

The Grand Dispatch

A brief history of Beckley Beach and the surrounding area

Camp Teetonkah, Summer home for many boys in 1920s & 1930s

Many groups used Camp Teetonkah in the 1920s and 1930s

Camp Teetonkah (lots 70-78) served several groups including the St. Patrick's Parish (Hamilton) Boys Club, the 48th Highland Regiment of Toronto, the Hamilton Big Brothers and the Boy Scouts from the Hamilton area. My Father Wm. Maurice Warnick (lot 11) spent a summer or two at Camp Teetonkah with the 25th Scout Group from St. Patrick's Parish in Hamilton. Boy Scouts from the United States also spent a few weeks at Camp Teetonkah in 1933. I also know that the officers of the 44th Battalion, camped at Port Maitland on September 1st, 2nd and 3rd, 1900. Was this an early version or forerunner of Camp Teetonkah? I don't know. It will make for some interesting research!



Camp Teetonkah

Photo Courtesy; John Burtniak

27th Hamilton Scout Group remembers Camp Teetonkah on their 60th Anniversary

Subsequent to the occasion of the 60th anniversary (December 1989) of the 27th Hamilton Scout Group a number of former

Scouts from the 27th collaborated in an effort to put together a book [1990] commemorating their many years of Scouting memories. The story that follows gives us glimpses of Beckley Beach from a perspective many of us could not know existed. The men who offer their recollections (sometimes written in short succinct statements) of Camp Teetonkah are Jim Thompson, Jack Connell, Tony Sarson, Russ Hoey and Stan(ley) Beard. Stan Beard was the editor of the many reminiscences from people who he says "had vastly better memory banks than he, which of course was the reason for the exercise in the first place." It is Stan Beard who I have had the privilege of getting to know (firstly by mail and more recently by e-mail). To Stan and your buddies, thank-you for letting me plagiarize your work.

Stan Beard's memories from the 27th Hamilton Scout Group 60th Anniversary Book:

When we first talked about this memory book, it was decided to leave Camp Teetonkah out of it. Only a handful of the 27th went there anyway. On the other hand there might be an interesting contrast between what passed for a summer "holiday" in the depth of the Great Depression and today's co-ed layouts with saunas and fleets of high-powered toys. For instance, consider the cost. The fee for two weeks of fun and sun was nine dollars and seventy-five cents, about the price of one running shoe for today's camper. In 35 my parents unloaded me for four weeks for 18 bucks, a sacrificial bargain they seemed reluctant to pass.

Sometime prior to departure we received a mimeo'd check off of essentials. These included a tin plate and mug, towel, toothbrush, P.J.'S, soap in a container (soon to become, in spite of all precautions, a bar of sand), sundry items of apparel, two blankets, a rubber-baked groundsheet and a half dozen giant blanket pins. Esoteric items such as sleeping bags were virtually unheard of so an unmanageable alternative was created by half-lapping the blankets and then folding the

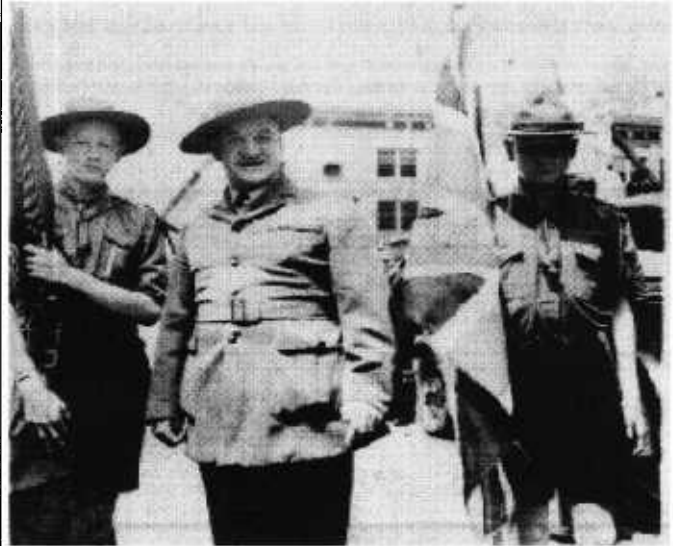
halves inward. The loose side and the bottom were then pinned up. Only the most passive, e.g., Jim Thompson, could survive the night intact in this configuration. By dawn most of us were helplessly straight-jacketed with feet bared to the bugs. All these items were packed along with our troubles in our old kit bag and lugged aboard the Dunnville-Port Maitland train for its puffing, sooty run to the lake. In its heyday this train hauled coal to the steel mills in Hamilton which was offloaded via a 32-car ferry on a regular run from Ashtabula, Ohio. After a water-stop at Dunnville our engine and solitary coach creaked slowly backward to Port past the old feeder canal lock, its gates and rusted cranks still in place, and onto the two storey Maitland station. The baggage was piled into Chief Andy Frame's [father of Mary Blunt lot 72] elderly sedan. With a few lucky riders on the running boards we crossed the bridge by the mouldering hull of an old wooden laker down the dusty mile to the camp.



