

The Grand Dispatch



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

Scatterings of History and some Story Telling!

James N. Allan
Chair of The Niagara Parks Commission
January 1967 – May 1986



James N. Allan

Photo courtesy of Niagara Parks Commission Archives

It recently occurred to me that there was no signage as you approach the James N. Allan Skyway which crosses the Burlington Ship Canal in Hamilton/Burlington. To that end I wrote The Honourable Steven Del Duca Minister of Transportation and was assured by one of his staff that there was a sign in the medium. I still can't find it! Mr. Allan owned the Dunnville Dairy. I remember Mr. Allan well as a kind and giving man. Many high school students including my brother Skip had summer jobs at the dairy. Summer students were hired to work in the dairy including the students hired to drive milk trucks into the cottage areas giving cottagers ready access to milk, ice and in some cases ice cream. I was too young to know if I agreed with his politics and now I am too old to remember his politics! The following article was provided to The Dispatch by Tony Baldinelli. Thanks Tony!

James Noble Allan was born in the Township of Canboro near Dunnville, Ontario on November 13, 1893. A

graduate of the Ontario Agricultural College, with a B.S.A. degree, he returned in 1914 to the family farm where he continued his occupation as a farmer. He purchased Grand River Creamery which was operated by Charles MacKay in March 1936. It would later be known as Dunnville Dairy or Puritan Dairy, which he operated for almost 50 years. He was active in community affairs, chairman of nine Canada Savings Bond Campaigns, and chairman of the Haldimand County Centennial committee, life elder of Grace United Church, Dunnville, and member for more than 50 years and past president of the Lions Club of Dunnville.



A young Mr. James Allan

James Allan served on Municipal Councils in the Township of Canboro and the Town of Dunnville. He was a former Mayor of Dunnville and a past Warden of Haldimand County. He entered Provincial politics in 1951, when he was elected to the Provincial Legislature as Member for Haldimand-Norfolk. Prior to his first Cabinet appointment he served on the Select Committee on Highway Safety. In January 1955, he became Minister of Highways. He held a total of five Cabinet portfolios. In 1958 he was appointed Treasurer of Ontario, a position he held until 1966. At that time he was appointed Minister without Portfolio, a position he held until his retirement from Cabinet in January 1968. He was appointed chairman of The Niagara Parks Commission in January 1967.

What's in the Dispatch?

James N. Allan by Tony Baldinelli	Pg - 1
Press Release – Dorothy Duncan Award by Bill Warnick	Pg - 3
What is Your Name? by Bill Warnick	Pg - 4
A Bit like watching Grass Grow by Bill Warnick	Pg - 8
The Mysterious Burial Vault by Bill Warnick	pg -12

Mr. Allan's financial experience gained during his many years in business and during his eight years as Provincial Treasurer, served The Niagara Parks Commission well. During his term of office, improvements and additions were made to Park buildings: a new south annex at Table Rock; a new visitors' reception centre at the greenhouse (Niagara Parks Floral Show house); the construction of a marina; renovations to the Victoria Park Restaurant; the construction of a visitors centre at the School of Horticulture; the rebuilding of the Maid of the Mist Incline Railway; and the restoration of the Gage House at Stoney Creek Battlefield Historic Park. Recreational facilities and new band shells were built at Queenston Heights and Old Fort Erie. The assets of the Niagara Spanish Aero Car (now Whirlpool Aero Car) were purchased and Bertie Hall in Fort Erie was purchased.



Burlington Bay James N. Allan Skyway

In 1969 the Richard Strong Associates planning study was adopted and that same year administrative changes recommended by this report were instituted, resulting in a more efficient Parks Administration. In 1983, the newly renovated Oak Hall became Administration Headquarters for Parks staff. This meant that the various departments which had formerly been scattered throughout several buildings were now gathered in one building.

A beginning was made on the Master Plan to provide visitors' parking outside Queen Victoria Park. A rubber-tired people-mover transportation system was planned to transport people into the Park from the parking area. Construction began in 1984 on the parking lot for Phase One, now called the Rapids View Parking Area, located opposite the International Control Dam on the upper river.

Mr. Allan was honoured by the Ontario Legislature on the occasion of his 90th birthday on November 13, 1984. At that time, the Burlington Skyway on the Queen Elizabeth Way, was renamed in his honour, the Burlington Bay James N. Allan Skyway. When he retired in 1986, he

became Honourary Chairman of The Niagara Parks Commission and the pergola at the School of Horticulture, the construction of which was announced in 1986, was named after him.

