

The Westmount Historian

NEWSLETTER OF THE WESTMOUNT HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION

VOLUME 1 NUMBER 2

FEBRUARY 2001

Westmount Historical Association



The former Stanton School, on Stanton Street and Côte St. Antoine Road, became the Town Hall in 1895.

Spring Lecture Series to Feature Westmount Schools

The Association's Spring Lecture Series will be devoted to English-language schools of Westmount. Speakers will discuss the history of private and public schools from the perspective of school administrators and pupils. While many people in Westmount may be familiar with some of these schools and their histories, the intricate details of their beginnings and the inside views of these schools by the speakers may be less well known. We will even have the opportunity to visit two of the schools, The Study on March 29 and Westmount High School on June 21. The other two lectures, on April 19 and May 17, will be held in the Westmount Room of the Westmount Public Library.

Thursday, March 29: Eve Marshall, former headmistress of The Study, and Barbara Whitley, a former student, will discuss the history of The Study which was established in 1930.

Thursday, April 19: Molly Fripp, former headmistress of Miss Edgar's and Miss Cramp's School, will talk about the Westmount School Board and the old public elementary schools including King's, Queen's and Roslyn.

Thursday, May 17: Gilbert Plaw, former director of St. George's High School, will speak about this coeducational, student-centred private school founded in 1930.

Thursday, June 21: Richard Lord, secretary of the Westmount Old Boys' Association, will talk about Westmount High School, its students and its development.

Members are encouraged to bring memorabilia about the schools to the lectures and to donate them to the Westmount Historical Association

Honourary Lifetime Memberships Awarded

The Westmount Historical Association gave out its first three honorary lifetime memberships last fall, recognizing the work of Dr. Hélène Saly, David Lank and Aline Gubbay.

In 1967, Dr. Saly, then a French teacher at Westmount High School, asked her students to write about their community's history, and they produced the first book about Westmount's early history, *Old Westmount*. Since her retirement from teaching, Dr. Saly has been a regular contributor to the Westmount Historical Association archives and looked after them while the Association was less active in the 1980s and early 1990s.

David Lank served the Association as honorary chairman of the fundraising campaign for the Train Station project, and gave much more than his "honourary" title demanded. He attended countless meetings and acted as a middleman between City Hall and the Association executive.

Aline Gubbay last year stepped down as president of the Association, whose reincarnation in 1994 she had inspired and led. She is author of *A View of Their Own: The Story of Westmount* and co-author of *Montreal's Little Mountain: A Portrait of Westmount*. She still is active with the Association and writes historical columns for the *Westmount Examiner*.

The three honorary life memberships were announced and certificates given to the recipients during the fall lecture series.

The Westmount Historian

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HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION

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Editorial

Members and readers may have noticed that the last issue of the Westmount Historical Association newsletter received a new title, *The Westmount Historian*. This launches a new step in the history of the Association, as we become an "official" publication, complete with our own ISSN (International Standard Serial Number), which means we will become a part of the National Library of Canada system as well as the Bibliothèque nationale du Québec.

As a "serial publication," we will be publishing twice a year (for the time being), giving our readers not just the news of the local Association but a taste of the history we have been uncovering. This time, for example, we are concentrating on schools and introducing a new section called "Living History" – attempting to gain from our members and others in the community a taste of what life was like in the 20s, 30s, 40s and even the 50s. Hopefully future historians can read these pages and get a glimpse of life in those days.

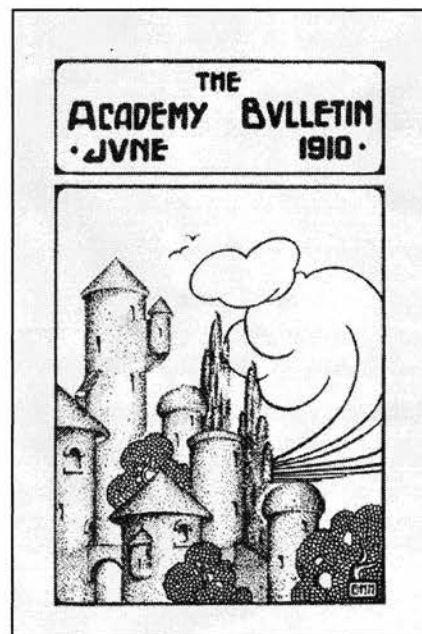
By numbering the last issue of our Association newsletter as Vol 1, No. 1, we by no means feel that what had been published in these pages before that time was worthless. In fact, a great deal of important information about early Westmount was included in the early issues of the Association newsletter, to wit:

- Fall 1995: Early history of the association.
- Fall 1996: Interview with Annette Wolff about one of her noted ancestors, Capt. Moses Judah Hays, who built Metcalfe Terrace, 168 Côte St. Antoine.
- January 1998: Historical notes about Victoria Hall (then undergoing renovation)
- Fall 1998: Tips for the family historian: Genealogical resources
- Fall 1999: 87 Years of Streetcars in Westmount
- January 2000: Westmount in 1895 (reprinted from the *Westmount Weekly News*, Nov. 16, 1895).

All these newsletters, of course, also included news about the Association including the plans (now put on hold) to move into the Westmount Train Station, the highly recognized lecture series, development of the archives and other important facts. Of course, it was because we realized this information was important to others that we decided to "go public." While copies of older issues are limited, we would be happy to photocopy articles from those issues – either in English or in French – for members and researchers who need them.

ANDY DODGE

Right: The first issue of the Academy Bulletin. The new publication was the inspiration of two students at Westmount Academy, Edwin Holgate and Albert Willis.



Westmount Historical Association

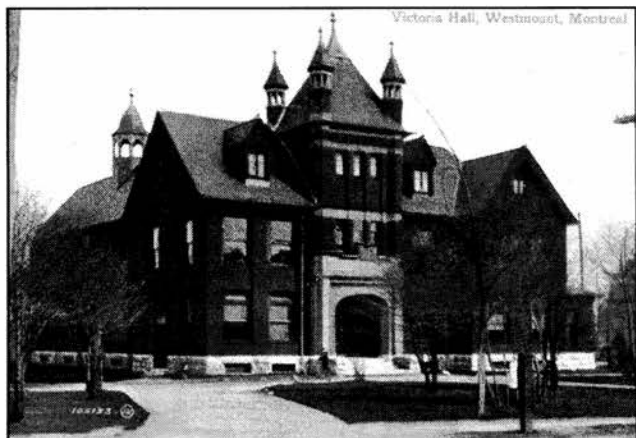
LIVING HISTORY SERIES

Editors note: With this issue we are launching a new feature called "Living History," publishing memoirs and anecdotes from members and others who have fond (or not so fond) recollections of Westmount in the 1950s, 1940s, 1930s or even earlier. It is our hope that we can help our members and future researchers get some small idea of the way things were on a day-to-day basis in our small community. With the spring lecture series featuring local schools, it is highly appropriate that we launch the series with some memories of life in Westmount Schools.

Reminiscences of Sunnyside School for Boys and Girls: A Tribute to Frances Brown, the Founder

ELLINOR FRANCES STEWART BROWN

In the early days of this century, when Westmount was just beginning to grow up, a little school was started in the dining room of 26 Melbourne Avenue, the family home of Frances Brown. The first pupils were a little girl and her two brothers, the children of Mr. and Mrs. Charles J. Brown, no relation of Frances. Very soon the children of other friends, Arthur and



The first Victoria Hall was the home of Sunnyside School for almost two decades.

Russell Paterson and their sister, Katie, joined Olive, Gerald and Kenneth Brown. By this time it was necessary to find new quarters, so they moved to the Christian Science Reading Room in "old" Victoria Hall. As it had its entrance on the park, the room was ideally situated...

As the school grew rooms were added and the teaching staff increased. The first to come to help Miss Brown was a young widow, Mrs. Cooper, who also lived on Melbourne Avenue. I remember her quite clearly as I was a pupil at that time. Later, Miss Ethel Robertson joined the teaching staff as Miss Brown's assistant, and then her sister, Miss Mildred Robertson took over the little ones and was a most successful teacher. As the school grew it was decided to limit the number of children to one hundred, so a waiting list was developed.

There were six classes at Sunnyside; the Beginners', First and Second Transition, and three Forms. The School day began with the Lord's Prayer and a hymn, for which a Third-Former played the piano. The little ones had their own opening and closing in their room.

