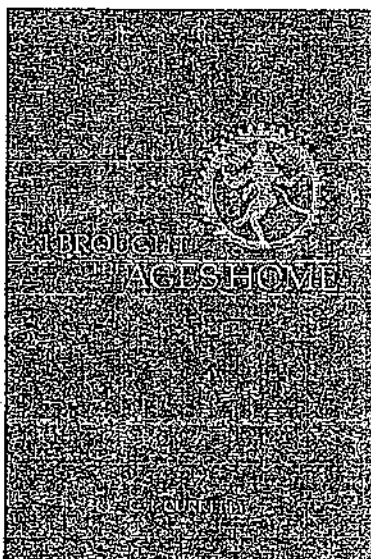
AS A CHILD, Currelly visited what could have been called Toronto's "Museum in the Tower," a sampling of artifacts and specimens housed in the central tower, and west hall, of the University of Toronto's University College. The exhibits impressed the schoolboy and he lingered to study them. Born in the western Ontario village of Exeter, on January 11, 1876, he also showed a keen interest in the work of village artisans—the blacksmith, the wheelwright, the tanner—eager to understand what things were made of, and how they were made.

In 1894, he entered Toronto's Victoria University, graduating in 1898 to serve as a Methodist missionary in Dauphin, Manitoba. With a district of 750 square miles within his jurisdiction, he travelled by horseback through "high willow and poplar scrub," often at subarctic temperatures or during mosquito infestations, always with a keen eye for local detail and colour, observing and recounting everything from the beadwork techniques of the Saulteaux to ancient Galician house-building methods transplanted from the Carpathian Mountains.

By 1900, he was back in Toronto to do postgraduate work in theology. A serendipitous trip to the British Museum led to his being invited to work with the famed Egyptian archaeologist Sir Flinders Petrie and in turn to join the staff of the Egypt Exploration Fund. A second auspicious event solidified his future. University of Toronto Chancellor Nathanael

Burwash, on learning of the fledgling archaeologist's appointment, remarked: "This is our chance to start a museum in the university."

Currelly's course over the next years was remarkable, not only in terms of the wealth of artifacts and



specimens he would acquire, but also in terms of his adventures—across oceans, deserts, and mountains, through villages and cities. His story is on an epic scale, replete with panoramic vistas and a cast of thousands. He encounters the superstitions and lore of local peoples—the terror of vampires, the dangers of sleeping near bewitched springs, even fear among villagers that he may be the prophesied enchanter. In his mingling he must accommodate local custom to accept with, if not delight, at least not with revulsion, the delicacy of a freshly plucked sheep's eye rolled in fat. Sometimes he is simply bewildered. When he advises an American clergyman's wife that her scarab is a forgery, she replies: "Oh, no. I bought it from my donkey boy, who said he stole it from your excavation, and he has such an honest face

that I am sure he could not have been lying."

In his accounts of fieldwork, the past sometimes rushes into the present unexpectedly, even horrifically. In Egypt, a worker finds a mummified hand, which upon removal of the wraps reveals "seven gold and jewelled bracelets on the wrist, the earliest worked jewellery that has been found in Egypt. It was the hand of the Queen of Zer." By contrast, the exquisite girl queen, Henhenet, is unveiled perfectly preserved, her beauty unspoiled, transcendent across time.

As the first director of the Royal Ontario Museum of Archaeology, Dr. Currelly worked tirelessly to build both the international and Canadian collections. His association with art dealer George Crofts and Bishop William White led to the ROM's celebrated Chinese collections. His friendship with pioneering Canadian ethnologist and folklorist Marius Barbeau resulted in the iconic Haida and Nisga'a crest poles, a superb collection of Northwest Coast native art, and the foundations of the ROM's collection of early French-Canadian furniture—the most significant outside Quebec. In a museum career that spanned half a century, he oversaw the opening of the original yellow-brick ROM of 1914, running north to south alongside Philosophers' Walk and the Great Stone Longhouse of 1933, on Queen's Park, retiring in 1946 at age 70. Through it all, his respect for antiquities was reverential: "Seeing and touching these marvels of the past was so great that I had a feeling one ought to fast, or to make some peculiar preparation before handling such priceless objects."

—Glen Ellis

Head of Publications
Royal Ontario Museum

News from the Archives

April 2005



Colin Vaughan behind 12 Wychwood Park. Photo by Peter Zimberg for *Toronto Life*, April 1970.
The present third floor dormer was added in 1994.

Marmaduke Matthews (#6), founder of Wychwood Park, died in 1913. His son-in-law, Ambrose Goodman (#4), held mortgages on the remaining Matthews lands, and he assumed ownership. In 1918 he sold the lot at #12 to Annie Douglas, who had the house built for herself and two other occupants. In 1920 the house was sold to Joseph Patterson (1855-1926). After his death, his widow Margaret sold, in 1929, to civil engineer Charles Bull (1893-1964), his wife Helen (1896-1963) and daughter Naomi.

Following Charles' death, his estate sold the property to Colin Vaughan (1931-2000), his wife Annette (1931-1996), and their children Polly, Adam and Annabel. Newspaper obituaries for Colin and Nettie follow. After Nettie decided to sell #12 and return to Australia, a Farewell to Wychwood party was held at #6A on October 26, 1993. With words by Sue Russell (#14) and rousing piano

accompaniment by Connie Sword (#8), *Ode to Annette* was sung lustily by the big throng, to the tune of *Waltzing Matilda*. The words follow, and I'm sure that old-timers will enjoy singing the song again and thinking of Nettie.

Nettie served as secretary and then president of the Ratepayers Association, and a thick file of her papers is in the Archives. During the frequent meetings in the early years of the heritage designation process, I was constantly impressed by her tenacity and especially by her prodigious memory -- she did not need to take notes and could reproduce conversations verbatim weeks later!

Nettie sold the house to lawyer Justin Connidis and photographer Julia McArthur, who launched a basement-to-attic renovation. They were active in the Heritage Advisory Committee and Ratepayers respectively. Last summer Justin & Julia sold #12 and moved back to Kingston, where they had both graduated from Queen's University.

Justin is president of the Quebec and Maritimes division of Clublink, Canada's largest developer of high-end golf courses, and he is a sessional lecturer at the Queen's Faculty of Law. In May 2002, Julia mounted an exhibition of her photographs, *Figures of Justice*, at the UofT Faculty of Law building, the magnificent former home of Sir Joseph Flavelle, on Queen's Park Crescent south of the ROM. In the richly panelled reception room to the right of the foyer, the vaulted Art Nouveau ceiling was designed by Gustav Hahn (#15).

The lucky new owner of #12 is Andrea Sauder, and her children Nate and Dora. Welcome to the Park!

The photo on Page 1 appeared in a 6-page article in Toronto Life magazine written by James Purdie, a tenant in the upper duplex unit at #96. Depicted in other photos were Douglas Ambridge (#19), Charles Murray (#4A), Clare Mazzolini (#69), John, Janet and Harriet Barnes (#6), and the ballroom at #16.

The above is one in a series of house histories. The stories of #2-10 appeared in previous issues. Any corrections or additional information would be greatly appreciated.

HISTORY OF THE TENNIS COURT by Keith Miller (#108)

The tennis court, and an adjacent grass badminton court to the south, were designed by my grandmother Elsie Owen [#49] and Mary Wrinch [#81]. This would have been done around the time that the ravine was filled after flooding and Taddle Creek was piped underground. I had always been

led to believe that it was about 1922, but recalling that Granny was giving birth to Ivon in 1923, 1924 or 1925 seems more reasonable.

Fill for the court and much of the ravine and roadbeds was cinders mixed with unburnt garbage. Many is the time that I have dug through great pits of ashes, wires, broken bottles, etc., both in #49's lower ravine and under the tennis court during renovations in the early 1980s. The court had a great depression on the southwest side and the workmen dug a trench 8 feet deep and 6 feet wide in an effort to find a crack in the piping, but to no avail. No pipe was found, just bottles: booze or medicine and an A-1 Sauce bottle, and the trench slowly filled with water. Many bags of cement were dumped into this trench which was then filled and a new surface placed over the whole court. Within a couple of years the depression in the same place began to appear and collect a huge pool of rainwater. Taddle Creek does not appreciate efforts to mess with it!

Long after Mary Wrinch's and my grandmother's involvement and under my father's direction, leadership and drive, the Tennis Committee was founded around 1947. Money was raised from residents to change the surface from cinders to a mixture of bentonite (clay), crushed limestone, and a bit of cement powder. Lines were tape, held in place with 6 or 8 inch nails. Every spring the Park residents would turn out to resurface the court, mixing the blend of ingredients and carting them in wheelbarrows onto the surface, where it would be raked and smoothed, watered and rolled and the lines marked out and fastened in place. This was the forerunner of the Park Clean-Up Day.

I don't know how successful the badminton court became. I suspect its popularity was short-lived. Eventually this area became a practice court for children to learn on. First there was a tall plywood backboard painted an olive drab with a white line across it at net height. It was up against the foot of the hill below #15 and was provided by Nicky Fodor [#110]. This created such a terrible noise that the Symons [#106] complained bitterly to the Trustees. It was a frightful repetitive banging of tennis balls against the wall and echoing around the ravine. I couldn't tell how many tens of thousands of hits I contributed to the cacophony . . . just that I "played" my part!

Under the direction of Nicky Fodor, the wooden board was replaced with a concrete block wall with

a more permanent surface of asphalt placed in front of it. This toned the noise level down considerably but only slightly lessened the complaints from across the road. Fortunately Sy was getting deaf and Marion ventured out less and less, resolving some of the "acoustics" of the situation.

The heaving and hoing of the ground underneath the concrete wall caused it to tilt more and more to the east and eventually it toppled. Interest in its use had waned and subsequently Kerr Gibson [#91] recycled the concrete blocks into steps which he built on the east side of the court.

Keith recently donated a CD containing 658 mostly historical Park images and I have printed a big selection. Included are several of players on the tennis court, beginning with a 1928 photo of his grandmother Elsie and his Aunt Sheila enjoying a game. Another image shows the original work shed, before Philip Stockwood (#18) built the present one.

ODDS AND ENDS

Women of Wychwood: Monday, April 11, 3-5, at Ilse's, #54. New residents especially are invited to drop in for a cup of tea and a chat. Bring your babies if you wish.

Sewer Repairs: The surveyors have begun work. The trustees will let us know the timetable as soon as they know.

Free Firewood: By #20, across the road from #26. Must be removed promptly.

Ontario Heritage Act: February 6 marked the 30th anniversary of the passing of the act. In 1975 Peter Russell (#14) and Keith Miller (#108) studied the new statute and floated the idea that

Part V, dealing with heritage conservation districts, might be a way of protecting the Park from unwelcome development. Ten years later, the Park became Toronto's first residential HCD. Now there are more than 70 in the province, and others are under study. Bill 60, amending the original act to, among other things, give municipalities more power to prevent demolition of heritage buildings, was introduced last April but has yet to receive third reading. If you are concerned about this delay, get after the premier, Culture Minister Madeleine Meilleur, our MPP Michael Bryant, or any other Liberal MPP with whom you may have a connection.

Local Info: Google has a new website at google.com/maps. Enter your street address (with "Toronto") and click Local Search. Enter e.g. "daycare" and you will be given a map of local daycare centres, their phone numbers, and their distances from your address. Enter another address and you will be given a route from your address to there. Try addresses in other cities! Another local website is mystclair.com.

Correction: The well-researched article on the back page appears to be accurate, except that the original owner of #67 was not the banker and philanthropist Sir Edmund Walker, but his son Dr. Edmund Walker. Also, re the penultimate paragraph, the Walker children were Cynthia, Edmund, Elinor and Mary. Keith's old photos of #67 show the house before the east balcony was enclosed and two of the Walker children.

Star, April 2/05

'What we have here is Big Science' Comes after years of budget cutbacks

OLIVIA WARD
FEATURE WRITER

Behind the glass-and-concrete walls of a sprawling complex in central Toronto, some of the world's leading detectives are working on mysteries so profound that the answers may mean life or death for billions of people around the globe.

They are the 5,000 medical research scientists dedicated to investigations ranging from arcane biochemical formulae to the organization of the atoms of human life.

Some work with rats, others

with intricate metal robots; some scrutinize computer screens, others traditional test tubes. But what they have in common is a driving desire for discovery—and the good luck to find themselves in 21st-century Toronto.

"Toronto is extraordinarily advantaged now," says Mel Silverman, a vice-president of the Canadian Institute for Advanced Research.

"People are collaborating, working together, discovering new connections all the time. It's easier to recruit people, and

Gairdner prize

Exclusive: Two Canadian scientists considered pioneers in the understanding of human memory are among those honoured by the Gairdner Foundation with its prestigious medical awards. Story A24

the ones here want to stay. The size and power of the University of Toronto can't be ignored. What we have here is Big Science."

The city has reached "critical

> Please see Research, A23

mass," Silverman points out, because it has packaged the elements that attract world-class scientists.

"It has a cluster of very powerful hospital research institutes, which are independent yet work like teaching hospitals linked to the university, to create a health research complex that acts just like a magnet."

Toronto is now the fourth-largest biomedical complex in North America, with nine research institutes and annual research funding of \$400 million. In addition to the 5,000 faculty appointments in medical research, it hosts 2,000 graduate students and 1,100 post-doctoral and clinical fellows.

Television reporter Vaughan loved a good scrap

Enjoyed exposing hypocrisy in political area

BY MARK GOLLOM

Tributes, sympathy cards and faxes continue to pour into the Citytv newsroom for Colin Vaughan, the popular, in-your-face political reporter who died of an apparent heart attack just hours after celebrating the new millennium with his family.

"We've had an unbelievable amount of phone calls and faxes," said Stephan Hurlbut, station vice-president and general manager. "We're devastated. Not only have we lost a great journalist but we lost a very, very dear friend. He was a mentor to many people in the newsroom. We built the place around him."

Mr. Vaughan, 68, had prepared and enjoyed a lavish French meal with his family on New Year's Eve and watched the millennial fireworks being broadcast from Sydney, Australia — his place of birth — and Paris, France, one of his favourite cities, before going to bed.

"He called me New Year's Eve boasting that the best fireworks for the millennium were from Sydney," said Mr. Hurlbut. "It's such a terrific image that his last night he did everything he loved with people he cared for. For 30 years Colin had been bringing up the millennium. I'm so happy he got to see it."

Mr. Vaughan, who also had a successful career in architecture and politics, was best known for his sometimes abrasive journalistic style that often clashed with politicians. He enjoyed exposing hypocrisy in the political arena, Mr. Hurlbut said.

"One of the characteristics of Australians is that authority is to be respected. And the best way to respect it is to challenge it," said

his son Adam, a reporter for CBC-TV.

Mel Lastman, the mayor, said, "Nobody could come up with the questions that Colin Vaughan came up with."

"He came up with the most outrageous questions you could ever imagine but these are the questions that people wanted answered."

With his political background, he often transcended the role of objective journalist, imbuing his strong views on the story of the day.

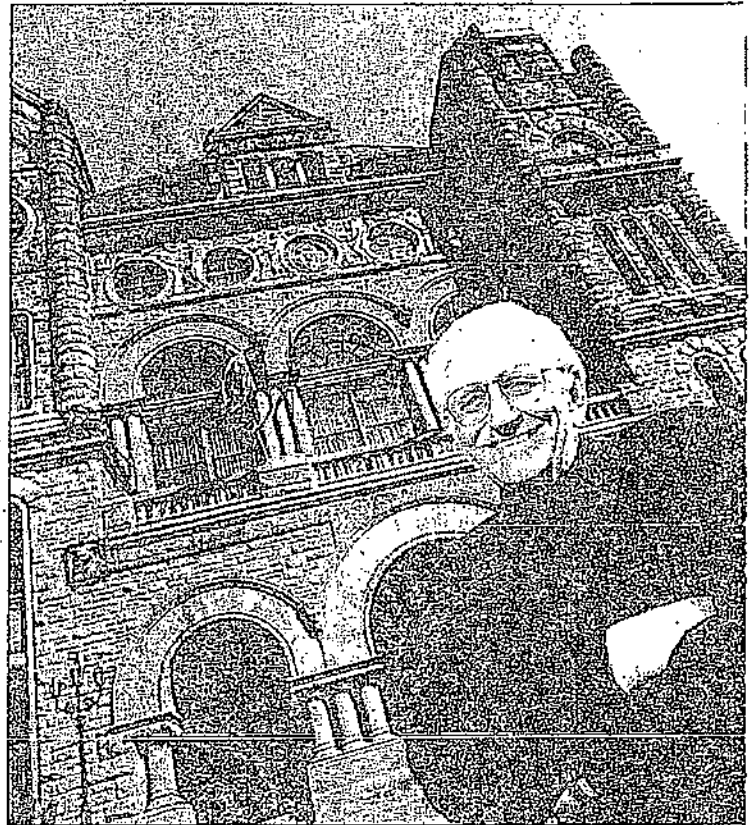
"It's not the licence you would give to everybody," Mr. Hurlbut said. "Colin had a history and a depth of credibility behind him. We were completely comfortable with him being himself, with his own views and his own take of the story. I'm sure he was not on everyone's Christmas card list but he certainly was on ours."

Born in Sydney, Australia, Mr. Vaughan was an avid sportsman who excelled in swimming, water polo and sailing. He later received a degree in architecture.

His plan was to settle in Boston. But a longshoreman's strike diverted his boat from its original destination of San Francisco to Vancouver. From there, he took a train across Canada and settled in Montreal where he met a number of fellow Australians, including his future wife, Nettie.

He later moved to Toronto, becoming part of the firm Robbie, Vaughan & Williams, and was responsible for designing a number of buildings that dot the cityscape including the interior of the O'Keefe Centre (now the Hummingbird Centre). His firm was also responsible for the Canadian pavilion at Expo '67.

Architecture led to a natural interest in city politics and urban planning, and in the 1960s Mr. Vaughan began advocating against "bad architecture and bad planning." He became part of a reform movement, along with future Toronto mayors John Sewell



Colin Vaughan, 68, Citytv political reporter, died on New Year's Day.

and David Crombie, that fought against the Spadina Expressway — a highway he believed would gut the neighbourhood, turning it into an American-style slum.

He extended his advocacy into politics and became a city councillor for two terms (1972-76). As a city councillor, he helped create public housing and, as chair of the Core Area Task Force, helped develop the new downtown plan.

"He didn't support aspects of the downtown plans that I did," said David Crombie, a former Toronto mayor. "But since we came from the same political experience in the activist days we probably differed on only a couple of lyrics and the odd movement, but the general symphony we agreed on."

In 1977, he was approached by Moses Znaimer, president and executive producer of Citytv, to

report on politics for his new station. Mr. Znaimer wanted someone to bring some credibility and stature to a group of young, inexperienced journalists.

For 23 years he covered all levels of politics. He also wrote for *Toronto Life* and *The Globe and Mail*.

"He's the most brilliant combination of passion and intellect I'll ever bear witness to," said Adam Vaughan.

"You couldn't bullshit him. You had to deal with him. You had to be ready for it. If you weren't, that wasn't his fault."

Mr. Vaughan leaves his companion, Patricia Marson, and her five children, his former partner Susan Walker and their four children, and three children he had with Nettie, his late wife.

National Post, with files from The Canadian Press

Post, Jan 3/00

OBITUARIES

Nettie Vaughan, 64, championed legal aid

By NICOLAAS VAN RIJN
STAFF REPORTER

As an immigrant, far from her childhood hearth, Nettie Vaughan turned to her community for family and home.

The result was a passionately committed woman, a loyal friend who for years was known as the matriarch of Wychwood Park, and an advocate who campaigned to provide the poor with legal aid.

"Coming from outside the country, without her own family around her, the community became her extended family," her son Adam said.

"Her philosophy was that you treated members of the community like members of your family, and she never stopped caring."

Mrs. Vaughan, 64, died Sunday in the Salvation Army Grace Hospital after a lengthy struggle with cancer.

"Nettie was an outstanding



NETTIE VAUGHAN

person with unusual ability," said Andrew Lawson, the founding director of the Ontario Legal Aid Plan, where Mrs. Vaughan worked in the 1970s setting up community legal aid clinics.

"She had a heart of gold, with

a genuine concern for other people."

Ross Irwin, the legal aid plan's clinic funding manager and now executive officer at Osgoode Hall Law School, remembered Mrs. Vaughan as one who "cared passionately about social justice and about the provision of legal services for low-income people."

That drove her in her job as systems administrator, he said, where she was instrumental in establishing storefront legal aid clinics across Ontario.

Mary Jane Mossman, a professor of law at Osgoode Hall Law School who worked with Mrs. Vaughan, recalled her as "a wonderful person."

"She had an unmatched vitality, a gift for deciding that something needed to be done and then going for it," Mossman said.

Colin Vaughan, an architect, former Toronto alderman and

now Citytv's political reporter, remembered his former wife as "a remarkable woman, full of energy and enthusiasm, easily the most dogged person I've ever met."

"If she had a task to do, she would take it through to the end. If she made up her mind she was going to do something, she did it."

Born in Australia, Nettie Nihil toured Europe and continued on to Canada, where she settled in Montreal and worked as an audio technician, splicing commercials into hockey radio broadcasts.

She met Vaughan there, and after their marriage the two moved to Toronto where she worked in advertising and fell in love with her community of Wychwood Park, in the Bathurst St.-Davenport Rd. area.

"When the Spadina Expressway came up in the 1960s and early '70s," Vaughan said, "she

saw this as a threat to her communities, both Wychwood Park and the communities of downtown Toronto.

"And she fought to stop it."

Her son Adam said: "She was there for everyone, all generations."

"In her final years, members of every generation — the range was kids of 10 to grandparents in their 80s — dropped by to visit on her front porch, to talk about the world and their place in it."

Mrs. Vaughan also leaves two daughters, Polly and Annabel, grandson Kieran, and sister Trish Davey in Melbourne, Australia.

A private cremation service was held yesterday, with a reception for friends, associates and former neighbors at 2 p.m. Sunday at 6A Wychwood Park, near Davenport Rd. and Christie St.

AN ODE TO ANNETTE

Refrain:

Waltzing Annettie, waltzing Annettie,
You'll come a-waltzing Annettie with me,
In your house and your garden and all around our Wychwood Park,
You'll come a-waltzing Annettie with me

Once a jolly Ozzie jumped onto a sailing ship
Landed here in Canada as happy as can be
She settled in Toronto there to raise a family
You'll come a waltzing Annettie with me

Refrain

Said g'bye to Melbourne and so-long to all her mates*
Never more to see a Coolibah tree
Nor the jolly jumbuck* drinking at the billabong*
You'll come a-waltzing Annettie with me

Refrain

Then came the children, Polly, Adam, Annabel,
Playing 'neath the spreading old oak tree
Municipal elections she fought with all her heart and soul
You'll come a-waltzing Annettie with me.

Refrain

CELA called, she answered, helped to keep our world so green,
Now she works at Legal Aid tirelessly,
There she will stay 'cause they can't get on if she is gone
You'll come a-waltzing Annettie with me.

Refrain

Many skills has Nettie, tennis is but one of them,
Challenging the best of the Wychwood company
And she taught and she coached and she played with young and old
alike,
You'll come a-waltzing Annettie with me.

Refrain

Holidays at Six-mile Lake, Eagle Lake and Georgian Bay,
Sailing races, catching bass, picnics in the lea,
Where you never wear a cozzie* to take a dip in waters cool
You'll come a-waltzing Annettie with me.

Refrain

Wychwood Park is here for her, never more to see some change
Thanks to our Nettie's formidable lead
And she ships and she rakes and she hears the songs of birds and
bees,
You'll come a-waltzing Annettie with me

Refrain

Say g'bye to our Ozzie mite*, you won't be forgotten here,
Your legacy lives on in our homes and our trees.
The Symbiosis of your life here with all of life in Wychwood Park
We celebrate to-night with your Wychwood family

Waltzing Annettie, Waltzing Annettie
You'll come a-waltzing Annettie with me
In your house and your garden and all around our Wychwood Park
You'll come a-waltzing Annettie with me.

* mates

* sheep

* pond

* bathing costume

IN MEMORIAM

Joy King-Wilson lived at #20 before she was married. After the death of her father James Creyk, her mother Vera was remarried, to David Sykes, sales manager of Batten Ross & Co. Joined by son Hugh Sykes, the family of four lived at #20 in the late 1940s. Joy found her neighbour a few doors to the east to her liking, and in 1953 she married Patrick King-Wilson, son of Dr. Norman King-Wilson of #8. **Janet Barber** was the wife of David Barber, who grew up with his sister Beverley at #100. Their parents, Herbert & Ethel Barber, built the house in 1927 and owned the property until their deaths in 1962 and 1961 respectively. **Nan Richmond** was a sister of John Gilchrist, late of #10. She was the last of the Gilchrist children, who grew up at #6A. Her sister Betty was born in 1916, Nan in 1919, and John in 1922. A history of #6A and the Gilchrists appeared in the last issue. Thanks to Mary Jane Baillie for providing the first two notices. Mary Jane lives in the former "Sykes House" and had an artist studio in the attic of the former "Barber House".



JOY DONNA KING-WILSON
(NEE CREYK)
MAY 10TH, 1919 -
MARCH 18TH, 2005

Joy's daughter Norma sorrowfully announces the death of her dearly loved mother. Joy was born on May 10th, 1919 to Vera and James Creyk in Toronto, a sad yet joyous day for Vera as her husband James, Joy's father, had died in November 1918 of Influenza. Joy attended Northern Secondary and the Bishop Strachan School before serving in Washington D.C. during the Second World War for four years. Joy returned to Toronto and married James Patrick King-Wilson at Timothy Eaton Church on Guy Fawkes Day, November 5, 1953. Joy and Patrick had two children, Norma in 1955 and John in 1957. After her divorce Joy went to work for her mother, Vera at Shoppe d'Or Ltd. at 119 Yorkville Avenue, which her mother founded in 1945. Joy retired from Shoppe d'Or Ltd. on July 1, 1987 Canada Day and drove herself at the tender age of 67, all the way across the country to Victoria, alone. A feat

she was exceedingly proud of and which gave her daughter many anxious days. Joy had a marvelous house with fabulous gardens that she tended with love and peacefulness for 16 years on the incomparably beautiful Vancouver Island in Broadmead, Victoria, British Columbia. Her home was a safe haven and filled with friends from near and far, young and old. Joy moved to the Lodge at Broadmead in August 2001 after a series of health issues. Joy leaves her daughter Norma Victoria King-Wilson, her son John William King-Wilson, her beloved cousin Marilyn Piddington, Pasadena, California, her brother Hugh Sykes of Victoria, British Columbia and her step-children Marianne King-Wilson (Dr. Roger Gould) of Parry Sound, ON; Pamela King-Wilson, Vancouver, BC; Susan King-Wilson (Chas) Vancouver, BC; James King-Wilson, England; also her friends in Broadmead - Connie MacGregor and Sheila and Bill Chauven. Extremely heartfelt thanks to all the caregivers of the Lodge at Broadmead and to Jean Muir, all love and gratitude. The family will receive friends at the HUMPHREY FUNERAL HOME - A. W. MILES CHAPEL, 1403 Bayview Avenue (south of Eglinton Avenue East), from 2-4 p.m. and 7-9 p.m. on Wednesday, March 23rd. A funeral service will be held at Grace Church-on-the-Hill, 300 Lonsdale Avenue, Toronto, at 10 o'clock on Thursday, March 24th. Interment Mount Pleasant Cemetery. In Joy's memory and in memory of all those who have served our country, please send donations to the Tillicum and Veterans Care Society at The Lodge at Broadmead, 4579 Chatterton Way, Victoria, B.C. V8X 4Y7.

JANET MARIE BARBER (NEE HART)

Born 29 August, 1916 in Toronto. Died peacefully in Toronto 30 March, 2005. Predeceased by her first born son, David and by her brother Ronald Hart. Survived by her husband David Campbell Barber, and four children,



Kathleen (Vancouver), Bridget (Ottawa), Michael (Toronto) and John and daughter-in-law Cathrin Bradbury (Toronto). Cherished by six grandchildren: Janet and Stephanie, David and Bridget, Kelly and Mary. The daughter of Edna (Cromarty) and Ronald Hart of Toronto, Janet was educated at Havergal College and University of Toronto, from which she graduated with a degree in art history in 1937, despite the sudden death of her father at the height of the depression, and the loss of her younger sister Kathleen. Like her mother, who rescued the family by becoming one of Toronto's first real estate saleswomen, Janet was a true wayfaring soul, a woman of tremendous vitality, purpose and style who made an indelible impression on all who met her. A vision of elegance throughout her life, with a straight-stemmed briar pipe clamped in her mouth for too much of it, Janet was also a natural executive and committed volunteer. In the early 1950's, she and David led the initiative to expand and rebuild the Art Gallery of Hamilton, where Janet worked as first President of the Women's Committee. Moving to Toronto in 1960, she re-directed her formidable energy to the Art Gallery of Ontario, again becoming President of the Women's Committee. But Janet's greatest talent was people. Her conservative background always surrendered to her love of character and delight in entertaining. Impeccably well-mannered and

compulsively hospitable, she collected devoted admirers from every walk of life and half a dozen countries. Her house in Toronto and the family cottage in Muskoka were always filled with flowers, art and creative people drawn magnetically to the lively doyenne with a pipe in her mouth. For all her natural liberality, however, Janet, whose life was anchored by 63 years of devotion to her husband David, clung tenaciously to her core beliefs in family, civic duty and Christian love. She never shied from work of any sort and never hesitated to reach out and help others. She was the unbudgeable rock of loyalty and good sense to which her entire extended family clung in times of trouble. Even in Janet's last decade, clouded by the effects of a debilitating stroke, her new friends at Selectacare and Belmont House recognized her as an extraordinary woman of great character. She died with lithographs by Jack Bush and Marc Chagall over her bed and angels all around. Friends were received by the family on Monday, April 4 at Morley Bedford Funeral Home, 159 Eglinton Avenue West (2 stoplights west of Yonge). A Memorial Service will be held today, Tuesday, April 5 at 1 p.m. at Timothy Eaton Memorial Church, 230 St. Clair Avenue West (between Spadina and Avenue Roads). If desired, donations may be made to Belmont House Foundation (416-964-9231 x0)

RICHMOND, Anne (Nan) Edgar (nee Gilchrist) — Peacefully, on Sunday, April 3, 2005 after a long illness. Loving wife of Robert Dick Richmond. Mother of Robin (Patrick) Mars and George (Heather); Grandmother of Anthea and Euan Mars (Anne), Diana, Ian (Deanna) and John Richmond. Great grandmother of Griffin Mars. A graveside service to be held for family at the Ayr Cemetery on Wednesday at 11 a.m. A Memorial Service will be held at the Turner & Porter York Chapel, 2357 Bloor Street West, at Windermere, east of the Jane subway, on Wednesday, April 6, 2005 at 2 p.m. In lieu of flowers, donations may be made to the CNIB, 1629 Bayview Avenue, Toronto, Ontario, M4G 3E8 or to the Lions Club, Sundridge, Ontario, POA 120.

Local discovered rare bug

Called it a 'living fossil' - BY JEANNE HOPKINS

Each Christmas, Sir Edmund Walker took time from his busy life to design and draw Christmas cards for his friends. A gnarled cherry tree (which was on his property until 1988) was often the subject of his cards and a book he wrote, *The Crooked Cherry Tree*.

Edmund had really wanted to be an artist, but his father said that painting was all right as a hobby, but if he wanted to raise a family, he would need a real profession. So, he went on to become better known for his discovery of dozens of new insect species; a notable one being the Canadian ice-bug, known as the rock-crawler, part cricket, part cockroach, which he discovered at the bottom of an Alberta glacier.

Edmund Murton Walker was born in Windsor, Ontario, on October 5, 1877, the son of Byron Edmund and Mary Alexander Walker. His family later lived on St. George Street, north of Bloor, and it was there young Edmund spent many hours exploring the densely wooded Nordheimer Ravine and brooks in the area and at his family's cottage on Lake Simcoe.

By the age of ten, Edmund had amassed a large collection of dragonflies and diving beetles. At that time, entomology was one of the world's youngest sciences, so there was no future in that field.

He took his father's advice and studied medicine at the University of Toronto, graduating in 1903. But, biology and zoology won Walker's heart, and he became a lecturer.

By 1934, he was head of the University of Toronto's department of zoology and honorary curator of entomology at the Royal Ontario Museum where he developed its invertebrate collection in 1914. Even after his retirement, Edmund spent many days working at the museum, until illness forced him to leave. He was also a fellow of the Royal Society of Canada and of the Royal Entomology Society.

In June 1913, while he was mountain climbing in Alberta, he found a small green insect, an insect that had lived thousands of years ago in the low temperatures that existed in most of North America.

He knew he had made a scientific discovery and brought

some of the creatures back to Toronto, where he learned that they could only live on cakes of ice.

He made headlines and attracted the attention of scientists from around the world; scientists called it the "missing link bug," while the public called it the "Rocky Mountain ice-bug," and Edmund dubbed it a living fossil.

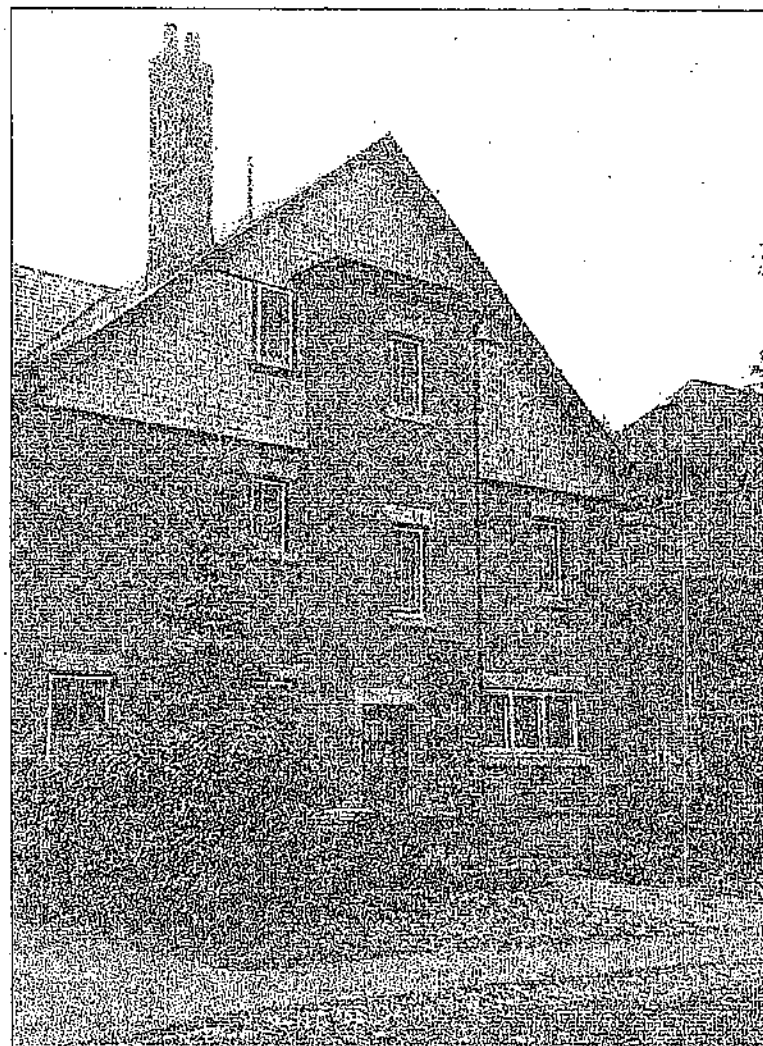
At the time of his discovery, he built a large house at 67 Alcina Ave., for his family. It overlooked a wooded valley and stream, near where his scientific career had begun.

During his career, he wrote and personally illustrated three books and many articles for popular and scientific periodicals.

Sir Edmund Walker died on February 14, 1969, leaving his wife, Norma Ford, and four children, Synthia, Edmund, Elimor and Mary (his first wife, Eleanora Walzel, had died in 1941).

Sir Edmund Walker is buried in Mount Pleasant Cemetery.

Jeanne Hopkins is the author of several books on the histories of Canada and Toronto and also serves as Post CityMagazines' resident historian.



▲ Famed entomologist Sir Edmund Walker lived at 67 Alcina Ave.

Village Post, January 2005.

News from the Archives

September 2005



Rear addition at #14, built by the Senior family (photo February 1995). The door in the middle was added for the wedding of Don & Joan Harrison in June 1950, so that guests could proceed from the dining room to the garden without having to squeeze through the kitchen. The small windows and door at the left were replaced on both levels with large windows by the present owner in April 1996.

Marmaduke Matthews (#6), founder of Wychwood Park, died in 1913. His son-in-law, Ambrose Goodman (#4), held mortgages on the remaining Matthews lands, and he assumed ownership. In 1918 he sold the lot at #14 to contractor Arthur Whatmough, who built a number of houses in the Park. In 1919, the widow Annie Bentley, with two other residents, was listed in the assessment rolls as the owner. In 1920 she sold to lawyer Elmore Senior (1889-1937), and he and then his estate owned the property until 1945. Elmore's spouse Cecil (a woman) gave birth to Thomas in 1919, Harriett in 1921, and Doris in 1923. According to John Gilchrist (#10), Thomas died in 1942 in a rollover while driving a convertible belonging to the Morrows (#16). Doris married Imperial Oil executive Charles Sturdee (1911-2000). According to Doris, the Seniors bought #77 in 1930 and then rented out #14.

The Seniors had some interesting tenants. Stockbroker Donald Patterson and family sold #4 and rented #14, after he had served time in jail in 1928 for embezzlement. Later tenants were George

and Irene Langford, with children Frederic and Rowena. George (1898-1977), earlier a mining explorer in Canada and South America, was head of the geology department at UofT. Next came Rev. Robert and Mary (Gilchrist) Seaborn, with children Richard, Jane, John, Alan, and Michael.

Mary, a sister of John Gilchrist, had grown up at #6A. Robert served as army chaplain during World War II and was later appointed Archbishop of Newfoundland.

In 1945 the house was bought by William and Elizabeth (Wallace) Vaughan. Elizabeth, a sister of the late Bill Wallace (#77), had grown up at #38. In 1949 the Vaughans sold #14 to the widower Dr. Almon Fletcher, with adult daughters Laura, Margaret, Edith and Joan, who married Don Harrison. After the war, Dr. Fletcher (1889-1964) had collaborated with Dr. Wallace Graham (1906-1962) in medical research, founding the Canadian Arthritis and Rheumatism Society. Dr. Graham, his wife Kathleen (well-known painter K.M. Graham), and their children lived at #10 and later at #45.

Then came the Russells, in 1965. Peter's spouse Sewell (a woman) gave birth to Catherine in 1959, Mary in 1960, Barbara in 1962, and Alexander on January 18, 1965. Four days later, Sue asked Peter why he was late in arriving at the hospital. He replied that he had seen an ad in the Globe and Mail for #14 and had gone to look at it. Sue had already seen the same ad, and next day they submitted an offer, at the listing price. According to Sue, Joan Harrison had other offers, at or above the listing price, but she decided to sell to the Russells because he was a professor and they had four children. The Russells moved in on April 15, Mary's birthday. Sue was familiar with the Park as she had often walked through on her way to Oakwood Collegiate from her home on Balmoral Ave. She also knew the Bogart family (#4).

Peter was a professor of political science at UofT. From "The Best of Toronto" which appeared in the Toronto Life issue of November 1990: "Best Professor. . . Peter Russell is the acknowledged father of the political science study of law in Canada; he is the country's leading expert on the Supreme Court and the constitution. There's more, of course, but we should also note that his courses are always

oversubscribed and his students consistently grade him A+." Peter's entry in "Canadian Who's Who" appears later in these pages.

In April 1975 Peter suggested to former Park archivist Keith Miller (#108) that the new Ontario Heritage Act, Part V, might offer the possibility of protecting the Park from unsympathetic development. Ten years later the Park became Toronto's first residential Heritage Conservation District. A description of the long process, written by Peter, can be found in the Introduction to "The Green Book", a copy of which should be in all Park homes. If not, contact the Archives.

Sue (nee Jarvis) has interesting ancestors on both sides. Her great-great-great-grandfather, Colonel Stephen Jarvis (1756-1840) fought in the American Revolution and afterwards came to Canada as a United Empire Loyalist. His son, Sheriff William Botsford Jarvis, built the original house named "Rosedale" on the site of the present 9 Cluny Drive. Sue's great-grandfather, Edgar Jarvis (1835-1907) built "Glenhurst" in 1866, and it survives as part of Branksome Hall. Edgar pioneered the development of the present Rosedale community. He built the original Glen Road bridge and named several of the streets after family members, including Edgar, one of the prettiest streets, after himself. The book, *Jarvis Street*, 1980, outlining the successes and shenanigans of the colourful Jarvis family, was written by Austin Seton Thompson, whose aunt, Constance Austin, was the last resident of Spadina house. He also wrote *Spadina*, 1975, the history of his own family. A copy of each book may be borrowed from the Archives.

On the distaff side, Sue's great-great-great-grandfather Jonathan Sewell (b.1729), attorney general of Massachusetts, also became a U.E.L. His son Jonathan Jr., one of sixteen children and from whom Sue is descended, became chief justice of Lower Canada. Following in her forebears' tradition of public service, Sue was active on the ratepayers executive, in the PTA at Hillcrest School, and was the first president of the Oakwood Community School Association. In 1979 the Park sponsored a family of boat people from Vietnam, who moved into a small house, free of rent, which was owned by the Jones family of #4. Sue was their contact person for four years.

After the Russells moved to Rosedale, a farewell party was held at #17 on October 27, 1995. Not one but two songs were written by Connie Sword and Doug Lee and, with rousing piano accompaniment by Connie, were lustily sung by the assembled throng. First, to the tune of "Daisy, Daisy":

Sue and Peter,
Give us your answer true.
Do you miss us
As much as we're missing you?
In August you left us pining.
The owls cried Boo-hoo-oo.
The Wychwood trees,
With every breeze,
Turned all of their leaves to blue.

Rustle, rustle,
Squirrels are a-scurrying 'round.
'Coons pay visits
Nightly, without a sound.
They're looking for all the Russells
From Wychwood gone away.
The fish, the swans,
The ducks on the pond,
They no longer want to play.

Cheer up neighbours,
The Russells have not gone far.
We can reach them,
It's easy by foot or car.
And they will come back to visit,
Of that you can be sure.
Just have a bash
And promise a smash.
They'll come knocking at your door!

Then, to the tune of "Red River Valley":

From this valley we know you are going.
We're all here now to bid you "Adieu".
But remember the Taddle Creek Valley
Where your friends think so fondly of you.

When we sit in our gardens next summer,
We'll remember the gifts over years;
All your children, the music, the friendships,
And the parties, the shared cup that cheers.

We'll remember the hard work you gave us
To preserve all those things we hold dear,
Our history, our Park's conservation,
We'll continue as if you were here.

When you're up at your Georgian Bay cottage
With those clear nights and bright stars above,
Just remember your Taddle Creek neighbours,

And this place that we've all come to love.

The present lucky owner of #14 is Dolly Reisman, with her daughter Jesse, son Gabriel, and dog Caddy.

The above is one in a series of house histories. The stories of #2-12 appeared in previous issues. Any corrections or additional information would be greatly appreciated.

WYCHWOOD PARK NEWS REVIEW

Following is an excerpt from the issue of November 12, 1931. The typewritten newsletter, dealing mostly with social events and the comings and goings of Park residents, was produced by young contemporaries of John Gilchrist, who described himself as a cub reporter. The author of this piece is unidentified, but I am confident that the source would have been Captain Ernest Matthews (#6), long-time mentor of the Park youths.

In the rear of #14 there stands an old oak tree. In the early days of Wychwood, before the houses near this tree were built, there used to be around this tree a ring about three or four feet wide and about forty feet in diameter, upon which the grass never grew but it was covered with fine moss or lichen. This was known by the people of the neighbourhood as the Fairy Ring and Wychwood was known as Fairy Bank.

At that time, northwest of the Park was a colony of French people who were very superstitious. They thoroughly believed in fairies and though they were in the habit of taking a shortcut through Wychwood in going to and from town, they would never do so after sundown for fear of the fairies. When Wychwood house was built in 1874, these people used to predict all sorts of calamities which would happen to it by disturbing the fairies and it was a long time before they were reconciled or would attempt coming into the place after dark.

It was their belief that the fairies danced around the ring on certain nights and they would spirit away any persons who interfered with them. However, most of these people have passed away and their descendants have either scattered or have forgotten Fairy Bank and the Fairy Ring. The ring itself has been obliterated, the earth from the excavations having been spread over it, and it is also partly covered by the road. At any rate, nothing is heard in these days of the antics of the fairies.

DON HARRISON -- GOOD NEIGHBOUR, GOOD FRIEND by Marjorie Wilton

The Harrisons and the Wiltons have been next door neighbours for forty-four years, since the Harrisons moved into #28 in 1961. We have been through a lifetime of experience together -- children growing up, weddings, grandchildren,

growing older, losing dear friends and relatives. Through it all, Don and Joan have always been unfailingly amiable, kind and helpful, the best of neighbours.

Don and Joan's connection with Wychwood Park goes a long way back. Joan's father, Dr. Almon Fletcher, who had been widowed, bought #14 in 1949 and lived there until his death in 1964. Joan's aunt, Edith Mowat, bought #44, also in 1949, to be near her family, and was there until she died in 1958. Joan resided at #14 for a year while studying medicine at the University of Toronto. Don and Joan were married in June of 1950, the same year as Don received his medical degree. The wedding reception was held in the garden of #14. Subsequently, Joan completed her medical degree and both embarked on post graduate studies.

In 1955 with their young son Michael, they moved to Deep River where there were opportunities for both of them. They lived there for six years and Don referred to those years as "marvellous". Two more sons, Christopher and David, were born in Deep River, and in 1961 they returned to Toronto with their young family.

Wychwood Park beckoned and #28, a pleasant roomy family home, was for sale. Joan and Don bought it and have lived there during the ensuing years. We had bought #26 in 1959 and, by the time the Harrisons arrived, had one-year-old Jennie and were expecting another baby. We were happy to have a young family move in beside us. In due course Joan and Don's daughter Helen was born, and we went on to have two more children. In retrospect, it was a time of change in the Park as many of the residents were elderly. As they sold or passed away, many houses were trickling onto the market. In the late 1960s I remember counting the number of children under 12, and there were at least fifty.

Don was practicing internal medicine at that time and some of us became his patients. We all remember him as a friendly, kind and accomplished practitioner. After he left private practice to join the Bell Telephone Company as a medical officer, he continued to be generous with help and advice if any family member was ill. He was always gracious and responsive when a neighbour called about a family emergency.

As next door neighbour, our family knew him well. There was a rather flimsy wire fence

between our backyards and after a few years of children walking and climbing on it, it became very rickety indeed, and something had to be done. We decided jointly that we didn't need a fence and since that time our backyards have conjoined. We have consulted on trees, landscaping and many other matters and there has never been a problem with our joint garden. In 2001, when our daughter Elizabeth married, the reception was held in the backyards of both the Wilton and Harrison houses.

Don loved Wychwood Park and was a Trustee from 1997 to 2002, becoming Senior Trustee in 1999. He took the job seriously and oversaw many Park projects. The Trustee job is not always easy and sometimes must seem to be a mixture of administrator, general handyman and Anne Landers. Don was unfailingly polite and courteous, whatever the call. He was the Trustee member of the Wychwood Park Heritage Advisory Committee and took an active interest in heritage matters. After he had retired from his Trustee job, he continued to be deeply interested in the Park and its affairs.

Don was unfailingly kind and thoughtful to friends and neighbours. He checked on our well-being, and was available if a drive to shop or to an appointment was needed.

Don loved nature and made sure that his bird feeder and bird bath were always full of food and water. A family of raccoons lived in the top of his garage. He felt that it was a good place for them and left one of his garage doors partly open so they could go in and out. One of his springtime retirement duties was to paddle a boat into the pond and chain the log so turtles could sun themselves. Dogs and cats were always part of the Harrison menage. Their Siamese cat Mattie was Don's good friend and she was curled up on his bed during his last illness.

Wychwood Park will miss Don!

MEMORIES OF DON HARRISON by Peter Caddick

A gentleman, scholar and close friend has sailed off into the sunset. He has not gone from those who knew him, for he has left us with wonderful memories. He helped make our lives that much better for having known him.

Our paths first crossed in the early 1960s at the Church of St. Michael and All Angels. As a

sidesman, I was asked to form a team to serve once a month. Don agreed to join, as did Don Baillie, husband of Mary Jane at #20. This team caught the attention of the rector, Rev. A.D. Brown, because of the lusty way we belted out the hymns. From then on, we were referred to as the Wychwood Park gang.

The other thing that Don and I had in common was our naval background, his in the Royal Navy during the war and mine in the Merchant Navy in 1955/56. Over the ensuing years our friendship matured. He was always prepared to listen to me and to give advice when I asked for it. When I accepted the position of Park Manager a number of years ago, I did so knowing that there were people like Don living there. As a Trustee he was the best boss anyone could have. He always made a point of thanking me for my efforts, either by phone or in writing. I didn't tell him for a long time that I would take them to the drug store for the druggist to read to me. They know how to read a doctor's handwriting!

Don and Joan have a wonderfully talented family and they both set a fine example to their children and friends alike. Early in the summer this year, we helped him launch his jolly little boat on the pond so that he could do his thing, tying an old wheel to the turtle log to keep it in place. We will need a volunteer to remove it before the ice forms.

Thanks for the memories, Don, the friendship and you just being you. Keep the wind at your back and sail on, my friend.

Editor's note: I also much appreciated Don's calls after each issue of this newsletter, always with pithy comments on one or more items. I miss him.

ODDS AND ENDS

David Stockwood found himself in the company of eight Ontario lawyers who were awarded the Law Society of Upper Canada medal in June. According to Law Society Treasurer Frank Marrocco, "The Law Society's top honour is given to those in the legal profession that go above and beyond what is required of them in serving their clients and their communities. All recipients of the medal are exemplary role models of the profession and the people of Ontario."

Anthony Jim: Again this fall, Anthony, a draftsman at the TTC Hillcrest yards, is

generously offering to donate the entire proceeds of the sale of his Park house drawings to the United Way, through the TTC drive. In the past four years he has raised almost \$8000! If you are interested, we can tell you if he has drawn your house -- he has kindly deposited copies of all of them to date. Anthony can be reached at 416-393-4405 (work) or 416-465-3808 (home).

Baye Hunter: Besides Anthony, another artist has been taking a look at Park architecture. Baye works in watercolour, oil, collage and photography. To see her rendition of #100, go to www.bayehunter.com and click on Collage. Other links will give you her modest prices. A Christmas gift suggestion!

Street Art: Victor Fraser has painted the surface of the turning circle at the end of Braemore Gardens with a remarkable spiral "carpet". If you take a stroll over to see it, also check out the magnificent catalpa tree in front of #54 and the weeping beech next door in front of #50.

Neighbourhood Watch: Recently a quantity of gas was siphoned from a resident's car. If your vehicle does not have a locking gas cap, Canadian Tire has a good selection for about \$30, depending on the make and year. Various Neighbourhood Watch messages have been posted and discussed on the Park email group. If you are not yet a member, send an email to Margaret Hoskins at hopskin4321@rogers.com and she will sign you up (current Park residents only).

Island Bike Tour: On Saturday, October 1, I shall conduct a bike tour for the Toronto Bay Initiative, leaving Hanlan's Point Ferry Dock at 10:30 am (bring your bike and catch the 10:15 boat to Hanlan's from the docks at the foot of Bay St.). TBI members \$10, others \$15. The tour will include a climb to the top of the lighthouse (1808, second-oldest in Canada, hardly ever open to the public), the interior of the beautiful Church of St. Andrew by-the-Lake (1884, with magnificent stained glass by McCausland), and, the highlight, a visit to the Island Archives where Emily has offered to serve tea and cookies!

Newsletter: Subscriptions for former residents are available at \$5 per year for postage and handling. Back issues can be had for \$.50 each. Submissions are always welcome and greatly appreciated.

Donald Christopher Harrison
M.D., F.R.C.P.C.

(April 5, 1925 - August 15, 2005)

Naval veteran of World War II

(known to his naval friends as "Hardtack").

Died at his home in Toronto on August 15, 2005 in his 81st year. Son of the late Dr. Frederick C. Harrison and Gladys Sutherland. Survived by his sisters Mary Barnett and Margaret Cross of Toronto. He is also survived by the love of his life Dr. Joan Fletcher Harrison to whom he has been happily married for 55 years. He was the father of Michael (Sarah French) of Guelph, Dr. Christopher (Deb Blair) of Calgary, Dr. David (Dr. Cathy Le Feuvre) of Mississauga and Dr. Helen of Ottawa. He has 8 grandchildren and numerous nieces and nephews.

Don was born and brought up in Toronto. He attended Rosedale Public School, Upper Canada College and Royal Canadian Naval College. In 1944-1945 he was the navigator of MTB 745 and 736 of the 65th Canadian Motor Torpedo Boat Flotilla operating in the English Channel, the North Sea and the Scheldt Estuary. When the war ended he became a medical student in the infamous ex-service year of the University of Toronto, graduating in 1950. Five years of postgraduate work at Toronto teaching hospitals and the Banting Institute were followed by six marvelous years of practice at Deep River, Ontario. Returning to Toronto, he conducted private practice and was a medical officer with Bell Canada for 27 years. During this time he served as Medical Officer for the Eastern Arctic Patrol in 1962 and 1965, screening Inuit in the Eastern Arctic for tuberculosis. While with Bell he had many visits to Saudi Arabia, looking after Bell employees while Bell put in a new telecommunications system in the Kingdom.