Article by Tony Baldinelli Senior Manager of Communication and Stakeholders Relations NPC



Photo from Lorne Sorge Dunnville Library



PRESS RELEASE
June 11, 2016

The Port Maitland, “On the Grand” Historical Association (PMHA) was formed in November 2005 to, among other things, preserve, protect and encourage others to document the history of all communities bordering the Grand River from Port Maitland to the river’s source. PMHA primarily concentrates on the areas below Cayuga, but is always interested in learning and preserving the history of the entire watershed.

Its early projects were the restoration of the Port Maitland Lock found in the former township of Sherbrooke and its annual Port Maitland Festival of History. Being a small group we decided to concentrate on the lock and let the Festival of History go to others. In our efforts to restore the lock we won the 2008 Grand River Conservation Authority “*Watershed Award*.” The GRCA honours individuals, families groups and business that put their time and energy into improving the Grand River watershed. There are two types of awards presented: Honour Roll Award for a sustained record of achievement over an extended period of time and the Watershed Awards for outstanding examples of conservation and environmental work,

The lock project was and remains a bit of twisty turning road, but PMHA now has a lease for this property and is maintaining the lock, making it a place to stop and rest your feet or weary eyes for a few minutes. Local history is documented on the information kiosk placed there in 2010. If you want to just rest and learn a bit of history, it is a must visit place. It can be found just east of Stromness on the Feeder Canal as you approach EAST Port Maitland.

In 2015 PMHA won *the 2015 County of Haldimand Heritage Award*. This award is presented to a non-profit organization in Haldimand County that has added to the cultural vibrancy and heritage appreciation of the community, providing vital physical connection between the past and present

In 2012, an archeological assessment was conducted at EAST Port Maitland. Unfortunately, nothing of, as yet, known importance was discovered, but the event deserved to be remembered. This led to the genesis of a memorial cairn being placed at the mouth of the Feeder Canal as it empties into the Grand River. The cairn is placed on the Port Maitland East Park and boat launch. The view of the harbour is second to none and well worth a visit. Funding for the cairn came from the County of

Haldimand as well as funds raised by PMHA from corporate and private donors.

On Saturday June 11th Bill Warnick, Janet deVos and Sylvia Weaver attended the 128th Annual General Meeting of the Ontario Historical Society held at the Ontario Legislative Building, Queen’s Park, Toronto, where PMHA was awarded the prestigious Dorothy Duncan Award. The award is presented to non-profit organizations, which must be nominated by a Municipal Council or a First Nations Council, for outstanding service to its region.



Dr Ian Radforth, Dorothy Duncan, Bill Warnick, Sylvia Weaver, Janet deVos

Port Maitland, “On the Grand” Historical Association is grateful to its nominator: the County of Haldimand - Katrina Schmitz and Anne Unyi and to its presenter: the Ontario Historical Society. Mostly, we are grateful to our volunteers who over the past ten years have put in many hours raking, weeding, cutting brush and cutting grass at the lock. Of course, PMHA is also grateful to its volunteers and donors who made the construction of the cairn possible.

If I were to describe PMHA using only a few words, I might suggest it is “the little engine that could!” There is a never ending need for funds, yet we know that obtaining funding is always a battle to get there first. After all there is just so much goodwill to go around. We understand that very well! We are extremely proud of what this little, group with only a ten year history, has accomplished in such a short time!

What is your Name?

By Bill Warnick
May 18, 2000

In the spring of 2000, I lost an old friend and wrote the article below (in part) for the Dunnville Chronicle. It has been a number of years since he passed away and I thought it might be nice to tell the whole story!

Today, I lost an old and valuable friend. When I was a child growing up at Port Maitland, I could see his house across the river from mine. Always bigger than life to me, I was never comfortable talking to him. He scared the stuffing out of me. One day when I was about fourteen years old he did something that really angered me. It was nothing so great that required my getting so angry and nothing he needs tell St. Peter about. He sold my geese! But you need to read the rest of the story! I recall getting into my father's boat and rowing across the river to have a confrontation with him. Being a lifelong commercial fisherman, he was aware of just about every four letter word in the book. I know I taught him a few new ones that day! As mentioned, I was about fourteen years of age and like a lot of teenagers neither he nor any other old fart was going to harm me without hearing about it. When I first found him, he was on the dock of the Fishermen's Co-op with other fishermen around. I suspect I was embarrassing him so he got into his car and headed over to his Quonset hut. I beat him there and as he got out of his car my diatribe started all over again. He got back into his car and headed down the road towards McKee's store where I met him again, continuing my foul mouth. I can't recall how many placed I chased him to or when my rage settled but he knew he had provoked me. He just took it and never mentioned that incident to me again.

