

# NEWS views

The Quarterly Newsletter of the Simcoe County Historical Association

Vol. 48, No. 3

[www.simcoecountyhistory.ca](http://www.simcoecountyhistory.ca) [Facebook](#) [Twitter](#) [news@simcoecountyhistory.ca](mailto:news@simcoecountyhistory.ca)

## President's Report

I hope this Newsletter finds you all well during these difficult times. The Simcoe County Historical Association has been meeting via Zoom since the Spring. We even had our AGM by Zoom in July. We are learning as we go. We are attempting to keep connected as an Executive in this way.

We want to see SCHA continue to work to protect and record our history. We decided that we should look at this pandemic as an opportunity to connect with our group membership. So we organized a Zoom Meeting on November 17<sup>th</sup> and invited our member societies and associations. Although not everyone was able to attend remotely, we had a good meeting.

Many of our organizations, because Simcoe County is such a large area, have not been able to attend our meetings on a con-

sistent basis. This is especially true in the winter months. Even our Executive stopped meeting from November to April. This has made it difficult to develop on going relationships and programs. This tells us that meeting by Zoom could be how we meet even after Covid 19 has disappeared.

Seven groups were represented at the meeting. We are still hoping to connect with more groups around the County. Some are not our members but have been in the past. Each group introduced themselves and gave a short outline of what their goals were. We discussed how Covid has caused problems for each organization and we found that many of the difficulties were common to us all. SCHA reminded everyone how we could help through our newsletter and website to name

just two ways.

It was agreed to Zoom again in the New Year to try to develop programs that we can all join in. Please contact me by phone or e-mail if your group would like to be part of this new initiative. We can let the pandemic get us down and prevent us from continuing to protect and record our common history or we can join together to continue our work. We are all stronger when we become partners in history.

Individual members and member museums are encouraged to join us as we zoom into the future. There is a great deal that we all have in common. History is in the telling of our stories!

Merry Covid Christmas and hopefully a better year in 2021

Ted Duncan, SCHA President

## Simcoe County Historical Association Executive

Ted Duncan, President  
Mark Fisher, Vice President  
Donna Wice, Secretary  
John Merritt

[president@simcoecountyhistory.ca](mailto:president@simcoecountyhistory.ca) 705-326-9809  
[mwfisher2@hotmail.com](mailto:mwfisher2@hotmail.com) 705-728-3825  
[mdwice@sympatico.ca](mailto:mdwice@sympatico.ca) 705-436-2578  
For membership information, contact:  
[membership@simcoecountyhistory.ca](mailto:membership@simcoecountyhistory.ca)



Preserving the Past,  
in the Present,  
for the Future.

*The SCHA acknowledges the financial support of the Government of Ontario through the Ministry of Culture.*



## Franklin Carmichael Connection by Ted Duncan

Franklin Carmichael's (one of the Group of Seven) connection to Orillia and area is well documented, but it is interesting that there can always be something new to discover. My friend Murray Mulvihill and I completed a photo project for the Ramara Historical Society during the Fall 2018 to the Spring 2019 of about 300 barns still standing in the Township. We called for people who live or have lived in Ramara to contact us about old family pictures they may have of barns that are gone. I received a letter from Elizabeth Agnew Ritchey with pictures of her family farm at County Road 169 and Rama Road and lately known as Hinton Antiques.

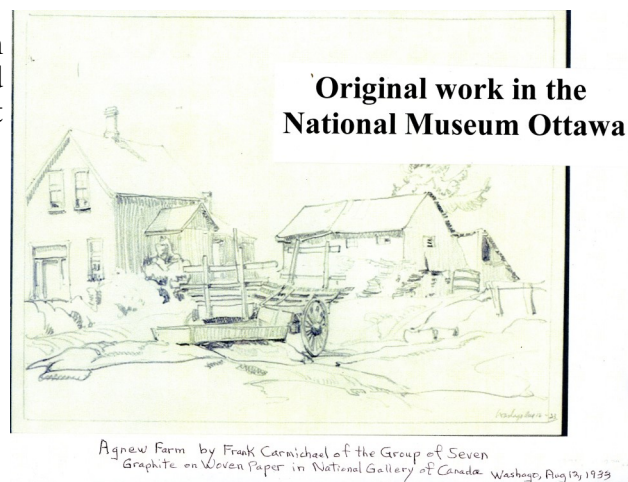
Her Great Grandfather moved there in the late 1800s to become the Village Blacksmith. She lives in Virginia and teaches at a university there.

