

# Rockport S.S.14

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1925-1965

# Rockport S.S. #14 - 1927



# Anne in her NY office (c. 1920)

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# Ms. Eaton & Fitz



# Senior Form V c.1928





Rockport School  
Concert

December 21, 1927

You are cordially  
invited by the  
Teachers + Pupils.

# Senior Form V c.1929



# Rockport S.S. #14 - 1930





# Senior Form V c.1930





# Vera on the Roosevelt Ferry c.1930

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# Vera Hubert - 1930



# Rockport S.S. #14 - 1935



# Rockport S.S. #14 - 1948



# Rockport S.S. #14 Choir 1953



# Rockport S.S. #14 - 1957



# Rockport S.S. #14 - Christmas 1957





DEC • 57 •

# Rockport S.S. #14 - 1958



# Rockport S.S. #14 - 1958



# Rockport S.S. #14 - Christmas 1958

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# Rockport S.S. #14 -1959





# Rockport S.S. #14 - 1961



# Ms. Eaton



*To Anne C. Eaton  
our loyal friend and sound advisor,  
this book is affectionately dedicated*

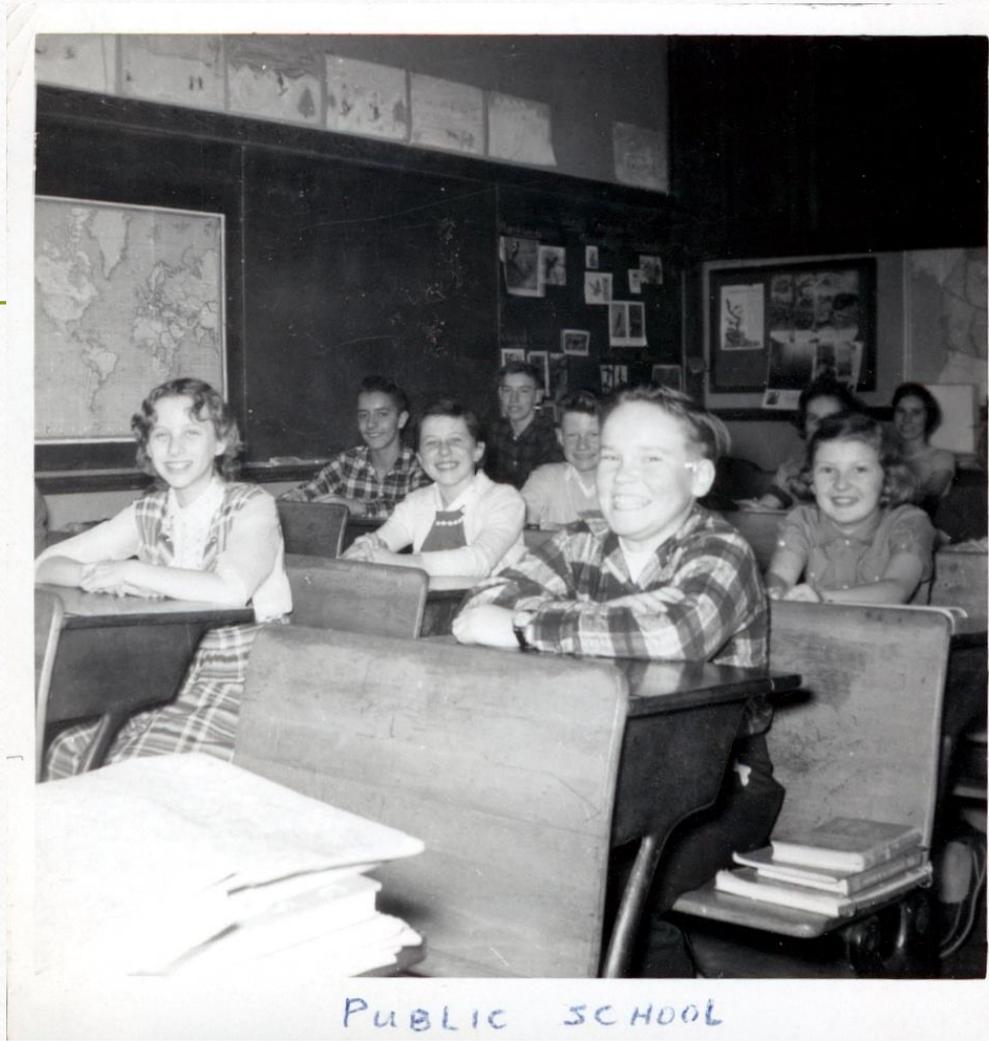


*Rockport S.S. #14*





PUBLIC SCHOOL



PUBLIC SCHOOL



MRS. TURNER



**Gananoque's Photo Album:** This photo provided by Inez Dekker shows Rockport Public School in 1959. Among those shown are Inez Bolger, Diane Haskin, Julie Fair, Helen Hodge, Roger Hodge, Mike DeWolfe, Doug Johnson, Rosie