A number of years later I ran into him again while teaching a course at Niagara College in St. Catharines. When I discovered that he would be one of my students, I thought now is the time to make him squirm! I remember going into the class room as if it was yesterday. He sat in the third seat from the front in the middle row. I walked into the room, with an outstretched arm, and an inward chuckle-but not for him to see, looked straight at him and announced to the entire class "you are the son of a bitch sold my geese!" I had him! He just sat there dumb-founded! What made this even more pleasurable for me was the fact that this was a class of Great Lakes captains, mates, engineers etc. all big burley men and I was a little toad of one hundred and twenty pounds. Better yet it included one of his Port Maitland colleagues, Dan Minor. The stumbling and stammering was a delight to my senses. I am sure he went home that night and said

"Well Ella I might as well quite the class right now - Young Squirt Warnick is teaching the course and he remembers the geese!"

In all fairness to both he and myself, he did complete the course with flying colours, and we hit it off just fine. My family was to have a number of family reunions after that and though he was not related he was often present as he had always been so much a part of the Warnick family.

As time went on, I became more and more interested in the history of Port Maitland. I thought who better to turn to than him? We soon found we had much in common. Oh and never did a meeting go by without my starting the conversation with a, "you're the son of a bitch who sold my geese!" He would respond with a "Nooo, I never did that." We both knew what each other was saying and I think he enjoyed the ribbing. I know I enjoyed handing it out. This past fall (1999) in the middle of a conversation and with no reason what-so-ever, other than good - or maybe not so good sportsmanship, I said, a "you're the Son of a bitch who sold my geese!" For the first time in thirty-seven years and with a glimmer in his eyes, he said "no; what I did was sell young Barnes the burlap bags to put them in. They were shitting all over my nets!" This happened to be the last time I would meet with him in his home. I have long since forgotten any animus toward him, but now the fun was gone. He had told me his part and he was finally on top of the joke.

While he lay in his hospital bed these past months, I revealed the story to his daughters making sure they knew I was okay with things. On a visit soon afterwards, as soon as I entered the room his daughter Suzanne, said to him, "Dad, do you know where we can get some geese?" His response was, (You need to know that he was awfully sick at the time.) "I think Mrs. Warnick has some!"

During the course of the past ten years he and I have travelled to a number of places together. Recently, due to age, he lost use of his car and found this very difficult. We travelled well together, I was always aware he would maybe rather go here than there. Somehow we always managed to find a comfortable compromise and ended up where both of us wanted to be. We travelled to Bowling Green, in Ohio, a couple years ago to visit the Historical Collections of the Great Lakes Institute at Bowling Green State University. We stayed in a motel across the street from the university and went for breakfast in their restaurant; a little place with approximately five tables. It didn't take him long until he had a conversation going with people at the next table. In the next fifteen or twenty minutes he had discovered that he knew one of the

women and her late husband. He told her what her house looked like, where she lived and the name of her husband's fishing tugs. For fifteen minutes he pulled information from her about her now grown children and grandchildren. He found out who was fishing the family tugs and on which tugs certain relatives fished. He found out, or should I say confirmed with her the size of the tugs and the engines that powered them, as well as many other facts. In other words he knew all about her! At least three to four times during the conversation she asked him; "what is your name?" Not once did he give a clue!

On our way to Bowling Green, he had me stop at this nice home just south of the Ambassador Bridge. I don't know, maybe a mile or two south. It was the home of a fisherman who purchased a freezer from him. I think it was a walk-in. This fellow had never completed payments for it. He had me turn around in the driveway which was a wide paved drive with a beautiful reasonably modern home at the end of it. He made a point of me turning around in THAT driveway. He said "You would think someone with a house like this could pay what he owes on a freezer." The woman we met in the restaurant was that man's wife. We left that restaurant wiser than we arrived and gave not one bit of information away. When He went to the washroom, I told the woman who he was. "Say, what is your name," became my new opening wisecrack to him.