Don has been a life-long cottager at Go Home Bay, was president of the Madawaska Club at Go Home Bay, a member of Alpine Ski Club and the Aesculapian Club. He had a passionate love of skiing, boating and especially sailing.

The family thanks Dr. John Kim, Dr. Anoo Tamber, and the staff of the Princess Margaret Hospital for their care and thoughtful consideration.

The family will receive friends at the HUMPHREY FUNERAL HOME - A.W. MILES CHAPEL, 1403 Bayview Avenue (south of Eglinton Avenue East), from 7-9 p.m. on Thursday, August 18. A funeral service will be held at 1 o'clock on Friday August 19 at CHURCH OF ST. MICHAEL & ALL ANGELS, 611 St Clair Ave. West (at Wychwood Ave.), Toronto.

If desired, donations to the Toronto Brigantine Inc, 249 Queen's Quay West Unit 111, Toronto, Ontario M5J 2N5 or to the Canadian Red Cross, 1623 Yonge Street, Toronto Ontario M4T 2A1 would be greatly appreciated.

*Humphrey Funeral Home,
A.W. Miles Chapel
416-487-4523*

John Erb always had an ear for people's troubles

Leading Anglican travelled world for missionary work

TABASSUM SIDDIQUI
STAFF REPORTER

Even when he knew he was dying, Rev. Canon John Erb was still thinking of others.

When the executive director of the Anglican Foundation of Canada was diagnosed in early July with Creutzfeldt-Jakob Disease, a rare brain disorder, he asked his doctor if his body could be used for research.

"The doctor had told him there was nothing else that could be done for him, and he was quiet for a moment. Then, all of a sudden, he sat up and said, 'What can you do with my head?' " his sister, Margie Carr, recalled.

Erb, 72, died July 31 at St. Michael's Hospital surrounded by family.

A prominent local cleric who led several Toronto churches before going on to head the Anglican Foundation, Erb was born and raised in Kitchener. His family was a pioneer clan with deep roots in Canada, originally hailing from Germany and Switzerland.

Though he was not raised as an Anglican, Erb's keen interest in the church during his late teens and early twenties led him to the University of Toronto, where he received a bachelor of sacred theology degree from Trinity College in 1965.

Erb, often described by friends and colleagues as "larger than life" due to his 6-foot-5 height and booming voice, travelled the globe doing missionary work before establishing himself in Toronto. He spent time in leper colonies in South American villages, attended camping retreats in France and was a youth worker in England in the early 1970s.

But his fondest memories were of Guyana, where he lived and worked in the late 1960s. Two years ago, he went to Washington, D.C., for a celebration held in his honour by some of the Guyanese expatriates he had worked with, Carr said.

During his travels, Erb met his wife, Diana, in Greece, and the two were married by the Archbishop of Canterbury in England in 1973.

They settled in Toronto, where Erb was rector at St. Luke's in East York and St. Michael and



Rev. Canon John Erb was executive director of the Anglican Foundation of Canada.

All Angels on St. Clair Ave. W. before becoming head of the Anglican Foundation in 1997.

"He loved the job because he travelled across the country and into northern Canada raising money for small parishes across the country," said his sister, Cathie Howard.

The outgoing Erb had an ear for anyone's troubles and made friends wherever he went. When he was admitted to hospital in July, his family was overwhelmed by the number of visitors, including such dignitaries as former prime minister John Turner. When it became apparent that his illness was fatal, Erb took to comforting his visitors instead of the other way around, his sisters recall. "He was a great leveller of people. It didn't matter where they came from or what they did, they were all his friends," Carr said.

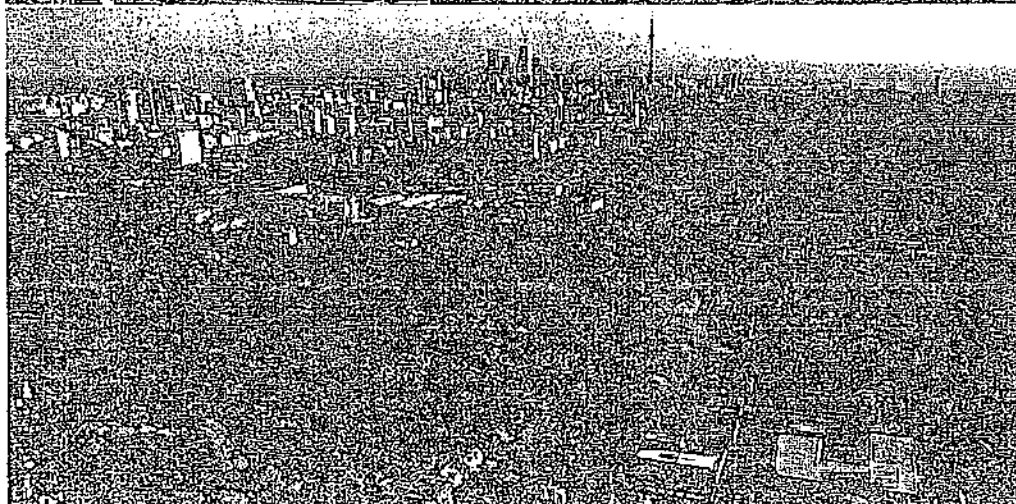
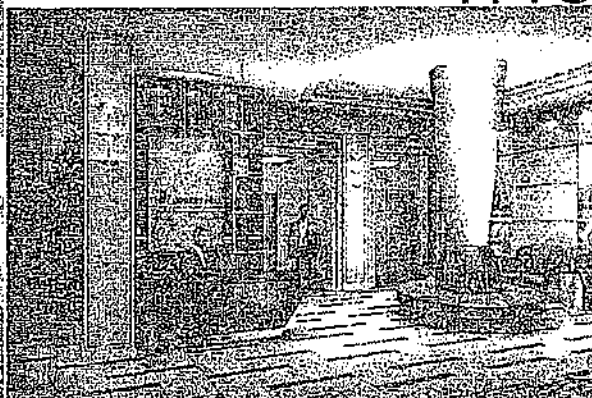
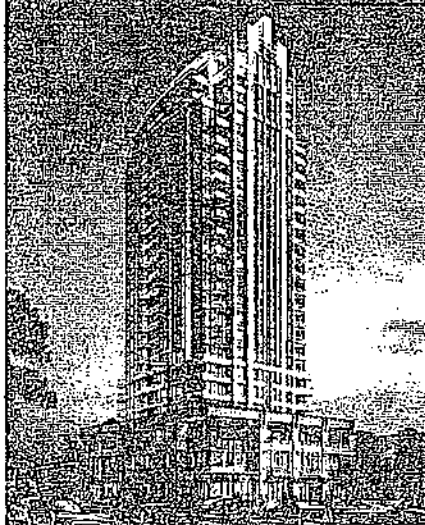
Erb embraced the challenges of working in an urban environment — he was a co-founder of the Out of the Cold emergency homeless shelter program, served as chair of street outreach services in the diocese of Toronto and was a member of the Toronto Refugee Affairs Committee.

Carr and Howard remember their brother as a fun-loving spirit who taught them an appreciation for the arts and to live life with passion. "He was still riding his bike, can you imagine?" Carr said. "Here's this 72-year-old man riding his bike home from the opera at night."

Erb spoke of his disease in an article in the *Anglican Journal* last month. "I'm dying — and it's fine," he said in his typically straightforward manner.

Erb's funeral took place Saturday at St. James' Cathedral in Toronto. He leaves his ex-wife Diana, and children Nicholas and Katie.

Star, August 12, 2005.



The Forest Hill

*In one of the
city's toniest
neighbourhoods*

The Forest Hill is not just any new condominium to hit the Toronto market in the early part of this year. It's one of the most unique and the name says it all — The Forest Hill.

Located at the northwest corner of St. Clair Avenue at Bathurst Street, the site enjoys some of the most spectacular views this city has to offer. At a soaring 22 storeys, and sitting on an already high elevation, the unobstructed views are breathtaking in all directions.

The Forest Hill is within walking distance of some of the city's toniest neighbourhoods, shops and restaurants, and is surrounded by an abundance of green spaces. Several transit options are available at its doorstep as well as easy access to many of the highest calibre schools. And, midtown and downtown are minutes away. Everything the city has to offer is convenient to 500 St. Clair Avenue West — the place to be.

The Forest Hill is the latest development by Murray Goldman. As Chairman of The Goldman Group, Murray Goldman has been creating landmark developments in the city of Toronto, and around the world, for more than 40 years. One need not look far to recognize many of the outstanding projects and developments that he has created over the years.

Looking south from 500 St. Clair Avenue West you will find the award-winning Castle Hill Townhomes situated at the foot of Casa Loma. On Yonge Street at Summerhill Avenue you see The Ports Condominiums and a variety of other buildings that remain timelessly elegant. Forest Hill Lofts on Roselawn Avenue is a former knitting mill that was recently converted into 137 loft condominiums. As you drive along The Danforth you discover Danforth Village, an innovative mix of townhouses that include work/live towns with rooftop patios overlooking the city.

The Forest Hill is Murray Goldman's latest example of creating successful communities and opportunities and it is positioned to be one of the best values available in an incredibly desirable location.


A stylishly appointed lobby boasting its Art Deco influence will guide you to the extensive and intimate variety of luxurious services that reflect the quality and lifestyle of this

prestigious new address. Enjoy all of the amenities offered at The Forest Hill Club, including: the fully equipped fitness centre, an oversized all-season whirlpool overlooking the outdoor Miami-style patio and lounge, saunas, games room, and theatre room complete with surround sound and cinema-style seating. There is even a guest suite available for visiting family and friends.

All of the suites have been thoughtfully designed to offer a broad range of layouts.

You will find large suites with eat-in kitchens and/or kitchens with windows and walkouts to terraces or balconies. Many suites offer oversized terraces and/or multiple balconies. You will find comfortable one-bedrooms with elegantly appointed master ensuites offering you a choice of marble, slate or ceramic detailing.

The efforts of designing a truly remarkable condominium are obvious when you consider The Forest Hill. Priced from the mid-\$200's, The Forest Hill at 500 St. Clair Avenue West is poised to be Murray Goldman's next landmark condominium.

Murray Goldman is delighted about his latest development and we are sure that you won't be disappointed. The Forest Hill — seize the opportunity. 

FOR MORE INFORMATION

Visit the Sales Centre in Forest Hill Village located at 396 Spadina Road. The Centre is open from noon to 6 pm Monday to Thursday; from noon to 5 pm weekends and holidays; closed Friday; and by private appointment.

416-868-0500

theforesthill.com

RUSSELL, Peter Howard, O.C., M.A., F.R.S.C., LL.D. (Hon.), D.Sc. (Hon.); professor emeritus; b. Toronto, Ont. 16 Nov. 1932; s. Alexander William and Jean Port (Griffin) R.; e. Univ. of Toronto Schs.; Univ. of Toronto B.A. 1955; Oxford Univ. (Rhodes Scholar) M.A. 1957; m. Eleanor Sewell d. late Robert A. Jarvis 16 May 1958; children: Catherine, Mary, Barbara, Alexander; PROFESSOR EMERITUS OF POLITICAL SCIENCE, UNIV. OF TORONTO 1996-; Univ. Prof. and Prof. of Political Sci., Univ. of Toronto 1994-96; Dir. of Rsch., Royal Comn. of Inquiry RCMP; Chair, Judicial Appointments Adv. Ctte. (Ont.) 1989-92; Chair Rsch. Adv. Ctte., Royal Comn. on Aboriginal Peoples 1992-95; Pres., Cdn. Law & Society Assoc. 1987-89; Pres., Cdn. Pol. Science Assn. 1990-91; Visiting Prof. Harvard Univ. 1967; Prof., Makerere Univ. Uganda 1969-71; Princ. of Innis Coll. Univ. of Toronto 1971-76; Visiting Fellow, Australian National Univ. 1987; European Univ. Inst. Fiesole 1993; Dir., Graduate Studies, Dept. of Political Sci., Univ. of Toronto 1987-93; Co-Foreign Secy., Royal Soc. of Canada; rec'd C. D. Howe Fellowship 1967-68; Officer, Order of Canada; Fellow, Royal Soc. of Canada; Hon. LL.D. Univ. of Calgary, Law Soc. of Upper Canada; Hon. D.Sc. Univ. of Guelph; author *Nationalism in Canada* 1967; *Leading Constitutional Decisions* 1983; *The Supreme Court as A Bilingual and Bicultural Institution* 1969; *The Administration of Justice in Uganda* 1971; *The Judiciary in Canada* 1987; *Constitutional Odyssey: Can Canadians Become a Sovereign People?* 1992; various articles constitutional law, Supreme Court, judicial power, Indian land claims; Anglican; Home: 21 Dale Ave., Apt. 508, Toronto, Ont. M4W 1K3.

Canadian Who's Who, 1999.

Q Is rooftop moss a serious problem? We're considering buying a house that has small amounts of moss on about 20 per cent of the roof area. These are all in shaded places and we suspect the culprit is a large maple tree. Is there a way to remove this moss without damage to the roof? Should we get rid of the tree if we buy the place?

A Moss and lichen on roofs is not uncommon and it doesn't necessarily happen only in shady areas. I've seen quite thick growths even in full-sun locations. So whatever you do, don't cut down your tree.

There is a way to remove the existing growth and prevent re-growth. The first step is to apply a small amount of bleach and water solution to the roof. Mix a 20 per cent bleach-to-water solution and spray it lightly onto the roof to kill the moss. It will fall off on its own in time, or you can use a very light pressure washing to remove it sooner.

To prevent re-growth, install strips of zinc underneath the top course of shingles. Small amounts of zinc will be dissolved as rain runs down the roof, preventing new moss and lichen from getting a foothold. You can see this effect happening accidentally around certain kinds of metal chimneys and rooftop vents. It's really quite striking.

You'll find pure zinc strips made for this job or you can use strips of zinc-coated galvanized steel.

Steve Maxwell is technical editor of *Canadian Home Workshop*. Send him questions at smaxwell@onlink.net. Letter volume may prevent individual response.

Star, Aug 4/05

Written in the Flesh:

A History of Desire

By Edward Shorter

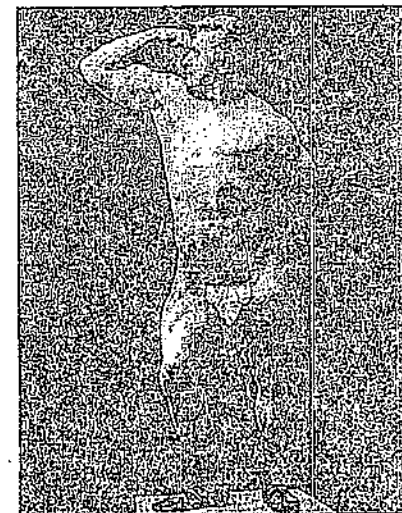
University of Toronto Press,
321 pages, \$40

REVIEWED BY WENDY McELROY

It is difficult to criticize a book based on my favourite phrase within sexual theory; the Freudian term "polymorphously perverse." *Written in the Flesh: A History of Desire* by Edward Shorter, who teaches the history of medicine at the University of Toronto, offers a history "not of sex but of sexual desire." It is a brave, honest book with which I have fundamental disagreements.

In his introduction, Shorter argues that sexual behaviour and pleasure are biologically driven, not environmentally determined. He comes quickly to the conclusion that his book will single-mindedly pursue. "[T]he history of desire is the history of the almost biological liberation of the brain to free up the mind in the direction of total-body sex."

"Total-body sex" is a synonym for "polymorphous perversity," which is the capacity to derive sexual pleasure from any part of the body. Freud viewed this as a natural, primitive response that children repress due to the rules imposed upon them by society. Shorter gives Freud's theory an ingenious twist. He converts it from psychological analysis into a tool of historical in-



German strongman Eugen Sandow in early gay 'beefcake.'

terpretation, which he wields over nothing less than the scope of Western civilization. The word "audacious" is appropriate here.

Shorter takes us from "the free-and-easy sexuality" of classical antiquity, through the "sexual nightfall of Christian Europe," into the re-emergence of full-body sex in the late 1800s that culminates in the late 20th century—specifically, the 1960s. It is a whirlwind tour of what people have done in bed since before Christ was born. And, like any good tour guide, Shorter directs attention to the left and right with colourful explanations of why specific items are significant.

GrM Aug 13/05

Artists' sunny vision gives new life to a graffiti target

Star, Aug 15/05

**Mural painters are all volunteers in their 80s and 90s
They're transforming railway underpass on Christie St.**

VANESSA LU
CITY HALL BUREAU CHIEF

The seniors drag out ladders, rollers and brushes, and paint cans.

Wearing white painter caps, they wander over to their canvas.

It's huge, covering more than 250 metres of wall space along both sides of an underpass on Christie St. just north of Dupont St., as well as winding up two side areas to a park and a parking lot.

Since early July, residents of

Christie Gardens, a seniors' apartment complex and retirement home, have adopted these walls under the railway underpass as their summer project.

The results of their hard work to fight graffiti in the neighbourhood are starting to show.

The base coats are down: blue for the sky, light green for the background and dark green for the ground. A few sunflowers already dot the walls. Others are sketched out in black chalk, waiting to be filled in.

When completed, the mural

should look like a country lane coming into the city, with more than 200 hand-drawn sunflowers, poppies and grasses.

"We're all in our 80s and 90s. This is crazy," said Barbara Bunting, 85, a retired high school art teacher who is overseeing the project.

"But we're all so excited by it. Of course, we get tired. I try to watch to see who has been out for too long," she added.

Despite the sweltering heat this summer, the seniors have been out two or three mornings

a week, carefully working on the mural, which they hope to complete by the end of next month.

The project was begun as a Clean and Beautiful initiative with \$1,500 in funding from city hall. The volunteers are donating their time and Merit Painting on College St. has provided the supplies.

Most of the volunteers say they have never taken on such a daunting project, but they are loving the experience.

"I'm no artist, but I have always been a great handyman. I can always wheel a roller," Joan Lawton said.

"I can wield a mean paint brush, but I have to know where

to put it. Someone needs to show me," added Irene Spurr, 85.

She believes they will eventually win the battle against graffiti artists, who are still managing to tag a few spots on their mural overnight.

"There's no avoiding the odd scribble. Some can't resist a blank space," she said. "But it hasn't been anything rude."

The volunteers say the mural has become a neighbourhood project, with locals thanking them for the efforts, and even some passersby picking up a brush and pitching in.

A local CN train crew was briefly stopped at the site, and

they handed over some bottled water to help the painters stay cool under the hot sun.

Eva Anderson brought her 13-year-old daughter Aliya and her friends to help out.

"This is going to be so lovely. The flowers will be gorgeous. Who is going to dare put graffiti over flowers?" said Anderson.

Councillor Joe Mihevc, who represents the area, said he's been enjoying watching the gradual changes of the mural.

"Every day, you see a little difference along that stretch of roadway," he said. "It's again evidence that when it comes to the tortoise and the hare, bet you money on the tortoise."

Piloting a streetcar named St. Clair

Star, May 10/04

Urban Ritual

JANICE MAWHINNEY

Karen Cuttle has driven a streetcar each working day for 23 years, getting thousands of passengers where they want to go along her assigned routes.

Torontonians' transit rituals? As a seasoned Red Rocket pilot, she's seen them all.

There's the passenger who always sits in the third row on the left. There are the just-awake ones who race to the streetcar stop with breakfast in tow, and eat on board every morning. A few never peer out from behind

their newspapers until they somehow realize their stop is next.

"There are people who always sit in the seat facing the driver," Cuttle says. "Some like to talk to the drivers and others just carefully observe how you handle the streetcar and how you deal with the passengers."

Her favourite streetcar traditions involve the ones that bring people together and encourage friendships.

These days, Cuttle's shift starts at 4 a.m., a pre-dawn route along St. Clair Ave. As she drives along, she picks up nurses here and there, bound for their own early

shifts at the downtown hospitals.

"The nurses are a happy bunch," she says. "They get on in the same groups at the same stops every day, and they all get off together. Along the way, they all talk together and make plans to mark occasions, someone's retirement or someone else's baby shower. There's a family-like tone to it."

Cuttle recognizes all of her regular passengers and, if she has time, she waits for them if they aren't at their stop as she approaches it. One man she's waited for, who has difficulty walking and uses a cane, learned her

name from another driver and always greets her by name with a big smile.

"He rides all the way to Christie with me and talks to me all the way," she says.

Another regular, a vivacious Greek man who boards the car at 6 a.m., likes to start the day by giving her a European air-kiss on both cheeks, she says.

Some individuals have so much natural charm and warmth that everyone responds to it, Cuttle says.

"When I was on another shift, there was a super-nice lady I used to pick up every day. She worked for the police depart-

ment. Everyone on the car would be waiting for her to get on.

"They'd all be talking together the whole trip, and they had started out as total strangers. They'd all get off together at the subway, chattering away."

Cuttle says it gives her a good feeling to see her passengers enjoy each other's company.

"They're happy, hardworking people," she says. "If they're on their way to work and something nice happens to them en route, I think that's great."

Tell us about your rituals. E-mail rituals@thestar.ca

Volunteers have poured 5,000 hours of sweat equity into rescuing a piece of Toronto's past. But the neighbours just want to know when they'll be finished

A historic cottage takes its toll

G & M, Sept 3/05

BY JOHN ALLEMANG

It's an eyesore right now, no doubt about it.

The 170-year-old tollkeeper's cottage at the northwest corner of Bathurst Street and Davenport Road is meant to provoke questions and provide answers about Toronto's forgotten past. But these days it's the tarp-draped, debris-surrounded building's uncertain future that has local residents perplexed.

"Why doesn't it get finished?" asks Mary Jane Finlayson, who takes her dog on daily visits to the lonely parkette where the would-be museum has been imprisoned behind a stern chain-link fence for the past three years. "As long as it's a construction site, it has no presence as a historic building."

"The finish line is in sight," insists City Councillor Joe Mihevc, who has clearly fielded a few complaints too many from the clapboard cottage's well-heeled neighbours along the escarpment between Casa Loma and Wychwood Park. "Any restoration project is a labour of love and a test of patience."

But as completion dates come and go without much outward evidence of progress on the oldest toll building in Canada, both Mr. Mi-

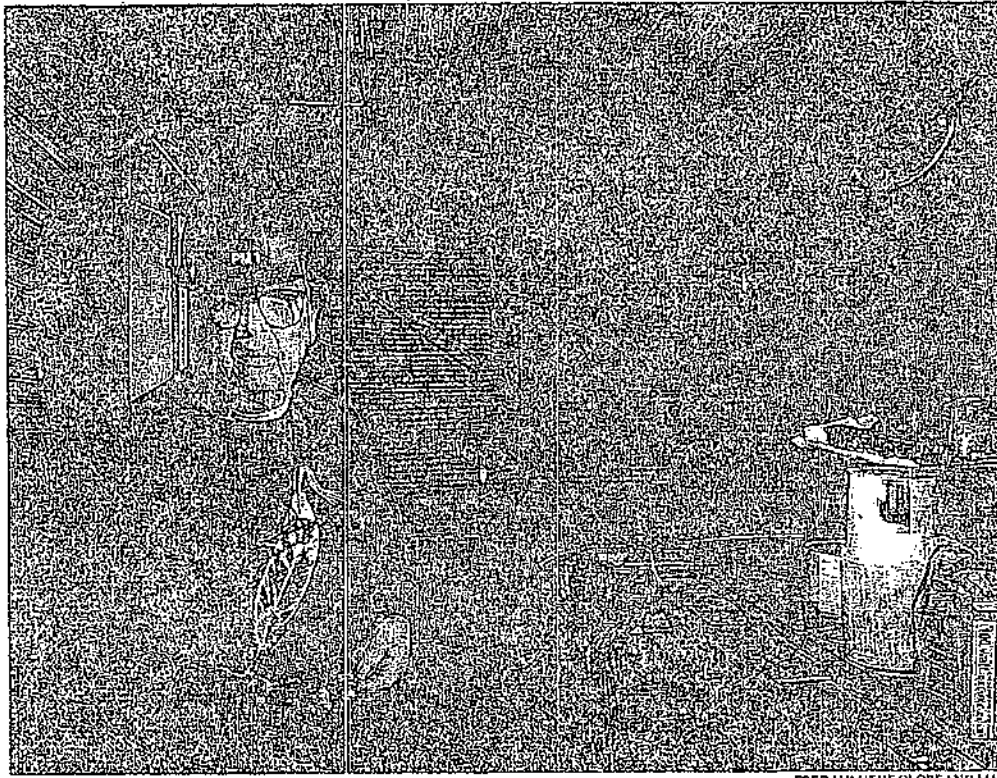
hevc's optimism and the neighbourhood's patience have begun to wear thin. Behind the scenes, the councillor has been soliciting free labour from trade-union groups and pressing the all-volunteer, mostly senior-citizen Community History Project, which owns the cottage and leases the city parkland for \$2 a year, to move much faster.

"They need a project manager who knows something about construction," says Mr. Mihevc, who jokes he has had to take on that role in addition to his municipal duties.

But political pressure does not go down well with Jane Beecroft, the moving force behind the cottage's rescue and restoration. For the 72-year-old former art teacher, it's political indifference that created the problem in the first place.

"This city has no civic pride," she says as she tours the contentious building that, by her count, has absorbed 5,000 hours of unpaid labour. "Governments just don't care about history. These days, the job of protecting heritage belongs solely to the volunteer sector. Pressure us if you want, but we're the only people doing it."

In her gravelly voiced company, what looks like a heritage slum, a noble folly at best, becomes every-



Jane Beecroft is the moving force behind restoration of the tollkeeper's cottage at Bathurst and Davenport.

thing the Community History Project intends it to be. Drivers racing through the Bathurst-Davenport intersection see only a tiny white cottage that barely hints at its antiquity and an unassuming modern annex designed as the interpretative centre for inquiring schoolchildren. But the humble building that is causing the commotion — and has cost its rescuers \$500,000 to date — is just the starting point for a larger story about Toronto's more extensively neglected past.

"I get so mad when people tell you our history began in 1867," says Ms. Beecroft, never at a loss for a passionate response. "That's utter nonsense. We had 200 years of French presence here that you never hear about, and thousands of years of native habitation before that."

That may seem like a lot to hang on a vertical-plank building that started collecting tolls from market-bound farmers in 1835 and had a nomadic career after Davenport

went toll-free in 1895 — it fetched up in a Howland Avenue yard two blocks away, where it was recognized and moved to the Toronto Transit Commission's abandoned Wychwood yards in 1996, before returning to its old corner in 2002.

But the toll that companies exacted from grumbling Ontarians in exchange for maintaining public highways was much more than just a cut-rate precursor of the privatized 407. "Davenport is the oldest road in Ontario," Ms. Beecroft says. "It began at the end of the ice age."

You'll have to wait for the interpretative museum to open to get the full story about toll-collecting's geological roots. Suffice to say that Davenport follows the shoreline of the original Lake Iroquois, which washed up against the escarpment that extends out to the Scarborough Bluffs. As the lake's waters receded about 10,000 years ago, native people exploited the trail that had become accessible along the foot of

the hill. When the French arrived in the early 17th century, this path became a major trade route, and their British successors made it the main road between Niagara and Montreal. The researchers from the Community History Project plan to install examples of early macadam and corduroy roads on the site.

For visitors not entranced by the history of tolls or roads, by the lost stories of the city's French roots, or the shameful betrayals of the Mississauga Indians who once lived here, the cottage can offer up a revealing picture of lower-class existence in 19th-century Toronto. If Casa Loma and Spadina House on the brow of the escarpment represent the aristocratic Upstairs, the tollkeeper's three-room house, with unheated bedrooms where children would sleep three to a bed, is all too clearly Downstairs. You get a completely different picture of Toronto when Ms. Beecroft says matter-of-factly, "The children's job was

to go over to Taddle Creek, in Wychwood Park, and fetch the family's water."

When she hears some of these stories, Ms. Finlayson, an architect can't contain her enthusiasm. "I makes me wish they were finished even more," she says. "It seemed like they had run out of steam, but this sounds like it could be a very good thing for the park."

For all the ambitions of the Community History Project, there's still the more pressing problem of the nearly \$200,000 needed for the small cottage to live up to its promise. Ms. Beecroft is consumed by worries that the impatient City of Toronto will take over the cottage if she and her fellow volunteers, who have spent countless hours fashioning cedar shingles, stripping off seven layers of flooring and hammering in handmade nails, can't finish the project this year.

Her friend, former city councillor Ila Bossons, who in a mad fit of fundraising once ran out into the Davenport traffic and collected toll from astonished drivers, tells her not to worry. "The city doesn't want to take over stuff like this," she says. "It's too quixotic."

And, though the passion of volunteerism is what has made the tollkeeper's cottage the near-reality is, Ms. Bossons feels the time has come to move on. "All the old volunteers are dying out and heritage is sexy enough for the young. I think they need to become more entrepreneurial — you can have all the volunteers in the world to nail down shingles, but if you don't have the capital, it's very hard."

The hardness shows. Right now Ms. Beecroft is waiting for a volunteer carpenter promised to her by Mr. Mihevc and the carpenter union to finish some framing. Perhaps she should be more grateful. But, fierce advocate that she is, she remains defiant. "We haven't made a \$500,000 investment for the city; screw this up the way they've done with the rest of our heritage."

News from the Archives

January 2006



15 Wychwood Park, c.1960. In the Archives are several photos taken shortly after the house was built in 1908. The only alteration in this image from the original is the addition of the front terrace.

The original owners were artists Gustav & Ellen Hahn, who both lived to age 96. Gustav died in 1962 and Ellen in 1965. Their daughter Sylvia, a well-known painter and muralist, died at age 90 in 2001. She was very generous in providing exhibits for the Wychwood Park Centennial Exhibition held in 1988. She provided the above-mentioned early photos of the Hahn house and family, as well as the painting by her father which appeared on the cover of the 302-page centennial book, *The Art of Wychwood*. In the Archives are copies of portraits and/or self-portraits of Gustav, Ellen, and Sylvia.

In Germany Gustav's prolific mother Rosine (1843-1923) amazingly gave birth to seventeen children, including only one set of multiples (twins), in the years 1866 to 1884 inclusive. Ten of them came to Canada with their parents in 1888. Their father Otto (1828-1923) was a lawyer and geologist who had been hired by the Canadian government to help select the most desirable German immigrants. He included himself!

Gustav and his twin sister Marie were the eldest of the 17 children. Paul was No.9 and Emanuel was No.15. Paul Hahn, a cellist, opened a piano dealership which is still in business at 1058 Yonge St. Eden Smith designed a house for him at 295 Indian Road, which has been renovated by the present owners. Its unusual (and problematic) roofline is similar to that of 7 Wychwood Park, also by Eden Smith.

Emanuel Hahn, long-time head of the sculpture department at the Ontario College of Art, is the most widely circulated Canadian artist! He designed the dollar coin used before the loonie and the current dime and quarter. He had submitted the intricate Bluenose design for the quarter and the simpler caribou design for the dime and was quite offended when the Mint switched them. If you look closely below the bowsprit of the Bluenose and in front of the neck of the caribou, you will see a small H. Emanuel married another sculptor, Elizabeth Wyn Wood. Their daughter, Quennefer Browne, kindly deposited in the Archives a copy of the Hahn family tree and other materials.

Sisters Rose Mary (No.16) and Martha (No.17) in their later years lived at 201 Heath St. W., which had been designed by Eden Smith in 1908 after Martha's marriage to Dudley Staynor in 1907. The sisters' family doctor was none other than Don Harrison (#28), and Rose Mary had been Don's wife Joan's piano teacher! During his 15 years of housecalls, Don remembered the house as being full of antique furniture, with Christmas trees decorated with lighted candles. On your next visit to Spadina Village, take a look at #201. It has been sold and is slated for demolition, a fate which has recently befallen several Eden Smith houses, including the one on the cover of Doug Brown's book.

A group of future Park residents had been living in the Indian Road area, just east of High Park. Eden Smith (#5), George Reid (#81) and Ernest DuVernet (#16) lived on Indian Road, Eden Smith had designed a house for Gustav & Ellen Hahn around the corner on Boustead Ave., and George Howell (#7) lived nearby on Indian Grove. The Reids' studio house burned after they had moved to the Park, but the other four are still in place. Because of the failure of the York Loan Company which owned much of the surrounding land, these residents became

concerned about the quality of the future development of their neighbourhood. Since 1888, when Marmaduke Matthews (#6) and Alexander Jardine (#22) had subdivided their 20 acres and invited others to join them in their private controlled setting, no one had accepted their offer. In 1907 the migration began, with Eden Smith and George Reid leading the way.

Since the Park area was not annexed by the City until 1909, the City Archives do not have building permits for the houses built before that year. It has been suggested that Eden Smith had a hand in the design of #15 but, with his training in art and design, Gustav Hahn probably drew the plans himself. With its curved window tops, someone has remarked that it has a certain Germanic flavour.

Hahn had begun teaching at the forerunner of the Ontario College of Art in 1892 and continued at the OCA until 1946 when he was almost 80. George Reid designed the present oldest wing of the building in 1920 and Hahn, as head of the Department of Interior Design, had a small office under the stairs for many years. His sister Otilie was a student there in the early years, and she successfully promoted a relationship between Gustav and a sculpture student, Ellen Smith. Gustav and Ellen were married in 1895, and Freya, Hilda, and Sylvia were born in 1896, 1898, and 1911. Hilda and Sylvia studied at the OCA and pursued careers in art. In the renovated galleries of the ROM, one of Sylvia's murals shows Charles Trick Currelly (#19), founding director of the ROM, joining other spectators at a jousting match in the former Armour Court. That large gallery on the main floor is now called the Samuel Hall*Currelly Gallery.

Shortly after his arrival in Toronto, Hahn began receiving commissions for mural and ceiling decorations in private homes and public buildings. He and George Reid collaborated on the decoration of Sir Edmund Walker's library in his home on St. George St., across from the present Robarts Library. Reid did the wall lunettes and Hahn the ceiling. Sir Edmund willed his magnificent mansion to the UofT, and it was demolished in favour of a parking lot! Fortunately a similar Art Nouveau ceiling by Hahn can still be admired in Flavelle Hall (UofT Faculty of Law), south of the ROM.

Enter through the pillars and turn right.

Hahn painted a frieze around the art gallery at the home of Chester Massey on Jarvis St., just north of his father Hart Massey's home at the corner of Wellesley (now a restaurant). The frieze was recently restored and on view during Doors Open Toronto. Photos are in the Archives. And also still in existence is Hahn's frieze in the billiard room at Spadina House.

Both Reid and Hahn painted murals in Old City Hall. Reid's can be seen by entering the front door and looking back. Hahn's are in the former council chamber. After the Reid murals were restored a few years ago, I attempted to photograph them but, after capturing two of the seven sections, was advised by an armed guard that photography in the court house was verboten. My second attempt was during Doors Open Toronto but, after snagging two more, another armed guard told me where not to go. Then our son Alexander was location manager for a movie being shot in the building, and he got one of his scouts to photograph all the murals by both Reid and Hahn!

Hahn's most spectacular commission was for the ceiling and walls of the Legislative Chamber at Queen's Park. Because of poor acoustics (insults hurled across the floor could not be heard?) a lower false ceiling was later installed, and the Hahn wall decorations were painted over. Recently the false ceiling was removed and the paint was stripped from one of the murals. Beautiful work! And the next time you drop by St. James Cathedral, which is open daily, enter the chancel and look up, way up! That intricate Hahn ceiling has thankfully never been covered or painted over.

Sadly, another church ceiling has been lost. Eric Arthur, founder of the Architectural Conservancy of Ontario, was so inspired by Hahn's ceiling of angels and lilies in St. Paul's United Church, on the east side of Avenue Road south of Davenport, that he devoted two pages in *Toronto, No Mean City*, 1964 to photos and descriptions. He pronounced the ceiling to be "without equal in Canada or, for that matter, in North America." According to Hahn's granddaughter, Natalie McMin, the Pre-Raphaelite angels all resembled her mother Hilda! After the new owner-developer applied for a demolition permit in November 1993, a

number of Park residents wrote letters of opposition to the Neighbourhoods Committee. City Council deferred its decision pending further discussion, and then an arsonist settled the matter. Fortunately I was able to photograph all the angels before the fire.

World War I led to strong anti-German feelings in Canada -- Berlin, Ontario changed its name to Kitchener -- and Hahn found it difficult to obtain commissions. In 1916 the Hahns sold #15 and moved to more modest accommodation at 52 Duggan Ave.

The new owners were Bernard & Ethel Allen, with children Jack, Shirley, and Patricia. Bernard (1883-1948), a diamond merchant, served as Park trustee from 1924 to 1944. The large front terrace was built in 1920 and the grounds were beautifully landscaped. A cascading stream from a fountain by the terrace meandered down the slope toward the garage. A 5-page glowing article about the garden appeared in the August 1939 issue of *Canadian Homes and Gardens*. The Allens left behind a family photo album including scenes of the house and gardens, which has been passed down through subsequent owners. Copies of many of the photos are in the Archives.

After Bernard's death the property was sold to Herbert & Barbara Coleman, whose children Brian, Derek, and Denis were born in 1939, 1943, and 1946. Dr. Coleman was an orthopaedic and plastic surgeon. In 1970, after the children were "grown up", the Colemans sold the property and moved into the George Reid studio house at 87 Alcina.

The new owners were Barry & Philomena Lowes, with children Kim and Brit. Kim (a man) married Ceciley Parker of #100. The Lowes ran Camp Timberlane (near Haliburton) for 300 boys and girls aged 8-16. Barry, who ran for Parliament as a P.C., served as chairman of the Metro School Board and as chairman of the board of governors of George Brown College.

In 1987 the Lowes sold to Roger & Joan Cunningham, with son David. Roger was a planning consultant and developer and Joan taught business courses at Seneca College and wrote gardening articles. They gutted the house, built a large addition toward the east, and beautifully restored the gardens. A 4-page article about the property appeared in the October 1990

issue of *Century Home*.

In 1996 the Cunningtons moved to a new house they had built on the Niagara Escarpment in Grimsby, and they sold #15 to Jim & Margaret Hoskins, with son Jack. The Hoskins re-renovated the Cunningtons' renovations and added the present cedar roof. Inside a wall they discovered Jack Allen's cricket bat and other items!

In 2000 the Hoskins sold to John Galer & Cheryl Conners, with son Jakob. Two years later they sold to the present lucky owners, Scott & Leigh Lamacraft, with children Owen and Esme.

The above is one in a series of house histories. The stories of #2-14 appeared in previous issues. Any corrections or additional information would be greatly appreciated.

ODDS AND ENDS

Gwen Rapoport donated to the Archives copies of eight books written by Anatol, dating from *Operational Philosophy*, 1953 to *Conversations with Three Russians -- Tolstoy, Dostoevsky, Lenin*, 2005. Several dozen other books by Wychwood authors are in the Archives. Most may be borrowed.

Peter Caddick deposited the two posters of recent tree maintenance which he had exhibited at the trustees' meeting. In addition, he donated a comprehensive 40-page album of Park photos taken during the past 15 years or so. Aside from drain, watermain, tree, and other problems, Peter included photos of houses and of some residents who are no longer with us.

Dave LeBlanc, "The ArchiTourist", writes

Besides providing effective government and more inclusive policies, minority governments are virtually guaranteed to bring us more political excitement and entertainment. Citizens in democracies should learn to relish the political theatre that results when the political gladiators they have elected must continue to joust between elections — as they surely must do in minority parliaments.

And say what you will about the last year and a half of federal parliamentary politics, it was a great show. So sit back and enjoy: Another minority government (you should hope) is coming our way.

#14
Peter Russell is a professor emeritus at the University of Toronto and honorary director of the Churchill Society for the Advancement of Parliamentary Democracy.

Janet Kirschbaum Paterson
6T4, former Chair of the UofT French Department, has been appointed Principal of Innis College at the UofT. Her five-year term of office began 1 July '05. Janet and her husband John Paterson 6T1 live in Toronto; they have three children.

St. Michael's College
Alumni Magazine,
Fall '05.

← G+M, Jan 2/06

Now, Nov '05 →

architectural articles for the Friday Globe and Mail and conducts interviews which are broadcast on Sundays at 7:45 am on CFRB. Last Sunday Doug Brown conducted him around the sites in Forest Hill which contain or used to contain Eden Smith houses. We will post on the Park email when we know the dates.

New Book: *Coach Houses of Toronto*, Margo Salnek, \$40.00. The one on the cover was designed by Eden Smith for the owners of the house on the northwest corner of St. George St. and Bernard Ave., which he had also designed. The coach house faces Bernard. Except for the one occupied by Coach House Press (on b.p. Nichol Lane, north of Sussex Ave.) and the Casa Loma Stables, no addresses are known to us. Most of the 22 charming structures are in the Annex or Rosedale, and it is fun to guess their locations. If you recognize any of them, please let us nosy ones know.

Christmas Puzzle: Wasn't that a clever puzzle? Don't forget that the deadline is 11:55 pm on Sunday, January 15, and the party is Sunday, January 29, at 5 pm. Thank you, Sue and Jim.

Archives: Minutes of committee meetings and other documents have been deposited in the Archives from time to time. They have been sorted and filed chronologically for convenient retrieval. If you are in possession of such items and are running out of filing space, we would be glad to receive them.

BEST DEFENDER OF OUR HERITAGE

THE COMMUNITY HISTORY PROJECT
719 Yonge

A number of individual citizens have played key roles in saving and restoring key heritage properties — **Sheldon and Judy Godfrey** (the Bank of Upper Canada) and **Michael and Anne Tippin** (the Flatiron Building as well as some of the oldest commercial buildings in the city). But very few have done as much as the **Community History Project**, this year's winner of Heritage Toronto's Community Heritage Award. Since 1983, CHP has been conducting walking tours and collecting historical material, and has been at the forefront of efforts to save older buildings in Yorkville, the Annex, Poplar Plains, Casa Loma and Wychwood Park, including the only known early Canadian tollhouse. CHP founder **Jane Beecroft** has herself spearheaded the study of some 250 lost historical sites as well as a project to provide books to native libraries throughout the province. She received the Ontario Medal of Good Citizenship in 2001 for her work.

From the January/February 2006 issue of *Azure* magazine, by Beth Kapusta. The photographs in the 6-page article about #4A, including the cover photo, are gorgeous.

Wychwood Park is an idyllic world within Toronto, a shockingly tranquil downtown pocket whose continuous oak savannah landscape somehow manages to stand in quiet defiance of the fast-moving, gridded city that surrounds it. Into this fenceless land of blurred property lines and communal amenities, known for its arts and crafts residences, the germ of modernism has been sown by one of Canada's most talented and thoughtful residential architects, Ian MacDonald.

The site had an undistinguished bungalow built on it in the 1950s. However inappropriate the bungalow's character, its footprint defined the limits for redevelopment, with height capped to preserve views of the Victorian mansion behind it. So, with the bungalow's roofline as the volumetric starting point, MacDonald began to design down from there, reinventing the entire site in the process.

MacDonald's design for his own family's home began with an act of carving, preparing the site in a way that created privacy and intimacy. The project began with the extraction of over 180 truckloads of earth, making way for a main floor at the bungalow's basement level and a studio and workshop below that. A series of dry-laid sandstone walls, executed by stonemason Gus Butterfield, carved out a site within a site. Used to demarcate the entrance and to create a sensual boundary for an exterior court that brings light to the main-level spaces, the walls contribute to what MacDonald calls a "civilized landscape in the sub-grade realm."

Outside, the house virtually (and intentionally) disappears, clad in a dark camouflage of stucco and iroko wood. Within, the complexity of spatial experiences presents a varied tableau. Two complementary public spaces occupy the ends of the linear plan. South of the principal east-west incision for the entrance, the living and dining room is compressed in height but very open to the exterior, with a panoramic shoulder-height view to the east of the ravine and pond area of the park. Extroverted and transparent – yet still protected from "views in," due to careful planning – this space expertly avoids the modernist conundrum of a transparency that leaves its occupants feeling cold, vulnerable and observed. At the north end, a lofty study and family room receives light only from above grade. A fireplace set within an inglenook occupies one side of the space,

enclosed by double-height walls lined with bookshelves. These rooms provide a range of experience that varies with seasonal conditions, as the focus changes from the landscape of the outside world to the hearth within.

At the centre of the house, the modest kitchen is an elaboration of the proverbial hearth, physically warmed by a fireplace in the north wall and visually heated by the rich tones of quarter-sawn Honduran mahogany. The kitchen borrows a view to the western light well through the double-height circulation space connecting the living and dining room to the study. Here, the wide curtain wall extends the visual boundary of the room. The high, open volume is rendered intimate with built-in furniture, and the sense of privacy is enhanced by the selective placement of translucent panels in the 11-metre-long expanse of glass and the protective influence of the stone retaining wall beyond.

MacDonald's mastery of both space and craft is everywhere apparent, in both the vision for the site and the resolution of the details. The material palette is mature, evolved and not too fussy. The honed concrete floors, steel columns, stainless steel counters and mahogany millwork bear the mark of fine craftsmanship, as does the space itself.

Space is precisely controlled. Beyond the ability to manage views in and out through careful design, MacDonald has a gift for creating compression and release. For example, curtailing the dimensions of passageways and bridges – some of which are only about three-quarters of a metre wide – serves to heighten the dramatic impact of the two-storey transparent chasm at the physical and philosophical centre of family life. The stair to the private upper realm is one of those great moments of spatial pinching, at once open and exactly the bare minimum width it needs to work.

The outdoor court off the master bedroom is the best surprise: a floating stone terrace magnificently framed by an outdoor fireplace and the leafy walls of ancient oaks. It is the crowning touch of a home blissfully lost in landscape, in a place so hidden that only the X-ray architectural vision of someone like MacDonald could have found it, in plain view, right there in the beating heart of the city. ■

JOHN BAND, EXECUTIVE AND ART COLLECTOR 1915-2005

G & M, Sept 24/05

Navy officer who hunted U-boats during the Second World War returned home to become an insurance broker and a collector of Canadian art

BY SANDRA MARTIN

Although he was a distinguished veteran and a former insurance executive, John Band found his true calling in companionship and art. He was passionate about collecting, gardening, fitness, the navy, red wine and crossword puzzles. A good listener, he was the master of drawing people out.

Born into a family of prominent Canadian art collectors, he inherited his parents' eye and their zeal for collecting. "I wish I knew the first time I shook his hand," said art collector Ken Thomson, chairman of The Globe and Mail. "I think it was in the mid-50s and it must have been about art."

For half a century, the two men discussed upcoming auction sales, although their friendship meant they never bid against each other. "I respected his judgment on paintings," Mr. Thomson said. Whenever Mr. Band was "adamant" about a picture, such as *The Steamship Quebec*, painted by Cornelius Krieghoff in 1853, "I jolly well bought it. There wasn't going to be any doubt about that," Mr. Thomson admitted.

"He was always around the corner from my house and up here," tapping his forehead with his finger, "he was right beside me all the time," Mr. Thomson said. "I never got along with anybody better."

Mr. Band's love of art was ingrained growing up in a home where Arthur Lismer and Fred Varley were frequent guests and painting was a major dinner table topic. "John had a very keen eye for choice works and he sometimes went about acquiring them as though he was a detective," said Lisa Balfour Bowen, a family friend and art critic. "To my knowledge, he was filling gaps in his collection virtually until the time of his death."

There was nothing passive about Mr. Band. "He spoke his mind, but it was something that you welcomed. There were no shades. He was always direct and clear," said Dennis Reid, chief curator of the Art Gallery of Ontario. "I have to say I loved him."

John Turnbull Band was the eldest child and only son of insurance broker and art collector Charles Shaw Band and his wife,



Helen Warren. His parents moved to New York in 1914 when Mr. Band was transferred to the American office of James Carruthers and Co. Mr. Band was born there a year later.

While they lived in the United States, the Bands bought canvases painted by the Hudson River Valley artists. They sold that collection when they returned to Toronto in 1923 with John and his younger sisters, Priscilla, Barbara and Helen.

"They wanted to collect what was important in the life of Canada — their country and the countryside they knew," said Mr. Band's stepdaughter, management consultant and corporate director Jalynn Bennett. The Bands bought an island in Georgian Bay and became good friends with several members of the Group of Seven.

"Their home was a testament to the art of the Twenties and Thirties in Canada," said Mr. Reid. "The dining room was stupendous because it was all Lawren Harris's Arctic sketches. There must have been 10 of them."

Two years after the Bands moved back to Toronto, they sent John to Trinity College School in Port Hope. He was 10. His daughter Sarah, an entrepreneur and retailer, has his first school report framed in her bathroom. "He is rather backward for his age, but he has ability and is a neat and careful worker," his teacher wrote.

In 1929, the year of the stock-market crash, the school's main building burned down. Hard economic times and the school's rebuilding difficulties persuaded his parents to withdraw him in 1931, the year he would have graduated, and send him to Jarvis Collegiate Institute in Toronto instead.

Nevertheless, Mr. Band was a committed TCS old boy. With his family's help, he gave himself an 80th birthday gift in 1995 by endowing an annual history prize.

Mr. Band went to work in 1937 for Irish and Molson, a firm of insurance brokers that became Marsh and McLennan and later Marsh Canada. After war broke out, he enlisted in the Navy and was commissioned a Sub-Lieutenant in the RCNVR in 1941. About the same time, he met Mona Morrow (later Campbell), daughter of financier and company director Frederick Morrow. They married in 1942.

During the war, Mr. Band served on HMCS Swansea, a river-class frigate in 1943 as first lieutenant. The ship, which was known as a happy and successful one, helped to sink three German U-boats in the North Atlantic in March and April of 1944 and assisted in essential enemy sweeps before the invasion of Normandy in June of 1944. He transferred to HMCS Stone Town, another frigate, with the rank of Lieutenant Commander, that



John Band (above) served on frigates in the Battle of the Atlantic. It was a role for which he seemed intended from his boyhood.



November and served as its commanding officer until August of 1945.

For decades afterward, Mr. Band caught up with his wartime cronies at an annual navy lunch he organized, inviting specialist speakers on military subjects. One of the regulars was Tony Griffin, another distinguished naval veteran. "There were very few officers I could put in the same class as John Band," he said this week. "He knew how to handle ships and men and he had a keen appreciation of the Navy."

Michael Whitby, senior naval historian at the Department of National Defence, agrees with that assessment. "He was one of the typical Canadians who volunteered to go fight the war and who did an outstanding job." Mr. Band's strength was to lead by gentle persuasion and quiet example. On Swansea, for example, he insisted that classical music was played on Sundays.

When peace came, he went back to Toronto and to Marsh and McLennan, working mainly on Toronto establishment accounts until he retired in 1980 as a senior executive. He needlessly regretted that the war disrupted his plans to go to university, according to Paul O'Donoghue, a business colleague from Marsh and McLennan who became a lifelong friend. "He was the best-informed man I ever met."

Mr. Band and his wife Mona had three children, John, Sarah and Victoria (Vickie), but the marriage apart in the mid-1950s. After an amicable divorce and custody settlement, Mr. Band married Elizabeth Lumbers Rogers, a widow with two children (Jalynn Bennett and Jennifer Rogers), in 1959.

His son lived with them and his daughters stayed with their mother. "We weren't allowed to see him for long time," said his daughter Sarah who became extremely close to father in the past few decades. "He was my best friend," she said this week. "We talked four times a day."

As a stepfather, Mr. Band was "warm and caring and curious about our lives without being intrusive," says Ms. Bennett, who was 11 when her mother remarried.

He was very outgoing and he had a keen sense of whimsy. He once jokingly confided plans for his funeral procession down Bay Street, noon with a Brinks truck following the hearse with a big sign on it saying: "Who says you can't talk with you?"

Some years after his second wife Betty died in 1992, Mr. Band formed a new attachment with Patricia Fischer, the former wife of industrialist Michael DeGroot, owner of Laidlaw Transport and the Hutton Tiger Cats.

Mr. Band turned 90 in late August. He celebrated his birthday two weeks ago at a party he organized himself at the Toronto Club, where he'd belonged since his mother had bought him membership for his 20th birthday.

His friend Ken Thomson tried to give him a small J.E.H. MacDonald painting of the family island, Georgian Bay, as a birthday gift. Knowing the value of the painting, Mr. Band refused to accept it though he delighted in painting familiar landmarks. Finally, he agreed to "borrow" the painting after attaching a note to the back saying it belonged to Mr. Thomson. He only had a few days to enjoy it. The painting has now come back to Mr. Thomson, layered with "less sentimental value. He plans to hang it near his desk in his office until he gives it eventually to the Gallery of Ontario. "But that's going to stay with that piece he insisted. That's a condition."

Last Tuesday, Sarah Band took her father to a medical appointment where he learned the cancer was terminal. He, at home, made a final "to do" list, settle his affairs and then "crushed."