Photo Courtesy; John Burtniak

What sort of camper's Nirvana awaited the first-time Cub-Scout, hot and sticking in winter-grade wool shorts and jersey, so lately pried from the bosom of his family? Well there was the lake. Good old, shallow old, weedy old, warm old Lake Erie. Twice a day she would wash the all-pervasive sand from our bodily orifices and the glutinous remnants from our tin plates. Onshore breezes rolled up a rollicking surf as high as a Wolf-cub's eye and in the late afternoon the snub-nosed Maitland fleet would chunker toward the piers with their daily catch. Behind the wide beaches rose the sand hills covered with vines and low vegetation and an occasional struggling willow. There were three general camping areas, the scouts on the open beach, the cubs in a more sheltered section and another occupied for part of the summer by boys sponsored by the Big Brother's Association. All these bods were housed in World War 1 bell tents. These tents, some 12 feet in diameter, were made of 15 or so triangular panels about 3 feet wide at the bottom. Stories had it that during Great War the soldiers slept one to a panel but the space was overcrowded with three cubs. During a storm you would stop the drips by running a finger down the canvas to the flaps which could be rolled up for air. Air was what was needed during a search for some missing

pocket-money when it was discovered that the suspect had urinated, canine-like around his living space.



Stanley Beard, Andy Frame Jim Thompson

Photo Courtesy; Jim Thompson

The permanent buildings, situated near the road, consisted of a large L-shaped structure containing the dining hall cum recreation area and the kitchen, a pump-house surmounted by two 40 gallon drums which housed the vintage Ford Model. A pumping engine which sucked water up from warm old, reedy old Erie, and a building containing a row of small rooms, each with its own outside door for staff. In addition, there were several latrines that migrated annually around the site. The Executive Loo was designated "STAFF ONLY." I recall an "Other Ranks" convenience, a triple threat affair known as the "Power Hours" . . . and a distinct and unsavoury occasion when I retrieved a treasured bone handled hunting knife from one of the holes. All of the permanent buildings were constructed of corrugated iron, an architectural style almost identical to that adopted by the Japanese in their WW2 prison camps. The dining hall (I believe the sign read "The Sir John" (George?) Hendrie Memorial Hall) featured a stage and long trestle tables and benches. On the kitchen side was a serving counter. The meals could not have been memorable because nothing comes to mind but a picture of Bob Grainger and Martin Grinstead buttering the toast with a paint brush. Meals commenced with a sung grace:

Be present at our table Lord.
Be here and everywhere adored.
These mercies bless and grant that we
May feast in Paradise with Thee.

The main meal usually concluded with a rousing singalong often featuring bits of verse on events of the day to a familiar

tune. In one memorable instance the Chief's car was thumped by an absent-minded farmer. As son Jim tells it, Controller Frame, a respected member of the Hamilton Fire Committee, ended up with his vehicle repainted a Fire Engine red. Hence, to the tune of "My bonnie lies over the ocean, the mess-hall doggerel" . . .

The Chief had a hansom blue flivver,
Which met a cute Ford in the lane.
The flivver it kissed on the schnozzle.
And now it is blushing in shame.

"The Idol's Eye" was a favourite indoor campfire skit. The plot centered around a couple of adventurers who steal da precious jewel, the eye of a sacred idol. The cult followers seek revenge. From a corner of the darkened stage a ghostly white-garbed figure with an outstretched arm slowly draws its helpless victim toward it, moaning . . . "Come! Coome! Coome! Coooooome!" Just as the scene is about to reach its dreadful climax, someone, strategically placed at the back of the room gives a blood-curdling scream and practically clears the benches.



