

The Grand Dispatch



A brief social history of Port Maitland Ontario, and the surrounding area
Port Maitland, "On the Grand" Historical Association (PMHA) Price \$2.00 - Free to PMHA members

Memories of Port Maitland and Mount Carmel!

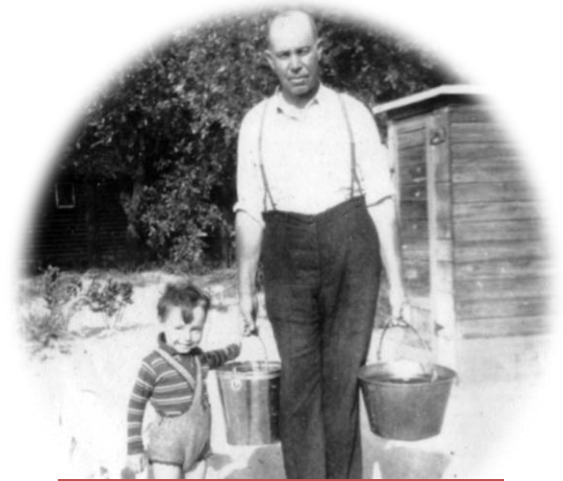
My memoirs of the Beach at Port Maitland

By Helen J. (Fergie) Root nee Ferguson

The year would be 1929 or 1930; Dad would pack Mother and the two kids in the Model A Ford every weekend, heading for the beach, to camp. The first trip of the season was the hardest; no trunk for the camping gear, so we had to get into the car and it was packed around us. There was a gate on the running board that had to be closed and packed after we were all inside the vehicle. Dad crawled in last. Dad and Manny Hurst worked together and he had a lot with a large platform installed where he pitched a large circus sized tent for the summer. He allowed us to pitch our tent closer to the road and it remained there all summer. We camped for two summers, rented McPherson's cottage for one summer and in 1933 my grandfather George Ferguson had our cottage built. Do you remember Sam Hildebrand and his wife Daisy? Sam built quite a few cottages at the beach and was the original tenant in Frances McDonald's (no relation to Archie and Jesse) cottage.

Our cottage was named "Craigellachie" after the small community in B.C. where the last spike was driven, completing the C.P.R. (Grandpa Ferguson and Dad both worked for the T.H.&B.). The 24th of May was the opening date, and we had to air mattresses, scrub floors, sweep cobwebs, wash dishes, prime the pump and check the outhouse for animals (no plumbing facilities in those days). Hopefully Merle Jenkinson had already turned on the gas. Later he would be around to collect \$5.00 for the use of the gas for the summer. Yes 5 dollars, a real bargain by today's standards. We had to carry our drinking and cooking water by pail from Milan Culp's home located at the start of the pier. We had bread delivery from Reichel's Bakery in Dunnville, along with

milk, ice, butter and eggs delivery by Dunnville Dairy and Root's Dairy (yes, I married the milkman - Earl Root). We also had fresh vegetable delivery and a meat truck would make the rounds, once a week, but there was a small convenience store on Spray's front porch. Later it was operated by the Curtis family located over the ice house.



Rick Wilksons and Bombi
(Manny Hurst)

In the late 30's and early 40's our lazy, hazy days of summer were never long enough. We were fortunate that most of the residents had children all about the same age and we all played, swam and boated together. Father John O'Reilly (later Monsignor) had a large parish at The Church of Our Lady, in Guelph and would bring his altar and choir boys to the beach for a holiday the first two weeks of July. We played ball early evening (the boys against the beach) and we all went for a swim at dusk, with a campfire after dark. Father John played the accordion and when Murray Hurst was in residence he would come with his guitar. Who can remember Johnny Ford? He was our umpire, and he certainly had to take a lot of critique from both teams.

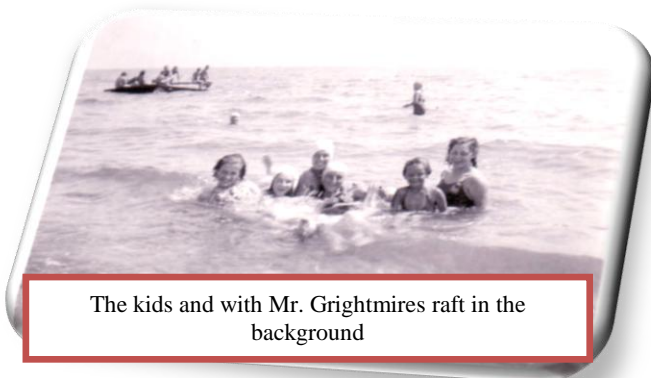
Entertainment at the beach was unlimited. James L. Grightmire built a raft that was partially anchored in deeper water and when a storm came in it was always washed up on shore, but we would all get together and

What's in the Dispatch?