But now Earl Milford Siddall, has gone to meet with his maker. It is not going to be easy for poor old St. Peter and the Big Man to evaluate Earl. Chances are the *Harbor Master* will find out more about St. Peter and God then they ever intended to tell him and when the interview is over they will say to each other, "what is that man's name?"

Earl's photo belongs here but that would have been a give-away.

Port Maitland "On the Grand" Lottery!

PMHA made a decision in 2015, to offer something back, rather than just ask for money. To that end the PMHA is conducting a Sesquicentennial Lottery with prizes of roughly \$6,500.00. The lottery gives you a chance to benefit while making a donation. Tickets sell for \$10.00 each with prizes of: a week's stay at a holiday resort, two tickets to Marineland, a weed trimmer. These are the early bird prizes which were drawn on July 2nd this year at the No 6 RCAF Dunnville Museum's annual dedication and Chicken BBQ – history event held at the Dunnville Airport on Port Maitland Road.

The major prizes will be drawn for on February 20 2017 at the Selkirk Community Centre's Heritage Day display.

The grand prizes consist of a 4 to 6 day cruise on a Working Great Lakes Freighter, an original circa 1910-1920s painting of Port Maitland, two prizes of \$1,000 each.

Please let me know if you are willing to sell tickets at a mall near you or to friends and colleagues.




Margo Calvert sells lottery tickets



To be drawn for on Feb. 20, 2017




The three prizes were drawn for on July 2nd



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A bit like Watching Grass Grow!

By Bill Warnick the Newbie!

Turtle walking was not on my agenda earlier this spring, but when my wife saw the article in the Spectator looking for people to "Turtle Watch" it seemed like a good way to get some exercise. I must say I am pleased I took up the challenge. Not only did I force myself to walk further than I would have ever walked otherwise, I met some terrific caring people, not of the least Joanna Chapman. The following is a diary I kept with notes etc – and with some story telling included.

DAY ONE June 4, 2016 My first day of Turtle Walking (I prefer to call it Turtle Walking) I met Jacqueline Musquar at the Air force Hall in Dundas and we proceeded along King Street, getting acquainted as we walked. This was Jacqueline's second year and she had never seen a turtle nesting. Along the route to Olympic Drive a truck stopped and the driver told us he had seen a turtle nesting on the mound just up the road. As we approached Olympic Drive we could see the mound and the turtle digging herself a hole. This was the first experience for both of us to see a nesting turtle.

Walking my new Turtle!

This might look like fun, but please don't ever do this, and no, this is not my turtle!



Before we could say "got ja!" three young men on bicycles called to us from the corner of King St. and Olympic Drive telling us there was a turtle crossing the road. When we got there we were both amazed to find a hatchling no bigger than 2.5 cm. Jacqueline captured the little runt and kept it safe in her Tupperware container. But now back to Mama Turtle! Jacqueline, though as new at turtle nesting as I the "newbie" knew what to do and immediately returned to the shed to acquire the screening bag. When she returned she decided to leave the newbie to watch Mama while she completed the assigned route. She soon returned to tell me she had found two nesting mothers at another mound. It was turning into quite a day for these turtle rescuers! I waited out Mama number one as Jacqueline cared for Mama's two and three.

I had ducks, chickens, geese, pigeons and all sort of other birds and four legged creatures as a youngster, but none of them took so long to lay an egg or deliver an offspring

as that turtle! It was a bit like watching grass grow!

My Feelings	Grass	Turtles
It's okay	First you seed the ground	Hunt for a nesting turtle
Exciting	The seed takes root	You see a bit of movement by the turtle
Boring	It only a bit green but is coming	She sits and sits
Excitement returns	The lawn is nice and green	She leaves the nest
Work	Needs cutting	Needs protecting

The table above roughly demonstrates the similarities to grass growing and watching a turtle lay her eggs!

In time Pete Hurrell was called into action and I am glad he was. First he came to where Jacqueline was and I had moved to. There he showed us that he seemed to know what he is doing! Just kidding Pete! Pete showed us how to check out the nest for eggs and relieved a lot of the tension we would have had if we had broken any eggs. Only finding one active nest, it was covered and off to Mama number one! All the digging at many sites that seemed to be nest failed to produce any eggs!