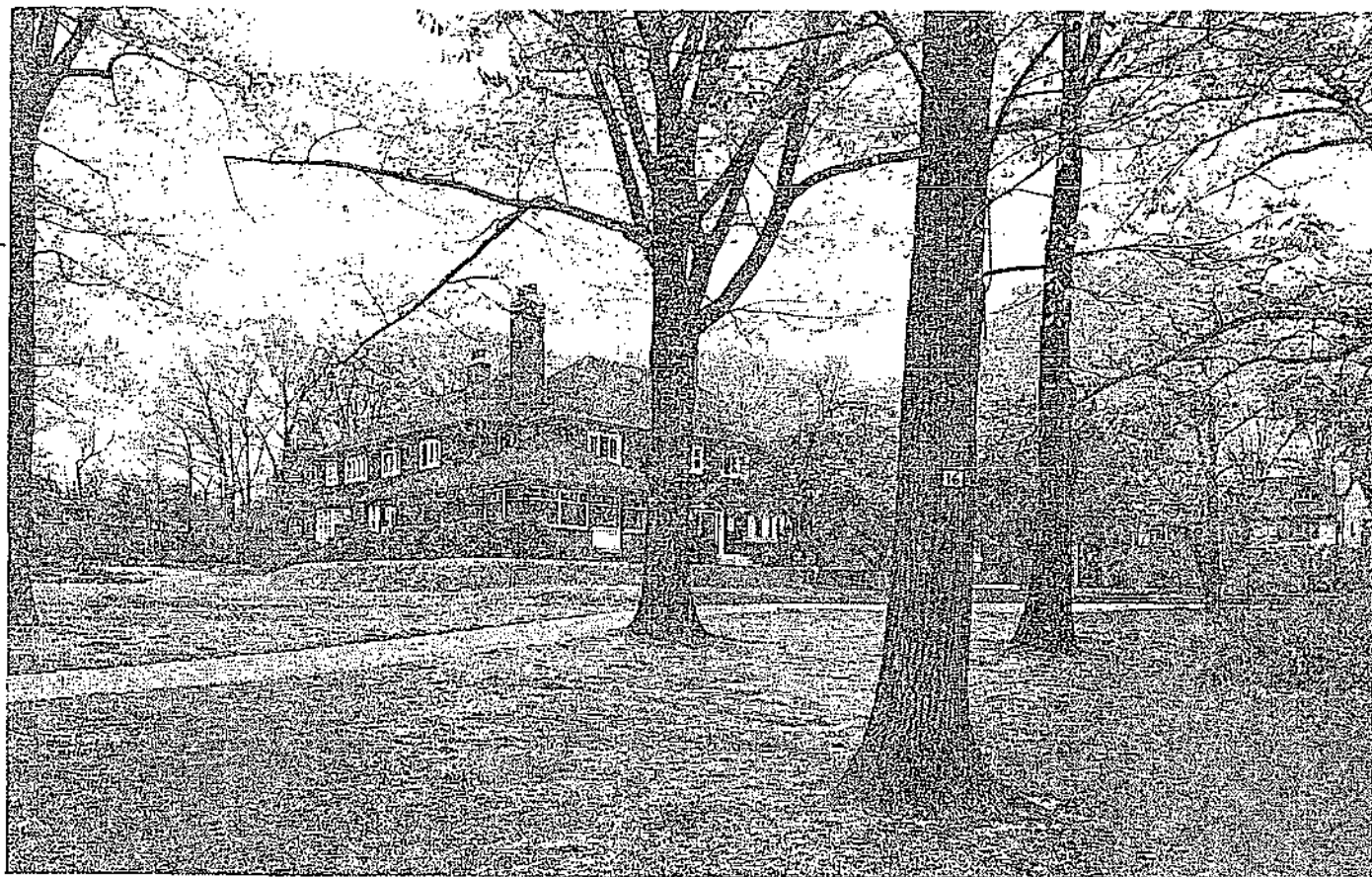
John Turnbull Band was born in New York on Aug. 25, 1915. He died on Sunday of metastasized cancer. He is survived by one sister, three children, two stepchildren, 10 grandchildren and 11 great-grandchildren.

A private family burial took place on Thursday. A memorial service is planned for Sept. 30: noon at St. Paul's Anglican Church in Toronto.

John Band and his three sisters were the children of Charles and Helen (Warren) Band. They were avid collectors of Canadian art, which they frequently loaned to the AGO. Charles served two terms as President of the AGO and Helen was one of the founders of the Volunteer Committee. In 1942 John Band married Mona Morrow, only child of Frederick & Edna Morrow of #16, and they lived at #16 with their children John Jr., Sarah, and Victoria. After their divorce, Mona married lawyer Jim Binnie, and they lived at #91 from 1961 to 1965. Jim's son Ian Binnie presently serves on the Supreme Court of Canada. After her divorce from Jim Binnie, Mona married Lt. Col. Kenneth Campbell in 1967.

News from the Archives

April 2006



16 Wychwood Park, May 10, 1957. Photo from Marion Dinnick (#5).

Note the partially enclosed verandah.

At the turn of the past century, a number of future Wychwood Parkers were living in the Indian Road area, just east of High Park. Because of the failure of the York Loan Company which owned much of the surrounding land, these residents became concerned about the quality of the future development of their neighbourhood. Since 1888, when Marmaduke Matthews (#6) and Alexander Jardine (#22) had subdivided their 20 acres and invited others to join them in their private controlled setting, no one had accepted their offer. In 1907 the migration began, with Eden Smith (#5) and George Reid (#81) leading the way. Ernest and Sophia DuVernet were living at 261 Indian Road, close to Eden and Annie Smith at #267. In 1908 the DuVernets bought the 2.05-acre lot at #16, and Eden Smith designed their house.

Ernest DuVernet (1866-1915), of French Huguenot descent, was born in Clarenceville, P.Q. At age 14, after attending UCC, he ran away from home. He worked on the docks in Hamilton and briefly at the Bank of Hamilton. Moving to Toronto, he worked on the docks and then decided to take up law. After working his way through University College and Osgoode Hall, he was called to the bar in 1889.

The following is excerpted from *Essays in the History of Canadian Law, Volume IV*, published by the Osgoode Society in 1990. The editor was Carol Wilton, Professor of History at Brock University and niece of the late Murray Wilton (#26).

Wychwood Park Archives, Albert Fulton, 96 Wychwood Park, Toronto, M6G 2V5, 416-537-5006, archives9@rogers.com
Hours: Wednesday evenings 7:30 - 9:30 or other times by appointment



DuVernet was now a full-fledged lawyer, but he did not look it. He had a youthful, almost boyish appearance that bothered him at the time. To look older and perhaps wiser and more learned, he took to wearing a skull cap to promote premature baldness. Whether or not this cap had any true effect, he did eventually become almost bald. This was at a time when he was a leader of the bar and no longer needed the mere image of a leader to impress new clients, judges, and juries. However, even with his youthful appearance, the toughness of DuVernet's character and his determination to succeed were clearly evident. His mouth was tight and controlled. His eyes were small, sharp, and alert and were accentuated by his use of small, rimless eye-glasses. He was slight and wiry in appearance, almost like a boxer in a three-piece suit, giving an overall impression of great intensity.

In 1892 DuVernet married Sophia Marling, daughter of Alexander Marling, Ontario Deputy Minister of Education. In 1911 she was elected President of the BSS Old Girls Association. Before the new houses at #46, 48, and 50 were built in 1988, the garden of #16, including a shed and wishing well, occupied the site. As the shed was about to be demolished, former archivist Keith Miller retrieved 9 prize cards awarded to Mrs. DuVernet by the Toronto Horticultural Society. The cards range from First to Third Prize for tulips to beets in 1911-14. The DuVernets had no children.

In 1900 DuVernet moved his firm into Toronto's tallest skyscraper, the 10-storey Temple Building at the northwest corner of Bay and Richmond Sts. This was a convenient location as he was frequently appearing in court and later acting as crown attorney in the courtrooms at Old City

Hall, diagonally across the intersection. The Union Trust Company also had offices in the Temple Building, and DuVernet acquired a substantial interest and became vice-president. After lawyer William Raymond joined DuVernet's firm, Union Trust bought a number of vacant lots in the Park, including #16, and Raymond acted as solicitor when these lots were sold.

The Temple Building was owned by the Independent Order of Foresters, a fraternal society and insurance company, headed by Indian chief Oronhyatekha. His elaborate office, meeting rooms, and secret passages were on the top floor. When the building was being demolished in 1970, I purchased a very heavy copper door bearing the IOF insignia and some other decorations from the chief's office. Getting them down to ground level was somewhat scary -- the north wall of the building had been removed and the rickety freight elevator was open to the view of Nathan Phillips Square!

Again from the book quoted above:

On the evening of 31 May 1915, Mr. and Mrs. Raymond held a dinner party at their home on Cliff Road in Parkdale. Archdeacon and Mrs. Balfour, Mr. and Mrs. DuVernet, and one other couple were the guests. DuVernet was in good spirits. After dinner he persuaded Mrs. Raymond to sing "Mr. Henry Hawkins, will you marry me?" As she sang, he did a little dance. Shortly after ten p.m., the DuVernets took a taxi to their home in Wychwood Park. As he went in the front door he looked at a picture that had hung there for some time. "Is that a new picture, Sophie?" he asked. As he did so, he slowly slipped to the floor and died. The cause of his death was said to be an acute attack of apoplexy. Today, it would probably be described as a heart attack. He was forty-nine years old.

A lady came to the office early in the morning following his death. No one had seen her before. She asked for Symons, the bookkeeper. He was the only one in the office apart from DuVernet who had a key to DuVernet's strong box. Symons opened it and found an envelope addressed to the lady. He gave it to her, and she left. No one saw her again.

The newspapers suggested that DuVernet died of overwork. It is possible, however, that he deliberately pushed himself too far when he perhaps suffered another "attack of my old problem". Certainly, in the year or more before his death he had become to some observers somewhat bitter. He drank more than he had before. It seemed at times that he wanted to die. "Might as well now as later," he had been heard to say.

Reasons for despondency appeared shortly after his death. His estate was in complete disarray. He was hopelessly insolvent and had been for some time. He had a number of creditors, one of whom he owed \$375,000. He also owed considerable amounts to family members, connections, friends, and the trustee of the marriage settlement for his wife. Union Trust shares owned by his partners and held by

DuVernet in trust for voting purposes had been sold or pledged by him to meet pressing needs. It was distressing to the firm that its senior partner had broken the professional code and the trust that the other partners had put in him.

A different view of DuVernet's career appeared in Middleton's *The Municipality of Toronto*, 1923.

Besides legal connections of conspicuous note, Mr. DuVernet had association in advisory and executive capacity with the city's financial institutions and he was also well known socially. His name stands high upon the list of Toronto's citizens of all time.

Mr. DuVernet was vice-president of the Union Trust Company and a director of the Union Bank, and his judgment in financial affairs was proved to be on a parity with his professional ability. There were given to him vast and unusual powers, and he took a place in a profession where he was privileged to use these powers to safeguard the welfare of his fellows, to further the ends of justice, and to prevent the accomplishment of wrong. He exercised a wise and careful stewardship over these gifts, and derived from them worthy rewards for others and for himself.

In 1997 William Morris Society member Elaine Waisglass graciously hosted the annual Morris Christmas party at #16. Present was Ernest DuVernet, grandnephew and namesake of the original owner, and also a lawyer. After dinner we adjourned to the ballroom for Christmas Carol singing. Elaine introduced Ernest and invited him to speak. He surprised the merry throng with words to the effect, "In the family we know that my great-uncle did not die of natural causes. He was murdered!!" Later he told me about a sensational wartime espionage case that DuVernet had been prosecuting at the time of his death. The family suspected poisoning. Maybe the poison was self administered??

The property was sold to another lawyer, William Hanna (1862-1919), who grew up on a farm near Sarnia. Graduating from Osgoode Hall, he was called to the bar in 1890. After practicing in Sarnia, he was elected as a Conservative to Queen's Park in 1905 and later served in the cabinet as Provincial Secretary. In 1917 he was appointed Food Controller for Canada, and in 1918 he became president of Imperial Oil.

Hanna's first wife, Jean Neil, died in 1891. He then married Maud McAdams. Jean gave birth to a son and Maud to two daughters. Son Neil, a flight-lieutenant, died in Italy in November 1918, and William's health suffered. He, Maud, and his personal physician went to Georgia for recuperation, but William died there of a stroke on March 20, 1919 at age 57. This was tragically similar to the fate of Ambrose Goodman (#4) who died in 1919 at age 56 after his only child, Lieutenant Harold Goodman, had been killed in

action in France in August 1918.

The property was sold to Morton Keachie, a manufacturer born in 1888. According to the assessment rolls, Morton, his wife Muriel, and six others resided at #16 (children, relatives, servants?). On October 14, 1919 they obtained a building permit to "alter house and build private garage, \$3000, Eden Smith & Sons arch." More bedrooms were probably needed, but not the ballroom wing -- that came later.

The property, reduced to 1.64 acres after the sale of the lots for #54 and 56, was next sold to financier Frederick Morrow, another owner with humble beginnings. From the *Toronto Star*, June 1, 1953:

The death of Frederick K. Morrow, 67, the Ontario farm boy who became one of Canada's leading financiers, is a distinct loss to the community. Mr. Morrow was a particularly successful businessman. And he never ceased to use his wealth to aid charitable, religious and other worthwhile causes. Only Mr. Morrow himself knew the full extent of his philanthropies. For he was a quiet, modest person who shied away from publicity. But his benefactions can be gauged by the gift of \$2,000,000 to St. Joseph's Hospital and other large sums to the University of Toronto School of Nursing and Stevenson Memorial Hospital in his native Alliston, Ont.

Mr. Morrow began his business career as a \$2 a week bank clerk. Shortly after he went into business for himself and rapidly extended his interests to embrace a wide variety of financial and business interests in Canada and the United States. In business circles he was known as a "financial doctor," a man whose shrewd business insight and judgment contributed to the success of many companies.

Mr. Morrow was chairman of the board of Loblaw Inc. and Wilsil Ltd., president of Essa Securities Co. Ltd., and vice-president and director of the Bank of Toronto, Ogilvie Flour Mills, Canadian International Paper Co., Remington Rand Ltd., Hiram Walker - Gooderham and Worts Ltd., Consolidated Bakeries of Canada Ltd., Consumers' Glass Co. Ltd., and Kaufmann Bros. and Bondy Inc. He was a director of five other corporations.

Despite his business interests, Mr. Morrow found time to associate himself with many community enterprises. He was a governor of St. Joseph's Hospital, trustee of the Toronto General Hospital, governor of the University of Toronto, vice-chairman of the Connaught Medical Research Laboratories committee, and a member of the executive committee of the Royal Winter Fair.

He had set up the Morrow Foundation in 1944 with a capitalization of \$10 million. The construction of the sprawling Morrow Park, a convent and headquarters for the Sisters of St. Joseph at 3377 Bayview Ave., was funded by the Foundation and opened in 1961. During the former Pope's visit to Toronto in 2002, he stayed at Morrow Park.

In 1916 Frederick had married Edna Mann (1890-1985). Their daughter Mona, an only child,

was born in 1919. The voters lists give a long series of names of housemaids, parlour maids, and cooks who lived at #16, but no chauffeurs. The ballroom addition, designed by architect G. Roper Gouinlock, won first prize in the Toronto Exhibition of Architecture and Applied Arts in 1930. From the March 1933 issue of *Canadian Homes and Gardens*:

The ballroom is notable for its spaciousness and for the harmonious development of background and appointments. Inspiration has been drawn from the late 17th Century: oak panelling, plaster ceiling, fireplace, furniture and fabrics are all in character, bearing out the traditions of comfort and hospitality established in England in the reign of William and Mary.

Photos and descriptions of the grounds appeared in the May 1940 issue of *Canadian Homes and Gardens*:

The property enjoys the matchless advantages of fine tall trees which dapple the lawns with cool shade. There is no busy patterning of the ground, no crowding of "features" to disturb the vistas. Open lawns slope down from the big comfortable house, providing a restful breathing-space. Near some picturesque old fruit trees, long beds of bulbs and perennials make a brilliant display against the prevailing green of the background. Farther back, on higher ground, is the pool and fountain, enclosed with low beds of pansies; magnificent lilacs, mock-orange, and other flowering shrubs form the setting for this secluded corner. Near the rear terrace of the house stands a charming well-head, set in a circle of brick paving, its wooden posts, diminutive roof, pulley and bucket remindful of another age, another world. Indeed the whole garden suggests rest and pause, infinitely precious because it is so difficult to find in the modern life of a city.

In 1942 Mona married insurance broker John Band (1915-2005). An obituary appeared in the January 2006 issue of this newsletter. Mona gave birth to John Jr., Sarah, and Victoria, and the family lived with Edna at #16. Then Mona divorced Band and married lawyer James Binnie. They lived at #91 from 1961 to 1965. Then Mona divorced Binnie and married Lt. Col. Kenneth Campbell in 1967. At last report Mona was president of Dover Industries Ltd. (food processing and packaging) which she had taken over from her father after his death.

Morrow had willed #16 to the Morrow Foundation after Edna's death. The property comprised seven lots of record and the Foundation would probably profit most by demolishing the house and selling the lots for the construction of seven new houses. During the ten years of discussion from 1975 to 1985 in which the pros and cons of becoming Toronto's first Heritage Conservation District were vigorously debated, the

fate of the Morrow Property was a constant factor for those in favour of designation. One suggestion, to retain the house, was that the three north lots be sold and the house duplexed, with each half occupying two of the other four lots. 93-year-old Edna was interviewed by John Haslett Cuff for an article which appeared in the *Globe and Mail* on May 21, 1983:

An elderly lady, dressed in a smart blue frock and leaning on a cane, answers the front door. She is Mrs. Morrow, the grande dame of the park. Asked if she supports the heritage designation, she says, "Yes, of course" as if it were an absurd question. "I definitely want this to stay as it is. You're in the centre of the city but it's like living in the country." Informed that the lawyers for the estate, Messrs. Weir and Foulds, are opposed to the designation, Mrs. Morrow becomes indignant at the solicitors' impertinence. "They've no business being opposed to it! I'm going to call and find out who they are!"

The article also mentioned that after a newspaper story about the Park had appeared years ago, Mrs. Morrow had been tied up, beaten, and robbed.

The HCD came to be on May 21, 1985 and Edna Morrow died on August 17, 1985. Good timing! The Foundation sold the three lots for the new houses at #46, 48 and 50, and the house was sold to a single family so that the duplex option was put to rest.

In what could be considered a snub to the Morrow Foundation and the Roman Catholic Church, Edna's funeral was held at the Anglican Church of St. Michael and All Angels. Mona removed the chandelier from the ballroom at #16 and donated it to the chapel at St. Michael's. On your next visit, you can observe the ornate chandelier, read its descriptive plaque, and admire a large icon hanging on the back wall which was painted in 1989 by Geoffrey Bonnycastle (#9).

The family who bought #16 were John Payzant, vice-president of National Trust, Joslin Bennett, an investment banker, and their daughter Robin. Then Joslin divorced John Payzant and married John Weston, on April 12, 1990. On October 29, 1990, while washing his car in the driveway, John Weston suffered a fatal heart attack, at age 43.

Joslin put the house on the market, and broker Sis Weld had several rolls of film taken of every view of the entire interior. These photos, showing somewhat bizarre furnishings and art, were later deposited in the Archives. On November 25, 1994 a widely-advertised sale of contents attracted a crowd lined up to the Park road. We noted a goodly number of other Park residents touring the house that day!

The lucky new owners were Michael Hirsh, Elaine Waisglass, and their son Jonathan, who moved there from #6B. The interior has been beautifully restored and the grounds speak for themselves.

At the annual William Morris birthday party held at #16 on March 25, the huge birthday cake, designed after the Morris wallpaper in #16's powder room, took 40 person-hours to create!

The above is one in a series of house histories. The stories of #2-15 appeared in previous issues. Any corrections or additional information would be greatly appreciated.

NEW BOOKS

Martha Baillie (#20) launched her third novel, *The Shape I Gave You* (238 pages, \$29.95), in spectacular fashion in the ballroom of the renovated Gladstone Hotel on the evening of March 21. In addition to a lively interview with Martha, the capacity crowd were treated to music and song by Martha's husband Jonno Lightstone and four sidekicks. A review of Martha's book appeared in the *Star* on April 2, page D6.

There's Music in These Walls by **Ezra Schabas** (288 pages, \$50) is a history of the Royal Conservatory of Music. Since Ettore Mazzoleni (#69) was principal from 1946 until his death in 1968, he appears frequently throughout the book.

Next month **Sally Gibson**, an archivist at the City of Toronto Archives, will launch her latest book, *Inside Toronto: Urban Interiors 1880s to 1920s* (450 pages, \$70). Sally has promised to include Park interiors. The book will be available from the Archives at a discount.

CANADIAN REGISTER OF HISTORIC PLACES

Information about this new initiative can be found at historicplaces.ca. Of the eleven sites listed in Toronto, two were restored by Shelley and Judy Godfrey (49 Front St. E. and 252 Adelaide St. E.). Descriptions can be found in the website.

FROM THE TRUSTEES

We realize that the work involved in the sewer repair is frustrating. However, it is useful to remember that, if the City had not undertaken this task, we would have had to pay for it ourselves at approximately \$10,000 to \$15,000 per family.

As the City has advised in their notices, they will repair the work on the public land. They will not deal with minor damages on adjacent land. If

major problems are caused, the City will consider those problems. That is why they inspected the houses to make sure that there were no pre-existing conditions which could later be attributed to their work.

Our guess as to when the work will finish is early May. The progress has been slower than anticipated as there has been tunnelling to avoid damage to trees.

The removal of dangerous trees and "reforestation" of the park was discussed at the last meeting. Marvin Green (#19) has agreed to head a committee to look into these subjects and will probably use Ian Bruce, an arborist, who has advised the Trustees and residents from time to time and is highly recommended.

A number of residents have not paid their taxes despite two requests. This makes life very difficult for the Trustees and we would ask those who have not paid, to do so in the immediate future. Payment should be made to Leigh Lamacraft (#15).

If you have any questions regarding the sewers, please contact Peter Caddick at 416-654-1392.

The sewer work has been comprehensively photographed by Peter Caddick and myself, including the DEEP digging. The photos may be viewed at the Archives. If you have others, we would enjoy comparing and swapping.

FROM THE TENNIS COMMITTEE

Gator is back and kids tennis lessons are scheduled to begin May 1, depending on the weather. Lessons will be held on Monday and Wednesday according to the following schedule: Ages 4 & 5: 4:00-4:30; Ages 6 & 7: 4:30-5:00; Ages 8 & up: 5:00-6:00.

This is just a general guideline since age is not quite as important as skill level and interest in taking either a half hour or hour long lesson. Changes will probably be made depending on the turnout of kids that we get this year.

I've met a tennis pro who is very interested in giving adult tennis lessons starting any time now until the middle of June. He has put together a program for a cardio tennis class that he suggests holding Saturday and Sunday mornings from 9-10 am and Tuesday and Thursday mornings from 7-8 am. He is also available for private or semi-private lessons. His name is Ira Sherman and he can be reached at 416-449-1396. Please contact him directly if you are interested.

Fern Gordon, 416-537-5891,
fern_gordon@yahoo.com

From the Spring 2006 issue of the ROM magazine *Rotunda*, written by Julia Matthews. Charles Trick Currelly (1875-1957) was the founding director of the ROM. This issue devoted 17 pages to Currelly and the birth of the ROM. Courtesy of Ilse Stockwood, a copy may be borrowed from the Archives. 19 Wychwood Park was built for Charles and Mary Currelly in 1912. Currelly's 312-page autobiography, *I Brought the Ages Home*, was published in the year before his death. A copy is in the Archives.

Currelly's story is both typical and unique. Luckily, he wrote an autobiography, published the year before he died. From it, we learn that he was born an only child in the small Ontario town of Exeter in 1876. On his mother's side, he was connected to the Massey family; his father's roots were in Durham County, but Currelly traced them to Rome. He used to stand beside the bust of a senator in the Roman galleries and ask visitors to compare the profiles.

As a child, Currelly attended the local school and hung around the shops of the blacksmith, the tanner, and the wheelwright, learning about materials and how things were made. When he later went into the field as an archaeologist in Egypt, he remarked, "village trades were much the same trades that one met in examining ancient communities." In Exeter, he was tutored in Latin by Rev. Jasper Wilson, who also taught him to shoot, which interested him more. He pointed out that the "Exeter boys" assembled at convocation in 1926 at the University of Toronto included future venerable professors and deans, a Board member, the Canadian correspondent of the *London Times*, the premier of Saskatchewan, and the head of "a big financial company."

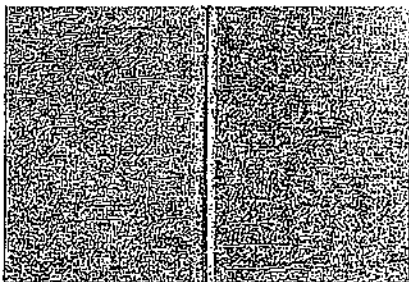
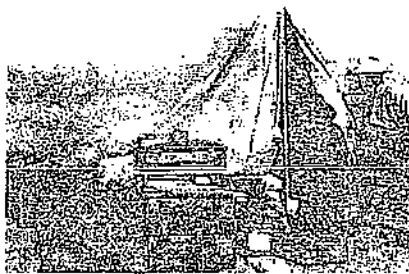
Currelly's high-school years brought his family to Toronto. In his Harbord Collegiate graduating class were future professors, businessmen, ministers, and the president of the CPR. His extracurricular activities were intense: he took art lessons, which would later prove to be critical in his career, and nature study with the Brody Club, which is still in existence. Two of his closest friends were also strategically important to his career. Ned Burwash was the son of Nathaniel, Chancellor of Victoria University, and Edmund Walker was the son of Byron Edmund, the first ROM chair, who was later knighted.

Currelly's first hands-on experience with antiquities took place in Bible League, led by W. E. H. Massey, who had been to Palestine and used artifacts to animate his lessons on daily life in Biblical times. That struck a spark with Currelly. It was a method he would rely on throughout his life.

Both his father and grandfather had attended Victoria University, and so did he, registering in the program called Natural Science. He took courses in biology and the earth sciences; two of his favourite professors, Parks and Coleman, would later become fellow ROM directors. He also studied "Oriental" and Romance languages, for which he said he "had no facility," adding that his visual memory was as "tenacious" as his "memory of sounds was the reverse." Following his graduation in 1898, he was primed for adventure and thought he would travel abroad. Family friend Chancellor Burwash of Victoria University intervened, insisting that Currelly had a duty to serve as a lay preacher in the burgeoning Northwest. His own son, Ned, was going. And so Currelly found himself in Umatilla, west of Dauphin—a veritable wilderness. Except for a trip to Winnipeg for synod meetings, he stayed in Umatilla for two difficult years. To make the best of things, he learned new skills, such as making sinew by chewing animal pelts and collecting aboriginal material that he later exhibited at Victoria University when he returned to study for a Master's degree. In a 1900 issue of *Acta Victoriana*, the university newspaper, "Big Chief Currelly" was reported walking on Bloor Street in full Blackfoot regalia.

When Currelly had completed his Master's degree in 1902, he and Ned Burwash at last went off to England, working their passage on a cattle ship. They planned to study

how the social gospel had filtered down to the working classes, and Ned worked in settlement houses in east London. Currelly, however, was waylaid at the British



Previous page: Drawing of Charles Trick Currelly by Harold Town for *Rotunda* magazine, 1987. Top: Graduation photo of Charles Trick Currelly, 1902. His clear gaze was what attracted mentors, who called him Carlo. Middle: Field photo in Egypt, likely near Sedment, 1903/4. Bottom: A page from the *Deir el Bahri* visitors' book. In the top left corner is the signature of de Lesseps, the mastermind behind the Suez Canal, and at the bottom left is a baron's signature.

Maclean's, Feb. 27/06

TWO'S COMPANY, THREE'S A CROW

A Toronto couple share their home with a pet crow even though it may be illegal. He has the best room in the house.

BY JULIA MCKINNELL • "I've got someone I want you to meet. Knowing what I know about you, I think you're really going to like him."

The set-up sounded perfectly alluring until the real estate agent disclosed that the "he" in question was not anyone you'd want to dine with unless cold scrambled eggs and meatballs are your cup of tea. True, when you meet him he's gorgeous, but wouldn't you know it, he isn't the slightest bit interested in you. He's interested in staring at himself in the mirror. Typical. Typical of *Corvus brachyrhynchos*.

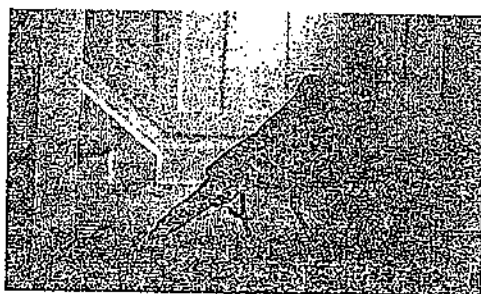
Joker is his name and he is a four-year-old black, male American crow who was found as a baby, dying in a Toronto park with feathers so brittle he couldn't fly. Discovering him helpless but alive was like a gift from heaven for Carol, the real estate agent, who ever since childhood has desperately wanted to raise a

crow. Her father kept a crow and a magpie during her childhood, and Carol says she would have flown to Vancouver if that's where the next injured crow in need of adoption had turned up. But Carol's been told keeping a crow is illegal, and recently, her vet, an avian specialist, warned that "ministry people" had been snooping around his offices, threatening to apprehend any wild animal found in his care. (Confusion about the legality or illegality of pet crows is rife.)

Carol and her husband, Dan, live in a large, beautiful house in downtown Toronto. They love discussing their bird—actually it's birds, plural; last week, Carol adopted a seven-year-old African grey parrot, who has his own upstairs bedroom—but they're antsy about being found out. Secrecy surrounding their identity isn't completely airtight, however. Carol is a member of an interna-

tional online crow group that has members all over North America, Europe, Asia, Australia, New Zealand and Israel. When Carol goes to check email upstairs on a Sunday afternoon, 57 new unopened messages flood the screen, all from crow owners. The crow group was founded in 1999, and according to Carol "has always been a discussion of the extreme pleasure we have for our birds."

Downstairs, Carol leads the way to what she describes as the best room in the house. French doors open onto a glorious sunroom off the dining room. The room is wall-to-



JOKER IS WILD: An empty house means much to do. Where's that phone jack?

wall windows and spans half the width of the backyard. A pine table sits in the middle of the room, but on the floor—watch where you step—the morning newspaper is now a sprawling carpet of birdcage liner.

This is Joker's room, and he has just hopped to his highest perch. "The flicking is agitation," Carol explains. A metal mixing bowl is his bird bath, and he swoops past it to a side table where he discovers the mirror.

"I read the paper this morning. Of course he was right on the paper. I had to keep massaging his head and playing with his feathers. If I stop he gives me a little nudge. Of course I kiss him on the head and put his beak in my mouth. Basically his head is in my mouth right over his eyes. I know! He likes it!" says Carol, who disappears and returns with two photo albums dedicated to Joker, complete with a black and white professionally shot family portrait of Dan, the family dogs, and Carol trying to get Joker to sit still.

"Being smart and being nice are not necessarily synonymous," says Dan, joining the conversation from the kitchen. Crows, ap-

parently, are not just clever problem solvers, they're discriminatory. Their recognition of human individuals is disarming. "He certainly does like to take the measure of anybody and put them in his pecking order," says Dan. Dan tells friends that Joker has two attitudes. "The first attitude is f--- you. The second attitude is No, f--- you." According to Dan, Joker lost it once after Carol's sister scolded him. "She looked back at him and went 'caw, caw, caw.' He went berserk. He went into overdrive. He can make a screaming baby look like nothing and he never forgave her."

For the most part, Joker has the run of the house. When Carol and Dan are out, Joker opens the French doors. He has much to do. He unplugs the phone cord. He reaches into the phone jack and bends the wires. Pens disappear. He unscrews doorstops. He removes batteries from the remote control. He steals toothbrushes and flies them to the top of door frames, which is where he also keeps his half-eaten meatballs.

Carol would like to let him fly free, outside. She used to let him out, and like clock-

work, he returned through an open window at dusk. "He'd definitely come home. This is home and this is where it's safe to go to sleep." It's just that lately the neighbourhood's not as safe as it was. The menace is a pair of "unfriendly crows," according to Carol. She calls the pair Heckle and Jeckle. "They actually want to beat Joker up," she says. "And I don't know whether they regard Joker as a pathetic loser because he doesn't have all his flying skills. He probably looks like a big gimp as he flaps across the sky, but they chase him like a hawk would, and hit him and knock him to the ground." Carol is so worried about Joker's safety that, in addition to the sunroom, he now occupies a newly built outdoor aviary with a tree to perch on. He seems happy, and of course there's always next vacation to look forward to. In the photo album, Joker's sunning himself, having a hell of a time at the beach. That was the summer Carol and Dan flew him to Manitoba for a lakeside cottage holiday. M

Forest Hill Village

Full of gossiping teens, the village is as twee as it was 20 years ago. But the charm of this oh-so-posh 'hood lies in its changelessness **BY OLIVIA STREN**

1. Forest Hill Spa

The expansive 4,000-square-foot spa—tenderly lit, washed in creamy, low-blood-pressure hues and outfitted with 18 no-nonsense staff—offers an interminable list of treatments: manis, pedis, reiki, hot-stone massages, reflexology, glycolic acid peels, spray tanning and a signature two-hour Haute Couture Facial (\$150). **TIP:** Doctors are on hand for Restylane injections. 435 Spadina Rd., 416-484-4216.

2. Track Fitness

Conveniently named owner Larry Track worked as a personal trainer for 10 years before opening this mini-club in 2004. The cozy gym feels more like you're working out at your best friend's loft. (Track bakes his own power bars, walls are panelled with his wife's artwork and you'll never find more than two clients in the training studio at a time.) Hour-long one-on-one sessions (including pre- and postnatal training) are offered, as well as a slew of small classes. 417 Spadina Rd., 416-544-8677.

3. Hope Street Café

Snug and unpretentious, the two-year-old spot serves up stylish takes on the classics to families who arrive home to find the Sub-Zero empty. Regulars come for the baby back ribs and six different kinds of caesar salads. **TIP:** Hope also dishes out a solid brunch. Try the avocado eggs Benny (\$10.95). 324 Lonsdale Rd., 416-481-4834.

4. Lonsdale Gallery

Chad Wolfond's 11-year-old space is committed to exhibiting "work that has shock value and elicits reaction." Recent provocateurs: autistic painter Jonathan Lerman's portraits and Italian artist Francesco Gallo's images perked from espresso grinds. **TIP:** Wolfond now stocks a solid selection of art books and hard-to-find magazines. 410 Spadina Rd., 416-487-8733.

5. David's by Day, Buzz by Night

On weekends, the buzz (or, at least, the bustle) starts well before dusk, with long lineups by 10 a.m. Clement weather brings everyone (and their schnoodles) to the patio. Hefty salads and sammies served on the carb of your choice (croissant, challah, rye or eight kinds of bagels) are a strong suit. **TIP:** From Thursday to Sunday, Buzz delivers dinner (rack of lamb \$23.95, chicken marsala \$14.95). 413 Spadina Rd., 416-482-7871.

6. Sushi Lovers

Weekdays at this buzzing takeout counter find busy professionals jangling car keys as they wait for their maki and students popping in for after-school sashimi snacks (what happened to Fruit Roll-Ups?). Lots of inexpensive maki-sushi combos (12 pieces \$7.95), udon soups and special rolls. **TIP:** Sushi chefs are happily dispatched for private parties. 327 Lonsdale Rd., 416-482-8807.

7. Kitsch Boutique

Typical Friday afternoon at Kitsch: a woman bursts in, desperate for something cute to wear for her 33rd birthday. Success: "Oh...my...God. Too cute!" she says with a gasp, holding up a slinky black halter like she might a puppy.

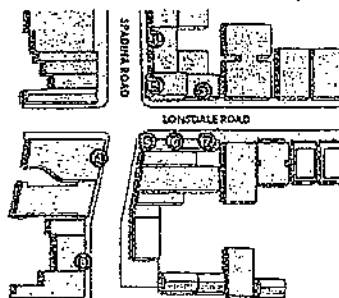
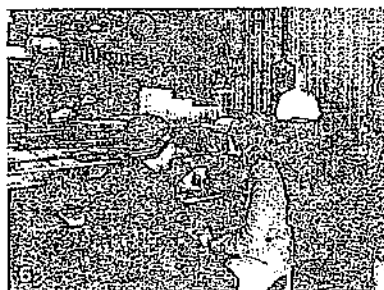
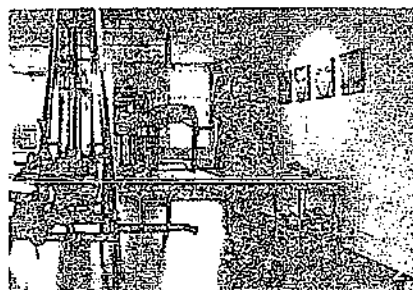
"Done." This 18-year-old feel-good boutique carries frocks (from BCBG, Nanette Lapore, Laundry, A.B.S.) for way less than Holt's. Well-versed in the "no, you don't look fat" pep talk, staff expertly cheerlead patrons through trying-on marathons. 325 Lonsdale

Rd., 416-481-6712.

8. Vila Ventura

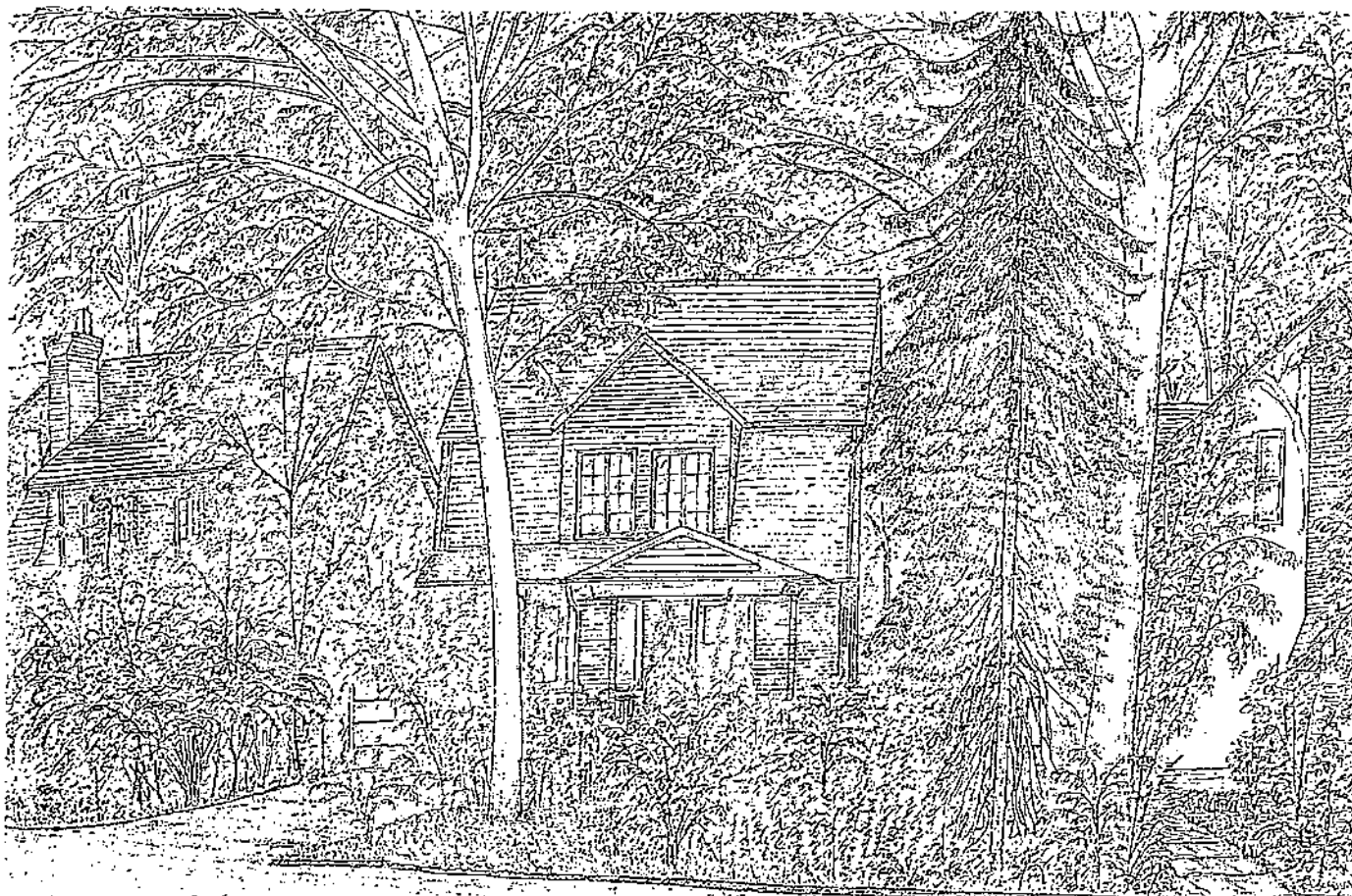
This petite newcomer carries a carnival of high-end Brazilian labels, all suited to the tall and tanned and young and lovely: curve-hugging denim, skirts patterned with the country's green flash, and panty line-proof laser-cut

thongs. However, shoes from house brand Vila Ventura (delicately heeled and richly coloured pumps) are the real head turners. **TIP:** This spring, VV boasts elegant runners from California line Tsubo (\$120). 394A Spadina Rd., 416-482-8880. **END**



News from the Archives

September 2006



18 Wychwood Park

Drawing by Anthony Jim

The house was built for insurance agent Walter Peace. The building permit was issued on September 17, 1919, and the estimated cost of construction was \$4500. According to the "Green Book", the builder was Arthur Whatmough, who built a number of houses in the Park in 1918-1920.

In 1928 the house was sold to physician Dr. Hamilton Cruikshank (1891-1942), with wife Lillian and children Alec and Grace. Grace followed in her father's footsteps as an M.D. After Hamilton's death, the house was sold in April 1943 to Alick Stockwood (1911-1990) with wife Anne (1917-2004) and children David, Mary, and Philip.

Alick, Director and Vice-President of the lithography firm ES.&A. Robinson, served as Park trustee in 1966-1979 (senior trustee from 1973). His trustee notice from October 1977 appears later in these pages. Anne's father, Trafford Jones, lost his life in World War I. Her mother Madeline later married Ramsay Stewart, and they bought #54. Anne lived there from 1920 until 1936, when she married Alick.

After Alick's death, the house was sold to TV script writers Jeremy Hole and Janet MacLean. Janet served on the WPHAC, drawing up new 'procedures and protocols'. In 1995 Jeremy and Janet moved south to Howland Avenue and sold #18 to the present lucky owners, Dan Diamond and

Carol McLaughlin.

The above is one in a series of house histories. The stories of #2-16 appeared in previous issues. Any corrections or additional information would be greatly appreciated.

HISTORY OF THE PARK ROADS by Alick Stockwood, February 1981

A map of 1888 [shown on the cover of your copy of "The Green Book"] shows a road to be named Park Drive commencing at Davenport Road which then encircles the ravine area making use at its northern limits of the roadway which became a public street which is now known as Alcina Avenue. It also indicates a spur going to the west at the top of the hill on the west side of the ravine. This spur, called Braemore Avenue, was intended to join up with Christie Street, outside the Park boundaries.

In 1891 a trust deed was prepared appointing trustees "to hold the roadways, drives and Park reserve and reservations set forth on said plan as private property". This new plan [see back page of this newsletter] had several changes from the 1888 map. Alcina Avenue is no longer to be within the Park boundaries and the road is to be south of the houses to be built backing on the south side of Alcina. There is to be a turning area at the east end of this new strip of road, which was not actually built until around 1909. Much of the fill to build up the road came from the excavations of the new houses. [Some of the small houses on the south side of Alcina were moved to the north side to make way for the large Park houses.] A 30 foot road allowance is shown running east between lots 16 and 17 to link the Park road to Burnside Avenue.

A map of 1912 indicates that with the planned development of Braemore Gardens, the link of the Park road leading to Christie Street was closed. In 1916 the road allowance going north to Tyrrel Avenue was increased from 50 feet to 66 feet and it was given a new curve at its mouth, making use of some land in lot 77 to make an easier connection with Tyrrel and what is now known as Wychwood Avenue. Also in 1916 other changes were made including extending the road from the Tyrrel Gate down to the Barton property [#22]. Up to this time a steep winding driveway had provided egress and exit from Davenport Road to the Barton house. A right-of-way was laid out going directly east from the new Barton entrance to meet the road coming up the hill from the Davenport Gate. The driveway leading to

Burnside Drive was to be closed to traffic to and from the Park but a right-of-way was maintained for pedestrians living within the Park.

Until the northern entrance at Tyrrel became a reality, the northern entrance existed between houses #45 and #49. It was no longer to be used for vehicles but a right-of-way 4 feet wide was maintained for pedestrians. A further pathway 6 feet wide for pedestrians was laid out between houses #77 and #81.

Toward the end of 1916 many residents, it seems, were concerned with the condition of the roads which were full of ruts and had only a cinder surface. In a letter dated December 20, 1916 written by Mr. Howell [#7], it is proposed that a substantial sum of money be raised to take care of necessary repairs and improvements and that the best way to do this was to sell lots for additional houses.

It seems that the proposals outlined in the letter were accepted by the established residents for by 1919 houses were being built on the west side of the road running south from Tyrrel and also on the south side of the road running below the Morrow house [#16]. The house next to the Tyrrel Gate was built in 1916, being then known as 17 Tyrrel. In 1923 one house was built on the south side of the road running east from Barton's, directly west of the original Matthews home [#6]. In 1939 this road had a minor repositioning and in 1952 two further houses were built on the south side. Building on the road on the east side of the ravine commenced in 1926.

The Park roadways had some street lighting as early as 1917 with service provided by the Toronto Electric Light Company. In 1924 an agreement to supply current and service to the Park light fixtures was made with the Toronto Hydro and has continued to this day.

Parking by property owners on the Park roads is discouraged and is confined to driveways and garages. Outsiders are not allowed to park in our private area except when providing service to residents.

ODDS AND ENDS

Trustees' Annual Meeting: Once again the Giacomellis have kindly invited us to meet in George Reid's studio at Upland Cottage (#81). Tuesday, November 28, 7:30 pm.

Reid Murals: Large murals by George Reid in the original adult room and by Doris McCarthy in

the children's room at the library on the east side of Dufferin just south of St. Clair were painted over during "renovations" in the 1970s. Restoration work has been proceeding during the summer. A few of the McCarthys have been uncovered and restored and one of the Reids is finished. Well worth a visit to see the sad state of the other Reids before they are restored. The current issue of the ROM magazine *Rotunda* has a photo of Reid in his studio at Upland Cottage working on a large panel for a dinosaur mural at the ROM. Also in this issue is a major article about the history of the ROM building. The founding director, Charles Trick Currelly (#19), figures prominently. A copy may be borrowed from the Archives.

Erp Savini: Hundreds of photos of the sewer replacement were taken by Peter Caddick and myself, and they will be on display at the Annual Meeting. If you have some, please bring them or lend them for our albums. Images of the digging in front of your house are available from the Archives. One regret, in regard to local archaeology: I was absent on the day the crew dug through a garbage pit between the houses of Marmaduke Matthews (#6) and Alexander Jardine (#22), built in 1874 and 1877. They told me that they had left some bottles, cans, and broken China by the side of the road, and by the time I returned after the weekend it had all been taken. If you have any of these pieces, I would like to photograph them for the Archives.

Children's Tennis Lessons: Gator returned on September 11. Monday & Wednesday, 4-6. Classes are structured as they were in the spring. Info: Fern Gordon, 416-537-5891.

Anthony Jim: Again this fall, Anthony, a draftsman at the TTC Hillcrest yards, is generously offering to donate the entire proceeds of the sale of his Park house drawings to the United Way, through the TTC drive. In the past five years he has raised over \$10,000! He has completed the last four this year and has run out of houses! If you are new to the Park, he has offered to redraw your house this fall (a great Christmas gift). Anthony can be reached at 416-393-4405 (work) or 416-465-3808 (home).

Art Walk: September 29 - October 1. Studio tours, exhibitions, entertainment in the vicinity of St. Matthew's and St. Michael and All Angels churches. Info and program guide: stclair-artwalk.org

Twentieth Anniversary: On the afternoon of September 25, 1986, the road was closed in front of #16 so that rows of chairs could be set up, and a large gathering of past and present residents attended the unveiling of the Toronto Historical Board plaque. Local music students performed, Peter Russell (#14) chaired the event, reps from the THB, the city, and the province spoke, former Park archivist Keith Miller (#108) provided historical background, and Sheila Owen (#49), who had lived here the longest, uncovered the stone. Mary Bonnycastle (#9) hustled about trying to capture on film all who were present, and then she mounted her pictures with all the names and other details of the heritage designation into an album, which she later deposited in the Archives. Viewing Mary's images is a nostalgic walk down memory lane.

Wychpark Email Group: If you are not yet a member and would like to be kept up to date on Neighbourhood Watch and other issues and events, send an email to David Stockwood at davids@stockwoods.ca and he will sign you up.

Newsletter: Subscriptions for former residents are available at \$5 per year for postage and handling. Back issues are kept in stock at \$1 each. Submissions are always welcome and greatly appreciated.

Island Bike Tour: On Saturday, September 23, I shall conduct a bike tour for the Toronto Bay Initiative (\$15), leaving Hanlan's Point ferry dock at 10:30 am (bring your bike or rent one on Queen's Quay and catch the 10:15 boat to Hanlan's from the ferry docks at the foot of Bay St.) The tour will include a climb to the top of the lighthouse (1808, second-oldest in Canada, hardly ever open to the public), the interior of the beautiful Church of St. Andrew-by-the-Lake (1884, with magnificent stained glass by McCausland), and, the highlight, a visit to the Island Archives where Emily has offered to serve tea and cookies!

Island House Tour: Sunday, September 17, 1-4 pm. As a fundraiser for CommunityAir, each \$45 ticket will provide tours of the interiors and gardens of 5 houses and the Archives, plus refreshments, music, art, and personal stories. If you would like to attend, call us re tickets, which must be purchased in advance. Your personal itinerary will await you at the Ward's Island ferry dock on the Island. The boat leaves the city at quarter to each hour. Info: communityair.org

October 26, 1977.

From the Wychwood Park Trustees:

SOUTH GATES

Thanks to the skill and some 16 hours of time devoted to the project Stuart Johnston has once again refurbished the South gates and has also installed a metal post on each side of the road to hold a metal link chain. The chain was kindly donated by Dr. Douglas Wright and many others helped with the project including Drs. Bill Wallace and Don Fraser and Messrs. John Barnes, Bruce Mitchell, Murray Wilton and Don Whitewood. Also Mrs. Emily Van Rhee and myself.

Such communal efforts help the Trustees to hold down the cost of running our Park in this inflationary period and we would point out that had we employed outside professional help the work would probably have cost more than \$500.00.

During the past three months when we have been without the gates there has been a tremendous increase in the number of cars cutting through the Park and in many instances the same ones are seen each day going at ever increasing speeds. With the opening of the subway there will be a changing traffic pattern in this area and it is anticipated that far more traffic will come down Wychwood Avenue from St. Clair and obviously much of it will try to cut through the Park. It is the Trustees' feeling, therefore, that the South Gates should be locked at all times. For the past five years they have been except between 8 and 10 a.m. Monday to Friday. Only a very few residents made use of the South exit during this short period and we are sure they will not object to a minute's extra driving time to ensure that outsiders become aware that there is no throughway to Davenport at any time of day. New signs will be put at the North entrance stating that there is no exit to Davenport.

The South Gates will of course be opened for the benefit of Park residents when winter driving conditions make this essential.

GARBAGE & RATS

Some of you must be weary of my harping on this subject but probably none of you walk around the Park several times a day as I do and see the unsightly mess of garbage scattered around driveways, on the lawns and on the road. If this condition continues we shall have colonies of rats as well as raccoons, mice and dogs around our houses. Over the long term such conditions will also lead to the downgrading in value of our property.

As previously advised much of the trouble can be eliminated if one's garbage pails are kept in wooden boxes - a practice that at one time was almost universal in the Park. Even a crate construction made with but a few pieces of wood that prevents the container being overturned can suffice, providing the container is rigid and has a reasonably secure lid.

Cont →

At the roadside on collection days conditions can be improved if we obey city by-laws, which amongst other things state:- "Containers with edible garbage must be sealed and must not be put at the roadside till the morning of collection." Containers must be removed from roadside as soon as possible after they have been emptied by city employees.

Some residents put out edible garbage at the roadside in plastic bags and despite the fact that many owners of dogs do not let their animals run loose on garbage mornings the remaining dogs and canine tourists quickly open them up knowing exactly where the most succulent morsels are to be found. This problem can be largely overcome if the bag is placed in a rigid container with lid. One local dog can even take off a secure lid with the dexterity of a raccoon.

We look for your co-operation. Thank you.

A. Stockwood

Chairman of the Trustees

St. Lawrence Bulletin, May '06

Cast-iron relic of our past needs help

By Frank Touby

Bring a fridge magnet next time you're walking along Front Street East and when you get to number 49, watch it stick to any of the columns. That's because it's one of only three surviving cast-iron buildings in Canada.

