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Bringing Knowledge Out Into the Light: Reflections on the dedication of the James Moloney Wing

Paul Moloney

[Editor's note: We are pleased to print the text of Paul Moloney's remarks presented on the occasion of the naming of the James Moloney wing, 14 September 2002.]

My name is Paul Moloney, Jim Moloney's eldest son. With me today are my sister Cathy, the eldest, my brother Dave and sister Colleen.

My good friend Dave Schoales is also here. He happens to be Frank's son. I met Dave in Grade 10 at Adam Scott Collegiate. We had just moved to Peterborough from Napanee. I asked him for help completing the registration form. He got me through it but the lesson didn't last. To this day, I can't fill out a form properly. I know Mr. Schoales has played a big part in the progress of this centre contributing his knowledge and enthusiasm about the early days of broadcasting here in Peterborough. I'm not surprised. When Dave and I were teenagers Mr. Schoales was more than willing to share stories about how things were. Just about any time we wanted.

I was used to that, however, because my Dad never tired of regaling us with his exploits growing up in Douro.

But many of us don't have the luxury of hearing first hand about our collective past. That's why we need repositories like this one. Not just in Peterborough but everywhere.

I'm a city hall reporter for the TORONTO STAR. Just last week, the city's supervisor of collections made a presentation to one of the committees, and brought along some items to show the politicians. There was a red jacket with gold braid worn by Sir Casimir Gzowski when he was aide de camp to Queen Victoria. In case you are wondering he was the great-great-grandfather of the late broadcaster, Peter Gzowski. Among his many accomplishments, Sir Casimir was involved in building Yonge St., north from Lake Ontario.

There was also a blue rowing shirt once worn by Ned Hanlan, who won world championships in rowing in the 1880s.

And there was a set of discs featuring the photographs of each member of the 1967 MAPLE LEAFS, the year they won the Stanley Cup.

Why Do We Care?

Well Colleen's children, Keira and Jacob, may be interested to know a little about Sir Casimir, who has a park named after him not far from where they live in Toronto. When Cathy's children -- Matthew, Michael, Erin and Evan -- visit the TORONTO ISLAND, they may be interested to know that a member of the Hanlan family had beaten the world's best 120 years ago. And Dave's sons, Craig and Ryan, athletes and sports fans that they are, may need reassurance that the LEAFS have won the Stanley Cup. If not recently.

That is why we care. Because, no matter where you live, it's helpful to know a little bit about the place. I think that that is part of my Dad's message to all of us. It's not good enough to simply be told about the past. It's better if you can see it, at least remnants of it.

The museum people had a simple message for the politicians last week: Please give us some space so we can show off our stuff. We have over 107,000 historical objects and paintings, but only 30% of it is on display or on loan.

Knowledge doesn't get passed on if it's lost, or locked away in a dark, dusty storeroom. My Dad understood that. He also understood that it takes dedication, caring and hard work to bring knowledge out into the light for people to see. That's what you people are doing.

And thanks to your kindness, all the Moloneys now know there's a place of interest in Peterborough named after our Dad. On behalf of our family, I wish you every good fortune in the days ahead. It's an honour to be here. Thank you.