My memories of Port Maitland! by Helen Root	pg -1
Memories of growing up at R. R. # 3 Dunnville! By Joyce Copley	pg -2
Promises of Home! by Rose McCormick Brandon	pg - 8
A Letter from Terry Lyons! by Terry Lyons	pg - 10
An Old Man's Memories to be updated by Bill Warnick	pg -11
A thought or two! Unknown Jokesters	pg - 12
Port Maitland, "On the Grand" Historical Association AGM!	pg - 12

float it back out. This was before we were old enough to swim the break. We had field days, weekly bingo games in the chapel and once a year Father O'Reilly had a festival/fair (often called housie's) on his front lawn, as a fund raiser for the chapel. There were games (fish pond, roulette and horse racing, etc.) each costing a nickel or so to participate.

The boating was pretty well restricted to the river area, although there was one very unfortunate accident involving Brenda Boyle that happened on the lake and it gave us all a scare. There were coal boat carriers, and many fishing tugs that took off early in the morning and returned later in the afternoon. Perch sold for .25 cents a pound and it was filleted. Tom Kenny (station master) had a motor lunch and we were invited to go for a spin once or twice a year. He seemed to prefer a day when there was a good wind blowing and waves were a mile high!



The kids and with Mr. Grightmires raft in the background

I remember being out when you couldn't even see the boat between swells (no life jackets in those good old days). His son Carroll owned a "seaflea" that could be heard all over the beach when he was on the river. The Warnick family had a small blue motor boat and Arthur asked if I would like to go for a ride. All went well as we headed up the river toward Dunnville, but all of a sudden the motor sputtered and died. To complicate matters Arthur threw the paddle overboard. It was then that I realized he was playing a game with me and I threatened to swim back to shore. I wonder how many girls he tricked with that antic! Then there was the fog horn. I must say that I miss the sound of that foghorn every day.

In 1940 there was a National Registration and if you were 16 years of age you had to register. In August of that year about 15 or 20 of us walked up the old canal bank road to Stromness to register at the school house. It was a fund day and I'll try to remember some of those in the

group. There was Eileen and Tom McNally, Jimmy McGowan, Catharine, Ed and Joan Boyle, Kathleen Hurst, Norman Denman, the Crossman girls, Grightmire girls, Eddy and Murray George, Dean Montgomery and myself. Most of us would walk to the Mohawk lighthouse, once a season taking a lunch and enjoying a swim along the way. Crossing the river by the ferry boat was a daily ritual as there was no mail delivery and we had to get our mail at McKee's store (across from the Maitland Arms hotel). I think that Tom was relieved when mail delivery came to the beach. He had a "one armed bandit" and quite often he had it turned toward the wall when we arrived as it paid liberally.



Carroll Kenney owned the outboard, while Harold Brown owned the "Seaflea" There is some question if Carroll shared in the boat shown here!

The war years changed many things at the beach and God willing and the devil doesn't interfere, I will be back with more memories.

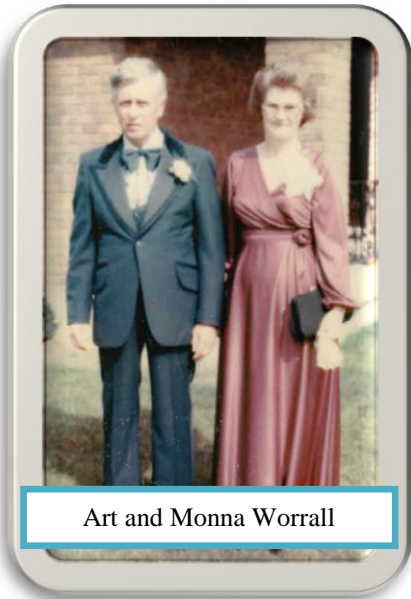
Helen J. Root (Ferguson) Lives in Dunnville. She married Earl Root of the Root's Dairy family and spent here early married days living in her parents cottage at Beckley Beach. I hope she lives up to her promise to write some more!!

Memories of Growing up on R. R. # 3 east of Dunnville

By Joyce Worrall-Copley

All my childhood memories are good ones. I feel very lucky to have had a wonderful mother and father, Art and Monna Worrall. My brother Glenn is six years older than me. Robert was four years younger. My sister Judy is twelve years younger. Glenn graduated from Dunnville High School when Judy was born. As you can see, this was not Planned Parenthood! My parents were very hard working, good people. My Dad was born in England. He had two brothers and two sisters. His parents died leaving all the children to be put in a Barnardo Home. Canada needed young men to help work on farms, so my Dad at age six, his brothers Frank and Tom were put on a ship to Canada. The girls had to

stay in England. Each boy was put on a different farm, but all in the Dunnville area. They were called British Home Children. My Mum was the former Monna Hall of Linville, Ontario, who had ten brothers and sisters. Mum and Dad lived together in the Michener home, where Dad worked. Years later they were able to buy the farm that Dad worked at.