The interesting thing is that she also had copies of sketches of her family farm made by Franklin Carmichael in 1933. The originals are housed in the National Gallery in Ottawa.



She asked if I was interested in having copies? Well yes, and here we have one.

Her cousin lives in Orillia and volunteers at OMAH.



---

**Renew your SCHA Membership Today!**

**It's time to pay for 2021!**

You can renew your membership using one of the following ways:

Pay by PayPal – payments may be sent to [info@simcoecountyhistory.ca](mailto:info@simcoecountyhistory.ca)

Pay by Credit Card online - <https://www.simcoecountyhistory.ca/memberships/>

Pay by Credit Card over the phone – please email us at [info@simcoecountyhistory.ca](mailto:info@simcoecountyhistory.ca)

Pay by Cheque: download our form and return by mail -

<https://www.simcoecountyhistory.ca/memberships/>

## Tudhope: A Small Family With Big Dreams by Mary Harris, Barrie Historical Archive

I have 3 co-workers who are related to each other; Tracey, her daughter and her niece. Their roots run deep in Simcoe County and are mostly centred around the Town of Elmvalle. Recently, Tracey asked me to take a quick look at their family tree and now I have 3 new distant cousins!

The chances seemed unlikely. Tracey's ancestors have been living in this country for the better part of 200 years while I am an immigrant who only sailed into the Port of Montreal in 1967.

Having a rare surname in a family tree certainly helps though. In fact, I knew we had to be related as soon as I saw the name of Tracey's third great grandmother, Margaret Tudhope.

If the Tudhope name rather sounds familiar, it should. This unique surname comes from only one place – the small village of Lesmahagow, in the county of Lanarkshire in Lowland Scotland and it is extremely well known in Simcoe County, particularly in the vicinity of Orillia.

In 1831, a group of some 50 people arrived in Canada with an organization called the Lesmahagow Emigration Society. The leader of that group was James Tudhope. His family included his wife, Christian Brockett, and their 8 children. Their daughter, Margaret Black, and her husband, James Black, were Tracey's great great grandparents.

But it was Margaret's brother, William Brockett Tudhope, who started out as a blacksmith and progressed to wagon and carriage maker, who set in motion the career path that would help put the Tudhope name on the map in Simcoe County.

William Brockett Tudhope married Mary Reid in Oro Township in 1857. The eldest of their ten children, James Brockett Tudhope, was born there the following year. James B. Tudhope started out as a school teacher in Orillia but joined his father's carriage company in the 1880s. In the early part of the 20th century, James B. Tudhope wore many hats – Mayor of Orillia, M.P.P., M.P., member of the Orillia Water and Lights Commission and, of course, founder of the Tudhope Motor Company which produced cars in Orillia.

The name is still very prominent today. The former Tudhope Motor Company factory, known as the Tudhope Building, now houses Orillia City Hall. Tudhope Park, on Lake Couchiching, is a 65-acre park located on land donated by the Tudhope family.



My own connection to the Tudhopes is my fifth great grandmother, Marion Tudhope, who was born around 1749 and is buried at Lesmahagow Cemetery where many of Margaret Tudhope's ancestors lie. Our exact connection eludes me so far but Tracey and I are likely 6th or 7th cousins, or thereabouts.



The variations in spelling, as we travel backwards through time into the 1600s, complicate the search. The current spelling is one that was settled upon in more modern times but previous generations used Tytop, Tutop, Todhop and other forms of the surname.

