



HALDIMAND MUSEUMS

School Days Past

The Wilson MacDonald Memorial School Museum allows students to experience a typical day in a one-room rural school. Costumes, role-playing, lessons and games help students learn about their heritage and the history of education. The day-long program is especially tailored to the school 2013 social studies curriculum.

A shortened program (running 30 minutes to 2 hours) can also be provided for other interested groups. Adults are welcome too!

School Days Past Program

Full day Cost: \$6.25

Half Day Cost: \$3.50

For bookings call: (905) 776-3319

Wilson MacDonald Memorial School Museum

R.R. 1, Selkirk, Ontario, N0A 1P0

(905) 776-3319

Dana Stavinga, Curator



Step into a classroom of the past... when the Union Jack waved over the school house... classes started with “God Save the Queen”... and penmanship was practised using straight pens and real ink.

The Wilson MacDonald Memorial School Museum welcomes you to our “Schools Days Past” program. By participating in this program you are helping to preserve the memory of the one-room school house, a tradition

that was a part of our community for over a hundred years.

The objective of the school is to provide an experiential program in which learning is enhanced by role-playing and hands-on activities. Before you visit, there are a few things you should know so that you are prepared for the day’s activities.

If you have any questions, feel free to contact the museum at (905) 776-3319.

See you in the classroom!

Learning Goals

1. To provide an experiential program in which learning is enhanced by role-playing and hands on activities.
2. To offer situations in which some aspects of the curriculum can be strengthened in a natural manner.
3. To provide an individually tailored program for each class.
4. To help to develop, in the students, an appreciation of the past, the present and the ability to make comparisons between lifestyles, values, school procedures, etc. of the two periods.
5. To give participant the opportunity to experience the lifestyles and responsibilities of students of another era.
6. To give an opportunity for students to develop social and personal skills.
7. To complement the historical studies of Haldimand County, Ontario and Canada.

Checklist for Teachers

- Book the day at the schoolhouse
- Distribute permission forms
- Be sure transportation is arranged
- Discuss with students the type of clothes they might wear on the day of the visit
- Help students plan lunches which would be similar to those of the period
- Teach the students *God Save the Queen* or *God Save the King* (optional)
- Name tags for students and a class list for the school teacher (optional)
- Prepare the class for the role playing aspect of the day
- Be responsible for discipline of the class at Wilson MacDonald Memorial School Museum and en route
- Supervise the lunch and noon activities



Suggestions for Noon-hour Games

Outdoors- softball, tug-of-war, croquet (equipment available at school), skipping rope, hopscotch, spinning tops, marbles, hoop rolling, Red Rover, red light, Anty Anty over

Indoors- charades and pantomimes, checkers, crokinole, wooden toys.

Students' Preparation and Responsibilities

- Return permission form to the classroom teacher.
- Collect or make the components for an old-fashioned costume for the day.
- Prepare a name tag 10 cm by 25 cm on sturdy paper. Girls print first name. Boys print surname (last name).
- Prepare a suitable lunch.
- Enjoy the day.
- Be well behaved.
- Be prepared to "play the role" and pretend to be a student in a one-room school many years ago.

Suggested Clothing

Boys

Knickers - this can be achieved by tucking pants into knee socks or by cutting off old pants. Suspenders are optional.

Socks - dark colour only.

Shoes - dark leather/vinyl, rubber boots. (No running shoes, please).

Shirts - a button-up plain or plaid (no t-shirts).

Overalls are always accepted.

Hats - Straw, cloth, canvas (no baseball caps).

Girls

Dresses or skirts - (plain, no ruffles) in dark colours; length between knees and ankles.

Pinafores (if available) or apron.

Socks - long and dark.

Shoes - dark (no running shoes).

Hair - in braids or a bun if long enough.

Hats - cloth, straw bonnets or a scarf or kerchief.