Hodge, Carolyn Caiger, Marjorie Andress, Richard DeWolfe, Eugene Johnson, Wade Haskins, Barb Bolger, and Mike Fair. Several students are not identified. If you have an old photo you would like to share, drop it off at *The Gananoque Reporter*. Photos may be picked up after publication. — *Photo by Michael Sykes*

**Photos of Rockport  
"Schooldays"  
Memories**

courtesy of **Ethel Johnston**



**Audrey Newell - Teacher**  
(1 to r)

**Back row** - Terry Morrow - Morris Caiger - Ron Huck - Lyle K. - Frances DeWolfe - Chuck Caiger -  
Frank Fair - Mrs. Bartsch

**Middle row** - Barb Bolger - Marj DeWolfe - Wendy Johnston - MaryJane Hodge - Charlene - Jean K -  
Elaine J - Maxine Andress

**Front row** - Wade Haskin - Eugene Johnston - Rosie Hodge - Barb Hodge - Chris Turner - Linda Sands -  
Kevin Turner

**Front row sitting** - Marjorie Andress - Susie Mayhew - Helen Hodge - Caroline Caiger - Mary Bartsch

## Rockport "Schooldays" Memories



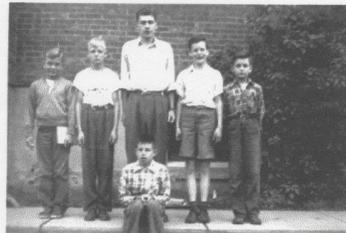
Kark Kahnt, Catherine Bolger, Alice Reid, Elinor Kahnt, Elmer Andress  
Marcella R., Margaret Williams, Keitha Edgeley, .....??  
Grade 9 & 10



TEACHERS -  
Gwen Hough & G. McReady



Orval Kahnt - Elmer Andress - Brendon R. - George Williams  
????? - Vera Fitzsimmons - Karl Kahnt  
-Edson Slate



Edward Birt  
Lorne Hunt  
Gordon McReady  
Ron Huck  
LyleKahnt  
Caiger

Who are  
these  
students?