Todhop may give a clue as to the origin of the name. When surnames arose in Lowland Scotland near the time of the 12th century, most were either patronymic (a male ancestor's name), such as Johnson, occupational, such as

Baker, or geographical like Hill.

In the Scots language of the Lowland people, a tod is a fox and a hop/hope is a small valley. In cen-

turies past, the forebears of the Tudhopes may have originated in a valley where foxes were common. This prominent Simcoe County family has come a long way from their rustic roots in the far away hills of Scotland.

## Minesing's Princess Rink 1902-1940 by John Merritt

Over 100 years ago, residents of Minesing got together to found their own community skating rink. Over almost 40 years, Minesing's Princess Rink served as a hub for winter sports and social life for the small rural community, a venue for community skates and impassioned amateur hockey games and a training ground for one of the best hockey players of the early 1900s.

The story of the Princess Rink began in Minesing one morning in early November 1901, when four local men, Harry Stokes, Joseph Orchard, Charles Foyston and Thomas McLean, got together to found a community skating rink and set about finding a suitable location and adequate money to make their idea a reality.

The four men approached local farmers and managed to convince twenty of them to each advance \$10 for the purpose of founding the rink, repayable at 4% interest within ten years. In December 1901, a location for the new rink was leased from another local man, Andrew Ronald, for 99 years for a nominal rent. Ronald's only other condition for the lease was that no liquor was to be sold on the premises.

The Princess Rink was constructed through a series of work bees attended by many of the men of the community, under the direction of the respected barn framer Jesse Kester. The completed rink measured 40 by 120 feet, with a 40- by 100-foot ice surface and a 20-foot section at the front for putting on skates and observing hockey games. The new rink opened on the night of January 20, 1902.

The Princess Rink was always well attended, especially during evening skates, when bands from Minesing, Barrie, Craighurst or Stayner of-

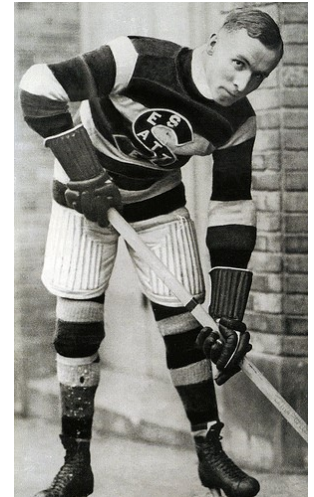
fered live performances for skaters. The rink also hosted a multitude of lively hockey games between the Minesing "Greenshirts" and other small-town teams – Elmvale was an arch-rival, and there were frequent brawls, often involving the spectators as well as the players. Visiting bands and hockey teams were all provided with a hot supper at the end of the evening. Evening skates were limited to three nights a week so as not to interfere in locals' attendance at church and other social events. Despite good attendance at the rink, income from evening skates was fairly poor as tickets cost only ten cents each.

For the first few years, management was plagued by the issue of lighting the rink properly. Initially, coal oil lamps were used, then, in 1904, a 1200-candle-power gas lamp was installed, which provided sufficient light but also greatly increased the chances of setting fire to the building. On one occasion, the lamp suddenly exploded in the middle of an evening skate, causing those in attendance to flee the rink. Fortunately, no one was hurt and there was no damage to the building, though presumably the incident spelled the end for that particular lamp.

Harry Stokes, Joseph Orchard, Charles Foyston and Thomas McLean owned the rink jointly until 1906, when Stokes sold his interest to the remaining three owners. In 1908, Foyston and McLean moved to California, leaving management of the rink to Orchard until he, too, left the community in 1912. Harry and Carlin Foyston managed the rink until 1938, when Joseph Orchard briefly resumed control of the establishment. In 1940 it was sold to Fred Parry, who found that it had become unsafe for further use and had it taken down.