Sheldon Godfrey's family have owned the historic building since 1935 when it was one of the many warehouses in what was then the Wool District. (See photo at bottom left.)

His 98-year-old father is the only one of the four brothers still alive and Sheldon has taken over the family holding. He also owns other historic buildings in Old Town Toronto.

Still zoned warehouse, even though 49 Front's use now is retail at ground level and offices above, that designation might threaten the building's long-term survival and the principle involved could jeopardize preservation of other historic structures in Toronto, according to Godfrey.

That's because the building to the east is coming down and a monster condo—far bigger and denser than



Sheldon Godfrey

zoning permits—is to be constructed by Concert Properties of Vancouver. The new condo would run down Church Street to The Esplanade.

Because the zoning is for warehouse, there is no requirement that buildings have a gap between each other. So Concert's project as currently planned, would butt right up to the east wall of Godfrey's cast-iron

turn to page 6

Is English hard to write right?

1. The bandage was wound around the wound.

2. The farm was used to produce produce.

3. The dump was so full that it had to refuse more refuse.

4. We must polish the Polish furniture.

5. He could lead if he would get the lead out.

6. The soldier decided to desert his dessert in the desert.

7. Since there is no time like the present, he thought it was time to present the present.

8. A bass was painted on the head of the bass drum.

9. When shot at, the dove dove into the bushes.

10. I did not object to the object.

11. The insurance was invalid for the invalid.

12. There was a row among the oarsmen about how to row.

13. They were too close to the door to close it.

14. The buck does funny things when the does are present.

15. A seamstress and a sewer fell down into a sewer line.

16. To help with planting, the farmer taught his sow to sow.

17. The wind was too strong to wind the sail.

18. Upon seeing the tear in the painting I shed a tear.

19. I had to subject the subject to a series of tests.

20. How can I intimate this to my most intimate friend?

Star, Oct 22/05

Star, May 31/06 ↓

Sale of 1886 Toronto waterfront painting a record for artist, city

At Joyner Waddington's Canadian art auction last night, a charming oil of the city's inner harbour dotted with couples in rowboats, seen from Toronto Island, set a record price for the work of George Agnew Reid (head of the Ontario Art College) as well as for any painting of 19th century Toronto.

Reid's large canvas titled *Toronto Waterfront* painted in 1886 sold for \$184,000 including buyer's premium, twice its presale high estimate. Prices for important works generally doubled estimates.

SHUTTLEWORTH/SWARNEY

Laura and Matthew are delighted to announce the birth of their fifth child, Lucy Jean. Born at 12:35 p.m., August 3, 2006 weighing 8 pounds 2 ounces at Women's College Hospital, a sister for Emma, Sebastian, Oliver and Alexander. Another grandchild for Susan Shuttleworth, and Jane and Paul Swarney of Toronto; a sixth great-grandchild for Lorraine Shuttleworth of London, Ontario.

'You're not hallucinating, that's definitely a lump'

There's no mistaking the real thing



LIBBY ZNAIMER
The Lump

If it hadn't been so hot, I might not have found the lump when I did. It was a sweltering night, and the heat woke me up at around 2 a.m. As I pulled the sheet away from me, my hand grazed my bare breast and I felt something hard. I thought I must be mistaken, and touched it again. Then again. My breasts are dense, full of bumps and valleys. Like all women, I've had many lectures about breast self-examination, and I've always worried I wouldn't be able to distinguish a lump from the normal landscape of my breast. But believe me, there's no mistaking the real thing.

"That's a lump," I said aloud. My husband, Doug, woke up. He could feel it, too. "Thank goodness you found it," he whispered.

It was a long time before I fell back to sleep, and when I did I was soon awakened by a terrifying dream: I am barring the door against an intruder. I'm pushing with all my strength, but he's getting in.

The discovery of the lump that night started a chain of events that has overtaken my life. I am writing this account of my experience — what I have learned, where I have turned for answers and how I am navigating the health-care system — in the hope that it will help other women. I will write about what has frightened me and what has assured me.

The morning after my discovery, I tele-

phoned my GP, whose secretary told me she didn't have a slot that day to see me. Apparently, a two-centimetre lump in the breast is not a good enough reason to add 10 minutes to my doctor's day. So I phoned my brother's GP. His office called back and told me to come anytime in the afternoon.

I saw him at 3 p.m., and within minutes he confirmed what I already knew. "You're not hallucinating," he said, "that's definitely a lump." While I sat in his office, he booked the mammogram and ultrasound for 11 the next morning.

What shocked me about the discovery of the lump was that I had had my annual mammogram and ultrasound just two months before and been told that everything was fine. That earlier screening gave me hope that whatever this was would turn out to be benign.

Had I not been given the all-clear weeks before, I wouldn't have been surprised to find myself one of the 22,000 Canadian women who will be diagnosed with breast cancer this year. One in nine women develops the disease, and I've always known that I might be the one. I'm already more than eight years older than my mother was when she got breast cancer.

I remember my brother Sam and I being taken to stay with a neighbour while Mummy had an operation. When we re-

**ABOUT 60% OF WOMEN
DIAGNOSED IN THE 1960S
LIVED FOR FIVE YEARS**

turned home a few days later, she was in bed, and sadness seemed to hang over everything. My father came home with a beautiful shiny box soon after. Was it a get-well gift? That would have been unusual. My parents were post-war refugees, and money was very tight. Anything extra always went on us, the children. I took a peek inside the box when no one was around and discovered the largest bra I'd ever seen, the left side filled with a prosthetic breast.

My mother quickly accepted her new body and moved on with her life. Where

her left breast had been, her chest was concave, with a bluish tinge, and her left underarm was completely carved out where the lymph nodes had been removed. She never hid it from us, and I came to see it as normal. She lived another 30 years before dying of ovarian cancer.

My mother — Chaya to her close-knit circle of immigrant friends, Helen to everyone else — beat the odds. There weren't good data on survival rates in those days. Doctors say about 60% of women diagnosed in the 1960s lived for five years, but far fewer were around to mark the 10th anniversary of their diagnosis. It's hard to get a fix on survival rates today, too, because there are so many studies with so many results. In recent weeks I've heard of five-year survival rates as high as 86%, but most put it at about 80%, and most of those women are still alive 10, 15, even 20 years later, a consequence of earlier diagnosis and better treatment.

Dr. Richard Margolese, one of Canada's foremost experts on breast cancer — who, coincidentally, treated my mother in her later years — is gratified by these advances. He is a professor of surgical oncology at McGill University and practises at the Jewish General Hospital in Montreal. "We've moved from radical disfiguring surgery with limited cure rates to breast-conserving surgery and improved cure rates," he says. "I feel terrific about that."

He believes chemotherapy is the biggest reason for the improvement. Four decades ago, after her operation, my mother opted for the only option available to her: cobalt, an early form of radiation.

Unlike many high-risk people I know, I have never brooded about breast cancer, though I knew I might get it. I think I've been realistic: I've had annual mammograms since the age of 35, and recently started having ultrasounds. Originally I was in a screening program at Toronto Western Hospital, but in recent years I've gone to a diagnostic clinic. I'd never really considered issues of competence. As I've mentioned, I was never big on self-examination because I didn't think I'd be able to detect a tumour. But I've always asked both my GP and my gynecologist to examine my breasts annually.

I think the most enduring effect on my

THE WALK ACROSS TORONTO



National Post, June 23 / 06

DRAWING ON HIS PASSION

WYCHWOOD PARK

BY PETER KUITENBROUWER

He's a sketch artist with steel-toe boots. For years Anthony Jim, an engineer at the Toronto Transit Commission's sprawling Hillcrest Yards, took lunch-hour strolls in Wychwood Park, Toronto's tiny, historic gated enclave that is just across Davenport Road.

"It's very enjoyable," he said. "Many TTC employees walk through. It splits the day in half and takes away some stress.

"I walked here many, many times and said, 'Hmm, I can sketch it.' Then five years ago, I started."

Armed with nothing but a sheet of 8½-by-11-inch paper and an HB pencil, he began to draw the heritage homes, and people began to notice.

"Albert Fulton, the archivist of Wychwood Park, said, 'Anthony, you have to sketch all the homes.'"

Five years later, Mr. Jim has drawn 58 of the 60 Wychwood homes. The other two are under renovation, and he'll do those sketches next year. Many he had to sketch in winter when the leaves had fallen; in this lush, wooded community,

most houses are hidden behind foliage in summer.

"When I hide in someone's backyard and sketch, I feel like I'm in Muskoka," said the father of two.

Mr. Jim sold all the drawings, most of them to the homeowners, for about \$250 each, and raised more than \$10,000. He gave every cent to the United Way. "It's fun," said Mr. Jim, a rail-thin man whose grin is as big as a streetcar. "I improve my sketching skills by doing some good for United Way. And some people invited me in to have a drink or a tea inside."

I met Mr. Jim on the corner of Davenport Road and Bathurst Street yesterday, where he sat in the shade of the big trees here and worked on a sketch of the TTC central control building.

I was winded from climbing the hill on Bathurst north of Dupont Avenue. Talking to Mr. Jim perked me right up.

There he sat, on a tiny blue cloth folding bench, sketching. Beside him on the cement wall was a new pack of HB pencils. So far, he has sketched the control building from two angles and is working on the third.

Many mornings Mr. Jim catches the subway from his home at Danforth Avenue and Coxwell Avenue, arrives here at 7:15 a.m. and sketches for an hour before work.



PETER KUITENBROUWER / NATIONAL POST

Anthony Jim, a TTC engineer, sketches in Wychwood Park. "I'm no big artist," he says.

As a teen growing up in Hong Kong, Mr. Jim learned to draw from British engineers. His brother was in Canada.

"I was struggling. Working class, eh? My brother said, 'Why don't you come over here?'"

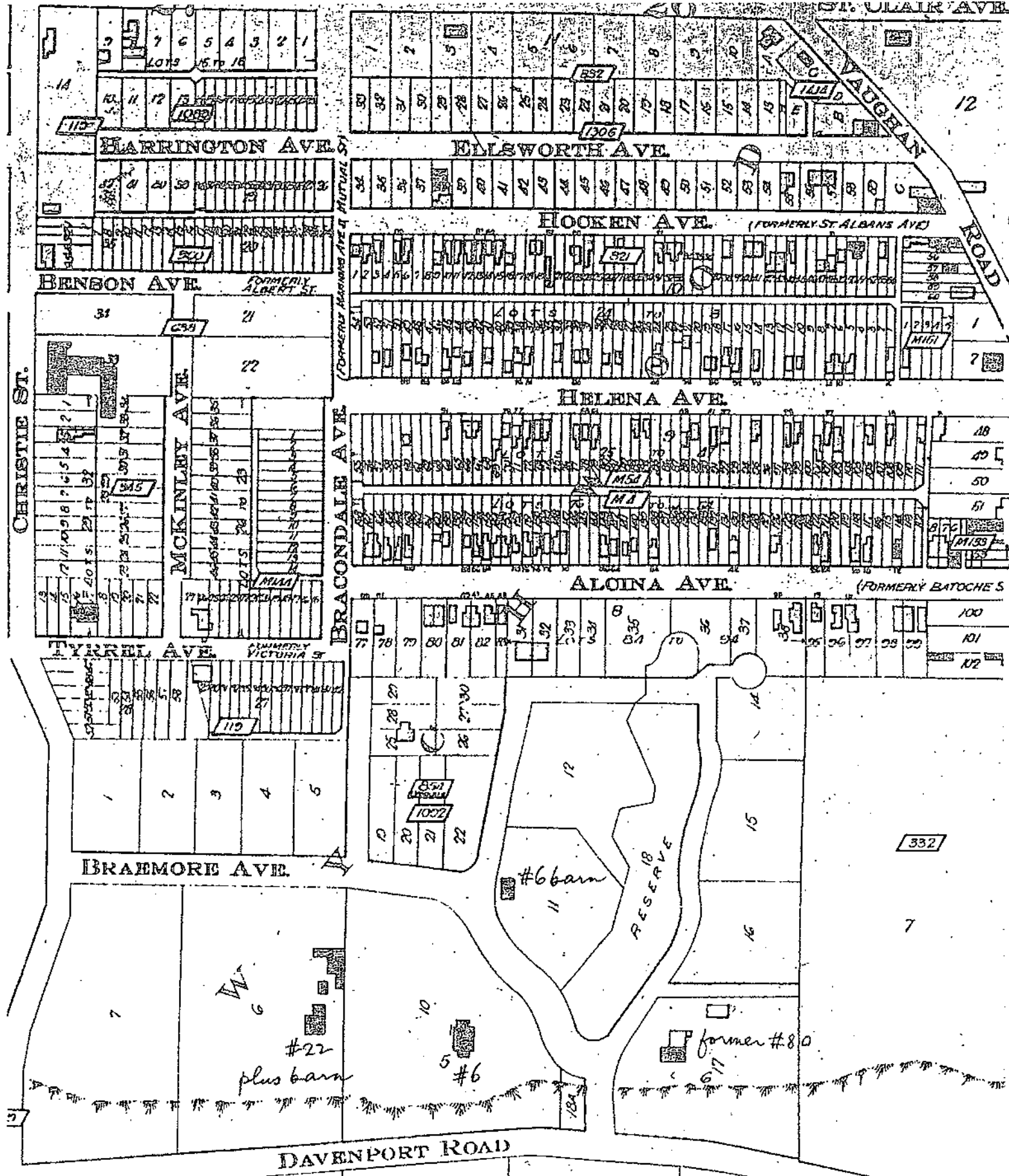
In 1973, he came. In 1977, he graduated from Ryerson in engineering.

"My teacher, Anthony Souroshnikoff, was an artist as well as an engineer," Mr. Jim recalled. "He was a renaissance man."

Those mentors are with him today, as he sharpens his pencils and draws, always improving, he says.

"Each time, you pick up something about the pencil skills," he said. "I'm no big artist. I'm just a regular kind of person doing regular kind of stuff. If I can help out a bit, that's great."

It's so heartwarming on my walk to meet people like him, immigrants who pour so much love into this town.



Ward 5

News from the Archives

December 2006



17 Wychwood Park

Drawing by Anthony Jim, July 5, 2001

The house was built in 1910 for Saxon and Kitty Shenstone. According to later owner Doug Lee, the house was not designed by an architect, but by the Shenstones in collaboration with the builder, Parker Building Contractors.

Saxon Shenstone (1876-1915) was treasurer of the Dominion Radiator Company. His father Joseph was president of the Massey Harris Company, and his step-mother Mary was the founder of the Heliconian Club. Saxon's sister Mary (1892-1984) married Dr. Donald Fraser (1888-1954), and they bought #7 in 1927. Their son, Dr. Donald Fraser Jr., has owned #24 since 1956.

Saxon and Kitty's children, three sons, were Beverley (1906-1985), Douglas (1909-1990), and Gregory (1912-1997). According to Eleanor Woodside (#22), Saxon built a duck house at the north end of the pond, where the trickling Taddle Creek provided a bit of open water during the winter. He enjoyed riding his horse down the ravine to the duck house, and he dropped dead (at age 39) while feeding his ducks on Christmas Day. Kitty and the boys kept #17 until 1944.

Beverley Shenstone had a distinguished career as an aeronautical engineer. After completing his masters at UofT in 1929, he worked in airplane construction in Germany and then at a Vickers plant in England, where he co-designed the Spitfire, one of the best known fighter planes of World War II. Back in Canada he worked for Canadair and Avro, and then he returned to England as the chief engineer for British European Airways. Several articles about his career are in the Archives.

The next owners of #17 were Lesslie and Mabel Wilson, with children Ross, Bill, and a daughter

(can an old-timer remember her name?). Lesslie (1880-1962) was the general manager and chairman of the board of The Wilson Publishing Company, which produced syndicated sections for country weeklies. He was an avid sportsman and a founding member of the Toronto Ski Club, the Badminton and Racquet Club, the University Club, and the Toronto Golf Club.

Mabel (1884-1956) was a daughter of Sir George Ross (1841-1914). Sir George, a Liberal, was the Ontario Minister of Education from 1883 to 1899 and then Premier of Ontario until 1905. He was then appointed to the Senate, where he served until his death.

Lesslie and Mabel's son Bill, a contractor, his wife Catherine, and children Willie and Ann lived at #10 in 1950-1965.

The Wilsons' houseman, Edward Colbeck, lived at #17 until 1962 and then was hired by the Ambridges next door at #19. He lived and worked there until the death of Jessie Ambridge in 1986.

From former Park archivist Keith Miller (#108): "I remember Mr. Wilson as an elderly gentleman, well-dressed, wearing a fedora, with two little dogs like the ones on the Black & White scotch bottle. They were very friendly and never nipped at the ankles like Rory, the Barbers' scottie at #100. The garden at #17 was well maintained, I suppose by Colbeck, or possibly by Mr. Fisher of 56 Alcina as I recall seeing his old Model A there frequently. The roses along the split-rail fence were a sight to behold."

After Lesslie Wilson's death in 1962, the property was sold to Douglas and Jocelyn Lee. Their children are Jamie, Mary, Peggy, and Eric. Doug was born in Montreal in 1927. He earned a Bachelor of Architecture from McGill, followed by a Master of Science at the University of Illinois. In 1952 Macklin Hancock was hired to oversee the development of the Don Mills subdivision on E.P. Taylor's lands, and Doug was hired as his assistant. An article about the history of Don Mills appears later in these pages.

Aside from his architectural practice, Doug also taught at the UofT School of Architecture and served as president of the Ontario Association of Architects and chair of the Toronto Committee of Adjustment. Locally, he served as president of the Ratepayers Association and chair of the WPHAC. He enjoys carpentry, such as building wooden canoes, and he created some beautiful wooden prizes for the annual Christmas Puzzle.

Joey's father, Dr. Ray Hodge (1890-1924) and Don Fraser's father, Dr. Donald Fraser (1888-1954) both

graduated from the UofT medical school in 1915. They served as medics during World War I in Egypt and France. Returning to Toronto in 1918, Dr. Hodge practised medicine, taught at the UofT medical school, and carried out research into the causes and treatment of scarlet fever at the Connaught Labs, where Dr. Fraser also worked in research in preventive medicine. In 1918 Dr. Hodge had married Mary Moffat (1890-1939), who gave birth to daughters Peggy and Joey. Dr. Hodge died of pneumonia at age 34, before Joey was born.

At the outbreak of World War II, Mary, Peggy and Joey were returning to Canada on the *Athenia*. At 7:30 pm on September 3, 1939, less than eight hours after Britain had declared war on Germany, a German U-boat torpedoed the *Athenia*, 320 km off the coast of Ireland. Of the 1418 on board, 112 lost their lives. Mary died, and Peggy and Joey, rescued by different ships, reached shore on opposite sides of the Atlantic. Reunited in Toronto, they were adopted by Dr. Donald and Mary Fraser and grew up at #7.

Joey's mother, Mary Moffat Hodge, was a niece of Jessie Bell Dunlap, wife of David Dunlap (1862-1924), a wealthy mine owner and philanthropist. Their summer retreat was a 600-acre farm by the Don River, south of York Mills. The farm was named Don Alda, after Jessie's middle name. Because of David's love of astronomy, after his death Jessie donated funds to UofT to build the David Dunlap Observatory in Richmond Hill, away from the lights of the city. When it opened in 1935, it had the second largest reflecting telescope in the world.

David and Jessie's son Moffat Dunlap took over the farm. The Guernseys, which had been bred there for 30 years and regularly took top honours at the Royal Winter Fair, were reported to be the finest herd on the continent. A few years before his death, Moffat sold the farm to the Don Mills Development Co., which used the Don Alda house as its headquarters during the construction of the Don Mills subdivision. Later the house became the clubhouse for the present Donalda Golf Club. Coincidentally, the 'farm house' of Joey's cousin Moffat became the workplace of her husband Doug.

Doug & Joey have just moved to an apartment in Christie Gardens. The lucky new owners of #17 are Gisbert Segler and Nada Alaica, with son Max. Welcome to the Park!

The above is one in a series of house histories. The stories of #2-16 appeared in previous issues. Any corrections or additional information would be greatly appreciated.

FROM THE LANDSCAPE COMMITTEE by Emily Fulton

We need men! Stout-hearted men! Stout-hearted men with chainsaws!

Not so long ago there was a committee called The Tree and Shrub Committee (aka The Shree and Tub Committee) consisting only of men -- Don Baillie, Paul Druckman, Don Harrison, Stuart Johnston, Jack Sword, Don Whitewood, Murray Wilton -- and others, who had chainsaws and pruners, but what they had, more than anything else, was a love for the Park and a real sense of tradition, pride, and enthusiasm to get together and get things done. Some years ago a tree fell across the road two houses down from ours and before I knew it, Jack and Stu were there with chainsaws, clearing a path for cars to get through. And when trees toppled into the pond, the men pulled them out and cut them up.

On a Saturday this winter we need our men to come out with saws and pruners and a bit of energy. Some trees by the tennis court and by the pond need pruning. Please let Ilse Stockwood or me know if you would be available after the pond has frozen solid and we will pick a date. If you do not have a chainsaw or pruner, we will provide them.

Let's carry on the tradition of caring for our Park ourselves, and we will find that the sharing of work, and a little camaraderie, will go a long way toward the satisfaction of helping to keep our landscape beautiful!

REMEMBERING ELISABETH by Christa McDermott

When Bob and I moved into 10 Wychwood Park in June 1974, Elisabeth was one of the first of our new neighbours to drop by and welcome us to the Park. She and I quickly discovered that we had several things in common. We had both grown up in northern Germany and moved to Canada in our early twenties -- she in 1951 and I in 1971. We had both made Wychwood Park our new home. And so started a special friendship that, in spite of our age difference, lasted until she died in October 2006, some 32 years later.

Elisabeth loved the Park. She knew everyone by name. She took a particular interest in the children, always inquiring about their well-being and their accomplishments. This was her way of enlarging her own family. She loved coming over to our house for the occasional "Kaffeeklatsch", a time when we caught up on life over a cup of coffee and a piece of cake. Our chit-chat was always conducted in German, and when she left she would say, "Ach, das war mal

wieder schon gemutlich!" If our children greeted her with a simple "Hi" or "Bye", she would be upset, expecting a handshake, which is customary in Germany. Etiquette and manners were of utmost importance to her.

Elisabeth had many hobbies, but above all she loved playing -- and, in later years, watching -- tennis. In the 1980s and early 1990s, summer Sundays revolved around round-robins, an activity that went on for most of the day. People would come and go, some would bring their lunches, and always there would be music floating out of the Miller house across from the tennis court. Elisabeth was one of the regulars, always dressed in crisply pressed whites. She had a love for the game and played it with a passion and in her own unique style. Her motto was to have fun. One year, she and Bob won the annual doubles tournament and were presented with the Stewart Cup, a trophy named after David Stockwood's grandfather, who had donated it to the tennis committee. She was thrilled to have the cup in her possession for the year and returned it polished to a sparkle for the following year's tournament.

Elisabeth loved shopping. To her, beautiful clothes were a necessity, not a luxury, and she made sure that her family profited from this passion. Nothing gave her more pleasure than a heavy duty shopping trip. When she returned home, exhausted but happy, her car would be loaded with bags for everyone.

Cooking also gave her great pleasure. She enjoyed reading cookbooks, purchasing special ingredients and preparing elaborate dishes, often in huge quantities. One of her specialities was Heringsalat, which she sometimes sent over to our house, much to the horror of the rest of my family who disliked it intensely. In their opinion, this was a dish only a German could like -- I never had the heart to tell her.

Elisabeth was a generous person. After Nettie Vaughan, our friend and neighbour, had finished a particularly difficult round of cancer treatments, Elisabeth invited Nettie to her apartment in Florida. There they spent a wonderful week or so together. Nettie returned, suntanned and a few pounds heavier, with a fresh outlook on life. Elisabeth had taken good care of her.

The last few years of Elisabeth's life were difficult as, over time, her illness confined her to her bed. She never complained, however, and bore her condition with dignity and grace. Even on her sickbed, she maintained her style. One was not to drop in on her before the official visiting hour of 4 pm, when she was properly turned out in her finest batiste

nightgown and pashmina shawl.

Elisabeth was a wonderful person and a great neighbour and friend with whom I shared many happy moments. She will be missed as "Tante Scheer", "Elisabeth", and sometimes "Mutti" by all of us in the McDermott family.

REMEMBERING MARJORIE by Mary Jane Baillie

On November 6 the Park lost one of its most loved and appreciated residents. Marjorie Wilton left this earth after a heroic contest with a crippling disease. She loved this earth and with special devotion, this Park.

The Wiltons moved here in 1959. Marjorie and Murray raised four wonderful children, now very special adults: Jennifer, Peter, Andrew, and Elizabeth.

Residents within the last twenty years will remember Marjorie and Murray on their front porch, welcoming any of us passing by, for conversation, or even tea. The house which had always opened widely its doors to Park children, now became a focal point for exchange of neighbourhood or family news. This was natural as well, because Marjorie had always taken a very active part in appreciating, defining, and protecting the many things that have made the Park a unique and beautiful place for those who live here and for those who treasure walking here.

Marjorie served for ten years on the Heritage Advisory Committee and thus contributed strongly to the preservation of the beauty and integrity of this wonderful Park. Her departure for other gardens is a great loss for us as friends and as a community. I hope we will be inspired to maintain the trust that our particular heritage of trees, earth, and architecture lays upon us who live here. And in the doing we will be grateful for Marjorie's years of caring.

ODDS AND ENDS

Christmas Book Suggestion: At last week's Trustees' meeting I was unable to make my annual book flog since the book did not arrive until the next day. And it is a beauty. *Inside Toronto -- Urban Interiors 1880s to 1920s*, Sally Gibson, 326 pages, \$59.95. Sally, a former archivist at the City of Toronto Archives, toiled for ten years collecting the photos, and an extremely interesting one was taken inside Upland Cottage (#81) in 1911. Other Park references occur in the text. A copy may be examined at the Archives, where the books are available at the bargain price of \$50, taxes included.

Peter Caddick Collection: To join his previous

donations, Peter deposited the album and five posters which were on display at the Trustee meeting. They show the jolly Erp Savini sewer gang at work last winter, his crew of Paul, Victor, and Wolf in action, tennis court damage by a fallen tree and the cleanup, lightning damage at #6, hydro damage and emergency tree removal at the south gate, and cleanup in the south ravine. Excellent documentation of Park maintenance during the past year.

Park Census: In 1985 the Christmas Puzzle featured the names of the pets of the Park and in 2002 the names of the Park children were used. To help us know who's who in our changing population, maybe next November's list of adults could be expanded to include children and pets? As a step in that direction, the following announcement comes from Ania and Janis of 83 Alcina: "Our new member of the family is Brando, a 4 1/2 month old chocolate lab who loves the Park and its beautiful landscaping. He promises to respect it on his many walks with us and he'll be sure to bark loudly at anyone he thinks may be a stranger. He also loves to lick little kids and judging by how many there are in the Park, that's a lot of licking."

Alexander Jardine: I collect the catalogues for Toronto's semi-annual art auctions and attend many of the previews and sales. This fall a very rare painting showed up at the Joyner/Waddington auction. Alexander Jardine (#22), owner of the Pure Gold spice business, built the second house in the Park in 1877. According to his granddaughter Eleanor Woodside (#22), "He did a lot of painting which Mother said were no good!" Until now I have not seen one. It is a small oil on board dated 1894 of a wooded scene "on Col. Sweney's Farm, near York Mills". A photo is in the Archives. The catalogue mentions that Jardine was a member of the Ontario Society of Artists. Col. George Sweney (1837-1918) owned land to the north of Jardine's 10 acres, part of which is presently within the northwest boundaries of the Park. After Jardine's death in 1899, Col. Sweney bought his 10 acres and rented out the house at #22 until 1910.

Keith Miller: The former Park archivist, co-author of *The Art of Wychwood*, 1988, and editor of the periodical *Wych is Which*, is practicing his literary skills by writing a novel in which it seems that certain of his new neighbours make appearances. The first three chapters of the clever *Tales from the Flumm Bog* may be borrowed from the Archives. Keith is following in the footsteps of Margaret Bullard (#67) who inserted some of her Park neighbours:

characters in her novel *Wedlocks the Devil*, 1951.

TOBuilt.ca is a website created by Bob Krawczyk which contains almost 8000 photos and descriptions of Toronto buildings. Bob has been busy! All of the Park houses are included. Go to "Browse neighbourhood" and click on the Davenport district on the map. Click on the photo of your house to obtain details. Most, if not all, of the inaccuracies originate from the city Inventory of Heritage Properties. In the Archives are the years of construction and the names of the original owners of the Park houses, obtained from the city assessment rolls. We also have the names of many of the

architects and builders. I have invited Bob to visit the Archives to make corrections and additions, and he has expressed interest. I have twice advised Heritage Toronto of the errors and some corrections have been made.

Sewer gas: A year ago a resident notified Peter Caddick that he could smell sewer gas in his basement and wondered if the problem was related to the Park sewer construction. Peter's solution was simple. During the heating season the water in basement traps is more likely to evaporate, letting in sewer gas. So just pour a pail of water into each trap from time to time.

IN MEMORIAM

In 1962 Lisbeth Scheer RN bought #80, a nursing home with 25 beds. In 1982 her son-in-law, architect Mel Mekinda (#78), redesigned the building to provide larger rooms for 12 residents and a spacious apartment on the top floor for Lisbeth, with commanding views of the Park. When we first turned on our Christmas lights about 20 years ago, Lisbeth immediately called to exclaim, "Beautiful! Beautiful!" In 1959 Marjorie Wilton and her husband Murray (1911-2000) bought #26. Sitting on her porch on many a pleasant evening, Marjorie loved to share anecdotes about the passing scene. One of my favourites concerned a woman who rang her doorbell, asking for directions to a house on Braemore Gardens. Marjorie told her that there was a long way, walking around via Tyrrel, and a short way, climbing over her back fence. She opted for the short route. As the woman, wearing a tight skirt, was teetering on the top of the fence, she was rudely startled by a cardinal in the tree that whistled at her! Larry Henderson, born in Montreal, moved to England at age 18 to become a Shakespearean actor. After returning to Canada in 1940, he lived for a year or two in our upper duplex at #96. With him was a Harvey Henderson. Brother? Father? Does anyone remember?

SCHEER, Lisbeth Anna-Margarete Justine Friese — Born May 26, 1923 in Varel, Germany died peacefully on Tuesday, October 3, 2006. She leaves her devoted daughter Gaby Mekinda, much loved son-in-law Mel, her most precious grandchildren, Nicole (Paul) and Daniel (Barbara), and best friend Hilda Mekinda. According to her wishes, my mother died in her apartment at Briar Crest in her beloved Wychwood Park. She loved her garden and the trees of Wychwood Park. Mutti, thank you for all your sacrifices, I shall miss you. Christa, thank you for your visits, you kept my Mom "in touch" with the neighbourhood. Thank you to all the wonderful staff at Briar Crest for your love and devotion. The family welcomes you to their home on Tuesday, October 10, 2006 from 5-8 p.m. In lieu of flowers, please make contributions to the Wychwood Park Landscape Committee care of, 54 Wychwood Park, Toronto, ON M6G 2V5.

WILTON, Marjorie Jean — At home, surrounded by her children, on Monday, November 6th 2006. Beloved wife of Murray, cherished mother of Jennifer, Peter (Una), Andrew (Sylvia Davis) and Elizabeth (Ken Myhr) and loving grandmother of Claire, Alex, Tommy, Zoey, Adam and Aiden. Dear sister to her later brother William (Casey) Jones and sister-in-law to Nancy Jones. Beloved Aunt to Carol Wilton, Ann Wilton (Brian Morgan), Michael Jones (Merrill), Bill Jones and Alison Brumwell (Scott). Marjorie will be deeply missed by her friends and neighbours and all whose lives she touched with her generosity, compassion and wisdom. She was a woman of many talents: a successful executive, a writer, intellectual, gardener, community activist and loyal friend. Her energetic spirit, willingness to take on challenges and her compassionate commitment to community will be remembered.

Visitation will take place at the Morley Bedford Funeral Home, 159 Eglinton Avenue West, Toronto (2 lights west of Yonge Street), on Thursday, November 9, 2006 from 7:00 p.m. - 9:00 p.m. A celebration of her life will be held on Saturday, November 25, 2006 at 11:00 a.m., with a reception to follow at The Arts and Letters Club, 14 Elm Street, Toronto (416) 597-0223.

Thank you to the loving caregivers at McCaskill Household Services and to Dr. Russell Goldman and his compassionate team from the Temmy Latner Centre for Palliative Care.

In lieu of flowers, a donation to The Temmy Latner Centre for Palliative Care, Mount Sinai Hospital (416) 586-4800 ext. 8290, or to the ALS Clinic, Sunnybrook Health Science Centre Foundation, Section H366, 2075 Bayview Avenue, Toronto, M4N 3M5 would be appreciated.

Larry Henderson gained fame as Canadian TV's first national news host.

"It happened in 1954," said Knowlton Nash, one of Henderson's successors at CBC. "Larry ... became the very first anchor in a newscast that ran live at 11 p.m. for 15 minutes."

Henderson died Sunday in London, aged 89. After leaving *The National News* (later re-branded *The National*) in a dispute with CBC over his status in 1959, he became editor of the *Catholic Register*. He also founded the Larry Henderson School of Television in Toronto and worked in Tanzania for the Canadian International Development Agency. For many years he ran a small magazine, *Challenge*, a monthly to reflect his deep Catholic views, until his retirement in 2002.

"He gave the news the sort of professional shine it truly needed," said Lloyd Robertson, another successor to Henderson. "I was at CBC TV in Winnipeg in those days and his high standards impressed everybody. He was a fine news reader and he had a temper if something went wrong. He wanted to be word perfect and he wanted the film to be perfect, and that was hard on live TV."

Stan, Nov 28/06

December , 2005.

Dear

This is more of a New Year's Greeting than a Christmas letter as I am getting started very late this year. I could dream up a number of reasons for my tardiness but mostly Yuletide just crept up. Suddenly Christmas day is next week, and the New Year is almost here. As one gets older it would seem logical that the days might pass more slowly, but they don't! They go by faster and faster. Monday is barely over before Friday arrives again. And the seasons! Only yesterday we were absolutely sweltering in Toronto heat and humidity and today my garden is covered in snow. Both the heat and the cold are a bit daunting these days. The up side is that my garden was beautiful in the summer, and today I looked out my window onto a white and sparkling fairyland.

The Wilton family are all doing well. Peter and Una and Andrew and Sylvia have both moved house to accomodate their growing families. Peter et al are still in the Don Mills Road and Steeles neighbourhood and Andrew and family in Peterborough. I continue fortunate in having my family nearby. Jennie and Elizabeth and Ken all live within a few blocks of me. I see them often. I have been fortunate to have frequent visits from Elizabeth and little Aiden. He will be two in January and is at a delightful stage - walking, talking, exploring - great fun. Peter and Una's children, Claire, Alex and Tommy are all teenagers now and lead busy lives. Andrew and Sylvia's Adam will be 7 in January and Zoey 10 in March, I expect to spend Christ mas with them in Peterborough.

I still keep busy, although I do have to use a cane these days. I wrote several skits which were performed in the Arts & Letters Club Spring Revue last spring, and am now drafting a couple of pieces for the April 2006 Revue. My calender is full with family and friends, theatre, the symphony, and Arts & Letters Club events.

Seasons greetings and best wishes for the coming year.

Marjorie Wilton

Dear Urban Decoder:

Are actors on a Toronto stage allowed to puff on a cigarette if the script calls for it?

MARK MIETKIEWICZ, THORNHILL

Alas, artistic licence is no match for the law of the land: smoking onstage because it's in the script is no more legal than killing someone onstage for the same reason. (And imagine the temptation for last-minute rewrites if that weren't the case.) Before the ban, it was up to the director and the actors in any given production to decide if they wished to allow the demon weed onstage. But now that smoking in most public places has been illegal in Toronto since 1999, what to do when a script calls for an actor to light up? Some just mime it. Others smoke herbal cigarettes; they might be just as foul as the real thing, but they're entirely legal. When a show calls for dope smoking (*Hair* springs to mind), the same trick goes. With rolling papers and a stand-in—cloves, incense, oregano—characters can toke away. The buzz, however, will definitely require some acting.

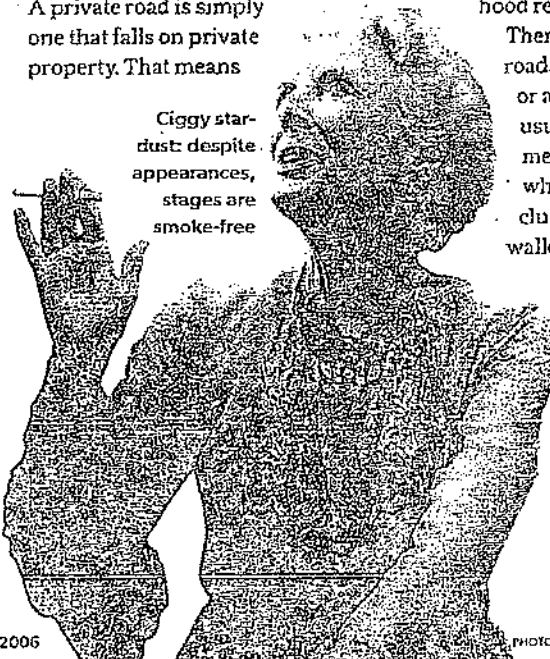
Dear Urban Decoder:

Wychwood Park is labelled a private road. What does this mean? Could I get arrested for driving around?

SALLY MACRAE, MIDTOWN

Don't worry: interlopers are permitted, if not exactly encouraged. A private road is simply one that falls on private property. That means

Ciggy stardust: despite appearances, stages are smoke-free



the city doesn't have to provide any of its usual services, including lighting, repairs, snow removal and parking enforcement. Wychwood residents organize themselves into committees and pay into a fund for road maintenance, plowing and hiring a part-time groundskeeper to ensure the hood remains trim and tidy.

There are approximately 250 private roads in Toronto; many are old mews or alleyways, while newer ones are usually access roads to new developments. Because of strict guidelines to which public streets must adhere—including rules on dimensions, sidewalks, trees and streetlights—developers occasionally save money by building roads that don't meet city standards, forgoing some city services. If, eventually, the residents want the city to take over, the request goes to a council vote to decide whether to buy it at market price.

Send questions to urbandecoder@torontolife.com. Visit torontolife.com for the Urban Decoder archive

A modernist's legacy

Two decades after York Wilson's death, his widow is determined to put his paintings back in the spotlight

BY DAVE LEBLANC

I took a while, but by the late 1960s, the entire city was on the same page. Controversy erupted after Finnish architect Viljo Revell unveiled his outlandish plans for a new City Hall: twin curving towers and a spaceship-shaped council chamber. But by the time it opened in 1965, and Mies van der Rohe's majestic and solemn TD Centre followed two years later, no one blinked an eye — that's what a modern city like Toronto was supposed to look like.

In the middle of this move toward modern worship was painter Ronald York Wilson. A commercial artist in the 1920s and 30s, he switched by the late 1940s to producing fine art full-time. Painting every day and stimulating his senses via regular sojourns in foreign countries, Mr. Wilson fast became one of the city's top abstract painters. Reviews of his work soon catapulted him to the top in Canada. By the 1960s, he was internationally renowned, and his work flew off gallery walls and into private and corporate collections.

Marshall McLuhan wrote in 1978 that his abstractions were "dramatic and majestic." In 1981, the Uffizi Gallery in Florence commissioned Mr. Wilson to paint a self-portrait to hang in its Vasari Corridor alongside such greats as Michelangelo and Leonardo da Vinci, making him one of only two Canadians to be so honoured (the other is David Blackwood).

But today, Mr. Wilson's work is not as widely known as it once was. Since his death at the age of 76 in 1984, Torontonians' tastes have moved on, as evidenced by the stacks of paintings that sit in the custom, butterfly-roofed Wychwood Park home/studio that he and wife, Lela, built in the 1950s.

Mrs. Wilson, 96, is now hoping to revive interest in her husband's work with an online gallery site that could find homes for up to 300 paintings, drawings and even a tapestry. With the help of a younger, computer-savvy friend and her grandson, she has created www.gallery.yorkwilson.com, where 45 works are listed, with many more to be listed in the coming weeks and months.

"It's better to have them in a permanent home," Mrs. Wilson says. "Now, so many people don't know who York Wilson is because he died over 20 years ago."

Most Torontonians who know of Mr. Wilson think of him solely as a muralist. Starting in 1940 with the modest *Land, Lakes and Forest* mural for the Timmins Press Building, he painted his most important mural, *The Story of Oil*, in 1956 for the new Imperial Oil headquarters at 11 St. Clair Ave. W. (The fate of that



KEVIN VAN NASSSEN/THE GLOBE AND MAIL

Lela Wilson is selling works by her husband, who was internationally known for his murals: 'It's better to have them in a permanent home.'

mural is now threatened unless a sympathetic owner of the recently vacated building can be found.)

Group of Seven alumnus Lawren Harris wrote a self-described "fan letter" and declared the work "a milestone in Canadian art" after seeing it in 1959. In 1960, Peter Dickinson's futuristic O'Keefe Centre (now the Hummingbird) and Mr. Wilson's glorious mural *The Seven Lively Arts* combined to achieve the perfect marriage of architecture and art.

A look at the online gallery provides a quick tutorial on Mr. Wilson's oeuvre. From his softer canvases of the 1950s, which strive to unite the best of his figural, commercial-art training, to abstract forms, to his late 1960s "geometrics" with their jarring angles and stark colours, it's clear that Mr. Wilson was a modern master. What's



York, of course, deserves to get high prices.

Gallery owner Ron Moore

less clear is if renewed interest in the modernist period — which is currently focused on furniture and architecture — will translate into sales. Small works are listed in the \$2,000-to-\$3,000 range, medium-sized oils or gouaches hover between \$5,000 and \$10,000, and larger pieces, such as 1955's *Growing Forms* — a stunner using pyroxyl, a synthetic automotive paint Mr. Wilson introduced to Canada — start at \$14,000 and go much higher.

Gallery owner Ron Moore, 60, who says Mr. Wilson gave him his "first financial break" when starting up the Moore Gallery in Hamilton in 1977, isn't fazed by the prices. He remembers Mr. Wilson as an artist whom other artists, such as those in the Painters Eleven, "loved to hate because he was very successful."

"York, of course, deserves to get

41 *Alcina*

high prices," he says.

Besides, Mrs. Wilson notes in her gentle voice, where else can a modern-art lover choose from so many historically significant paintings in one place? Good point. And if the paintings remain unsold, Mrs. Wilson stresses that she will be happy just to educate the public and "reiterate a little of the information about York's contribution to Canada."

It's something she has been passionate about doing in the 22 years that her "best friend" has been gone. In 1997, Carlton University Press published her loving account *York Wilson: His Life and Work 1907-1984*.

"He would like the idea that I've made my life interesting since he's been gone."

Special to The Globe and Mail

From *Quietly Canadian: Don Mills, Ontario* by Dave LeBlanc for the Summer 2005 issue of *atomic ranch* magazine. The remainder of the article, with impressive photos of current Don Mills houses, is on file.

Canadians are a quiet people.

We've probably never told you about urban planner Macklin Hancock or his assistant, architect Douglas Lee, and how an entire town was built from scratch seven miles northwest of Toronto, Canada, back in 1952. Oh sure, we Canadians know all about your William J. Levitt and the thousands of houses he grew out of Long Island potato fields and Joseph Eichler's bevy of Bay Area beauties, but Hancock and Lee belong in that company of names too.

So this Canuck is speaking up.

Like many postwar developments, Don Mills started life as lush farmland, a river valley and some largely unusable scraps of land near a railroad line a good distance out from the city proper. It took the finances of a rich business tycoon, a father-in-law who was willing to take a chance on his young son-in-law and an uncompromising vision to transform more than 2,000 acres into "the largest urban development project to be undertaken by a single developer in Canadian history and the first large-scale application of modern planning theories in North America," according to a 1997 report by the Ontario Heritage Foundation.

The tycoon was Edward Plunkett "E.P." Taylor, who ran a successful brewery and spent his free time raising champion racehorses. The benevolent father-in-law was Karl Fraser, who was put in charge of developing Taylor's real estate

Macklin Hancock's idea was
to design a fully functioning town
with designated areas
where residents would live, work and play.

holdings. The son-in-law was Macklin Hancock, a 27-year-old doing his post-graduate degree in urban planning at Harvard under Bauhaus founder Walter Gropius. And the vision? Well, after seeing that his father-in-law's early plans would have sufficed all that green with just another gray bedroom community, Hancock offered an alternative. His idea was to use the British model of the "New

Towns" pioneered by one of his professors, Sir William Holford, combined with the turn-of-the-century work of Ebenezer Howard, author of *Garden Cities of Tomorrow*, to design a fully functioning town with

designated areas where residents would live, work and play.

When they heard of his plans, Hancock's professors laughed, thinking the project too much responsibility for such a young man to take on and too pie-in-the-sky to ever get built. But, full of youthful arrogance, Hancock ignored them and convinced his father-in-law to give him a chance. "After it got going and it was in *Time* magazine and things like that, they gave me a big banquet," Hancock, now 79, remembers about professors Gropius and Holford.

Shovels hit the ground in 1952. Originally, the name of the new town was to follow Levittown's example and be called "Eptown," using sugar daddy E.P. Taylor's acronym. Thankfully, Hancock's influence was strong enough to replace the clunky moniker with the more bucolic "Don Mills" to take into account the Don River and its requisite old mill nearby. In 1953, Montrealer Douglas Lee, even younger than Hancock at just 25, joined the team as architect-in-charge. This dynamic duo was responsible for everything, from the overall concept right down to the naming of streets.

"We were working really late planning out streets, so we'd always go out for dinner and more often than not we'd be down in Chinatown," remembers Lee. "One of our favorite dishes was a soup made of what English people would call 'mustard greens' but in Chinese it's 'guy toi.' We went back one night after dinner and came to this little cul-de-sac. It ended up being named 'Guy Toi Court.'"

Independent builders were offered lots from the Don Mills Development Corporation if they agreed to one condition: there would be no Victorian, Edwardian or any other dead monarch's frills applied to any structure in town. Houses, libraries, churches, banks and even factories would be Modern with a capital 'M' or they wouldn't get built. And if a builder didn't have an approved architect, one would be provided.

"Canada suddenly flowered; it wanted to be Modern, it didn't want to be ancient," says Hancock of the postwar period. "What it wanted was housing for the future that people could afford, and affordable housing was the fundamental idea behind [Don Mills]."

"We actually did the siting plans for all of the houses so that the streetscape could be coordinated by us," adds Lee. "We asked different roofing manufacturers to produce shingles that would fit into the color schemes. Not only did we initiate changes in the actual building styles, we introduced changes to some of the manufacturers' palettes."

A child of Spadina

BY ADAM VAUGHAN

They say Toronto grew up fighting the Expressway — I actually did.

Thirty-five years ago, *The Spadina Expressway* was stopped. On Friday, June 2 from 5-7pm at Historic Spadina House (285 Spadina Rd.), the day will be celebrated in an event hosted by Spacing magazine. The fight to stop Spadina became a movement to build a better city with



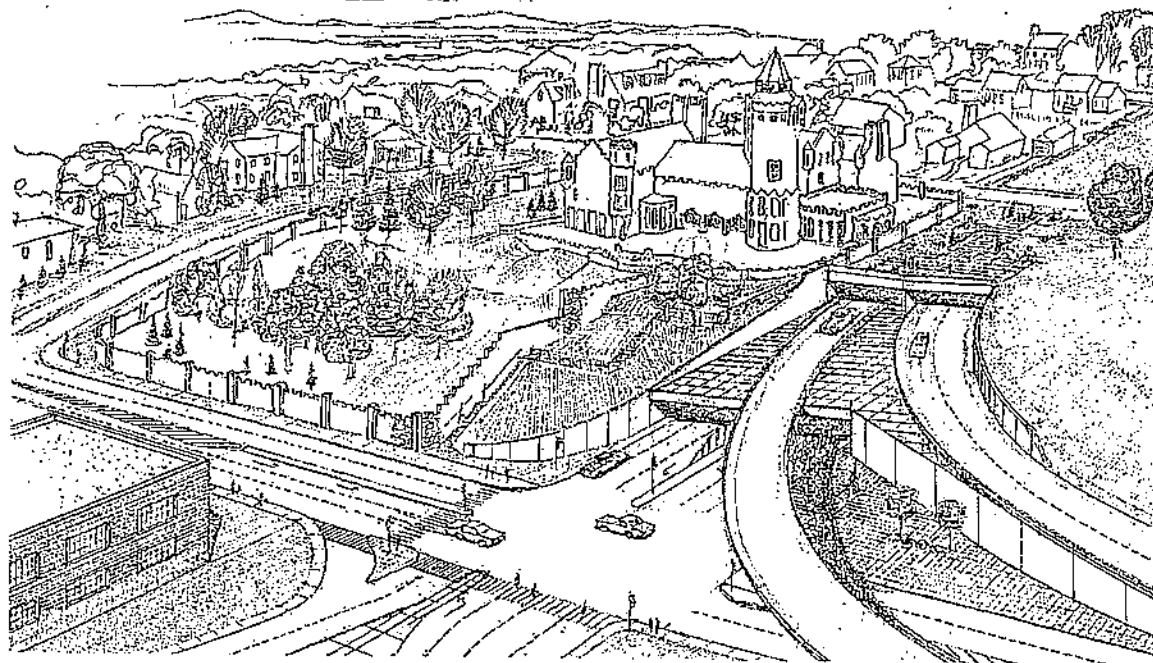
neighbourhoods at the heart of it. Adam Vaughan's parents were leaders of that movement — here is the struggle as seen through the eyes of a child along for the ride.

I grew up on Spadina. Just after I was born, my parents moved from a sleek new apartment tower on Avenue Road to a duplex on Spadina Road just north of Casa Loma.

Life was good. My dad was an architect who raced automobiles for a hobby. When I built towns out of Lego and drove Matchbox toy cars around my little cities, it was all done under the watchful eye of a highly skilled planner, engineer and designer.

Then my mum would walk me down the street to the castle at the end of the road. We'd climb to the top of one of the turrets and look out over the city. From the escarpment, we could see the lake. In between the trees, I'd try to find my school in the neighbourhood near Spadina and Bloor below.

My mother, Annette Vaughan, gave up a promising career in television production in the late '50s when my older sister was born. At the same time, my father, Colin Vaughan, had just left the famed



architectural firm of Peter Dickenson, where he'd helped to design such Toronto landmarks as the O'Keefe Centre (now the Hummingbird). As my life began, he and his partners had just started their own architectural firm.

It was a time of dramatic change and I'm not sure anyone in my family knew where the road was heading. We were unaware that Toronto's planners had big plans for my little town of tiny cars and castles. The visionary thinking of the time was to turn Toronto into a city of highways and high-rises, parkways and park-like suburban neighbourhoods: St. Jamestown and Don Mills were high- and low-rise expressions of this dream, the Gar-

diner was another and the Don Valley Parkway presented a solution to the troublesome issue of what to do with all these ravines and rivers that muddled up city planning. Pave them. It was progress, and progress was good.

The next big road project was to be the Spadina Expressway, and after that there were plans for five other inner-city freeways. As for the downtown neighbourhoods that were in the way, plans called for renewal. Virtually every downtown community was to be redeveloped into a forest of tall towers.

Then a lady with funny glasses and an American accent wandered into town. Her name was Jane Jacobs. She and her architect hus-

band Bob and their three children moved to Canada to escape the politics and the danger of the Vietnam War. Jacobs had come to fame for her book *The Death and Life of Great American Cities* and she'd led the battle to successfully stop a mid-town expressway in New York.

My dad met Jane Jacobs at a party. The first question she asked was, "What are you doing to stop



the Spadina Expressway?" At that point in time, my father hadn't even considered the question. Though we lived in the path of the freeway and my father was politically

active, until then he'd been just going along for the ride.

Jane pulled my family off to the side of the road and now my parents were looking at the map of Toronto differently. Suddenly, they didn't like the new town on the horizon. The fight was on.

My parents weren't the only ones. David and Nadine Nowlan, a shopkeeper and an academic from the Annex, were worried and organizing. Dr. Alan Powell and his band of student radicals from U of T were protesting. Bobbi Speck, fresh from expressway battles in New York, was ready to defend Toronto.

Very quickly, our family home became a community centre. Meetings, parties and late-night dinners became routine. At first, it was the neighbours, then it was the parents' group at my school. Then university students were enlisted. There were hippies and protests, speeches and a lot of laughter. I learned about the importance of mixing joy with politics. While this may have been a political party, it was always first and foremost a party.

The goal was simple: keep throwing one event after another, with each party getting bigger and acting as a launching pad to the next event. Neighbourhood by neighbourhood, a common front emerged.

A key development in the battle was the link between low-income neighbourhoods facing demolition and middle-class neighbourhoods in the path of the expressway. Car-dependent intensification required more and more road capacity. The more roads you built, the more neighbourhoods you had to destroy. The more old buildings you wrecked, the more new buildings you built, and on and on the self-propelling cycle of destruction went.

GO TO PAGE 13 →

From *Eye Weekly*, June 1, 2006. The Vaughans lived at #12 in 1965-93. Adam has been elected to City Council.