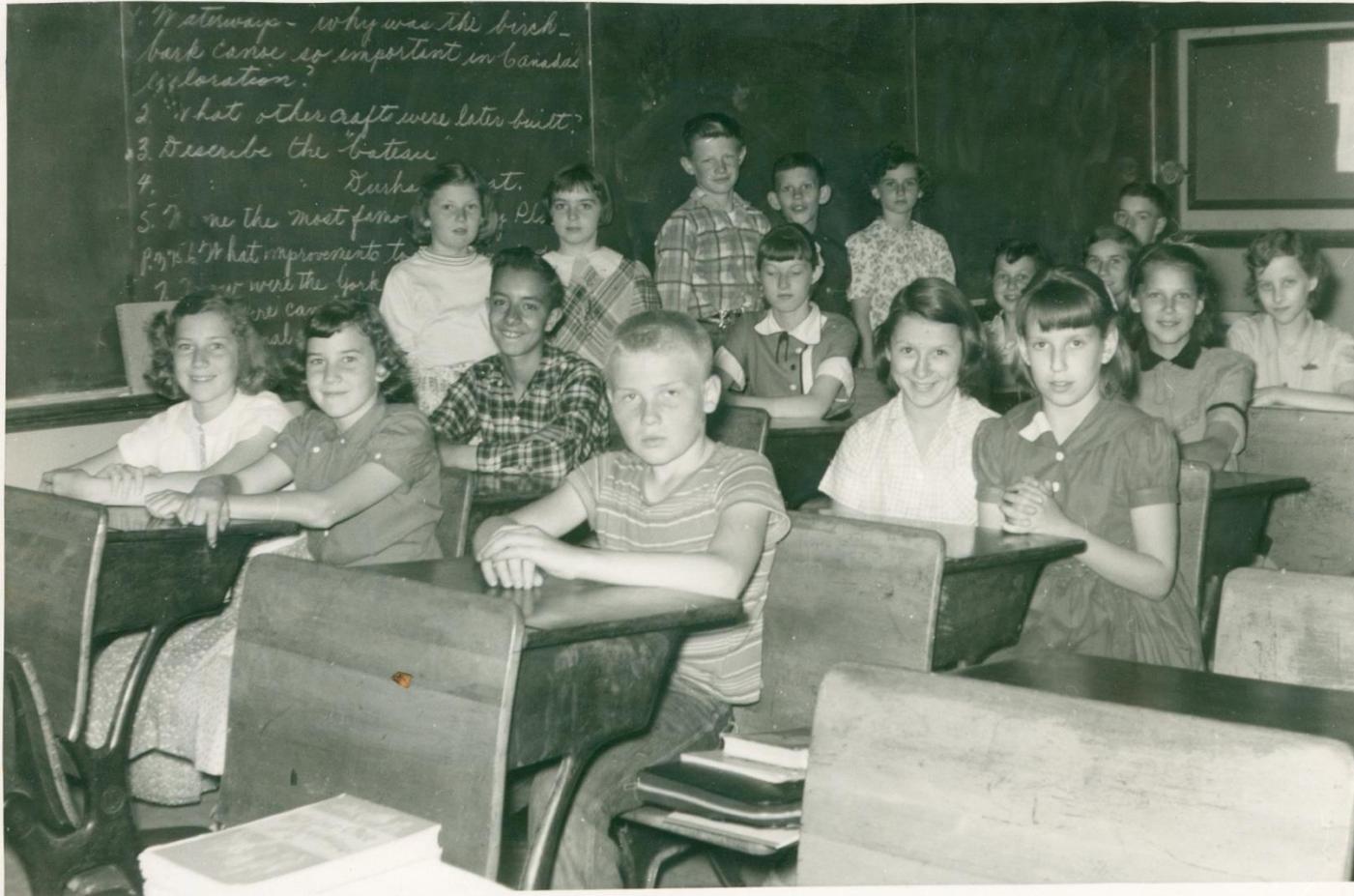












1. Waterways - why was the birch-bark canoe so important in Canadian exploration?  
2. What other craft were later built?  
3. Describe the "batteau"  
4. Name the most famous fur traders.  
5. Name the most famous voyageurs.  
6. What improvements to the canoe were the fur traders responsible for?  
7. How were the fur traders able to travel so far?









# Rockport S.S. #14 - closing 1965



# School closing 1965





Toronto police broke up this Red rally opposite the parliament buildings in 1929. It was among the first of many such events during the next decade.

## The great communist scare of the Thirties

A Maclean's Flashback  
By DAVID LEWIS STEIN

Communism was illegal in Canada between the wars, but thousands of people followed it. Thousands more — those in power — were so afraid of it that scores of injustices were committed in the name of law and order. This is the story of the most turbulent period in our peace-time history

AT A QUARTER TO SEVEN on a November evening in 1929, Jack MacDonald, a known communist, climbed into the bandstand in Queen's Park in front of the provincial parliament buildings in midtown Toronto. He was scheduled to be the first of three speakers to address a crowd of about five thousand. But before he could begin to speak a wave of mounted and motorcycle policemen charged the crowd. Men and women, some of them pushing baby carriages, ran screaming in front of the police. Tim Buck, who was only a few months away from becoming leader of the Communist Party, tried to force his way through to the bandstand, but he was stopped and clubbed about the head and face. He was led away with his mouth streaming blood. By nine o'clock, Queen's Park was empty and quiet again.