Front Row, Alfred May, Art Jacques, Andy Frame, Silver White, Dewey Denman; Middle Row; ?, Jim Scobie, Harry Johnson, Tom Redman, Cookie?, Doc Young; Back Row; ?, ?, Al Longley, ?

Photo Courtesy; Scout House Hamilton

The Memorial Hall was also the setting for the INITIATION ceremony. Successful completion of this horrible hazing became bonafide members of the community and custodians of the secret password which I do not now or ever intend to divulge. Clad in bathing suits and blindfolded, we ate worms

(cold spaghetti), were tickled to distraction and suffered a fearsome series of indignities. At one point we stood on a platform which was raised slowly about an inch while holding on to someone who slowly sank to the floor. You were deluded into thinking you were about 4 feet up in the air. Then they shouted "JUMP!" . . .and so it went.

The following day we underwent Part 2 of the Initiation, the HUMILIATION. We were marched in our pyjamas (somebody wore a toilet seat) down the main street of Port Maitland, stopping at the three story Maitland Arms (alas no longer with us) while someone shinned up the post for the famous balcony scene, and then on to the pier, where, on the Chief's count, we were to leap into the river. Of course it never quite came to pass. . . but who was to know?

Another event, still fresh in the minds of surviving Teetonkahns was the Snipe Hunt. Armed with flashlights, gunny sacks and tins with rattling stones we rushed about our sandy, swampy, mosquito-ridden campsite, shouting, "Here snipe, snipe, snipe! Here snipe, snipe, snipe, snipe!" The elusive snipe never appeared.

One dark night the camp was divided into two teams. The object was to capture the opposition's flag off the beach. In my zeal I crawled, snakelike through the underbrush only to discover that it was 100 yards of poison ivy. It was into the lake with the yellow soap and a scrubbed raw, squeaky clean kid.



The Maitland Rose before the turtle was built on.

Photo Courtesy; Earl M. Siddall

In those days Port Maitland boasted an active fishing fleet. The all-white Maitland Rose and her contemporaries (Siddall was another well-known name) made an impressive sight lined up along the wharf across the river. Access from the camp side was by a cable ferry that hauled itself across with one of those putt bang bang bang water-cooled engines. At the end

of the far pier was an automated lighthouse. Its ghostly horn echoing through a foggy night frightened many a first-time camper under his bedcovers.



The cable drawn ferry operating in 1930s

William A. Warnick Photo Collection

Jim Thompson and Jack Connell . . .

Teetonkah was probably the worst place in North America for mosquitos. One night, as Jim snored in blissful ignorance, Stan ran hysterically from the tent, kicking at the sand and slapping at the world with a damp towel. Jack recalls smoking out the tent with green leaves over a small fire. He was in a tent with Jack Mathews and Gil Parker, a troop leader from a mountain group. He remembers Mathews hollering from the signalling tower to the girls passing on the beach and asking for their names. A right one with the gals was Jack. This was the year (1937) that the rains came down and Mayor Morrison made a VIP trip from Hamilton. All the puddles had to be filled with sand lugged up from the beach. Everyone was totally cheesed off. The rallying cry, etched in memory, was "nine seventy-five for this!" Connell only went that one year (he says Jim claims he wasn't tough enough to survive more) and with good reason. He was ill the second week and went home with what proved to be pleurisy. That was the first year we used straw-filled palliasses. The old guy that sewed the ends up told us to "use skewers like the Boy Scouts do." That was a stock joke for years afterwards.

"Doc" Young was a grizzled old first-aider . . . rose-water for sunburn (and there were some fearsome blistered cases), witch hazel for bee-stings and a delicious cream of tartar that was a sure cure for the green apple syndrome.

"Silver" White, another elderly retainer who carved ships into bottles, painted sailing scenes in seashells and served admirably as the camp grandfather.

The Camp Chief, Andrew H. (Andy) Frame DCM MM, city of Hamilton controller, Executive Secretary of the Hamilton Boy Scouts (a Depression job he managed virtually single-handed out of a tiny office in the old Terminal Building) and an officer in both World Wars. The Frame family summered nearby and the girls always added a touch of the female mystique to the all-

male environment.