DAY TWO June 5, 2016 What a wonderful dream! I am back at Port Maitland, actually Beckley Beach. I am nine years old and Matt Hayes, the former owner of the International Hotel and now deceased is having his annual Snapping Turtle BBQ and soup event. There is a big ice cooler painted in Coke a Cola colours. It is filled with ice and more varieties of pop than I have ever seen before. Another cooler painted in IPA colours is at the other side of the property filled equally and every bit as appealing to the adults with every kind of Ale and Beer any drinker could dream of. The turtle soup is cooking, the turtle stew is nearing completion and the BBQ is being prepared for Barbequed turtle meet.

The truth of the matter is, Matt Hayes was dead before I was born. My dream comes to me via stories old-timers told me. Really though Matt did have a turtle soup and stew and BBQ turtle event annually at Beckley Beach.

Finally, the BBQed meet is ready. I am told it is just like chicken. I have never been able to figure out why people go to all the trouble to eat frog legs, pigeon and turtle meat if they taste "just like chicken!" Why not just eat Chicken? At any rate, I am going to get my first taste of

BBQed snapping turtle meat. My teeth sink deep into the tender but crusty surface. My taste buds are just kicking in when the phone rings. It is 7:04 a.m. on Sunday. I was going to have a late sleep and go to a late Mass.



Matt is the skinny fellow standing in the second row, middle!

I say “hello”. The voice on the other end, asked “is this Bill”? “Yes” I slowly reply. “It’s Joanna Chapman. We have had a situation this morning. We have an injured turtle that is being taken to be cared for; we need someone to help with completing the walk. Are you available?” “Sure”. “When can you get here”? She asks”? After working out details I head for Dundas for my second but unexpected day of turtle walking. I like saying Turtle walking! As I approach Dundas along Coote’s Drive I decided to take a look at the mound on Olympic Drive where I spent yesterday morning. One, . . . two, . . . three, . . . ; no four turtles nesting on one mound. Time to give Joanna a call with the news! Arrangements are quickly made to have Jo-Ann Haynes join me at the mound.

A short few minutes later Jo-Ann shows up with a vest, and then back to the shed for more supplies. I go onto the mound and count the Mommy turtles! One, . . . , two, . . . , three, . . . , four, . . . , five turtles. This must be a record! Back on the phone to Joanna for even more supplies. I could tell and I don’t know Joanna at all, but she was flustered. I don’t have any idea if she swears, but you could hear the silent “Son \$% of \$ B%&@# what am I going to do?”

Don’t worry she soon got things well arranged and I settled in for a long morning of watching the grass grow.

In the meantime, Jo-Ann arrives and tells me she discovered two more nesting turtles at H2. Along with Jo-Ann comes Caroline Thomson.

Before the day was over I meet Caroline’s husband whose name I have firmly forgotten and found out that this was a

National Geographic moment. Caroline had never heard of anyone coming across five turtles laying eggs in one location let alone that and many others in one day! I am a Champ and a newbie at that! I am going to be famous among the veteran turtle walkers! I like to use the term “turtle walkers”!

Along the way, we hear from a dog walker who tells us that he saw seven turtles nesting on another mound. Sorry, I never did get it straight scoop if his story was correct or the workings of an over imaginative imagination.

When my wife suggested I volunteer for the turtle walk, I like to say turtle walk; I thought, “Just what I need! I can hardly walk and Lord knows I have enough to do with my history association. Besides I am petrified to death of snapping turtles. What the hell, another experience won’t hurt this old-fart”!

DAY THREE June 18, 2016 After having to miss my June 11th walk so I could go to Toronto to receive the Dorothy Duncan Award from the Ontario Historical Society I returned to my post on June 18th. At 06:15 I met Jacqueline Musquar at the beer store parking lot and proceeded to the Air Force hall to find Jill Scott. We waited a few minutes but then proceeded to walk Route 3 Spencer Creek/Cootes trail. The weather was sunny and already 20 degrees. We are in for a hot day!

It was not long before we found a snapper laying her eggs. Jacqueline returned to the hut for a couple kits and on her way found Jill who would complete that job while Jacqueline returned to finish the trail. Jacqueline went on by herself and soon found a second fresh nest, but no turtle. Upon digging she found eggs. Fortunately we had planned for two kits and when Jill arrived with them I covered the nest. I then returned to our first turtle as Jacqueline went on.

Soon there was a phone call from Jacqueline, saying she had found yet a third nest; again with Mama gone from the nest. Jill went back to the hut yet again for a couple more kits as I buried our third nest.