Suggestions for Lunch

Sandwiches - meat, jam, peanut butter or egg. If you do not like sandwiches, then you may bring crackers and cheese or hard-boiled eggs.

Desserts - fruit: apples, pears, peaches, plums; home-made cookies or cake.

Beverages - milk, apple juice, orange juice.

Lunch Pails - honey pails with lid and handle; basket; wrap food in a teatowel or cloth.



Please - to get the full effect of the day do not bring junk food (potato chips, pop, commercially prepared cakes, etc.)

Canada and the British Empire

Canada did not have an official anthem until 1980. Long before that time, children in one-room schools usually started the day by singing *God Save the King* or *God Save the Queen*, depending on which monarch was on the throne.

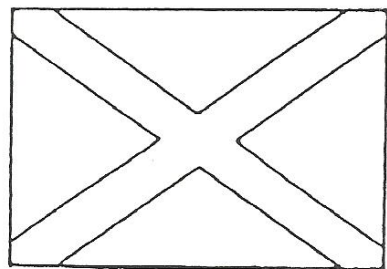


God save our gracious King,
Long live our noble King,
God save the King!
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the King!

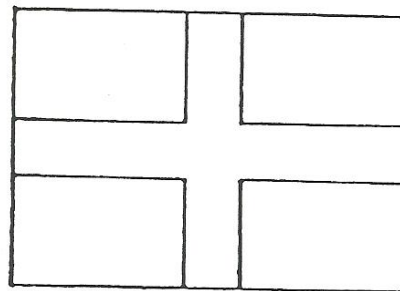


The red and white maple leaf became Canada's flag on February 15, 1965. Before that, we used the Union Jack, the flag of the British Empire. The name of the Union Jack refers to the union of three countries: England, Ireland, and Scotland, and an old word for flag, *jacque*.

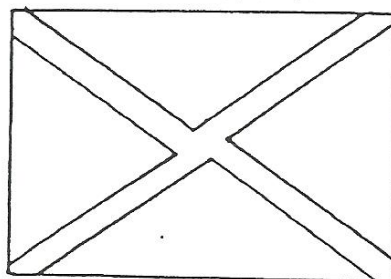
The Union Jack is three flags in one. In 1603, King James VI of Scotland became King James I of England. Three years later he combined the cross of St. Andrew, Scotland's patron saint, with the cross of England's St. George. In 1801, King George III added the cross of St. Patrick of Ireland to form the Union Jack as we know it today.



Cross of St. Andrew



Cross of St. George



Cross of St. Patrick

Reading

*This is an example of a reading
that might be found in the readers of the early 1900s*



I have a little shadow that goes in and out with me
And what can be the use of her is more than I can see
She is very much like me from the heels up to the head;
And I see her jump before me, when I jump into my bed.

The funniest thing about her is the way she likes to grow—
Not at all like proper children, which is always very slow;
For she sometimes shoots up taller like an India-rubber ball,
And she sometimes gets so little that there's none of her at all.

She hasn't got a notion of how children ought to play,
And can only make a fool of me in every sort of way.
She stays so close beside me, she's a coward you can see;
I'd think shame to stick to nursie as that shadow sticks to me!

One morning, very early before the sun was up,
I rose and found the shining dew on every buttercup;
But my lazy little shadow, like an errant sleepy-head,
Had stayed at home behind me and was fast asleep in bed.



Reading - Grade 5-8

My School Days At McGaw's

by Marie Marshall

It was Easter time 1919 when I started at McGaw's. I walked to school with the Crawley girls, and Sam and Jean Wardell. I think Miss Olive Shantz from the Kitchener area was my first teacher. Miss Beatrice Fagan my second teacher came Sept. 1919. She stayed until the following year. Because of the unruly and rough older boys, she found it hard to keep strict control. She was a mild-mannered lady. When she left she became a Catholic sister, known in Hamilton St. Joseph's Hospital as Sister Cecilia, later lovingly referred to as Mother Cecilia.