This riot was just one incident in a little

known but frightening chapter of Canadian history. The Communist Party was declared illegal in the early Thirties, and Canadians took part in a national game of communist scare that dwarfed anything Senator McCarthy ever dreamed of. The police were given virtually a free hand. They swung their billys at parades and meetings across the country, arrested and imprisoned hundreds of men and women. Before the troubles were over, close to twenty-three thousand people whom the law had decided were troublemakers had been deported.

The great communist scare of the Thirties had its roots in the Winnipeg general strike of 1919. While the strikers were still largely in control of that city, the panicky Conservative government of Sir Robert Borden passed a law that was later to be turned viciously against the communists by the Conservative government of R. B. Bennett. Section 98, an amendment to the criminal code, made a crime out of even the wearing of "pennant, card or button," of a party that advocated change by use of "force, violence or physical injury." This "crime" could bring a sentence of twenty years. During the decade of the Twenties, several attempts were made in the House of Commons to have Section 98 repealed, but it survived them all. It lay quietly on the books, like a trap ready to be sprung.

The Communist Party was founded in 1921.

continued on page 70

John Keats is an American writer whose children have had the benefit of some of the most modern schools in North America: ✕

But for two years they attended a small, two-room school in rural Ontario. This is why Keats still gives

## ✓ TO THE LITTLE RED (CANADIAN) SCHOOL HOUSE

WHEN THE CHILDREN came home from their first day in a Canadian school, they were full of problems.

"How do you spell centre?" ten-year-old Chris wanted to know. "C-e-n-t-r-e." I told him. "How did you spell it?"

"That's what I wrote, but the teacher marked it wrong. She wants me to write it over, twenty times — c-e-n-t-r-e. She doesn't even know how to spell."

"They use writing on the blackboard, and we never had writing," seven-year-old Margaret complained to her mother. "I can't understand the teacher, she talks so funny, and I don't know the words to *God Save The Queen!*"

"We're not Canadians," Chris said. "Do we have to sing *God Save The Queen!*"

"You're a guest in her country," the children's mother said. "Is there any reason why you don't want God to bless your hostess?"

That night, by the light of oil lamps, the children wrestled with something they had never known before: homework. Their United States school did not believe in homework; the Canadian school did. Chris moodily wrote each of his new spelling words ten times, and wrote "centre" twenty times.

In what follows, the point is not that the school they attended in Canada is typical of Canadian schools nor that the school they attended in Maryland is typical of United States schools. There may well be no such thing as a typical school in either nation. The point is simply that what our children found in Rockport in the school years 1952-54 was markedly different from what they experienced in Maryland and that they have never forgotten it. The memory is fresh as that of this morning, and we have remained close enough to

both the present Rockport and Maryland schools to be able to say nothing has changed in either school in the past decade. In Maryland, for instance, the elementary school teachers sit on little chairs just like those of the children, in the middle of a sort of family circle, and say such things as, "Now we'll all learn together," and all the children are passed from one grade to the next each year whether they have learned anything or not.

"Up here," we still remember Chris exclaiming in horror, "they keep you back if you don't pass!"

"And the teacher hits you with a switch!" Margaret said. "And you can't use the boys' door!"

"They have one door for boys

and one for girls," Chris explained. "You can't go into school until the teacher rings a bell. Then you line up at one door and the girls line up at the other. You get in line by grade and march in."

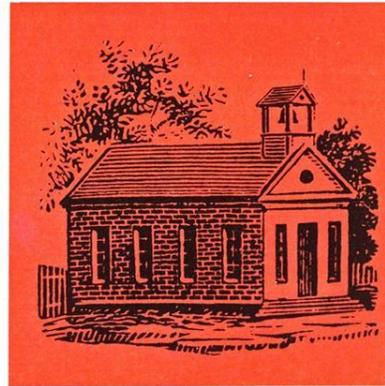
It also seemed that the class stood when the teacher entered the room, and remained standing while the teacher bade them good morning. The children would say, "Good morning, teacher," and they remained standing until the teacher told them to be seated.