After screening nest number three I returned to nest number one finding that Mama Turtle had left. Here I met up with Jacqueline again as she had finally completed the walk. Eggs were found and the nest was screened. As the nest was partly on the grass and up against the trail we found it very difficult to drive the smaller stakes into the path. Fortunately we did have some larger stakes but even they were very difficult to drive in the ground. Success at last!



Note the notches in the shell at her hind end! She was not measured, but estimated to be about 28 cm. We know from the notches this turtle was notched in 1984!

I returned to the Air Force hall where I met Joanna Chapman setting up a display. She showed me a great photo of a snapping turtle that Peter took, but I misunderstood what she said. I thought she told me it was a painted. When I questioned her she explained it was a snapping turtle. Her tone was just a bit like “don’t you even know what a snapping turtle looks like?” I did but I explained to her that the one we discovered today had some notches on it and the turtle in the photo did not. That aroused her attention! “Do you have a photo of it” she asked excitedly? When she saw the photo she somewhat ecstatically identified it as a turtle which had been notched in the 1980s. It seems that luck continues with the newbie!

DAY FOUR June 25, 2016 This would turn out to be a rather eventful morning though not one turtle was seen. Jill Scott, Jacqueline Musquar and I met at the Air Force Club parking lot as planned and started out along King Street East. As soon as we reached the natural garden Jill spotted a white tailed doe grazing on one of the new trees. It took me a minute or two to ready my camera but I was able to get a couple shots, though nothing special!

We reached the end of King St. at Olympic Drive to discover an adult buck with only its new stubs of antlers sprouting from its head. Soon another adult buck came out from the mound located there. Here I was able to get a couple great shots of them testing each other, by one placing its head squarely on the mid-back of the other. Unfortunately, my camera was not setup for a high speed photo. Had it been I would have had a shot of the one buck hitting the other on the back with one of its front hooves as if to instigate a confrontation. This was only momentary and soon it was over.

The rest of the walk was uneventful, but we did find some destroyed nest and a number of destroyed eggs. We all had a chance to dig up what appeared to be new nest, finding no new eggs.

Driving home along Cootes Drive I noticed a dead deer along the north guardrail about five to six hundred feet east of Olympic Drive. Turning around at Main Street I returned and had some difficulty seeing it in the weeds as I travelled west. I am not experienced in animal husbandry and can only speculate from here on. It clearly was a doe, who had recently given birth or was about to give birth. In my opinion she had been killed very recently as her eyes were still wet and there was fresh red blood around her vagina adding to the possibility she had recently given birth. Mind you, the blood could have been from the trauma of being hit by a vehicle. She also had small nipples on her breast but little breast. This could have been from the fact she was lying somewhat on her back and gravity may have reduced the appearance of full breast. I did put my foot against her in several places checking for rigor mortis and found her to be very flexible, leading me to believe she was a recent kill. All in all, from her appearance I would guess she had not laid there for more than a very few hours.



Now came the concern, had she given birth recently, or was she soon about to do so? If she has given birth, I was aware that a fawn may lay still for hours if her mother indicates a danger. This could mean that a very young fawn may be out in the swamp orphaned. It needed to be decided if a search needed to take place.

Returning home I contacted Kris Robinson suggesting she might contact the RBG to see what they could do. Her suggestion was to contact the City of Hamilton for Animal removal and tell them my thoughts. Admittedly, I was not too sure this would have any affect. However, being an obedient newbie I followed Kris’s instruction. The young lady at the City was most understanding and told me she would pass on my concerns to the people who would go there with haste.



By 1:30 p.m. we all received the following email from Kris:

“Hi everyone, please keep an eye out – the fawns tend to be left for several hours, and when it is hot they are usually left close to water. Joanna

Then

“Hi Joanna,

This morning I saw a dead deer at the side of Cootes drive (north side going west between Main St and Olympic Drive) while driving home from Hamilton. I called animal control and was told that they were actually at the site and were looking for a possible fawn belonging to the dead doe. I just followed up with animal control and they did not find the fawn. I was wondering if you could let turtle watchers know to keep an eye out in case they come across the fawn while on turtle patrol.”
Thanks Andrea Dalrymple”.

Thank you Andrea, you restored my confidence in the concern expressed by the young lady whom I talked with and the crew on the scene. At this point I do not know any more about my speculations. Was I correct? Is there a newborn fawn waiting for its mother to return or was the doe killed before she could give birth.

Now for the ugly and the sad!

