



Outlook

Volume 26 Number 9

www.hastingshistory.ca

Issue 356 Nov 2021

Spectacular Monument Honours Belleville's Hero of Science

Saturday, October 16 was damp and blustery along the shores of the Bay of Quinte, but to an enthusiastic group of dignitaries and about 150 hardy local folks, it was a wonderful, warm occasion. They had gathered to take part in ceremonies surrounding the unveiling of an impressive granite monument to honour Belleville's Dr. James Bertram Collip – co-discoverer




of insulin for the treatment of diabetes and one of Canada's foremost scientific minds of the twentieth century.

This joyous community event was the culmination of nine years of efforts to bring recognition to Dr. Collip who had made the final, critical breakthrough in the discovery of insulin for the treatment of diabetes with the team of Prof. Macleod, Dr. Banting and Charles Best in 1921 and went on to an amazing 40-year career in medical research. But, Dr. Collip remained largely unknown in his own hometown and almost a decade of efforts to correct this injustice cul-



Unveiling Ceremony for the Dr. James Bertram Collip Memorial Monument Along Belleville's Bayshore Trail with Mayor Mitch Panciuk and Dr. Collip Committee members Richard Hughes and Ian Sullivan

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minated in this special project.

For the monument unveiling event, Mayor Panciuk, MPP Todd Smith, County Warden Rick Phillips and MP-elect Ryan Williams brought greetings and extended a special welcome to Dr. Collip's great grandson and family, Major Charles Wyatt, U.S. Army Medical Corps from San Antonio, Texas. Special guests included Dr. Alison Li, medical historian and author of the definitive biography of Dr. Collip and Prof. Christopher Rutt, U of T, a noted medical historian.

The six-foot-tall granite monument is located in a beautifully landscaped reflection garden along the Bayshore Trail, just east of the hospital, an inviting location for walkers to rest on the comfortable benches, read the story of Dr. Collip's achievements and enjoy the beautiful vistas of the Bay of Quinte.



The War Is Over – Belleville Celebrates

With the arrival of November 1918 the tide was turning after four years of bloody, brutal war. Austria, Turkey and Bulgaria were out of the war and German envoys were in talks, asking for an armistice. On November 7th, unofficial news arrived that the war was over and almost immediately Front Street filled with excited pedestrians; autos decorated with flags filled the streets; fire bells rang and factory whistles blew making a joyous din. But it was premature.

It did, however, arouse City Council to begin arrangements for suitable peace celebrations. First would be a giant, ecumenical thanksgiving service on the Court House lawn. A clamour of fire bells church bells and factory whistles would announce a general holiday with a grand procession forming in market square with several bands to parade through the city. The level of excitement was rising!

Then, on November 11, the bold headlines in the *Intelligencer* announced the long awaited news, **“The War Is Over. Germany Has Surrendered. Complete Victory for the Allies. Armistice Terms Accepted by Germany. Unconditional Surrender the Result.”**

The *Intelligencer* of November 11 painted the picture of a city in full celebration. Even at 4.30 in the morning, the grand organ of St. Thomas Church rang out with the triumphal sounds of the Hallelujah Chorus. Crowds gathered on the Court House Lawn giving thanks for the peace with the singing of hymns and the reading of psalms, accompanied by band music and church choirs. Front Street came to life. On the radiator of one car sat a bulldog carrying in his mouth a stick to which was attached the Union Jack symbolizing the British slogan, 'What we have we'll hold.'



Parade in downtown Belleville on November 11, 1918

CABHC HC09368

The *Intelligencer* newspaper brought out its early morning edition, followed by an extra edition at 10 a.m. and a final edition by noon; all 4,000 copies being snapped up as fast as they could be printed.

In the afternoon a great parade was formed in Market Square. Over a mile of decorated autos, various conveyances, horse-drawn vehicles and rousing bands worked their way through thousands of cheering citizens all the way to the G.T.R. Station then all the way back to the Armouries lawn, where Col. Ponton and City Council received a hearty reception for their patriotic work. Truly a jubilant day celebrated by a population under the shadow of four years of pent up stress, worry, fear and losses.

In the coming days, thoughts turned to the demobilization of Canada's soldiers. It was to start at home where 71,000 men were in uniform, including 10,000 in hospitals and 16,000 on “harvest leave”. It was to be followed by the soldiers overseas in hospitals: 33,000 in England and 10,000 in France. The slow process of returning to peace had begun.