Room D was used for the three upper classes as it was a large, bright room. The

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President's Message

It is mid January when I write my President's Message for *The Westmount Historian*. The snow, after a very white Christmas and New Year's, is being removed by our ever-industrious City crews, but my thoughts are of spring. As owner of the Westmount Train Station, the City of Westmount will now, hopefully, fulfill their promise to landscape and carry out the very much needed repairs to the building. I hope that there is light at the end of this tunnel.

The lecture series for spring and summer is prepared and you can read further about it in *The Westmount Historian*. Our promised maps for "Westmount Walks", unfortunately, missed the Fall deadline, but we are continuing the work and look forward to announcing a publishing date. A proposal is being prepared to be sent to The Canadian Heritage of Quebec with the hope that the Westmount Historical Association, together with The Canadian Heritage of Quebec, can host 'living history' evenings in the Hurtubise House on Côte St. Antoine Road, which they own. Can there be a more appropriate place? Another possible venue which is in their possession, would be 164 Côte St. Antoine Road, Metcalfe Terrace as we call it. The historical home is now well on its way to being restored.

After a few years' wait, the milestone on Côte St. Antoine Road and Forden will be restored by a firm of preservationists hired by the City of Westmount. The Westmount Historical Association approached the City in 1997 about this project and we shall now see the start and completion of the much needed work. The feeling is wonderful. Our history goes deep, let's preserve it.

FLORA-LEE WAGNER

LIVING HISTORY SERIES

Westmount High School in the 1940s

BARBARA MOORE

I went to Westmount High Schools in the '40s. The Junior High School, grades 7, 8, 9, were in what is now Westmount Park School. There were no school buses and everyone walked or took public transport. We had 1 1/2 hours for lunch so unless you lived impossibly far away you went home for lunch. The Senior High School, grades 10 and 11, was in the building which is now Selwyn House School. We had separate entrances for the boys and girls, separate classrooms and separate ends of the hall. No students were allowed in the front door and as I recall, trying it was good for a detention after school.

The Principal was Mr. Parker and he wore dark suits and stiff collars. I think I may have said "good morning" to him about six times in the two years I was there. Mr. Parker and about one third of the staff retired the year I graduated. I wonder if that said anything in particular.

Our chemistry teacher was Malcolm Turner, most of us called him "Bunsen" Turner. One morning all 27 of us girls arrived at the chemistry class before Mr. Turner. He was a few moments late so we shut and locked the door. When he arrived he first tried to open the door, to no avail. Then he knocked on the door and called "open the door girls, I know you are in there." Nobody moved and he had to go back to the office to get the key. As I recall no one received a detention. I imagine the thought of keeping the whole class in was too much for him!

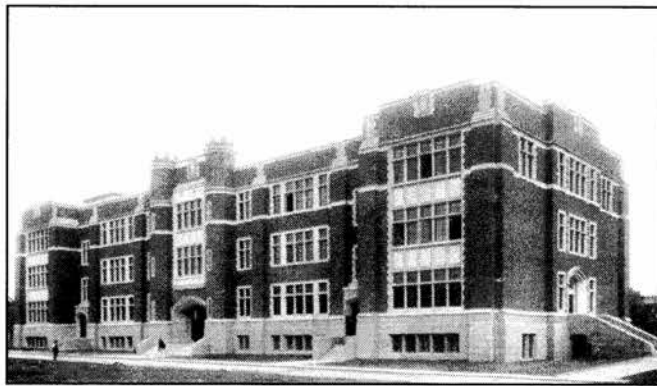
The girls' gym teacher in Senior High was Hazel Moore, no relation to me, in her 60s when she taught us, a wiry little woman, about five feet tall, extraordinarily erect. I was petrified of her as were some others. We didn't have school bags or knapsacks but carried our books loose, usually in a great pile in front of us. Miss Moore was very insistent that for good posture, we must carry our books at our sides. She lived on Claremont near Windsor and walked the same route to school that I did. If any of us spied her there would be a hasty shuffle of books into two piles, carried at our sides.

Miss Moore was a great believer in eight glasses of water per day being a cure for anything. Some of us tried to get out of gym occasionally, pleading a cold or not feeling well. She would pull herself up to her full five feet and say: Child, how many glasses of water have you had today? Often gym was the first class in the morning and I might have had one or none.

Then she would point her finger and say, go out in the hall and don't come back until you have had eight glasses! A different way of telling us we were excused from Gym! There was very little chance to meet boys in school but the Westmount YMCA had something called the HI-Y, a supper club which met at the Y, I think once a month. It was

co-ed and very popular. We had dinner and a speaker or some other sort of program.