Forever an England in a tiny corner of the west end

Lie back and think of England? Well, you could. Or you could sit comfortably under an oak tree in the traffic-free bliss that is Wychwood Park and imagine — with apologies to former British prime minister John Major — warm beer and cricket and spinsters cycling to church in the watery lunchtime sun. Such is the English garden estate feel of this tiny-perfect corner of Toronto, just west of the bustling Davenport-Bathurst intersection.

Though designated a park, Wychwood is in fact one of the city's earliest subdivisions; the pioneering vision of Englishman Marmaduke Matthews, a landscape painter who set out to create an artists' colony in the colonies. In 1891, a housing plan was registered and Taddle Creek and its pond were set aside as a park reserve for residents.

Nearly 100 years later, Wychwood Park was designated a heritage conservation district, its early English charms — creeping ivy, Arts-and-Crafts movement homes, mock-Tudor and Elizabethan flourishes, higgledy-piggledy layout — still much in abundance.

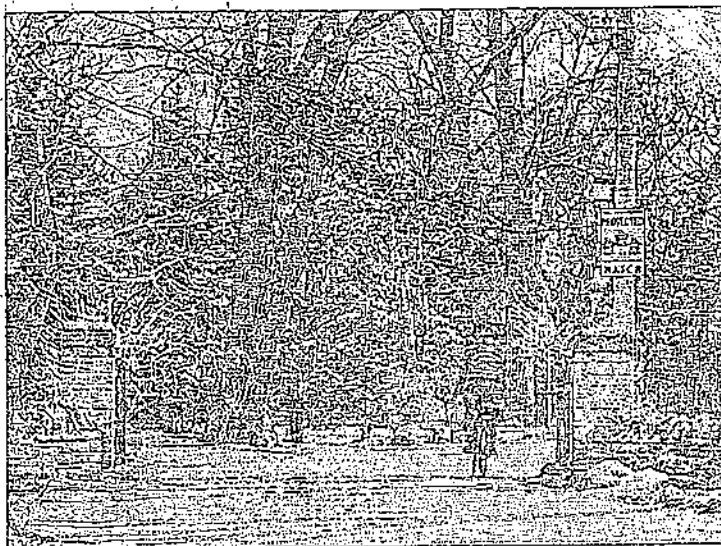
Three twisty and hilly roads (always a thrill in flat and grid-patterned Toronto) grace the park, and one forlorn stop sign —

listing badly with age — acts as traffic cop. The speed limit? A leisurely 15 km/h. Apart from cars owned by the privileged few residents, motor traffic is rare, leaving pedestrians and cyclists to enjoy the tranquility and the slightly overgrown and unkempt feeling of the park that prevents it from descending into the twee.

Still, sitting on a bench overlooking the park's pristine tennis courts (residents only, my dear), one half expects Miss Marple to cleave into view at the wheel of a creaking Morris Minor as a wobbling bobby on a boneshaker Raleigh bicycle gives chase. South of the tennis courts, the pond that must have furnished inspiration for the park's budding artists remains — stagnant, still, unchanging. And suggesting a small frisson of evil. "Danger," warn the signs on its banks, "Deep-water and quicksand."

Wychwood's lushness and lack of modern planning make it easy for visitors to miss — adding to its charm — but small gates allow access to pedestrians and bicycles on the north side of Davenport, just west of Bathurst, and at the foot of Wychwood Avenue. It's a little bit of Blighty for the blighted urban warrior. Now if only it had a pub...

Andre Ramshaw, National Post



NATIONAL POST FILES

Wychwood Park began life in the 19th century as an artists' colony.



SUBMITTED BY ANDREA MARCUS

UNIQUE, UNUSUAL AND USUALLY UNSEEN

Leonard Oesterle, 91, is still at work in his midtown home studio after more than 42 years as a sculptor. He was a highly respected teacher at the Ontario College of Art for 35 years.

27 Alcina

Post, Nov 20/06 ↑

← Post, Sept 14/06

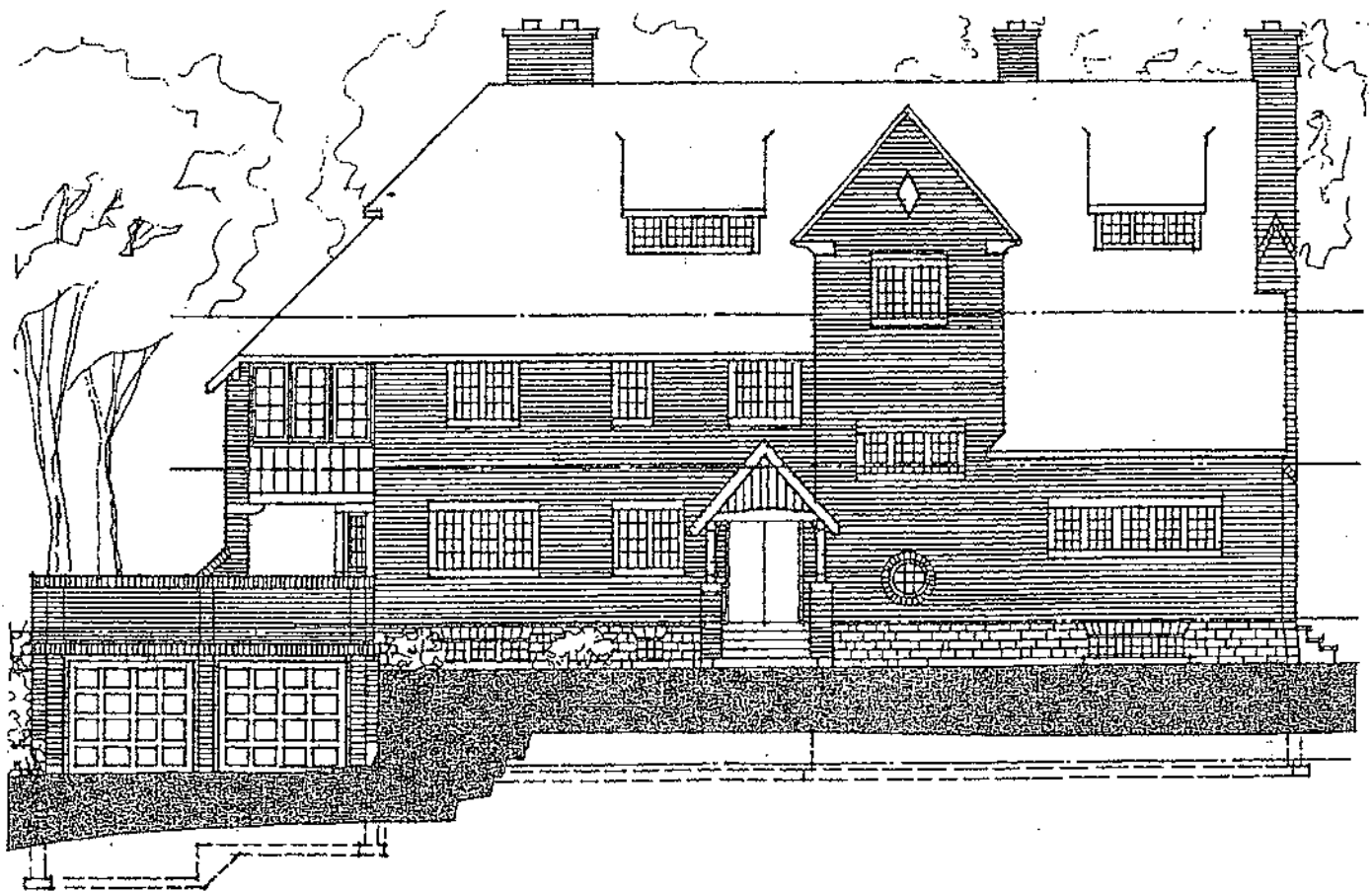
Post, every Saturday. ↓



GERALD OWEN

News from the Archives

March 2007



19 Wychwood Park. Proposal for garages with rooftop terrace, spring 1986. After the death of owner Jessie Ambridge in January 1986, her daughter Janet and husband Michael Scott considered buying #19 from Jessie's estate. The Heritage Conservation District bylaw had been enacted in 1985, and this proposal proved to be somewhat controversial. In May 1986 the Scotts decided against the purchase. The new owners encountered more controversy in 1988 when they proposed enclosing the open porch at the left and adding the present bay window. Despite passionate rhetoric by Nettie Vaughan (#12), they eventually received permission to proceed.

The house was designed for Charles and Mary Currelly by Sproatt and Rolph architects. Currelly and Henry Sproatt were long-time personal friends. The building permit was issued in 1911, with an estimated cost of \$10,000, and the builder was Thomas Parker. Other buildings designed by the prestigious partnership are Hart House, Bishop Strachan School, Victoria College Library, Manufacturer's Life building, RCYC, Ontario Club, National Club, the Hall at the Arts and Letters Club, and many fine residences. In Sproatt's obituary in 1934, Currelly wrote, "Nothing could have worried him more than to have built ephemeral structures. He built that Canada may be more beautiful, greater, better."

From the provincial plaque outside the ROM:

CHARLES TRICK CURRELly (1876-1957): Born in Exeter, Huron County, this renowned archaeologist, teacher and administrator was educated locally and in Toronto. Completing his studies at Victoria College, he received his B.A. from

Wychwood Park Archives, Albert Fulton, 96 Wychwood Park, Toronto, M6G 2V5, 416-537-5006, archives9@rogers.com
Hours: Wednesday evenings, 7:30-9:30, or other times by appointment

the University of Toronto in 1898 and his M.A. in 1901. While in London, England, he met the famous Egyptologist, Flinders Petrie, and accompanied him to Egypt. His work in various parts of the Mediterranean world inspired him with the idea of establishing an archaeological museum in Ontario. With the aid of the University of Toronto, he worked toward this goal and when the Royal Ontario Museum of Archaeology was created in 1912, Currelly became its first director. He retained this post, as well as a professorship in archaeology at the University, until his retirement in 1946.

Currelly's friend, Sir Edmund Walker (father of Dr. Edmund Walker, the original owner of #67) had bank-rolled Currelly's acquisition of Egyptian and Chinese antiquities, and Sir Edmund persuaded the Ontario government and the UofT to fund the ROM to house them, opening in 1914. A copy of Currelly's autobiography, *I Brought the Ages Home*, 1956, may be borrowed from the Archives. It contains a portrait of Currelly painted by George Reid (#81).

In the recently restored 'Samuel Hall*Currelly Gallery' at the ROM -- through the University Avenue entrance and straight ahead past the bust of Sir Edmund Walker -- is a mural painted by Sylvia Hahn (#15). The gallery is the former Armour Court. In the stands above a jousting match are seated members of the ROM staff in 1940, wearing medieval costumes. Currelly is second from the right. Museum staff have reported seeing a ghostly figure prowling the corridors at night, dressed in a nightshirt and cap. Could it be Currelly's ghost, there rather than at #19??

In 1909 Currelly had married Mary Newton of Huntingdonshire, England. Their children were Edith, John, and Ralph (aka Rafe). In 1924-26 their friends from England, Sir Hugh and Lady Mary Poynter stayed at #19, while Sir Hugh was serving as president of the Canadian subsidiary of Baldwin's Steel Co. He also wrote financial articles for newspapers and periodicals.

The next owners of #19 were the Ambridges. Douglas Ambridge (1878-1976) came to Toronto in January 1946 as president of the Abitibi Power and Paper Co. According to an article about the Park in the April 1970 issue of *Toronto Life* magazine written by James Purdie (#96), "Get me a house by the end of the week," Douglas Ambridge told his wife in 1946. "It's too big now that the children are grown -- seven bedrooms and three bathrooms -- but I'm nearly 72 and comfortable. Where else in Toronto could I find anything like this today?"

From the *Globe and Mail*, November 8, 1958:

D.W. Ambridge rules Abitibi with what can be described as

an iron hand in a velvet glove -- with the velvet made of some pretty transparent material. In fact, if a poll were conducted among the presidents of the largest Canadian companies to discover which of their number is most likely (and physically most able) to toss any unruly person bodily out of a meeting, the choice would undoubtedly fall on the 203 pound 6 foot 1-1/4 inch former McGill football tackle. "The team of 1919," Ambridge says, waving a hand the size of a dinner plate for emphasis, "was the best damned football team McGill ever had. Our line was never crossed."

At 18 Ambridge enlisted with the 66th Battery of the Canadian Field Artillery, served in France (as a sergeant) and took part in such historic engagements as Vimy Ridge and Passchendaele. He was wounded by shrapnel and still carries some of it in his shoulder.

After graduating from McGill as a chemical engineer, his first job was with Abitibi at Iroquois Falls, followed by a position with Anglo Canadian Paper Co. Things went smoothly at this latter job until he had a falling out with the boss. Despite the fact that Ambridge had five children, the eldest of which was 10, he severed connections with the company. "I just told him," Ambridge says with disarming frankness, "to go to Hell."

With his next employer, the Ontario Paper Co., he rose to the vice-presidency before leaving to work for Canada's wartime economic czar, C.D. Howe, in Ottawa. Ambridge's energy and abilities found full employment with Howe, an executive not noted for letting talent placed at his disposal wither in idleness. Ambridge was director-general of naval shipbuilding, president of the crown-owned Polymer Corp. and divided his time between Ottawa, Sarnia (where Polymer was built under his direction) and Toronto. . .

Abitibi continues to be run by a rough-barked giant with great ability, a wide sense of civic responsibility and a long record of success.

Ambridge was chair of the building fund for the CNIB in 1954 and raised over \$5,000,000. He was chair of the Ontario Heart Foundation in 1955-59, chair of the Canadian Heart Fund in 1960-61, and president of the Canadian Heart Foundation in 1963. He was chair of the United Appeal, a trustee of the Toronto General Hospital, a governor of McGill University, a trustee of the Ontario Centennial Project, and on the senate of the Stratford Festival Foundation.

In 1923 Ambridge had married Jessie Barlow (1898-1986) of Montreal. Their children were Cecily, Janet, Shirley, and Charlotte. According to Charlotte, "Mother was always interested in the arts. She played the piano beautifully, was a passionate gardener, and took up painting flowers in watercolour later in her life. She studied with many different artists and with her sister had a wonderful time travelling on painting trips." Two of Jessie's beautiful flower paintings were on display at the Park Centennial Art Exhibition held at #96 in

April 1988.

John Gilchrist (#10) described Ambridge as "a diamond in the rough". He and Bill Wallace (#77) were raising money for improvements to the tennis court and had various residents pencilled in for \$25, \$50, etc. They hoped to elicit \$100 from Ambridge, but when they called at #19 they were greeted with snorts of, "Why should I give you \$100 to encourage kids to run up and down my bank and ruin my shrubs and make all that noise, etc., etc. . ." The girls tried to help by shouting from the balcony, "Oh, come on, give it to them, you know you are going to!" Eventually he did, but not before giving John and Bill a chance to practice their sales techniques!

In 1961 the pond was somewhat cluttered with debris and surrounded by a number of dead trees. Nicholas Fodor (#110) arranged for a crew to drain the pond, dig out the debris, remove the dead trees, and line the edges with three layers of used hydro poles. Ambridge personally footed the bill. He served as Park trustee in 1962-64.

The Ambridges' summer home was a rambling cedar-shingled cottage in the woods overlooking the St. Croix River near St. Andrews By-The-Sea, N.B. From *No Hayfever and A Railway* by Willa Walker, 1989:

Up the hill from the garden, Doug Ambridge had a spring of pure water walled in, with wooden seats around it. Here he would gather his cronies to sit and sip the whiskey which tasted so much better with the crystalline water -- and share equally sparkling conversation.

In the early 1970s Ambridge sold the property to the federal government for use by the Huntsman Marine Laboratories. When we visited in 1989, the grounds were open to the public, and we found Ambridge's stone well and log benches by a path in the woods.

During the 1960s and 1970s when many of Toronto's grand old buildings were sadly being demolished, we followed the wreckers to obtain relics from those wonderful buildings -- stained glass, pillars, carved stone, terra cotta, etc. When the Abitibi Building and its neighbour were demolished in 1968 to make way for the present unattractive Zurich Centre at 400 University Avenue, we were able to procure a magnificent 10'x10' wrought iron gate which had guarded the entrance to a path between the buildings leading to Simcoe St. We installed it as the entrance to a sculpture court which we were creating from our salvage excursions, located behind our residence at 68 Lyndhurst Ave., just northwest of Casa Loma.

The present owner, who also owns #66 next door, has moved the gate to the front of the mutual driveway so that it can now be seen from the street. Our salvaged stained glass still adorns the front veranda, the large window on the north side having been obtained from Dr. Banting's house at Bedford and Lowther, which was demolished with others for the construction of an apartment building. However, Taddle Creek flooded the excavation and the site was abandoned in favour of the present park.

When Upland Cottage (#81) and the two studio houses were severed in 1988, Charlotte Ambridge, a well-known interior designer, bought the studio house at 83 Alcina. In 1993 she sold it and moved to Niagara-on-the-Lake. On her return to Toronto she bought and renovated 98 Alcina. Charlotte has recently moved to a condo.

Douglas Ambridge Bell, his grandfather's namesake (Cicely's son), is a regular contributor to local newspapers and magazines. In an article in the November 2001 issue of *Canadian House and Home*, he recalled that the 20' spruce Christmas trees in the 2-storey 'drawing room' at #19 were shipped from New Brunswick. In his book *Run Over -- A Boy, His Mother, and An Accident*, 2001, Douglas recounts his long recovery after having been run over by a truck while walking his bicycle across the intersection of Spadina and Dupont in 1974.

In 1986 the house was sold to Gordon and Sandra Lackenbauer. Gordon was senior vice-president at Nesbitt Thompson Bongard stockbrokers and Sandra was director of marketing research for Bell Canada. The Lackenbauers carried out extensive interior renovations, which included inserting a long steel I-beam under the balcony area in the living room and bleaching the dark-stained wood panelling. After considerable discussion, they were permitted to enclose the east porch and to add a bay window. We are told that Gordon and Sandra have separated. With a new partner, Gordon divides his time between Tucson, Arizona and Calgary, and Sandra commutes between Tucson and Victoria, B.C.

In 1992 the house was sold to Robert and Elizabeth Schad, with son Michael. Robert is the founder and CEO of Husky Injection Moulding Systems, with a large 'campus' in Bolton. The Schads built the massive wood retaining wall above the tennis courts, which was somewhat controversial at

the time, and added the large boulders around the front of the property.

In 2000 the house was sold to Robert and Katherine O'Gara, who had sold their Rosedale home to Gerald Schwartz and Heather Reisman to be demolished for the expansion of their compound on Cluny Drive. A lavishly illustrated article on the interior of #19 appeared in the December 2001 issue of *Style at Home* magazine.

In 2005 the house was sold to the present lucky owners, Marvin Green and Pamela Blais, with children Oliver and Audrey.

The above is one in a series of house histories. The stories of #2-18 appeared in previous issues. Any corrections or additional information would be greatly appreciated.

A WINTER EXCURSION

In January Emily told a couple of friends that we were heading south for two weeks. "Florida?" "Nope, further south." "Mexico?" "Nope, further south," "Oh, South America!" "Nope, further south -- Antarctica!!" One friend looked incredulous and the other asked, "Are there hotels there?"

No hotels, and only some scientific outposts, but lots of mountains, glaciers, icebergs, whales, seals, penguins, and other birds. Favourable weather conditions are crucial, and our group was fortunate to be able to make ten landings on the islands and mainland of the spectacular Antarctic peninsula, including visits to three of the outposts.

On Deception Island is a colony of a quarter million 'chinstrap' penguins, who were raising their chicks. One parent sits on the stony nest with one, two, or sometimes three offspring and the other marches in a mile-or-more parade to and from the beach to fill up on krill (small crustaceans) which, back at the nest, is regurgitated into the beaks of the hungry chicks. They form two parallel columns coming and going, marching three or four abreast on the right side of the path, and we were told that the parade continues around the clock during nesting season.

If you would like to see our photos, please come to a slide show at the Archives at 7:30 pm on Wednesday, March 21. RSVP with the number in your party so that we will know how many chairs to provide. Children are especially welcome.

1911 CENSUS

Since the 1911 Canadian Census was released by the federal government in June 2005, hundreds of volunteers across the country have been

transcribing the handwritten pages for the Canadian Genealogy Centre of Library and Archives Canada. The job is almost 90% complete. To read the original pages and the transcriptions in a handy split-screen format, go to automatedgenealogy.com and click on [census11](#). For the Park area, click on Ontario, York South, District 41. You will be given 25 pages of 50 lines each, mostly transcribed by 'Robin'. If that does not work, google [1911 Census Canada](#) and enter one of the other sites. The Park entries are on pages 23, 24, and 25.

For each page click on [split view](#). The top half gives the original page, which can be magnified to make it mostly legible. The bottom half is the transcribed page, which gives name, address, sex, head of household or relationship to head, marital status, month of birth, year of birth, and age at last birthday (an accuracy test!). The other columns in the top half give country of birth; year of immigration to Canada; year of naturalization; racial or tribal origin; nationality; religion; occupation or trade; employer, employee or self-employed; place of employment; weeks employed in 1910; hours of employment per week; total earnings in 1910 from chief occupation or trade; total earnings in 1910 from other occupation or trade; rate of earnings per hour [if so employed]; amount of life, accident, and sickness insurance; cost of insurance in 1910; can read; can write; language commonly spoken; cost of education if over 16 at college, convent or university; age at which four infirmities appeared: blind, deaf and dumb, crazy or lunatic, idiotic or silly. [I'm not making this up!]

Most of those who could neither read nor write were children under 8 and the odd 'domestic'. The questions re income are a precursor of the 'temporary' federal income tax which was imposed as a war measure in 1917. I am told that the enumerators left forms at each residence with a due date. They then went back to retrieve them and helped complete the forms if necessary. Then the data were entered into the Big Book and the legibility of the handwriting varies considerably!

An example of a complete line: Eden Smith, born in June 1860, Canadian citizen, emigrated from England in 1885, Anglican, employer [no earnings stated], worked 60 hours per week for 45 weeks, \$3000 life insurance and \$5000 accident/sickness insurance at the cost of \$118.

The Park families in order of enumeration were Sullivan (at #81 before their house at #91 was built -- the census was held in June and the Reids

of #81 were no doubt at their summer home at Onteora Park in the Catskills); Matthews, Goodman, Pack (#6); Eden Smith (#5, with a son and daughter!); DuVernet (#16); Kent (previous house in the Park? two are shown on an old map); Owen (#49); Chapman (#45); Love (#80); Barton (#22); Eden Smith (again, with 2 sons); Cupin (?); Ward (?); Shenstone (#17).

Conspicuous by its absence is #15 which, according to the assessment rolls, had been under construction in 1908, owned by Gustav Hahn. According to his daughter Sylvia, the Hahns moved into the house in 1910. Maybe the enumerator didn't see the house down in the valley behind the trees! Since June would probably be during Hahn's vacation from teaching at the OCA, the family were possibly away from the city and enumerated elsewhere. Consistent with the assessment rolls, all of the other Park families present in 1911 were counted.

The microfilm rolls of the top half of the split view were recently released to the public and are locally available only at the North York Central Library, 5120 Yonge St. I have found them to be considerably more legible and convenient to use than the computer screen. If you are using the census for genealogical research, I recommend that you go there.

In the Archives are copies of the local census in 1881, 1891, and 1901, in which the only Park families are the Matthews (#6) and the Jardines (#22). I have printed only the three transcribed pages for the 1911 census, but I have hand copied the other data for the Park families from the microfilm.

REMEMBERING ANATOL by Roger Rapoport of Muskegon, Michigan

Anatol Rapoport, author, mathematician, concert pianist, husband, father and tireless peace activist died January 20 in Toronto. He was 95.

The author of many books widely translated and taught around the world, the Russian-born polymath taught at the University of Chicago, the University of Michigan and the University of Toronto. Anatol Rapoport was also my second cousin and I visited him for the last time in September 2006 at his home in Toronto's Wychwood Park with his wife Gwen.

Although his books on game theory such as *Fights, Games and Debates* were at the center of his academic reputation, Rapoport was also a touring

concert pianist for eight years and performed informal piano recitals into his late 80s. Throughout his academic career he held double appointments, a tribute to his interdisciplinary approach to science and humanities. At the University of Michigan he was a mathematical biology professor, a linguist and also worked in the medical school's psychiatry department. At the University of Toronto he held appointments in mathematics and psychology and was a professor of peace studies. Many college students around the world were first introduced to his work on game theory in introductory psychology courses. Like John Nash, the subject of the book and film *A Beautiful Mind*, he was a world famous authority on this subject. Among his popular books is *Prisoner's Dilemma* with Albert Chammah. Other books include *Two Person Game Theory* and *N-Person Game Theory*.

In 2001, at the age of 91, Rapoport wrote the last of his more than 30 books, *Skating On Thin Ice*. An account of his family's escape on ice skates from war-torn Russia to Poland, this remarkable coming-of-age story shows the roots of his pacifism. Although the Jews were emancipated in the Russian revolution, the country quickly degenerated into chaos and bloodshed, making it impossible for his family to live, study and work. Only ten years old, Anatol saw the tragedy of the Russian civil war in his own backyard as the Reds and Whites fought their way across his homeland. At one point the family was evacuated from Caucasus to western Russia on a freight car. The 200-mile journey took 13 days. Like today's tragedy in Iraq, his story symbolizes the ability of corrupt politicians to rally their countrymen with messages of hate, fear and intolerance.

Whether it was a book, a college lecture or just dinner table conversation, Anatol and Gwen tended to ask questions endlessly. In the grand salon manner, memorable ideas and serious discourse began in their living room and spilled over long after the last glass of wine was poured. When I saw them in Toronto in the fall of 2006, he was still playing chess and reading as if somewhere in a book or article he could unearth ideas that might further his central goal in life, ending the armed conflict between nations. Gwen, as always, spoke endlessly of old times, good times and, of course, of family and friends. She could remember details of a visit 40 years earlier as if it were yesterday.

Anatol had many passions -- music, the arts,

reading, chess, his children and grandchildren, piano recitals and, of course, writing and reading. But he was at his best when it came to political debate. Thanks to his academic reputation he taught many students who never enrolled in his classes. He was thrilled and honoured to be a pioneer in the 'teach-in' movement, which began at the University of Michigan in the fall of 1964. Here he joined with many other professors and thousands of students to conduct an all-night conference that focused on why America was in Vietnam. This concept spread quickly to campuses around the country and quickly broadened the national political battle on this war that did not end all wars.

Gwen, energetic, loving and always immersed in the world of literature, art and ideas, was Anatol's kind and generous soulmate. Theirs was an extraordinary marriage and through their children Anya, Sasha and Tony, and grandchildren Leo and Erin, family life centered around a wonderful Toronto home. On the living room grand piano, Anatol focused on Beethoven, Schubert and Chopin and he was a tireless advocate of Russian literature. He probably did almost as much to promote his beloved Anna Karenina as Oprah Winfrey.

At the age of 95 he had just published the English edition of *Conversations with Three Russians: A Systemic View on Two Centuries of Societal Evolution*, imaginary discussions with Dostoevsky, Tolstoy and Lenin on the state of the world at the dawn of the 21st century. At the urging of a Swiss professor, a German publisher brought the book out in English, years after its original publication in Russian. At more than 500 pages it stands as a testament to his intellectual curiosity and the blending of science and the humanities.

While most of us go about our lives dreaming of peace on earth, Anatol Rapoport had the rarest of opportunities, going to work every day searching for a way to make that dream a reality. His life's work is at the heart of the central issue of our time, putting an end to the eye for an eye philosophy that threatens our collective future.

From a very young age Anatol believed education could lead mankind out of the wilderness created by leaders who lack the will to settle disputes before they engulf us all. Now it is time for the rest of us to finish the job he started. All he was saying was give peace half a chance. It just might work.

In the Archives are other detailed obituaries which appeared in the local press. The above was kindly forwarded to the Archives by Anatol's son Tony. Roger's publishing company,

RDR Books, published *Skating on Thin Ice*. Gwen has donated copies of eight of Anatol's books, dating from *Operational Philosophy*, 1953, to *Conversations with Three Russians*, 2005. We also have *Certainties and Doubts*, 2000, and *Skating on Thin Ice*, 2001, each of which contains several photographs of Anatol and his family. They may be borrowed from the Archives. Including Marshall McLuhan, is it not remarkable that we have had two world-renowned thinkers and writers living in our little Park?

THE RAPOPORTS FIND A HOME IN TORONTO by Gwen

It was August, 1970. Sasha, Tony and I had left Anatol behind in Italy attending a Club of Rome conference. We sailed for New York, picked up our car which we had sent ahead, and headed for Toronto and a new life for all of us.

First stop was the Cambridge Motel, as near the airport as we could be. We expected Anatol to fly into Pearson the next day. We picked up the Toronto newspapers and headed to our rooms, eager to look at any real estate news we might discover. After a quick call to a friend who had proposed to put us in touch with a real estate agent as soon as we arrived, we spread the papers on the floor and there it was -- a story about Wychwood Park. It was a description of the Park by Marshall McLuhan. His stressing of the community aspects of the Park made us decide to take a look.

Our first full day in Toronto was busy -- picking up Anatol at the airport, visiting the real estate office and settling into the Mayfair Apartments just off Avenue Road. Finding that Wychwood Park was near, we walked along Davenport Road and explored the Park. We were sold!

Next day, as agreed, we went with the agent who urged us to look at a number of houses. There was only one in the Park. We visited #38 first, then three or four others, all as specified, within 1-1/2 miles of the University of Toronto. At noon we sat alone for a bite of lunch before we continued the search.

"Let's just buy that first house," said one of the boys. And that was it. The Rapoport family came to Wychwood Park, and we stayed!

KEITH MILLER (1946-2007)

Keith and I were kindred spirits in our passion for local history, and we excitedly shared our new discoveries and gleanings for almost three decades.

To promote the designation of the Park as a HCD, Keith gathered maps, plans, photos, and historical data to prepare the 40-page booklet, *The*

History and Development of Wychwood Park, 1888-1918, which he printed in 1981. It was incorporated into 'The Green Book' by the Toronto Historical Board to present to the city and the OMB as background and support for the HCD application. Copies of the 82-page booklet were given to all residents in 1986 and are still provided by the Trustees, with revisions, to new owners.

To celebrate the history of the neighbourhood in Toronto's sesquicentennial in 1984, Keith scrounged the photo collections of the city archives and the reference library to mount a series of exhibits of 8x10 images in the display case at the Wychwood Library. The scenes ranged from Bathurst/St. Clair (e.g. construction of the original streetcar tracks) to Bathurst/Davenport (e.g. excavation of the escarpment for the extension of Bathurst St. up the hill). Fortunately, funds were found in the library budget to purchase the photos from Keith, and they now reside in the local history collection. Ask the librarian for access. Copies are in the Wychwood Park Archives.

To celebrate the Park centennial in 1988, Keith and I collaborated on mounting an art exhibition at #96 which contained 59 paintings by Park artists. Several of the most beautiful -- flower paintings by Mary Heister Reid (#81), by Jessie Ambridge (#19), and by Keith's aunt, Sheila Owen (#49) -- were loaned by members of Keith's family. One of the highlights of the exhibition was a portrait of Marmaduke Matthews (#6, co-founder of the Park) painted by George Reid (#81). It had hung above the fireplace in the Wychwood Library prior to its renovation in 1978, but was deemed to be in too dilapidated a condition to be re-hung. To raise funds to have it restored and reframed, Keith and I put together a "catalogue" of the exhibition, containing photos of the paintings, biographies of the artists, and other local info. We managed to sell enough copies of *The Art of Wychwood* before Christmas 1988 to be able to hire John Libby, an art dealer on King St.W. John had loaned us several paintings for the exhibit, and he very kindly charged us a reduced fee for a beautiful job. The restored painting with its new frame were soon back at the library. A copy of the catalogue may be borrowed from the Library or from the Archives.

Since Keith moved from #108 to the outskirts of Bracebridge in 1999, we have kept in touch via email. From his end, 'which' was always spelled 'wych' and Alcina was always Batoche (its original name,

commemorating the Riel rebellion in 1885, presumably the year that the street was laid out). Keith sent hundreds of items gleaned from the internet, including a beautiful painting of #96 by Rita-Anne Piquet, historical photos of the Park and residents from his family albums, and photos of his glorious new gardens with some of his own hybrids. We received his last email on January 31, including photos of winter and summer scenes and complaints about the snow and "ccold". He concluded with "More useless ephemera (or tittle-tattle) from the bilge of the Bog! kmom"

On February 4, at about 4 pm, Keith suffered a fatal heart attack while at home with his cats. The death notice on the back page was written by his brother Iain and his nephew, Stephane Beauroy, whose work appeared in *The Art of Wychwood*.

ODDS AND ENDS

Duplex for Rent: After seven years of residence by the Michels, our lower unit is available. 1800 sq.ft., 2 bedrooms, office, den, 2 bathrooms, 2 parking spaces, non-smokers, \$2500. If you know of someone who might be interested, please ask them to call our agent Sarah Giacomelli at 416-925-9191.

Murals: Councillor Joe Mihevc has funds available to provide the paint for murals on the concrete walls on Bathurst north of Davenport and in the railway underpass on Bathurst north of Dupont. He is asking for volunteers to provide the designs and the labour. If interested, contact him at j.mihevc@sympatico.ca or 416-392-0208 before the end of March.

David Partridge, the 'naillie' artist who was best known for his huge nail sculpture inside the front doors of City Hall, died on December 11 at age 87. His sister, Elspeth Hall, lived at #4A in the 1970s. She operated the Yorkville boutique named *A Partridge in a Pear Tree*.

Newsletter: Subscriptions for former residents are available at \$5 per year for postage and handling. Back issues are kept in stock at \$1 each. Submissions are always welcome and greatly appreciated.

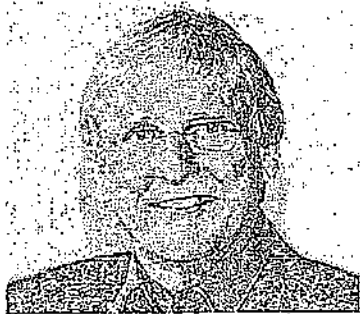
Archives: Minutes of committee meetings and other documents have been deposited in the Archives from time to time. They have been sorted and filed chronologically for convenient retrieval. If you are in possession of such items and are running out of filing space, we would be glad to receive them.

IN MEMORIAM

Anatol Rapoport and family moved into #38 in 1970. Keith Miller moved into #108 as a newborn in 1946. He moved to Muskoka in 1999. Bill McMurtry, his wife Diane, and children Tom and Tara lived at #22 in 1971-1993.

RAPOPORT, Anatol — In his 96th year, peacefully at Toronto General Hospital, January 20, 2007 after a brief illness. Professor Emeritus, psychology, U of Toronto; Professor, Math and Peace and Conflict Studies, U of Toronto; Diploma, Vienna Academy of Music; PhD, U of Chicago; DHL, U of Western Michigan; LLD, U of Toronto; DS, Royal Military College; Ehrendoktor, U of Bern, Switzerland. Major contributions in Game Theory, Peace Research and General System Theory. Peace activist; President, Science for Peace. Leaves wife Gwen; children Anya, Alexander and wife Katherine, Anthony and partner Helen; grandchildren Leo and Erin. A celebration of his life will take place in the spring: to be informed please email tony@braveform.com. The family would be grateful for contributions to the Dr. Anatol Rapoport Scholarship Fund at the Trudeau Centre for Peace and Conflict Studies. Please call 416-978-2968 or email jim.lowson@utoronto.ca.

MILLER, Keith Maclean Owen — Son of the late Mr & Mrs D. C. R. Miller of Wychwood Park, Toronto; beloved brother of Daphne Beauroy, Toronto, and Iain Miller; Athens, Greece; uncle of Fabienne Beauroy, Hamilton, and Stéphane Beauroy, Muriel Beauroy and David Beauroy (Christine), all of Toronto; great uncle of Rachel Beauroy, Hamilton and Lucy Beauroy, Toronto; suddenly, in his 61st year, at home, outside Bracebridge, Muskoka. He lived most of his life in Wychwood Park and wrote and circulated privately a history of that community. He amassed a huge amount of archival material about the Park and the core of that collection is now with the Ontario Archives. After he retired from his work at the library of the University of Toronto, he withdrew to his beloved Muskoka where he created, single-handedly, a beautiful garden filled with an astonishing variety of flowers, many of which were hybrids of his own creation. Although living a reclusive life, he kept up a daily correspondence by e-mail with his family and friends. A shy exterior hid a warm, affectionate and exceptionally intelligent person, whose wry sense of humour and great knowledge of a variety of subjects, generously shared, made him a delight to all who knew him. He will be painfully missed by his family and friends.



WILLIAM RASHLEIGH McMURTRY

Passed away peacefully on Monday, February 12, 2007 in his 73rd year with his devoted partner Carolyn and his loving daughter Tara at his side.

He leaves his partner Carolyn Vesely, son Tom and daughter Tara, daughter-in-law Bernadette, granddaughter Madeline, and his brothers and "best friends" Roy, John and Bob.

MICHELE HENRY
STAFF REPORTER

Star
Feb 20/07

Bill McMurtry was so passionate about this city, he wanted to make sure it was run properly. So he marched into David Miller's office four years ago, intent on telling the new mayor how to do his job.

"He was extremely passionate about his values," Miller, a long-time friend, says with a chuckle. "He believed in the power of government to do the right thing."

He also believed he should do it himself.

McMurtry spent 30 years as a tireless crusader for social justice. A humanitarian and litigator, he fought to abolish violence in sports, abolish the death penalty and keep Toronto free of urban sprawl. He sought to deliver rights to Canada's native people and helped wage war on racism.

In many of those fights, he was victorious, says his wife Carolyn Vesely, 44.

Diagnosed with terminal lung cancer two years ago, McMurtry faced his illness head-on. "He shaped his own battle with this terrible disease. And he won."

William Rashleigh McMurtry died of lung cancer in his home last week. He was 72.

A litigator at Blaney McMurtry for most of his career, he made frequent trips to the office until three months ago.

He was determined not to let the disease slow him down, says Bob McMurtry, noting how Bill persevered through a 6-kilometre hike in the Kananaskis Valley last summer. "He was pushing it," Bob says of his eldest brother. "But, he set the pace. He always did. He took great pride in his endurance."

During his 47-year career, McMurtry was a founding member of the Toronto International Film Festival, a director of the St. Lawrence Centre for the Arts and a founding director of St. Leonard's Society of Toronto, a halfway house to rehabilitate former prisoners.

He authored the 1974 McMurtry Report on Violence in Hockey, which probed the tolerance of physical intimidation on the rink. While the report wasn't welcomed by the hockey establishment, it was considered a landmark study on violence in the game.

He led the fight to stop the Pickering airport and was instrumental in halting construction of the Spadina Expressway. He outlined his charge against the highway, which would have bisected Toronto's Forest Hill neighbourhood, in an impassioned letter to former Ontario Premier Bill Davis in the 1960s.

Bill took that letter to Miller when he was first elected to of-



Bill McMurtry spent 30 years fighting to abolish violence in sports and the death penalty and agitating against Toronto's urban sprawl.

fice, hoping to share its urban wisdom with the new mayor.

A staunch supporter of diversity, he co-founded in 2003 the Investing in Our Diversity Scholarship Award, which gives money to students who foster race relations Toronto.

"He was very passionate about what he thought was wrong," says Roy McMurtry, Ontario's Chief Justice, about his brother's social conscience. "And he had a personal commitment to put it right."

'He was very passionate about what he thought was wrong'

Roy McMurtry, Ontario's Chief Justice and Bill McMurtry's brother

Calling his brother "someone who cared," Roy said Bill had his hands in so many different pots, because he was passionate about everything that interested him.

And McMurtry came honestly by his propensity to defend the underdog. His father, Roy McMurtry senior, also a lawyer, instilled in his sons a concern for the less advantaged, who were all around them growing up during the depression.

Born in Toronto in 1934, Bill's family spent summers in Jackson's Point and later in Stoney Lake. He was never happier, say relatives, than when he

was outdoors, which he considered his "cathedral."

As a youngster, Bill would bring wounded animals home and nurse them back to health. As a teenager, he would study their habits.

Bob remembers being astounded one day 20 years ago, when Bill knelt beside a wounded bird that had fallen onto a driveway. The animal relaxed when he stroked it in his hands.

"He found common ground with creatures in nature," Bob says. "He was a real competitive person, but he had a real gentle soul and it showed up in those moments."

Vesely says that's all part of what made Bill a true renaissance man. "He loved poetry and rugby," she said, adding theatre and nature.

As an adult he fell in love with his pet parakeet named Chilli, who would fly around the bathroom, as if enjoying a rainfall, while Bill would take a shower.

"He was always more than what you thought," says Michael "Pinball" Clemons, a close friend.

"He was a white lawyer... dresses pretty conservatively, looks like your mainstream guy. But he always stood for more than that."

He leaves his wife Carolyn Vesely, son Tom, daughter Tara and brothers Roy, John and Bob.

News from the Archives

April 2007

MAYTIME EVENTS

Wednesday, May 2, 7:30 pm

Doug Brown, author of *Eden Smith -- Toronto's Arts and Crafts Architect* presented a slide show titled *Sweetness and Light -- How Aesthetic Architecture Came to Ontario* to the William Morris Society of Canada in February. Unfortunately Emily and I and some other members were unable to attend. Doug has kindly offered to repeat his talk at #96. If you would like to attend, RSVP so that we will know how many chairs to provide.

From the original announcement:

The Aesthetic Movement ran parallel to the Arts and Crafts Movement in late nineteenth century England and overlapped it at many points. Its architecture was much more widespread than that of the A&C Movement and had a much greater influence on residential neighbourhoods in English speaking countries throughout the world. Thus most of our late Victorian neighbourhoods, such as the Annex, Cabbagetown, Parkdale, and Rosedale, contain high proportions of buildings that can be traced to the Aesthetic Movement architecture in England. Styles include Old English, Queen Anne, Annex, and Edwardian Classical. This lavishly illustrated lecture by Doug Brown will tell the story of how the architecture of the Aesthetic Movement evolved and found its way into the residential neighbourhoods of Ontario, especially Toronto.

Saturday, May 12, 10:15 am

I shall conduct a Toronto Island bike tour for the Toronto Bay Initiative (\$15). Bring your bike or rent one on Queen's Quay West and catch the 10:15 am ferry to Hanlan's Point (return fares: Adults \$6, Seniors \$3.50, Children \$2.50). The tour will include a climb to the top of the Gibraltar Point Lighthouse (1808, second oldest lighthouse in Canada, oldest Toronto building on its original site, only provincial plaque with reference to the supernatural, hardly ever open to the public), the interior of the beautiful Church of St. Andrew by-the-Lake (1884, with magnificent stained glass by McCausland), and, the highlight, a visit to the Island Archives where Emily has offered to serve iced tea and cookies!

Wednesdays, 7:30 pm

On pleasant spring or summer Wednesday evenings, I occasionally conduct free one hour historical art and architecture tours of the Park for groups of 10 or more (this number can include guests and children but not dogs -- but of course dogs are welcome!). We conclude at the Archives where an exhibit of Park art and architecture will be on display. If interested, get a group together and call me on the Monday or Tuesday if the weather forecast is favourable.

W. P. Archives, Albert Fulton, 96 Wychwood Park, Toronto, M6G 2V5, 416-537-5006, archives9@rogers.com
Hours: Wednesday evenings, 7:30-9:30, or other times by appointment

FROM MY WINDOW by Freya Hahn (#15) c.1910

Looking out of my window one cool grey afternoon in April, I could see a little valley thro' which a stream wound its way. From the far side of the stream the ground rose slowly to a grove of dark pines. The hillside was green with the young grass, the apple trees and others were beginning to show little leaves, while here and there the red blossoms of the maple or the yellow catkins of the pussy-willow would show out brightly against the green. A few pine trees close to my window and the pine-covered ground beneath seemed to be a favourite playground of the birds and squirrels.

The first actors to appear on this little stage were five robins who hopped around in search of worms. Until they came there had been no sound save the gentle rippling of the little brook and even they were very quiet -- not making any sound except when they turned over the dry leaves in search of a meal. Suddenly down one of the trees near the steps leading down to the stream, a squirrel ran, and after a moment's hesitation, continued down the little hill to the middle of the first step where he sat up, looking just like a little post. Just as he sat up, the head and black "bib" of a flicker appeared above a lower step, and as the bird turned around it displayed a brilliant patch of red on the back of its neck.

All at once both the flicker and the squirrel seemed to get frightened, for the flicker flew away while the squirrel ran up a tree. Then two or three robins flew away and when the flicker returned, as he did soon after, there was only one robin left. But the stage was not to be left empty for just at that moment a flock of kinglets flew into the pine trees. They looked more like acrobats than kinglets for they performed most wonderful antics, such as hanging upside down from the end of a pine branch. As they were gradually moving off to other trees, a sapsucker flew onto the dark trunk of a pine. He stayed only a few moments, rapping on the trunk with his hard beak.

There never seemed to be a pause in the little play of the wild creatures for as the scarlet-headed bird flew away, a solitary crow rose majestically from the pine-grove and flew towards me. Then, uttering two "caws", it wheeled and flew gracefully back. Nothing now broke the stillness but the little brook and I felt that the first little act was over, but turning to look out of my other window I found that a second had just begun.

The above is a transcription by Emily of a soft-pencil hand-written page torn from one of Freya's notebooks, written when she was about 14. It was recently deposited in the Archives by Freya's niece, Natalie McMinn. Natalie also donated a fascinating notebook with a green flowered cover design titled *Wild Flowers of Wychwood Park by Freya Constance Hahn. 13*. Whether the '13' is her age, the year 1913, her school grade, or whatever, is open to conjecture. The small neat handwriting in black ink was done with a very sharp pen. Freya listed 85 species, devoting a page each to those whose Latin names begin with each letter of the alphabet. She also gave their English names and the time of bloom. Her first entry: *Aguilegia Canedensis*/Wild Columbine/June.

Freya, born in 1896, was the eldest of Gustav and Ellen Hahn's three daughters. Hilda (Natalie's mother) and Sylvia were born in 1898 and 1911. According to Natalie, Freya was secretary to the History Department at UofT for 40 years. A history of the illustrious Hahn family appeared in the January 2006 issue of this newsletter.

News from the Archives

June 2007



20 Wychwood Park

Drawing by Anthony Jim

The original smallish house was built for Miss Florence Withrow. The building permit was issued on December 13, 1918, with an estimated cost of \$3500. Rear extensions and the dining room alcove were added by subsequent owners.

In 1931 Miss Withrow sold to widow Emilia Wilkinson, who stayed until 1937. The house was then rented to lawyer Thomas O'Connor, with wife Agnes and children Terrance, Dennis, and Shelagh. In 1940-45, Mr. O'Connor served overseas as a lieutenant-colonel in the Royal Canadian Army Service Corps.

In 1941 the house was sold to Grace Wynn, whose estate sold it in 1944 to pawnbroker David Sykes, with wife Vera and children Joy and Hugh. Joy (1919-2005) married Patrick King-Wilson of #8 in 1953. David Sykes died in 1945, and Vera sold in 1953 to widow Anna Mitchell, who died in 1956. In 1957 her son, lawyer Stanley Mitchell, the original owner of #6C, sold #20 to newlyweds Don and Mary Jane Baillie.

Donald Baillie (1915-1993) and his brothers grew up nearby at 79 Hilton Ave. Don was awarded the Governor General's Medal when he obtained his M.A. from Trinity College in 1936. He then went to Columbia University in New York for post-graduate work in math and physics. In 1941-45 he served with the Royal Canadian Navy, and on loan to the Royal Navy, in radar installations.

In 1958-1980 Don was an actuarial professor in the Department of Statistics at the UofT, and he became a consulting actuary with Eckler Partners Ltd. He was co-author of the widely-used textbook *Compound Interest*, and he wrote various journal articles.

Don's mathematical intellect served him well in setting clever Park puzzles, which he marked and returned with statistical analyses. He was equally adept at analyzing the Park's tree population. His tree census of 1990 gave the species, location, and condition of every tree in the Park. As a founding member of the Tree and Shrub Committee, he started a tree nursery at #45 and transplanted his crop throughout the Park. On the annual clean-up days, he directed the construction of 'terraces' in the ravine and pond areas using horizontally placed fallen branches to provide erosion control. In his other activities, Don served for many years as president of the Canadian Association for Humane Trapping and was an active volunteer in other organizations.

Mary Jane was born in Minnesota and grew up in New England. She attended classes in drawing and painting at the Boston Museum of Fine Art, and she graduated from Smith College with special honors in English. Launching her career as a professional artist, she exhibited during the '50s in solo and group shows at galleries in New England and in New York City. Having been awarded a Fulbright Scholarship, she painted in Paris in 1954-56 and was represented in an exhibition at the American Embassy. Her work appears in numerous private collections in the U.S. and Canada.

In the summer of 1956, Don was in New Hampshire visiting a friend from his two years at Columbia. Mary Jane, just returned from Paris, was visiting her parents at their summer home, and, as fate would have it, she and Don both happened to attend a party at her brother's house in a nearby village! Their daughters, Christina and Martha, were born in 1958 and 1960.

After moving to the Park in March 1958, Mary Jane rented studio space in the attic of #45 when artist Kate Graham lived there, in the attic at #100 when the Parkers lived there, and later in a large space in the Clark Irwin building at St. Clair and Greensides, suitable for painting her large canvasses. While working alone in the house at #100, Mary Jane received a citation from the police for calling them about a burglar who was attempting to break into the house. They managed to tackle him in the garden at #106, after one of

the cops had been injured in jumping over the fence. For a good laugh, ask Mary Jane about the intruder who actually got into #100 and crawled into one of the beds!

Mary Jane was the first female Park trustee, from 1990 to 1997. She currently serves on the WPHAC.

Most of our encounters with Don, Mary Jane, and their faithful canine companions have taken place during our after-dinner strolls. First there were the black Newfies Luke and Ashera, both of whom lived to 11 years. Next came silver poodle Tria, who lived to 13. As of this spring there is another silver poodle, 5-year-old Lulu. In the Park are many changes, but some things stay the same!

The above is one in a series of house histories. The stories of #2-19 appeared in previous issues. Any corrections or additional information would be greatly appreciated.

THROUGH THE GARDEN GATE, June 16 & 17, 11 am - 4 pm

This year's Toronto Botanical Garden's self-guided tour begins at Spadina House, includes gardens on Lyndhurst, Wells Hill, and Austin Crescent, six in the Park, and gardens on Tyrrel, Hillcrest, and Turner. The south gate will be locked as usual and greeters at the north gate will permit only Park vehicles to pass. Shuttle buses from the St. Clair and Dupont subway stations will deliver guests to the Park gates and the other locations. To obtain tickets (\$40, TBG members \$35), go to torontobotanicalgarden.ca or call 416-397-1340. Descriptions of two of the Park gardens can be found later in these pages.

Emily and I have been enjoying these tours for many years, including last year's on Toronto Island! We cannot think of a more polite, conscientious, and interesting group of people than gardening enthusiasts. As head of Neighbourhood Watch, I hope that many come back to stroll through the Park at their leisure -- "eyes on the Park" at all hours benefits our security.

The Landscape Committee is in the process of providing colour in various spots. If you were thinking of adding some blooms anyway, please try to do it before the Father's Day weekend! And the tours provide excellent opportunities for lemonade stands and for youthful buskers.

TORONTO ISLAND GARDEN TOURS, July 8, 15, 22, 1-5 pm

The seventh series of biennial self-guided tours will start from our place on Algonquin Island on these three Sunday afternoons. We promise 10

private (mostly backyard) gardens, but we usually have 12-15, with some different gardens each day. Year by year the gardeners have become more ambitious and experienced, and the increasing number of gardens have become more elaborate. Funds raised are used for public landscaping projects. A brochure has been delivered with this newsletter -- please pass it on to anyone who may be interested.

CITY OF TORONTO ARCHIVES, 255 Spadina Rd.

The current photography exhibition, until September 22, contains a fascinating panorama of the city in 1856. William Armstrong, known primarily as a prolific painter of historical Canadian scenes, also operated an early photography business. In 1856 his firm was commissioned by the city to capture a series of panoramic images giving a 360-degree view of the city from the roof of the tallest building, the 5-storey Rossin House hotel at the southeast corner of King and York Streets. The 13-plate panorama was part of Toronto's submission to the Colonial Office in England to become the capital of the united Upper and Lower Canadas. Other cities made submissions, and ultimately Ottawa was chosen. The exhibition also contains twelve other high quality Armstrong images of local commercial buildings, taken in 1856-57.

Detailed descriptions of the buildings in the panorama, very few of which are still in existence (guess which ones), can be found in *Lost Toronto* by William Dendy, 1993, a copy of which is in the Archives. Armstrong's creation of the panorama inspired local author Michael Redhill to write a novel titled *Consolation*, published last August (\$32.95). His research led to a detailed account in the novel of the complicated process of glass plate photography in 1856. Most of the present day action takes place in the Harbour Castle Hilton hotel and in the excavation for the Air Canada Centre in 1997 (guess the connection with William Armstrong!). A copy may be borrowed from the Archives.

ODDS AND ENDS

Welcome to the Park! Our new downstairs tenants are Ken Gass and Marian Wihak. Ken is the founder, owner, playwright, and artistic director of the Factory Theatre (Bathurst & Adelaide). His current remount of George F. Walker's *Better Living* (until July 1) has received rave reviews. Also running in repertory are two other of Walker's plays. Marian is a production designer for film, TV,

and theatre, including *Factory!* She is also a painter who has exhibited at a variety of galleries. A welcome addition to "The Art of Wychwood"!