DAY FIVE July 9, 2016 The **SPECTACULAR three** Jacqueline Musquar, Jill Scott and myself, met again at 7:00 a.m. sharp at the Air Force Hall to begin our final spring turtle walk on route number one. This was my most uneventful walk of all, no turtles, no deer and thankfully no dead deer!

Luck has followed us, as we have only had one day of rain and that was by no means a problem sprinkle. We all got along well with each other and in time began understanding each other’s sense of humour. I asked a

riddle that went like this and Jill saw the humour. “What did the sadist say to the masochist? Hit me, hit me! And the Masochist said NO”! Yes that is the way I recited the riddle. Even saying it backwards, Jill still got it! Then I wanted to know when it was appropriate to tell a highway that it has been adopted only to have Jill remind me that the line is “At what age is it appropriate to tell a highway it has been adopted”?

We get to discovery some wonderful plant life if we look!

We take our cameras with us as we are asked to photograph any turtles we find. This helps to better identify not only the breed, but it may also as it did for me to identify the actual turtle.

Today I found this plant behind the Hydro facility on Olympic Drive. It stood about eight to ten inches high with the most beautiful trumpet type flower. I noticed it also had a bud like growth coming from its main stem about halfway up. It reminded me of an immature acorn.



As we wind down our spring session, I know I was fortunately to see a number of turtles in the exercise of laying eggs, some not so successfully as others! Thank goodness I never had to rescue any injured turtles, but my sad experience with the dead deer did put a bit of a pall on things.

Thank you, Joanna and thank-you to those of you whom I have not yet met. There are many who do lots for the turtles and don’t get proper credit for what they do. Turtles will multiply and live because all of our concerns and the leadership of a few!

Port Maitland “On the Grand” Lottery!

We had three winners in our first drawing! They were:

- Passes for two at MarineLand - Robert Chambers
 - Donated by Marineland
- Weed Trimmer - Terry Crawford
 - Donated by Pete’s Engines and Rentals
- Week at Royal Harbour Resort Thornbury - Jon Raddon
 - Donated by Royal Harbour Resorts

Congratulations to our early bird winners.

The lottery is not yet over!

The lottery is not yet over! In fact it has hardly begun. Our major prizes of a 4 to 6 day cruise on a working Great Lakes ship, a painting of Port Maitland circa 1910/20 and two one thousand dollar prizes will be drawn on February 20, 2017 at Selkirk.

Tickets are only \$10.00 and are available in a number of ways.

- ✓ Purchase one from:
 - Myself or Janet deVos
 - Bobby Campbell or Barry Fraser
 - Bill and Wendy Strong
 - The Dunnville Chamber of Commerce
 - Pete’s Engines and Rental
 - Mohawk Marina
- ✓ Mail Bill Warnick at the address below. You must include a self addressed, stamped envelope if you wish your stub to be returned. Make cheque out to Port Maitland, “On the Grand” Historical Association.
- ✓ Canal Days at Port Colborne July 29 – Aug. 1st.
- ✓ More information is available on line at www.port-maitland.ca

The Mysterious Burial Vaults!

I bet you think all I do is sit around on my front porch smoking cigars and drinking beer! Really, I do more than that! I get phone calls from some very interesting people who tell me stories that need to be checked out! During one of my cigar sessions, Barry Fraser called me and told me of a friend of a friend who was geocaching and found four burial vaults near Stromness. The lids

were on them but they had no marking. Being found in heavy brush made taking a photo a bit difficult, so no one was unable to send me a picture.

Barry then made an attempt to find them to no avail. He was however able to give me a more precise location which turned out to be the back forty of Mrs. Shirley Tennyson’s home in Stromness. For you old-timers it is the former home of Jim and Julia Hall, before they moved to Lowbanks.

After a conversation with Mrs. Lieden, than later Mr. Wayne Lieden of Lieden’s Concrete Burial Vaults Ltd. in Fenwick and later Danny Hall, I discovered Mrs. Tennyson’s name and a bit of info. It seems her late husband Jim after retiring from IMC at Port Maitland went into the cement products business and attempted to sell his version of burial vaults. In 1965 he took his young bride on their honeymoon in the states where he found a pattern for forms for the vault. Selling vaults is not an easy proposition when the local funeral homes have been served well by the same suppliers for over thirty years! Jim’s vaults were shoved to near the edge of Broad Creek where they will remain to create yet another mystery in years to come!

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