I found out from a friend and former classmate that Mr. Turner is still alive. She said he is still sharp mentally but she is not sure about the state of his physical health. His current address is Malcolm A. Turner, 2400 - 5th Avenue N.E. Salmon Arm, B.C., V1E 1Y9, Telephone 1-250-832-8525.



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Westmount High School girls' basketball team from the 1940s.

LIVING HISTORY SERIES

King's School in the 1950s

WENDY DODGE

King's School occupied much of the block of Western Avenue between Lansdowne and Grosvenor in lower Westmount. It was set back from the street, and sat on a small rise, thus seeming even more imposing to those of us who spent our elementary school years there. The building had a particular smell, as all public buildings do, and I'm sure I would know it instantly if I caught a whiff.

There is no doubt – after all, it was the 50s – that classrooms were institutional green with wood floors and big wood framed windows, grimy from the train soot constantly spewing out of the many passing diesels. My favourite Sunday activity was roller skating in the tunnel which joined the inbound and outbound tracks at Westmount station. My dad would buy me Crackerjacks and watch while I roller skated from the bottom of the stairs to the metal rib at the centre of the tunnel, stepped awkwardly over the rib, and struggled up the slope to the base of the opposite stairs.

We had wooden desks at King's, with a hole for the much-coveted ink bottle. Earning the right to use ink was a high point in every student's career. We learned to write by copying letters, words and sentences into small lined copybooks. Eventually the time would come for each student to write with a scratch pen, dipping it into watery ink which dripped onto everything. I recall that this rite of passage happened in grade four. The boys spent much of their time carving the desks with their pens and throwing the heavy glass ink bottles out the second-storey window. The girls tried to perfect writing with the scratch pen, a hopeless pursuit and, I suspect, the reason so many of us have poor penmanship. In grade five we were allowed to use cartridge pens. These became a status symbol, much like sports shoes are today. The cartridge pens leaked and had to be primed, so our finger tips remained ink-stained for the duration of the school year, and using turquoise ink, instead of dark blue or black, was the ultimate offense against propriety and the system. To us, the teacher was GOD. This was before the time of daycare from the cradle and, for most

children of that era, the kindergarten or grade one teacher meant First Contact with the outside world. During my time at King's, there were two classes in each grade, probably no more than 300 students in the whole school, so it was not easy to hide behind others, and those who could not master reading became the bane of my existence. My father was the principal

of Van Horne Elementary School, so he was always bringing home books. That, and the three much older brothers who alternately terrorized and taught me, made me a reader from an early age. When Joan Labrosse, Danny Latour, or any of the other slow readers in grade one or two was called upon to read out loud,

I felt as though someone was

running fingernails down the blackboard: the halting, stumbling voice of each child grating on my nerves. By grade four, I served as hall monitor more than I was present in class; sitting still was not my forte. The hall monitor had a prestigious position, in my opinion. Sitting at the solitary desk halfway down the main hall from the principal's office, I was able to read by the hour, occasionally interrupted by the principal, Mr. Frank Sharp, who would ask me to take notes to various teachers. I also had to ring the bells when needed, although there was an automated system of dubious reliability. On the radiator beneath the bell panel sat a beautiful old brass school bell, an elegant reminder of simpler times.

Because of my father's position, I suspect my career at King's was handled with care. My parents made a point of staying out of school affairs, and I know of only one occasion, so I was told many years later, when circumstances required a quiet word to the principal: I don't remember who taught me in grade two, but I do know that on no account was I allowed to be instructed by Mrs. Langstaff. Students were supposedly chosen for each class randomly, and if your teacher was horrid or incompetent, "better luck next year" was the rule. Since each teacher taught every subject (except gym), a dud could really affect a child's progress. Mrs. Langstaff's reputation,

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deserved or not, preceded her. I still remember that mention of her name terrified me, although I don't know if I ever actually met or spoke to her during my seven years at King's.