Bob Lewis, the Bugler, who held forth from the highest hill on the property. His musical accomplishments included the accordion with a somewhat limited repertoire. Everyone used to holler "Play the other one Lewie!" One year we erected a signalling tower on the hill, presumably to semaphore come-hithers to the girl's camp down the beach. It was assembled in the fashion of a mediaeval scaffold with rope lashings hammered tight with a wood wedge "frapping" mallet.

The unforgettable Harry Bryant who died in 1984 after 57 years with the 26th Chalmers Presbyterian. His powerful solos at the Sunday "Scout's Own" brought the leaves off the tree. . . . Jayroozalem! JayROOOOzaLem!

Gentle Dave McLelland, (brother of Reverend Joe) a great spinner of campfire tales. He was once somewhat "Gauled" by "Professor" Gill Parker who pointed out that the Sequani were not North American Indians but rather a tribe of Ancient Gauls.

The dynamic, diminutive headman of the Big Brother's Association, Reginald B. Stott. Reg's diastolic pressure would shoot up 20 points whenever his chanting campers came on with their hall-bursting "Hooray for Stott! HE'S ALL RIGHT!"

Bob "mastermech" Leech was the only person ever capable of eliciting a response from the vintage Ford engine that pumped the unspeakable effluent that passed for drinking water. Rumour had it that he ran it through the radiator. Daily, directly after lunch, we would hurry to Banker Clark Johnson's little room for 10¢ from our precious spending money to be tendered to "Canteen Cliff" Bull for a bottle of Mexicola, Texacola, Stubby Lemon Lime or a cloying vivid-pink concoction called Cream Soda. Also, in those bygone days, when a nickel bought more than five minutes parking, we would invest in some candied popcorn called Cracker Jack with a prize at the bottom of every box. It was a time to lie on our backs in the grass and contemplate the imagery of the clouds. One day "Smitty," who worked in the kitchen expounded that two drops of water in the lungs would kill you, a prophetic utterance for he was to subsequently die by drowning.

And more from the **Jim Thompson** memory-bank . . .

How impressed I was, in my first year as a cub, with the sundial set up in the Scout area by Dewey Denman. [Dewey is the son of the late Harry and Florence Denman (lot 40A). He is the brother of Florence Wilson (lot 25), Norma Jones (lot 34), and an uncle of Karen Redding (lot 67) and Don Denman

(lot 36).]

The river-boat ride from Port Maitland to Dunnville that first year, 1933. I believe the 27th had by far the biggest representation in the cub section that year. In addition to Stan Beard, Gord and I, there was Jack Stuart, MacGilvray and possibly others.

Big Bill "Scragger" Brooks was the cub unit leader one poorly-attended summer. Each night we looked forward to his extemporaneous serialized ghost story which culminated in his famous Moonlight Flip. With graceful sweeping flips from a large white beach towel Bill's muscular form would soar over the dunes. We were impressed.



River boat "Maitland Queen" similar to ones used in 1930s
William A. Warnick Photo Collection

Field Days . . . I (Jim Thompson) never did much in the short races but I owned the mile race for a couple of years until Johnny Buzza ended my string by nipping me at the wire. No fair. He was on the staff.

Overnight Hikes - Traditionally, there was a group trip to Mohawk Point, a fossil-encrusted rocky peninsula with great swimming and a view of the stone lighthouse on Gull Island in Mohawk bay. Our blankets and ground sheets were rolled lengthwise, tied at the ends and carried over the shoulder Boer War fashion. It was remote enough then that skinny-dipping was in order. One year Gord Peace frightened (?) a group of girls wearing nought but a string of shells . . . and a pendant! Another year we were sent out in pairs to various destinations, possibly to qualify for part of the First Class badge. Each pair was sent across the road to retrieve large tin cans from the dump which were to be cleaned up and used as cooking pots. Gord Peace and I were given Byng as our destination. After we were advised of the extent of the mosquito population we decided to return, late in the evening, to Sandy Bay, to a night of high winds and a serenade from a bullfrog. On the way to the lake we said "hello" to Gord's sister Irene at the gate of Camp Kiowa, the Girl Guides Camp in South Cayuga. I don't remember why I didn't see my sister who was also there.

