

THE HISTORY OF  
THE 26th HAMILTON SCOUT GROUP

PART I: The First Thirty Years (1924 - 1954)  
by  
Harry "Chief" Bryant

PART II: The Second Thirty Years (1954 - 1984) edited by Ron Fulton and Trev Thomson

This History of the 26th is one of the few projects which Chief undertook in his lifetime but was unable to complete before his death.

The Anniversary Committee, with the support of the Group Committee undertook, with the co-operation of many present and former members, to complete Chief's project. This has been done to honour Chief and to mark the 60th anniversary of the group.

This History is provided, as part of the registration, to those attending the 60th Anniversary celebrations. It will be made available at minimal cost to others as supplies last.

The committee wishes to express its sincere appreciation to Mrs Audrey Kershaw for retyping Part 1 of this history.

HISTORY OF THE 26th HAMILTON SCOUT GROUP

Over the years I have often heard Scouts say, "Why don't you write a book, Chief?" I have also been asked by the Group Committee to set down a history of the days of the 26th or, having been with them a few years, I guess a lot of my recollections will be lost when the time comes to say "good-bye and good Scouting" for the final time.

This did not start out to be a history of myself, but I am afraid that I find it hard to separate my own time from the 26<sup>th</sup>, as through the years, outside of the hours spent at work (that seemed to be necessary to keep a roof over my head, and food on my table), my life was the 26th. So, I trust that you will not take this list of recollections as ego on my part, but rather that you will find something that may be of interest to you. I hope that to some of the Dads, it will recall incidences when you were a boy and a part of our Group.

It will be hard to keep the dates in chronological order, but I will do my best to get the years not too far apart from their original order. If this little effort brings a moment of happiness, then it will have been well worthwhile.

I have often thought when I have read the Chief's last message that B.P. left behind, especially at the close of a training course, that I would like to leave something behind also. Maybe this is it.

Let me take you back in time to 1924. The "Mountain" then held 7,000 inhabitants. The "City" owned South from the Hamilton Bay to one foot on the south side of Concession Street, so that if, as in our case, we lived on the south side of Concession at 438, I was in Barton Township. My father had been born at 422 and myself at 436. Our school was called the Lloyd George, now called Inverness. There was a small frame building facing Fortune Avenue, now East 19th Street and here my father attended school with all eight grades in the one building. However, by the time I was of age to start attending school, they had moved the frame building back and added a brick structure of two rooms on Wentworth Street. My first year was in the frame building, and at that time, they also added two more rooms to the brick, so that we had a two storey school facing Wentworth Street. We had two grades in every room, and so it was possible to skip grades if you listened to the higher grade being taught. Meanwhile, a building boom and streets like East 16th through to Wentworth were opened up, and more rooms were added to the back of the building in 1923. Of interest at that time was the fact that the enrolment had grown

so much, that while the new rooms were being added to the back of the school, all of the rooms in the front of the school were used twice each day. We, that is the older classes, started at 8:30 and finished at 10:30 a.m., went home for dinner and started again at 12:30 p.m. until 2:30 p.m., when we were through for the day. More homework was the main result of this.

As the "Mountain" population was continuing to grow, there was talk of annexation by the City, and a site was secured on Concession Street (now the George Armstrong School). You must remember that at this time there was no "modern" conveniences on our Mountain, but rather you got your drinking water from wells in your back yards, washing water from the roofs that drained into a basement cistern, and "out-houses" along the alleys. The school was not to be for a few years yet, and meanwhile, the playground area of the present day school became our playing fields for sports. There was no organized sports for the younger ones, and so you made your own fun by trying to get enough boys together at one time to create two teams.

During the summer of 1924, one such group (or gang as we would call them then) had been playing ball all summer, and now the nights were getting dark earlier, and they discussed what they could do during the winter months. Mr. Allan B. Dove, who lived at that time on East 19th (maybe #31?) came over, and after listening for a while, suggested that they might like to form a Scout Troop. Mr. Dove had been an Assistant Scoutmaster, but if I ever know where, I have forgotten. However, he was from Scotland, so it is possible that he had been connected over there. His form lists 6 years of service before the 26th. After a few more get-togethers, his offer was accepted, and permission to meet at Lloyd George was granted, and on October 10th, 1924, the 26th was born. There is no record when the Cub Pack actually started, but it was very shortly afterwards.

Mr. Dove was a carpenter, employed at Stelco. One night, riding his bike home, he was in an accident and knocked over, and his leg fractured in six places. There were no busses on the mountain in those early years, and one either walked to the Incline Railway or walked down the mountainside to the street-cars that waited below. Our "Incline" was situated at Wentworth Street. There was a West End one also at James Street. I can remember that my own father walked down the Jolley Cut to near the Bay for his employment, and then rode the street-car to the top of Wentworth Street and then came up on the "Incline". However, Mr. Dove was picked up in a passing Model "T" and taken to the General Hospital. During the ride, what was simple fractures became complex and he had to return to the Hospital to have his leg opened and more small pieces of bone removed. Here we finally met.

I was through High School of Commerce one month following my 14th birthday (brag!) and was employed at my first "job". I was having problems with tonsils, and so I went to the hospital to have them removed - (Mount Hamilton Hospital, now Henderson). May 22nd, 1926 was selected, because it was a Saturday, and with the holiday Monday, I would only have to miss a half day at work. We were fortunate to be booked into the same room, and when coming out of the ether Mr. Dove was most kind and helpful. When I was to leave the hospital that evening, I thanked him, and he asked me to come to a Scout meeting, and I promised I would. A promise made was always a promise kept in those days.

Records at Scout House show that there were 12 Scouts in the Troop in 1924. Mrs. Dove was then the Cub Leader. It was to this Troop that I finally made my way over to fulfill my promise, expecting it to be for the one night. But it just so happened that they had planned a bike hike to Grimsby Beach for that week-end, and I was hooked.

If I remember correctly, there were about six of us on that trip. We wrapped tents and blankets (who ever heard of a sleeping bag?) around our cross bars, that already had tent poles lashed to them, and off we went. When we thought that we had ridden far enough, we stopped to ask someone, who assured us that we had just one-half mile to go. Several miles later, we made more enquiries with the same answer. The fourth time, he was finally right. I can't remember all we ate on that particular camp-out, but the one thing that sticks in my mind, is that one meal was pork and beans. The can was opened and dumped into a frying pan, and held over what we called a fire. More smoke than heat, but we finally ate them. They were the best beans that I ever ate, even though they were well smoked, because I had cooked them myself, and I never forgot that lesson as we have tried to let the younger ones learn the joy of their first meal in the open. Needless to say, we were all ready to go again and a couple of weeks later we made a return trip. During our first stay, we had met a Troop from Grimsby Beach and they had

asked us back to spend a week-end with them in their Scout House. The next incident that sticks in my mind is when we held the 2nd Anniversary of the 26th Troop, and Mr. and Mrs. Dove had all of us in for dinner. Coming out, we paused to talk on 19th Street and we decided that we would all stick with the 26th, until we either had a large Troop, or decided that it was not going to last, when we would all quit together.

The year is 1927. On the first meeting in January, we had a grand total of 6 present, 3 Cubs and 3 Scouts. We thought that this was it, and the 26th would fold. However, one of the Cubs present, Jack MacFarlane, thought that he might get his older brother Craig to come to Scouts with a friend or two. Jack lived at 555 Concession Street (now Sestili Market). His father had a dry goods store at the corner of 22nd and Concession Street (now Bill Rowe's Furniture). The following week, Craig came along and brought Doug Tait, both of whom stayed with the Group, eventually being leaders, Craig as ASM and Doug as ACM. Now, as they lived on the "City" side of Concession Street, they went to the Stinson Street School and they soon had friends coming up from below the "Hill" to join our group. At one time we had almost as many Cubs and Scouts from below the Brow, as we had from the top. On the last meeting in April we held our first parents' night, and there were 66 Cubs and Scouts present. From that time on we have never had to look back, although there were times that we were spread thin.

In those days the Scout uniform was a khaki shirt, khaki riding breeches, and blue stockings with green tops, and the "stetson" hat. Our neckerchief was navy blue with a small white star at the point. The Cubs wore a similar cap to the present day one, green wool jerseys that could be very warm and very itchy, navy blue shorts, and the same stockings as the Scouts. The complete Cub uniform cost less than \$5.00 and the Scout one around \$7.00. Of course the weekly pay in those days was often less than some make per hour at the present time. Scouts paid SOC in registration fees, and Cubs were not registered individually. In the early days, only the Cub leaders were registered and no record as to the number of Cubs in the Pack.

Good Friday always brought the youth of the City out on their first spring hike, with Albion, Buttermilk and Chedoke Falls being the favourite spots. Mr. Dove was a highly qualified first-aid instructor, and of course, the Troop got a sound first-aid training. On one of the early Good Friday hikes, we went to a spot that is now part of the Royal Botanical Gardens. It was here that we first tried cooking pancakes, so from then on, the spot was called Pancake Creek. One of the Cubs, a Jim Young, managed to get my axe. I had sharpened it and loaned it to one of the older Scouts with strict instructions that no one else be allowed to use it. As so often happens, he laid it down, and Jim picked it up, and proceeded to cut through a small branch. The only problem was that he held the branch in front of his leg, and the axe being sharp went on through the branch and into his leg, creating a bad gash and also cutting a vein. In addition, he also went into a fit from the shock. Allan Dove, Jr., who was our first Troop Leader (and now ASM) was with us, and he took over the first-aid situation, with me as an assistant. I was certainly glad of our first-aid training at that time. That was the first time that I had worked on a first-aid case. One other time that our first-aid training came to the fore, we had a P.L. named Bill Hatfield, and he was tobogganing on Flock Road (now Kennilworth Access). The road was closed during the winter-time, and we used to use it as a tobogganing and sled hill. There was a curve at the bottom, and when on the toboggan, the last man would drag his leg to steer around the curve. Bill was the anchor man on this occasion (this was not a troop event) with some of his friends riding with him. Some other boys were coming up with a sled and when they saw the toboggan, they jumped aside and left the sled on the roadway. Bill managed to steer the toboggan clear, but did not get his leg back in time and hit the sled and fractured the bone of his leg. He attempted to stand and he put the broken bone through the skin, puncturing an artery. Knowing where to apply the pressure, he had one of the others stop the bleeding, and then take him to the bottom of the hill, where they could summon an ambulance. He always praised his Scout training as saving him from a lot further damage at that time.

In the early days when we went camping, we had a trek cart in which we piled our tents and cooking gear, and the packs of the smaller Scouts. The older Scouts were expected to carry their own. Two of the larger Scouts would take the handle of the trek cart, and we had ropes attached the front two corners, and the others would string along these ropes and pull. When going down a hill, the ropes were carried to the back so that the Scouts could help brake the cart. Before the development of Hamilton, there were many camping spots close at hand. Sometimes we didn't go far as there was a bush near the top of the Kennilworth Access on a plot of land owned by the Webbs, who also owned the East Mountain Incline. There was a small pond in here, and a favourite swimming

hole for the youth of the Mountain. We also had a spot above Stoney Creek that is now a part of #20 Highway. Pancake Creek remained a favourite in those early years. Here we could take the street car from the bottom of the Incline Railway, and with transfers, get out near the present day High Level Bridge and hike from there.

At a Court of Honour we discussed the summer programme. Some wanted to go to the Hamilton Scout Camp (Teetonkah) at Port Maitland. Some wanted a Troop camp, and we never did decide anything for the entire Troop. In the end, those that wanted to went to Camp Teetonkah. In those days we paid \$9.75 for two weeks of camping. That included a train trip to and from Port Maitland. The T.H.&B. Railway owned the property and leased it to the Scouts for \$1.00 a year. We had the loan of bell tents from the army. A dining hall and a headquarters building that contained a first-aid post and infirmary were the only permanent buildings, with a small canteen that was open only during the camping period, that lasted 6 weeks, in two week periods. Four of us, ASM Allan Dove, Jim (a brother of Sam) Shaw, my brother Ray and myself decided to go on a bicycle hike to the Buffalo Scout Camp. We were given the name of a contact person in Buffalo, and set out in high spirits. However, when we got to Buffalo, the person we were to contact had decided to get married and was away on his honeymoon. We never found anyone that could direct us to the Scout Camp, so we spent the balance of the day wandering around Buffalo. At night we came (as we thought) to Central Park, found a nice secluded spot, and laid our tent out on the ground using the bottom as a ground sheet and top to cover. It was misty when we awoke in the morning, but imagine our surprise when we saw a golfing foursome driving toward us. We were camped on one of the greens of the Municipal Golf Course. That was a record for breaking camp! We spent the best part of that day in Buffalo, and then started for home, crossing by ferry from Buffalo to Fort Erie. It was evening when we arrived back in Canada, and we were travelling down a road looking for a spot to spend the night. The owner of a small motel hailed us, and asked if we were looking for a spot to spend the night, and when we replied in the affirmative, he offered us an empty room where we could spread out our blankets. During the night, the motel was robbed. We slept so soundly that they even took cigarettes that I was bringing back for my father (from my pack and I was using that for a pillow), and we never heard anything!

In the fall of 1926, I was invested into the 26th Troop and into the World Brotherhood of Scouting. It was a night that I have never forgotten. As I took my promise with my hand on the Troop Flag in front of the Scoutmaster and the members of my Troop, I promised myself that I would do my very best to live up to the Scout promise and law. Although there have been times that I have fallen short of my goals, I know that Scouting has enabled me to live a much fuller and richer life than might have been possible otherwise. I have always carried the memory of that night with me, and I have always tried to make sure that the Scouts I have invested would have a meaningful experience as well. The following week, I received my Second Class badge, and the following April my First Class, and that was as far as I got. The one thing that I did not want to do was to be a leader, but I ended up as P.L. of the Beaver Patrol. In those days, if you stayed for three years, you would be eligible for the "Old Scouts" badge, and I had my eyes set on that, and decided to remain with the Troop for that length of time. However, fate has a way of changing your best laid plans.

I must backtrack to the fall of 1926. Mrs. Dove, who was the Cub Master, was in poor health and Mr. Dove was endeavouring to run both programmes. Both meetings were at the same time in different basement rooms to the Lloyd George school. He would get the Cubs started with a game and leave me in charge, while he went back to the Scout room where the Troop leader was carrying on. While I was with the Cubs, my Patrol second would look after my Patrol. When Mr. Dove would arrive back into the Pack meeting, I would return to my Patrol, and in this manner we kept the Pack functioning during the winter months. On May 27th, 1927, Mr. Dove announced that he was taking a three months leave of absence, and out of a clear blue sky, he handed me a Wolf Cub Handbook, and announced that I was to be the Cub Master for the period that he would be away, and that Troop Leader George Ashley and my brother Ray would head up the Scouts. We held outdoor meetings most of the time, sometimes in one of the open spots that abounded on the Mountain, and sometimes we would hike out Wellington Street to Johnson's quarry (just south of Limeridge). There was a woods here and we could gather fallen branches and build fires in the quarry and cook our meals. This remained a favourite spot for years. Then disaster struck. Mr. Dove was working on a scaffold at Stelco, when the ropes broke, and he fell some ten feet to a concrete floor, and the scaffolding on top of him, tearing the muscles in his back. He took a further leave for a year, but was never able to return. This happened on the day that he was to return to resume the leadership, so that three months spread

into 42 years.

The year of 1928 was the first visit by our Cubs to Camp Teetonkah. I was an office worker in those days, and while the working man got no holiday period, I did get ten days. Rather than go to the Camp when the boys went, I waited until the Wednesday so that I would not have to leave before the Cubs did. When I got to the Camp, it was to find out that they had no real leadership for the Cubs. It was a composite camp, with Cubs from various Hamilton District Packs. They asked me if I would look after the Cubs for the balance of the period, and I moved up into their section. Camp Teetonkah brings back many memories. It was here that I had my first opportunity to lead a song, and we always sang after meals, and if it rained, several songs, so there was lots of opportunities and they opened the opportunities that have helped me so many times afterwards. The one aspect about the camp that disturbed me was that the adult staff ate on a stage that we had in the dining hall and they had a much advanced menu than the campers. I made a vow then that if I ever ran a camp, everyone would eat the same. I guess that has been a fetish with me at Camp Wheeler.