This story is drawn from the book “Belleville in the First World War” by Laurel Bishop. This 260 page

book traces daily life in Belleville and the Quinte Region 1914 to 1918 drawing on the stories and reports in the *Intelligencer* newspaper. It is available for purchase at the Community Archives or through the Hastings County Historical Society.



The Wonders of Water in Country Life

By Jim Kennelly

One part oxygen, two parts hydrogen, we take water for granted in Canada, especially when it comes through a tap with a little pressure on the handle.

While growing up as a youngster, fetching water was but one of the family chores. Our first home did not have running water. Although a good well lay behind the house, it was a dug well and no line went to our home. When my mother did the washing, one load of laundry water did more than one washing. The water would be hauled to our home, heated on top of the wood stove or in the reservoir off to the side of the stove, and then dumped into the wringer washing machine. Each article upon washing was sent by hand through a wringer that was turned with a hand crank. Then it was rinsed and sent through the wringer a second time. This labour-intensive work was followed with hanging on a line, winter or summer. With the completion of the laundry, the grayish water would be taken for disposal outside.

The weekly family bath also meant carrying pails of water to the tin bathing tub after the water was heated. The girls of the household enjoyed the benefits of the cleanest water, then the boys followed. The crystal-clear water would slowly become a soapy, grayish, unappetizing colour. A swim in the Salmon River was preferable.

One of our earliest tasks as children was to get water from the upright pumps that stood on a concrete pad on top of the house well. The better pump was a weather-beaten iron pump while the other, constructed of wood, had a hollow core through which water was drawn. Downward strokes of the pump handle would eventually bring a gush of water to the pail that hung from the spout of the pump. Each succeeding stroke would add its load of the life-giving liquid. The pail was then carried (as full as possible) to the kitchen, as all the while we tried valiantly not to slop the contents on our legs, especially in the

winter. To be of age and old enough to fetch water was a life sentence.

A ladle with a small curve at the top of the handle would be hung from the side of the pail. This was the family drinking cup; indeed, it would more aptly be called a communal drinking cup, for every person who entered our home could be expected to drink from the ladle. When threshers came to harvest the grain or engage in a work bee, the same reality held true. At school, the same custom prevailed. The community's germs were just that, the germs of the community. No one left the community, few came in, so there were no strange germs for which to account or for which to worry. If we drank like that today, horror would strike the hearts and souls of one and all. My children would be disgusted.

Watering the cattle population on our farm was a trial. Two open but fenced wells were strategically placed on the farm with troughs for watering. Our task was to take the pail, drop it upside down into the water, swirl it around in the well, allow it to fill, then pull it up by a rope tied to the handle. The task was to provide enough water for the cows. To be stingy or lazy meant you would be back sooner, rather than later.

Water was also used in the summer to cool the cans of milk. The warm milk, fresh from the cows, would be strained into cans and then capped with a tight-fitting lid. Cool water was poured around the cans as they sat in a trough. This was essential if you did not want to send sour milk to the cheese factory for that was wasted effort and no money.

We enjoyed a house well, a barn well and the two outlying wells. To have the blessing of sufficient water in dry seasons was a blessing appreciated by every farmer in the summer.

A great fear for all adults in the farm country was the dangerous nature of the open wells and their attraction to very young children. Any youngster who fell in would have great difficulty climbing up the slippery wet rocks that lined the sides. Open wells had protective fencing but that never kept a curious child out.

The day running water came into our home and a modern bathroom was created with the corresponding amenities was a major event, akin to Neil Armstrong walking on the moon. Running hot water, showers and bathtubs, the privilege of the "throne" in the heart

of January, hot water for dish washing at one's finger tips: this was sheer joy.

As country homes made the transition, water pails, ladles and even the water pumps have begun to disappear from farm homes.

Water for country folk now means a drilled well with lines running into the homes and barns for convenient use. Our own well, a dug well, is a gift. The initial well was only twelve feet deep and sat on top of flat rock. One dry August, without the benefit of witching, I had my cousin, Joe Whalen, come with his back hoe and its extending arm. I said, "Joe, I need you to dig a hole 75 feet to the north and see what is there. I'd like a little more depth if I can get it."

At a depth of six feet, the water began to gush. The more Joe dug, the more the water gushed. The sides kept caving in until the hole was 15 feet wide and growing. He said, "Jim, I can't clean this thing out. I'm going to have to shove the tiles in and we'll call it a well."

We had hit two veins of water crossing each other. I said, "Joe, that sounds like a plan. Let's do it!" We ended up with a well 15 feet deep that has never gone dry despite the efforts of five women, one man, and a thirsty garden. Pump and line problems have plagued us but never the dearth of water. I am grateful for the great, plentiful, clean supply of water that cleanses, refreshes and slakes the thirst.