I recall only three teachers from those years, the first two with great fondness. Mrs. McCormack in grade five was a regal lady, at least to me. She always had total command of the class, yet never shouted or threatened. Mrs. Struck in grade six was certainly one of my favourites. A Scot with a wonderful brogue, she had raven black hair. She told us about teaching in Scotland, when she had three sets of identical twins in the same class. She had a great sense of humour, a terrific temper, and limitless understanding of how difficult childhood can be. I have forgotten the name of the third teacher, a bully gym instructor who ensured that most of her students would hate physical activity of any kind forever. She communicated with loud threats and insults. She was a rather heavy set woman with a very small car, and there is a story that some of the boys put the car on a garage roof one day. How this was done, or if it was, is not clear, but that teacher was feared by most of King's children, and I never met anyone who liked her.

One of the last events I remember at King's was our "graduation dance" which was held in the gym. In the 50's, children were still children in grade six, and definitely had no idea what to do at a dance. The girls stood on one side of the gym feeling incredibly self conscious, while the boys did the same on the opposite side. At the time I'm sure we felt very grown up; little did we realize that we would be the youngest kids at the new Westmount High School, and that our wonderful King's would soon be only a memory.



MISS SHIRLEY'S BALLET PRIMADONNAS: This was the ballet class at King's, circa 1957; some of the names are missing and any help in identifying the girls would be appreciated. Back Row, left to right: Julia Ryan, Pam Stevens, Anne Clauss; Middle Row: Sheila Reid, Ruth Swan, Lynda Cooper, Sandra (last name unknown), Sally Davidson; Front Row: (name unknown), Barr Lewis, Sylvia (last name unknown), Alison Robb.

children sat at trestle tables with school bags hanging from their chairs. They were allowed to talk quietly about their work and were taught always to speak without disturbing the lessons in progress. In that way Miss Brown corrected many little habits, and it made for a very happy school day.

Fifteen minutes before closing time at 12:30 pm the children turned their chairs to face Miss Brown who read to them from a favourite book, which later was given as a prize. Some of these, *The Secret Garden*, *Little Princess*, *Master Skylark*, and *In My Neighbour's Shoes* were read every year. I have forgotten the name of the author of this last book but not the story where the children and animals changed places! Miss Brown, having grown up on a farm, loved animals and wanted Sunnyside children to love them too. Many a child, I am sure, went home with far greater compassion for their pets. While the story was being read, the children sat as quiet as mice, hands folded in laps and feet crossed, listening to every word. No voice but Miss Brown's was heard in the room.

The Third Form pupils helped the Beginners with their winter clothes, a more demanding job than it is today with zipper suits. They had to cope with Red River coats, sashes and tuques, mittens, and overstockings which were worn over the shoes but under the rubbers.

At Christmas Room D took on a most festive air when the whole school assembled to wait with baited breath for Santa Claus. He was not actually seen but he had undoubtedly been there. A knock would come at the door and a big, brown paper parcel, addressed to Miss Brown and the pupils of Sunnyside, would be handed in by the janitor. When it was opened there was a gift for every teacher and pupil.

One time when there was an undercurrent of bickering in the older classes, Miss Brown devised a novel way of dealing with it. A "Kind Kiddies" club was formed. Permission was granted by the Masons to use their Lodge Room in Victoria Hall for the meetings. It was sombre and mysterious, lending itself beautifully to children being turned into fairies. A magic potion was given to them and they had to report good deeds and bad deeds to "Mother Thought" (Miss Brown), "Aunt Idea" (Miss Robertson), and "Cousin Help" (Ellinor Brown). The atmosphere was soon cleared, but the club remained for some years.

The children were also allowed to use the Big Hall, as it was called, for charades, as there was a stage with curtains. This experience greatly added to the children's sense of acting and to their understanding of words. A very unusual "gift" was given to parents of large families. If there were four children from one family attending the school at the same time, Miss Brown and Miss Robertson took the fourth child at their expense.

Some interesting pupils came to Sunnyside School, among

Family-owned Small Businesses in Westmount: A Review

DOREEN LINDSAY

Many family owned small businesses are unique to the City of Westmount. Their owners feel rooted here and we, their customers, feel that they belong to us. Call it small town loyalty or a feeling of neighbourliness, we recognize a special rapport between local businesses and customers of many years. Four present day owner/managers spoke to WHA members about their ability to continue their family business through three generations. Each mentioned the ability to change with the times and to develop with their clientele.