Somewhere during this period, an arrangement was made with the manager of the Lyceum Theatre (now the York) to take the entire Troop and Pack, together with the Leaders, to the show for a total of \$1.50! When there was a show coming along that he thought that the boys would be interested in, he would tell me and away we would go. The type of shows then, of course, were all family pictures. The husband, no matter how humble his job, always came home to a beautiful large house. What the boys considered acceptable was lots of action, and no love scenes. On Saturday afternoon, there was always a serial that ran for several weeks. When the hero was trapped in a burning building, or falling over a cliff, the sign would come on the screen "to be continued next week". Of course, you always found out that what you saw happen at the end of one week, never really did happen, but the hero had escaped before the fire or the fall. One of these serials was Scotty of the Scouts, and we were all admitted free as long as we were in uniform. He was the most resourceful Scout that I have ever seen! Of course, all the movies were still in the "silent" area with a piano player supplying music during the showing.

The Court of Honour was a very important part of the Troop and they planned all of our events; hikes, camps, etc. Sometimes we had a special treat for them. One night that I remember, Craig MacFarlane, who was one of the P.L.s by then, invited us to his home to listen to the Dempsey-Tunney fight on the radio. The boy of to-day would find it hard to believe that at that time, none of us had even heard a radio, so that it was a real treat. I can remember coming home and telling my father about it, and he said that the day would come when we would be watching pictures coming through the air as well.

The members of our Troop and Pack came from all over the Mountain as well as from below. Wellington Street was a sort of dividing line between the west and east mountain. From Wellington Street there were no houses until you reached Yale Avenue (now 13th Street) and never the twain shall meet. I can remember going to see my eldest brother play ball in the west end. They had a league of four teams, with the Spark Plugs and the Forresters from the East end, and the Westmount and Centermount from the West, and when you visited the other section, you kept quiet.

It was often claimed that I was the first person welcome-on both sides of the line. The one big event of the year, was the annual Thanksgiving Day game of football (still called rugby then) between teams from the East and West. If you could play, you were expected to be there. But as many would or did not play regularly, you had more chance of being injured in one of those games, than a regular league game. I still carry a banged knee from one of those encounters, that old age has made stiffer as the years go by. I like to think that Scouting united the Mountain more than anything else. You really have to attend a World Jamboree to see the true spirit of Scouting in action, as boys from all over the world come together in the bonds of Scout friendship. Some of our boys rode bikes to the meeting and some walked, until we finally had a bus service come to the Mountain.

I think the year was 1926, but finally the "City" decided to annex more of the Mountain. This was to mean sewers and water, and an increase in taxes, although the latter was very quiet. However, the night that the City Council was to decide the matter, the Scouts were given an assortment of fireworks left over from the "24th", and as soon as word was received that the motion had been passed, we set them off along the brow in front of Chalmers, even

though we were not meeting there as yet. There was a great celebration and of course, the Scouts enjoyed it. I can remember one sky rocket that did not rocket. Instead it went down the side of the mountain and proceeded to start a fire, and that brought more excitement. The "City" now went back to Fennell Avenue and 100 feet on the south side. They did not make the mistake they had made with Concession Street. The main change to the Group was that now all of our boys were in the "City" instead of part of them being in the Township. The boys from below the hill kept coming up as well.

Until the annexation, we had a Mountain Volunteer Fire Brigade. They had received a new hose and they were to put on a display for the people. We were given a large supply of old railway ties, etc., and we built a large campfire on a concrete slab that stood at Mountain Park and Summit on the brow side. This had been the Summer Theatre, and a placque is there now commemorating this. I think there must have been some reason for it, but we were camped in that area and every morning we marched to a flag pole that they had in the Incline Park (now apartments) and raised a huge Union Jack. On the night of the fire demonstration, we lit the fire and then were involved in traffic control, as people in the City below, seeing the huge blaze, came up to see the "fire". The hose was good, in fact too good, and the Volunteers were unable to control it at first, and consequently, all of our tents, sleeping gear, etc., were all soaked before they got used to it, and directed the stream over the side of the Mountain and left the fire to die of its own accord. We used the heat from it to dry out our things.

The year is 1929. Looking back to 1929 is like looking at history repeating itself. The start of the Great Depression, with all the resulting panic, bread lines. etc. Everyone that had a job was thankful and yet wondering how much longer their luck would hold out. We can certainly hope that the present situation will not develop into anything like that. But the Scouts and the 26th survived, even though the 30's were to bring much worse conditions.

We had 21 Scouts registered with the Troop in 1929. One of the turning points of my life occurred that summer. I had the opportunity to attend Camp Teetonkah along with Noel Hughes, Cub Master of the 11th Pack (Laidlaw Memorial) to run the Cub programme for the six week period that Camp Teetonkah would be in operation. I managed to get a leave absence from my work (without pay, of course) and set off for Port Maitland and a very enjoyable summer.

We camped for two week periods, and we would come back on the train with the Cubs leaving camp, have a night at home, and then go back in the morning with the next session. However, on one Sunday morning, the Camp Chief (Andy Frame) came up to me and told me that I would be running the Cubs' Own that morning and that I would be speaking on Matthew 5:16. A Bible was always a necessary part of your equipment, so I had to rush to my tent and find out what I was speaking on. Of course, it has become a very favourite verse of mine in the intervening years. That was a first for me, but it has been a tremendous experience over the years to be able to speak to the Cubs and Scouts in Chapel not only in our own Country, but in Oklahoma and Texas as well and I have always felt very humble to have had this opportunity.

Compared to Camp Wheeler, Camp Teetonkah did not offer too much. There was sand everywhere, and you spent the next several weeks trying to get it out of your uniform and other clothes. The swimming was good and that was the most enjoyable part. The other item that did occur was that I was able to get involved in song leading and story telling, two talents that I have been able to develop over the years, and which I have very much enjoyed. Besides the nightly campfires, we always sang after every meal, and if it happened to be raining, we sang several. There was also one night where the staff would put on an "indoor campfire" which consisted of small plays performed on the stage. During the second week, the Scouts were encouraged to put on a similar show and some hilarious evenings resulted. The "rivals", the "shadow", the "idol's eye", were some of the ones that remain in my mind. The blanket toss when, if you got a small Scout who would curl up, you could toss him higher than the tops of the trees. of course, you wouldn't try that in this day and age, as your liability insurance wouldn't cover it! There were three degrees that the Scouts could work for. One was the wilderness where you had to spend some time in the open alone; the humiliation degree where they went across to Port Maitland, and were asked to perform some humiliating stunts; and the last was the "helping hand" where they did a special good turn. Sleeping bags still had not arrived, so that your bed roll usually consisted of two blankets and a ground sheet, with a "hip hole" dugout on the sand. There was central feeding, but each person washed their own dishes, except staff, of

course.

During our stay at Camp Teetonkah, we became friends with the 3rd Hamilton Troop that met at Grace Anglican Church. They had been introduced by Mr. Heming (of our Executive Board and also the founder of Heming Brothers Travel Agency), to a Miss Taylor who owned a farm on the Old Jerseyville Road out of Ancaster. This is now called Spring Valley. The Scouts of the 26th joined the 3rd Troop in a couple of their camps, and then we started going out as a Group with the Scouts on one side of the creek and the Cubs on the other. You will hear more about Spring Valley as the years progress. The area that we camped on was on the north side of the road, where Miss Taylor owned 60 acres where she kept some horses and cattle. There were several springs in the valley and lots of good drinking water. Sometimes the stream got dammed up and some swimming and mud fights would ensue. There was one hill called "sand hill" that had an erosion that became a slide and many trips were made down it. My brother had bought a 1929 "A" model Ford, and that was really jammed when we went places.

While we met at the Lloyd George School through the Board of Education, we also depended upon the good graces of the caretaker, and sometimes he would decide against coming over to open up for us and then we would have to re-apply through the Board of Education again. When one of these evenings occurred in May of 1930, we decided we would hold all future meetings out of doors for the balance of the season and in the summer months application was made to the Session of Chalmers Church for permission to become a part of the Church. We were accepted, and it has been a happy association over the years since then. In the Fall of 1930, we started meeting at Chalmers on a Tuesday evening. The Scouts found out that they were allowed out even though it was a school night, when they were going to Scouts, and that left both Friday and Saturday evenings free for other items, when we were not camping.

Some of our Scouts who lived west of Wellington Street decided to form a new Troop at the Brantdale School. This became the 29th Troop and was to exist there for many years. After this split, our Troop reached its lowest level when we registered only 11 Scouts. However, the Troop again built itself up.

In the spring of 1930, the Patrol Leaders accompanied my brother on a trip to Loon Lake, north of Belleville. One of our Scouts, Ron Knowles, had invited them up to the cottage of his parents. They set out with a "war" canoe on the top of the car intending to do some canoeing, only to find the lake still frozen solid when they arrived, so they put the canoe on a toboggan and loaded their packs inside the canoe, and then set out across the lake. Everyone agreed that it was a most wonderful experience, and they had many tales to tell when they came back to civilization.

In the summer of 1930, I was again at Camp Teetonkah with the Cubs. While at camp, we worked for an "honour award". The Cubs for the "Silver White Totem Pole", and the Scouts for the Crusader Shield. On several occasions, the Cubs were the winners so that when Camp Teetonkah ceased to exist, the "Totem" was presented to the Pack and remained with us. Unfortunately, it was in Bryant Hall when the roof collapsed. The shield is still around, but the pole itself is no more.

In 1931, one of the sad moments in our history. One of our Patrol Leaders, Alfred Rodger, who lived on East 18th Street, was very interested in aeronautics, and had been working on a glider in his basement, as well as building model planes. Alf had his King's Scout. The Hamilton Airport in those days was in the East end of Hamilton. Great excitement when a five passenger aeroplane was to arrive and a special contest was held at model building, with the prize to be a trip in this plane. Alf of course won the flight and on the 1st of July, they took off in great spirits. However, when the plane was roughly one hundred feet off the ground it suddenly crashed, killing four and fatally injuring Alf. The funeral was held on July 4th, with the Cubs and Scouts forming an honour guard at both the home and again at the cemetery (Hamilton). From the Hamilton Spectator, we quote: "The pallbearers were: Robert Linekar, Noel Wilson, Ray Bryant, Craig MacFarlane, Clark Johnson and Harry Longstaff. Clark Johnson, the Troop bugler, played the Last Post as the casket was lowered." Alf was buried in his Scout Uniform, and as the Scout hat was "emblematic of the Scout uniform", it was on top of the casket.

On a happier note, my brother Ray had joined the Canon Scout Rover Crew together with Les Bott of the 3rd

Hamilton Troop, and they made plans to attend the First World Rover Meet to be held in Kandersteg, Switzerland. After a send-off by the Chief Scout for Canada, His Excellency Lord Bessborough, Governor General of Canada, and also the Chief Executive Officer of Canada, John Stiles. Quoting from the Montreal Star of July 18, 1931: "The pride of Canada's Rover Scout movement were among those sailing on the White Star liner "Doric" at day-break to-day to take part in the International Rover Scout Meet in Kandersteg, Switzerland."

"In striking contrast to these keen eyed athletic young men was a group of English people who have been ordered deported for becoming public charges. Heavy-eyed, dreary, weary, they boarded the ship, men, women and children, with little or no baggage. The total number of the group is 26, most of whom came from Western Canada."

Even though they were travelling "tourist class", the Rovers were given the run of the ship while the deportees were kept at the lowest level. Only two of the Rovers managed to enjoy all of their meals while making the crossing, Ray being one of them. A highlight of the meet to all of the Canadians was when they were all presented to the Chief Scout, Lord Baden-Powell of Gilwell.

In August of 1931, I was able to make my first trip to Knowles' Cottage on Loon Lake, when I took five of our Cubs and Scouts and spent two weeks up there. There are many happy memories of the trip and the enjoyable time that we had. That fall, Ron and his family moved to Oshawa. However, we kept in touch and were able to make more trips up to the cottage. One of these was on Thanksgiving week-end, when we drove all night, and then trekked in (5 miles). As it was breakfast time by then, we went without sleep until the Saturday night. Up early on Sunday, we hiked and explored the area, met our first wolf, and generally enjoyed the sights. Monday a.m., we were up at 4:00 a.m., had breakfast and then hiked until near dark, when we started the return trip, arriving in Hamilton in time to put the coffee on and then go to work.

In the 20's and 30's, the entire Hamilton District Scouts used to hold two Church services a year. They would meet and parade to the Church with a parade and general salute afterwards. Of course, only the larger churches could hold the entire District, but once we got the idea that it would be nice if we extended an invitation to attend Chalmers on the spring parade of 1932, we made arrangements with the funeral parlour to borrow all of their chairs to augment our seating, as well as utilizing all the seating that Chalmers had, and even using the stairs to the balcony. Of course, at this time Chalmers was using what is now McLean Hall as the Sanctuary. Both the Hamilton papers carried an account in the Monday editions from which I quote "Hamilton and District Boy Scouts and Cubs, 800 strong, including Burlington and Dundas troops, attended worship Sunday morning at Chalmers Presbyterian Church when Rev. W. I. McLean preached on 'A neglected garden

"District Commissioner Van Someren was in charge of the parade, assisted by Secretary Andy Frame, District Cub Master May, and District Scout Master J. Piercy.

Forming at George Armstrong School, the 45 troops and packs, headed by the bands of the 11th and 7th Hamilton Troops and standard bearers paraded to the service."

"The address of the Rev. Mr. McLean was most appropriate and he drew an analogy between a well cultivated garden and lost opportunities in life. He briefly traced the history of the Scout movement since its inception in England until the present day, it now being a world embracing movement. Soloists for the day were James Cramm, boy soprano from St. George's Church and James Thompson, bass soloist at Chalmers."

"Following the service, a march past and salute was held at the Incline Park" -(the area between Wentworth and Summit before the days of the apartments).

It was one of the largest parades that we ever held and a great deal of interest was generated when Mr. Webb allowed all in Scout uniform to ride the Incline Railway free that day. To many of the "City" boys, it was their first trip to the top of our "mountain".

That summer the Cubs and Scouts again attended Camp Teetonkah. I have no idea of the numbers, but I do know that the Pack again won the Silver White Totem Pole. From the account of the annual Father and Son banquet that appeared in the Spec:

"Over 100 Cubs, Scouts and Fathers sat down to the 8th anniversary dinner of the 26th Hamilton Boy Scout Group. S. M. Ray Bryant presided. Troop Leader Jim Young was the toastmaster with the following toasts being proposed:



to the King, by P. L. Gordon Millen; to Scouting by A.S.M/ Clark Johnson, responded to by District Secretary Andy Frame; to the Dads, by Second Stan Gentle, responded to by Mr. Gentle. A vote of thanks was proposed by A.S.M. Clark Johnson to the ladies who prepared the meal, and was responded to by Mrs. Young. The Cub Master presented service stars and badges to the Cubs, while the Scouts received theirs from the Scout Master. The Camp Chief (Andy Frame) presented the Pack with the Silver White Totem Pole, and also presented three camp crests won by the boys."

That fall we registered 30 Cubs and 30 Scouts.

Rather than separate the years from 1930 ize. Find that the history is not progressing maybe this will move it along a little faster. the loan of his scrapbook that relives some of

#### HAMILTON CUB - SCOUT SWIMMING CLUB

to 1939, I am going to try to general-as rapidly as I would have thought, so I am grateful to my brother, Ray, for those days.