Heritage Toronto Walk, Saturday, June 2, 1:30 pm. Arts and Crafts architecture on Indian Road. Meet at the SW corner of Bloor St. & Indian Rd., 2 blocks east of the Keele subway station. Led by Denise Harris and Janet Langdon. Free. Indian Road and environs were home to 5 early Park residents before they moved here. Eden Smith (#5) had designed his own house at 267 Indian Road, one for Gustav Hahn (#15) around the corner at 96 Boustead Ave., and another for Paul Hahn (Gustav's brother) at 295 Indian Road (with the same unusual roofline that he used on #7 W.P.), next door to the home of George Reid (#81). Ernest DuVernet (#16) lived at 261 Indian Road and George Howell (#7) lived around the corner at 6 Indian Grove. These houses are extant except for the Reid house which burned after George and Mary had moved to Upland Cottage. Only the stucco wall around part of the property remains.

Toronto Field Naturalists Walk, Sunday, June 17, 2 pm. The shoreline of Lake Iroquois from Caledonia Rd. to Bathurst St. Meet at the SE corner of St. Clair and Caledonia. Led by Alexander Cappell. Free. Emily and I have walked this route on one of Alex's tours, and he does an excellent job. Lots of nooks and crannies along the Escarpment!

Toronto Music Garden Tours, June 6 to September 6, Wednesdays at 11 am and Thursdays at 5:30 pm. One hour tours conducted by Toronto Botanical Garden volunteers, starting at the west end of the garden on Queen's Quay, near Bathurst. Self-guided audio tours are available daily at the office of Marina Quay West (\$5 rental fee for audio player). One-hour music and dance performances are given on Thursdays at 7 pm and Sundays at 4 pm, June 24 to September 16. Programs are available at the Archives or at harbourfrontcentre.com/musicgarden. Info: 416-973-4000. Violist Tony Rapoport (#38) will be performing with his ensemble on July 12. A delightful way to spend a summer evening -- a garden tour followed by a concert, and it's all free!

Spadina Expressway Exhibition at the Market Gallery (95 Front St. E.) until July 8. Wed-Fri 10-4, Sat 9-4, Sun 12-4. Were it not for the likes of Jane Jacobs and Colin & Nettie Vaughan (#12), this expressway would probably have been built. Premier William Davis cancelled its construction south of Eglinton on June 3, 1971.

Bay - Bloor
Town Crier
March 2007

EVANS, Mabel Leila Black—Peacefully on Monday, April 9, 2007, Mabel, in her 100th year, went to join the Lord, and her husband, the late Joseph Cooper Evans (1907), formerly Registrar and Director of Alumni Affairs, University of Toronto. Loving mother to Don of Orillia, Sally Jo (Bill) Martin of Toronto, and Frances (Peter) Ricketts of Toronto. She will be greatly missed by her grandchildren, Scott (Maha), Becky (Michael), Amanda (Jon), Jesse (Alexis), Martha (Paddy), Laura Jean and David, and by her great-grandsons, Aldwyn and Ibrahim. Friends and family will be received on Wednesday, April 11, 2007 between 7-9 p.m. at the MORLEY BEDFORD FUNERAL HOME, 159 Eglinton Avenue West, Toronto (2 stoplights west of Yonge Street). A celebration of Mabel's life will be held in the Bedford chapel on Thursday, April 12, 2007 at 11 a.m. The family wishes to express its appreciation to the caring staff of Christie Gardens. In lieu of flowers, donations to the CNIB, Sleeping Children Around the World or Lake Scugog Camp would be appreciated.

Mabel Evans, husband Jo and their three children lived at #30 in 1950-70. Mabel was a long-time member of the Needlework Guild and continued coming to meetings in the Park long after she had moved to Christie Gardens. Her son Don is the cartoonist known as "Issac Bickerstaff". A few years ago her daughter Sally Jo loaned for printing 50 slides taken by Jo of the family and of other Park children of the era, several of whom still live here with children of their own.

Do you remember St. Paul's United Church with its corner tower and spire? The Gothic Revival landmark built of "white" brick that dominated the corner of Avenue Rd. and Webster just south of Davenport Rd.?

Designed by the architectural firm Smith & Gemmell, St. Paul's opened in 1887 as a Methodist church. From its active beginnings and union with the United Church of Canada in the 1920s, the congregation gradually declined until, in later years, the building was used more as a performance space and community center. It ceased to serve as a church in 1982 when the congregation amalgamated with that of Trinity United on Bloor St. By then the building's future seemed doubtful and the neighbourhood was justifiably anxious and watchful.

In 1995 a disastrous fire, due to arson, left the church in ruins. Its corner site remains vacant and neglected, surrounded by a dilapidated boarding.

Now a six-storey building — combined retail, office and residential space — is intended for that location. The ABC Residents' Association and other groups have worked together to improve the original proposal.

The church structure itself was not the only loss. The fire destroyed its ethereal art nouveau ceiling, depicting rows of angels bearing lilies and serenely overlooking the nave amid curling tendrils of vines and flora. It was a unique composition, designed and painted by Gustav Hahn (1866-1962).

And who was Gustav Hahn? He was a member of the talented family of Dr. Otto Hahn, lawyer and scientist, who emigrated from Germany to Canada in 1888.

Trained in Europe, Gustav became a sought-after Toronto artist, painting decorative panels and murals for prestigious Toronto homes such as Flavell House on Queen's Park Cres., now occupied by

the University of Toronto's Faculty of Law. He created murals of allegorical figures (that of "Power", now restored) for the legislative chamber of the provincial Parliament buildings. For the council chamber of Old City Hall he painted the figures of "Truth" and "Justice". He taught at the Ontario College of Art for many years. His former students spoke of him fondly, remarking on his "depth of his knowledge" and "kind and gentle manner."

The work of Emmanuel Hahn (1881-1957), Gustav's younger brother and once head of the sculpture department at the Ontario College of Art, is easily located.

His 12-foot statue of Ontario Hydro-Electric Power Commission's Sir Adam Beck stands tall at University Ave. and Queen St. West. Hahn also designed the striking memorial figure of Ned Hanlan at Hanlan's Point, marking his achievement as Canada's world champion oarsman. Those who enjoy strolling in Mount Pleasant Cemetery near the mausoleum can't have failed to notice his monument to the Cutten sisters, composed of two women seated in classical repose reaching across to one another. And check your pockets, for you may just happen to own a tiny initialed Hahn relief — on a Canadian "Bluenose" dime, "Caribou" quarter, or "Voyageur" silver dollar.

Sylvia Hahn (1911-2001) followed her father Gustav into the art world, becoming a print maker, book illustrator, designer of liturgical art and muralist.

You can find her four large murals of armoured figures on the upper walls of the Samuel Hall/Currelly Gallery at the Royal Ontario Museum. Once again all on view, the group includes a composition of jousting medieval knights. She was on staff at the ROM and, along with other assignments while there, created a model of the Acropolis for the Athens Gallery.

And then there is the musical side of this remarkable family.

Paul Hahn (1875-1962), a

son of Dr. Hahn, taught at the Toronto College of Music, was a cellist with the Toronto Symphony Orchestra and a member of several string groups.

He worked at the Nordheimer Piano Co. of Toronto before establishing his own piano dealership in 1913. His son Paul joined the business in 1948. In 1972 the firm relocated to a heritage building, a retail gem, at the corner of Yonge St. and Gibson Ave. just north of Ramsden Park, where it thrives to this day with its focus primarily on the servicing and rebuilding of pianos.

It is now under the third generation management of Alex Hahn, daughter of Paul Hahn Junior, with her father still involved in an advisory capacity.

In the past year the store has extended its role to include occasional live jazz evening in this intimate ambience and it was even host of a carol service in December. What a happy innovation in our area!

But back to St. Paul's....

Toronto city council designated the church building heritage property in 1979, so let's not allow the achievement of Gustav Hahn to fade into the past.

It is reported that fragments of the church — possibly some cut stone and iron columns — were salvaged from the fire, although their whereabouts are unclear.

It is the feeling of ABCR/ and concerned individuals, among them former councillor John Adams, that these must be sought out and integrated with whatever building is finally erected on the corner site.

A heritage plaque must be part of the commemoration of St. Paul's, with its text noting the exceptional contribution of Gustav Hahn.

*Original owner
of #15.*

15 Wychwood Park

A shady ravine garden with a park-like grandeur

This lovely house was built in 1908 for the family of artist Gustav Hahn (1866-1962) whose paintings can be seen in the National Gallery of Canada and whose stained glass windows and Art Nouveau murals grace many of Toronto's churches and public buildings. Many of his works featured a garden as background, but whether his interest in gardening extended to actual cultivation is a mystery. However, the size, location and drama of this garden are enough to inspire anyone, artist or not!

The garden is divided into three large areas: a streetside garden, a front walkway and a terraced ravine at the side of the house. When the current owners bought the home four years ago, each of the gardens had its challenges. The streetside garden and walkway were overgrown, mostly with goutweed, an invasive plant that strikes fear into every gardener's heart. The old oak trees were in such poor shape they had become threats to passersby. An arborist was able to save some of the trees, but others had to be removed and replaced. Finally, the ravine garden had eroded so much that the terracing had fallen into the ravine and required major restoration work.

In the front garden, in the shade of the large oaks, dogwoods and Japanese maples, ferns, hostas, heucheras and spiderwort form the basis of the beds. Many old lily varieties still bloom here too. Hundreds of bluebells and daffodils have been planted to extend the flowering season and coneflowers thrive in the sunnier spots. The stone steps along the pathway are believed to have belonged to the original garden.

The ravine garden was originally the site of an old stream; now, a pond-less waterfall has been built on the remnants of the old bed. Stone terracing and a rock garden lead from the house to the garden below, where oakleaf hydrangeas, rhododendrons, barberries, peonies, ornamental grasses and a ginkgo tree thrive alongside plantings of lilies and columbines. Tuberous begonias, a favourite of the owners, are planted around an old garage.

Evening social events are often held in the garden, and when they're alone the owners sit on the terrace watching the bats that are part of the local wildlife community. The mercury vapour lights installed in the tallest trees light up the evening without frightening nocturnal visitors. Not a bad way to end the day, really.



NOTABLE PLANTS

- Barberry (*Berberis* spp.)
- Dogwood (*Cornus* spp.)
- Japanese maple (*Acer japonica* cvs.)
- Ginkgo (*Ginkgo biloba*)
- Oakleaf hydrangea (*Hydrangea quercifolia*)

16 Wychwood Park

An Arts and Crafts house and garden with a wild perimeter and formal gardens

This house and garden are the result of superb design, thorough research, a huge passion for plants and endless creativity. The Arts and Crafts house was designed by Eden Smith and built in 1910 for businessman Ernest DuVernet and his family. Over the years, it has had various owners, but perhaps none so devoted as its present inhabitants.

When they moved into the house 13 years ago, the garden had fallen on hard times. The new owner, an avid gardener, embarked on a mission to rebuild the garden in the style of the post-Victorian era. She read gardening books and attended lectures, and went to England to see the gardens of Gertrude Jekyll and Vita Sackville-West.

The garden is completely organic and plants are bought locally to ensure they can survive the climate and conditions. The grass has been hand-weeded and clover was added to the turf to supply nitrogen. To help control black spot on the roses, the owner sought advice from a health food store. They said that grapefruit seed extract was used to treat fungal infections in people. Reasoning that if it worked for people, it might work on plants, the owner experimented. The first year, she sprayed the roses weekly with a diluted grapefruit seed extract mixture; now she sprays only twice a year and her roses are free of black spot.

True to its era, the garden has a "wild" perimeter but becomes more formal nearer the house. The plants are reminiscent of the English landscape and also reflect the owner's memories of her grandmother's garden, where roses, peonies and cherry trees bloomed abundantly. The property is large, and the park-like space in the front is separated from the house by the driveway. The two areas are tied together using similar plants – thousands of bulbs, lilies and 17 magnificent and unusual varieties of magnolias.

On the west side of the house, repeat-blooming roses and huge hibiscus surround an elegant verandah, and at the periphery is a sweeping purple border. On the east side a kitchen garden is filled with herbs and vegetables. A brick wall surrounding a fruit garden creates a warm micro-climate, and supports the many climbing vines and espaliered fruit trees that thrive here. Perennial beds, dogwoods, lilacs and rhododendrons grow throughout; each successive flowering is celebrated, often with gatherings of family and friends.

It's easy to imagine three women — two distinguished English garden designers and an approving grandmother — discreetly raising their glasses along with the guests.



NOTABLE PLANTS

- Magnolia (*Magnolia* spp. and cvs.)
- Dogwood (*Cornus* spp. and cvs.)
- Lilac (*Syringa* spp. and cvs.)
- Rhododendron (*Rhododendron* spp. and cvs.)

The Arts and Crafts movement focused on nature, workmanship and quality materials

10 MacPherson Ave.

The grace of a small elegant house is a wonderful thing. The pressures placed on a house by dense populations in and around it are enormous and constant; materials erode and finishes wear away. Over a lifetime, a house can lose everything that once made it elegant and interesting, as homeowner after homeowner tries to make it larger, warmer, easier to maintain and brighter. After a century or more of this piecemeal — albeit well-intentioned — alteration, what began as a beautiful exterior is often left shrouded under a thick disguise. This series examines several Toronto house types and describes their original façades.

By SCOTT WEIR

Understated older architecture can be a hard sell in a city obsessed with generating and quantifying wealth. It is difficult to show how far up the beanstalk one has climbed when the appearance of one's house is based on simple forms derived from peasant architecture, no matter how well considered and commodious. Without festoons of decoration or recognizable classical detailing, one's position in society may not be immediately evident to the casual observer. It is precisely this issue that is at the root of the demolition of a great number of fine Arts and Crafts buildings in Toronto.

The houses designed by Toronto's Arts and Crafts master, Eden Smith, appear to be suffering more fallout than most. Viewed by some as oppressively dour, these houses were, at the time, groundbreaking, radical improvements to our way of life in Canada.

The early 20th century was the era of the Group of Seven who fostered the emergence of a strong Canadian identity. Toronto's Arts and Letters Club, which still functions in the same fantastic building on Elm Street, was the forum through which these painters and the city's Arts and Crafts architects exchanged ideas and planned ways to overhaul the country's arts to reflect Canadian experience.

The plan for this architectural overhaul was based on the principle that "the beauty of function" trumped style and ornament. For these architects, buildings were meant to be interwoven with their sites, eschewing local domestic traditions, which they felt were no longer important. Buildings were stripped down to the simplest materi-

Post, Mar 24/07

proach to spatial organization was considered radical at the time: Side entrances allowed for more usable space on the street façade and access to more light; rooms were oriented to take advantage of the movement of the sun (even if this meant placement at the rear of the house, an area normally reserved for the service areas); and the relationship of the house to its gardens was paramount.

I had the mixed blessing of documenting three Eden Smith buildings — each of them subtly delightful — prior to their demolition, and from them I learned a great deal about spatial organization and light. Though I mourned their loss, I recognized that they'd been utterly displaced in their densifying neighbourhoods. Indeed, one was demolished to make way for a condo tower that I have since come to love.

Steep hipped roofs and tall chimneys were characteristic of many of Eden Smith's houses, the brickwork and chimneypots often being the only decorative elements. The "program" of the house was expressed in the design of its façade, which depended on the skilful use of "honest" materials (stucco, smooth unornamented brick and wood or slate shingles), exposed structural elements such as rafter tails and beams; and a careful proportioning of geometric forms to express beauty, rather than referencing past styles. Windows were, for the most part, casements, whose working parts could be hand-wrought in textured forms meant to be seen and touched by the user. Muted colours and leaded glass drew attention to the relationship between interior spaces and the sun. Fireplaces abounded, with inglenooks creating areas of intimacy within large principal rooms. Other local architects followed similar methods, drawing on English cottage features for their designs. (W. Douglas Brown's book

Architect is an excellent reference.)

Emerging out of the loud Victorian era when symphonies in architecture often had too many notes, the buildings of the Arts and Crafts masters, such as England's Charles Voysey and Scotland's Charles Rennie Mackintosh, celebrated style-less functionality over ostentation. They developed an architectural language based on a house's relationship to its local environment and the climate rather than its value as a decorative signifier of power and wealth. The very modern architecture that they collectively developed was rooted in traditional building methods, giving weight to the builder as craftsman and valuing simple, quality materials.

Those who like Arts and Crafts architecture have had great success working with these buildings. The gardens of many High Park homes — madly bursting with perennials — tie the informal and friendly character of these buildings to their village and country origins. Arts and Crafts homes in Wychwood Park and on Indian Road near High Park are excellent examples of the best of this house type.

It may be that their very lack of ostentation has been their undoing, if the rapid succession of recent Arts and Crafts teardowns is anything to go by. In quieter neighbourhoods, many of these finely crafted, quirky and understated houses are being replaced with new monster Georgians. In other cases, their once tranquil locations have now become busy city streets, ideal for densification.

The losses were of such concern that the City of Toronto recently gave historical designation to a number of Arts and Crafts houses in the prestigious Forest Hill and Poplar Plains areas, so that buyers looking to "build new" would opt for lesser properties.

Torontonians concerned about teardowns in their area are now able to voice their concerns in neighbourhood district studies that seek to identify buildings they value and put in place planning guidelines so that future development occurs in a collectively agreed upon manner. In Rosedale, for example, properties have been classed from A to D, allowing those most valued by the neighbourhood to be protected, while other sites can be redeveloped. In



GRAPHIC AND PHOTO BY SCOTT WEIR

It may be that the Arts and Craft house's lack of ostentation has been its undoing.

this ongoing evaluation and preservation of certain buildings of interest is essential if we want to preserve the city's unique architectural roots for future generations.

I recall certain professors teaching us that, as architects, we should feel comfortable demolishing anything, as long as what we construct in its place is better and gives more to the street. While I greatly respect the drive to leave one's surroundings better than one found them, I also believe architects should seek out and replace the least interest-

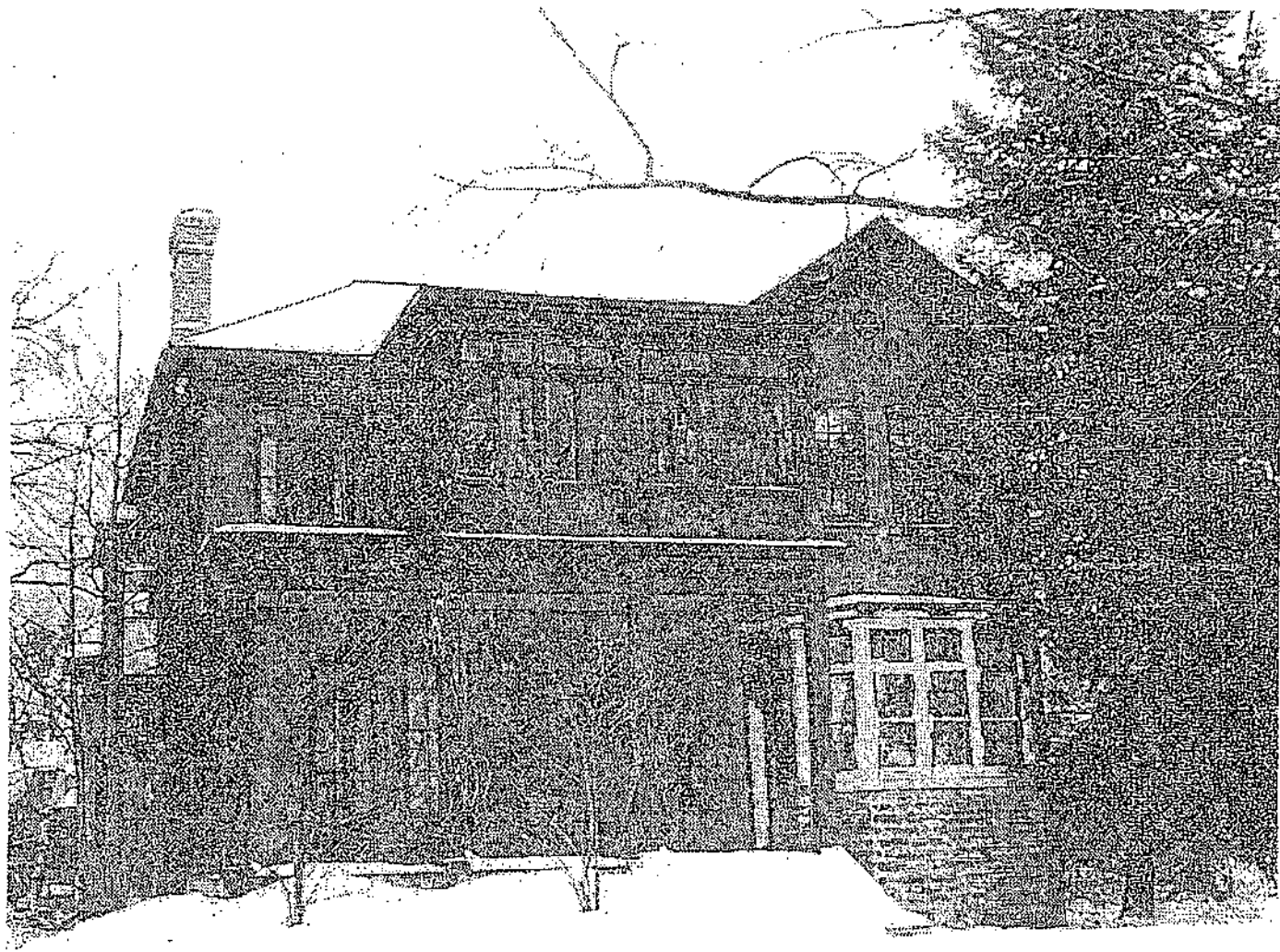
preserve well-crafted architecture (and if such well-crafted buildings no longer serve their original purpose, we should look for creative ways to adapt them). The rapidity of Toronto's boom and, of course, the complexity of variables that must be weighed in deciding a building's fate make this a challenging feat, but one that, I think, future generations will thank us for.

■ Scott Weir is an associate at architectural conservationist ERA Architects Inc.

■ Next week: the Craftsman bungalow

News from the Archives

September 2007



22 Wychwood Park, 1984

Photo by Keith Miller (#108)

This house, second in the Park after #6 (1874), was built in 1877 by Alexander Jardine (1838-1899). With 12' ceilings and six marble fireplaces, he named the house *Braemore*, possibly with a connection to his ancestral home in Scotland. (Marmaduke Matthews had named his house *Wychwood* after his childhood environs in England -- in the Cotswolds.) According to Jardine's granddaughter, Eleanor Woodside, *Braemore* was built for Alexander's bride, Agnes Litster.

The Jardines owned 10 acres, bounded by Christie St. to the west, 620' frontage on Davenport to the south, the Matthews' 10 acres to the east, and as far north as the present #32. According to the 1881 assessment rolls, there were six residents including children and servants, one dog, one horse, one cow, and three acres of orchard. The Jardines' children were Jean (1881), Kellin (a girl, 1883), and Gordon (1888).

Jardine was the owner of the Pure Gold Spice Co., a successful business located at 31 Front St. E. In keeping with the origin of the Park as an artist colony, he was also a painter and a member of the Ontario Society of Artists. One of his very rare landscapes appeared in the Joyner art auction

Wychwood Park Archives, Albert Fulton, 96 Wychwood Park, Toronto, M6G 2V5, 416-537-5006, archives9@rogers.com
Hours: Wednesday evenings, 7:30-9:30, or other times by appointment

in November 2006.

In 1888 Jardine, Matthews, and Colonel George Sweny, who owned land north of Jardine's, combined their acreages into a plan of subdivision comprising 18 lots and named it Wychwood Park. In 1891, with none of the lots having been sold, they re-subdivided the land into 38 smaller lots. It took until 1906 for the first lots to be sold -- to Eden Smith (#5) and George Reid (#81).

After the deaths of the Jardines in 1899 and 1900, their estate sold their 10 acres to Col. Sweny, who rented the house to the family of William Carrick, manager of the Gurney Foundry Co., until 1910. According to Eleanor Woodside, Carrick installed electricity and running water. Col. Sweny sold off the western part of the property for the development of the subdivision known as Braemore Gardens.

The Jardines' daughter Jean (1881-1942) married lawyer Thomas Barton (1878-1955), and they bought Braemore from Col. Sweny's estate in 1910. Their children were Frederick, Alexander, and Eleanor (1910-1984). According to Eleanor, there were tennis courts and a playing field north of the house. On Saturday mornings boys from UTS came to play football, and her mother's treats of Johnny cakes and maple syrup were very popular. Her father hired John Hoare to build good quality houses on the north part of his property -- #26, #28, #30, and #32 in 1921-22, and #24 in 1927. The smaller house at #24 was built on the croquet lawn for the widow Lucy Howell and her companion Minnie Fisher. George & Lucy Howell had been pioneers in the Park, the original owners of #7, and she did not want to leave.

According to Eleanor, Judge Barton did not consider Braemore to be part of Wychwood Park, and he refused to pay levies to the trustees. His address was 840 Davenport Road and a steep driveway snaked its way up the escarpment from Braemore's stone gateposts. (Eleanor's mother Jean was able to persuade the nice Davenport trolley drivers to drop her off and pick her up at her gate!) However, this entrance became impossible for the judge's Model T when Davenport was widened by 15', resulting in a drop of 3' from his driveway to the street. Judge Barton then attempted to enter his property via 'Braemore Avenue', the middle road

in the Park which continued west to Christie. (#8-20 originally had Braemore Ave. addresses, and the space occupied by its extension can still be seen between #32 and #34.) Thus the judge had to cross Park property to get to his house, but he still refused to pay the levy. One dark night his Model T suffered a broken front axle in a newly dug ditch across the dirt lane, and this incident apparently convinced the judge that the time had come to rejoin Wychwood Park, which his father-in-law, Alexander Jardine, had helped create in 1888!

Eleanor Barton married professor Moffatt Woodside and they lived in the upper duplex at #90 in 1936-37, at #44 in 1937-44, and at #8 in 1944-55. Their children were Alexander (1938), John, and Michael (1945). Alexander became a professor at Harvard, John an oceanographer in Halifax, and Michael a teacher in Oshawa. After Judge Barton's death in 1955, Eleanor and her family moved back to Braemore, where she had grown up.

Moffatt Woodside graduated from UofT in classics and won a Rhodes scholarship for study at Oxford. [Other Park Rhodes scholars were Larry Bonnycastle (#9) and Peter Russell (#14).] After teaching classics at UofT, he held many administrative positions, including Registrar at Vic, Principal at UC, Dean of Arts, Vice-President & Provost, and Acting President of UofT. He suggested the name York for that new university.

Eleanor Woodside was active on the Landscape Committee, and in the late 1960s she and Janet Barnes (#6) collaborated on a series of children's stories set in the Park. Eleanor provided the text and Janet the drawings. A page from issue #4 appears later. Copies of the booklets were deposited in the Archives by Sally Fraser (#24).

After Woodside's death in 1970, Braemore was sold to Bill and Diane McMurtry, with children Tom and Tara. Bill (1934-2007) was a well-known lawyer -- his biography appeared in the March 2007 issue of News. Diane (1938) was a teacher, artist, and journalist.

When the McMurtrys put the house on the market in 1992, real estate agent Niall Good filmed a video tour of the house and grounds. It may be viewed at the Archives. The present lucky owners moved into Braemore in 1993.

The above is one in a series of house histories. The stories of #2-20 appeared in previous issues. Any corrections or additional information would be greatly appreciated.

ODDS AND ENDS

Newlyweds! Janis Lindbergs and Ania Russocki (of the charming George Reid studio house at 83 Alcina) were married on September 1 at the Dikli Palace in Dikli, Latvia. Ania reports that henceforth she will be known as Mrs. Lindbergs.

Stop Community Food Centre holds a farmers' market at 2-5 pm on Saturdays until October 6 in front of the Church of St. Michael and All Angels (St. Clair and Wychwood). It will become a permanent tenant of the Green Art Barns upon completion.

St. Clair ROW: When originally constructed in

1912-13, the St. Clair streetcar line had its own right of way. Photos of the construction, including filling in the ravines east of Bathurst and west of Winona are in the Archives. An example of resistance to the removal of the ROW in 1923 appears later.

Streetcar Shelters: The TTC and the City are funding the preparation and installation of lighted display cases in the new shelters on the St. Clair line to present historical tidbits pertaining to each of the 44 stops. The displays will change from time to time. The Archives have been asked to provide historical photos and info for the stops at Bathurst, Vaughan, and Christie. The current list of topics for all the stops can be viewed at eyesonstclair.googlepages.com or at the Archives. The committee welcomes additional suggestions.

The custom of addressing another lawyer as "my friend"—as in "my friend submits X, while I submit Y"—has come to seem increasingly quaint. A senior civil litigator in the city, David Stockwood, perhaps the quintessential gentleman lawyer, carps, "Quite often, you have a pleasant talk with a lawyer on the phone and then you get a five-page letter dripping with vitriol."

Stockwood sums up the dissatisfaction he sees among many junior practitioners: "The bottom line is you've got [young] lawyers who are prepared to work very hard as long as they feel that they are advancing their careers. But if they feel like drones or battery hens, then their morale is very poor no matter how much you pay them."



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DUTCH DREAMS

78 Vaughan, at St. Clair, 416-656-6959. Like something out of Willy Wonka, Theo and Dina Aben's Old World ice cream parlour has been offering a taste of Holland since 1985. Now with a recently renovated rear room for those who want to hang around and decked out with even more kitschy Dutch bric-a-brac (faux Tiffany lampshades, garden gnomes on swings, shelves stacked with cow figurines), this hallucinogenic space sells more than 30 rotating flavours of house-made ice cream and frozen yogurt. Watch for a new extended menu this fall with the likes of white chocolate fondue and chocolate ice cream pizza. Bonus: economy sized bottles of Maggi sauce and wooden shoes, too! Warning: expect long lineups on sweltering summer evenings. Best: Moose Droppings (Reese's Pieces mixed with fudge, chocolate and banana); shocking-pink watermelon sherbet complete with chocolate-covered oats as seeds; seven types of cone alone: waffled Little Kar-funkels, toasted almond, chocolate chip, Smarties, sprinkles, Reese's Pieces and crushed Skor bars; Dutch waffles piled high with three scoops of ice cream, freshly cut seasonal fruit (melon, kiwi, strawberry), toasted almond, chocolate 'n' caramel sauce and real whipped cream; hot fudge sundaes; pina colada smoothies; litre-sized shakes replete with sliced banana, whipped cream and chocolate-dipped strawberry; to go, retro ready-to-flambé baked Alaska or syrup-poached peach Melba topped with vanilla ice cream and raspberry sauce. Complete desserts for \$5 per person, including all taxes. Average main \$4. Open daily noon to midnight in summer (5 to 11 pm in winter). Unlicensed. Access: two steps at door, washrooms in basement. Rating: NNNNN

Toronto Life, Sept. '07 ↕

NOW, Aug 16/07 →

Joys in the 'Hood

The inside scoop on six of Toronto's most sought-after pockets

Wychwood Park

If Miss Marple moved to Toronto, she'd live in this former artist colony tucked away on a quiet winding lane.



The 15 kilometre per hour speed limit makes it a longer trip, but nearby St. Clair West gives this urban retreat a hint of nightlife.

Oakwood Collegiate (the school song says "We will fight / With all our might / Until we die") celebrates its centenary in 2008.

#2.

Where are the other five??

From The Feb. 07 issue of 'Transfer Points,' The newsletter
of The Toronto Transportation Society:

ST CLAIR STREETCAR ROW Full streetcar service was restored over the entire length of the 512 ST. CLAIR route on Sunday February 18th, 2007. Readers will recall that the St. Clair streetcar route is being rebuilt with a dedicated streetcar right-of-way (ROW) down the centre of the roadway. Such work has now been completed from St Clair Station to St Clair West Station and work on converting the remainder of the line from beyond Bathurst to Gunns Loop will commence later this summer. The ROW project has not been an easy sell as a small but vocal opposition group led a tough campaign against the line. Much political debate and a back-and-forth legal challenge ultimately resulted in the TTC getting the go-ahead to proceed. A lot of concern was expressed over loss of parking and decreased business by local merchants. In response to the doom and gloom predictions of building the line, proponents pointed out that it was exactly such a line that helped establish the neighbourhood in the first place.

It is interesting to note that such conflict is far from new. In this correspondence from February 1923, the local British Imperial Association is expressing concern to the TTC over suggestions to remove the ROW and instead proposes its own plan to alter, but preserve the ROW:

"We the executive members of the British Imperial Association beg to forward to you for your consideration the following resolution and suggestion which carried unanimously at our last meeting.

Whereas the St Clair and District Business Men's Association have asked that the TTC tracks on St Clair Ave be lowered, curb removed and street paved full width on the following plan:

- 25% of cost as local improvement to be assessed on properties facing on said street
- 37 ½% to be paid by City at large
- 37 ½% to be paid by the TTC (largely the people at large)."

We the BIA do protest against these proposals for the following reasons:-

(1) That it will increase the number of accidents by reason of no safety zone from which to board or leave cars. The TTC accident sheets shows 50% less accidents on St. Clair than on Danforth Ave. (Street of similar width) the latter with no safety trip, and the last report of Commissioner Harris made while both these lines were operated by the City showed 66 2/3 % less accidents on St. Clair than on Danforth. We ask for the Maximum of safety for the many.

(2) That to allow motors on the TTC tracks will increase accidents and delay cars. (this is shown to be the greatest cause of delay to TTC cars being 682 hours in the month of January).

(3) That the speedy service affects 11 / 12 of the population and the small minority of 1 / 12 should not be allowed to cause delay and expense to the majority.

(4) That as the purpose of the change is solely to provide parking space for business men and motorists, they should pay the entire cost of same

(5) That it is the duty of the City to make the streets safe possible for pedestrians rather than a speed way for motorists.

(6) That it will encourage jay-walking between blocks which the Ontario Motor League is so strongly protesting against and seeking to have prohibited by law.

(7) Present road bed is the quietest in the City.

(8) That the public at large having paid 90% of the cost of the building St. Clair as at present have vested rights.

(9) That the surfacing of the street for full width would allow of three motors to travel abreast each way, thereby causing bewilderment to women and children crossing the Street and consequently a large number of accidents would follow.

(10) That the present condition do not interfere with business on this Street as reports of commercial agencies go to show that there is a smaller percentage of business failures on St. Clair and at the present time far less vacant stores than on Danforth.

(11) We do not consider it fair that street car users should be penalized to the extent of one cent on nearly 45,000,000 fares for having the privilege taken from them, particularly when the demand is for lower fares and lower taxation.

And we request that before any action whatever is taken with regard to this proposal that the City council do make a complete survey of the personal of St. Clair and District BMA with a view of finding out just how many of those advocating this change are bonafide owners of property.

These opinions are endorsed and approved by the BIA Central Council of Ratepayers, two citizens meetings held in Earls Court other than BIA and TTC. Alternative plan which we would not oppose had been approved by a large number of business men, motorists and the general public.

Signed

B.W. Osborne, Pres. BIA

A.W.J. Russell, Sect. BIA

G. Wills for Ex Com. BIA

Election Day Referendum.



Since the last election the riding boundaries of St. Paul's have shifted. The boundary of our riding has moved south to Eglinton Ave. and has been extended west to Dufferin St. This means that, while we have gained a significant number of constituents west of Winona Ave., we have lost some north of Eglinton.

But that's not the only thing that has people in St. Paul's talking when it comes to the fall election.

As a St. Paul's constituent and a resident of Ontario, you will be able to cast two votes in the provincial election on Oct. 10: one to choose your MPP and one to keep or change our electoral system.

This is a historic moment for Ontario. All Ontarians will vote on a separate referendum ballot to either keep the current first-past-the-post system or accept the recommendation of the Citizens' Assembly to adopt a mixed-member proportional system. Here's how it happened and how it will work:

In 2003, the McGuinty government made history when it became the first government to

establish a Minister Responsible for Democratic Renewal, and I was honoured to be named to the post.

In the past four years, the government has set in motion many ground-breaking initiatives — including real time disclosure of political contributions, and setting a fixed election date for provincial elections — to renew our democratic system.

This past fall, the most ambitious electoral reform initiative in Ontario's history was launched with the convening of an independent Citizens' Assembly on Electoral Reform, made up of 103 members, one from each of Ontario's ridings.

This marks the first time in our province's history that we have had the opportunity to participate in a full and open debate on the electoral system we have inherited.

On May 15, the Citizens' Assembly recommended a new electoral system for Ontario and that it be referred to Ontarians in a referendum.

In our present system, the candidate who gets the most votes wins the riding and is elected as a Member of Provincial Parliament. The political party that elects the most MPPs forms the government. The proposed mixed-member proportional system combines members elected in local ridings and members elected for

the whole province nominated by their party to serve as MPPs in the legislature.

The difference here is that voters in St. Paul's will have the ability to vote for a local St. Paul's representative and a separate vote for a political party of your choice.

If the referendum passes and the number of seats in the Legislature changes, there will be only 90 seats for MPPs elected by constituency. There are now 107. The change will mean that riding boundaries will have to be redrawn and every riding will end up being larger than it is now.

It means that St. Paul's will change again, and will become larger.

Under the mixed-member proportional system, the provincial legislature would have 129 seats: "local" members would fill 90 seats while "list" members would fill 39 seats.

The total votes for each political party with more than 3% of the vote would be divided by the number of seats in the legislature to determine how many seats each party is entitled to. So, if a party is entitled to 50 seats but has only 45 elected local members, five list members are elected to fill the other seats.

In the 2003 election in St. Paul's, the Liberals won 54.76 percent of the popular vote, the Conservatives won 24.65 percent, the New Democrats won

14.83, the Green Party won 4.99 and the Freedom Party of Ontario won 0.78.

Overall in Ontario, the Liberals won 46.6 percent of the popular vote but 70 percent of the seats (72 of 103). The Conservatives won only 24 seats with 34.6 percent of the vote and the New Democrats seven seats with 14.7 percent. Under the new system, this means the Conservatives and New Democrats would be granted extra seats to bring them up to their percent of popular vote.

Because this could fundamentally change our method of electing members of the Ontario legislature, the referendum question must be clear, concise and impartial. For this reason, the government has chosen the following question:

Which electoral system should Ontario use to elect members to the provincial legislature?

1. The existing electoral system (first-past-the-post)
2. The alternative electoral system proposed by the Citizens' Assembly (mixed-member proportional).

This is an important decision for all of us to make. As your local MPP, I will be happy to assist. Contact my office at 416-656-0943, or mbryant.mpp.co@liberal.ola.org or mbryant.mpp.co@lib.era.ola.org.

Post, Aug 18/07

Local secret Rumour has it in the early 1900s, some houses were picked up from the railroad tracks south of Davenport and put on streets like Alcina; they've since been renovated into modern digs with basements. Check out the cobblestone walkways, built by workers at the train station who carted unused stones home to improve the streetscape.
Sources: Resident Dawna Sator, Chestnut Park Real Estate, Valerie Benchitrit, Sutton Group Associates Realty, Victor Cappella, Hillcrest Village BIA; resident Debra Merowitz; torontoneighbourhoods.net

National Post

This local secret is "News to the Archives". Does anyone know of an example? We do know from oldtimers that a few frame houses were moved from the south side of Alcina to the north side to make way for the big houses on the north side of the Park. In at least one case, the new foundations were not entirely accurate. Several years ago when the residents of 68 Alcina (a semi) drilled a hole by the common wall into the basement and pushed down a wire, it entered the basement next door at #66! In the Archives are photos of about 20 houses on the north side of Alcina taken c.1920-40, courtesy of Keith Miller (#108).

Forest Hill Town Crier, August '07.

*The Witch of Wychwood.
Easter 1966.*

8

"This is where I want to live", she thought. "I have a city all around me with lots of lovely people in it. I have woods and gardens, and a little stream. This pond is a big enough lake for such a little witch as I, and oh joy! there is even a waterfall whose roar could never be big enough to frighten me."

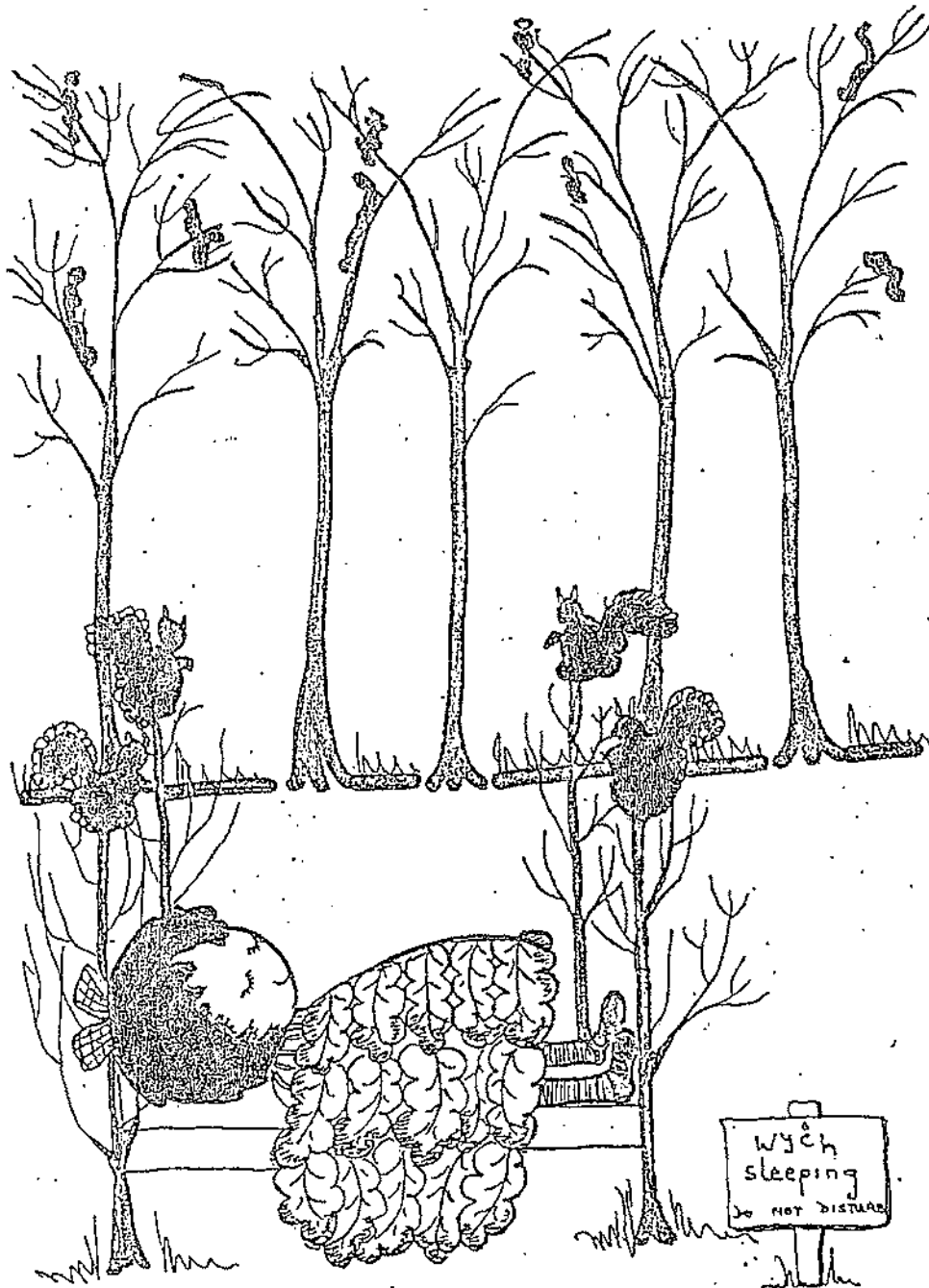
She blew a kiss to all of it, and flew home as soon as her wings were dry, to see the Guardian of the spirits.

"Well", said he, "have you made up your mind? Which witch would you be?"

"Oh yes," she cried, and her words tumbled out as joyfully as the little waterfall from Wychwood Pond in springtime. "I know now which witch is which, and which witch I'll be. The Witch of Wychwood would be the witch for me."

by Eleanor Woodside & Janet Barnes.





floated back on a lovely summer day to become the Witch of Wychwood Park. She is very happy there. In summer she sleeps behind the little waterfall whose lazy gurgle lulls her to sleep, and in winter, when its voice is still, she has a warm bedroom deep in a pile of dry oak leaves. But she does not sleep very long--she has so much to do. She helps the robins build their nests and warns the baby birds when cats are out. She helps stiff-legged turtle out of the pond onto a sunny log and learns all the games the children play. And all year long she helps forgetful squirrels find the nuts they buried so carelessly.

She has just one fault. She missed a year at school, and has never learned how to spell "witch". To this day, when she writes her name, she always spells it with a "y", like this: "THE WYCH OF WYCHWOOD."

THE END.

News from the Archives

December 2007



24 Wychwood Park

Drawing by Anthony Jim

This house was built in 1927 for the widow Lucy Howell and her companion Minnie Fisher. Lucy and her husband George Howell had been the original owners of #7, designed by Eden Smith and built in 1911.

Wychwood Park originated as an artist colony. Though not himself an artist, George Howell was intimately involved with artists – he was the managing director of Grip Limited, a commercial art company which

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employed artists such as Tom Thomson and members of the Group of Seven. Later the firm was known as Rapid Grip and Batten, the Batten being Alexander Batten, the original owner of #30. His grandson, Jack Batten, is a well-known writer.

In 1900, George Howell (1861-1923), born in Liverpool, N.S., married Lucy Knox (1871-1954), born in Armagh, Ireland. They moved into a beautiful sunlit house at 6 Indian Grove, just east of High Park. The house has been well-maintained to the present day. Because of the failure of the York Loan Company, the financial backer for the development of the area, some of the residents became concerned about the future of their community. George Howell, along with Eden Smith (#5), George Reid (#81), Gustav Hahn (#15), and Ernest DuVernet (#16), decided to move to Wychwood Park, a private subdivision created in 1888 by Marmaduke Matthews (#6) and Alexander Jardine (#22), where they would be able to control the development of their neighbourhood.

After George's death in 1923, Lucy remained at #7 until 1927. According to Eleanor Woodside (#22), her father, Judge Thomas Barton, had subdivided the northern part of his property and hired John Hoare to build good quality homes at #26, 28, 30, and 32 in 1921-22. According to an old-timer, these houses were known in the Park as 'Hoare houses'! In 1927 the smaller house at #24 was built by Mr. Hoare on the former croquet lawn for Lucy and Minnie, presumably since #7 had become too large for them.

Also in 1927, George and Lucy's daughter Margaret married engineer Osborne Mitchell, born in London, England in 1902. They were listed as living at #24 on the 1935 voters list. In 1958 Mr. Mitchell became the general manager of the Canadian branch of Brazilian Traction Light and Power Co.

After Lucy's death in 1954, her estate sold #24 to sales manager John Stratton and his wife Elizabeth, with three children. In 1956 the Strattons sold to Dr. Donald and Sally Fraser (1927-2002).

REMEMBERING SALLY by Marjorie Wilton (1922-2006)

Sally and Don Fraser and three-year-old

Donald had lived at 24 Wychwood Park for three years when Murray and I moved into #26 in 1959. Sally welcomed us with a lovely tea party at which Mary Jane and Don Baillie and their one-year-old daughter Christina were present. That was the beginning of a long and warm friendship with our neighbours. The Frasers and the Wiltons share a driveway, our side doors almost opening into one another's houses, and we have never quarreled. In fact, there has never been a cross word over that narrow mutual drive. It was easy to walk across to borrow eggs or milk or any other necessity which we ran out of regularly. We looked after each others' children, enjoyed our old cars, our idiosyncrasies, and each other. We had fun!

The 1960s and 1970s were boomtime years for children in the Park. Anne and Sarah were added to the Fraser family. About 1970, young Donald got the idea for a Wychwood Park May Day, and Sally and the other mothers made it happen, with hot dogs, games, and costumed bicycle parades. The May Day celebration continued for a number of years and has been revived recently. The great Wychwood Park New Year's Eve skating parties on the pond were also a neighbourhood effort. Sally and I were the instigators. We rigged up lights, perched a record player on the McLuhan driveway and, in the Fraser van, hauled down gallons of hot chocolate to the skaters. Sally was an active member of the Landscape Committee, then called the Tree and Shrub or Shree and Tub Committee. I remember her slithering down the bank at the end of the Dent property, then belonging to Mary Fraser, to plant marsh marigolds which still bloom every spring at the end of the pond. She brought trilliums and cardinal plants down from Georgian Bay to brighten the ravine. She was a director of the Wychwood Park Ratepayers Association and was active in the fight against the Spadina Expressway. She also belonged to the Wychwood Park Needlework Group. For many years, Sally served on the board of Humewood House.

Sally was a tall, willowy, beautiful woman with a strong sense of style. She always looked great, whether in jeans and an old shirt or dressed for a party. Her sense of style extended to her

house and garden. She loved Canadian antiques and the Fraser house is full of beautiful Canadian pine pieces, lovingly restored by Sally. The candelabrum in the dining room is of wrought iron designed by Sally, using candles instead of light bulbs. For a number of years Sally and two friends had a business buying and restoring Canadian furniture and artifacts. They scoured Ontario barn and garage sales, lovingly restored the pieces and sold them, each spring, in a two-day sale called The Woodshed. Sally had an "eye" and could make interesting lamps or other useful pieces from bits of unpromising antique junk. I have an attractive Woodshed lamp made from a wooden spool on which, originally, hydro wire was wound. It was scraped down and finished by Sally and wired by Don. She was a gifted craftswoman and she created beautiful jewellery, quilts and other fine needlework.

Sally was a wonderful gardener. Her lovely rose garden in the northeast corner of the front yard and the exotic iris in front of the house were spectacular, as was the interesting and artistic spring garden in back. She had a great knowledge of plants, their cultivation, and care. Last summer I asked her to identify a green stranger in my garden. She recognized and named it immediately.

In recent years Sally has suffered with Parkinson's disease, which gradually diminished her activity and energy. She was very brave during her long illness and remained interested and involved in Park activities and in her friends. I have had many friendly and enjoyable cups of tea with Sally since that first tea party so many years ago. She will be missed.

The above is one in a series of house histories. The stories of #2-22 appeared in previous issues. Any corrections or additional information would be greatly appreciated.

A NOTE OF APPRECIATION FROM GWEN RAPOPORT

Since Anatol died last January, the store of memories that we helped to create has been immeasurably increased by other contributions. Letters, calls, journal articles, and tributes of all kinds have found their way to us. We keep

receiving notices from the University of Toronto of contributions to the *Anatol Rapoport Scholarship Fund*. Cheshmak Faihoumand-Simms has launched the *Anatol Rapoport Memorial Library* in Ottawa. University of Toronto Archives has all of his professional and personal documents, available on request. Books and articles by and about him in English and German are on the Internet. We have put together a CD containing Tony's record of the May 20 commemoration at the University of Toronto, Graham MacQueen's movie, and Erin's photo of the tree planting ceremony in Caledon.

A copy of the CD may be borrowed from the Archives, as can copies of eight of Anatol's books which Gwen has kindly deposited. A biography of Anatol written by his second-cousin Roger Rapoport appeared in the March 2007 issue of News.

BOOKS FOR CHRISTMAS

Inside Toronto: Urban Interiors 1880s to 1920s by Sally Gibson, for which Sally won this year's Heritage Toronto book award. 326 pages. Included is a photo of Mary Hiester Reid sitting in front of the inglenook in her studio at Upland Cottage in 1911. Signed copies are on consignment at the Archives for \$50 (bookstore price \$68 including tax). *Libretto* by Joanne Mazzoleni, 276 pages. A novel about a young opera singer – somewhat autobiographical? Available from Joanne at #69 for \$21.95. *In Cancer Land* by Libby Znaimer, 214 pages, \$32.95, Key Porter Books. These books were on display at the annual meeting and at the art exhibition kindly hosted by Marc Giacomelli at Upland Cottage on the following two Saturdays. They may be examined at the Archives.

OAKWOOD C. I. CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION MAY 1-4, 2008

Many Park teens have attended the school, especially for the music program, and the activities will include a concert. The schedule of events and a history of the school can be found at oakwoodalumni.ca. For further info, ask Karen Whitewood, a former teacher at the school and a member of the centennial committee.

Former city councillor was a family man who was immensely proud of his Chinese-Canadian heritage

PAOLA LORIGGIO
STAFF REPORTER

Star, Nov 14/07
Ying L.K. Hope wasn't the type to sit around and complain — he wanted to make change happen.

That's why at age 40, Hope took on the rough-and-tumble world of Toronto politics, becoming the first Chinese-Canadian to serve on the Toronto school board, and later on the city and Metro councils.

"What he wanted to do was make life better for his family by improving the community around us," recalled his son, Michael.

Hope died in his sleep Monday at Sunnybrook hospital. He was 84.

Born in Victoria, Hope studied math and engineering at the University of Washington in Seattle before moving to Toronto in 1948, where he ran a successful engineering consultancy.

He launched his political career in 1963 at the Toronto Board of Education. Six years later, he was elected as alderman and represented Ward 5 for eight terms, until the late '80s.