One of the graduates of the Princess Rink was Frank Corbett Foyston, also known as "The Flash", considered one of the best hockey players of the early 1900s. Foyston, one of six brothers, was born and raised in Minesing and began playing hockey on the frozen pond on his family's farm. The Princess Rink opened shortly before Foyston's tenth birthday and quickly became his new venue for practicing hockey. Foyston joined the Minesing Greenshirts at age 15, and moved up to the Barrie Colts in 1909. Twice a week, he would travel the ten miles to Barrie from Minesing in a horsedrawn cutter, regardless of the weather.

Frank Foyston, alumnus of the Princess Rink, as a forward for the Seattle Mets in 1917



Foyston's career in the National Hockey Association began in 1912. Over the next 17 years until his retirement in 1929, he played for the Toronto Blueshirts (the forerunner of the Maple Leafs), the Seattle Metropolitans, then the Victoria Cougars, and helped win the Stanley Cup for each of those teams. After his retirement, he coached the Seattle Seahawks until his death in 1966. He was inducted into the Hockey Hall of Fame in 1958, the Barrie Sports Hall of Fame in 1999, and the Springwater Sports Heritage Hall of Fame in 2014.

## **Contrast in Culture: 1955** by Mark W. Fisher

The following article is taken from *Notes in Time, A History of W.A. Fisher and the Barrie Collegiate Band, 1938-1972* by Mark W. Fisher. The full work will shortly be made available to the public online and may be obtained by contacting the author at [mwfisher2@hotmail.com](mailto:mwfisher2@hotmail.com).

In December 1955, W.A. Fisher and the Barrie District Collegiate Band made an unprecedented return to Chicago and the stage of the National Mid-West Band Clinic, but not before another adventure that was unique. Exactly one year before, an invitation had been extended by the Lions Club to lead the Canadian delegation in the June parade of their international convention in Atlantic City, New Jersey. This resort mecca, with its luxury hotels and expansive beaches lined by a wide and lengthy boardwalk seven miles long, was in its heyday during the 1920s, fueled mostly by illegal liquor and illegal gambling. It survived the depression and revived somewhat during the war, but a long period of decline had left it looking rather tawdry as it could not compete with the likes of a booming Las Vegas. With the adoption of legalized gambling in 1976 and eventually the appearance of Donald Trump, the fortunes of Atlantic City were somewhat revived, but in 1955 it was definitely looking a little worn. No matter, for that was of little concern to the young visitors from Barrie.

The unanswered question is why did Fisher decide to take on this expedition when he knew that it would be solely a marching affair? Admittedly, he musical organization that he led had been founded in 1939 as a part of the annual

inspection of the school cadet corps. Moreover, during World War II his band marched and performed throughout Simcoe County in the many Victory Bond drives and the war effort in general. But the emphasis was increasingly on this concert band while he viewed the marching as only a necessary duty. And yet, in Atlantic City the grand parade would include 10,000 marching delegates, accompanied by numerous floats and 90 bands, over half of them from American high schools and colleges, with prizes in many categories. Fisher had no illusions, however, for any number of top-flight outfits would be present, in the best American tradition, clad in their outlandish uniforms and capable of complex maneuvering, fancy footwork and enough bobbing and weaving to fill a half-time football show.

Given the past support of the band by the Barrie service clubs, including the Lions, Fisher no doubt felt some obligation to them, but it was Bill Garner, who ran Barrie's only sporting goods store for many years, who seems to have been the catalyst. Garner was a past governor of the Lions Club and just before the June convention he was elected to their International Board of Directors. The Canadian Lions wanted to make a respectable showing and Garner was quick to put forward the name of his hometown musical organization. The reply from the national president implied that the reputation of the Barrie band was more than sufficient for him to sanction the proposal and this eventually led to funding for 60 percent of the trip. The remainder was derived from band funds and various grants, although the benefit concert by the Canadian Guards band, held in the Roxy theatre on a

warm May evening, fell flat. Established two years earlier and stationed at Camp Borden, the Guards were certainly a popular band who had jammed the Roxy with standing room only on an earlier date, but only a few hundred turned up this time. Spring weather and a lack of advertising may have been the problem, but who could compete in those days with Sunday night television and the Ed Sullivan show—for some, entertainment that bordered on religion.