In 1933, while we were at Camp Teetonkah, Scouter Bill Hoey of the 2nd Hamilton Sea Scouts, meeting at Erskine Presbyterian Church, was our waterfront director. Bill suggested that we might start a swim club for the Cubs and Scouts. While the main emphasis was to be on teaching the boys to swim, we would also have some advanced training, such as the bronze medallion. At that time, the Municipal Pool (now Scott Park) was managed by Jimmy Thompson. The pool had been built in 1931 for the British Empire Games. Bill approached Jimmy and got his O.K. It would cost us \$15.00 to rent the pool for a night. Saturday night was chosen, as there would be no Pack or Troop meetings at that time. We decided to set a price of 15~ per week for each boy. That meant that we had to get 100 boys interested in the program. As my salary at that time was \$56.00 a month, it meant going out and talking, as Scout H.Q. had made it plain that the venture had to be self-supporting. I certainly learned to talk in a hurry, and set out to visit half of the Packs and Troops in the City while Bill took the other half. Eventually, the pool itself decided to take over, and allow outsiders in, and we were free from the monetary worries. The Club ran from the latter part of October until the end of April, when we would hold our swim gala, that is still being held to-day.

In 1934, the Canon Scott Rover Crew decided to take over the Club as a service project, and invited me to stay with them and be vice-president of the Club. That year, we worked out a deal where the boys could buy a season's ticket for \$1.00, 25~ down, and the balance in three monthly payments. Of course, this was at the height of the great depression. In 1935, a committee appointed by the Hamilton Scouter1s Club assumed responsibility, and I was elected President, a position that I maintained for some 10 years.

In the early days I had no car, so it meant that the Cubs and Scouts would come to my home on Concession Street and we would travel down by bus and street car to the pool. Many of our boys learned to swim down there, and many in the later years were to also gain their bronze medallion. I can remember taking one Cub down, Iain MacAskill. He had never done any swimming, but Jimmy recognized the potential that he had, and said that in three weeks he would be swimming in the deep end. It was just three weeks later that I had been at a meeting in the pool office, and came back up to see Iain diving into the deep end. I don't know the exact date of the following quote from the Spectator, but it was probably around 1935:

"The congratulations of the Swimming Club are extended to Iain MacAskill of the 26th Pack, who finished in a tie for first place in the tadpole division in last week's city championship gala run by the Aquatic Club. Iain is the first member of the club to win in outside competition under the club's colours. Best of luck in future tries Kelly."

That quote was taken from the Scout Column, a regular Saturday feature in the Spectator in those days. Iain or Kelly, as he was known to the Pack, went on to win many races. On the night mentioned above, he won the freestyle, so entered both the back and breast stroke events, even though he had never swam them before. He got a second and third in these events. Unfortunately an ear infection ended his swimming career a few years later.

During the war years, the Swim Gala set out to raise funds for the "Chins-up" fund that had been established by B.P. to assist Scouts who had lost everything in the massive bombing raids that England was subjected to.

In 1934, Scouter Bill Hoey asked my assistance in organizing a Cub Pack in connection with the 2nd Sea Scouts. A suitable date was agreed upon and I went down to meet four boys who were interested in being Cubs. It is rather hard to run a full Pack meeting with four boys, and then the same four turned up the second week, so on the third week I took the Sixers and Seconds from the 26th along with me, and we ran a model Pack meeting. The next week there were 12 boys and the following week 18, and the Pack was under way. Although they were supposed to be lining up a leader, it was some 6 months or so later before a leader was found, and then some time of training with him before I left the Pack. That was the first time that the 26th had actually organized a new unit, although as mentioned before, some of our Scouts had left to become the 29th Troop.

Somewhere during this period, either 1934 or 1935, we were setting up a Father and Son banquet to celebrate our anniversary. At that time, the Cubs met prior to the Scout meeting and so it was that Cub Tom Millen had gone home and asked his Dad to attend. Scout Gord Millen, feeling left out because Tommy had got to the father first, asked if he could bring his uncle. Of course permission was granted, and Lt. Col. L. H. Millen became interested in Scouting. He was so impressed with what he saw, he asked if he could get up and say a few words. The District "brass" were present as our guests and they liked his approach, and at the next annual meeting, Col. Millen was elected to the Executive Board. He was to serve many years with Scouting, first becoming the President of the Hamilton Boy Scouts and then Provincial Commissioner for Ontario. Feeling the need for recognition for service to Scouting, he introduced the Long Service Medal for at least 10 years of good service to Scouting. In those years, you also got a bar for each additional five years. This is now changed so that you get a pin with the total years on every five years.

In 1935, the Chief Scout, Lord Sir Robert Baden-Powell was to make a trip across Canada. He was to be in Toronto at the Colosseum, and the Cubs and Scouts from the Niagara Peninsula and down through Simcoe, etc., were all to gather there and participate in the tribute to the Chief. Ontario H.Q. were to set up the program and then tell each District what part they could play. As so often happened in those days, finally the word came through that Toronto had been practising and they would put on the whole program. Naturally we were disgusted at the slight and did talk of not going, but then we reconsidered and felt that owing to the Chief's age (he was then 78), this would probably be our last chance to see the man who had given Scouting to the World, and that we should not deprive the boys of the opportunity. So on the day of his visit, we chartered a train and set out for the exhibition grounds. I do not know the exact number, but memory says some 750. We were sitting in the balcony and right on an aisle. Across the aisle was the veterans of the South African war. There was the usual hubbub, and then a door at the end of the balcony opened, and suddenly over 13,000 Cubs and Scouts were completely quiet. It was unnatural, and they all rose as one, as B.P. entered. It was then we realized how fortunate that we were, as he came up the aisle and shook hands with each of the veterans. I can still remember one Cub saying afterwards "he was so close that I could have touched him". From the veterans, B.P. went out to the dais, and raised his hat, and the building shook as the cheers of the boys started to ring out, increasing until they became a steady roar. I often shudder when I think of how close we came to missing this great event. I feel sure that every Cub, Scout and Leader there that day retained the memory of this great occasion.

Again in the early thirties, Hamilton Scout office received a request from Troop 198 of Buffalo for an exchange of visits with a Hamilton Scout Troop, and H.Q. passed the invite over to the 26th, and so our American exchange was born. The general set-up in those days was that our American guests would come over on a Saturday afternoon, would be taken for a swim or something, and then come to the Church for dinner with the two Troops, followed by a program of displays and a campfire. They would go home with their host, and after breakfast the next morning, we would get together again for Church service. Dinner would be at the home of the host and then the two Troops would go on a sight seeing trip that would be arranged so that they could get right on the highway and begin the trip home. When it was our turn to visit, we would be met at the American end of the Peace Bridge and on the Sunday we would finish there again, and start our way home. Many friendships were started in these days that carried on for many years.

Two things stand out in my mind from the early visits. On the one trip to the States, before I had my own car, Andy Frame, who was the Executive Secretary of the Hamilton District (that's what they called the top man in those days) was to be one of our drivers, but at the last minute that day, he had something come up and couldn't make it, so I had his car, a large Buick to drive. However I forgot to get the ownership card, and you had to surrender it when you crossed the border, and then pick it up on your way back out of the States. So when I reached the border, I explained what had happened, and the immigration official said "no problem, we will just get the serial number and make out a form." However, when we opened the hood, the serial number had been removed. It used to be on the top of the motor. So instead of going on my way, I was ushered inside, and questions were shot at me: "How do we know that you didn't steal the car?" etc. Finally, they said that I could proceed, but if I didn't report in in 24 hours, they would come looking for me. You can imagine what I felt like when I checked in on Sunday to find out that they had thought that it a huge joke. Another time I well remember that one of our Scouts managed to get separated from his host, and ended up sleeping in a doorway, where the police picked him up. He couldn't remember the name of the people (surname) he was staying with, but could remember Dr. Schwartz, so the police got him out of bed at 3:00 a.m. to straighten things out. Of course, the Americans were great to swap uniforms, badges, etc. Our Scouts found out that they could take fireworks across and trade them for almost everything, even though their leaders warned them not to. On this one occasion one of the Scouts had taken some fireworks across, and we were taken on a tour of the Museum of Science. One of the American Scouts proceeded to light a firecracker on a mezzanine, and threw it out where it exploded in the center of the main floor. We were in another section at the time and didn't know what was happening when a guard came and showed us the nearest door.

Some clippings from the Hamilton Spectator and the Buffalo Evening News tell of some of the trips: (September 29, 1936) On Saturday afternoon, seventeen Boy Scouts of Troop 198, Buffalo, N. Y., under the leadership of Scouter Edward Schwartz and Troop Committee-Chairman Mr. Kohier, arrived in Hamilton as the week-end guests of the 26th Troop under the leadership of Scouter Ray Bryant.

They were guests at a large Father and Son dinner in the evening, held in honour of the Dads, the visiting Scouts and to celebrate the twelfth anniversary of the 26<sup>th</sup> Group. About 165 Dads, Cubs and Scouts were present. Toasts were made to the King, to the President of the United States of America, to the Church, to our American guests, to the Chief Scout and Scouting. Present at the head table were Col. L. H. Millen, President of the Hamilton Boy Scouts Association, Commissioner T. S. Glover, A. H. Frame, Executive Secretary.

Troop Leader Gilbert Parker conveyed to the Mothers under the convenorship of Mrs. J. H. Ross (Great-Grandmother of J. J., now a Cub) the thanks of all those present for the splendid banquet.

A campfire program followed with Scouter Hal Rolf of the 3rd Hamilton Troop and Cub Leader Harry Bryant of the 26th Pack in charge. During the campfire, Scouter Ray Bryant was invested as an honorary member of Troop 198, and the American Troop presented the national flag of the United States as a token of the good will existing between the two troops and the two Countries. Tenderfoot Lewis Wheeler was invested as a scout in the 26th Troop.

On Sunday morning, a parade was held to Chalmers Presbyterian Church, led by a number of the East Hamilton Legion Pipe Band. Rev. W. I. McLean conducted the service.

(From the Spectator, November, 1938) Last Saturday marked a very interesting date in the history of the 26th (Chalmers) troop, as their friends from troop 198 of Buffalo, N. Y., arrived for a week-end visit. The American party was met at the Salt-fleet War Memorial by the Cub Leader and the Sixers' Council, from where they were escorted to the Municipal Pool to be greeted by the Canadian Scouts. Both troops had a very enjoyable hour in the pool as guests of the President of the Hamilton Scout swimming club. Upon leaving the pool, the party proceeded to Chalmers Church to partake of a hearty banquet prepared for them by the Scout Mothers, led by Mrs. J. H. Ross. Fathers of the 26th were also present for the banquet. S. M. Gilbert Parker presided as chairman for the evening. Following the eats, several games were played, while the evening closed with a campfire led by Scouter Hal Rolph

of the 1st Hamilton Troop, and Cub Leader Harry Bryant. Two of the American boys rendered trumpet solos, while Scout Albert Avon sang Ray Bryant, Scout Master of the 26th for the past ten years, was presented with a travelling clock by his former scouts. Scout Master Gilbert Parker was invested as an honorary member of the American troop. Visitors for the evening included Col. James Stonehewer, President of the local Association, Commissioner L. H. Millen, Deputy Commissioner A. H. Frame, and Scout Masters Bill Hoey and John McGrath. The American Troop was led by Scout Master Dr. E. Schwartz and Mr. Kohler, Chairman of the troop committee, and included four Eagle Scouts in their party. On Sunday, a parade was held to Chalmers Presbyterian Church led by the Dominion Foundries Brass Band. A large representation of Hamilton Cubs and Scouts was on hand, and to them all the 26th group extend most sincere thanks. Eighteen former members of the 26th troop attended, under the leadership of Ray Bryant. In the afternoon, 14 cars formed a motor cavalcade to take both Troops on a tour of interesting spots in and around Hamilton.

(From the Buffalo paper - 1941) Boy Scouts and their leaders from both sides of the border compared notes on Scouting activities of 1941 last night when Kiwanis Community Troop 198, Boy Scouts of America, entertained Scouts and Scouters of Troops 26 and 29, Hamilton, Ontario, at dinner in Highland Lodge. About 27 Scouts and Leaders made the trip from Canada and about 50 Buffalo Scouts and their leaders welcomed them for a visit that has become an annual event.

Upon their arrival at the Peace Bridge, the Canadians were taken for a swim at the Central YMCA before going for the dinner served by the mothers of the Buffalo Scouts. After the dinner, Troop 198 demonstrated emergency service, flag history and Indian lore and the Canadian troops sang camp songs and gave demonstrations.

Buffalo leaders at the dinner were Dr. Edward Schwartz, Scout Master, Paul J. Kohler, Committee Chairman, David Bonnar and Norm Nachbar, Committee Memers, Wayne Dow and Hubert Nagel, Boy Scout H.Q. and ASM's Ross Simmons and Don Plummer. Canadian Scouters were A.D.C. Harry Bryant, Dr. G. Jackson, Commissioner, Gilbert Parker and Ray Bryant, former Scouters, and Scouter Hal Roiph.

On Sunday morning the Scouts attended services at Tabor Church with the Rev. George A. Rupley preaching. In the afternoon, a sightseeing trip was enjoyed by all.

In 1937, my brother Ray, who was employed by the Canadian Bank of Commerce, was transferred out of town and A.S.M. Gilbert Parker took over the leadership of the Troop Leader in the troop before moving into the A.S.M. position.

While working at the bank in Port Credit in the fall of 1938, bandits entered and Ray was shot in the right arm, the bullet entering the arm just above the elbow and coming out in the arm pit. He was fortunate in that the bullet managed to miss bones, main arteries, nerves, etc. Although no longer active in Scouting, in many other ways he retained his interest and helped out with the building of Camp Wheeler, and spent some of his holidays up there cooking for us during Cub camps.

Also in 1937, when Col. Millen became Commissioner for the Hamilton Boy Scout Association, he appointed me as Assistant District Commissioner in charge of Cubbing, which meant a few more evenings in the week were occupied. It also meant the chance to serve on the Executive Committee.

Now a request came from the leaders of the 29th Troop to form a Pack at the Brantdale School, and again the 26th rose to the occasion, and again the Sixers and Seconds were involved in the formation of another Pack. Originally this was to be a six month affair, but it spread out over five years.

In 1939 war arrived, and made many more changes. Turned down by the air force and then the army, I tried to get Col. Millen and Andy Frame, a Major in the reserve, to pull strings, but they thought that I was doing more by leading the boys here, and never did make the active service. The Scout Master of the 29th, Gord Millen, was a member of the 119th Bomber Squadron, and was called to active service at once and I inherited the 29th Troop, so

during those years I led the 26th Pack, the 29th Troop and Pack, was president of the Hamilton Scout swimming club, and ADC for Cubbing.

Registrations for the year 1933 showed 24 Scouts and 35 Cubs. In 1934, we had 31 Scouts and only 26 Cubs. It always seemed that one year we would have several Cubs who had reached their 12th birthday and would move up to Scouts, and the next year we would only have two or three. In 1935 we had a balanced group, 36 Scouts and 36 Cubs. This of course, was during the midst of the depression years and although we would list all of our Scouts, only a small portion of them were able to pay their registration fees. In 1936, there were 38 Scouts registered and 24 Cubs, while in 1937 there were 27 Scouts and 30 Cubs, followed in 1938 with 26 Scouts and 30 Cubs, while 1939 showed 25 Scouts and 42 Cubs.

During the 1930's, we had a Cub Rally every year. This was sports day, but also included some Cub items such as Grand Howl, etc. You were expected to all do the Grand Howl in the same manner in those days. Training of leaders was set up so that your first training was going to six meetings. You were the Cubs (or Scouts) and had to do everything that the Cubs were expected to do, including the Grand Howl, games, tests, etc. Consequently, every leader learned to do the Grand Howl in the same fashion. However, the 26th were always among the leaders at the rally, and again when they were discontinued, we were presented with permanent possession of the trophy. It was another casualty of the collapse of Bryant Hall.