Art and Monna Worrall

I remember when electricity was put in our farm house, when we got running water and when we had an inside bathroom. Until then we had a two hole outhouse. One year at Halloween someone turned it over. Dad said “that won’t happen next year” and it didn’t. The day before Halloween Dad moved it forward and all we saw the next day was footprints! Another Halloween the Brownell family down the road, for the life of me I don’t know why, but left their laundry on the clothesline. The next morning it was found high and dry on the hydro lines! Halloween was a fun night for us kids. Every year we dressed up and Dad did too. He walked up and down Highway # 3, collecting candy. We did not get much candy during the year, so having Dad dress up and go with us was so much fun. One year he dressed up in Mums dress and shoes. When we got to Harry Farr’s (later Harry owned and ran Farr Bus Tours), they asked us to come in and they tried to figure out who we were. Harry could not figure us out, but he looked at Dad and said “That one is definitely a woman as there is no hair on the legs.” We laughed all the way home and couldn’t wait to tell Mum. Dad had very fair skin and next to no hair on his body. Our next door neighbour was the Sulewski family and

they operated a store, that today we would call a curb market. In the summertime, once a week Robert and I would ask Mum for 5 cents to get a pop. If she had it, we got it and if not we tried again next week. What a treat that tall cold glass bottle of Pepsi was! The neighbour across the road for years was Janie Jones and later this property was sold to Claudia Neuman. She came to Canada from Germany with only a large bag she carried over her shoulder and walked through the tunnel at Detroit to enter Canada. She built a small building on the property and opened a golf driving range. She had a bedroom, bathroom and a small snack bar. One day my Dad saw fire coming from the building. He got Claudia out but she lost everything. Mum and Dad had her come to live with us until she could get back on her feet. She became part of our family until her death.

I will list other neighbours by the kid’s names – Billy, Doretta, Eunice and Wesley Baago, Art Brownell, Ruth and Theodore Marchand, Kristine and George Madsen, Ruth and Jill Comber, Martha, Walter, Olga and Nick Sawchuk, and Gary Gaylyn, Grant and Carl Comfort who lived on the side road.



Mount Carmel School 1926. Just a few years before Joyce attended here!
Photo from Grand Heritage

From grade one through eight, I went to Mt Carmel School, a one room school with one teacher who taught all eight grades. I had to walk two miles each way to get to school. I had two teachers in my eight years. They were Mr. Elchuk and Mrs Miller and we all got a good education. I have two pictures from back then and we had 42 kids for one teacher to teach eight grades.

Teachers today would go on strike! Carolyn Mater Roik and I spoke the other day and she remembered being inside the school in the summer. She cleaned windows and I remember cutting the big bushes back on the side of the school and cutting the grass. We would hand pump the cool clear water up from the well, to clean us up and cool off. We think this was done to get the school ready for opening after Labour Day. Can you imagine the children labour suits that would go on today! I also remember a lot of the green garter snakes, near the well.

As a kid growing up on the farm, it was mostly work in the summer. When we took in the hay and crops my job was to drive our gray Ford tractor. I really liked that job and due to it I had no trouble driving a four speed transmission in a car. When I met my husband Bob Copley he had a beautiful 64 G.T.O. Yes, it had four on the floor and when he asked if I'd like to drive his car, I jumped at the chance. I think he was quite surprised to see how I handled the car. He finally found a girl who could drive his car! I've always said that was one of the reasons he asked me to marry him.

My brother Robert and I always wanted to go swimming at the lake and got to go only one time a year. We went to Port Maitland to the public access when we went. Little did I know that years later I would marry Bob, from Kenmore, New York whose family owned the two cottages to the left of the public access!



Tooker cottage: Lake Lure 1940 at Port Maitland.

Back to my story – Robert and I decided that if we sold the farm, our parents would have time to take us to the lake, so we made a sign “Farm for sale” and posted it on the big oak tree at the end of our driveway. All day long Mum noticed cars slowing down and a couple of times thought they were coming in. Dad needed extra income so he worked at Union Carbide in Welland and farmed as well. When he came home he saw the sign and came in

with it. Well Robert and I had some explaining to do, but they never sold the farm the twenty-two years I lived there!

Mum would not allow a cat or dog in the house, but we had some cages in the garage. Over the years we had many different animals in those cages, but my favourites were the rabbits, ferret, a red squirrel and a skunk. The skunk was our favourite. One summer Dad caught a skunk and took it to the vet to have it de-odorized. Robert and I put a collar on it, with a long chain and staked it out in the front yard. We had more fun with cars stopping and waving. That was much more fun than waving at cars and counting how many that waved back, before we had the skunk. Speaking of skunks – Mum would wake Dad up during the night and say “Art, there is something in the coal cellar, I can hear it.” Dad was always too tired and would say “Go back to sleep, it’s OK.” After many nights of this Mum persisted until Dad went down with the gun and shot A SKUNK”. Well, the whole house smelled. We had to hang all our clothes outside and not go anywhere for a while. Dad told us kids that he didn’t know why Mum was so upset with him! She insisted that he take care of whatever was in the coal cellar and he did!!!

I remember in the summer, people coming to the door and asking for food. Mum would always make tomato sandwiches and let them eat on the front steps. Speaking of tomatoes, we always had a wonderful garden. Southern Ontario’s soil grows the sweetest fruits and vegetables. I long for one of your peaches and sweet carrots. My Mum was a good cook and I miss her homemade pies, tarts and date squares. Bob misses her wonderful mashed potatoes. My Uncle Keith and his wife Elaine would come to eat and visit a couple times a year. We made sure to pass the potatoes the opposite directions of where Bob and Uncle Keith sat; to be sure we got some to eat. They would mound those potatoes on their plates and then poured gravy all over them. I think they tried to see who could eat the most! Keith Hall, my uncle was the owner of Keith Hall and Sons Transport Ltd. Ont. of Burford, Ontario. He was my favourite uncle.