### **Graduates**

A far more serious problem than funding had arisen in April, when the organizers of the convention decided to move the parade forward to the start of the convention week. Fisher knew beforehand that matters would be tight since the band would leave immediately after the conclusion of the grade 13 departmental exams. Now it meant that the exams and the trip would coincide! His consternation was only surpassed by the senior students who saw themselves left standing at the station and robbed of a final last hurrah. This inspired the president of the band to write a pleading letter to the Department of Education in the forlorn hope, akin to walking on water, of a dispensation of alternate dates. Even grade 12s who were set to write the grade 13 departmental in music faced a hard decision. As Wilma Evans recalled it, "There was no way I was going to miss that trip, so I lost the cushion of an extra subject for next year." Fisher's solution to the loss of so many top players was his customary one of turning to recent graduates. Some were unable or unwilling to take time off from work but a number sufficient to fill out the ranks of a marching contin-

gent 70 strong answered the call. Even older graduates such as Joan Fisher, Ron Keast, John Ricci and Bob Hunter stepped forward which gave the unit all the makings of a band reunion. It was of little importance to Fisher whether the band was categorized as an adult band or a high school outfit for the multitude of prizes to be handed out were farthest from his mind. A band of sufficient numbers that played well in the best Barrie tradition and presented a smart appearance, worthy of the Canadian Lions, was all that mattered.

More indicative of Fisher's desperation was the fact that he even recruited two players from the Guards band who set out to drive to Atlantic City from Camp Borden because military obligations precluded a departure with the band. I am not sure if the other one made it but Harry Pinchin, a trumpet player, was forced to turn back at Buffalo because of serious illness. After his career with the Guards, Pinchin settled in Edmonton where he founded and directed the Cosmopolitan Music Society, a collection of bands, choral, dance and arts groups that enjoyed great popularity and success over the next forty years. Pat Scott, a collegiate band graduate of 1963 recently related to me how so many things come full circle:

Harry loved to illustrate a musical point with an anecdote from the riches of his past experiences. It made for very fascinating listening, with his comments on this particular evening likely directed to the trumpet section.

"I'll never forget the performance that Raphael Mendez gave at the Barrie arena with the Barrie Collegiate Band," he said.

"I was there!" came the astonished voice from the clarinet section on his left. Harry's head

snapped to the right when I cried out from the horn section, "So was I."

He was for once, speechless!

It was only then that Pat made the acquaintance of Eileen Colpitts, the clarinet player who had also attended the Mendez concert. Eileen was never in the collegiate band but her sister Diane certainly played clarinet in the band that travelled to Europe in 1958.

over the head and in any shape the owner could train the material to permanently assume. Nor were all heads the same size, while varying female coiffures only exacerbated the situation. The only redeeming feature was a silver-plated hat badge in the shape of a maple leaf, with Barrie Collegiate Band embossed on it in black lettering. This headgear would remain in place until 1958 when the band that travelled to Europe reverted to a



The Barrie Collegiate Band marching on the Boardwalk

### Headgear and Admonitions

A distinguishing feature of that smart appearance of the band at Atlantic City was the adoption of new headgear. Previously, for marching purposes, band members had only worn the military style wedge hats so popular during World War II. I am not sure where the idea originated, but the decision was now made to go with a more "Canadian" hat. The characteristic hunting pink material was topped off with a white tassel and cut in the style of a military "tam-o-shanter" which can only be described as a voluminous beret or more loosely a bonnet. And like all military hats, individuals tended to wear them all

more practical all-black wedge cap bearing the same silver maple leaf. I recall a number of the cast-offs still around the house at a later date and I utilized one for several canoe trips in the attempt to portray myself as a jaunty voyageur. While several sizes too big, they also complemented our blue track suits when Ean Maxwell and I drove to Vancouver in 1967.