During the 1930's, we continued to camp at Teetonkah, until in 1938, the T.H.&B. Railway sold the property and we were no longer able to hold a summer camp. One year, serving on the staff at camp was an Al Cox, a member of the 14th (Church of St. Thomas) Troop. The Troop had lost their leadership and Al came up and became a very valued member of our leadership team. I can remember a couple of incidences about Al. Sometimes at camp we would have some really good ball players, and so one year we challenged the Scouts to a game, with Al playing in left field and I was doing the catching. A Cub from Dundas was doing the pitching, Skip Pawley, who later became quite a hardball pitcher. However, the game ended in an uproar, when Al hit a long ball that should have won the game, but the Scouts thought that it was foul, and so the game never did get finished. Even the next day, when the Camp Chief mentioned the incident in the dining hall, the uproar began again. As has been mentioned, we camped many times during this period at Spring Valley before it was built up. One week-end, we had gone out there with the Cubs, as usual, on one side of the creek and the Scouts on the other. Al had to work on the Saturday and came out later. He had brought some food with him but we had provided enough with the Cubs for him. He decided that he did not want to carry his food home so he tried to auction it off. He was wandering among the Scouts getting no takers for a can of pork and beans. Suddenly everything was quiet, and when I looked over, Al was watching a fire that the Scouts had been cooking on. Suddenly there was a mighty roar, and beans went in every direction. I never knew there were that many beans in one tin. Al said that he always wondered what would happen if you put a can in the fire without putting a steam hole in it, and he found out. The Cubs thought that it was hilarious, but the Scouts who had their packs laying nearby, and were now all covered in beans, had a different idea.

Another incident at Spring Valley has always stayed with me. One week-end we were out, and it must have been in the summer as it was real hot, and Lewis Wheeler and I had climbed up on top of "sand hill" where there was a nice breeze. We were discussing future plans, when Lewis said: "You know, when I get rich, I am going to buy this spot and then the 26th will have a camp of their own." While Lewis never got "rich", the memory that he left behind is full of the true riches and I am sure that the camp that bears his name actually had its foundation at that time.

As ADC for Cubs, training became one of my responsibilities for all Cub Leader training, and I have always enjoyed this aspect of Scouting and I tried to pass on to others the little knowledge that I have been able to gain. We also had Provincial conferences where leaders came from all over Ontario to talk over aims and methods. These conferences were usually held in Southern Ontario, as the majority of the leaders were in this area, and one of the questions asked was often "How do you do a Grand Howl!" and the answer was invariably "Harry is here and he will lead us in one." Even the "howl" has changed from those days. Can always remember one grandmother at an

early "open house" saying that the wee lads got down on their tummies and yelled their heads off.

Training courses for the Scouts were usually the Fireman's Badge (a necessary badge for the King's Scout) that were held at the Central Firehall, and always well attended by Scouts from the 26th. We also had a "bronze" and "silver" arrowhead training which was for P.L.s and Troop Leaders. The Troop Leader was the boy leader of the Troop, and he was elected by the P.L.s. The P.L.s were elected by their Patrols. This later training consisted of six weeks of model Troop meetings, with talks on the various aspects of Patrol leadership, much like our Arrowhead badge of to-day, while the Silver aspect was an intensive week in an outdoor setting.

Before leaving the 30's, there is one event that should be mentioned. In August of 1937, I left my office position and started work at Dofasco. Never thought that I would last the first week on the yard gang! Things have certainly changed over the ensuing years, as automation has taken the place of so much of the manual labour. However, Dofasco was one of the first of the Hamilton plants to grant their employees with paid vacations, The first vacations had been granted that year, but you had to have completed three years of service by the end of April. That meant that I had to wait until 1941 for my first week's vacation. So for that period of time, all of our camps were of the week-end variety. Of course, in 1939, with the outbreak of war, many things were changed, and with gasoline rationing, curtailed a lot of our travelling and dictated many of the things that we were able to do.

#### THE YEARS FROM 1940 TO 1945

We started the 40's off with 16 Scouts and 36 Cubs registered. This was the stage of the war that was often referred to as the "phoney war". However, Scouting found plenty to do with paper drives, scrap metal drives, bottles and cloth collections, etc. I can remember one time they had us out collecting milk weed pods, to use in experiments to try to make synthetic rubber. It was also at this time that we were unable to secure the blue material for our neckerchiefs, as the Germans controlled the source of blue dye. For many years we had discussed using a plaid material to honour the Scottish heritage of Chalmers, so we decided to take the step. There were four plaids available at that time, and two of these were already in use by the 16th at New Westminster Church and the 7th at Binkley United. This left us with a choice between the MacBeth and the Cameron of Erracht, and we selected the latter, as the MacBeth contained considerable white and we thought that the Cameron would be easier to keep in good shape. There was no other reason for our selection at that time. As the years went by, we developed a special attraction to our neckerchief. However, times change.

Our Cubs and Scouts were meeting on the same night, and we had a waiting list of some 20 boys wanting to join the Pack, so I went over to see the Rev. A. C. Forrest at Mount Hamilton United to suggest that we might get a Cub Pack started there. We wiggled an invite for me to speak to the young people of his Church and from that we were able to get two leaders, Dorothy Richardson and June Suggett (now Mrs. Vic Cooper of Cooper Florists). I agreed to work with them for the first year. It always seemed strange the way things worked out, as all of the boys from one street would come to the 26th and the next street would have all of their boys at the 17th. The two Packs worked well together for many years, and when Camp Wheeler came into being, frequently we had members of the 17th camping with us. Two other changes followed: Mr. Gil Parker, who was our Scout Leader, was attending McMaster and became a member of the R.O.T.C. and that did not allow enough time for Scouting, so he tendered his resignation and so I inherited the 26th Troop in 1941. The 17th Scouts also lost their leader to the Army, so the Scouts there came over to Chalmers, and while they retained their own identity, they met with our Scouts. So for a period of a year, I became Cub Master of the 17th, 26th and 29th, Scout Master of the same three units, ADC for Cubs, President of the Hamilton Scout Swimming Club. In my spare time I went in to work. On Sundays, we had Sunday School group for Cubs who were not attending other Sunday School groups, along with our regular Sunday School at Chalmers. Some of the Scouts were interested so we started a group for them at 9:30 a.m. Sunday School met on Sunday afternoon in those days, and we often were well in excess of 200 at Chalmers. What a change from to-day.

Mr. Andy Frame, who was the Executive Secretary for Scouting in the Hamilton District, was also a Major in the Army Reserve and he also went on active service. Mr. Scotty Fleming was the Provincial Field Man for the South

Central Region of the Province, as our area was designated then. Scotty worked three days for Hamilton and three days for the Province. It was Scotty that gave me my first opportunity to speak at a Father and Son banquet. He had promised to go up to Brantford and an emergency developed, so he called me late one evening to ask what I was doing on the following evening. When I replied that I was free, he said, "Oh no you're not, you're speaking in Brantford." I racked my brains thinking of stories that I might use, and when I finally got to Brantford, it was to find that several of the local Commissioners, etc. were speaking first, and by the time it came my turn, every one of the stories that I had ready had already been used, so I just turned to a blank page and began. It has repercussions even to-day, as I have developed a habit of speaking without notes, and sometimes miss points that I should have made. However, I enjoyed the evening, even though I found it hard to eat supper. Sure enjoyed the deserts after the talk though.

Hamilton Scouting acquired camping rights at the old Heritage in Ancaster at Sulphur Springs, and we spent many week-ends out there. There was an old stone house that we would use during the winter months, and although we never forgot our ties with Spring Valley, we came more and more to use the Sulphur Springs campsite. One of the points that I remember of our winter camps at Sulphur was the fact that the coffee pot was always on. Although coffee was rationed in Canada, it was available in the States, and Lewis' father was an engineer on the T.H.&B. Railroad and made the crossing three times a week and always brought coffee back with him. Lew would call and ask if I was packed, and always add "Got the coffee pot?" and when I assured him I had, he would say "You're packed".

On January 8th, 1941, we received the sad news that the Chief Scout of the World, Lord Sir Robert Baden-Powell had died in Kenya, where he was buried. Hamilton Scouting held a memorial service at the Capitol Theater, when all of Hamilton Scouting turned out to honour the man whose genius had given the great game of Scouting to the World. We had a true sense of loss in the passing of this great man.

On March 25th of 1941, I suffered my first personal loss when my own father passed away. I was grateful for the loyal support of the boys at this trying time. Then in June of 1941, Mr. Allan Dove also passed on.

In August of 1941, I took one of my rare vacations from Scouting and took my first week's holidays from Dofasco, and took my mother and a friend of hers, with one of our Patrol Leaders, on a trip to Haliburton. My first, but far from my last. We also went as far as Kingston to visit my sister and my "new" nephew.

In the fall of 1941, we registered 18 Scouts and 36 Cubs.

The one highlight that stands out in my mind for 1942 was my first Wood Badge course at Blue Springs, the Ontario Scout Training Center. Training was much more involved in those days. First, you attended a training session for your Part 1. This was six weekly meetings, where you became the Cub or the Scout as the case may be, and you played the game, went through the ceremonies, had regular opening and closings to each meeting. Your next step was correspondence. They would send you a list of six questions. These were not yes or no questions, but rather you were required to write all you possibly could about- each item. It also entailed a considerable amount of reading. When you had completed that session, you would send it to Ottawa, where a reader would check through it and grade you, and then send you a further 6 questions, until you had a total of 36 questions. You had two years to finish this off, and then you could apply to go to Blue Springs. --I had completed both the Cub and Scout sections. The Cub "Gilwell" was a one week affair, whereas the Scout one was 2 weeks, so I decided to use my 1942 vacation to complete my Cub training. This will always remain as one of the happiest weeks of my Scouting. There were 36 in attendance from all over Ontario. We had 2 male and four female leaders in each Six. I was "Black Plume" Sixer of the Black Six. The first Sunday we started off with a sunrise communion service. Then there was a Cub's own, and in the afternoon "Red" Bourne led us on a three hour nature hike. That evening we had a Sacred campfire, that finished with "Abide with me". As we finished the first verse, one Six drifted back into the woods, and on each succeeding verse, another Six would melt back, until on the last verse there were sounds coming from all over, while as you looked up the stars were truly proclaiming the Glory of God. I can still remember our last session, when our Akela said: "One more paragraph. Good Luck and Good Hunting", and the tremendous silence that settled over all, as we suddenly realized that this wonderful week had come to an end and

we were having to go out and face a mundane world again, to listen to radios, and read newspapers, something that we had not done for 7 days. I could well understand how some people could shut themselves off from the world and live in communion with God and nature. But there were boys out there looking for the leadership that we could provide, and so we parted to go to our various homes.

In the fall of 1942, we registered 33 Scouts and 30 Cubs.

With the war on, we were not able to cross the border as freely as we did in peace time. I do remember that one trip we made was to honour Dr. Schwartz, the leader of Troop 198 in Buffalo, as he celebrated his 30th anniversary in Scouting. It was also during this period that the Buffalo "older" boys decided to break away from the Troop and form Post 1, Explorer Scouts of Buffalo, to become the first Explorer Post of the Buffalo area. More about them later.

In 1943, there was not too much chance to go too far during the vacation period owing to the limited amount of travelling that you could do, and on receipt of an invitation to serve on the staff at Blue Springs for the Cub Wood Badge, I gladly accepted, remembering the wonderful year that we had in '42. However, the trainees that year had heard about our wonderful time and rather than participate to the fullest, kept waiting for something to drop into their laps, and it was late in the week before they realized how much that they had missed during the week.

It is impossible to write about the history of the 26th without making special reference to Lewis Wheeler and the part that he played in our Group. Lewis lived on East 12th Street when their house was the only home between Yale Avenue (East 13th) and Upper Wellington Street. In 1932, at the age of eight, Lew joined the Cub Pack. I can remember one night when Lew was about 10 and supposed to be working on his Second Star, which was the main goal of all Cubs-in the original program. Lew was doing a little cutting up, and when I spoke to him, he told me that he knew all the tests. Of course, I thought that I would kind of show him up, but I was the one that was surprised as he sailed right through all of his tests. He became a Sixer in the Pack and then went to Scouts. When I inherited the Troop, Lewis was a Patrol Leader and in one of the best moves I ever made in my life, I moved him up to Troop Leader, and as such he really ran the Troop. He had a way with boys and they were always ready to follow him. He would take a game from the book, and then would proceed to change it as it was being played, so that by the time he was through, he would have a game that the Scouts would be clamouring to play at a future time. We never~played a game more than once in an evening, and never repeated it again for a month at least. When we went on hikes or camps (which were frequent) you never had to worry about a program, as there was always something happening when Lew was there. The Scouts named him "Squeak", and that remained with him always. Can remember being at Sulphur Springs in the spring time, when there was lots of mud, and he would have a mud ball fight going until one accidentally hit Les Rees on the corner of the jaw, and that stopped Les and stopped the game. Another favourite habit was to jump the stream at progressively wider and wider spots, until everyone managed to get slightly damp. The Court of Honour went bowling on most Saturdays. In those days, we bowled at the Connaught Lanes on John Street South. Then it would be an ice cream parlour, and Lew always had the same order: black and white sundae, root beer soda, and coffee. The waitress always stopped and did a double take when he ordered the coffee. Lew enjoyed the out of doors and when he wasn't with the Scouts, he would go golfing, and in the fall and winter months, enjoyed tramping the woods with his Dad, when they went rabbit hunting. Before he went into the army, the family moved from the Mountain to Westdale. He was in the employ of Slater Steel, when in 1943 he joined the army. The camps on the week-ends continued and Lew always found a way to join us, although I am not sure that he always had the correct papers. On one of these week-ends at Sulphur Springs, we were camped on a bluff with the stream flowing quietly by the base. It was a beautiful spot to hold a Scout's O.. and although we did not realize it at the time, it was to be the last time that Lew was to be with us. He read the lesson that day, and it was Psalm 19. That has become a tradition with our Group to use that Psalm at the start of each year at our Camp, and usually at-our Old Boys reunion. We little thought on that morning, that we would never Camp together again, and yet I feel sure that Lew's spirit guided us as we built the Camp that honours his name, that we so dearly love. Our next word from Lew was from Nova Scotia and then he was in England, then on to Holland and into Germany. I quote from a couple of his letters:

"Things have changed since I last wrote, so here is the news. We have moved from the North to the South of



England. I have finally got my transfer to the signal corps. I have tried for some time to get into it, and have finally made it. We go to classes just like school, and listen to lectures (and I mean listen!). We take all morse. Semaphore is out as far as the army is concerned. After the course you must know your work, so I hope that I come out of the exams with flying colours. It would be a great rig for the Troop to rig up for fun and interest, I will have lots of ideas for the Troop when I return,"

"Whatever is done for the 26 Troop and Pack is okay by me. I've always been happy in Scouting, a game that can't be beat. Since coming over here, to get home and be one of the boys again is all I ask, and believe me, I can't get there soon enough. Often people or one of the new chaps who come in see the ring on my finger, or the bracelet on my arm, both with the Scouting symbol, and they often say "I spent 2 or 3 months at that, but quit. Didn't have time, but would have liked to continue along with it." Yes, Scouting is the our-door life for me, as it is for you, and I am ready to get back in the saddle right now. When I get back, I have every intention of buying a car and will hit the old swimming hole at Frelton, the camp-sites on week-ends, and all points west. I've missed a lot of good times away from the Troop, and will catch them up. Somehow, I can still smell the coffee, and I dream of those steaks and pies! Remember that last camp in the winter quarters where we drank all that coffee and ate all of those steaks and pies. All you could eat! Boy! were we in heaven. Still have the pictures I took on that occasion and was looking at them yesterday. in love with Scouting and the good old 26th.