When I started first grade Carolyn Mater, now Roik, started first grade too. We were best friends from that day and still are. Carolyn and George live on Highway # 3 in Lowbanks. When we went to high school we were always together and they called us Mutt and Jeff, as Carolyn was six foot, one and three quarter tall. I was

five foot six inches! We never let that bothers us. Today they would call that bullying and they would be suspended from school!

When I was a teenager I worked Friday night and all day Saturday at Reichel's Bakery in Dunnville. Glenn worked there as a teenager and baked bread in the huge ovens. Robert later worked there as well. I waited on the customers and it was a great job and what wonderful food they had! Mr Reichel told me, if I wasn't such a good worker that he couldn't afford to keep me, as I ate so much. Another story of interest, Ruth Marr worked there full time and she was so much fun. One day she came to work and said that the day before, her Dad (who liked to drink), went to Dr. Calbecks to have some work on his teeth done. Well, the doctor liked to drink too and when Ruthies father came home that night, all his teeth had been pulled out! That was not to have happened.

In high school, being on the school basketball and volleyball teams kept my grades up. I also enjoyed being the referee for the younger students games, sang in the Glee Club and one year typed the year book, as well as being involved in other school organizations. Miss Cayley was our physical education teacher and she was a great instructor and person.



Bob and Joyce Worrall - Copley

When I graduated from High School I went right to work for the Toronto Dominion Bank in Dunnville. At that time only men were in banking, but a woman could operate the bookkeeping machine. I later became a teller. I always had to wear a dress, but before I left, pants suits came in style and women were allowed to wear them to work. Mr Schaffer was the bank manager and his wife was my French teacher in high school.

In 1965 I married Bob Copley at Mount Carmel United Church, with Marie Glaves as our singer. Before I close I would like to mention a wonderful couple who owned a

farm beside the church. Lorne and Violet Michener were long time friends of our family and Violet was a wonderful seamstress. She made all my bridesmaid dresses. My brother Robert; everyone but his immediate family called him Bob, passed away at the early age of 51 in June of 1999. Brother Glenn lives in Dunnville and my sister Judy lives in Oakville.

In 1971, we moved to Greensboro, North Carolina. I stayed in banking for forty-five years and was a customer service representative, loan officer and my last position I was the assistant to four people working in the Premier Division catering to the wealthy. I was in eleven bank robberies all at the same branch in Pleasant Garden, North Carolina. I was in stock car racing territory and Richard Petty and Geoff Bodine were my customers.


Bob and I helped start the Piedmont Chapter of the Pontiac-Oakland Club, International. We got to do parades laps before the race at tracks such as Darlington, Rockingham, Martinsville and Charlotte. The members took their Pontiacs and got to drive on the track for the parade lap. My job was to do the announcing so everyone would know what model and year Pontiacs were there and tell who the drivers were. We always got to go in the pits and see all the cars and drivers. It was a lot of fun, but a lot of work too. I was the first woman President of our local club and in 1986 Bob and I were co-chairmen, treasure and in charge of all registration, tours, etc for the annual convention for Pontiac - Oakland members. We had over two thousand members from all over the world. We had good help from our chapter members. The next year I wrote a convention guide for all Chapters to use, as there was not one. For years Bob and I have collected Pontiac vehicles, fixing them up, buying and selling, as well as Pontiac parts and we still do.

In 2007 we moved to the beautiful mountains of North Carolina, near the Blue Ridge Parkway. We live in a rural area at 3,100 feet, where a lot of farming is done and millions of Frazer Fir Christmas trees are grown.

I hope you enjoyed my memories of growing up three miles east of Dunnville.

If you wish to get in touch with Joyce or Bob, just email me at my address below. I will hock you up.

All photos provided by the author unless noted otherwise



Toby Barrett
MPP - Haldimand-Norfolk

39 Norfolk Street North
Simcoe, Ontario N3Y 3N6
Tel. (519) 428-0446 • (905) 765-8413
1-800-903-8629 • Fax (519) 428-0835
toby.barrett@pc.ola.org
www.TobyBarrett.com

**Beckley Beach
Cottager's Corporation
Supports the work of
Port Maitland,
"On the Grand"
Historical Association
And The Grand Dispatch**

Dunnville District Heritage Assn.