On Sunday, June 19, the newly attired band led a parade of sea and air cadets to Trinity Anglican Church as a final warm-up for Atlantic City. Other than that there was only the usual admonishment handed out in a mimeographed letter from Fisher concerning the

“tradition of mature behavior” expected on the part of all band members. He could forgive many minor indiscretions but not for “getting smart.” In addition to the details of the itinerary, he also warned of the need for adequate rest before “THE LONGEST PARADE YOU HAVE EVER BEEN IN” in order to obviate the need “to be picking you up from a First Aid station” after it was over. Students were directed to exchange their funds before leaving Barrie since “Americans do not take strange money” and furthermore, “Don’t ‘blow it’ the first day on trifling souvenirs.” Finally, on the overnight train, pillows would be available for thirty-five cents but above all “DO NOT BE LATE!” for the 5:20 pm departure.

### The Journey

The following evening the two special coaches provided by the CNR pulled out of the Allandale Station, with all personnel present and accounted for. Earlier plans to travel by chartered bus had been thwarted by American border regulations, which ruled out a side trip to Washington. It was apparently deemed safer for all concerned to travel by rail, which gave many of the young people like myself, their first extensive travel by train. Ironically, it would be an experience largely unknown to the present generation accustomed to travel by air. It was also my first experience with true mountains as we rolled through the Appalachians of Pennsylvania, but it is a story best related by Jane Hinds, the women’s editor for the Barrie Examiner, who accompanied the band throughout the trip:

*Tuesday Midnight: Nobody has gone broke (to my knowledge), nobody is ill (except for Dawn Campbell’s slight case of poison ivy which is apparently not being aggravated by travel) and nobody has*

*got lost. As for getting smart, the band members are having a wonderful time without having to be disciplined.*

*The boys have been playing chess and checkers and the chaperones were deep in a bridge game shortly after we left Toronto. Eleven o’clock curfew hour was not disputed when it came. In the feminine end of the coach, some glamorous negligees and one pair of new “brief” pyjamas appeared. But for the most part, the girls have curled up on the comfortable seats in pedal pushers and shirts.*

*6:30 in the Morning: In spite of very little rest, we’re a remarkably bright looking trainload this morning. It must be anticipation that is keeping us going because quite a number did not get to sleep until after two o’clock, slept only now and then and then woke at five o’clock. When we awoke, the train was travelling along the Susquehanna River and the mountains rose steeply on the other side. We passed through some pretty little villages with rather broken-down frame houses—sitting along the shores of the mirror-like river which reflected the mountains—and then all of a sudden we were in coal country. We guessed that it was the Lehigh Valley but nobody seems too sure of geography this early in the morning.*

*The Porter Next Door: According to the porter in the Pullman car “next door,” we have been riding on The Maple Leaf (CN-Lehigh Valley). About eight of us sat and chatted to him and to the train conductor at two o’clock in the morning. Sheila More claimed that she had never been so wide awake in her whole life. Our late arrival in Philadelphia is not worrying Mr. Leishman too much now. The train*

*personnel advised us that our connecting train would probably wait.*

*Philadelphia: The band arrived in Philadelphia shortly before noon today and had only a brief glimpse of its historical landmarks while being ushered from train to train by chartered bus....There were no longer any air-conditioned new coaches on the Philadelphia-Atlantic City run. We sweltered in an archaic coach but felt better when we learned that the Charleston band members had suffered not much better coaches since five o’clock the evening before....We first made the acquaintance of their chief majorette and two of her corps of 12 on the train....The leading majorette, who bears a striking resemblance to movie star Janet Leigh, charmed all within listening distance with her southern drawl that was full of honest to goodness “youalls.”*