West End Art Gallery

September 21st, 2000

The West End Art Gallery has been in its present location at 1358 Greene Avenue in Westmount for thirty-seven years. It was started by Rose Millman in 1941 when her private collection of paintings became too large to be contained in her home. She rented commercial space at 1448 St. Catherine Street near Mackay Street and in December of 1941 opened an art gallery, naming it Dominion Gallery. With the help of her daughter, Beatrice (Bazar) and her son Leo, the gallery quickly established itself in the Canadian art market by exhibiting both European and Canadian artists. Quebec artists that she exhibited and sold included Paul Emile Borduas, Jean Paul Riopelle, John Lyman, William Brymner, James Morrice, Goodridge Roberts and the Beaver Hall Hill Group. In 1946 she sold her share of the Dominion Gallery to Max Stern who had become her partner in 1944. Two years later she opened a space in the Prince of Wales Terrace at 1015 Sherbrooke St. West which she called The West End Art Gallery. She continued to support Canadian artists and in 1949 organized the exhibition Canadian Women Painters including Emily Carr, Prudence Heward, Anne Savage, Marian Scott and Jori Smith. In 1954 she had to close the gallery again due to illness and operated by appointment only from her Westmount residence at the corner of Greene Avenue and Sherbrooke Street. She died in 1961. Her son Leo continued the business with his wife Florence. Leo

Millman passed away in 1964 when he was only 46 years old. Florence Millman reopened the West End Gallery on Greene Avenue. Among others, the West End Gallery has represented Louise Scott and Miyuki Tanobe for thirty years, Louis Muhlstock for fifty. Michael Millman continues the gallery today along side his mother Florence. He has created a web site called www.west-endgallery.com to make their paintings available to a wider audience. This year they celebrated their 50th Anniversary, 37 of those years on Greene Avenue.

Nick's Restaurant, Catering by George, Togo's, La Transition

October 19th, 2001

Nick's Restaurant has been at 1377 Greene Avenue for eighty years. Nick Alevisatos came to Montreal from Greece in 1920 and bought Maryland Sweets, as it was first called, two years later from an uncle. He married Florence, his Canadian-born employee, and together they operated the restaurant, encouraging their five children to help as soon as they were old enough. Nick also bought the building at 1345 Greene Avenue, one of a series built around 1910, where the family lived for 45 years. All of the children learned the restaurant business while growing up but only Tom, George and Maria have continued. Until his death in 1977 at the age of seventy, "Mr. Nick" as he was called by everyone, was a familiar father figure to two generations of Westmount families. His wife Florence, the matriarch of the restaurant family and a wonderful cook, lived until 1990 when

she was seventy-four. George, his oldest son, started a delicatessen and catering business called Catering By George! just down the street in the building that his father owned at 1343 Greene Avenue. Tom took over the management of Nick's and continued to operate the ever-popular restaurant until 1998, when he sold it to a longtime friend. Maria, who had worked for her father since the age of thirteen, operated Togo's Restaurant on Greene Avenue (named for her brothers, Tom and George) for eleven years. On January 19, 1986, a day after Maria's birthday, Togo's was destroyed in a Greene Avenue fire. The following year, as a transition phase in her life, Maria took over the management of her uncle Costa's restaurant, The New Plaza on Sherbrooke Street at Victoria Avenue, renovated the space and changed its name to La Transition. She kept the name when the restaurant moved into its present location at the corner of Sherbrooke and Grosvenor.

Tony Shoes

November 16th, 2000

Gianantonio (Tony) Fagnoli opened Tony's Shoe Repair on Greene Avenue in Westmount in 1937. In 1925 he came from Italy to live with distant cousins, the Palumbo family. He married their daughter Maria in 1927 and two years later joined his father-in-law's business, a shoe store on St. Catherine Street near Greene Avenue. By 1937 he started his own shoe repair shop at 1319 Greene Avenue. There