**Historical and Genealogical Archives •
Research Assistance • Free Programs •
Publications**

**Located in the Dunnville Public Library, 317 Chestnut
Street. Open to the public Tues. & Wed., 10 a.m. -
1 p.m., Feb. - Nov. & by appointment.**

genealogydpl@yahoo.ca 905-701-8238

FLYERS BAKERY & CAFE INC.
Monday to Saturday 8am - 3pm and Friday Dinner 5pm-8pm
Sundays 10am to 2pm

Bakery is Open Tuesday to Saturday

144 Queen Street
Dunnville, ON
N1A 1H7
905-701-8527

contact@flyersindunnville.com
www.flyersindunnville.com



Tanya Sullivan



**Grand River
KAYAK**

2 Port Maitland Rd
Dunnville
Ontario
N1A1Y3

1-888-KAYAK 15
www.grandriverkayak.ca

Hauser's
HOME HEALTHCARE

**Wheelchairs, Walkers,
Scooters, Bath safety
and more...**

1-855-440-8500
www.HausersPharmacy.com



**HANNA's Irish Vacation
Farmhouse**

Wendy Strong

Family owned since 1927

Port Maitland, Ontario, Canada
Located north shore of Lake Erie

(905) 774-7028

email: Wendy@stronghorses.com
www.stronghorses.com/farmhouse



**MATER Mechanical
MATER Mechanical**

Dale A. Mater

Specializing in:

Plumbing, Heating

Electrical, Air Conditioning

251 Main St. W.
Dunnville, ON N1A 1W2

Phone 905-774-9410

Fax 905-774-8325



**MOHAWK
MARINA**
Serving Boaters
Since 1985

*"When it comes to fishing ...
we will always tell ya where to go"*

**LIVE BAIT
TACKLE & MARINE SUPPLIES
BOAT LAUNCH • VALEE SERVICE
COTTAGE RENTALS • POST OFFICE**

Featuring Lake Erie Perch on the Patio
at **HiPPoS**

2472 North Shore Drive • Lowbanks, ON N0A 1K0
905-774-1229
www.mohawkmarina.ca
mohawkmarina@gmail.com



NM

NADRO MARINE SERVICES LIMITED
CAPTAIN BILL NADROFSKY
Director of Operations

Office: 519-583-1080
Fax: 519-583-3032
Cell: 519-427-3357
Email: bill@nadromarine.ca

57 River Drive,
Port Dover, ON
Canada N0A 1N7

Dermody's
P. X. Dermody Funeral Homes

7 East Ave. South Hamilton, Ontario L8N 2T3 905-572-7900	1919 King Street East Hamilton, Ontario L8K 1V9 905-549-9955	796 Upper Gage Ave. Hamilton, Ontario L8V 4K4 905-388-4141
-------------------------------------------------------------------	-----------------------------------------------------------------------	---------------------------------------------------------------------

www.dermody.com

 **Peter's Engine & RENTAL CENTRE**

851 North Shore Drive
Dunnville, Ontario N1A 2W5

SALES — RENTALS — SERVICE

Rainer Queckenstedt

(905) 774-7615
 Cell (289) 925-1248
 Home (905) 774-5022
peteng@execulink.com

Rasch & Hyde Ltd.
 ONTARIO LAND SURVEYORS



1333 Highway 3 East, Unit B
 P.O. Box 6
 Dunnville, ON N1A 2X1
 Tel: 905-774-7188
 Fax: 905-774-4000

R. Desmond Rasch, O.L.S.

Cell: 905-745-9915
 Toll Free: 1-800-263-2135
 Email: drasch@randh.ca
www.randh.ca

74 Jarvis Street,
 P.O. Box 550
 Fort Erie, ON L2A 5Y1
 Tel: 905-871-9757
 Fax: 905-871-9748

RIVERSIDE MARINA
 of Dunnville Ltd.

101 Maple St. • Dunnville, ON. N1A 2G1
 (Behind the Beer Store)
www.riversidemarina.ca

Gord Mcleod
Rob & Kathy Culp
info@riversidemarina.ca

Ph. 905-774-3199
Fax 905-774-6806

ROBERT ROWE
MOTORS LIMITED

If You Don't Buy From Us We Both Lose
rowemotors@hotmail.com

ROBERT R. ROWE

Bus. 905-774-7554
 Res. 905-774-6576
 Lake 905-774-8491
 Fax 905-774-3233

122 Broad St. E.
 Dunnville, Ontario
 N1A 1E9

Grooming Available
 Call For Appointment!

 **Ruffin's**
 PET CENTRES

We Have Everything For All Your Pets Needs

905-774-6373
www.ruffinspet.com
 209 Queen St., Dunnville ON

Conveniently
 Located Downtown!

SOUTH COAST
BUILDERS

Renovations & New Construction
Design ~ Building

Terry Lyons
905-774-1376


JUDY MARSALES REAL ESTATE LTD.
 Brokerage 

Knowledge + Integrity
= Home Sweet Home

©1988


www.judymarsales.com
 (905) 522-3300

KIRKPATRICK
 STONEWORKS



Trudy Eales
 MEMORIAL CONSULTANT

8412 Highway #3 RR 5 Dunnville ON N1A 2W4
 ph/fx 905.774.6521 email kirkpatrickdunnville@shaw.ca
www.kirkpatrickstoneworks.com

OPEN
GUS
+ son
BARBER
SHOP

Gus & Son Barbershop

1530 King St. East
 Hamilton, Ontario
 (905) 545-1945

Promises of Home

By Rose McCormick Brandon

From 1869-1939 approximately 100,000 children immigrated to Canada from England, Ireland, Wales and Scotland. It's estimated that today eleven percent of the Canadian population can trace their roots to one of these *Home Children*.