All of this helped to establish a mood seldom to be found in schools in the United States today. Chill and austere, it suggested that perhaps the reason the children were in school was that their

position was subordinate; that the teacher knew something and that they didn't; that she therefore merited respect and that it was the duty of the children to be respectful. It was all quite new to our youngsters, who had known the "democratic" classrooms south of the border, where the children are not held to an objective standard, but are marked according to whether their teacher believes them to be doing work of which they are capable. Thus, in the Rockport school, a bright boy might be considered an honor student, while in the Maryland school, he might be considered "an over-achiever"; thus, in the Rockport school, a student might fail in arithmetic but in the Maryland school the teacher might tell him — as one told us — "Not everyone needs to know how to do arithmetic."

It was not long before our children adapted themselves to Canadian ways; before Chris understood the difference between English and United States spellings; before Margaret had caught onto pretty Miss Stuart's Highland burr and — United States theories notwithstanding — discovered it was possible for a second grader to learn to write as well as to print. Indeed, during the next two years, our children learned a good many other things in that two-room Ontario country school that they would never have learned had they always attended the impersonal, million-dollar, cement factory of a consolidated school that they had known in Maryland. They returned to Maryland far ahead of their classmates in every subject, and here it must be said that their Maryland school enjoyed an A-1 rating by United States standards. More important, however, the Canadian school presented our children with a concept

continued on page 34



Discriminating  
palates recognize  
and savour the clean,  
light tang of  
fine Scotch.  
And people of perception  
quietly, but firmly, insist  
on a whisky of character.

**VAT 69**

THE EPITOME OF GOOD TASTE

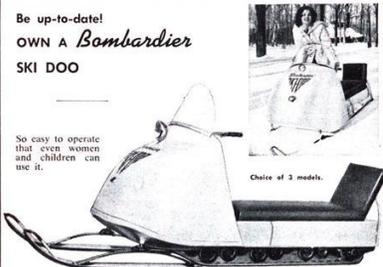


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children's ideas were granted attention, the Rockport school seemed more of a drill field, on which the children paraded at command. Rockport paid much attention to rote learning and to homework. The Maryland school held both were old-fashioned and, therefore, bad. All we know is that our children absorbed and retained more information in Rockport than they were ever asked to absorb in Maryland. We know that they worked harder in Canada. We know that they were expected to measure up to an objective standard, rather than to a personal standard of achievement in Rockport. Whether rote learning and indoctrination is the best method of education in the upper grades, we will not say. It does seem to us, however, that on an elementary level, children must be given the basic skills of reading, writing and computation, and a store of those basic facts that comprise the foundation of any further learning. Here, the Rockport school succeeded, and the Maryland school did not. For, in our Maryland high school's twelfth grade, children are still learning how to write sentences, and what that high school calls "whole paragraphs," while in Rockport, our second-grade daughter was expected to write essays. It is a matter of cold fact that our son's fifth- and sixth-grade essays in Rockport were the only compositions demanded of him in eight years of elementary school. We still have the first one he wrote. The assignment was to retell, in his own words, a story from the Bible. Some sentences are memorable:

"Christ went over the Sea of Galilee with a big mob of disciples. They all went up on a hillside and sat down. Then one of the disciples came up and said: 'Jesus Christ, how are we going to feed the mob?'"

In sum, the essay was five hundred words long, and here it might be observed that Harvard University, in its advice to parents of freshmen, cautions that many entering students will be appalled by the amount of writing demanded of them, since they will never before, in their entire elementary and high school careers, have been asked to write a paper as long as five hundred words.

In addition to grinding relentlessly away on basic skills, Rockport school also introduced our children to music. There was no music room, as there had been in Maryland, nor a music teacher who would ask the children to sing hillbilly songs on grounds that "they all know the words," and who would reward the children with pieces of chewing gum for doing what he told them. Instead, Rockport was visited by a music teacher who made the rounds of the back-country Ontario elementary schools, and who taught our children to read music, and to sing songs designed to stretch their young voices over scale and range.