Phil the Philanthropist Sits Outside the Door of TMH

By Orland French

One day recently when I arrived at Trenton Memorial Hospital for a minor health procedure, I saw the bronze likeness of a man sitting on a park bench outside the door of the hospital. He could be waiting for a bus. A plaque said he was Phil (Theophilos) Panelas.

This meant nothing to me, but that's what plaques are for. To inform the historically ignorant. The plaque said Phil Theophilos Panelas was a poor Greek immigrant who had a strong sense of supporting his community. As a passionate philanthropist and volunteer, he raised more than \$16 million for the TMH in more

than 60 years of involvement with the hospital.

Panelas was born in Greece in March, 1932. Around 1950, at age 18, he migrated to Canada with only three years of education, \$25 and a wooden suitcase he had made himself. He worked hard to become the prosperous owner of Panelas Construction and with his wife, Carole, raised children George, Jeanne and Christina.

He began to pour some of his prosperity back into the community, leading to 60 years of building and equipping TMH. His personal plaque says "he dedicated his life to serving this hospital, as Chairman of the TMH Foundation for 27 years, as a donor, a volunteer, a mentor and an ambassador to ensure the community had the best medical care."

Among the many awards recognizing his efforts were the Ruth Burrows Volunteer Award, Philanthropist of the Year for South Eastern Ontario AFP, the Val Carswell Award, Paul Harris Rotary Award, Lifetime Membership of the Quinte West Chamber of Commerce and Ontario Citizenship Award.

As well as raising money through popular barbecues, he made countless personal donations for medical equipment, hospital gardens and building renovations. His goal was to make patient care the best that it could be. Mary Clare Egberts, the CEO of Quinte Healthcare, said, "He wanted us to keep it up to shape, he wanted to make sure we didn't let anything fall apart, he wanted to make sure that this was a wonderful place for patients and the community to come to."

Phil Panelas died February 1, 2018. A year later, his likeness was placed on the park bench outside the west entrance of TMH.



At the time of the dedication of the garden, former Quinte West mayor John Williams said, "His legacy will always live on. People will come up years from now and say, 'Who is this Phil Panelas guy?' and then you can tell the story and the story should continue about what a man he was, a great friend and a great guy, and we'll always remember him."

Next time you go to Trenton Memorial, say hello to this Panelas guy. He's right outside the door.

Orland French is past-president of the Hastings County Historical Society and director of the Society's plaques program.



Bridge Street Church: Part 2 The Evolution of Sheila Turnbull's Dream

*By Mary-Lynne Morgan,
Retired Administrative Assistant (1984–2008)*

In the meantime, the Board of Bridge Street Church approved the hiring of a Community Outreach Worker (Joy Martin). One of her first projects was Collective Kitchens, in which a small group decided on a menu, purchased the food (with money from the church), cooked the meal and divided it into portions to take home. She then established the Thank God It's Friday (TGIF) programs on Friday evenings. These evening dinners involved an after-school program for school-age children and a socializing time for adults over table games before a nutritious hot dinner. All who took part were expected to help in some way—either by preparing the food, setting the tables, cleaning off the tables, doing dishes or cleaning up the kitchen. When it was realized that many people would run out of money towards the end of the month, just before their cheques arrived, it was decided to provide packaged frozen meals for the last few days of the month. That End of the Month Program continues to this day (albeit suspended by COVID for the time being). TGIF now provides similar frozen packaged meals every Friday rather than the group dinners at the church on Friday evenings.

The weekly TGIF spawned "Inn from the Cold"—the daily hot meal program run from mid-January to the end of February every winter which left more money

for family heat and hydro. Sheila soon realized that young mothers with children in strollers, or others with mobility issues and no income for bus fares, had difficulty getting to the church in winter, so some way had to be found to provide meals for them. This is when the idea of packaged meals was first instituted. By registering for this service, a friend could pick up the meals and deliver them to whomever needed them. Around this time, a member of Bridge Street Church, an avid knitter and kitchen volunteer with Inn from the Cold, realized that many of the participants could benefit from warmer winter clothing. For many years, Elizabeth Ewashkiw oversaw the distribution of donated winter clothing, and established Knitters United, to provide warm knitted items like socks, mitts, scarves and hats. Their donations have also supported the local annual Adopt-a-Child clothing drive.