On their journeys to becoming grateful Canadians, the Home Children suffered many hardships. Even those who landed in good homes struggled to overcome extreme loneliness and homesickness. Adjusting to Canadian farm life was especially difficult. Walter Goulding, the oldest living home child in Canada until his death at 106 on August 1, 2014, said, "I was from the big city of London. When I landed on that farm (in Southern Ontario), I looked up and said, 'Oh Lord, where am I?'" Walter was thirteen.



Walter Goulding - at 105 - he was the oldest living Home Child in Canada until his death in August 2014 at 106.

No agency today would consider sending an eight year-old to a foreign country to work as a live-in mother's helper. But, my grandmother, and thousands of other girls were placed in Canadian homes as indentured servants, contracted out by the sending agency to work until age twenty-one for girls and eighteen for boys. Most boys became farm hands but a few obtained apprenticeships.

My grandmother, Grace Griffin Galbraith, and her two siblings were sent to Canada after the deaths of both parents. Most child immigrants had at least one living parent. Unemployment, death of the earning parent, abandonment and illegitimacy are some of the reasons children ended up in Homes.

Britain sank into a poverty crisis. Many well-meaning social reformers like Dr. Thomas Barnardo, Annie

MacPherson, the Quarriers of Scotland and the Smylys of Ireland, founded homes where they fed, educated and churched thousands of needy children. Barnardos, an agency that emigrated more than thirty thousand children to Canada, established the motto, "No Destitute Child is ever Refused Admittance."

The Child Migrant Scheme, viewed as a practical solution to the problem of burgeoning numbers of destitute children, was meant to solve Canada's need for young workers and give these children opportunities they'd never find in their home countries.

Despite the good intentions of the sending agencies, many children became victims of abuse, neglect and over-work. In 1895, George Everitt Green, a fifteen year-old was placed with a spinster farmer, Helen Findlay. Seven months later, George died. The coroner reported that his emaciated body was covered with ulcers and bruises, that his skin was discoloured, his feet and hands swollen. The conclusion: George's death was caused by criminal neglect and malnourishment. Helen Findlay was found guilty of assault and sentenced to one year in the Ontario Reformatory for Females in Owen Sound.

In contrast to George Green, Robert Wright arrived at the home of Sandy and Isadora Thompson of Franconia, a rural settlement near Dunnville, Ontario. Robert became the Thompson's third placement child. (The other two were Jack Bean and Samuel Ashdown.) Isadora Thompson cherished Robert who was fostered until age fourteen. In her book, *The Golden Bridge*, Marjorie Kohli writes: "Boarding was a practice unique to Barnardo's. Any child under twelve years of age was to be boarded out to a foster family. The family was paid for its efforts."

At fourteen Robert was indentured to the Thompsons. Like all placement families, they paid a yearly wage to the Canadian offices of the sending agency where the money went into trust for the child until the end of the contract. The money was then given to the child to help them begin an independent life. In Robert's case he remained lovingly connected to the Thompsons. He married, had four sons and built a house in Dunnville. For many years he worked as a foreman in the Finishing Department at Dominion Fabrics, later Wabasso.

One of the conditions placed on host families was that children would attend school three to four months each year. Most of the sending agencies believed education

provided a way out of poverty for the children. Hosts were also required to send the children to church and to feed and adequately care for them. When these obligations weren't met, children were often removed by visiting inspectors.



Robert Wright - when he was taken into care by Barnardo's. Franconia, is just a short walk along Hwy # 3 from where Joyce Copley, the author of our previous story grew up.

Most child immigrants, like my grandmother and her siblings, were separated. They often lost contact and never reconnected. In some cases, one brother was sent to Canada and another to Australia. (Thirty thousand children went to Australia. There, children immigrated until the 1960s.)

A large percentage of Home Children buried their roots. They deliberately lost their accents and when they were grown moved to places where no one knew of their immigrant past. They seldom spoke about life before Canada.

My grandmother's story is known, not because she shared it but because her husband knew her background when they married as did everyone in their small community. For that reason, her children knew and passed her story on. Her brother, Edward Griffin searched for and found her. She was a mother of four by then. He was unashamed of his past and boldly proclaimed himself an orphan from London's east end. He once wrote, "I go wherever I jolly well please and I don't take any dirt from anybody." He was placed by MacPherson's with a good and caring childless couple who, when they died, remembered him in their will.



Walter Goulding, with his sisters.
This photo was taken as their mother lay dying in hospital.

After enduring the trauma of exile, Canada's child immigrants grew up to become soldiers, factory workers, railroad workers, telephone operators, secretaries, miners, nurses, community leaders and farmers. They invested their sweat and toil in their new country.

Cecilia Jowett, who arrived in 1901 at age eight, nursed for a time at both The Toronto General and the Hamilton General hospitals. She wrote this: "Oh, I'd never take a child like that into my home, I have heard ladies say. You never know how they will turn out. And there was I, a graduate nurse, in their homes, rendering skilled assistance, perhaps saving, or helping to save, a life. Yet they didn't dream I was one of those children."