It was at this time the trustees decided they had better do something. Thus they hired a Mr. V.A. Markle from the Ohsweken Indian Reserve. He

knew discipline, and how to handle the rough tough lads. He brought with him a hickory stick sharpened at both ends. One lad bore the brunt of the rod after being warned several times. A question asked, a flippant answer, instantly a hand sot out, behind the boy's head, suddenly he was bent over a knee, a strong leg across the back of his legs. Wam, wam, firmly across the behind. You can guess, a red-faced lad felt it, and didn't forget it. We all saw that this man meant business, and was to be respected. Six months later, discipline and order restored, he left.

We enjoyed geography and spelling matches, which sometimes left us red-faced and embarrassed.

Oh, do you remember those slates and slate pencils? What a "din" when we were all busy with them! We had to be careful not to break the pencils. I was glad when we switched to lined scribblers, and each of us tried to pick the nicest cover. How proud we were when we could write properly and then advance to the unlined scribblers.

I recall when the new blackboards were put along the front and both sides of our school room, chalk by the box, and felt brushes were purchased.

The Christmas concerts were something else. All took part, no one was left out. Santa (Mr. Crawley or Mr. Nigh) had a present and a bag of candy for everyone.

We had thirteen in our entrance class. In preparation for Department Exams, we often had early classes before nine a.m. and also late classes after four p.m., and some on Saturday mornings. Homework was a must, had to be completed, and handed in or we were kept after school.

Remember how the school was heated? The wood cut, kept in the woodshed alongside the school was carried in by the big boys, who also stoked the fire by order of the teacher. Sometimes it got very warm for the pupils who sat near the stove.

Parents often invited the teachers to dinner, and she would spend the night. This was a highlight for us. Our parents would receive first-hand information on our progress and behavior, and the teacher would be acquainted with our home environment.

It took dedication and stamina to teach in those days, and we owe a great deal of thanks to those wonderful teachers, one of these being Miss Ena McKenzie. I remained in contact with her right up till the time of her death. She left me many fond memories.

Wilson Pugsley MacDonald

edited by Marion Nie

Albert Einstein once said of him, "He's the greatest thing I have found in Canada." Born in Cheapside, Ontario, son of the lay preacher Alexander MacDonald and Anna Maria Pugsley, Wilson was nurtured by his parents until his mother's death when he was seven years old. Said Wilson, "Music and poetry were the two great passions of my father and my mother. My mother sang and played for me and my father read poetry whenever he wished to give me a special treat." His mother's death at this tender age was a severe blow and the circumstances surrounding it greatly influenced his future years.

Wilson Pugsley MacDonald was born on May 5th, 1880. He attended McGaw's school briefly. After his mother's death he was taken to Port Dover and his memories of six years at Port Dover Public School were the most pleasant of all connected with his education. At the examination for entrance to high school, he won the highest marks in the province and from there went to Woodstock College. Here he was barely more than twelve years of age, with only six other students under the age of 18. After graduation he enjoyed greatly the continuation of his studies at McMaster University. Boys who were to become his lifelong friends were met there and his teachers were a source of inspiration to him. It was about this time that his first poems appeared in the *Toronto Globe* and the *Boston Transcript*.

In November 1935 he married Dorothy Ann Colomy of Vassalboro, Maine. They had one daughter, Ann Meridan.

Wilson's life had known trouble and poetry had always been an integral part of it. His highly temperamental disposition plus his argumentative bent made him many enemies among the powerful people of literature. His struggle for recognition was largely withheld in his native land, yet in sheer wordage, published and unpublished, he has equalled and even surpassed most Canadian poets. His second book, *Out of the Wilderness*, published in 1926, jolted the *New York Times* book review into giving it five columns of unstinted praise and prompted a United States professor to say, "I am drunk with the wine of old poetry which you have poured into new vessels." *Flagon of Beauty*, published in 1932, moved a *Toronto Star* reviewer so deeply that he wrote, "This is, I should think, the most remarkable volume of Canadian verse which has been published." Among its contents:

I never think of God
As a God afar
when he lifts His torch
To the first white star

MacDonald's poetry has been used by the widely distributed *British Calendar of Trees* which as previously dug into Shakespeare and Milton for its copy. His better known poems have been translated into Chinese. All his books have been translated into Russian and travellers returning from Moscow have said that Canada's MacDonald rivals Canada's Leacock as the best known Canadian author beside the Volga. In the U.S. Reverend Robert Norwood of the celebrated Riverside Church in Manhattan once said, "He is the greatest poet of the Anglo-Saxon race." Wilson MacDonald himself claimed, "My poetry will live as long as Shakespeare, Keats and Shelley. Poets are the highest paid writers in history, but all their wealth comes after they are dead."

He has written songs, both words and music. He has written operas, not merely the words, not merely the music, but whole compositions, with scenery, dance and costumes, musical comedy, four-act plays and many playlets.

Death came to Wilson MacDonald in a Toronto hospital on April 8th, 1967 as the result of a heart attack. He was 86 years old and only about one in every hundred educated Canadians could identify him. Whatever the powerful and the powerless have to say about Wilson MacDonald's poetry or temperament, the fact remains, that during his long lifetime, he has written his way to a literary reputation that cannot be ignored. He may be a man without honor in his own land but his words will live on.

Wilson MacDonald was a most extraordinary man. He thought profoundly, observed keenly and gave Canada what no other poet has done. That the hamlet of Cheapside and McGaw's should claim such fame as the birth of an international figure, wholly Canadian, is an honor to be justly proud.

A poet stood forlorn at the break of day
His comrades had forsaken one by one
Lured by applause that greets the lesser play—
The perfect phrase to even cadence spun
A poet stood forlorn
His soul awinged, his foot upon a thorn.

Books by Wilson MacDonald

- 1918 - Song of the Prairie Land**
- 1921 - The Miracle Songs of Jesus**
- 1926 - Out of the Wilderness**
- 1927 - Confederation Ode**
- 1930 - Caw Caw Ballads**
- 1931 - A Flagon of Beauty**
- 1933 - Paul Marchand**
- 1935 - Songs of the Undertow**
- 1937 - Comber Cover**
- 1943 - Greater Poems of the Bible**
- 1952 - The Lyric Year**



Games & Activities

Can You Follow Instructions?