"The news looks good, even better day by day. The first summer I am back we will take the Court of Park and do some canoeing."

Believe me, I'm in love, and I mean  
Good Luck! (Holland, Feb. 20, 1945)  
I can hardly wait to get home again.  
Ronour and go on a trip to Algonquin

This was the last letter that Lew wrote, and it arrived after word had been received of his death on April 25th, 1945. Lew was a member of "C" Co. of the Queens Own Rifles. Short of re-inforcements-, everyone had gone in to the fight that day. They had taken their objective, and "D" Co. went in to consolidate the position while "C" Co. retired, and Lewis and a chap from Blackheath started to put up their signalling set in an abandoned farmhouse, when a shell made a direct hit and Lew was instantly killed and the other chap was very badly wounded. He survived, but had a lot of rebuilding done to his body. The Queen's Own were near Emden, Germany at this time, and Lewis was brought to Holland and buried in the Canadian War Cemetery. Word came to us on Troop meeting night. After the shock was worn off, and the Scouts started to recall all the fun that we had together, we started to remember happier times.

A memorial service was held for Lewis in the Westdale United Church the following Sunday, and as the Wheeler's had not lived that long in Westdale before Lewis left for the army, the minister asked me to do the eulogy. It was a hard thing to do, yet I was also proud to be allowed to pay a brief tribute to one that I consider one of the best Scouts that ever wore the uniform of Scouting. He was always ready to help others, and to join in the fun of this Scouting game. As the Church was small, we took only the Court of Honour, and on the Saturday a last letter arrived from Lew. Just a note really, but it contained some Cerman marks he had sent back as a souvenir. There was one mark for each Scout that participated in the final tribute.

The ring that Lewis mentioned was presented to him by the Troop and was a special one made for him by a friend of Chief's. Chief did have the only other one of that design. Lews disappeared after he was killed.

In the fall of 1943, registration forms show 35 Scouts and 51 Cubs.

There was a Patrol Leader training session in those days called the Bronze (indoor) Arrowhead and the Silver (outdoor) Arrowhead. The Bronze was held at Scout office, then at 10 James Street North and the Silver was- a week long, extensive, outdoor training session. We often held a broze course in Hamilton, but never did get around to the silver. Invariably, when we went to the bronze, the 26th Scouts would end up in Patrol Leaders for the course. I was always proud of the turnout of our Scouts and their participation. In 1944, Scotty Fleming started up a silver course for the Niagara region. The Scout Master was Reesor Laidman (a cousin of Chief's) whose father

had ran a Scout Troop from 1907, one of the earliest Canadian Troops. I went along as an Assistant, and it was a wonderful week. We had at least four Scouts on this session. Jack Clark, one of our Patrol Leaders, became "Buttercup" during that week, a name that always stayed with him. Jack was later to become an assistant with the Troop. Another chap who became an assistant Scout Master, and in fact drew up the plans for the first buildings at Camp Wheeler, was Harry Horsley. Harry became friends with a- Cameron Jay, who was from the 14th Troop, but the Troop was folding that year, so Cam came up to the 26th from below the "hill" and stayed on in leadership. It was a wonderful week and everyone enjoyed the fellowship of the course. It was the only Silver Arrowhead run in this area.

Major-General Dan Spry, the youngest General in the Canadian Army, returned from overseas and became the Executive Commissioner (the top paid job) of Scouting in Canada.

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General Spry thought that everyone should only hold one job in Scouting. His theory was "Let's have more people doing less, better." When asked whether I would give up the Troop or Pack, I told them "NO", I was resigning from District work. That was not what they had in mind, but I had been too long associated with the 26th. Too, in the back of my mind was a promise that I had made to Lewis before he left. He had said "You keep the Pack and Troop going until I come back, and then I will take over the Troop and you can run the Pack, and we will have the best Group in Hamilton." Even though Lew wasn't coming home, I still felt honour bound to stay with the Group. I have never regreted the decision. With the District work, you had to deal with adults) and to me the fun in Scouting is working with the boys.

In 1944, we registered 36 Scouts and 44 Cubs.

1945 was mainly the year that the war in Europe was winding down, to be followed by the dropping of the first atomic bomb that brought the war in Asia to a frightening conclusion. In Scouting, we were still involved in the various collections that were necessary for the war effort, and worrying about loved ones in far away fields. The list of wounded and killed who had been associated with the 26th continued to grow, on land and sea, and in the air. Each one added to our feeling of loss, and the hope that soon peace would truly reign. One wonders at times, when the brotherhood of man will truly be established, when all may live together as true brothers.

In 1945, registrations show that we had 37 Scouts and 41 Cubs.

Every Cub and Scout should have the opportunity to read the last message of B. P. It was found among his papers after his death in 1941, and should have been included in the last issue of the history:

"The Chief's Last Message to Scouts"

Dear Scouts:

If you have seen the play Peter Pan, you will remember how the pirate chief was always making his dying speech, because he was afraid that possibly when the time came to die he might not have the time to get it off his chest. It is much the same with me and so, although I am not at this moment dying, I shall be doing so one of these days and I want to send you a parting word of good-bye.

Remember, it is the last you will ever hear from me, so think it over.

I have had a most happy life and I want everyone of you to have as happy a life too.

I believe that God put us in this jolly world to be happy and to enjoy life. Happiness doesn't come from being rich, nor merely from being successful in your career, nor by self-indulgence. One step towards happiness is to make yourself healthy and strong while you are a boy, so that you can be useful, and can enjoy life when you are a man. Nature study will show you how full of beautiful and wonderful things God has made the world for you to enjoy. Be contented with what you have got and make the best of it. Look on the bright side of things instead of the gloomy one.

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But the real way to get happiness is by giving out happiness to other people. Try to leave this world a little better than you found it and when your turn comes to die, you can die happy in feeling that at any rate you have not wasted your time, but have done your best. "Be Prepared" in this way, to live happy and to die happy - stick to your Scout promise always - even after you have ceased to be a boy - and may God help you to do it.

Your friend,

Baden-Powell of Gilwell.

Mentioned in previous pages was some of the work of the Hamilton Scout Swimming Club. Special efforts were put forward at swim gala time to get out the crowd and the profits were donated to the "Chins-up Fund", used to help Scouting in the United Kingdom where uniforms and books and equipment was lost in the bombing raids. Then when the war finished, the funds were used to supply handbooks to Scouts in the occupied lands to re-start the Scouting program. In January of 1946, the following item appeared in the Scout Leader:

#### HAMILTON CUB-SCOUT SWIMMING CLUB GIVES 697 BOOKS

"The Cub and Scout swimming Club of Hamilton, Ontario, have provided 697 Scout Handbooks for the Scouts of Holland. Perhaps they did not realize what a big job they were doing when they sent in a \$300.00 donation to the Chins-up Fund early in December, but that is exactly how many handbooks their donation will purchase. The Hamilton Cub-Scout Swim Club attracts wide interest in Hamilton, and this year 1700 parents and friends turned out for the annual swim meet. The donation comes from the proceeds of that affair.

1946 and peace was again with us. At least the war in Europe and the Far East was now a thing of the past, although there have been trouble spots in the world ever since.

I am having a hard job putting exact dates to some the happenings, and it may be possible that I may be a year or so out, with nothing to guide me, but some of the events that did happen in the past war years, as I remember them:

Troop 198 of Buffalo and our Troop resumed their visitations. The older Scouts of Troop 198 decided that they would like to try the new Explorer Post 1. The American Scouts do not work on the Group system the way that we do, and thus each unit has their own number, and ne'er the twain shall meet. We had a group of older Scouts in our Troop, so they quickly made friends with the Post. When the Americans first started to visit, and throughout the years, they remained firm friends with their buddies. Consequently, most of our Senior boys had buddies in the Post. On the first trip the~Americans made over, Lewis Wheeler had a Gerry Borchard as his guest and they remained staunch friends over the years. While Lewis joined the Queen's Own Rifles, Gerry went into the American Air Force. He completed his tour and was flying in Texas, when he crashed and was killed. The Explorer Post decided to come up with a Veterans Memorial Trophy for trap shooting, to be competed for by our Troop and their Post. Most of the Canadians had never fired a gun, let alone shotguns, but we took up~the challenge, even though three of the Americans were members of a gun club. They secured the use of a farm for a weekend. Not sure of the time (but it was during the winter months), we crossed at Lewiston and were met there by the Americans, much to the disgust of the immigration officials, as the Canadians rushed to meet their buddies instead of talking to the officials. However, eventually we were cleared and followed our friends to the farm we would stay at.

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We went into a small village at night for the 10 pin bowling, and slept in the hay loft. Burrowed down in the hay, you could forget the cold outside. However, the trap competition was no contest and we were soundly trounced. Can always remember Cam Jay turning around after he had shot his five target~ and the blood streaming from his nose. He had been holding the gun wrong,~and every tim~ that the gun kicked, his hand was hitting his nose. When I asked why he hadn't said something instead of keeping on firing, he said that I had told him it would hurt (thinking of the recoil) and he thought that this was what was supposed to happen. The second year they returned to Canada and again we were taken to the cleaners, although not as bad as the first year. The third year, however, some of their better shots had left the Post, and we also went out and practised. Bought a hand trap and we spent some time at Spring Valley in Ancaster, and we also went down to the Dofasco Skeet Range and tried Out on that, and we were able to bring the trophy back to Hamilton. The last time we shot for the trophy was at Camp Wheeler, so it would be in the early SO's. Three of our Cubs went up on that week-end, and after the Canadians had again won the competition, the American Advisor asked if I would let the Cub8 each fire at one target. To my surprise, the Cubs all broke their "pigeon" and the Americans said "what chance have we to ever win again, when their Cubs can shoot like that". That was the last time we ever shot. Unfortunately, one night we had the Trophy on display at a Parents' night, and one of the Scouts walking by with his "stetson" on his belt, brushed against it and it went to the floor, ending up in zany piece., and has never been put together again.

In 1946, we registered 37 Cubs and 37 Scouts.

The Americana in Post 1 took to square dancing, and so we often went over to join in the fun. In fact, I can remember one year that we made 13 trips across. Sometimes it was a dance for all the Explorers in the Buffalo area, where Post 1 would show the step. and then everyone would endeavour to follow. Sometimes, we would go over on a Saturday and go out to Springbank (now a part of Buffalo) where there was a square dance every Saturday night.

One of the highlights of the year was the "Bridge of Honour" held by the Explorer Scouts, where all awards gained by the Explorers were presented. This event was held in the officers' ball room in the 174th Armouries, which was close to the Peace Bridge. This was a full dress affair, with committeemen in "soup and fish" and everyone else in uniform, and the girls in evening gowns. It was always very colourful and interesting. We would rent a suite of rooms in a hotel in Fort Erie, go down and have dinner there, and then while the Mothers (that would accompany us) would assist the girls in changing to their gowns, would all cross the border, go to the affair that always included a dance, then return to the hotel and change for the trip home. Of course, our Scouts travelled in uniform both ways. This trip was made for several years.

During these years, our camps continued at Spring Valley, still called Miss Taylor's Farm. Miss Taylor eventually sold the farm to the Government to be developed by the VLA. into Veteran's homes. However, the land on which we camped was unsuitable for building, owing to the large number of springs in the valley, so it was put up for sale, with the Wentworth County buying it as a reforestration project. They then approached us to see if we would be willing to plant trees for them in exchange for the camping privileges. We agreed and were given permission to erect a cabin on the site. This never did materialize, but we sure planted trees. The first session, they showed up with 13,000 trees. When you consider that Hamilton plants 12,000 trees (for all Groups) at Nemo in a year, you have some idea of the magnitude of the task that faced us. The Cubs and Scouts worked and worked hard, and by Sunday afternoon, sometimes five seedlings ended in the same hole. One such group still grows at Spring Valley and

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people wonder how it happened. It was a tired bunch of boys that headed for home when the week-end was over. The worse part was that soil samples had not been taken and some of the trees were not suitable to the soil, and the loss was quite large. However, we did plant many jack pine and spruce that are now mature trees. Mr. Larry Hamilton, Zone Forester for our area, supervised the planting, and realized what a large task he had set for us, so

the second year they only brought 7000 seedlings. We were able to get them in, and still have time for some tests. It was during this period that one of the Cubs wondered what would happen if he threw a match into a brush pile. In the ensuing fire, we learned a lot about fighting forest fires and of the tremendous heat that is generated from one. Lessons that made us more careful in the years that were to follow. After we had planted for some four or five years, the area started to develop into a "lover's lane" and the County asked to break the agreement. As we had started Camp Wheeler at that time, we were more than agreeable. Since that time, we have had many hikes and trips to Spring Valley and relive some of the happy memories of those by-gone days. We also got involved in two more tree planting week-ends, one at Tobermory and one at a farm near the Grand River. As this tied in with some of the Conservation Badges of those days, we were only too happy to take these projects on. Many of the Scouts became the proud holder of the Bushman's Thong, a special outdoor award that all of our Scouts strived for. In fact, in many cases, it was more prized than the King's or Queen's Scout. The Badge was named for the ruling monarch, and so changed with the sex.

Trips continued to the States with the Cub Pack getting into the act and they made visits to Pack 69. The very first visit that the Cubs had made to a Buffalo Pack had been in 1933. American Cub-Scouting is a lot different from our Wolf Cubs, and where we can take our Cubs out on hikes, camps, etc., they are not allowed to even go to the firehall unless Mother and Dad comes along, so we could go over there for a visit but they could not come this way, so that the trips petered out.

In the fall of 1947, we registered 29 Cubs and 46 Scouts.

Over in England, they were starting to experiment with Senior Scouts. the same uniform, but had special epaulettes with the words "Senior Scouts" we sent away and got them for our older Scouts, and our first Senior Scouts We decided that we would wear kilts, but only some five of the Seniors ever get them.

They wore on them, so were formed. managed to

Sometime during the winter season of 47-48, Post 1 were holding a Parents meeting, and they were going to show slides of Algonquin and Temagami, with the idea that they would undertake a canoe trip into the Canadian "wilds" the following summer. A delegation from the 26th went over to sit in on it. After the showing (that raised a few Canadian hackles, as the chap putting on the display was telling how you had to watch these Canadians as they were out to gouge the "rich" Americans), the Buffalo Post asked if we would like to join them. As this had been one of the last suggestions of Lewis, I said "no". However, on the way home, my date (Yep, I have taken the odd girl out) said what would Lew say if he were alive. The answer to that was easy, as I knew that Lewis would say go ahead and enjoy yourselves. Sorry that I cannot be with you, but don't let that stop you. So we changed our minds, and started to talk canoeing. Now, we had no one in the Troop that had ever been in a canoe, but that didn't discourage us. We asked for permission from the Scout H.Q. and the Commissioner at the time told us that all of the Scouts would have to earn their conoeman's badge before we could leave. When I asked him how we could get it down here, as it called for a 50 mile canoe trip, he said that we could go out on Lake Ontario. There was no way that I would take a bunch

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of green Church.

When you

canoeists out on that Lake, so we said that we would go as a Group from the However, H.Q9 woke up to their error, and finally we were granted permission. think of how many canoe trips go out now, you have to wonder at their thinking.

All of our Senior Scouts would go, and we filled up with Patrol Leaders from the regular Troop. There~were 14 to make the trip. We made arrangements to rent the canoes from the Hotel Algonquin on Joe Lake. This Hotel has since been burned down. The Americans came over and spent the night camping in my back yard. Our president of the Mothers' Auxiliary (as it was called then) invited us all down for breakfast at her home (Mrs. Daisy Horsley,

who lived at~ the corner of 18th and Mountville). Can remember letting my dog out in the morning, and he had a lot of fun going around waking up the Americans by licking their faces. Not sure of the number of Explorers, except that there were at least as many as the Canadians or a couple of more. Can you imagine that number getting ready in the morning with only one bathroom? However, eventually we got them all down for breakfast. We were to find out that the Americans worked on their own time, that they called "Post time". Finally we had everyone fed, and the trek for Algonquin was underway.