It is interesting to reflect that Rockport school would not be given a certificate of accreditation in Maryland, nor in most sections of the United States. For one thing, there is no cafeteria and no hot lunch. There is no gymnasium. Nor is there an art room, nor a music room, nor a library. There is not even a smoking room for students, and although this facility is not yet required of all United States

public schools, many do have lounges where the students may smoke. To turn to more basic matters, Rockport school does not have what some educators believe to be the necessary number of square feet of floor space per pupil. Rockport school also lacks a general science laboratory, and the interior decoration has not been designed by a color engineer, retained at fifty dollars a day. In fact, the people of Rockport seem to have painted the walls themselves. Nor is there an auditorium in Rockport school, nor a motion-picture projection room. There is nothing to the school, really, except four red-brick walls enclosing two small rooms where students sit at rows of desks and learn lessons. Rockport's teaching methods would not pass muster in many school districts of the United States, and the only thing that can be said for the school is that, by the time a student is passed out of eighth grade, he is ready to do high school work. The same thing cannot be said for our Maryland elementary school.

It was Rockport's complete lack of facilities that gave our children their most profound insight into their classmates' natures. The older boys wanted to practice track-and-field athletics during recess and lunch hour, and neither Miss Stuart, who taught the first four grades, nor Miss May, who taught the upper four grades, had the slightest idea as to what boys' athletics might be.

"They said it was all right with them if we did it ourselves," Chris said, somewhat grandly promoting himself to the status of older boy.

"So the big kids went up to Gananoque and got books out of the library, and now they're making their own track."

During their precious recess periods, the boys not only scythed down high grass in the school yard and went on to make a track, but dug a jumping pit, filling it with sawdust, and fashioned a high-jump standard. Following the books they borrowed, the older

**PARADE**

**Oiled**

Two four-year-olds bound on some important mission in Cobocook, Ont., came to a dead stop at a freshly oiled road. They looked down at the obviously new shoes each wore, conferred earnestly about the stern par-

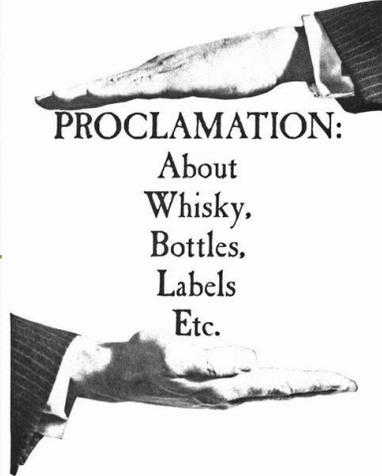


ental warnings each had clearly received before setting out, and finally removed their shoes and crossed the road in bare feet. Then they shoved their freshly oiled feet back into their nice new shoes and went virtuously on their way.

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**LITTLE RED SCHOOL HOUSE**  
*continued from page 25*

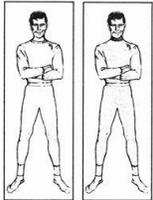
In a town where they distinguish man's and woman's work, kids learn that school is their work

absolutely new to them: the idea that hard work and discipline might have something to do with acquiring an education. And just as important as this, Rockport school also gave them a proper view of their place in life: sense of their obligations to themselves, and a great view of what people could do for one another when they found themselves in a situation where nothing was being done for them by anyone else.

Much of what they learned was not taught in the school, but by the river and by the people of Rockport. The tiny riverside community lies astride Queen's Highway 401, and it principally consists of farmers who bring a hard living from stony fields, and, along the waterfront, of boatwrights, carpenters, mechanics and jacks-of-all-trades whose income chiefly derives from the annual tourist trade of the Thousand Islands and from summer residents of the offshore islands. Neither affluent nor poverty stricken, Rockport's people are hard-working and self-respecting. They make a sharp distinction between man's work and woman's work, and Rockport's children bring to school the idea that going to school is their work. Each person has a sense of his identity, for it is bounded by his duties, and the children see life as if it were a ladder, with themselves on the lowest rungs. All of this is quite different from the society our children had known in Maryland: a middle-class suburb where the men were overnight guests and weekend boarders who did something vague and sedentary in the city for money which the women spent at the shopping centres; where the children were whisked off in a school bus to a place where they were told that learning was fun and that farmers were "community helpers"; where the weekend diversion was the cocktail party and where, in at least one household, the children called their parents by their first names as if they had no parents, but merely an older brother and older sister.