Ms. Hinds’ account of the journey is substantially as I remember it. As it was dark most of the way I recall only the glow of steel mills in Bethlehem and the red dawn over the mountains. Since most rail yards enter urban areas through the back door, as it were, it is not the most edifying sight. Aside from the garbage and litter everywhere, the ancient slums of Philadelphia that lined the tracks with their largely poor, black inhabitants seated on the back steps to escape the sweltering heat, were a real eye-opener for privileged young Canadians. Given such oppressive heat there was only one recourse once we had checked in, and that was to head to the magnificent beach that Atlantic City is known for. It was jammed with people and for most of us it was a first swim in salt water. It was not overly windy but inexperienced as we were, we promptly found ourselves being slammed to the bottom or tumbled

head-over-heels by the breaking surf. You quickly learned to ride the wave or dive underneath it before it broke on you. It was either that or you also ended up with a swimsuit down to the knees or at least filled with several pounds of sand. Any bikini was worn at the owner's peril. Fortunately, the Barrie bathers avoided the receding rip tides that carried several other swimmers out, necessitating rescues by the competent lifeguards.

### The Parade

Is it any wonder that most band members called it an early night and collapsed in exhaustion? For those with more stamina, there were always the amusement arcades of Steel Pier or the tawdry shops that lined the boardwalk and hawked all of the cheap paraphernalia of a beach resort or simply promenading along this lengthy wooden highway. For the foot-sore but well-heeled, there was the comfort of a bicycle chair propelled from behind by the hired driver or gaily decorated "jitney" buses that provided cheap transportation everywhere else. The chaperones found their way to Hackney's, "the biggest seafood restaurant in the world" with a seating capacity of 3,000. It was filled with Lions from everywhere, including Canada, while "the most uproarious singsong of the dinner hour" was led by a Quebecer singing—you guessed it—"Alouette".

More sensible people had heeded W.A. Fisher's warning that parade day, the next morning, would start with a 6:30 muster. Not that we needed any alarm clocks for a number of American bands were already on the streets in full song. I remember leaning from a ninth floor window while a group below roused their Lion delegates from a nearby hotel with several thundering marches—plenty of reverberation between tall buildings—replete with all the gyrations of the football

field. We, on the other hand, rode "jitneys" to the Ambassador Hotel for breakfast and a brief concert of light airs for an appreciative Canadian delegation.

The grand parade began at 9:30 and took almost three hours to pass, given the thousands of marchers and the many Lion dignitaries riding in convertible cars. It was also a protracted affair because each band was allotted about five minutes to strut their stuff and perform before the judges. Barrie was the seventy-seventh band to step off and it was eyes front and sedately straight ahead. Arriving at the viewing stand the band merely came to a halt and broke out, of course, with "Vive La Canadienne" and "The maple Leaf Forever." It was enough for the Canadian delegates following behind to break into song in accompaniment. And you could say that it was all in keeping with the new headgear, but every player was well aware of the Fisher approach that did not even call for a minor counter-march on this occasion. As Tim Crawford stated: "He said that his band was noted for its sound, whether in the concert hall or on the march, and not its tricks. Standing and playing enabled the judges to best hear that sound." The dense crowds that lined the parade route were certainly appreciative of that sound and also of the simple appearance of the striking hunting pink that did not require yards of gold braid, rows of brass buttons or fringed epaulettes.

In sum total, the parade was an extravaganza that bordered on a stereotype of so much of the American tradition, from the many floats to the diverse marching bands, although all in good clean fun. As a colourful spectacle, every state in the Union depicted itself in some characteristic way with any number of attractive young women in attendance. There was the large New

Jersey chicken and the big Idaho "spud," the miniature of Independence Hall in Philadelphia, orange trees from Florida and a gargantuan cheese from Wisconsin. A hunt club from Maryland came with horses and hounds, while Delaware naturally depicted Washington crossing the Delaware. Well-armed Texans shot off blanks, in contrast to the soothing strains of the more peaceful Hawaiians. In addition to the high school and college bands there was the Okefenokee Swampsters Band from Georgia, a children's band from South Carolina dressed in pink and playing Dixieland, the Redmen's Band from Massachusetts who "pow-wowed" in front of the reviewing stand and an Alabama band with beards and sideburns dressed in Confederate uniforms.