Bugle Calls - From various buglers including Bob Lewis, Harry

Kerrison, Jimmy Frame - (a) Reveille (b) Flag raising (c) Come to the Cookhouse Door (d) Fall In (swimming etc.) (e) Flag Lowering (f) Last Post. Question: Did Bob Grainger actually blow reveille backwards one morning?

The paramilitary atmosphere was highlighted by daily inspection and Sunday (visitor's day) inspections when tent flaps were neatly and tightly rolled. Sand was swept, whitewashed stone fleur de lis filled with the ubiquitous Erie algae, plate, cup and drying racks, blankets folded and placed in a row (two folds to the left, one to the right, four to the front). A proud moment photo (from a 50-year-old negative!) shows Stan leaning on the winner's flagged totem.

Flashes - Jack Connell being carried through the camp area on a blanket - Cliff Bull and his girlfriend in the moonlight - boys being met at the gate of the YWCA camp by a stern and frosty counsellor - Jack Mathews and Barbara English (?) - "It Looks Like rain in Cherry Blossom Lane" played all one summer - the year I had sunburn blisters down both arms . . . "Doc" Young put rose-water on them - the huge waves on Lake Erie . . . I can remember standing with water up to my ankles and waves coming up almost over my head . . . however, good swimmers, the likes of Bob Hoey, were always on hand to keep an eye on us - Jim Scobie, in spite of a speech impediment, a really exceptional cub-leader - in our tent in the old Big Brother's campsite, "Magyar" Joe and Kenny Baker (Stan: That year I had a library copy of an all-time favourite book "Three Men in a Boat" by Jerome K. Jerome. It was left out in the rain and on our return, Ken Baker's mom ironed out every page so that I could return it intact) - non-Scouts Big and Little Dunnville . . .



Camp Owaissa, just east of Camp Teetonkah.
William A. Warnick Photo Collection

EPILOGUE

Teetonkah, the official Hamilton District Camp, was built on the TH&B Railway land. It lasted through the nineteen

thirties. We don't seem to have a handle on when it started or when it ended but the preceding pages provided pretty firm evidence that it was and what it was.

In May of 1990, five camper vets, Jim Thompson, Jack Connell, Tony Sarson, Russ Hoey and Stan Beard drove down memory lane to the old campsite. The area is now dominated by a huge semi-derelict chemical fertilizer complex and downright depressing. At first it was difficult to even identify the old camp road. The feeder canal cut-stone lock, now gateless, stands as a testament to its Victorian builders. The railway station is still there on the company property, a storage building for whatever. Its windows are boarded up but it is otherwise in remarkable shape. We posed for a commemorative photo-op. The bridge is gone and the old laker rests under ten feet of fill awaiting a far-off archeological dig.



TH&B Station at Port Maitland

Photo Courtesy; John Burtniak

The old campsite is home to a host of summer cottages. Jimmy Frame's sister retains the connection with a cottage on what was Bugler's Hill but tons of sand have been trucked off the dunes and they seem much smaller but of course we were smaller back then. Mohawk Point is now known as Rock Point Provincial Park. I'm sure the tribe will appreciate the name change. They have built a lookout and duck-hunting dates are posted . . . good-o. With the advent of empty-cottages, the place has lost its remote charm. The abandoned stone lighthouse in On Gull Island still stands but it'll likely be a hazard to corporate jets.

Back in Port Maitland the ferry landing is still visible but the ferry has long since passed from the scene, cutting off the east-shore shoppers. As we savoured Tony's ice-cream treat, we had reason to sympathize. Three of us have coronary problems.

On our way home, after a day of reminiscence and laughter, Stan stopped for a photo-op at the Caistor Center sign. In one of the last years of the camp, Bob Leech and I closed it down

and biked home. The cook had left a pan of raisin squares and we pigged-out before mounting up. At Caistor Center I suffered the bilious attack of the decade. The journey was completed in the back seat of the family car behind a tight-jawed parent. We were ready for 1939 and World War 2.

Our quintet motored into the sunset singing the old camp theme . . .

Camp Teetonkah, camp of mine,
Where we have the finest time.
Where boys find joys the whole of the day,
With boxing and wrestling,
And campfires finish off the day.
Oh, we don't want to leave for home,
'Cause we're having too much fun.
Camp of mine, for you I pine.
Camp Teetonkah, we'll return!