When we arrived at Algonquin Park, we went on up to the Park H.Q. to get our travel permit while Post 1 swung off and went to Joe Lake to pick out their canoes first, so we were stuck with what was left. Then the Yanks had to go and get their travel permit and held us up more. When we got in our canoes, the chap who looked after the renting asked if we were ready to travel, and everyone said sure, so he asked the one canoe if they shouldn't face the bow instead of the stern. We had divided everyone up so that we had one of the larger people in the back and a small one up front.

P.L. Bob Rhem was with me, and he couldn't even reach the water as I was slightly heavier then. To counteract this, we had a pack that weighed exactly 100 lbs. riding immediately behind him to enable him to paddle. It wasn't until we started off that we realized that we had canoe #13, but it did us no harm. The Americans got started finally, and that was the last we saw of them. We travelled across Joe, Little Joe, and taking the rapids between Little Joe and Baby Joe it was necessary to wade and drag the canoe8. The one canoe did manage to pick up a lot of little holes, as the boys did not lift it high enough and when they got into Baby Joe, they started to take on water, so we landed on a small island, and made patches with spruce gum. They held too! We made the short portage into Burnt Island and proceeded to make camp. The Americans still had not shown up, so we walked back across the portage and found that they were making camp on the small island where we had made the canoe repair. In the morning, we got up and had our breakfast and packed the canoes; ready to take off. Walking back across the portage, we found that the Americans were just starting to stir, so we went on our way, and never did see them again. One canoe had two of the Seniors in, and as they were evenly matched, they were able to make the easiest trip of all. However, of all the canoe trips that we have undertaken, this was really the most fun, as no one really knew what he was doing, and we found so much to laugh at) that by the time we pulled in in the evening, we were sore from all of the laughter. Harry Horsley was our guide for the trip, and did an excellent job, bringing us in on all portages. Another part of his duty was to find a camping spot, set the time we would camp and when we would leave. There were no freeze dried foods then, so everything was canned food, thus the heavy pack that I carried. We crossed Burnt Island and the Otterslides the second day out. Now we make that distance, plus Canoe Lake, in one afternoon. The next day was the worse, when we crossed famed Kybo Pass, 1 1/4 miles long, and the start of the trip was on logs and through mud. This was when we really found out that two to a canoe, trying to carry packs and everything just didn't work when you had no experience. However, when I slugged three canoes over (one at a time!), we were again on our way, across a little lake called Shiner and then the hike over the ridge to Happy Isle. This was

25. the clearest lake, and the water actually seemed to sparkle. The lake was deep, but you could see hottom until you were out in more than 25 feet depth of water. We had our fishing rods along, and we had planned to have one meal of fish each day. However, we had no strikes, but just as we were pulling into our campsite, the one canoe latched onto a 4 lb. bass. Packs were quickly taken ashore, and while the cooks got the fire going, everyone else went back out fishing. We caught several trout at a drop off where the water was deep and cool. When a fish was caught, it was taken into shore and the cooks prepared it, and we really ate that night. We still had plenty for breakfast, but they were the only fish that we were able to catch on the entire trip. This was the top of our trip, and we repeated our trip going home. Future trips would always be in a circle, so that the Scouts would see a different set of lakes on the homeward trip. First thing everyone wanted when they got back to the Hotel was an ice cream cone, and then on to Huntsville for a nice steak dinner.

At the first meeting in the fall, we decided that we should do it again in.1949. We had learned much, but we were still to learn much more about canoeing before the 1949 trip would take off.

In the fall of 1948, we registered 41 Cubs and 32 Scouts.

You will notice that there was a switch in numbers between 1947 and 1948. I often thought of the verse in the Bible that says "No man can serve two masters" and I think that when the Cub numbers were down I concentrated more on them, and then the next year numbers would reverse and I would concentrate on the Scouts. Even though I managed to keep busy, I always felt at times that I was not doing a good job for all of the boys. Yet, with the memory of Lewis asking me to keep both units going, I never did feel that I wanted to call it quits. Now, when all units have their own leaders, we are better equipped, but somehow, we do not seem to be reaching the same number of boys that we did then. Of course, there are so many more attractions now to occupy the youth of today. However, I still think that the Scouting program offers a well-balanced program that is tailored to the complete boy. One of my favourite verses of the Bible says "And Jesus increased in wisdom and stature and in favour with God and man", and that is what we have always tried to do in Scouting.

In 1948, Patrol Leader Jack Parker came to the end of his Scouting experience and sat down and wrote some suggestions that might be of interest to the Troop. One of his suggestions was a Group newsletter, so that all parents might be informed of our plans, and so the present "Around the Campfire" was born with the first issue coming out in September of 1948. Unfortunately, in all the moving, I have lost some of my copies, including the very first issue, but do have the balance of 48 and 49 and they will make handy references as I continue on the history trail. When the little newsletter first appeared, it was entitled "The Question Mark" and we ran a competition through Christmas seeking a name. The present name was suggested by Brent Ellis, then a member of our Cub Pack and was adopted for the January 1949 issue. Brent is now Chairman of the Board of Managers at Chalmers. As I re-read back issues, many memories come flooding back, and I am afraid that I take the time out to dream of other years, and get behind in the purpose of re-reading and writing this little history.

Registration fees in 1948 were 25c for Cubs, and 50~ for Scouts. To raise the funds for our registration, we put on a "Minstel Show" with the charge for admission being 25c for Cubs, and 50C for Scouts, and then we took up a silver collection from the parents that went to pay for Scout insurance. This was before the days of OHIP of course.

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Also in October of that year, we had a visit from Troop 198 of Buffalo. It had always been our practise to invite the other groups on the Mountain to join with us in our Sunday visit to Chalmers. However, as that Sunday we had a visiting Minister who was preaching for a call to Chalmers, we forfeited this idea and just went as part of the congregation. It brought memories back of one time that we were camped at Spring Valley and went into Ancaster to the Presbyterian Church there, and the same thing happened. However, the Minister preaching for the call threw away his notes when he saw the Scouts. He was a Scout Chaplain and was quite proud of the fact that he had his warrant signed by Baden-Powell. We always appreciated his thoughtfulness.

Must have been during the winter of 1947-48 that we made our first contact with Syracuse that led to our Liverpool exchanges. Region 2 of the Boy Scouts of America were holding a ski week-end for their Explorers, and Post 1 of Buffalo decided to go along. Jack Clark and I were the only Canadians that were interested at that time, so we drove to Buffalo, took the train to Syracuse and met their Explorers, and then travelled by bus to Rome, N. Y. We were billeted in private homes, and we were in a mansion. The owners were in the "South" and we had maid service for the week-end. It was one of those cases where we worked on "Post" time and were always late for everything. All meals were served to the entire Group in a hall, and we never did arrive in time for grace. Also late for Church service on the Sunday. Various prizes were given out, and Jack Clark was honoured for his "sitzmarks". It was our first skiing adventure.

During our skiing week-end, we met Mr. Bill Wadsworth, who was the camping director for the Onondaga Council, which at that time was Syracuse and the surrounding Counties. He invited us to bring our Senior Scouts to an Explorer Rendezvous that was being held at Fairmount State Park in June of 48. At all of the Explorer gatherings, they would have some of the senior Girl Scouts come in during the evening for a dance. When we were at the

skiing week-end, we showed up for the dance in our shorts, much to the surprise of everyone. That was our uniform of the time, and as it was a uniform affair, even though the temperature stood at 12 below on the old fahrenheit scale. When we came home, we had a lot of tales to tell, so that the Seniors were all gung-ho for the Fairhaven trip.

Think I got a year ahead of myself on dates, as I quote from the "Campfire" of July, 1949:

"One of the most spectacular week-ends of the Senior Troop was staged on June 10th to 12th, when 11 members of the Troop attended the tenth annual Camporee of Division 6, Region 2, Boy Scouts of America at Fairhaven State Park in New York State. The Scouts travelled in two cars and covered over 400 miles on the trip. Arriving at the camp at 1:45 a.m., they made themselves at home until daybreak, with the mosquitoes by the thousands for company. Morning found a welcome from some 150 Americans already in camp. Following muster, the camp split into instructional groups, with our Scouts participating in canoeing and orienteering. The afternoon was given over to competitions between the various groups and included several water events. Swimming was greatly enjoyed, as it followed the competitions. In the evening, the Senior Girl Scouts of Oswego County descended on Fairhaven and a real old fashioned square dance resulted. YEAH PULASKI! (forget the significance of that) Midnight found our Scouts on the way back to tents and mosquitoes. Sunday morning started off with a Church service, with the Canadians having the honour of leading the parade to the service. The minister for the day was the Rev. Allan MacKenzie from the Oswego Presbyterian Church, who turned out to be from Ottawa, and was very pleased to see his fellow Canadians present.

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Following the service, we were taken on a cruise aboard the motor sailing boat of the Jordan Sea Scouts. During the cruise, a radio-telephone call was made to Hamilton, and a demonstration of a very pistol. Then back to the Park for dinner and a last swim, before packing for the long trip home. We are indebted to Mr. Bill Wadsworth for his invite to attend."

On July 8th, I left for our first visit to Camp Woodland, then the home of the Onondaga summer camp. Accompanying me were ASM Stuart Rhem, P.L.s Bob Rhem and Ken Seager, and Sixer Campbell Mitchell. We arrived at their camp at 1:00 a.m., made ourselves at home until the camp stirred in the morning, and then joined our American hosts at their flag ceremony. Camp Director Bill Wadsworth took us through the camp property. The camp was between sessions, and we were able to go trout fishing, canoeing, swimming, rifle shooting and archery. The staff were in camp and we joined them at meals and at Sunday Church service. After the noon meal on Sunday, the new campers started to come in until some 250 were present. Retreat was a very impressive ceremony, as we stood on one side of a hill, and the entire camp was on the other. When the bugle sounded the entire group of campers appeared in a solid line marching over the crest. We let ourselves be talked into staying for the opening campfire, which ran from 9:00 to 11:00 p.m. We started for home after that, and I still had to be at work at 8:00 a.m. on Monday! The joys of Scouting. Neverthe~.less, it was atremendous week-end and was to lead to many more happy week-ends in the future.

1949 also marked the first year that I had two weeks of holidays from Dofasco and one week was spent at Camp Woodland, with ASM Jack Greenhalgh, Senior Scouts Bill Stevens and Richard Muirhead, P.L. Bob Rhem and Sixer Don Muirhead. Bill and Rick both gained their American Red Cross Life Saving award. While we were in camp, we met a new Troop, Troop 65 of Liverpool, N. Y. Their camp units were set up for 4 patrols, and as Troop 65 Scout Master Ed Howard had taken some of his Scouts to Philmont for the summer, they were only using three patrol sites, and we were allotted the fourth one. We never dreamt at the time, the lasting friendship that would spring up between the two Troops over the years. The main attraction that week was archery, where we made our own bows, and met Nick Ianuzi of Troop 10 of Syracuse, and who contributed greatly to the early days of Camp Wheeler. The other item that we enjoyed was canoeing, and we learned the proper techniques of handling a canoe. We were allowed to take the canoes, that were custom made and a treat to handle, down to the lake and had a special trip. It was a three mile portage, that was great going down. We had our lunches in our packs, and at noon we just lashed the canoes together and ate out in the middle of the lake. Eventually, we pulled into a small



village at the end of our trip and had ice cream cones before starting on the return trip. However, when we reached the end of the lake and started our portage, we found that the afternoon of the lake had raised a beautiful sunburn, and some of the Canadians were paying dearly for it. However, the canoes were the lightest that we had ever carried and the trip served us well for the canoe trip in Algonquin that still lay ahead.

Rick Muirhead was quite a lefty softball pitcher, and he joined Troop 65 as a member of their team, winning two games 11-0 and 8-0. The other Troops then refused to play until the Canadians left for home. They were in camp for two weeks.

At the final meal, 15 members of the Staff filed into Owen Hall (where we ate), coming in one at a time, and letting the door close before the next Staff member would appear. Each were carrying a ski rucksack (from American army surplus) that they dumped at the feet of the Canadians, as a gift to our Senior Scouts for their canoe trip in Algonquin. It was an emotional moment, and one that lives among the roses of memories. Even though they were surplus, the Americans had to buy them, and it

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certainly cemented the friendship of the staff and our Scouts. For a couple of years later, we exchanged visits with them before starting regular visits with Troop 10 of Syracuse.

One of the other items brought back from Camp Woodland were the three graces that have become a tradition at Camp Wheeler.

Bill Wadsworth, the Camping Director, worked on the theory that whatever you wanted there was always someone who had it that did not need it as much and could afford it more. They had a lovely rifle range that had been created by a construction outfit on the week-end at a cost of \$10 to the camp, for some rope. They had their own fire engine. Tents had been secured through the American Army surplus. The canoes I spoke

of were custom made and presented by one of the service organizations that Bill's dentist happened to be a member of, etc. From him we learned the fine art of scrounging, and it was to stand us in good stead later on.

The second memorable trip of 1949 was when 21 of us left for the second canoe trip into the wilds of Algonquin. We left my home at 1:00 a.m. on the Saturday, August 27th for a ten day stay that would end on Labour Day. We had made arrangements with the Hotel Algonquin for the rental of canoes, and also for all of our party to have breakfast at

the hotel before taking off. However, when we got to the Park, it was to find that forest fires were in the park and that there was a ban on travel. They allowed me to talk to the Park Superintendent by radio phone, as he was up in one of the spotter planes. He told us to wait and that he would come down. His first thought was to put us to work cleaning out a four mile portage to Crow Lake, but as some of our assistant leaders did smoke, he finally put us on an island on Black Bear Lake (now called Tom Thompson). The Scouts promptly dubbed the island Alcatraz, as it was mostly a big hunk of rock with a few red

pinus. We had to shuttle the canoes back and forth to the mainland to collect fire wood, as red pine is not a good cooking fire wood. When you are at Camp Wheeler, look over to Frog Island (Camp Kandalore's Chapel) and you will see a very similar site. A beaver also lived on the island, and every morning he would slap his tail on the water and when

we would go down to the water's edge, he would put on a swimming and diving exhibition for us. The time was

not wasted, as the ones who had made the trip to Camp Woodland would demonstrate the various canoe strokes and we would go out on the lake and do a lot of

IP~ractisin~ even to changing places in canoes as we travelled along. We were allowed to avel over to the main land and go hiking as well. The one thing that was necessary from the very start was the erection of shelters, as we never travelled with tenting while on these trips, and, as so often happened when the 26th went camping, the rains arrived with

us. The following Wednesday, the skies were black (although it had not rained as yet) and a canoe came in to tell us that the ban was off travelling and that we could go down and get our travel permit and be off. Of course, we had to shorten our route and decided hat we would just go to Happy Isle again. ASM Bob Seager who accompanied us, was a naval lvteteran, and he was sure that he knew the weather and that it would not rain that day. How wrong he was! By the time we had struck camp and packed our canoes, the heavens opened and we were in a real downpour, as we set out on our way. Arriving at the Hotel, we picked up our permit. The railway had been built through the Park, but by this time it was no longer in service. However, Joe Lake Station house was still there, and we were offered it for the evening. However, the Scouts felt that they had their belongings well packed, and that to unpack them in the pouring rain and carry them up to the Station house was only going to get everything soaked, so they voted to continue their trip. "Singing in the rain!" We had four members with us who sang tenor in the choir and four who sang bass, so we had some good singing, and as they went through the rain, they sang. On the stream between Joe Lake and Little Joe, as the first canoe (which happened to be mine) came around the bend, there was a beaver dam and as we were already soaked, we just