Drum Majorettes Sandra McGregor on left and Helen Nichols on the right

Probably the most hard-working in the Barrie group were the two majorettes, Sandra McGregor and Helen Nichols, who had high-stepped throughout and twirled their arms off. Given their exertions in the heat, an Illinois Lion and his wife took pity on them afterwards and treated them to their luxury suite, a cool drink and a much-needed



rest. For the remainder, it was off to the beach and the same the next day or spending what remained of a dwindling supply of cash. On Thursday evening the band entrained for the overnight trip home and by this time there was no trouble sleeping, with arrival in Allandale at noon the next day.

For once, when it was all over, the Barrie Collegiate Band came home

without any prizes, since the majority of marks had been awarded for the marching routines and the more complicated and showy the better. Yet I don't recall that anyone was heart-broken or wished that we could emulate what we had seen. After all, this was not the Kiwanis Music Festival! The band had certainly done its job and the Canadian Lions were more than pleased to have us. Moreover, it

had been a great way to start the summer. Perhaps Fisher summed it up best when he dryly commented to the Barrie Examiner reporter that "The stately cadence of the 70-piece youth organization was among the 50 high school bands whose football routines were a revelation to the Canadians. It is not likely that the collegiate band will mimic its American cousins in spite of the experience."

## Member Societies

Archives of Ontario Library  
Contact [Frank Van Kalmthout](#)

[Barrie Historical Archive](#)  
Contact [Deb Exel](#)

Bradford/West Gwillimbury  
Public Library

Bradford/West Gwillimbury  
Local History Association  
Contact [Jan Blommaert](#)

[Coldwater Canadian Heritage  
Museum](#)

[Collingwood Museum](#)  
Contact Susan Warner 705-445-4811

The Cookstown Community  
Development Team  
[www.CooktownON.ca](http://www.CooktownON.ca) Deb  
Crawford contact at 705 791  
2051 or [Email](#)

Essa Historical Society  
Meet at Thornton Library 1:30  
4th Sat. Jan-June, Sept-Nov

Essa Public Library  
[Contact](#)  
[Friends of Fort Willow](#)  
Contact [Bryan Wesson](#)

Heritage Barrie  
Contact [Tomasz Wierzba](#)

[Historic Military  
Establishment of Upper  
Canada](#)  
Contact [David Brunelle](#)

Huronian Chapter, Ontario  
Archeological Society Contact  
John Raynor

[Innisfil Historical Society](#)  
[Contact](#) Donna Wice  
Meet at Knock Comm Centre 2  
p.m.

[Museum on the Boyne](#)  
[Contact](#) Katie Huddleston 705-  
435-4030 x. 1802

[Orillia Museum of Art and  
History](#)  
Contact 705-326-2159  
Orillia Public Library

[Ramara Historical Society](#)  
Contact [Cathy Westcott](#)  
Meet at Udney Community  
Centre 7 p.m. 3rd Thurs Jan-  
June, Sept, Dec

[Simcoe County Museum](#)  
Contact Kelly Swift-Jones  
705-728-3721

[Stayner Heritage Society](#)  
Contact Tom Scholte  
705-517-5171

Tecumseth & West  
Gwillimbury Historical Society  
Contact:

[Janine Harris- Wheatley](#)  
905-936-6549  
Meet at TecWeGwill Hall,  
Newton Robinson. 7:30pm 3rd  
Monday Jan-May, Sept-Nov

Township of Essa  
[Contact](#)

Township of Tiny  
Contact [Pamela Zimmerman](#)

Please contact organizations directly for  
current information as regularly scheduled  
events may be cancelled due to Covid-19