And we did.

Those Sports from Beckley Beach Continued

In the last issue I promised to tell you about more sport figures from Beckley Beach. As my father always told me, "Tomorrow never comes," so I had best get on with a couple more stories. There will be more, I have just discovered another worthy sports figure deserving acknowledgment.

Reg Wheeler almost went to the 1940 Olympics in Helsinki

We continue with Reg Wheeler. In April, I told you of Reg's football achievements. This issue we see that he was also active in rowing.

Reg Wheeler, (lot 44-A) In 1935, Reg was encouraged by Bob Hunter a teacher at Westdale High School and the Coach of the Canadian Olympic rowing team in 1936 to take up rowing. This he did, and while attending Westdale in 1935 Reg acquired his first taste of rowing. Reg obviously had the muscle and the talent. Joining the Hamilton Leander Boat Club in 1936, as a member of the junior heavy eights, he and his team mates won their race at the Henley in St. Catharines. By 1940, Reg had obviously worked hard and in that year qualified as a Senior Oarsman.

In September of 1939, the Leander Boat Club won the prestigious Hanlan Trophy qualifying them to represent Canada at the 1940 Olympic Games in Helsinki. Before that could happen, the Leander Club was challenged by the

Toronto Argonaut Rowing Club. It seemed that the Argonauts had recently won the Royal Henley in jolly Old England and felt that their win superseded that of the St. Catharine's Henley champions. To resolve this, a runoff was held at the Canadian National Exhibition and Hamilton's Leander club won the race handily. The team was set to go to Helsinki, but there were money problems, and then the war. The team never made it to a very deserving Olympic appearance.

Irene Mullen Swimming Champion, swims at Los Angeles Olympics

Irene Mullen/Warnick, (lot 11) Irene went to the Xth Olympiad in Los Angeles in 1932 with hopes of sharing gold in the 100-meter relay. This wasn't to be. My mother, had no reason to feel any shame for not having brought home a medal. In the Hamilton Spectator, on the eve of leaving for Los Angeles Via Vancouver and the Canadian Swimming Championships is a drawing by Robert Davis of Irene Mullen with the following caption. "She is rated one of Canada's finest girl swimmers." My mother, was, not only a fine swimmer, she was a skilled collegiate basketball player. She played on the 1929-30 Central Collegiate Girl Basketball Champions and was a member of the Champion Senior City Church Basketball Team of 1931-32. During the summer of 1931 she played softball with the Hamilton Vi-tone Soft Ball Team who won the right to go up against Toronto Parkside in the Ladies Major League



Pencil sketch by Robert A. Davis, 1932
William A. Warnick Photo Collection

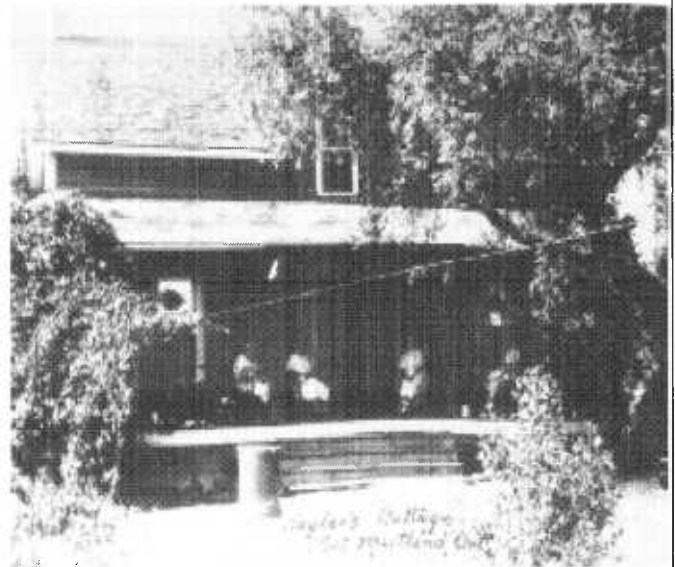
Champion ship game. In a sports column preceding the expected game is the following comment. "Vi-Tones have the pick of the girls' softball players in the city... Lillian Connolly and Irene Mullen will likely form the

Vi-Tone battery..." The first ever British Empire Games, now known as the Commonwealth Games took place in Hamilton in 1930 with the Civic Swimming Pool, being built

expressly for these games. My family has always been proud that the first events to be held there, the 50-yard race for juniors girls was won by my mother. Mom played in many other sports and excelled in all of them. Unfortunately in our case the apples fell along from the tree!