Sheila Turnbull

As Inn from the Cold and TGIF progressed, Joy heard from many that they often had to decide whether to buy food or pay for heating or hydro. She had to find a way to deal with the utility companies that provided the heat, electricity and water that ate up so much of one's monthly income. Around this time, the provincial government instituted a short-lived program mandating utility companies to provide some aid for utility costs through discounts or deferrals. Joy was an early adopter, and helped countless families. During this time, it was not unusual for Dr. Wilson to dip into his discretionary fund to help a family with rent.

As always, one thing led to another. Paul Murton, who was a regular in the Bridge St. Co-op and TGIF, saw a need and addressed it. Computers were becoming more widely used, and he realized that most of the children (and their parents) coming to TGIF could not afford them, so he started to collect and refurbish used computers. This was the birth of the Computer Distribution Program, housed in two rooms off the Bridge Street gym. As fast as he and

his volunteers could restore them, the computers were donated to schools, families or community groups that needed them—all at no cost.

By this time, Bridge Street Church was recognized by the city as an emergency evacuation centre. When the hotel next to Quinte Living Centre burned, all QLC residents were evacuated on city buses to Bridge Street Church auditorium. Sheila and her crew immediately prepared soup and sandwiches, and several local doctors rushed in to check BP and the need for medications which had been left in the hurried evacuation. Sheila and Hal stayed the night until all were safely back in their residences or moved elsewhere. Also, around this time, it became apparent that street nursing services were badly needed in the downtown area. For several years, the Bridge Street United Church Foundation underwrote

the cost to hire a Street Nurse and provide supplies for his work with the downtown homeless.

As TGIF flourished, Joy realized that many who wanted to work could not afford decent clothing. She established the First Impressions Program using gently used business clothing and footwear, which was cleaned, sorted by size and housed in a change room at the foot of the tower. She also coached job seekers on how to write a good resume and how to conduct themselves in an interview. For several years after Joy Martin's retirement, Dorothy Thompson oversaw this project which was discontinued in the early 2000s.

What happened when Sheila could no longer continue? Find out next month.



The Hastings County Historical Society &
Belleville Public Library present

"J.B. Collip and the Discovery and Development of Insulin"



Christopher J. Rutty takes a look at Belleville born J.B. Collip, a co-discoverer of insulin.

Dr. Rutty is a professional historian with special expertise on the history of medicine, public health, infectious diseases and biotechnology in Canada. He has provided a wide range of historical research, writing, consulting and creative services to a variety of clients through his company, Health Heritage Research Services.

Dr. Rutty is Adjunct Professor at the University of Toronto's Dalla Lana School of Public Health. He is Lead Historian for the Defining Moments Canada "Insulin 100" national digital commemoration project.



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Join us for this free Zoom presentation.

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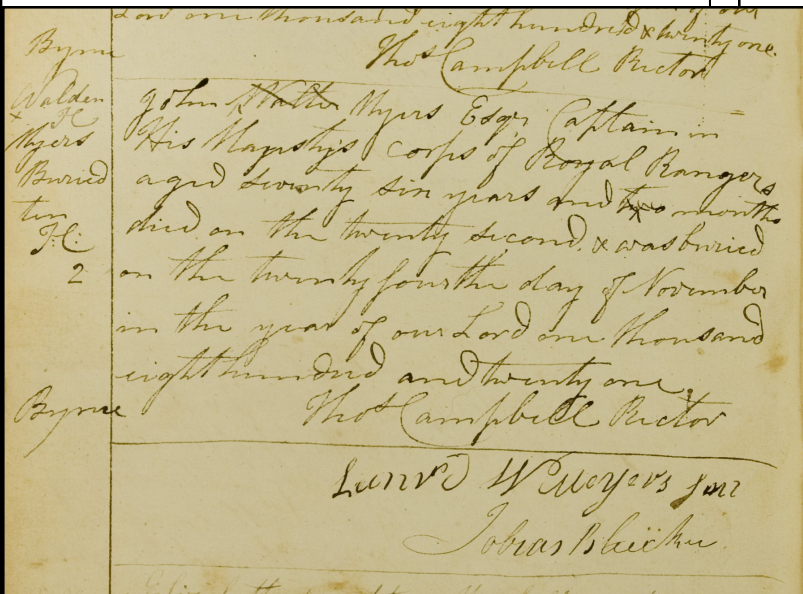
Death of a Legend

Photos and story by Doug Knutson

November 22nd will be the 200th anniversary of the death of Captain John Walden Meyers—the man usually considered as Belleville's founder. Though not the first person of European descent to settle here, his mills built in the early 1790s and subsequent businesses kick-started the growth of the community that became known as Meyers Creek and in 1816 Bell(e)ville.