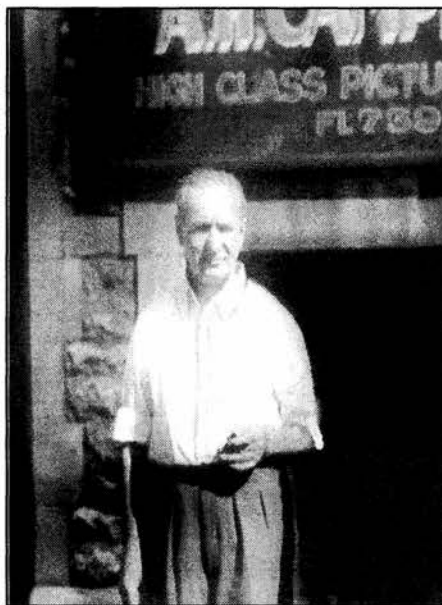
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were seven shoe stores on Greene Avenue, so to be unique he changed the name from The Real Shoe Shop to The Real Tony Shoe Shop. Then in the early 1940s Gianantonio bought the building at 1346 Greene Avenue and moved his family into the 3 1/2 room apartment above the store. Tony's opened at seven in the morning, so customers could bring their shoes in to be repaired or get a shoe shine on their way to work. That practice continues today. In 1967, just before Expo '67, times were so good that two more basements were added under the store for stock. In 1971, Solly Ram came to work as a salesman and has stayed for 29 years. In 1997, Tony's celebrated its 60th anniversary with a party in the store. This year Anthony and Kathryn are renovating the interior of Tony's.

**A.H. Campbell Gallery
and Fine Art Picture Framers**
December 14th, 2000

Alexander Harvey Campbell, whose family had been firmly settled in Picton, Nova Scotia, for six generations, ventured forth to Montreal as a young war veteran and started his carpentry and carved frame shop in Verdun in 1924. During the 1930s as his business developed, he bought a house at 4150 St. Catherine Street near Greene Avenue where he continued to frame while working with decorators. Hand carved wood frames, gilded with gold leaf made by him, can still be found on paintings in museums and Westmount homes. Alexander passed on his knowledge of woodworking and carving expertise to his son Ian and his grandsons Steve, Glen, and John. His original hand drawn floral paper designs for frames have been handed down in the family, as has his personal box of gold leaf materials. Alexander Campbell died in 1958 and the business was continued

by his wife, Gwyneth, who lived until 1978, and son Ian, who had been assisting him. Ian Campbell saved one of the fireplaces from the St. Catherine Street store when the property was demolished in 1974. It was installed in the next house/store at 4916 Sherbrooke Street near Victoria Avenue, which continues to house the business today. Today, this family framing business is owned jointly by Ian's two sons, Glen and John, assisted by Steve, their older brother. The administrative office work is done by their wives, Pauline, Jessica, and Carmen. Glen became his father's partner in 1988 when his mother died and then John became Glen's partner when their father retired in 1994. Steve comes in to frame part-time. The brothers carry on the tradition of fine art framing which today means using acid-free materials. Many of their father's and grandfather's original tools are still in use, although a new mat cutter was purchased after their grandfather's wore out from constant use. In addition to continuing the framing side of their business they are developing the Art Gallery where they represent Montreal artists.



A. H. Campbell, founder of the Campbell Gallery and Fine Art Picture Framers.

them Mary and Danny Munn who were both blind. They were helped by children assigned each day or week to be their guardians. Mary became a famous pianist and Danny, a minister. Norma Shearer, her sister, Athol, and her brother, Douglas were pupils, as were many others whose names are well-known, such as Francis McNaughton, neurologist, Dorothy Ross, last principal of the High School for Girls, Pamela Merrill Peck, artist, Peter Edgell, psychiatrist, and Margery Gaunt MacKenzie, recipient of the Queen's Jubilee Medal...

There was always a closing ceremony in June before the summer holidays commenced, with parents present. The children sang songs and recited poems. Prizes were given and in the Third Form each child received an award or prize for some achievement. Every child leaving Sunnyside went away with a remembrance of their first school. Over the years additional prizes were donated by the parents of former pupils. The first of these was given by Dr. and Mrs. Springle in honour of their daughter, Mary. It was always a silver pencil, given to the child who had shown the greatest improvement in the speaking voice.

Sunnyside was probably the first school to give a winter holiday for both teachers and pupils. Miss Brown thought it was a long session between Christmas and Easter, and a break for everyone would be helpful. She was far ahead of her time, one realizes now...

Early in 1920, Miss Brown's health began to fail and on New Year's Day in 1922 she died. The School continued under the leadership of Miss Ethel and Miss Mildred Robertson for some years. In March 1924, fire destroyed the old Victoria Hall. The School was offered many places to carry on, and the Y.M.C.A. across the street was chosen. Here the two nieces of the Misses Robertson, Ruth and Margaret, taught until about 1938, when the school closed its doors