And now something from the Dunnville Chronicle (Sleigh-ride to Port Maitland)

Port Maitland (West side) dated March 5, 1900, As a rule our little village is very seldom disturbed, and is noted as being very quiet during the winter season, but occasionally the silence is broken by the sound of sleigh-bells, merry peals of laughter, shouting, yelling, tin horns etc. This seemed to be the case on Tuesday evening last, for our citizens were aroused by curious sounds of laughing and shouting, which were heard in the distance. Soon however the merry sleigh-load drove through our little town (which by this time was highly excited) and stopped at the Taylor House, taking them fully by surprise.



Alice Taylor's Boarding House on West side of Grand River.
Photo Courtesy; John Burtniak

However it was soon learned that the merry crowd consisted of the "Social Club Boys" of Dunnville and their lady friends, who were out for a sleigh-ride. They arrived here at an early hour. All met a warm reception at the Taylor House, and in a very few minutes the place was lighted and everything was in full bloom. It reminded the occupants of summer time, when the doors were thrown open for the merry summer guests. The gay crowd enjoyed themselves by playing cards, dominoes and checkers. At eleven o'clock lunch was served, each one seeing who could eat more than the other. At last, after all had their

fill of delicacies, they joined hands and tripped the light fantastic toe. When those fantastic toes got somewhat tired, songs were next on the program. Of course as the Young Men's Social Club is noted for its excellences in singing everything went off very good indeed. As the night went on and the hour of retiring was fast approaching, the merry crowd bid adieu to the Taylor House all expressing themselves as having a royal good time. It is understood that the Social Club is something new in Dunnville, and we all wish the boys good luck and success with their new venture.

Who is that Baby?



No one called to tell me who they thought last months baby was. It was Bob Campbell (lot 37). The Campbell cottage was moved to the back half of lot 37 in the mid 1950s. It came from Cherry Beach in Stoney Creek, and Bob, came along with it.

Who do you think this months little family is? A hint, they have been hear since near the beginning of time!

Your editor makes the news, and some changes to the Dispatch

Recently your editor "Moi," made the pages of the Dunnville Chronicle. I spend a few hours each week going through the microfilm of the old papers looking for information relating to Port Maitland/Beckley Beach. I then create a chronology which makes my work much easier. It also permits me to plagiarize

the works of others. The story on page seven, "Sleigh ride to Port Maitland" was found on one of these micro films.

This issue will be the last issue with "Who's that Baby." It will be replaced with short history notes from old newspapers and other sources, I.e., 60 years ago from the Dunnville Chronicle, and so forth. As an introduction here are some sample items. Please let me know what you think.

Lake Erie Fisheries Assessment Unit Report; 184 years ago (1815) Royal Navy begins building Grand River Naval Depot at Port Maitland.

Dunnville Chronicle; 66 years ago (August 18, 1933) Murray Hurst and Miss. Dorothy Hurst and Jack Kitchen are camping here at the lake.

Special Thanks

I remain grateful for the generosity of the Beckley Beach Cottagers' Corporation, who permits me to enclose the Dispatch into their mailings free of charge. Thanks to Lorne Ellis of Scout House in Hamilton for themany photos. Also, many thanks to Claude Saunders of the Leander Boat Club for his information and photos of Reg Wheeler. It goes without saying, thanks to Stan Beard and his bods.

Financial Support

Thanks again to Paul Dermody, of P. X. Dermody Funeral Homes for your continued financial support of this historyletter.

In Memoriam

Hickey, Donna June: died April 22, 1999, wife of Tom Hickey (Lot 31).

Clark Irene Pearl: died June 3, 1999, daughter of the late Tom and Florence Spray. Irene grew up at Port Maitland (Lot 27).

Mailing Address

William Arthur Warnick
180 Rosslyn Ave. South
HAMILTON, ON L8M 3J5
E-mail; wwarnick@
Phone; (905) 549-6086
Fax; (905) 549-6086. You must call first.