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stepped out onto the dam, and lifted the canoe over, and then got back in. The stern man (me) decided to step into the water first before getting in and pushing off. However, there was a sudden drop off, and I disappeared. That was a big joke. However, the second canoe was far enough back that they did not see what had happened, but they asked us what we had done, and we told them everything except the dunking, so that the stern man repeated the process, but now~there were more to laugh at him. As each canoe came around, the same process was repeat~d~ When we reached the bottom end of Burnt Island Lake, we had another vote as to whether to carry on or to make camp. However, from our trip the previous year, we knew that there was an old ranger cabin at the far end of the lake, but that would mean another 7 miles of travelling. The concensus was that it was worth the extra distance and we set out again on our way. Imagine our surprise when we made the last bend in the lake, and saw smoke coming out of the chimney. We just kind of collapsed in the canoes. However, it was only seconds until we saw the humour of the occasion, and finished our~last 1/2 mile of our trip. We were greeted on the shore by Explorer Scouts from Warren, Ohio. They had started before the ban on travelling and no one had ever caught up with them to tell them about it. The welcome news that they greeted us with, though, was as it was their last day they had put on all the hot chocolate that they had left, and we were welcomed in to enjoy a good hot drink or two. The rain finally stopped and we went out and cooked our supper, and then the two units gathered inside of the cabin and we started to sing. Candles were burned completely down and still the songs went on. Even got around to singing the radio commercials. At 3:00 a.m., we decided that everyone should get some sleep. As we made our way to our blankets, the moon was shining in all of its glory, and it made a wonderful sight. In the morning, the sun was up with us, and we got ready to start on the portage across to the Otter-slides. The clouds came in, and horrors, with it came snow flakes. Our "longs" had been soaked from the previous day, we were wearing shorts. When we hit Little Otterslide, our guide misread the map, and turned right instead of left, and we travelled to the far end of the lake before we found that we should have just made a short jog to the left. At times, this would be funny, but when everyone was so cold, it didn't seem to be too much fun s~ we fired our guide on the spot and elected a new one. When we got back to the stream, it was to find a beaver dam across it, and we had the canoe that was supposed to lead us, get out and break a passage way through it for the rest of us. On Otterslide Lake there is a beautiful campsite and we decided to pull in there and get warm while the firemen built up the fires, and we could get some hot drinks inside of us. The weather cleared long enough for us to get everything dried out again, and when we could dress in the warmer clothes our spirits rose again. Stuart Rhem

who, as an ASM with us, spent the night dreaming that he was writing a letter to his girl-friend and told about the entire trip to that point. When he came to there, he said "and a, and a, but gee we had fun" and then settled down for the night.

We wended our way up to Happy Isle. This to me was one of the prettiest lakes of the Park, and we have a lot of happy memories from it. On an island lake is a plaque to a father and son who were lost in a sudden storm plaque ends with phrase "one wild and awful moment and then - God".

As we started our homeward trek, the winds changed and were blowing from the south, which meant that we were travelling into the teeth of it. When we hit Burnt Island Lake, the waves were a trifle on the high side, but it was now Sunday, and we had to be home on Monday, so that everyone could go to school on Tuesday - and no one would want to miss that! Can remember coming through one channel where we seemed to paddle and paddle and not make any progress. At last we did clear the channel, and we could see Camp Minnesing ahead (now burned). At the camp (really an adult lodge), we knew that we could get ice cream and pop. However, it took another 90 minutes before we could make the camp. We could see all the people on the verandah watching our slow

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progress, and apparently with fear that we would not make it. Certainly, if I was ever thankful for the instruction that we had had that summer at Camp Woodland, this was it. Well we finally beached the canoes, we had to help each other out, as we had been unable to move with the water that rough, and our legs were numb. However, the young people

bounce back much faster than old legs. Soon the boys had their ice cream and bottles of pop, and then they found a piano, and immediately Ron Duncan was sitting down and the songs were floating on the air once more. One gentleman walked up to me and said: "Now I know who you crazy fools are. You came 4p last week in the pouring rain. I was cussing away. Then we watched you come across this lake to-day, when no self-respecting people would venture Out in a canoe, but after last week, I am sure that you would try anything."

After our rest, we continued on. We were almost at the end of the lake now, and the trees on the edge were protecting that end so that we had nice peaceful and calm water. There was another small channel and then into a small and quiet bay. How often life is like that, and we find peace and quiet after turbulence. While we were setting up camp, and preparing supper, one of the Scouts came in to tell me that he had found a perfect site for our Chapel service. At that time, the stream from Burnt Island to Baby Joe was between two bluffs, and part way along on one of the bluffs was a very nice area, and there we act up for our Chapel. It was after dark when we went up and the moon was coming up over the further bluff, and made the area a place of beauty. The topic of the talk I chose for that evening was "The Trail before us". It has become a tradition that each year that I am able to attend, we have always closed Camp Wheeler off with the same topic. The words are always different, but the thought remains the same. I can only hope that as you read these words, you will again turn your thoughts to the trail ahead, and do your best to equip yourselves to be prepared for that trail and for the great to-morrow.

At the Campfire of September says, "In spite of 7 days of rain out of our 10 day trip, and the cold, everyone enjoyed themselves and ready to go again."

Before taking off on the trip, ASM Jack Greenhalgh had built a two wheel trailer at his own expense and time, and donated it to the Troop to haul our goods to Algonquin. ~ never thought at that time how much use would be made of this trailer in the years to come.

1949 was our Silver Anniversary year, and we had planned more items than at any other time in our history. At the first meeting of our Seniors in September, we rehashed our trip and started to make our plans for 1950. Bill MacDonald said: "Why don't we buy a piece of land up near the Park, then the younger Scouts can go camping

and the seniors can go canoeing?" That seemed like a good idea! Had I ever known what lay ahead, wouldn't have thought so, though. However, I said that if everyone would really agree to work and to work hard, there might be a possibility that we could swing it. I had 'cen at the Canadian National Exhibition, and while passing the display of the Department of Lands and Forests (now the Ministry of Natural Resources I believe), I had been interested in their tracts that said that land was available for development. So I sat down and wrote the department to see what was available. Back came a few letters, one that told of lands available on Kushog and on Peach Lakes in Haliburton, and it was decided that P.L. Bob Rhem and myself should undertake to go up and look them over. So it was ~ the Saturday of Thanksgiving week-end, Bob and I took off to see what could be found. Bob had our lunch on the shore of Kushog, and when we saw how long the lake was, we thought that we might be better to try Peach Lake that afternoon. There were not the roads around that there are now. However, Camp Kandalore had a road in, and we went in there. The owner, Keith Cleverdon, assured us that there was no open land on the lake. However,

he suggested that we might go down to Minden to see the forester, Mike Cassidy (if memory serves me right). Mike said that there was open land, but that Kandalore probably did not want another boys' camp on the lake. We were later to find out that Camp Kandalore had been a Scout camp for two years, while the Scouts did the work on clearing, etc, but when it was ready for use as a boys' camp, then the prices went up and it was opened to the public. He told us of one group of lots from 16 to 19, and so we decided to go back and look them over. By the time we arrived back at the lake, it was getting dark, and this time we entered a road on the East side of the lake that services a few cottages over there (now called Shangri Lodge Road). We found a place to park the car, and then moved down to the lake in the twilight and got ready for the night. We gathered firewood by flashlight and got the fire started. We got a hail from the lake. I thought, "Oh, no! We are going to be told that we can't camp here," but it was two gentlemen who had a cottage on the lake. What a lucky break for us that turned out to be.

This was our first meeting with our good friends Sid Tillotson and Bill Carmichael. We talked for a short time and they suggested that we come over and spend the night with them. So we put out our fire, packed our gear and joined them in the boat and made our way to "Wahoo". Even the name struck home as this had been a favourite call to each other while on the canoe trip. As we prepared our supper (late, late) we talked, and they asked what lots were open on the lake. We told them about this one group from 16-19, to find out that Sid's cottage was on lot 20. After supper and dishes (it was now midnight) we went out to look over the land that was to become Camp Wheeler, although we did not know it at the time. It is unfortunate that everyone did not have the chance to live that magic moment. There was a full moon, and the leaves were at their very best. The light was so bright that you didn't even need a flashlight. I am sure that we both felt that we had found what we were looking for, but we were also scared that the magic of the moment was doing things to us. However, as we walked around, we visualized where things might be put. Both very excited, I am sure that we did not sleep too much that night. We felt that we should still look at Kushog and examine all possibilities. So after breakfast, Sid loaned us his canoe and helped over the portage into Kushog. We spent the day cruising that lake down to the one end and back up to the other, but saw nothing as favourable as the first spot on Peach Lake.

On the Monday, we started on the way back to Hamilton, stopping at Minden to pick up the necessary papers to fill in if we decided to buy. On the way home, Bob and I were still worried about overselling the spot, but at the next meeting, we explained to the Seniors and the Court of Honour what we had found, and it was decided to proceed with it. Everyone of course, promised to do everything they could to bring our dreams to fruition. If one could look ahead and see the headaches that would be involved, we would have said that it could not be done, and that would have finished it. I also did not know that I was not to have any free time to myself for some 20 odd years. But as they say, what have you done for us lately?

On October 21st, 1949, we held a monster parents banquet to celebrate our 25th Anniversary. Mr. Bill Wadsworth of Onondaga Council, BSA, was our guest speaker on that occasion, and we had other guests present from Syracuse and from Buffalo. However, I guess the hit of the evening was when I stood up and announced that we had purchased this piece of land in Haliburton and that next summer the 26th Scouts would have their first annual summer camp there. You could see the excitement in the eyes of the Scouts.

It is interesting to note that tickets to the banquet were 45c for Cubs and 65c for Scouts and Parents. I can remember that we had tables set up in the side rooms on that occasion. The room at the west end of the gym was still one. It has since been changed into two. Of course, the upstairs was still the Church sanctuary. Girl-friends of the

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Seniors and the older sisters served the meal so that the Mothers could sit down with the rest of us and enjoy the evening. Poor Mom. That was her last chance to enjoy the meal with us, as far as I can remember. Entertainment for the evening was provided by Phil Sharp of the 22nd (St. David's Presbyterian) Rover Crew. Phil was an amateur magician, and this was before the days that we had the Great McCoy to entertain us.

To me, personally, the hit of the evening was when ASM Harry Horsley read the following citation:

"The 26th Group has reached its Silver Anniversary, 25 years of good work in a good cause. For many of those years you have helped to guide the destiny of our Group.

In recognition of this great service in leadership, the Cubs, Scouts, and their parents, old Scouts, Mothers' Auxiliary and many friends have got together. As a result, we wish to present this desk to you, hoping that it may give you much satisfaction and use over the years to come.

This in all sincerity.

The 26th Group, Chalmers Presbyterian Church,  
October 21st, 1949

The desk and the citation are still among my proud possessions, and still very much in use, as I try to reassemble my thoughts over the years that have gone by.

On Sunday, the Cubs, Scouts, Brownies and Guides of the Mountain joined together for a parade to Chalmers to help honour our Anniversary. Mr. Palmer, who was minister of Chalmers at that time delivered the address.

In the fall of 1949, we registered 48 Cubs and 48 Scouts. At this time you had to be 12 to be a Boy Scout and you could stay in Scouts until you reached your 18th birthday, if you did not go into Rovering. We worked our older Scouts as a separate unit. We were having hard problems (what else is new?) in getting leadership with the Pack, so we started using our Patrol Leaders as Cub Instructors, and this was to prove a tremendous asset in several ways. It gave the Cubs a chance to progress with their badge work, and it also gave them someone to know when they came up into the Scout Troop. In later years it was also to prove most useful in having Scouts go up to the Camp when the Cubs were in camp to act as counsellors.

The Campfire shows lots of outdoor work for the fall season - Cub hikes to Albion Falls, a tree planting (only 1500 this time), expedition to Spring Valley, and we also spent a week-end out there cleaning up. But the highlight was when we were packed to go to Camp Nemo for a week-end with the Patrol Leaders. It was a beautiful week-end (November 5th and 6th). However, when the P.L.s gathered, I thought maybe it would be nice to visit our northern home, so after some quick phone calls to the parents, we were on the way. The road is sure a lot easier now. Then, you had to take Highway #2 right through Toronto, and then onto Newcastle and swing north on Highway 35. That was a real winding road for the entire length then. When we reached the camp, the first words were, "This is much better than you said", so I was very pleased that we had not oversold the idea to the boys. Sid and Bill were up for the week-end to close Sid's cottage up, and they were kind enough to invite us in. While the weather had been warm in Hamilton, it was much cooler up there, with ice forming on the edge of the lake, so that when you brought a pail of water in, you had real ice water. For supper that night, we had planned to have chili. Now, at that time when making chili, I was always conscious that the younger Scouts did not like too much spice, so we got it a little on the bland side, in spite of complaints from the older ones, so with just P.L.s present, we went heavy on the spices.

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No one complained that night. In fact, it was two teaspoons of chili and one glass of ice water. Now, having spent time in Texas with the Mexican influence there, I have reached the stage where I really enjoyed some of the highly spiced foods. When you watch people swallow jalapeno peppers down there, you realize that they would think all of our foods are tame.

ASM Harry Horsley was a mechanical draftsman, and he decided to learn a little about the architectural drafting, and got busy and secured the necessary books, and drew up plans for Lew's Lodge. This was to stand Harry in good stead later, as he was able to secure a teaching position at the Hamilton Technical School, in drafting. Harry is now a Bishop with the Re-organized Church of Jesus Christ Latter Day Saints. The last I heard from him, he was in Kansas. We were told to keep our building narrow, and so we decided on 12 x 36 across the front with the back part of a "T" running from it another 12 x 36.

Now that we had the plans for camp, we decided that we had better have a meeting of our Group Committee. They did not see much sense in meeting on a regular basis, but rather they met when we had something to discuss. I was slightly worried, as we were to ask them for \$1,100.00, but instead they just said "lets go out and raise it". So we started our salvage drives, etc. I little knew it then, but that was probably the last time my car saw the inside of my garage until I sold the house in 1960. My living room started to resemble a candy store. Mr. Rhem (Bob's father) was a candy maker by trade, and he was starting out on his own.. He made peanut brittle for us at a cost of 30c a lb. and we sold it for 45c (don't you wish you could to-day?). Don't know how many tons of it we sold, but there was sure a lot. I would always take two shopping bags into work with me on pay days, and I never had to leave my machine as the other employees came up for their twice monthly treat. We sold candy canes at Christmas, and the general number seemed to run to 12,000 doz. Then again at Easter, we sold chocolate novelties. Paper was usually about \$4.00 per ton, but we collected it, and then I would go to the salvage company on my way home from work, pick up their truck, and leave my car there. The duty Patrol would come over and we would load the truck and take it back down, and bring my car home. Of course, the next night I would have to go back up to pick up the cheque. The bank balance slowly grew, but not fast enough.

Meanwhile, we had decided that we would like to name our camp after Lewis, so I took some movies down of the area that I had taken on our trips in the fall, and explained to Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler what we had planned to do, and also asked their permission to dedicate the camp to the memory of their son. They agreed, and gave me a cheque to cover the cost of the land. (We still paid the surveyor's fees.) And so, Camp Wheeler came into being. All we had to do now, was to raise the funds, buy our materials and to get on with the work.

Among the various items that we ran in the winter, the first annual (what happened to that?) dinner and dance at Club Albion (remember that, at Albion Falls) with 14 members of the Troop and their lady friends present. What wonderful plans we had then. We also had visits with Post 1 in Buffalo, a trip to Troop 198 and although we tried, we never could get Pack 69 of Buffalo back for a return visit, and, as we felt that it was a one way street to be always going over, it soon petered out. It is always interesting to note as you leaf through the older copies of the Campfires, various names that are mentioned as being invested, gaining first and second stars, in Cubs, and then being invested in Scouts with second and first class badges following, and the coveted Bushman's Thong and the Queen's Scout award (or King's Scout), and every name brings back memories, so that the temptation to expand at great lengths is strong. It sure would be nice to know where everyone is now.