In Canada, our children took themselves to school in the scarlet outboard they called their Little Red School Boat, crossing the mile of open water between our island and the Rockport shore, learning to use the leas of islands when the wind blew hard; learning how to steer by guests and by sound on mornings when the world was wrapped in cotton-battling fog; learning respect for waves, currents, rocks and shoals. Then they would walk another mile uphill through rocky fields to school. Everything connected with going to school was their responsibility and no one else's. The care and handling of the boat was their problem; the boat was theirs to paint and it was up to them to make sure there were always boat cushions in it, and a full fuel tank. Chris was captain of the ship. His sister, in turn, was responsible for preparing the lunch boxes.

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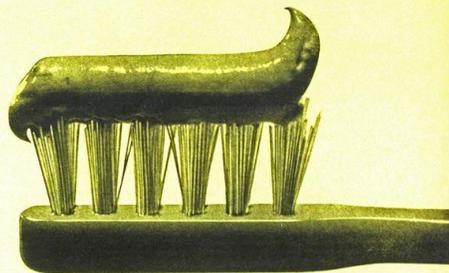
Apart from the arbitrary separation of girls and boys, which reflected the school's understanding of the fact that the two sexes simply do not mix at the elementary school level, our children were most impressed by the simplicity of the instruction and the small size of the classes. Grades one through four met in one room; grades five through eight in the other. Instead of having thirty to thirty-five classmates, our children suddenly had but three or seven. Chris found this situation ideal.

"The teacher gives us our work first," he said, "and then she goes to the next row and tells that grade what to do. If you get your work done fast, you can listen in on what she's telling the eighth grade."

Thus, he said, he was not only learning early American history in his grade, but was also following the eighth grade on the Crusades. We were impressed, for it had always been our feeling that history was not taught in United States public schools. Instead, there is a sort of salmagundi called social studies, which may range from a discovery that chocolate is manufactured in Hershey, Pennsylvania, to a discussion of current events. And certainly, the Rockport school started our children by acquainting them with the fact that American history did not begin with the arrival of the Pilgrims on the Mayflower. It seemed that Canada had a history of its own — of which our children had never heard — and that certain Spanish cities had been flourishing for a hundred years in the New World before the Pilgrims left Holland with a ballast of ale.

Neither we nor our children are prepared to debate the relative qualities of United States and Canadian education, but it does seem to us that two different concepts of the word "learning" on the basis of our severely limited experience with one elementary school in each nation. In the Maryland elementary classrooms we know, you will hear teachers ask the class, "What shall we learn to-day?" and you will hear children discussing subject matter with their teachers. In Rockport school, there seemed to be no discussion. Both Rockport teachers were in their first year of teaching, and both seemed to follow instruction manuals that told them what they must tell the children, and how to do so, and what standards of achievement were required of the students. In the Maryland classroom seemed a sort of forum, in which the

*A message of importance for people who get up in the morning.*



**Is this what you had for breakfast this morning?**

Sure, it may prevent cavities. But will it prevent you from being a bear all morning? Will it make you nicer to your family and friends? Will it enable you to do your best work? No one can do an efficient morning's work on a mouthful of toothpaste. May we humbly (but commercially) offer this suggestion:

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Sherriff Marmalades goes far beyond the delicious taste to the carefully selected ingredients and the patience of preparation.

Words tell only a part of the story. For the whole story, you'll have to try Sherriff Marmalades. You'll be glad that you did; and we'll be glad that you'll be glad that you did.

So, tomorrow, do everything five minutes earlier. (That means get out of bed earlier.) Then head for the breakfast table and Sherriff Marmalade. (Then brush your teeth.) If we can make this a national movement, we'll sell a lot more Sherriff Marmalade.

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