It's of major significance that nearly all home boys of legal age and some that weren't, enlisted in the Canadian army at the outset of World War One. They numbered approximately ten thousand. More than one thousand lost their lives. Recently, Don Cherry, whose grandfather was a Barnardo boy and a WWI soldier, spoke at a memorial service in Toronto at Black Creek Village. (An exhibit of British Home Child artifacts will be on display at the Village until December 2015.)

The Home Children entered into the rhythm of Canadian life. They made our country greater. It wasn't easy.

Against the odds, they became proud Canadians and good citizens. Their stories beg to be told. Most shunned the limelight while they lived and wouldn't want anyone to make a fuss over them now. But, in my view, it's time to make a fuss.

Shame turned many of the children into silent adults, mysterious people, misunderstood by their families. Their

stories are as varied as their personalities, yet similar threads run through them.



Cecilia Jowett with her graduating nursing class - she is front extreme right.

In 2013, a segment on the Home Children was introduced into the Ontario curriculum for grade six, helping to shine a light on these forgotten immigrants. It can be immensely inspiring for today's children to read about the plight of the Home Children. Though separated from parents, brothers and sisters, extended family, friends and country, they thrived.

Maggie Abernethy Wedrick, a Barnardo girl who lived with the Doughty family in the Hagersville area, wrote this to Mr. Hobday, the administrator of the Barnardo Home in Toronto. It shows that after four decades in Canada, she still thinks of the organization as family and that she considers her life successful:

"I have been married thirty-one years. My husband is a farmer; he owns one hundred acres of land. I have two children, a son and daughter, both are married. My daughter has two children so you see, I am Grandma. My daughter married a farmer and my son is a farmer also. We are members of the United Church and are striving to live Christian lives."

My grandmother wrote this letter in 1928 to a step-sister back in England:

"I have a good and loving husband and a good home. We have a one hundred acre farm, a large barn and a fairly good house. Jim is very good to help me. He is very fond of children. We have our place paid for now and I must add that we have a 1918 model car but we intend dealing it on a new one next spring."

In my book, *Promises of Home – Stories of Canada's British Home Children*, I've tried to tell a variety of stories – tragic, mysterious, funny, successful, heartwarming – all these stories work together to produce a document that gives the reader an overview of the history of our child immigrants.

To order this book, visit Rose's website at <http://writingfromtheheart.webs.com> or contact her at rosembrian@yaho.ca. © 2014 Rose McCormick Brandon Rose McCormick Brandon is the author of many articles and books. Her latest, *Promises of Home – Stories of Canada's British Home Children*, shines a light on the forgotten child immigrants of the late nineteenth and early twentieth century. All photos provided by the author.

A letter from Terry Lyons

August 25, 2014

I was glad to see the latest edition of *The Grand Dispatch* in my mailbox today. I enjoy your articles and when combined with a lot of the old tales I've heard through the years it creates a clearer picture of the history of the area.



Could this be the artificial leg of Fergus Scholfield?

Photo; Terry Lyons

The purpose of my letter is to run my business card in your classifieds. What prompted me to write it today was a story I read about the "AGUSTUS FORD" and the one-legged lighthouse keeper.

In the mid to late 70's I tendered a bid to the Coast Guard to demolish the Port Maitland lighthouse keepers' house across from our newly erected pavilion. I got the job and was told that a 100- year lease with the Six Nations was up. The building had to be levelled, and the grounds brought back to original condition.

I dismantled the two story frame house piece by piece and

used it to build the shop I'm sitting in right now. Even my shop windows are from the site.

When the structure was down I had to remove the stone foundation. It was easy work since the building sat on a sand dune. I was levelling the site carefully because I kept coming across old bottles and ceramic pieces when I uncovered an old very old prosthetic leg. It now sits on a shelf on the wall of my shop.

As I sit and look at this brass and iron contraption with what appears to be a ceramic foot I wonder; do I have Fergus Scholfield's leg?

Sincerely Terry Lyons

An Old Man's Memories to be updated!

By William A. Warnick

Often, I tell of how interesting writing these articles are. They are! They are also very frustrating and scary as once I put my ideas into print they become facts to others. One hundred or more years from now, someone will read one of my articles and what I write today will become gospel. This is unfortunate, as most writers do the best they can to be factual yet facts are sometimes hard to put your hand on or your head around.

Why is this important just now! Recently, as most of you know an archeological assessment was conducted at east Port Maitland. In preparing for the assessment, a considerable amount of research was done by others and me. Disputes about facts were many, each of us using our own sources of information and sometimes even using the same sources still created different results. One such resource used was the book called "*An old Man's Memories*" by W. I. Imlach. After a couple of good reads through Mr. Imlach's memories I discovered he had a number of facts wrong. Then I spent some time thinking about the title of his book. F.Y.I. Mr. Imlach actually never wrote a book. His memories were first sent to the Free Press of London in 1899 then Hamilton Herald in 1900 with eighteen installments. They were his memories as he recalled what he personally had seen and what others told him. I defy anyone to write eighteen issues of their memories at age eighty-one and get all your facts correct.