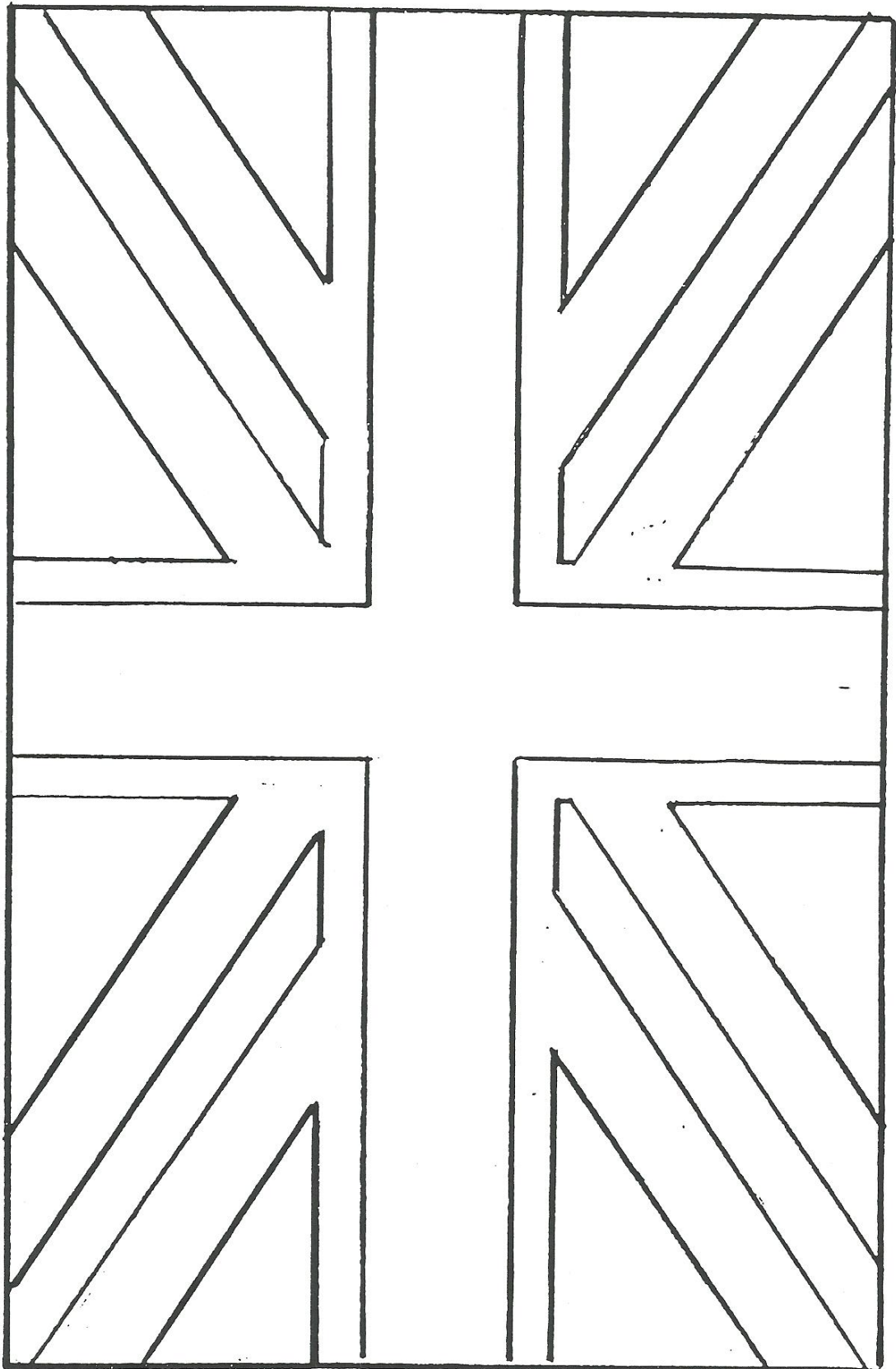
(3-minute time limit)

NAME: _____

Read everything carefully before doing anything

1. Write your last name in the upper right hand corner of this sheet.
2. Draw a circle around the word "name" in the first sentence.
3. Draw five small squares in the "name" space in the upper left hand corner of this sheet.
4. Make an X in each square.
5. Stand up and then sit down again.
6. Write down your first name when you read this sentence.
7. Print "yes" after the title at the top of this page.
8. Underline sentence #7.
9. Take off your left shoe.
10. Multiply 70 by 61 on the back of this sheet.
11. Circle all even numbers.
12. Say "Hello" out loud three times.
13. Write down ten to one backwards to the right.
14. Draw a square around each number that is spelled out on this sheet.
15. Now that you have finished reading everything carefully, follow the directions in sentence one only.

Coloring Page



Word Search

A	T	E	A	C	H	E	R	B	Q	O	E	I	S	R
H	E	R	R	P	I	H	S	N	A	M	N	E	P	O
W	U	N	I	O	N	J	A	C	K	O	Z	V	E	S
K	I	G	T	S	K	S	S	N	D	F	E	L	L	L
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ARITHMETIC

BELL

CHALK

DESK

INKWELL

INSPECTORS

KING GEORGE

NIBS

PENMANSHIP

PUPILS

RECESS

SCHOOL

SLATE BOARD

SPELLING BEE

STRAP

TEACHER

UNION JACK

WOOD STOVE



Teacher's Notes