Though he led a very public life, Hope remained a family man at heart. He spent as much time as he could with his children, taking them out to lunch every Sunday af-

ter church, Michael Hope said.

Hope "had the best old-fashioned values that you don't see much of any more," his son said.

He was also very proud of his Chinese-Canadian heritage, a pride he strove to instill in his children.

He used his political clout to demand a public apology from the Canadian government for the Chinese head tax, a discriminatory fee charged for each Chinese immigrant in the late 19th and early 20th centuries. Hope's own grandparents were part of a wave of cheap labour imported from China to work on the railways and in mines, all of whom had to pay the notorious tax.

The government's official apology last year was Hope's crowning achievement, his son said.

Hope then seized the chance to fulfill another long-time dream. Along with a coalition of Chinese-Canadian groups, he helped chronicle the struggles of that community in an exhibit earlier this year.

Though out of politics for years, Hope worked until recent months as a civil engineer and real estate agent, a career he began at 70.

Relatives gathered yesterday at the family home in Toronto. Hope leaves behind his wife of 14 years, Audrey, and four children, Jim, Judy, Michael and Madeline, from his first marriage to Alice Hope.

The viewing is set for tomorrow from 2 to 4 p.m. and 7 to 9 p.m. at the York Cemetery chapel, 160 Beecroft Rd. A funeral will take place Friday at 1 p.m.

COLEMAN, Barbara

Peacefully on the 13th of November at Cambridge, Ontario in her 97th year, completing a life to be admired. Wife of the late (2001) Herbert M. Coleman, M.D. F.R.C.S. and mother of Brian (Marilyn) Burlington, Derek (Kay) Cambridge and Denis (Aletha) of Atherton, California. Grandmother of Sean, Peter, Allegra and Aislinn and great grandmother of four.

Born in Guelph, Ontario on July 3, 1911 to Raymond and Agnes Helen Crowe and sister to Katharine Davidson (1989). Barbara graduated from the Margaret Eaton School of Physical Education and the University of Western Ontario where she taught for four years. She furthered her career assisting Boris Volkov with teaching ballet (Toronto) and, then, exercise for Elizabeth Arden in Toronto, London and Paris while her beloved Herbert completed his F.R.C.S. at Edinburgh.

Following his service in the war, they settled in Wychwood Park, Toronto before retirement to Southampton, Ontario. Her life-long interest in physical fitness served her well throughout her life as she walked daily around the Wychwood pond, along the shores of Lake Huron and down the country roads near Everton. She assisted the CNIB with exercise programs for the visually challenged.

Barbara also loved music and mastered the classical guitar under the guidance of Eli Kastner. The musical instruments she acquired over a lifetime of travel (particularly Switzerland) are now the Crowe - Coleman Collection at the University of Guelph. She wrote a childrens' book (Raffaella and the Mandolin. A Lute Fancy) to interest young Canadians in their musical heritage.

She lived her life with joy and caring. With her gentle way, wide interests and good humour, she shared generously of herself to all who knew her.

She was much loved and will be missed.

The family wishes to thank the staff at St. Andrew's Terrace (Cambridge) for their compassionate care during her last years.

In respect to her wishes, cremation has occurred and a private family gathering will be held prior to inurnment in the Crowe family plot at Woodlawn Memorial Park, Guelph. Arrangements are entrusted to the GILCHRIST CHAPEL - McIntyre & Wilkie Funeral Home, One Delhi Street, Guelph (519-824-0031). We invite you to leave your memories online at:

www.gilchristchapel.com

The Colemans bought #15 from Bernard & Ethel Allen in 1948. Dr. Coleman was an orthopaedic and plastic surgeon. Their children Brian, Derek, and Denis had been born in 1939, 1943, and 1946. In 1970, after the children were 'grown up', the Colemans sold the property to Barry & Philomena Lowes and moved into the studio house at 87 Alcina, which they rented until 1975. The minutes of the annual meeting held at #15 in 1960 follow. As at this year's meeting, the mill rate was on the agenda — by unanimous consent of the attendees, it was doubled!

MINUTES OF THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE
WYCHWOOD PARK PROPERTY OWNERS

The Annual meeting was held on Monday, March 28th, 1960, at the home of Dr. & Mrs. H. M. Coleman, 15 Wychwood Park, at 8 p.m.

It was moved by Mr. A. D. Stockwood that Mr. R. G. Stewart take the chair for the meeting - Mrs. A. D. Stockwood was Acting-Secretary for the meeting on a motion by Mr. J. S. Dinnick.

The following were present at the meeting:-

Mr. & Mrs. L. C. Bonnycastle	Mr. C. Lesslie Wilson
Mr. & Mrs. J. Gilchrist	Dr. & Mrs. W. Wallace
Mrs. Don Fraser	Mrs. J. C. Evans
Mr. & Mrs. J. S. Dinnick	Mr. & Mrs. M. A. Wilton
Mr. & Mrs. D. C. R. Miller	Mr. D. C. Baillie
Mr. & Mrs. A. D. Stockwood	Mrs. Gladys Smith
Dr. & Mrs. H. M. Coleman	Dr. A. Fletcher
Mr. & Mrs. Willson Woodside	Mr. E. A. Brown
Mr. & Mrs. N. Todor	Mr. J. T. Symons
Mr. & Mrs. D. W. Ambridge	Mr. & Mrs. C. Murray
Mrs. F. K. Morrow	Miss Sheila Owen
Mrs. D. Montgomery	Mr. R. E. Pack
Mrs. E. C. Bogart	Mrs. J. G. Johnston
Mr. J. S. Napier	Mr. R. G. Stewart

The highlights of the minutes of the previous Annual Meeting were read by the Secretary.

The Secretary read the notice calling the meeting.

The Chairman then read out the Trustee's report. When the item of setting the Park Tax rate came up for discussion, the Chairman asked Mr. J. T. Symons, a chartered accountant and a resident of the Park to read out a budget prepared by him. It showed that with the present tax rate of 10 mills a deficit could be expected by the end of February 1961. Mr. Ambridge thought that the mill rate should be raised so that unexpected expenses could be met and a higher Bank Balance established.

The Chairman asked if any one present would suggest a mill rate.

Mr. Symons & Mr. Bonnycastle then left the room to go over the financial situation. After their return Mr. J. S. Dinnick moved that a rate of 20 mills be set, Mr. D. C. Baillie seconded the motion.

The chairman put the motion to property owners at the meeting, and it was passed unanimously by them. Their signatures were obtained. The chairman reminded the meeting that a certain procedure to set the tax rate was specified in the Trust Deed of 1891, at the time the Park was set up as a residential area.

Clause six of the deed says:-

"Before the Trustees shall spend in any year a sum in excess of the said \$500.00 and taxes, they shall call a meeting of the owners in the manner aforesaid and submit to them their plans in regard to taxes, and the said increased expenditure shall be permitted, provided owners representing in number two-thirds, and a majority in value as before mentioned, shall assent thereto"

Michael Hirsh

Chief Executive Officer

Cookie Jar Group

TORONTO, ONTARIO



In 2000, Michael Hirsh sold Nelvana Ltd., the children's entertainment production company he'd co-founded in 1971. In so doing, he contented himself to work for, rather than run, the company that developed such hit titles as *Babar* and *Franklin*. Two years later, he left the company altogether.

His retirement lasted 15 months. "I was missing the fun of working."

In the spring of 2004, Hirsh and Toper Taylor, as CEO and president, respectively, took over the defunct Cinar Corp., a company plagued by scandal after its Montreal founders were involved in fraud charges and a hedge fund nightmare. Hirsh and Taylor named

their new company Cookie Jar Group.

"My feeling was that this was one of the most exciting times to be in this industry," says Hirsh. "There's so much evolving between new media and television... I decided I didn't want to sit this period out."

Taking over a business in which the entertainment side was, as he puts it, "mainly broken," Hirsh has overseen the company's recovery and steered it to impressive growth during the past three years.

"We've gone from making approximately 40 television episodes a year — most of which were not proprietary, but was really kind of work-for-hire —

to producing about 100 episodes a year that are all proprietary," he says. "Next year, we'll deliver more than 200 episodes."

With a staff of 350 and annual sales of \$100 million, much of Cookie Jar's success stems from Hirsh's co-creation in 2004 of *The Doodlebops*, a trio of brightly coloured characters — Moe, Rooney and Deedee Doodle — who entertain legions of children worldwide. Initially just a television show, *The Doodlebops* now tour arenas. And the brand extends to online games and music, as well as to CDs, DVDs, books, toys and other merchandise.

"THERE'S SO MUCH
EVOLVING BETWEEN NEW
MEDIA AND TELEVISION... I
DECIDED I DIDN'T WANT TO
SIT THIS PERIOD OUT."

"We've dramatically revitalized," says Hirsh. "We are one of the largest suppliers of children's entertainment across the world, with more on the way."

— Bruce Deachman

Any words of advice?

"Learn to manage the ups and the downs. The key is having the determination to work through the downturns."



DEAR LIBBY

Back in the office fray, and ready to advise

LIBBY ZNAIMER
On Office Life

I'm back at it full-tilt and I'm in management now. Over the past few years, I've experienced many of the curve balls people can expect from the modern workplace.

First, I left a job I'd had for 15 years. Yes folks, I was fired — rest assured there is life after that, and it can be very good.

Immediately after, I landed a short-term contract for seven months, covering a maternity leave. I enjoyed that job, especially the fact that it was temporary. For me, a job is a long-term relationship, and I wasn't ready to commit to another one.

When it was over, I took a break, travelled and developed a reasonably good freelance writing and communications business while looking for work. Then I was diagnosed with breast cancer.

I had been talking to my brother, Moses Znaimer, about joining him in his latest venture in radio. I came on board at Classical 96.3 FM a year ago, after my first round of chemotherapy. I worked three days a week until September. I loved working part-time — I could structure my time exactly as I pleased. I finished my treatment, wrote a book and played tennis during the day.

Now it's back to the realities of full-time office life. In addition to my own on-air work, I'm the vice-president of news and information, which means I run the news department here. My department will more than double in size when our acquisition of AM 740

closes. The job is loads of fun; we are essentially a startup, and have spent a lot of time re-inventing the business and launching creative things. And, like most startups, everyone does what needs doing, no matter your title. My most unusual assignment was finding gifts for loot bags given out after a party.

I'm lucky because there is little in the way of office politics here — yet. My boss and most of my colleagues are great — although that may change now that they are about to become fodder for this column on office life.

In my role, I'm learning how hard it is to hire, fire and re-assign people, let alone manage them. Dealing with creative people is like herding cats, and journalists in particular are notorious complainers (myself included). Before I do anything, I always try to consider how I would have reacted as an employee.

But I'm also seeing things from the other side — there are lots of things employees do that drive managers nuts. Since I started, I've witnessed a freelancer wig out on the office manager, I've had to tell an employee he's too scruffy — for radio! — and hold my tongue as a steady stream of people suck up to me in the hopes I'll intercede with my brother on their behalf. Good luck with that!

So ask me anything about office life. Write to lznaimer@nationalpost.com. That's the point of this new column: Dear Libby on Office Life.

Financial Post

lznaimer@nationalpost.com



New column: Libby Znaimer

IN CANCER LAND

Prominent Canadian journalist, television broadcaster, and radio executive Libby Znaimer discovered a lump in her breast one hot summer's night when she awoke in the heat, pushed the bed sheet away, and coincidentally grazed her bare breast. Three weeks later, she was diagnosed with breast cancer. *In Cancerland: Living Well Is the Best Revenge* is the indomitable Znaimer's first-person, no-punches-pulled account of the chain of events that subsequently took over her life.

In this candid and insightful account, much of it written as it happened, Libby shares her reactions and frustrations, and lays out the difficult choices she had to make.

Libby writes also about the lighter side of living with cancer—telling her friends, for example, and choosing a wig. She devotes a chapter to her husband—his support, his concerns, and his reactions. She takes the reader along as she fulfills a social engagement just hours after being diagnosed, plays tennis the morning after chemotherapy, and has to start a new job in the midst of her treatment. Her story is an example of how to embrace life while recovering from cancer.

LIBBY ZNAIMER broke into print journalism with *The Associated Press* in Tel Aviv, then carved out an illustrious career in Canadian journalism, specializing in business, politics, and lifestyle issues. She contributes to numerous publications, including the *National Post*, where she first wrote about her experience with cancer.

She also worked for two decades in television broadcasting. After stints at Global Television, KSTP-TV in Minneapolis, and WNBC in New York, she covered Parliament Hill for three years, then moved into reporting and anchoring daily news coverage for ground-breaking television stations Citytv and CablePulse24 in Toronto. She is currently vice president of News and Information at radio station Classical 96.3FM, where she produces and hosts the daily *Zoomer Report*.

Post, Nov 3/07.

Using old letters as a springboard, *LIBRETTO* tells the story of a young opera singer, Jessica St. James, and her troubled relationship with a famous Russian teacher, Svetlana Usova, whose uncompromising temperament promises to cripple Jessica's spirit and love of singing. Despite her constant misgivings, she perseveres, convinced that only through Usova can she attain an international career.

The story takes Jessica from Toronto to New York, Bayreuth and Salzburg. Before her studies with Usova began, she sang minor roles with a fledgling opera company in Toronto, Canada. Improving under Usova's guidance, she was given more demanding and important roles. When Arturo Moretti from Italy was engaged to head the company, there was an instant attraction between them and in six months they were married.

After only four years of marriage, Arturo's life was tragically cut short. From then on, Jessica's desire to sing vanished. Two years later, Jessica was presented with an exceptionally gifted student. She then began a new career, becoming as world famous as her former mentor.

I.V. Mazzoleni sang mezzo roles with the Canadian Opera Company for over ten years. After the death of her husband she turned to real estate and with her brother bought, designed and renovated two old mills into Benmiller Inn, writing a book about her experiences. She now lives in Toronto.



"Mrs. Mazzoleni knows her stuff and her novel bristles with the truth about the world of opera and its beginnings in Canada. Although she insists that it's a work of fiction, music lovers will have a field day identifying the many colourful characters and situations in this lively *roman à clef*."

Stuart Hamilton, C.M.

Quizmaster, CBC Saturday Afternoon at the Opera

"*Libretto* is a novel about ambition, success, disappointment, tragedy, jealousy, melodrama. In other words it is about opera, an account of a singer's life and the world beyond the footlights, sensitively created by someone who was there. For the opera fan out front, *Libretto* is a vivid and intimate look at the lives of singers offstage with all the high emotion of an operatic setting in real life. By turns amusing, revealing and tragic the novel provides a glimpse of the reality beyond the footlights."

Carl Morey

Professor Emeritus, Faculty of Music, University of Toronto

"Only a singer could describe so vividly and sometimes so hilariously the serious technical demands imposed on a student by an 'uncompromising diva teacher' in the early 50's. For one who was there, separating fact from fiction is an intriguing puzzle—Thanks for the memories, I.V."

Mary Morrison, C.C.

One of Canada's eminent voice teachers

"Jessica's journey through the arduous world of opera rings true throughout this lovely book. Reading it brought back many early memories."

Mario Bernardi, C.C., D MUS, LLD

First Conductor National Arts Centre Orchestra, Calgary Philharmonic Orchestra 1984-1993, CBC Vancouver Orchestra (CBC Radio Orchestra) 1983-1993

I.V.? Joanne's maiden name was Ivey!

News from the Archives

March 2008



26 Wychwood Park

Drawing by Anthony Jim

This house was built in 1921 for insurance agent Newton Wylie, his wife Judith, and their five children. Along with the other houses in the #24-32 strip, the builder was John E. Hoare. Mr. Wylie died in 1938, at the age of 46. From the *Globe and Mail* of February 16, 1938:

Newton Wylie, financier, mining promoter, newspaperman, but remembered in Toronto chiefly as a youthful prohibition crusader, died in New York City Tuesday morning following an attack of bronchial pneumonia. Returning from the West two weeks ago, Mr. Wylie had gone to New York in connection with the underwriting of extensive oil interests. He was stricken as he was about to leave his hotel and removed to a nearby hospital conducted by the Sisters of the Sacred Heart, where he died.

Unfitted for war service by a spinal fracture, he felt that wartime prohibition would be an economic aid to victory. With enthusiastic zeal he organized the Citizens' Committee of One Hundred, which became the main instrument in pressing for liquor and beer prohibition in Ontario. A sum of \$50,000 was found necessary and Wylie was one of the keen personalities enlisted to raise it.

Invited to assist in organizing England for food conservation, he arranged more than 1,000 meetings and in his twenty-fifth year addressed the British House of Commons for forty minutes. The objective was to conserve cereals which were used to make

Wychwood Park Archives, Albert Fulton, 96 Wychwood Park, Toronto, M6G 2V5, 416-537-5006, archives9@rogers.com
Hours: Wednesday evenings 7:30 - 9:30 or other times by appointment

liquors. At the request of Sir Thomas White, he was asked to organize the press publicity in connection with the 1918 Victory Loan campaign. He adopted the slogan that "dollars counted as much as bullets." The Victory Loan was largely oversubscribed, and his reputation reached New York financial centres. . .

Born in Toronto forty-six years ago, Mr. Wylie was educated in Toronto and Orangeville public schools, Orangeville Collegiate Institute, Calgary Normal, University of Toronto, and Harvard University. He taught school in Alberta while in his fifteenth year. He entered newspaper work as a reporter on the Toronto World in 1911, and in 1912 he conducted an agricultural department on The Globe.

Married to Judith Newton Pole, daughter of Dr. Edgar Pole of Hot Springs, Virginia, he is survived by two sons, Douglas and Newton, pupils of Lawrence Park Collegiate, and three daughters, Judith, Bradley, and Mary Willoughby. . .

Before Mr. Wylie's death, the family had moved to Alexandra Blvd. but still owned #26, probably unable to sell it during the depression. In the assessment rolls, it is listed as vacant in 1928 and 1938, with three tenant families in between. In 1941 Mrs. Wylie sold the house to another insurance agent, William Scott (1885-1951), his wife Gladys, and daughters Betty and Mary. In 1959 Mrs. Scott sold the house to yet another insurance agent, Murray Wilton (1911-2000) and his wife Marjorie (1922-2006). The Wilton house remains in good hands — daughter Elizabeth, her husband Ken Myhr, and their children Aiden and Charlotte.

MURRAY ALEXANDER WILTON by Dr. Donald Harrison (1925-2005), written after Murray's death in October 2000

You would never suspect that Murray Wilton was the boxing champion of Upper Canada College in 1928 and of Trinity College (UofT) in 1932. Back then he was also the organizer and leader of a highly successful dance band, in which he played the violin. They played behind a barricade of potted palms at private house parties and coming-out parties for the debutantes of the day.

Murray was a gentle giant of a man, full of whimsy and poetry, with warmth and kindness to everyone. After a spell at Wood Gundy and then Clarkson Gordon, he served overseas with the RCAF during the war. After that he ran a very successful insurance brokerage. He married Marjorie in 1956 and they moved into 26 Wychwood Park in 1959. When we arrived next door in 1961 they were well-ensconced, with their firstborn Jennifer, and immediately expecting Peter. He was followed in fairly quick succession by Andrew and Elizabeth.

Murray was everybody's friend, and he loved to chat with anyone. One of his great friends was Marshall McLuhan, whom he persuaded to move to the Park in 1968. He was also a great hit with the homeless men and women who came to the Out of the Cold lunches at the Church of St. Michael and All Angels. They would open

up like flowers in response to his warm personality.

He was the unofficial Poet Laureate of Wychwood Park. He composed poems for all sorts of occasions — birthdays, weddings, retirements, old friends moving out of the Park — or just descriptions of the pond and the tree in their many moods in the different seasons.

Murray was a true bibliophile. About 1964 he began collecting books. Masses and masses of books. They overflowed the house and eventually filled the double garage so that the car could not be parked inside. Marjorie finally put her foot down in 1999, but the car still sits outside in the driveway.

The Harrisons and the Wiltons have been neighbours for 39 years. Our kids were constantly in each other's houses. We took down the fence between our smallish backyards many years ago, thereby transforming the space into one sizeable back lawn, which we share. Only our dogs disapproved of this move and would growl at each other to maintain their territorial rights. But the human thought it was great. That is what Murray was like — he broke down barriers and fences. He was a very gentle man. Who would have guessed that he had been a boxing champ?

In the Archives is a thick file of Murray's poems, two of which appeared in the Toronto sesquicentennial book of 1984, *Celebrate Our City*, by Barbara Amiel et al. His 58-line *Obit for an Old Oak Tree* (by the pond) appeared in the October 2000 issue of News.

MARJORIE JEAN WILTON by her daughter Elizabeth

Marjorie Jones was born in Niagara Falls on April 20, 1922. She moved, with her husband Murray Wilton, to 26 Wychwood Park in 1959. She lived in the Park for nearly fifty years and died at home on November 6, 2006.

Marjorie was a strong-willed, intelligent woman who devoted her life to her family, friends, career, and to community activism. She believed deeply that an individual could make a difference and so worked all her life for the betterment of her community — be it local or global.

The first child in her family to proceed to post-secondary education, Marjorie left Niagara Falls to pursue a course in domestic science at the agricultural college in Guelph. She quickly found out that although this was a popular field for women of the time, it was not for her. She made a quick switch to a BA in English literature at Queen's University, a subject that was to become one of her many lifelong interests.

Marjorie graduated from Queen's in 1944 and then worked at various jobs in Niagara Falls and later in Toronto. In September 1949 she and a girlfriend struck out on a big adventure to live and work in England. The trip was pivotal in her development and she spoke of it

fondly for the rest of her life. In England she discovered her voice as a confident, independent woman and also found work in the burgeoning field of 'Industrial Relations'.

Marjorie moved back to Toronto after three years in England and in 1954 she joined the personnel department at North American Life Insurance. She asked a colleague for the name of a good insurance agent. As fate would have it, Murray Wilton was recommended. When Murray took down Marjorie's address, they discovered that they were next door neighbours on Lonsdale Road! A friendship developed and soon plans for marriage were afoot.

Marjorie and Murray were married in Niagara Falls in 1956. It was the start of a loving marriage that lasted for over forty years, until Murray's death in 2000.

In 1959 they bought 26 Wychwood Park and their new neighbourhood became a shared passion. Murray and Marjorie had four children between 1960 and 1968 – Jennifer, Peter, Andrew, and Elizabeth. In the early 1960s, over fifty children under the age of 12 lived in the Park. Marjorie and Murray adored children and had a very easy-going style – so much so that #26 sometimes seemed more like a drop-in centre than a family home!

Over the years Marjorie and Murray worked to preserve the beauty of the Park and to enhance community life. Marjorie served on the Tree and Shrub Committee and later on the Landscape Committee. The marsh marigolds that she and Sally Fraser (#24) planted in the 1960s can still be seen blooming in the spring on the northwest bank of the ravine. She was part of the Needlework Guild, the Ratepayers Association, the Pond Restoration Committee, and she helped to organize spring and fall clean-ups and many a May Day celebration for the Park children. She always made a point of warmly welcoming new residents, and many 'Parkies' never forget their first meeting with her.

Marjorie was at home with her children for twenty years but she kept her professional life active with the occasional freelance contract. In 1977 she took a full-time job at the Workers' Compensation Board as a personnel executive and worked there until her retirement in 1987.

Despite the demands of four children and full-time work, Marjorie still found time to continue her community work. In the early 1980s when the Park was threatened by the proposal for a major development at #16, Marjorie and a few other residents spearheaded the successful push to get the Park designated a Heritage Conservation District. She later served for ten years on the Wychwood Park Heritage Advisory Committee.

Marjorie also took an active role in the wider Toronto community. To name just a few of her activities, she was

a major player in the 'Stop the Spadina Expressway' campaign and in the effort to save Spadina House. She campaigned for many a councillor and school trustee and served at various times as chair of the home and school associations for Hillcrest, Winona, and Oakwood schools. She was an inveterate letter writer and would often be up into the wee hours firing off letters to city councillors, premiers, and even the Prime Minister of Canada and the President of the United States!

After Murray died in the fall of 2000, Marjorie found that she had time to pursue her literary interests. She began to write political satire skits for the Arts and Letters Club Spring Review and found that she had a great talent for it. She really enjoyed writing and got a great kick out of being the club's 'new found talent' at the age of 80! [One of her skits involved Lord and Lady Black moving to the aptly named Regent Park!]

In 2006 Marjorie began to slow down physically, and in April of that year she took ill with pneumonia. She was then diagnosed with a degenerative neurological disease. The next six months were extremely difficult as her illness took hold. She was thankful to spend her last months at home and took great pleasure in sitting on her front porch, enjoying the beauty of her beloved Wychwood Park and the company of her good neighbours.

The above is one in a series of house histories. The stories of #2-24 appeared in previous issues. Any corrections or additional information would be greatly appreciated.

106 WYCHWOOD PARK

At the Committee of Adjustment hearing scheduled for 2 pm on February 27, Michael Goldberg asked to have the matter deferred as a different architect had redesigned the southern of the two proposed houses for the lot. The Committee refused. Because of earlier applications running behind schedule, Mr. Goldberg's was finally heard at 4:15, wrapping up at 5:12!

On file were 19 letters of opposition received by the committee, including those written by the Park trustees, WPHAC, Heritage Preservation Services, Ontario Heritage Trust, Community Planning, and councillors Mihevc and Vaughan. Speakers included Marvin Green for the Trustees, Ian MacDonald for WPHAC, a landscape planner hired by the owners of #100 and 108, and 5 others including 3 from Burnside. Bill Greer, the Toronto Historical Board representative who was instrumental in wrapping up the 10-year process which produced Toronto's first residential Heritage Conservation District in 1985, delivered a passionate plea to preserve and protect the Park as it is. It was reported that 36 people attended in opposition to the application, which the Committee rejected.

At the end of the more than 3-hour session, Liz Wilton

remarked, "Mum would be proud that the first meeting her 3-month old granddaughter attended was at the Committee of Adjustment!" Liz has asked me to announce that her new phone number is 416-516-1206.

ODDS AND ENDS

Income Tax Reminder: You can claim the cost of monthly TTC and GO passes for yourself, spouse, and children under 19. Receipts or passes are to be kept but not submitted. You can claim the cost of fitness programs and camps for children under 16. You can transfer up to half your pension income to your spouse. Check the 'Important Notice' in your package. Is there anything else new that we should know about?

Wychpark Yahoo Group: David Stockwood has decided to retire as moderator. Is there another computer-savvy volunteer (maybe a student?) who is willing to assume this very useful service? If so, please contact David.

Joe Mihevc on YouTube: On February 28 and 29 Councillor Mihevc posted video tours of the construction problems in the St. Clair West subway station and construction inside the Green Arts Barns. They can be

accessed via youtube.com or joernihevc.com.

Christa McDermott deposited slides of the May Day Parade of 1982, from which prints will be made. John Gilchrist (#6A, 10) and Alick Stockwood (#18) are wearing appropriate headgear. Are you one of the kiddies in the parade, 26 years ago this May 1?

The Border: The 13-episode series currently running on Mondays at 9 pm on CBC-TV has been written by Janet MacLean and Jeremy Hole, formerly of #18. Janet is also a co-producer. Among her TV scripts were those for Anne of Green Gables and the Murdoch Mystery Movies. Jeremy received Gemini nominations for Firing Squad and External Affairs.

Newsletter: Subscriptions for former residents are available for \$5 per year for postage and handling. Back issues are kept in stock at \$1 each. Submissions are always welcome and greatly appreciated.

Archives: Minutes of committee meetings and other documents have been deposited in the Archives from time to time. They have been sorted and filed chronologically for convenient retrieval. If you are in possession of such items and are running out of filing space, we would be glad to receive them.

IN MEMORIAM

Olwen Owen grew up with her sisters Sheila (1910-2000) and Audrey (1914-1999) and brothers Trevor (1918) and Ivon (1924) at #49, which had been designed by Eden Smith for their parents Eric and Elsie in 1910. The beautiful former home of Olwen and Jim Walker (1907-1995) at 10 Avondale Road in Rosedale is an architectural gem. **George Burns** and his wife Virginia bought #56 from the widow Carolene Sherring in 1965. Their daughters Katya and Natasha were born in 1964 and 1966. The house had been designed by Eden Smith for Dr. John MacKenzie and his wife Agnes in 1919. Fortunately George was able to contribute and to enjoy seeing his late brother's strong portraits hanging at the two-week art exhibition mounted by Marc Giacomelli at Upland Cottage last November.

WALKER, Olwen Owen — Of Avondale Road, Rosedale, Toronto; The Cabin at Claremont, Ontario; and Park House, Isle of Mull, Scotland, beloved wife of 63 years of the late James Woods Walker OBE, QC. Born Wychwood Park, Toronto, November 14th, 1912 to Professor Eric Trevor Owen of Trinity College, Toronto and Elsie Una Maclean of the Isle of Mull. Died peacefully at Belmont House December 6th, 2007. Olwen was a shining example to her niece, Daphne (Miller) Beauroy, nephews Iain (her Godson) and the late Keith Miller, Eric, Ronald, Trevor, the late Kenneth, and Gerald Owen, niece Meredith Stanford née Owen, Daphne's children Fabienne, Stéphane, Muriel and David Beauroy and grandnieces Rachel Beauroy and Lucy Beauroy. Olwen's brothers Trevor and Ivon Owen, and on the Walker side, Hugh, Gordon, Hilary and Mary Walker, Leonard and Douglas Gilday, their children and families and the many friends and admirers throughout the world will never forget her clear purpose, her sense of decorum, her generosity of

hand and heart, her forthrightness, her joy in everything. She strove for perfection in all she was and did, and expected the same in return. Her warm benevolence and hospitality illuminated many lives. Devoted to her husband, she shared with him a love of nature translated into their life work: reforesting whole tracts of their land on the Oakridges Moraine.

Interment at the Walker plot, Mt. Pleasant Cemetery on December 15th at twelve noon, followed by Anglican service at the Belmont House chapel and a lunch reception in the Solarium at 1 p.m.

Olwen supported Belmont House with her husband as a donor. She worked there as a volunteer, and since 1996 it has been her home. Our thanks to the staff, to Dr. Birmingham, and to dear Angela Smart, Olwen's private nurse-companion, true friend and carer in her final years.

To remember Olwen and Jim Walker, please plant a tree in their name, or give to a charity of your choosing.

BURNS, Dr. George (Professor, University of Toronto) — Passed away at home on Thursday, February 14, 2008. Loving father of Katya and Natasha and her husband Adrian Bond. Loving grandfather of Mallory. Predeceased by his wife Virginia and brother Nikolai. Will be sadly missed by relatives and friends in Russia, United States and Canada.

Friends may call at Cardinal Funeral Home, 366 Bathurst St. (north of Dundas), on Sunday from 2-5 p.m. Panachyda on Sunday evening at 5:30 p.m. in Holy Trinity Russian Orthodox Church, 23 Henry St., Toronto. Funeral service in the Church on Monday at 9 a.m. Interment at Novo-Devevo Russian Orthodox Convent, Nanuet, NY. If desired, donations to Holy Trinity Russian Orthodox Church would be appreciated by the family. Online condolences to the family may be made at

www.cardinalfuneralhomes.com

RALPH PACK AND THE RODENTS

by Murray Wilton

Shortly following our 1959 move to Wychwood Park, I looked out a back window and saw what was unmistakably, had all the outward attributes of being, a rat. I called my wife and she confirmed that the animal was of the rodentia order. It was graybrown, about ten inches long, with a scaly, hairless tail, sniffing about on the ground outside the garage. I had seen rats before and I would have affirmed that what I perceived to be a rat was, in fact, a rat.

As a newcomer I did not wish to be precipitate. There is a reputation to build, and care must be exercised. Ned Hanley, our neighbour, knew the local ropes and he volunteered to speak to Mr. Pack about the reported sighting.

This was a time when Wychwood Park was under the tight control of the three appointed Trustees. Customarily, each Trustee owned a large house capable of accommodating the annual Park Meeting. At such times, the rest of the community, dutifully tugging at forelocks, would feudally congregate to respectfully endorse all Trustee decisions. It was also a time when every farthing of proposed Park expenditure was scrutinized, castigated, and, in all likelihood, dismissed as the Ultima Thule of extravagance. Despite the vast public expenditures of World War II, a Depression mentality gloomed over local financing.

Mr. Ralph Pack was secretary of the august Trustee troika, and the mystique rubbed off on him. He was small in stature but made up in gravity of demeanour and earnest anguishing for any shortcomings in nature's bestowal. He had been married to Barbara Matthews, daughter of Marmaduke Matthews, and, following her demise, continued at number 6, the Matthews residence. Each Sunday he would pass by our house, almost lost to view beneath the steering wheel, decorously bound for Church, in the company of Miss Alice Matthews, his sister-in-law.

A few days after my enquiry, Ned Hanley returned with the rendered verdict. He had spoken to Mr. Pack who had declared with command finality -- "There are no rodents in Wychwood Park!"

That settled the matter. I had been mistaken. It was something else, or my overheated imagination had conjured up a figment. In my mind's eye the scene became clear. I pictured a troop of rats following its leader through lanes and drains, cheerfully frisking and gambolling, converging by inadvertence upon Wychwood Park. Suddenly, the leader stiffens, rears to full height as though transfixed, samples the air about the Wychwood Park perimeter, then, in utmost solemnity, turns upon impetuous followers -- "We can go no farther. This is Wychwood Park." Without a word, or even a squeak, the entire company wheels about and heads away.

The rodents knew. Something in the very air alerted them of a demarcation. The stigmata were too great to hazard. The word was out -- "THERE ARE NO RODENTS IN WYCHWOOD PARK!"

Mr. Pack and the Trustees would not countenance infractions.

Wychwood Park Heritage Advisory Committee

26 Wychwood Park
Toronto, Ont., M6G 2V5
(416) 656-3907

Dear Neighbour:

Welcome to your new home in Wychwood Park Heritage Conservation District.

The buildings and landscape (both private and trustee-held) of Wychwood Park are designated heritage properties under the Wychwood Park Heritage Conservation District Plan. The by-law to designate Wychwood Park a heritage conservation district was passed by Toronto City Council on May 21st, 1985, and approved by the Ontario Municipal Board on March 17, 1986. The Revised Wychwood Park Heritage Conservation District Plan was adopted by Toronto City Council on May 9th and 10th, 1994.

Preservation of Wychwood Park's unique beauty, and its heritage landscape and buildings, is the responsibility of the Wychwood Park Heritage Advisory Committee, Heritage Toronto, and every homeowner. The Wychwood Park Heritage Advisory Committee consists of four members elected by the residents, one Wychwood Park Trustee, one director of the Wychwood Park Ratepayers Association and a non-voting staff member of Heritage Toronto. If you have questions or require information please get in touch with the Chair.

We are enclosing a copy of Wychwood Park Heritage Advisory Committee Procedures for Property Owners Proposing Alterations. If you do not have copies of the Wychwood Park Heritage Conservation District Plan (Green Cover) and the Revised Wychwood Park Heritage Conservation District Plan (Yellow Cover), these are available from the Chair of the Wychwood Park Heritage Advisory Committee.

We hope you will enjoy community life in Wychwood Park and look forward to meeting you in the near future.

Yours sincerely,

Wychwood Park Heritage Advisory Committee

Marjorie Wilton, Chair

Encl.

Deterioration of our cultural heritage

George Burns

Our cultural heritage is being destroyed faster today than at any time in the past. An understanding of the basic processes causing deterioration of ancient artefacts is urgently needed.

A FEW years ago, I visited an important excavation site. The morale of the usually noisy and happy members of the archaeological team was at a low ebb: although there had been good reason to believe that their site might yield important finds, the lengthy excavations had been fruitless. But the next day, enthusiasm was at its highest peak: a gigantic head of a statue of one of the most famous kings, whose images have been but rarely found, was discovered in the very last hours of excavations. Several experts volunteered to complete the excavation, without pay, and to document the find.

The find was considered so important that only members of the team were allowed to approach it. Nonetheless, I was sceptical about such precautions, believing the statue would soon crumble to dust. For my opinion, I was rewarded with an exquisite gaze of contempt, such as only a young humanist can bestow upon an arrogant scientist. My advice was ignored: neither the archaeologists nor their conservators seemed to be aware of the environmental shocks to which their find would be subjected. I recently revisited the site: the head had been removed and the site had been fiercely attacked by a hostile environment. There was no evidence of efforts to preserve the site or the antiquities still buried there.

History is full of similar incidents. Thus, E.A.W. Budge, an eminent Egyptologist who lived between 1857 and 1934 located an Egyptian papyrus. Such papyri, being fragile, have been found only rarely; those few that have been discovered are important sources of historical information. Budge placed his specimen in his strong-box and mounted it on his donkey. On arriving at his camp, he discovered that the bumpy ride had reduced his papyrus to a pile of dust.

Losses of such treasures seemed to be unavoidable in the past. But archaeology is today a professional discipline in a stage of unprecedented sophistication and growth. The archaeological team that found the head of the head of the statue was progressive in its thinking; few archaeologists even now would think of inviting a chemist, concerned with fundamental processes of matter, to visit their sites. Thus, the incident with the statue raises wider questions as to the

fate of excavated antiquities and sites. Was the incident symptomatic of a situation in which our excavated cultural heritage is being destroyed, possibly with participation of scholarly communities? If so, who is responsible, and what are the optimal, cost-effective remedies? To define the scope of these questions, I shall briefly consider a few important and representative cases in several countries where ancient monuments are venerated and where concern regarding their deterioration is unequivocal.

In Africa, the ancient Egyptian civilization flourished for about three millennia: according to UNESCO, about one third of all known antiquities are or have been located there. The Luxor area of upper Egypt is particularly rich in antiquities: the Karnak temples complex, built for 2,000 years between 2000 BC and the Christian era is its principal archaeological site, occupying more than a square kilometre (Fig. 1). For thousands of years these temples were affected by annual inundations of the Nile river but, because the monuments were unexcavated, water damage was minimal. After the monuments became exposed to the elements as a result of excavations, a canal had to be constructed around the entire complex to drain waters from inundated parts of the temples. When the Aswan dam was constructed, inundations became a thing

of the past; the drainage canal appeared to have become superfluous and fell rapidly into disuse. In the 1970s, a new type of salt deposit spread throughout the temples¹, causing disintegration of monuments and the demise of excavated antiquities^{1,2}.

In Asia, a major archaeological complex at Mohenjo-Dara, the centre of the empire of Harappans, in the valley of the Indus river, provides another example of deterioration of important excavated antiquities and sites. The Harappan empire once stretched from the Himalayas to the Arabian coast to Bombay, and was larger than that of ancient Egypt and Mesopotamia combined. Although Mohenjo-Dara was built between 2500 and 1500 BC, settlements in this area dating at least to the sixth millennium BC were discovered, making the Harappan civilization one of the oldest in the world. The excavation of Mohenjo-Dara, began in 1922, had to be largely interrupted because the unearthed structures deteriorated rapidly and in some cases crumbled away.

In Mesoamerica, the discovery about 50 years ago of the Bonampak temple complex yielded for the first time a temple with a completely painted interior with murals of high artistic quality, providing a rare glimpse of the traditions of the Classic Mayan civilization of the late eighth century. Although the murals

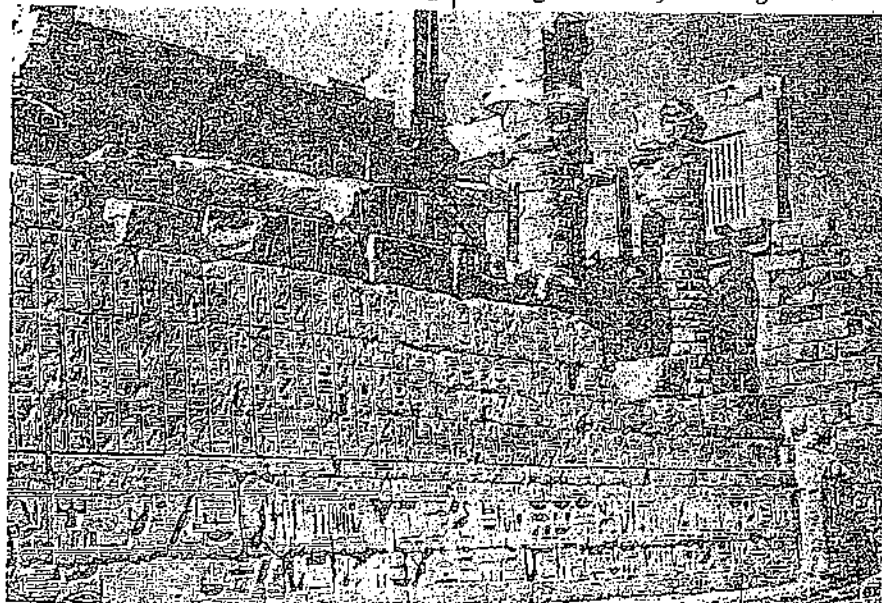


FIG. 1 The Karnak temples complex. On the walls of these temples history of millennia were inscribed.



Professor George Burns
The Archaeometric Laboratory
Department of Chemistry
University of Toronto
80 George Street
Toronto, Ont. M5S 1A1
Canada

Professor George Burns received his BSc in 1951 from Columbia University. He then joined the General Electric Company where he worked on photochemical and solid state problems of luminescent materials. Subsequently, he entered Princeton University where he received his PhD in 1961. At Cambridge University between 1961 and 1962 he was a member of Queens' College. In 1962 he joined the Department of Chemistry, University of Toronto, as an assistant professor and was promoted to full professor in 1971. In 1977-1978 he spent his sabbatical at the University of Paris (XI) and the University of Bordeaux. In addition to his work in eco-archaeometry, which he initiated in 1980, he specialises in theoretical and experimental kinetics of elementary chemical reactions and in computer modelling of such reactions.

BURNS, George

Occupation: Professor of Chemistry, U. of Toronto. Formerly, Sr. Rsch. Worker, Cambridge U., England. Contributed to the basic understanding of chemical reactions important in environmental, upper atmosphere, and combustion chemistry over the past twenty years. Initiated a program to prevent the deterioration of monuments of ancient civilization, especially in Egypt. Awarded, Ntl. Academy of Sciences Ntl. Research Council Fellow. mem. Phi Lambda Upsilon Honorary Chemical Soc.; Sigma Xi Honorary Scientific Soc.; New York Academy of Sciences; U. of Toronto Faculty Club.

Personal: b. Apr. 6 1925 in Moscow. e. Columbia U., BSc 1951, MA, 1952; Princeton U., PhD. 1961. m. single. ch. Katherine(20) and Natalie(18). int.

mountain hiking, gardening, novel approaches in the application of science toward the elimination of wars.

About Toronto: I enjoy the parks and ravines and the waterfront, the Eaton Centre, Roy Thomson Hall, St. Lawrence Centre and going to movies, dining and walking - all of these make Toronto a great city in which to have a good time. I'd like to change the weather; I want it warmer. I would also like to preserve the community spirit and I would like to preserve our parks. For the future? I'd like to see the retention of the city's unique qualities and the elimination of further growth.

ON THE WEB



Join the conversation

Gerald Owen takes your questions on this essay and the issues it raises Monday from 1 to 2 p.m. EST.
globeandmail.com »

Interdisciplinary Science
Reviews, 1992
Toronto who's who
1984

Bank is white knight for heritage group

BILL TAYLOR
FEATURE WRITER

Star, Feb 8/08

A Toronto historic group's potentially fatal homelessness is history.

Jane Beecroft, president of the Community History Project, was handed the lease yesterday to the second floor of the Scotiabank branch at Queen and Church Sts., giving the group a base "for as long as it needs it," said Wayne Burgess, the bank's senior asset manager.

The deal was done with "head-spinning speed," said Beecroft, 75. "Wayne and I first spoke last week. We were talking about it being an 11th-hour thing. He said, 'No, it's 12th.' Well, no, actually it's 13th!"

The project, which has a priceless archive of documents, photos — including 600 glass negatives taken by Toronto-born Arctic explorer Joseph Burr Tyrrell — and artifacts, lost its old home at Yonge and Bloor Sts. last month.

It had occupied three cramped rooms there since 1996. The building is coming down to make way for a condo development. The group's 65 members moved the collection, much of it fragile, into temporary storage.

"We need space, we need it fast and we need it free," Beecroft told

the *Star* as she waited for the bulldozers to arrive.

Her dream, she said, was 235 square metres "with electricity and a washroom."

Scotiabank has donated 300 square metres, a large, airy well-lit room.

Beecroft said it's not only rent-free, the bank will cover utilities and cleaning. "This is ... incomparable leadership in supporting heritage in a city that doesn't support its heritage."

The bank, dating to 1913, was the brainchild of John Lyle, who also designed Union Station.

"We're a heritage group in a heritage building," said Beecroft. "We hope to have public hours by May."

It's the third time in recent months that a financial institution has turned into a white knight.

Last October, MasterCard donated \$160,000 to keep Toronto's outdoor ice rinks open in December. The Capital One credit card company paid for the TTC to give New Year's revellers free rides.

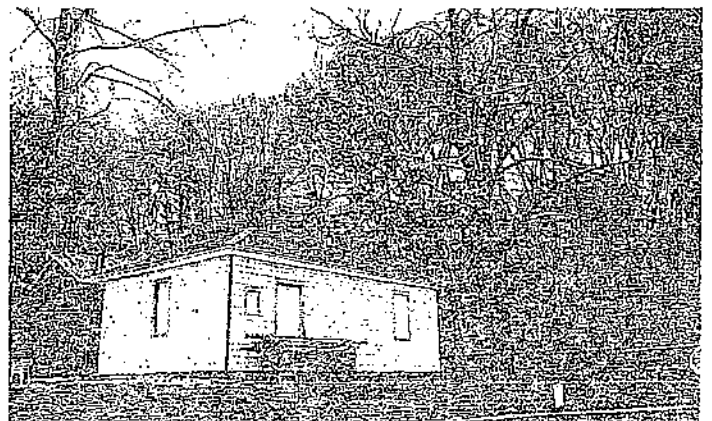
The Community History Project, which gets \$1,215 a year from the provincial culture ministry, is still strapped for cash. Beecroft has paid much of the moving costs herself.

Ege Weekly, Jan 10/08

GOD IS IN THE DETAILS

BY SHAWN MICALLES

Davenport Tollkeeper: The white building at the north-west corner of Davenport and Bathurst is the Tollkeeper's Cottage. Recently used as part of a nearby residence, it was returned to near its original location by the Community History Project, an all-volunteer group that has also been restoring the circa-1835 building. When it opens as a museum this summer, the cottage will be a reminder that this is Ontario's oldest road, originally a trail along the bottom of the escarpment that was the shore of ancient Lake Iroquois used long before European settlers arrived and gave it the name "Davenport."





Uxbridge Tribune, Feb 17/93
Olwen and James Walker listen intently as they are introduced at the Uxbridge Conservation Association meeting last Thursday evening at the Tokai Room in the library.

Photo: SJOERD WITTEVEEN

STELLA YEADON
 Correspondent

Pressure from developers and "ever increasing taxes" almost tempted James and Olwen Walker into selling the hundreds of acres of barren land in Glen Major now considered the "jewel" of Metro Toronto Region Conservation Authority property holdings.

James Walker recounted his experiences in woodland management and reforestation over the course of 54 years to an overflow gathering at a meeting of the Uxbridge Conservation Association last Thursday.

Now in his 80s, Walker, a former Bay St. lawyer, bought a property on Conc. 7 in 1934 and began the endeavor that was to become "his life long dream." That dream culminated in 1991 when the Walker property, 1,014 acres, was purchased by the conservation authority and forever protected from development as part of the provincial greenspace strategy. A separate 177 acre parcel had already been donated in 1978 to the Ontario Heritage Foundation to be preserved in its natural state.

Since the first trees planted in 1934 by Walker and his wife Olwen, who he referred to "as

the first of his supporters", over 1,000 acres of barren wind-swept land has been reclaimed with over two million trees. An achievement Walker credits to good forestry practices by the two capable on site managers and "many creative experiments both with tree types and equipment."

Walker explained the land had been devastated by early settlers when they mistakenly cut down the large trees on the land for farming. What they

found was not the deep, rich, fertile land they anticipated but only a thin layer of top soil.

The Walkers commenced the restoration by working the existing hardwood bush as a commercially viable wood plantation. They then began planting in earnest - red oak and other hardwoods to create new plantations for both harvest and beauty. Many mistakes were made. Among those was a plantation of

(See Page 3)



Photo: CELIA BRONKHORST

The conservation association hosted a walk through the Walker property on Sunday. Don and Karen Drewell were among the participants.



Nancy Lerner, principal of Hillcrest Junior Public School, is excited to teach her students about renewable energy

Walking on sunshine

Expanded solar program for Forest Hill school by Killeen Kelly

*Village Post
Jan '08*

HILLCREST JUNIOR PUBLIC School, located near Bathurst Street and St. Clair Avenue, plans to expand its solar power program as early as the spring. This initiative will give the community a chance to offset its own energy use and make a little money.

The Toronto District School Board has named Hillcrest a pilot school in its wider plan to turn the city's 600 school rooftops into a "green grid" that will generate renewable energy and pay for some of board's costs. The school already has five solar panels on its roof.

St. Paul's school board trustee, Josh Matlow, said that Hillcrest will be a template for how to work with the local community to develop a renewable energy plan for the city's schools.

"We want to create some type of co-operative where local residents become shareholders in the local school," Matlow said. "They contribute the capital cost of putting a renewable energy generator on the rooftop of the school, and in the long run they could even share in revenue."

The cash-strapped TDSEB doesn't have the capital funding to purchase and maintain a solar panel program on its own, Matlow said.

Instead, the board is looking for investment from communities and private industry to develop a plan where everyone can benefit from the energy and profits.

The board aims to have 10

schools equipped with solar panels within the next year, he said.

It's too early to tell how much energy could be pumped into the grid through an expanded solar program at Hillcrest or how much the system will cost. An upcoming engineering assessment will determine how many panels the roof can hold, and a financial plan will suggest what's feasible based on the success of fundraising initiatives.

However, Ken Traynor, a project co-ordinator with the West Toronto Initiative for Solar Energy (WISE), estimates the school could handle about 185 panels, producing approximately 1,100 kilowatt hours a year.

Toronto Hydro will pay a hefty 42 cents per kilowatt hour for electricity generated from solar panels, and the system would reduce the need to buy power from the grid during the peak summer months when demand pushes the price even higher.

"[The board] would get a premium for what they produce but pay the same as everyone else for what they buy," Traynor said.

Three schools in the city, including Hillcrest, have some form of solar power generation in place.

The panels already on Hillcrest's roof send a small amount of power to the grid — enough to run a refrigerator, according to Matlow.

However, the real benefit of the solar program is the learning

opportunity it presents for Hillcrest students, said the school's principal, Nancy Lerner.

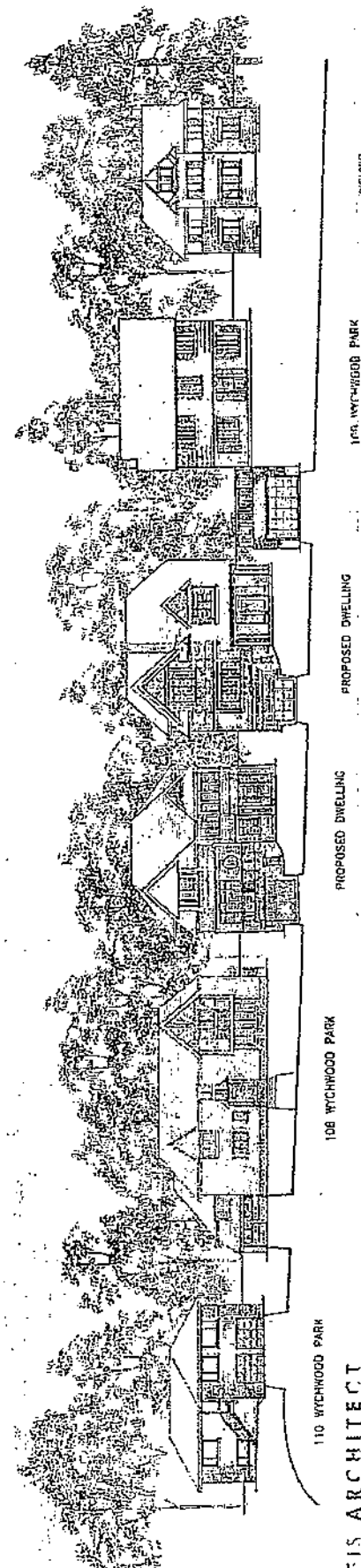
Hillcrest already holds an "eco-school" designation from the city, earned through initiatives such as Walking Wednesdays, where students get to school on foot rather than by car, and through

"We want children's learning to be reflective of the needs of the environment."

Boomerang Lunches that encourage students to pack food in reusable containers to eliminate waste.

"We want children's learning to be reflective of the needs of the environment," Lerner said, adding that the children, ranging from junior kindergarten to Grade 6, aren't yet aware of the solar energy program.

"I always want to share information with children just before it happens. I'm sure it will be a big celebration, and the children can see the new solar panels installed and engage in it right from the beginning."