With this in mind, the Port Maitland, "On the Grand" Historical Association at its annual meeting in October decided to update Mr. Imlach's work. It was decided we

would research his memories and make corrections. As it may now be possible to add photos and some artwork we decided to do that as well. By page five I had a problem. While researching some of the people Imlach mentioned in one paragraph I discovered that even his own name was not correct. I have not seen, nor do I know where to find his handwritten script, but by the time his articles were put into the Hamilton Herald then the Dunnville Chronicle and finally into this book his first two names which are *William James* became *W. I.*! I have researched this information on Ancestry.ca and have seen the actual documents which clearly tell me his correct name was William James Imlach.

We do not know how long it will take to go over each and every paragraph or for that matter just how deeply I wish to pursue each fact, but for your interest I have considered being as anal as the following paragraphs indicate!

This is the paragraph as written by Mr. Imlach

This party sailed from London in April, 1836, in the sailing ship "Hannibal," with a passenger list of some eighty cabin and five hundred steerage. This party consisted of Col. Johnson, his wife, daughter, and a niece, Miss Hicks; Major Spratt with his sister, a brother's widow, and her two sons, William and Robert, the Major merely coming to Canada to see his family comfortably settled; the mother of the writer of these reminiscences (a daughter of Col. Johnson, and widow of Col. Imlach, C.B., also of the East India Company service, with her daughter and two sons. There were one or two other families connected with our party, besides some four or five young men consigned to the Colonel's charge, to bring out and locate on farms in Ontario. Added to this "Canadian contingent" were some fifteen steerage passengers dependent on the Colonel for their passage and future settlement in the country.

This is the revised paragraph!

"This party sailed from London in April, 1836, in the sailing ship "Hannibal," under the guidance of Captain John Roberts, arriving in New York New York on May 27, 1836 with a passenger list of some eighty cabin and five

hundred steerage. This party consisted of Col. John Johnson, his wife, Dedericka Nee Memelink daughter, Possibly Sarah Anne and a niece, Miss Ann Hicks; Major William Spratt, with his sister May, a brothers widow, and her two sons, William and Robert Spratt, the Major merely coming to Canada to see his family comfortably settled; the mother Catherine Louisa Johnson of the writer (William James Imlach) of these reminiscences (a daughter of Col. Johnson, and widow of Col. William James Imlach, C.B., also of the East India Company service, with her daughter Helen and two sons Henry T. and Wm J. mentioned above. There were one or two other families connected with our party, besides some four or five young men consigned to the Colonel's charge, to bring out and locate on farms in Ontario. Added to this "Canadian contingent" were some fifteen steerage passengers dependent on the Colonel for their passage and future settlement in the country."

You can see, that the amended paragraph will give local families a much better understanding of who is who and may even give them cause to do their own families research. But will our readers care to weed through all these seemingly minor facts? I am interested in your thoughts.

A thought or two!

My granddaughter told me old people at weddings always poke her and say 'You're next' so she started doing the same thing to them at funerals!

Did you know:

In Toronto, it is illegal to drag a dead horse down Young Street on a Sunday!

In Ohio, it is illegal to get a fish drunk!

In Alabama, it is illegal to drive a car while blind folded!

In Los Angeles it is illegal to shoot at a teller with a water gun while robbing a bank!

In Florida, an elephant tied to a parking meter must pay regular parking fees!

In Scotland, it is illegal to be drunk in the presence of a cow!

The City of Guelph is classified as a no pee zone!

Port Maitland, "On the Grand" Historical Association Holds Annual meeting!

On Oct 14th, 2014, PMHA held its annual meeting as a two part gathering. In the morning the past executive met to finalize some old business and draw up some plans for the coming year. One major decision which was made was to update Mr. Imlach's Memories as you have already read about in the article above.

It was reported that the Cairn Project fundraising has begun. As of this printing date, we find ourselves in very good shape.

In the evening, a membership meeting was held in the Garfield Disher Room at the Dunnville Public Library at which time your 2014 – 2016 executive were elected. They are:

President	Bill Warnick	905 549-6086 wwarnick@cogeco.ca
Vice President	Barry Fraser	905-581-1941 jbarryfraser@hotmail.com
Financial Sec.	Janet deVos	(905) 701-5078 birdsandb@xplornet.ca
Recording Sec.	Bob Campbell	
Dir. (Cairn)	Sylvia Weaver	cairn@port-maitland.ca
Dir. (Unassigned)	Wendy Strong	905 774-7028 wendy@stronghorses.com
Dir. (Webmaster)	Bill Strong	905 774-7028 bill@stronghorses.com

PLEASE SUPPORT OUR SPONSORS.

Mailing Address

William A. Warnick
180 Rosslyn Ave. South
HAMILTON, ON L8M 3J5
Phone 905 549-6086 Skype [williamawarnick](https://www.skype.com/user/williamawarnick)
Email wwarnick@cogeco.ca
Web-page www.port-maitland.ca