Only the 2nd burial entry in the St Thomas Vestry Book, the notice of his death reads: *"John Walden Meyers Esq, Captain in His Majesty's Corps of Loyal Rangers, aged Seventy Six years and ten months, died on the twenty second & was buried on the twenty fourth day of November in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and twenty one.*

Thomas Campbell Rector."



Meyers' death notice in St. Thomas Church register

Captain Meyers was active up until the end of his life. He was Vice-Chair of the Hastings County Agricultural Society which on October 1st held the first Fall Fair in the County. He won 3 awards that day—best boar, best breeding sow and 2nd best bull—and received a cash prize of \$23. Captain Meyers may have been feeling the effects of old age though, because on October 8th he drew up his Last Will and Testament. He also drew up an Inventory of personal effects and property—the earliest in the province. Meyers died a rich man. He held about 3200 acres of land, and his estate was valued at £12,500 (about

\$1.2 million in today's currency). Much of this value (£5,000) was held as promissory notes as he seems to have been the community's banker.

There are a couple of theories about what brought the old Captain down. Family biographer Jane Bennett Goddard writes that he developed the ague (fever and shivers) after unloading a wagon in the rain. However, another more flamboyant story concerns his last adventure searching for Meyers Cave. There are several variations of the legend involving different people, but the earliest concerns Captain Meyers himself being led by Mississauga/Anishinaabe people to their secret cache of silver in the Mazinaw highlands. Regretting their disclosure, Meyers and his guides fought leaving Meyers in the water and staggering back toward Belleville. He is said to have made it to a school teacher's cabin where he collapsed in a fever but not before giving directions to this Silver Cave. Over the many years I have spent researching and producing a documentary about Captain Meyers' life, my greatest surprise was to find someone who actually HAD THE MAP to Meyers' lost silver cave!! Legend or fact, the story makes a fitting end to his adventurous life.

It is not known for certain where Captain Meyers is laid to rest. Since his burial register is at St. Thomas Anglican Church, it might be logical to assume that he was buried there. However, the most accepted theory is that he is buried at White's Cemetery where his Sidney farm was located. In 1990 his descendants raised a stone there in his honour.

You can view an excerpt dealing with Meyers' final days from the upcoming documentary *Damned Rascal: The Story of Captain John Walden Meyers*.

<https://vimeo.com/482182908>



Meyers' tombstone at White's Cemetery

Archaeological Survey at Camp Rathbun

Archaeological survey work was conducted on Camp Rathbun this past September. This was one of several Royal Flying Corps airfields in Ontario where thousands of Canadian, British and American airmen trained for the deadly skies of the First World War. Watch for a full story to follow in January *Outlook*.

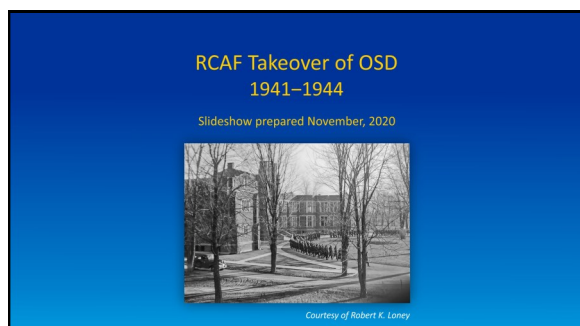
Doug Knutson

RCAF Takeover of Ontario School for the Deaf (OSD) 1941-1944

By Donna Fano

Many newcomers to the city of Belleville may not know the unique history Sir James Whitney School for the Deaf, previously named OSD, had during the Second World War. In July 1941, the school was taken over by the RCAF to operate a training school for airmen that was urgently needed for the overseas war. The school moved into 13 locations in east hill Belleville: St. Thomas Parish Hall used as a junior school, the Rectory for the school head office and 34th Battery Building used for intermediate students. Large rental homes became residences. The video was originally made for the school's 150th anniversary in 2020 as a PowerPoint show and later converted into a video (8:30 min.) to post on YouTube to share with the public. There are no speakers as the video was made for deaf students to learn about their school history. The public can enjoy the photos and learn the history that the school has.

youtu.be/r_ffV52uQjc



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HCHS Email	president@hastingshistory.ca

Hastings County Historical Society has its offices in the Library/Archives building at 254 Pinnacle Street, Second Floor, Postal Code K8N 3B1.

Outlook is published nine months of the year for members and friends of the Society. Submissions can be sent to:

outlook.hastingshistory@gmail.com