TCBC

100 WYCHWOOD PARK

PROPOSED DWELLING

PROPOSED DWELLING

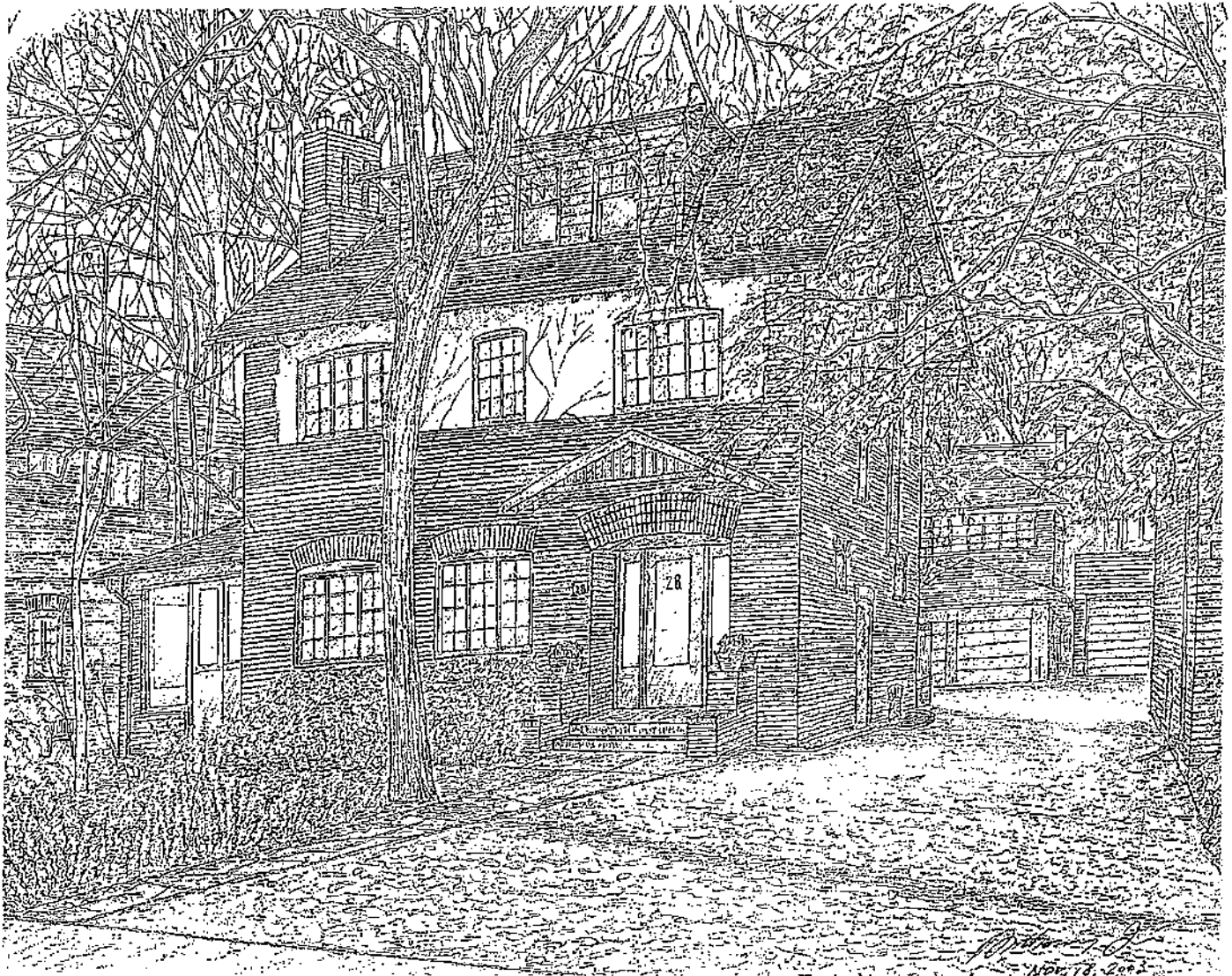
100 WYCHWOOD PARK

110 WYCHWOOD PARK

GRENWIS ARCHITECT

News from the Archives

June 2008



28 Wychwood Park

Drawing by Anthony Jim

This house was built in 1921 for John and Robina Goldring. They probably had children as the assessment rolls indicate that there were five residents. Mr. Goldring was an office manager for Simpson's department stores. Along with the other houses in the #24-32 strip, the builder was John E. Hoare.

In the early 1930s the Goldrings moved to 109 Lytton Blvd. and rented #28 to sales manager John Fowell and his wife Edith. According to the assessment rolls, there were six residents. In 1940 the Goldrings sold the house to Edward and Catherine Hanley, with daughters Jane, Paula, and Nora. Mr. Hanley was an assistant general manager for North American Life Assurance Co. He is mentioned in the minutes of the annual trustees' meeting of 1957 in connection with the gate closing schedule then in effect – a topic of recent discussion on the Park email group. An excerpt from the 1957 minutes appears later.

In 1961 the Hanleys sold #28 to the medical doctor couple, Don and Joan Harrison, with three children. Last year Joan sold the house and moved to Ottawa, where she lives in an apartment in the same house as does her daughter Helen. The lucky new owners of #28 are Justin French and Allison Talacko, with 5-year-old daughter Amie and son Quinn, born this past Mother's Day! With Ken and Liz and their kiddies next door at #26, there are no plans to reinstall a fence between the backyards.

The above is one in a series of house histories. The stories of #2-26 appeared in previous issues. Any corrections or additional information would be greatly appreciated.

DR. DONALD HARRISON (1925-2005) by Marjorie Wilton, written following Don's death

The Harrisons and the Wiltons have been next-door neighbours for forty-four years. We have been through a lifetime of experience together – children growing up, weddings, grandchildren, growing older, losing dear friends and relatives. Through it all, Don and Joan have always been unfailingly amiable, kind, and helpful, the best of neighbours.

Joan and Don, with children Michael, Christopher, and David, bought #28 in 1961. We had bought #26 in 1959 and, by the time the Harrisons arrived, had one-year-old Jennie and were expecting another baby. We were happy to have a young family move in beside us. In due course Joan and Don's daughter Helen was born, and we went on to have two more children. In retrospect, it was a time of change in the Park as many of the residents were elderly. As they sold or passed away, many houses were trickling onto the market. In the late 1960s I remember counting the number of children under 12, and there were at least fifty.

Don was practicing internal medicine at that time and some of us became his patients. We all remember him as a friendly, kind, and accomplished practitioner. After he left private practice to join the Bell Telephone Company as a medical officer, he continued to be generous with help and advice if any family member was ill. He was always gracious and responsive when a neighbour called about a family emergency.

As next-door neighbour, our family knew him well. There was a rather flimsy wire fence between our backyards and after a few years of children walking and climbing on it, it became very rickety indeed, and something had to be done. We decided jointly that we didn't need a fence and since that time our backyards have conjoined. We have consulted on trees, landscaping, and many other matters and there has never been a problem with our joint garden. In 2001, when our

daughter Elizabeth married, the reception was held in the backyards of both the Wilton and Harrison houses.

Don loved Wychwood Park and was a Trustee from 1997 to 2002, becoming Senior Trustee in 1999. He took the job seriously and oversaw many Park projects. The Trustee job is not always easy and sometimes must seem to be a mixture of administrator, general handyman, and Anne Landers. Don was unfailingly polite and courteous, whatever the call. He was the Trustee member of the Wychwood Park Heritage Advisory Committee and took an active interest in heritage matters. After he had retired from his Trustee job, he continued to be deeply interested in the Park and its affairs.

Don was unfailingly kind and thoughtful to friends and neighbours. He checked on our well-being, and was available if a drive to shop or to an appointment was needed.

Don loved nature and made sure that his bird feeder and bird bath were always full of food and water. A family of raccoons lived in the top of his garage. He felt that it was a good place for them and left one of his garage doors partly open so they could go in and out. One of his springtime retirement duties was to paddle a boat into the pond and chain the log so that turtles could sun themselves. Dogs and cats were always part of the Harrison menage. Their Siamese cat Mattie was Don's good friend and she curled up on his bed during his last illness.

Wychwood Park will miss Don!

DR. JOAN HARRISON by her daughter Helen Harrison

Joan Harrison (nee Fletcher) was born in Toronto in 1926, the youngest child of Helena (nee Mowat) and Dr. Almon Fletcher. Mum's father moved to 14 Wychwood Park in the fall of 1949 following the untimely death of his wife and the marriage of his older children. The house was especially attractive as it was a mere stone's throw from Granddad's lifelong friend, Dr. Donald Fraser (Sr. Sr.) of #7.

Mum moved to #14 with her father while she attended medical school and planned her wedding to my father Donald. Mum vividly recalls trying to study for final exams while young David Stockwood, then a boy of about nine, played noisy games of baseball directly below her window!

Mum and Dad married in the spring of 1950. Preparations for the reception, which was held at #14, included the last minute decision to build a doorway from the dining room to the back garden so that the guests wouldn't have to venture through the kitchen.

The renovation was sufficiently rushed that the paint on the door frame was still wet as the guests mingled throughout the house!

Shortly after Mum completed her medical degree, she and Dad left Toronto for Deep River, Ontario, where Dad took up the practice of medicine and Mum settled down to raise a family. After the birth of my three older brothers, Mum started looking for new challenges. She found research work at the Chalk River nuclear power plant where, among other things, she studied the effects of nuclear contamination on human physiology.

In 1961 my parents moved back to Toronto and took up residence at 28 Wychwood Park, close to Mum's father who was still at #14 and her mother's sister, Edith Mowat, who had recently moved into #44.

As if life wasn't demanding enough with Dad's busy medical practice, three growing children, and an aging parent, Mum decided to accept a position at UofT in the field of medical research. From 1961 until her retirement in 1992 (with brief interruptions for the birth of her fourth child (me) and trips to Saudi Arabia with Dad in the 1980s), Mum engaged in collaborative research examining the application of nuclear physics to the investigation of metabolic bone disease. Mum's research resulted in a revolutionary technique for measuring bone mass which was critical to the diagnosis and eventual treatment of osteoporosis. Over the course of her career, Mum co-authored over 100 publications and earned the unusual distinction of being appointed a Fellow in the Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons as a career scientist. In 1997 Mum was named a member of the Order of Canada.

While Mum's working day was spent in the laboratory, her evenings were spent with her family in Wychwood Park. The Park offered a community of friendships, where children spent the day devising their own adventures and parents puttered in the quiet chaos of the garden. And like the oak trees whose roots defy the boundaries of personal property, our family life became intertwined with that of our neighbours. The wonky card table that sat in the house for at least 40 years continued to bear the moniker of "Gibson #91" underneath. My older brother's much-loved but long-lost teddy bear made an unexpected reappearance many years later in #18, the home of his old friend Philip Stockwood. A painting that mysteriously disappeared from Granddad's house at #14 (which all of Mum's siblings secretly believed another had swiped) was discovered 30 years later at Sheila Owen's house at #49, a gift from Mum's father to his friend Dr. Trevor Owen.

With Dad gone and the kids living hither and yon, Mum made the difficult decision last summer to sell the

house in Wychwood Park and move to Ottawa. It is hard not to miss the Park, especially in the spring, but its echoes can be found throughout Mum's new house in the old photos and enduring Park friendships – a tribute to a people and a place.

REMEMBERING DAVID STOCKWOOD (1941-2008) by Bob McDermott

I first met David in 1963, the year we both entered law school at the University of Toronto. After we graduated from the bar admission course in 1968, we did not have much interest in practicing law. I eventually ended up in Europe but David, who had married Ilse before the start of law school and by then had two children, reluctantly started to work.

Over the following months we maintained a steady stream of correspondence. Then, to my surprise, I received a letter advising me that he had decided to stop working and move to the island of Ibiza, off the Spanish coast from Barcelona, where he intended to write a screenplay that he hoped would launch his literary career. The next thing I knew, David and Ilse had bought a small finca, or farmhouse, and had become immersed in life on the island, then a bucolic outpost of artists, hippies, and draft dodgers.

Christa and I were able to spend six wonderful weeks with David and Ilse and their children during those Ibiza years. I think it is fair to say that this period was one of the happiest times of David's life – an energetic, talented, aspiring artist, free of responsibilities, slim, full beard, great tan, and lots of time to devote to his family and an eclectic group of friends.

Like all good things, the Ibiza period came to an end and David and family returned to Toronto. Unfortunately the screenplay, titled *Psyche*, although complete, never made it off the ground.

Christa and I arrived in Toronto shortly thereafter and, to my surprise, we found David seriously considering setting up practice in one of several small towns outside Toronto – from Port Hope and Cobourg in the east to Kitchener-Waterloo, Guelph, and Stratford in the west. Imagine, if things had turned out differently, instead of being litigation counsel to the corporate elite of Toronto, Stockwoods LLP would likely be litigation council to the Stratford Shakespearean Festival or the Dairy Farmers Association of Canada!

Shortly after they returned from Ibiza, David and his family moved into his grandfather's home [#54]. His grandfather, Ramsay Stewart, and his father, Alick Stockwood, had preceded David as head Park trustee. I expect that is what gave David his love and proprietary feeling about the Park. And in retrospect, perhaps the

Park became the small Ontario town that David had been looking for when he returned from Ibiza. Throughout his working life, David would retreat to the Park like clockwork, sometime between four and five in the afternoon, to take his beloved succession of Basset hounds for a long meandering walk, stopping to chat with his neighbours and dispensing wisdom and impish humour as he went.

Among other things, David could be counted on to have the answers to all your questions concerning the day's crossword puzzle and to have purchased and read all of the books shortlisted for the Giller and other similar literary awards, within days after the list had been announced.

David was a big man with a big heart and strong ideas who was used to getting his way. Once he entered your life, he was a force to be reckoned with, and impossible to ignore. He loved his family and his dogs – although sometimes it was not clear in what order – and was fiercely devoted to his friends. He died as he wished, at home in Wychwood Park, surrounded by his family. He will be missed by us all.

The above is excerpted from Bob's words at David's memorial service held at Osgoode Hall on March 18. Eleven other speakers shared their memories of David.

ODDS AND ENDS

Mona Morrow Band Binnie Campbell (1919-2008): Mona's death notice appears later. She was the only child of Frederick & Edna Morrow of #16. In 1942 she married insurance broker John Band (1915-2005) and gave birth to John Jr., Sarah, and Victoria. Her family lived with Edna at #16. Then Mona divorced Mr. Band and married lawyer James Binnie, who already had a son, Ian. They lived at #91 from 1961 to 1965. Then Mona divorced Mr. Binnie and married Lt. Col. Kenneth Campbell in 1967. For many years she was president of Dover Industries Ltd. (food processing and packaging). Ian Binnie, of the Supreme Court of Canada, spoke at David Stockwood's memorial service.

Anthony Rapoport will play viola with the Windermere String Quartet in a one-hour concert at the Toronto Music Garden on Thursday, July 17 at 7 pm. Programs for the free concert series at 7 pm on Thursdays and 4 pm on Sundays, until September 14, are available at the Archives or at harbourfrontcentre.com/musicgarden. Info: 416-973-4000. Toronto Botanical Garden volunteers conduct one-hour tours of the garden on Wednesdays at 11 am and Thursdays at 5:30 pm, until September 24, beginning at the west end of the garden, on Queen's Quay near Bathurst St. A delightful way to spend a summer evening – a garden tour followed by a concert – and it's all free!

Mary Jane Baillie: On May 26 at the RCYC Mary Jane launched the *Catalogue Raisonné* of her life's work as a painter. A signed copy of the beautiful 199-page book is available from Mary Jane for \$95. A copy may be examined at the Archives.

Peter Russell, formerly of #14, has written a new book, *Two Cheers for Minority Government: The Evolution of Canadian Parliamentary Democracy*. Soft cover, 184 pages, \$19.95. Peter, a professor of political science at UofT, is an expert on the Canadian constitution.

The Heliconian Club, for female artists, housed in a quaint neo-Gothic building on Hazelton Ave., is celebrating its centennial in April 2009. They are mounting a retrospective exhibition and would like to borrow paintings by their early members. The two wives of George Reid (#81) were long-time members – Mary Hiester Reid and Mary Wrinch Reid -- as well as Sylvia Hahn (#15). A list of the other members is in the Archives. If you would be willing to lend a painting, I will put you in touch with the curator. According to her obituary in the *Globe and Mail* of February 26, 1945, Mary (Smart) Shenstone was the founder of the club. She was the second wife of Joseph Shenstone, whose son Saxon was the original owner of #17, and whose daughter Mary, and her husband Dr. Donald Fraser Sr., were the second owners of #7.

The Tollkeeper's Cottage: Have you noticed the ambitious landscaping taking place around the cottage (NW corner of Bathurst and Davenport)? Jane Beecroft's jolly band of volunteers are getting ready for their official opening on Canada Day, Tuesday, July 1, at 2 pm. The parkette will be renamed, a plaque will be unveiled, and the building will be open for tours. All are invited.

Farmer's Market: Again this year the Stop Community Food Centre is operating a farmer's market on Saturdays at 2-5 pm in front of the Church of St. Michael and All Angels (SE corner of St. Clair and Wychwood). They hope to move into the Green Art Barns in November.

Park History Online: Go to thecanadianencyclopedia.com and enter "Wychwood Park" in the search window. You will find an accurate account of Eden Smith's architecture and, under *Arts and Crafts in Canada*, a short history of the Park. They were written by Doug Brown and Geoffrey Simmins.

Wychpark Yahoo Group still needs a moderator so that new members can sign on. Would you or someone in your family be willing to undertake this very useful service??

Archives Strolls: On pleasant summer Wednesday

evenings, I occasionally conduct one-hour historical art and architecture tours of the Park for groups of 10 or more. We conclude at the Archives with a display of Park art and architecture. If interested, get a group together and call me on the Monday or Tuesday if the

weather forecast is favourable.

Newsletter: Subscriptions for former residents are available by mail for \$5 per year. Back issues are kept in stock at \$1 each. Submissions are always welcome and greatly appreciated.



DAVID STOCKWOOD Q.C., LSM
1941-2008

David died on March 7, 2008 surrounded by his family after a long battle with prostate cancer which he endured with his usual humour. He was the beloved and loving husband of Ilse (Benjamin), his wife of 44 years; dear father of Andrew (Shirley Netten); Kristina (John Bowker); and Kathryn; loving grandfather of Allegra, Teagan and Benjamin Stockwood Netten and Kiri and Olivia Bowker Stockwood; dear brother of Mary (Lynch) and Philip of B.C..

David was born in Toronto to Alick and Anne (Jones) Stockwood on October 28th 1941. He went to Upper Canada College and Trinity College School. He studied Honours English and History at Trinity College, University of Toronto. He received his LL.B at the University of Toronto Law School in 1966. He was called to the Bar in 1968. He articulated and began his practice at Kimber, Dubin. After a year living in Spain with his young family he returned to the practice of law at Goodman & Goodman. He then decided to start what is now Stockwoods LLP, one of the first of the recent litigation boutiques in Toronto. He was appointed Queens Counsel in 1979. He was a Fellow of the American College of Trial Lawyers, a member of the Advocates' Society, the Canadian Bar Association and the Metropolitan Toronto Lawyers Association. He was awarded the Law Society Medal in 2005.

David was involved in teaching. He taught Trial Practice and a year of *Civil Procedure* at the University of Toronto Law School. David's book on *Civil Procedure* for the Carswell Company is in its 5th edition. He also wrote *Injunctions* for Carswell. He was, for many years, the Editor of the *Advocates' Society Journal* and wrote many articles on various subjects, as well as lecturing and participating in professional courses. David was the founder of The Private Court, one of the earliest alternative dispute resolution groups in Ontario. He was frequently retained as an arbitrator, primarily in substantial commercial matters.

David had many interests outside the law: first among them his family, his friends and his dogs. He lived most of his life in Wychwood Park and ultimately became the Senior Trustee, following in the footsteps of his father and his grandfather Ramsay Stewart. He was a voracious reader and keen traveller, developing a fondness for New Zealand in the later part of his life. He was an avid squash player in his younger years and liked to bicycle near the family cottage at Midland and was an enthusiastic sports fan.

A private family service will be held. Public Memorial Service to be announced.

If you would like, donations in David's memory may be made to Bassett Hound Rescue of Ontario 118 Robson Road RR#2 Durham, Ontario Canada NOG 1R0

Mortley **Bedford**
Funeral Services
Mortley Bedford.ca/Condolences

CORINNE MC LUHAN
(born Corinne Lewis)

— April 11, 1912- April 4, 2008, died peacefully of natural causes at her home in Wychwood Park surrounded by her family. She was the beloved and loving wife and confidante of the late Marshall McLuhan (1980); dear sister of the late Carolyn Lewis Weinman (1996); devoted and loving mother of Eric (Sabina Ellis), Mary, Teri, Stephanie (Niels Ortyed), Elizabeth (Don Myers), and Michael (Danuta Valteau); proud grandmother of Jennifer Colton Theut, Emily McLuhan Boms, Anna and Andrew McLuhan, Claire and Madeleine McLuhan Myers, Arthur, Mark, and Gwendolyn McLuhan; and great-grandmother of Olivia, Charlotte, and Gillian.

Corinne was known for her beauty, grace, intelligence, wit, and Southern charm. She embraced life fully and enjoyed many rich experiences and wonderful friendships along the way. Born in Fort Worth, Texas, Corinne proudly remained an American all her life. She graduated from Texas Christian University and went on to do graduate work in theatre at the leading drama school of the day, Pasadena Playhouse in Pasadena, California. It was there that she met her future husband, Marshall McLuhan, a graduate student at Cambridge University in England, who had travelled to Pasadena to visit his mother, a drama coach at the Playhouse.

The family wishes to extend its heartfelt thanks to Dr. Wendy Brown, for her years of unflagging and tender care, and to special caregivers Sally, Bona, Tasie, Amy, and particularly Cynthia, who has stayed at Corinne's side day and night for the last four years.

There will be a funeral mass at Holy Rosary Church, 354 St. Clair Avenue West on Monday April 7 at 1:30 PM.

CAMPBELL, Mona Louise
1919-2008. — It is with great sadness, but with a deep sense of appreciation for an extremely full life, that Mona's children John Band, Sarah Band, and Vicki Macrae, announce her death, at her home in Aiken, South Carolina.

The daughter of the late F. K. and Edna L. Morrow, Mona was predeceased by her beloved husband Lt. Col. K. L. Campbell.

Fondly remembered by John's wife Teri, Vicki's husband Rick Clarke, grandchildren, Ashlynn (Dave) Lowe, Courtney Band, Matthew Band, Zoe Band, great-granddaughter Madyn, and her most loyal friends Rufus and Roxie.

In Mona's memory, the family asks that you plant a tree, adopt a dog, or make a generous donation to your favourite charity.

A family service has taken place.

G+M, June 7/08

Poem by Murray Wilton (#26), March 26, 1984. Erika Leu was
the long-time occupant of the third floor apartment at #28.

ERIKA

I picked up Erika, our neighbour's housekeeper,
In her neat blue Salvation Army uniform
And drove fifteen miles to her meeting place.
I was going to a breakfast party at my son's flat:
Erika's journey was in the same direction.

I left Erika at her destination
And watched her mount the steps to the new Temple
Which has replaced the old one on Wychwood Avenue.
Years ago I had encountered the Wychwood band
Walking silently along a dark street near our home -
Simple folk who might have been in Manchester or Liverpool.
Right out of Victorian England they seemed,
A compact squad of God's militiamen and women
Route marching for His Kingdom.
For a moment the street became gas-lit dimly,
Taverns lined the walkways,
Drunken men and lewd women leered and stumbled
While the Salvation Army, with trumpets and tambourines,
Works and words of faith, to the confusion of other clergy,
Rescued the perishing in Darkest England,
And converted them to their Lord.

Annual Meeting

PARK TRAFFIC

April 29, 1957.

It was unanimously decided to continue employment of a man to close the upper gate at the morning rush hour, and the lower gate at the evening rush hour at an annual levy of \$5.00 per property-owner. Mr. Hanley offered (#28) to provide stickers for the cars of residents to facilitate the job of the gateman. Mr. Gilchrist said he was tired of the continual talk of maintaining the privacy of the Park, but that he would gladly serve on any committee which would attempt to have the south gate permanently closed.

Mr. Brown felt that the legal situation should be re-investigated. He agreed to head a committee for this purpose. The following were nominated members of this committee: Mr. D.W. Ambridge, J.S. Dinnick, J. Gilchrist, Willson Woodside.

PARK TAX RATE

Mr. R.E. Pack moved, seconded by Mr. L.C. Bonnycastle that the Tax Rate for the year 1957-58 on the city assessed land values of each property be set at 10 mills on the dollar plus 3 mills for the road surfacing.

DOGS

Mr. Hanley asked that owners make more effort to stop their dogs barking, especially at night, when residents were disturbed trying to sleep.

Mr. J.G. Johnston moved a vote of thanks to Mr. & Mrs. Moffat Woodside, (#22) the host and hostess, for their kind hospitality which added greatly to the enjoyment of the evening.

The Meeting then adjourned.

SHE WAS MARSHALL McLuhan's great love ardent defender, supporter and critic

An aspiring actress from a privileged Texas family, she was swept off her feet by a young Canadian academic who would lay the cornerstone of modern media theory. She later edited his first big book

Globe and Mail Apr 19/08

BY LISA FITTERMAN

When she was young, Corinne Lewis McLuhan won a Mary Pickford look-alike contest, but woe befell any person who assumed that there wasn't much more to her than masses of dark hair, a wide smile and a disarming southern drawl. For Mrs. McLuhan, actress, English teacher and wife to the unbending, irascible and brilliant Marshall, looks were just the medium in which she packaged a sharp intellect, a steely will and enough spirit to elope with a man who did not impress her upon first introduction.

"He was six-feet, two-inches, thin, with a little moustache," she once told a television interviewer. "He was very self-contained and very British, all with this peculiar Canadian accent. I thought he was the strangest duck I'd ever met!"

No one in her family, at least, ever envisioned her, a southern belle from Fort Worth, Tex., falling in mad love with a skinny, awkward academic from Edmonton with a penchant for poetry. After all, she was a direct descendant of one of Fort Worth's founders, while her great-grandfather had been the state's first carriage manufacturer and her own father, Charles Wallace Lewis, provided a more-than-comfortable living for his family as the chief financial officer of the local Swift & Company packing plant. From her father, young Corinne learned to how to shoot and hunt, while her mother, the feisty Corinne Keller Lewis, raised her and older sister, Carolyn, in the tradition of the Daughters of the American Revolution, complete with its motto of "God, Home and Country."

In this rarefied world, scholastic excellence was lauded, as was churchgoing and the pursuit of hobbies such as theatre. In high school, young Corinne was always a top student but she was also a key member of the drama club called the Vagabond Players, both directing and performing in plays such as *Seven Keys to Baldpate*, a whodunit by George M. Cohan for which the tagline was "Mystery writer and blonde ... too scared to kiss ... in mansion of fear!" In *The Constant Wife*, an extramarital farce by W. Somerset Maugham, she played Martha Culver, a prickly, cynical spinster who doesn't trust men one bit.

After graduating from high school in 1930, she was offered scholarships to several universities elsewhere in Texas, but



Marshall and Corinne McLuhan at home in Toronto in 1976. Earlier, during their courtship in California, they would drive to the countryside to lie on the grass and read poetry to each other.

Corinne, below, in 1939. McLuhan family photos



He was very self-contained and very British, all with this peculiar Canadian accent. I thought he was the strangest duck I'd ever met!

Corinne McLuhan on Marshall McLuhan

her parents pressed her to remain in Fort Worth, where she attended Texas Christian University, completing a degree in general arts and pursuing her interest in drama. She also won poetry-recitation contests and honed her talent for public speaking.

Throughout, she had any number of gentleman callers, but she wasn't at all interested in living what she knew for the rest of her life. Rather, she decided to pursue her dramatic studies further, ending up in Pasadena, California, which

had a well-regarded theatre school. There, a meeting with a teacher would change her life forever: Elsie McLuhan, Marshall's mother and a force in her own right, had arrived to run a class after directing at a theatre in Detroit. At once, she decided the younger woman was the perfect match for her intellectual son, who was coming to visit her.

"She told me he was very handsome," Mrs. McLuhan recalled in a CBC radio documentary. "She invited me over a lot and generally promoted our togetherness."

As part of their courtship, he would pick her up in Pasadena and drive to the countryside, where they'd lie on the grass and read poetry to each other. They hadn't been going together for very long when Marshall, who was working on his master's degree at Cambridge University, had to go back. He proposed marriage. She responded by suggesting that they write to each other for a while first. "But no, he wanted me to go with him or forget about it," she would say in another documentary about her husband. "I wasn't used to this kind of treatment. What made this man tick?"

In the end, she said yes. On Aug. 4, 1939, they tied the knot; she telegraphed her family the news only after the deed was done. "Mother knew they'd never accept him," said Stephanie McLuhan, the fourth of the couple's six children. "Her family never particularly accepted him. Texas and

Canada are still pretty different."

The newlyweds honeymooned in prewar Venice, sailing through the canals with gondoliers singing at the tops of their voices — until they descended one morning from their hotel room to learn that war appeared imminent. Their next stop was Paris, but they soon felt compelled to leave there, too; as Mrs. McLuhan quickly packed, her husband ventured out to get provisions.

"He came with a bottle of Benedictine and a basket of pastries," she recalled in the same documentary. "We took the last train out of Paris and a boat across the Channel, which was crammed to the gills. We were the only ones with any food or drink on hand. We arrived in London the night before the war was declared, and then went down to Cambridge where we stayed for the year."

He got his master's in January, 1940, and though he would begin his doctoral dissertation soon after, the outbreak of war led the university to grant him permission to complete it in North America; it would be granted three years later without him having to travel back to make a defence. The couple sailed for the United States, stopping in St. Louis for a year because he had to work at a local university.

In 1944, they moved to Windsor, Ont., where Dr. McLuhan taught at Assumption College. Two years later, he joined the faculty at St. Michael's College in Toronto. In the 1950s, he began to give the Communication and Culture seminars that would lead to the establishment, in 1963, of the Centre for Culture and Technology; the university did so because, by then, Dr. McLuhan was so famous he was receiving tempting offers from other institutions.

Mrs. McLuhan was her husband's most ardent defender, fan, critic, editor and love. A staunch patriot, an even stauncher faith in God (like Dr. McLuhan, she was a convert to Catholicism) and an impish sense of fun would help guide her throughout her life, through the raising of six children and through the leaner years before her husband gained renown. She never renounced her U.S. citizenship and prayed regularly, while author B. W. Powe, who first met her in 1978 at a Christmas party at the McLuhan home in Toronto's tony Wychwood Park, recalls that she was in the kitchen, spiking the punch with lots of alcohol.

"She poured and sang," Mr. Powe wrote in an e-mail. "You must picture her: tall, elegant, with a Texan drawl and that bright, broad smile, much laughter in her face. There she was, singing and pouring in the alcohol so that we, Marshall's grads, would no doubt happily reel out into the good Christmas night."

The McLuhans were devoted parents, although Stephanie McLuhan speculates that her mother's experience as a stage director must have helped, for it was she who did most of the day-to-day raising of her and her siblings, of listening, disciplining, bandaging and counselling. Her husband may have popularized terms and phrases such as "global village" and "the medium is the message" but he was stymied by the sheer noise of children, sometimes even retreating to a table in the backyard when weather permitted so he could work in peace and quiet.

"They expected us to excel," said Stephanie, who now runs the Canada Institute program for the Washington, D.C.-based Woodrow Wilson International Center for Scholars. "Mom was a voracious reader and a real confidante to my father. She edited his first major book, *The Gutenberg Galaxy*. Dad was a stellar verbal person but when he sat down to write, he needed help."

"They had a real partnership in addition to marriage," she continued. "Dad just adored her."

In 1979, Dr. McLuhan suffered a stroke that robbed him of his ability to speak, read and write. While it broke his wife's heart that they couldn't continue the intellectual discussions they'd been having ever since they first met, they continued with their regular walks around Wychwood Park. She would guide him and he'd stay fast by her side — just like it had always been.

CORINNE MC LUHAN

Corinne Lewis McLuhan was born Apr. 11, 1912, in Fort Worth, Tex. She died Apr. 4, 2008, of natural causes at her home in Toronto. She was 95. She leaves her children: Eric, Mary, Teri, Stephanie, Elizabeth and Michael. She also leaves grandchildren Jennifer Collon Thuel, Emily McLuhan Boms, Anna and Andrew McLuhan, Claire and Madeleine McLuhan Myers and Arthur, Mark and Gwendolyn McLuhan, and her great-grandchildren, Olivia, Charlotte and Gillian.

Special to The Globe and Mail

G + M, May 23/08

The Wychwood Park dwelling overlooking Taddle Creek that was once owned by the prophet of the information age was an inspiration in itself, his daughter says. It's now for sale *SOLD*.

The world did beat a path to our door," says Elizabeth McLuhan.

That door was the entry to 3 Wychwood Park in Toronto, where Marshall McLuhan convened with politicians, intellectuals and luminaries from around the world. The celebrated University of Toronto professor was also a family man who lived with daughter Elizabeth and her five brothers and sister in the large, white house overlooking Taddle Creek pond.

Her parents bought the property in 1968 and it was Mr. McLuhan's home until he died in 1980, at the age of 69. His widow, Corinne Lewis McLuhan, lived in the home until her death last month at the age of 95.

Now the landmark home that provided both shelter and inspiration for one of Canada's most celebrated academic and visionary thinkers is on the market.

"The house itself is full of thoughts," says Ms. McLuhan. "It really was an inspiration - the house itself."

No. 3 is set deep in Wychwood Park, a pastoral 22 acres in central Toronto that was conceived as an artists' colony in the early 1900s.

» "Dad preferred to do his work at home," recalls Ms. McLuhan. Inevitably, colleagues, students

and visitors made their way to Wychwood Park.

Mr. McLuhan was friend to Prime Minister Pierre Elliott Trudeau and feted by such writers as Tom Wolfe and W.H. Auden. He is such a reference point in popular culture that he appeared as himself in the classic Woody Allen film *Annie Hall*.

And while his seminal works such as *Understanding Media* and *The Gutenberg Galaxy* introduced such axioms as "the medium is the message" and the phrase "the global village" to the world, the leading prophet of the information age preferred to work in the bucolic setting of the park.

"He called it Walden II," says Ms. McLuhan, who adds that her father was never much of a "high-tech guy."

He also never drove a car. "Mother drove him around," she says.

Ms. McLuhan is not inclined to drop the names of famous visitors. But she says the house was a wonderful place to entertain and her father loved to socialize.

"So many things really did occur over the dining room table."

Great discussions took place and naturally just moved outside to the lovely stone terrace, she adds. After dinner, the family and guests would walk around the entire park.

"Anybody who came to visit had a tour of the park," says Ms. McLuhan. "Nobody left without a walk around."

Her father was born in Edmonton in 1911 and educated at Cambridge University. He taught at universities in the United States before returning to Canada. The family moved to Wychwood Park in 1968.

The house at No. 3 was designed by prominent architect Eden Smith, who built his own home at No. 5.

Many of the private and public buildings rising in Toronto in the opening years of the last century were the work of Eden Smith & Sons Architects. The Beaches, High Park and Wychwood public library branches are all the work of Mr. Smith.

He often designed houses to take full advantage of the grounds and garden, in keeping with the arts and crafts school led by Briton William Morris. "The whole park was meant to look like a painting - a 19th-century painting," says Ms. McLuhan.

Today the neighbourhood is protected as a heritage conservation district. Because no fences separate the properties or clutter the view, the beauty of the landscape is maintained, she points out.

Ms. McLuhan, who is director of Regina's Dunlop Art Gallery, figures her affinity for the arts stemmed from the influ-

ence of Wychwood Park and the artists who congregated there, including her father's friend York Wilson, who lived nearby.

Today the park is privately owned in trust and the people who live there contribute financially to its upkeep. In turn, residents share tennis courts and arrange lessons for the neighbourhood children.

No. 3 is listed for sale with Janet Lindsay of Chestnut Park Real Estate Ltd. The asking price is \$2.5-million.

Many of the original elements of the McLuhan house remain untouched. The original hardware still latches the windows, for example, and the wood in the oak-panelled living room and adjoining alcove have never been painted.

Ms. Lindsay notes that new owners will need to be sensitive to the house's history because the enclave is a heritage district. Future owners, she says, may want to update or reconfigure the interior. ("I think somebody would love to expand the kitchen.")

"The city is doing a good job of preserving the character of some of these neighbourhoods rather than have them turn into something completely new," Ms. Lindsay says.

She adds that the views from the home's upstairs windows makes it feel like you are "living in a forest."

Ms. McLuhan says she and

her siblings were entering young adulthood by the time her parents bought the house, but each had their own bedroom when they were there.

"Every window has a different view," she says. "We all had our favourite windows."

She recalls that her father was a famous early riser who enjoyed the peacefulness of the half-acre of grounds and the surrounding park. "There was such a stillness."

Her father, she adds, loved the wood-panelled living room. But he spread out throughout the house.

"It was such a ... warm place. It was if everywhere he worked, he turned into his study," she says. "Mother used to lament the fact that he used to do his work lying on the sofa with all of his papers around him."

In summer months, Wychwood Park stayed cooler than other parts of the city because of all the trees and gardens. It was unthinkable to have a cottage given that setting, says Ms. McLuhan. And although her father travelled around the world in his career, he preferred to spend his time at home.

"Dad never wanted to go away," she says. "Nobody could imagine wanting to go anywhere else. It's so conducive to a sense of well-being."

When Yonge was a toll road

Star, March 24/08

Restored building hearkens back to mid-1800s when collecting cash could be downright dangerous

ADAM MAYERS
STAFF REPORTER

Few people driving along Davenport Rd. near Bathurst St. spare a thought for the small building sitting on the north side of the road in Davenport Square Park.

More than 150 years ago, they would have been flagged down and forced to stop, because it was one of several places along Davenport where travellers were required to pay a toll.

The cottage that sits in the park has been restored over the past few years by a community group and with luck should be open this summer as a museum. It stands as a reminder that when it comes to tax collection, what's old is new again.

A few weeks ago, a volunteer blue-ribbon panel looking at ways to put Toronto on a better financial footing raised the idea of road tolls on the Don Valley Parkway, Gardiner Expressway and 400-series highways. The panel figured tolls could raise \$700 million a year that could be used to improve transit. Premier Dalton McGuinty and Transportation Minister Jim Bradley were quick to say they're happy to help out with transit, but dead set against the idea of tolls.

In the mid-1800s, McGuinty's predecessors leaned the other way. As Upper Canada grew and York became bustling Toronto, the colonial administration had a limited tax base and a vast area to administer open to settlement. So they looked to private enterprise to build and maintain roads. Firms bid for contracts to build sections of thoroughfare, paid a fee to the gov-

ernment and recouped their investment through the tolls.

One prized stretch was along Davenport, which had been part of an Indian trail linking the Humber and Don rivers. Fur traders later used the route and the trail eventually became a rough road. By 1840, the 13-kilometre road between the two rivers had five tollgates. Other toll roads in and out of the city included Yonge, Dundas and Bloor Sts.

The Community History Project has restored the third tollgate along Davenport.

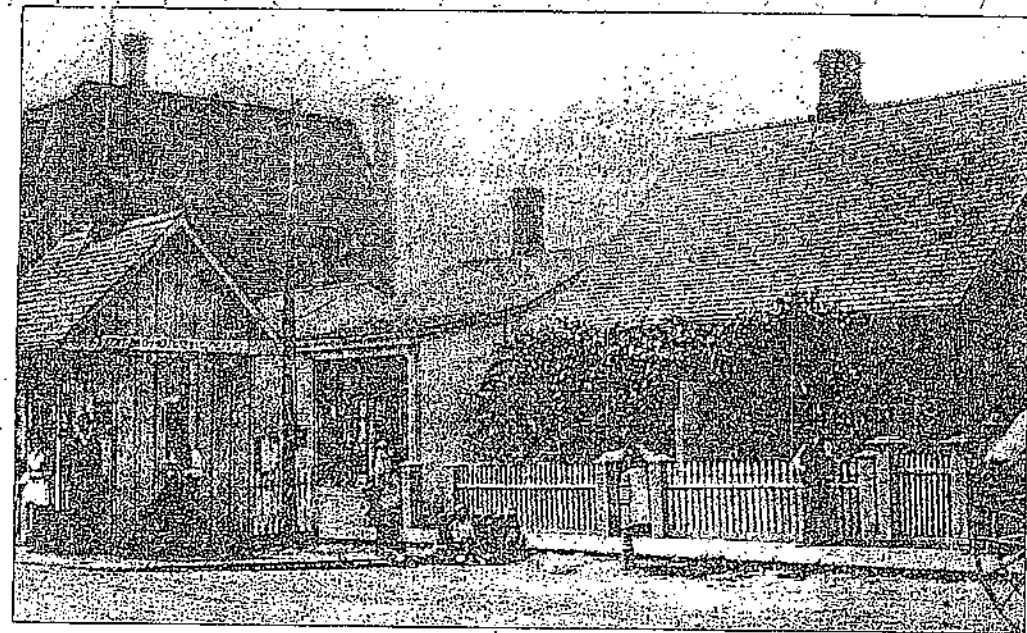
Jane Beecroft, the group's president, says paying tolls was as unpopular then as now. For the toll keeper, the task of collecting the cash could be everything from chal-

Poorly paid toll keepers often bore the brunt of travellers' anger

lenging to downright dangerous. Travellers would try to get off the road and use side streets to get around the gate, creep by in the dead of night, or when caught just refuse to pay.

Often, they were persuaded by other means, which sometimes brought both parties to court. Local historian Ross Robertson noted that as a rule the toll keeper settled his own quarrels "as neither he nor his employers had much liking for police court proceedings."

Beecroft says the toll keepers were poorly paid and lived with their



An 1870s toll gate is seen on Yonge St., at Marlborough Ave., just north of Roxborough St. Yonge was one of many streets in and out of the city, including Davenport Rd., Dundas and Bloor Sts., that had tollgates in the mid-1800s.

METRO REFERENCE LIBRARY

families in the tiny cottages, bearing the brunt of anger that should have been directed at the owners of the road.

"There was one tollgate that was burned down five times," she says.

The last of the city tollgates was removed in 1895, and it wasn't until a century later, during a recession, that NDP Premier Bob Rae brought the idea back. He approved the construction of Highway 407, letting a consortium build and maintain it, in exchange for the tolls.

In 1999, Conservative Premier Mike Harris gave the group a 99-year lease in exchange for \$3.1 billion. Two years ago, Premier McGuinty unsuccessfully sued to wrest control of the highway back in public hands.

Today the 407 ETR owners charge, on average, 19 cents per kilometre to drive the highway. In 1851, the Gore and Vaughan Plank Rd. charged 6 pence for every vehicle drawn by two horses. Cut the horsepower in half, and a single horse and cart was 3 pence. If you travelled on foot with up to 20 cattle or sheep, it cost just a penny.

amayers@thestar.ca

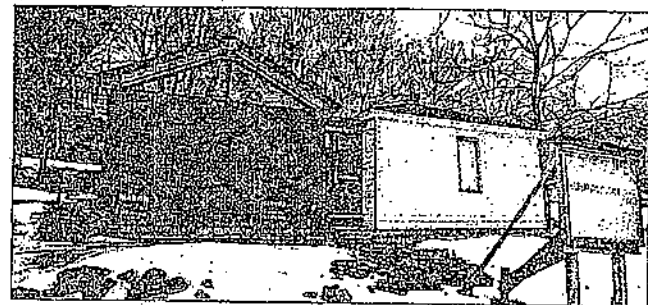
TOLL KEEPER SLEPT HERE

The toll keeper's cottage at Davenport Rd. and Bathurst St. was probably built in the early 1830s and moved there sometime later. When the city abandoned toll roads in the 1890s, the cottage was moved and ended up a few blocks away as part of a house on upper Howland Ave.

The house was to be demolished in 1993 for a new building, and a neighbour who knew about the cottage's history contacted the Community History Project, a local volunteer group.

Underneath siding and seven layers of shingles lay the original building, and CHP bought the cottage from the developer for \$1 on condition they remove it. The TTC later agreed to store it at its Wychwood Streetcar Barns site. The city has designated the building historic and allowed the group to put the cottage in the park.

Jane Beecroft, president of CHP, says an army of volunteers has spent thousands of hours restoring the cottage, though the fundraising goal is still \$50,000 short.



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If you are in the area,

why not drop in and see us!



At the LCRD.

HISTORY OF YOUR HOUSE, by Albert Fulton, 96 Wychwood Park, February 1994.

Many of us have realized for a long time that there are some errors in The Green Book regarding dates of construction of the houses and the original owners and occupants. This winter's project has been a search of the assessment rolls in an attempt to draw up a more accurate list.

The assessment rolls are more precise than the city directories or voters lists as the city tax collectors have a vested interest in keeping these records up to date. Frequently a lot will be listed as vacant one year, having an unfinished house the next year, and having a full assessment the third year. In these cases, the second year is the one I have taken as the year of construction and the third as the first year of occupancy. If you have any records such as a deed, survey, mortgage, etc., or personal recollections which suggest otherwise, please advise me so that I can make further revisions. The mathematical portion of this year's Park Puzzle can use a new set of numbers!

During my sweep back through the assessment rolls, I recorded the changes in occupancy at each address as they occurred, and hence I have a list of the successive families in each house. If you would like a copy of the list for your house, let me know.

Since the earliest existing York Township assessment book is for 1881, I was unable to trace #6 and #22 back to their beginnings. If 1874 and 1877 are correct, they are probably construction, rather than occupancy, years. In 1881, #6 was owned by Marmaduke Matthews, an Anglican artist, with 10 acres having a total assessment of \$5000 including land and buildings, 8 residents including children and servants, 1 dog, 1 horse, 1 cow, 2 acres of orchard and garden, and 1 acre of swamp. #22 was owned by Alexander Jardine, a Presbyterian merchant, with 10 acres assessed at \$4000, 6 residents, 1 dog, 1 horse, 1 cow, and 3 acres of orchard.

I also discovered interesting information about the families who lived in the former houses on the lots for #16 and #80. The last resident at old #16 was the Anglican widow Maud Kensington, with 5 residents in 1909, the year that the present house was listed as unfinished. Judging from Goad's Atlases, her house was probably slightly north of the present building and was possibly torn down as the new one was being built. A previous family of 6 was headed by the Roman Catholic leather worker John Mullrooney Jr., who knew the correct spelling of his surname! At #80 the last family, of 9 plus 1 dog, was that of the Anglican carpenter James E. P. Kemp, born in 1846. His son Albert was a painter (not an artist), and son Charles was a woodworking machinist. Possibly these gentlemen worked on the new homes being built in the Park. This house was last listed in 1909, and the new house was unfinished in 1910. Since Goad's Atlases show the 2 houses in approximately the same location, the old one was probably torn down before the new one was started. Let me know if you remember!

The original owner of some of the lots and houses was William B. Raymond, c/o Union Trust, 174 Bay St., or Union Trust, c/o W. B. Raymond. Mr. Raymond was a law partner of E.E.A. DuVernet, the original owner of #16. Mr. DuVernet was a vice president of Union Trust and a director of Union Bank.

The dates of birth given in the assessment rolls sometimes vary a bit from year to year, and I usually stick with the last given date, which is the first one I encounter going backwards. Can you follow this? Do you care? Anyway, please advise me if you know that any of the dates of birth and death are wrong, or if you know any of the missing dates, especially of the women whose dates of birth the assessors were too polite to ask. The R number is the total number of residents in the house.

YEAR OF CONSTRUCTION, ORIGINAL OWNERS AND OCCUPANTS

- 2 1926 vacant lot, 1927-29 vacant house, Cyrilda M. Goodman (at #6) owner
Edward R. Dewart (1871-) tenant R9, 1930
- 3 1913 Eden & Annie Smith (at #5) owners
Son Harry Eden Smith R3, tenant for 1914 only
- 4 1912 Ambrose K. Goodman (1863-1919) & Cyrilda M. (Matthews) Goodman R8
- 4A 1953 Charles E. Murray (1901-) & Margaret V. Murray (1904-) R3
- 5 1907 Eden Smith (1858-1949) & Annie E. Smith R5
- 6 1874 Marmaduke Matthews (1837-1913) & Cyrilda J. (Bernard) Matthews (-1931) R8
- 6A 1922 George M. Gilchrist (1887-1979) & Margaret (Edgar) Gilchrist (1887-1970) R6
- 6B 1953 Ernest C. Bogart Jr. (1927-) & Marie Bogart (1927-) R5
- 6C 1954 Stanley Mitchell (1904-) & Susan Mitchell (1907-) R5
- 7 1911 George A. Howell (1872-1923) & Lucy K. Howell R4
- 8 1918 Michael H. Murphy (1887-) & Marguerite Murphy R6
- 9 1918 Austin T. Crowther (1892-) & Kate R. Crowther R6
- 10 1919 Dr. W. Harper Nelson (1889-1945) & Ethel M. (Falaize) Nelson R6
- 12 1918 Elizabeth Douglas, widow R3
- 14 1919 Annie Bentley, widow R3
- 15 1908 Gustav Hahn (1866-1962) & Ellen (Smith) Hahn R5
- 16 1909 Ernest E. A. DuVernet (1866-1915) & Julia S. (Marling) DuVernet R3
- 17 1910 Saxon F. Shenstone (1876-1915) & Kitty A. Shenstone R8
- 18 1920 Walter B. Peace R5
- 19 1912 Charles Trick Currelly (1875-1957) & Mary N. Currelly R9
- 20 1919 Florence E. Withrow, spinster R3
- 22 1877 Alexander Jardine (1837-1899) & Agnes (Litster) Jardine (-1900) R6
- 24 1927 Lucy K. Howell (1878-1954) widow R2
- 26 1921 Newton Wylie (1893-1938) & Judith (Pole) Wylie R9
- 28 1921 John E. Goldring (1883-) & Robina Goldring R4
- 29 Alcina 1920 Mary E. Wrinch (1877-1969) & sister Agnes M. Wrinch (-1949) R3
- 30 1922 Alexander C. Batten (1866-1936) & Bertha L. Batten R3
- 32 1921 J. Peers Wilson (1883-) & Margaret M. Wilson R4
- 34 1922 Niven B. Sivers (1879-) & Winnifred Sivers R3
- 36 1919 Carlton L. Angstrom (1891-) & Hazel Angstrom R3
- 38 1921 Samuel Hisey (1884-) R3
- 40 1921 John H. Wickson (1880-) & Eva Wickson R3
- 41 Alcina 1955 R. York Wilson (1907-1984) & Lela M. Wilson R6
- 42 1921 William C. Ferguson (1869-1944) & Gertrude (Sutton) Ferguson R3
- 44 1917 James M. Greenwood (1878-) & Florence V. Greenwood R2
- 45 1910 Michael Chapman (1881-1918) & Lillian (Mackintosh) Chapman R5
- 46 1988 Federico Allodi & Helen Ross
- 48 1988 Ronald & Pamela Jones
- 49 1910 Eric T. Owen (1882-1948) & Elsie U. (Maclean) Owen (1882-1956) R8
- 50 1988 Abbey & Carole Lipson
- 54 1920 Ramsay G. Stewart (1884-) & Madeline Stewart (1890-1958) R4
- 56 1919 Dr. John J. Mackenzie (1865-1922) & Agnes K. (Rogers) Mackenzie R3
- 67 1912 Dr. Edmund M. Walker (1877-1969) & Eleanora (Walzel) Walker (-1941) R6
- 69 1911 Mary E. Wrinch (1877-1969) & sister Agnes M. Wrinch (-1949) R3
- 77 1914 George G. Burnett (1866-1916) R3
- 78 1989 Mladen & Gabriele Mekinda
- 80 1910 Harry H. Love & Eva (Gage) Love R6
- 81 1907 Union Trust, owner until 1910. George A. Reid (1860-1947), tenant R4, 1908-10,
owner 1911-47, & Mary A. (Hiester) Reid (1854-1921) R4
- 82 1916 Sir William J. Gage (1850-1920) & Lady Ina (Burnside) Gage R5

83 1924 George & Mary Reid (at #81) owners
 George T. Hamilton (1883-) R2, tenant 1924
 84 1926 Carson McCormack (1889-1945) & Gladys (Gage) McCormack R6
 87 1924 George & Mary Reid (at #81) owners
 Herbert H. Stansfield (1880-) & Hepzibah Stansfield R2, tenants 1924
 88 1990 Joseph Oliver
 90 1928 George M. Anderson, 408 Dupont St., owner
 90 Lorne F. Webster R4, tenant 1929
 92 Alfred J. Gillies R5, tenant 1928
 91 1913-14 Alan Sullivan (1868-1947) & Elizabeth Sullivan R10
 94 1928 George M. Anderson, owner. Also owner of the identical duplex at
 57 Burnside Dr., back to back with #90/92.
 94 Lillian Ainslie R4, tenant 1929
 96 Orval D. Vaughan R3, tenant 1929
 97 1913 Union Trust, owner. Ralph Eden Smith R5, tenant for 1914 only
 Alfred Shann (1852-), owner 1915-1933
 98 1928 George M. Anderson, owner
 Lower: Jean Dean R3, tenant 1928
 Upper: Alfred E. Halverson R5, tenant 1929
 100 1927 Herbert C. Barber (1885-1962) & Ethel M. Barber R7, garage 1932
 106 1953 John T. Symons (1908-1984) & Marion L. Symons R4
 108 1929 Robert C. Clarkson & Dorothy F. Clarkson R7
 110 1952 Nicholas Fodor (1903-1988) & Gretl (Trier) Fodor R5