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One of the interesting items in the January 1950 Campfire is the standing of the Patrols in the fall competition with the Wolves winning over the Rattlesnakes by a margin of 1 point. Competitions between the Patrols no longer exists and I think that we have lost something in the passing.

In the January issue of 1950 Campfire, mention first Rover Crew and that now we have a full Group. what happened, as there is no registration of a Crew Maybe out there somewhere is someone who remembers?

is made that we have formed our Memory fails me as to that Crew and until 1955 on the Scout House files.

Also in the winter months, the Patrol Leaders challenged the Fathers to come over and have a basketball game, while the Rovers were challenging the Dads to a trap shoot.

#### THE FULFILLMENT OF A DREAM

At 2:30 a.m. on April 7th, 1950 (Good Friday), two cars left my home, bound for Camp Wheeler. We were all excited and had many grandiose plans of what we could do for the week-end. The temperatures had been in the 400F range at home, so that we presumed that we could canoe, etc. We stopped at Minden for breakfast, and found out that the air was cooler than we expected it to be. The waiter in the restaurant told us that we would find 18" of blue ice on the lake. We learned that "blue ice" was solid ice, with snow frozen into it. Hitting Saskatchewan Lake, we parked the cars, and hiked the trail into Kabacwa. The natives were still calling it "Peach Lake" then. We found snow in the bush, but we were not "buying this 18" blue ice bit". However, when we made the shore of the lake and looked across at our camp, and thought how much easier it would be to cross by ice than to walk the bush, we decided to give it a try. All Scouters are expected to lead, so I ventured out on the ice, not realizing that it was one of the deepest parts of the lake. When it held me, then the others gradually followed, but we kept well spread out. However, when we reached our camp, and the cooks proceeded to chop a hole through the ice for water, we found that the ice was fully as thick as had been described, and we knew that there was no longer any fear of breaking through the ice.

Another surprise was when Sid and Bill did not come up for the week-end as we had expected them to do. There had been sickness in the family, so they gave it a miss. Guess that was the only Easter week-end that they never made it. We got busy with shelters, etc. On one of our trips to Syracuse, I had bought a "Wadsworth" tab tent, that had been developed by Bill Wadsworth, and this I erected on the "point", using a large pine that I had fallen over as a windbreak. At that time our camp ended mid-way through what is now the Algonquin Cabin, but we figured that no one would object that week-end. Some of the boys crawled under Sid's cabin, but we all were settled one way or the other. The first night, the temperature plunged to the zero mark and the second night, to -10~ (both on the "old" F scale). The second night also brought a little snow. During the first night, a wolf had walked across the lake to the point, walked around our little camp and then went on. The second morning we were awakened when Cam Jay came around to ask us if we wanted a drink. Expecting something nice and hot, we said sure, and were handed mugs of ice water.

After shelters and that had been erected, the next job was to select a spot for Lew's Lodge. We selected a spot that looked nice and flat, and proceeded to clear the trees. Most of the trees were white pine, and white tall. This was before we had the benefit of a chain saw, and all of the trees were cut down with axes and cross cuts.

Bob Rhem and Bob Davis were the cooks for the week-end, working on their camp cook1s badge. The stove was the rock on which our incinerator now stands. They did an

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excellent job in satisfying the hunger pangs. When the week-end was over, we were well satisfied with the start that we had made on our camp. It was a far cry from what camp is to-day1 but it was a start and from that small beginning the camp took off and just like Topsy, it grew. The Scouts of to-day owe a tremendous vote of thanks to the Scouts who were the original builders of our camp.

Another trip was made in a couple of weeks time, and the finishing touches put on the clearing of the land. We also went to get prices on lumber. We had budgeted for \$1,100.00, but were to find out that Lew's Lodge would

cost us double that. We had worked during the winter months at salvage, and anything else where we could raise a few dollars. The Mothers had run euchre parties for us, and gradually our funds grew, but far short of our goal. So it was off to the bank and take out a personal loan for the money that we would need and hope that we would be able to raise the funds to pay it back. Papers in those days brought \$4.00 per ton. The hourly rate for workers were around 50¢ an hour. Far cry from today However, with faith in the future, we went ahead with our plans and we certainly have no regrets.

Early in May, we were on the road again. This time we were going to put in the foundations for the lodge. Bob Horsley and Don Lemke were helping in the Troop and they had spent their previous summer working on construction, so they undertook the job of putting in the footings. It was our first introduction to the black flies, and they sure made life interesting! We would sit down and try to eat and our food would be covered with them. You would brush them away and by the time your food had made the short trip between plate and mouth, they would be all over the food again. It made it hard to enjoy the meals. That night we went into the show in Minden, just to get a respite.

At that time, we had made arrangements with Kandalore to use their road and their parking lot. We ordered the lumber and had it delivered to Kandalore. They dumped it near Kandalore's dining hall, and we had to carry it from there down to the waterfront. Hank Rittenhouse and Charlie Campbell had made us a row boat (our original banana boat) and we had taken that up and we also borrowed one from Kandalore, and with these, we freighted the lumber across to the site of Lew's Lodge. While some of us roved the lumber, others were busy starting with the beams and joists and preparing things for our first father and son camp.

Finally, the day arrived, and 30 Cubs, Scouts and Dads made the trek to Wheeler. Friday night we spent under the stars, and Saturday morning at daylight we were up and on the job. While the Dads and Scouts started to lay the floors, the Cubs and myself unpacked the dishes that had been donated to the camp by the Sovereign Potteries. These all had to be washed before we could proceed with cooking breakfast, but at last the bacon and eggs and coffee were ready and the Dads and Scouts sat down to enjoy it while the Cubs served. Harry Horsley was the "foreman" for the week-end, and he kept the Dads on the jump. Hard to recall exactly who was there, but some of the Cubs were Brent Ellis, Ted Dinniwel, Russ Cameron, Bryce Moir and Doug Creighton, while Scouts included Ken and Joe Seager, Bob and Stu Rhem~ Bill and Louis Stevens, Rick and Don Muirhead, Jack Greenhalgh, Bill Verrall and their Dads. Can't remember all that the Cubs and I cooked that week-end, but I guess we managed to satisfy everyone. Do remember that one of the meals was chili. Sid came by early in the morning and said "you'll probably finish the flooring before you go home". But Harry kept driving the Dads, and the flooring was finished before breakfast, and a start made on the studding. As the Dads would build a section and erect it, they would stand back and cheer, and then proceed with the next section. Sid came by again and said 'Gosh! You're going to get the studding finished this weekend." The Scouts were allowed to drive nails, and help with the erecting. The studding was finished, and then the hard part. We had decided to mitre all the ends of the siding,

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and this before any power saws. Every piece was mitred by hand saw. Sid came back and said "Don't tell me that you are going to finish this in one week-end!" Guess we might of1 but on Sunday afternoon, the rains arrived before we could complete shingling the roof, and we called it quits, with still some siding to put on the back part of the lodge, plus the shutters that we used before the windows were installed in a later year.

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There were still a few. week-ends to put in, putting the finishing touches on the Lodge before the camp would be held in August. We had spent all of the monies that we

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had, plus the bank loan, and we found out that we were a little shy. I was sitting on the verandah at Rhem's and we were talking about where we could get the necessary funds



to buy some hardware that we were going to need. The bill was \$33.00 and change. My Mother came out and called across to me and said that I was wanted on the phone. When I

went across, a voice said "How's your camp finance?" I replied, "Rock bottom." "That's what I thought, come on over. I have something for you," and when I went over to the caller's home (Mr. Ted Burns, Sr.) he handed me 7-five dollar bills. Now that does not

seem like a lot of money in to-day's society, but it was a tremendous amount at that time and really lifted up our spirits. Another week-end, we also needed money, just less than \$25.00, and I was sitting talking to Harry Horsley about it, when a chap came along and said, "I've been looking for you," and handed me a cheque for \$25.00. As I have often

said to the boys, I am not sure whether someone can sit in the afterlife and pull strings or not, but whenever we were really in need, that need has always been fulfilled.

With the summer camp scheduled for the end of August, we made as many trips to our camp as we could. Once again, we were indebted to Mr. Ted Burns. He had a nice new truck and loaned it to us on several occasions, and we transported much of our supplies to our camp. When I drove the truck, I usually had my brother-in-law or one of my brothers drive my car, so we could get more bodies up. The outside of Law's Lodge was completed. On one week-end, we went over to Toronto to a surplus store and bought deck bunks and transported them up.

Finally the GREAT DAY arrived, and 26 members of the 26th made the trek to Wheeler for the first summer camp. The first day was work, work and work. While one group built eating tables, another was clearing a campfire circle, and still more went off into the woods and came back with a nice straight pole for our flag pole that stood for many years. Not sure why it was finally taken down. However, the camp was underway. The first swim we had was where the water intake is now. It also led to our first accident when one of the Scouts got into a little difficulty and Rick Muirhead, who was in charge of our waterfront that year, dived in to help. The only problem was that where Rick dove in, there was a rock under water, and he ended up with several cuts, and ended his first camp in short time.

When we arrived at camp, it was to find a senior official of the Ontario Board of Health waiting for us. As this was our first camp, they had sent one of their experienced staff up to give us a once over. He was most helpful and gave us several hints on how we could improve things. However, the one thing that we did not expect was when he told us that we did not have enough sleeping space for the 26 of us, but rather that we had room for 14 1/2 bodies. This would have to be rectified before the next year's camp.

Not sure of our programme that year, but we did make our first trek by compass through the bush to Hall's Lake. Some of the Scouts had just signed on to come up for one week, and on the week-end, they headed for home. ASM Bob Seager, who also only had a week of holidays, drove them home. Then came the rains. For six days it rained every day from dawn to dusk, and then would clear and have nice nights. We were using the north end of the front of Lew's Lodge as the kitchen, the south end as the dining hall,

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and the back part as the bunk room. When you couldn't get out and do anything, we were gradually getting in each other's hair. So on the Thursday night we got Sid and Bill to help with the transportation and we piled in the three cars, and headed for Minden and a show. The only time during the entire time that the camp has been run, to my knowledge, that we took a night off to do that.

On the Saturday night, we held our first closing ceremony, based on one that was held at Blue Springs at the end of Wood Badge camps. When we lit our first green candle, we had lots of plans, but I don't think anyone realized how much the Camp would grow over the years. To give light, we also had a white candle burning for each year that the Group had been functioning, a practise that we carried on for many years, until we had enough candles to give us the light that we needed from the number of camps that we have run. Always a highlight of the camp, the closing ceremony has become a much looked forward to event.

On our first trip up to Camp after the summer camp was over, I went in to see the Ranger at the Department of Lands and Forests, and we discussed the camp. I told him of our swimming problems. Forgot to mention that we had moved our swimming area down to an area that is now our canoeing section. The swimmers were O.K., but the non-swimmers were on rocks and we did have a lot of cut feet~ He asked what he could do for us, and I mentioned the spot that we now use. The point had been filed on, but the people had never started to build, so this was taken back, and if we would pay another surveyor's fee, he would tear up the report that was still in the office, and would have a new survey carried out that would add lots 13, 14 and 15, included with the original list, and we would have enough building with Lew's Lodge to gain title to the property. At that time, they would take your cost of material, and when the work was volunteer, they would add that much more again, to come up with a total value. Thus Lew's Lodge, which had cost \$2,200.00 for material, was valued at \$4,400.00.

At our Father and Son banquet held at the end of September to celebrate our 26th Group Anniversary, we presented a balance sheet for our first camp. Here is a copy. You will see that everyone, including the leaders, paid to attend that first camp -in fact, for the first several camps.

#### Receipts

6 campers for 8 days  
1 staff member for eight  
16 campers for 16 days  
3 staff members for 16 days

@ \$12.00 days @ \$12.00  
@ 20.00 @ 20.00  
\$84.00

380.00  
\$464.00

#### Expenses

Balfours Ltd. (canned food)	\$115.05
Netkins (oranges)	6.50
Clarks (eggs)	13.00
Beardmore (dehydrated foods)	79.21
Grassie (vegetables, etc.)	17.00
Hall's (first-aid supplies)	7.71
Eastons (meat and bread)	127.31
Geddes Hardware	7.12
Highland Hardware	17.10
Dollo Bros. (vegetables)	11.13
Transportation (6 cars at \$10.00 each)	60.00
Department of Lands and Forests (maps)	1.40
	\$462.53

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And 80, our first camp passed into history. Not a large profit, but we did break a little better than even. It was

always the hope that the summer camp would be run as cheaply as possible, to enable all of our Scouts to have the opportunity.

But what about the Cubs? At that time, you had to be 12 to go to Scouts and you had to be 10 before you could camp, so there had to be a camp for our Cubs. Lucky for me, the superintendent of the Cold Roll at Dofasco had been a King's Scout in his youth, and was most interested in Scouting, so I put the question to him, and he granted me a week's leave of absence for the next year so that the Cubs could also become a part of Camp Wheeler. This was a practise that went on for several years. When I received three weeks holidays I still took an extra week at no pay and stretched the Cub camp to two weeks, and then when they lowered the ages of Scouts to 11, and allowed the Cubs to start camping at 8, we went back to the one week Cub Camp, and ended with a week's canoe trip in Algonquin Park for the Senior Scouts. But that's a way ahead of the time, as the first canoe trip was not held until 1958.

Let us backtrack a bit to the start of 1950 in case you think that camp occupied our entire time. On April 2nd, the Seniors were out at Spring Valley practising for their trap shoot with Post 1. My pride and joy was a 10 gauge shot gun that had been given to me by my father on my 21st birthday. It was an old timer that had been given to him by his father. A gun collector once told me that it was an old muzzle loader that had been remade. Not sure of this, but it had been made for the old black powder shells, and the present day shells were a little too powerful for it. It took that occasion to break, and send a sheet of flame back past my face. When I looked at the Scouts, they were all asking me if I was O.K., but I could not hear anything at all, and could only see their lips moving. Luckily it soon passed over, and everything returned to normal.

On the Monday night, April 4th, we had Mr. E. M. Crossman of the Department of Lands and Forests come over with movies of their work. As often happened in the early days of our camp, we would put on a special night, and the admission would be one tin of food. Of course, we got a tremendous variety, and often had several odd cans, that always ended up in the Iroquois Witch Doctor's stew. With the addition of spices, no one ever knew the ingredients, but I am sure that many Scouts would not have eaten it if they had known.

Then came Easter and our trip to Camp Wheeler, but this was followed on the following week-end with a visit from Post 80 of Baldwinsville, N. Y., along with some of the staff members from Camp Woodland. On Friday evening, we were guests at a dinner hosted by the Mothers' Auxiliary, and then the Great International Basketball Game, won by the Canadians as they were more familiar with the low ceiling of Chalmers gym. Then it was off down to Scout House (then at 10 James Street North) for a Senior Scout dance that was in progress. On Saturday, we tried trap shooting in the morning, bowling in the afternoon. The first time that the Americans had tried our five pin game, but they soon adapted themselves to it. In the evening, we brought out the few movies that we had of Camp Wheeler, as well as some movies we had taken the previous year on some of our American jaunts. On Sunday morning, everyone attended the morning worship service at Chalmers, and then after their noon meal, the Americans departed for home around 2:30 p.m. Shortly afterwards, I received the following letter from one of the Baldwinsville Scouts:

"I wish to thank you, personally, and all the fine fellows of the 26th, for a very wonderful time everyone showed me while I was there. Your Group has certainly gained my admiration and fond friendship. I hope that I will see everyone again."

Other items in the Campfire show that the Mountain Division (the entire Mountain was one Division then) were holding a Scout-Guide service at Mount Hamilton United Church. That is probably the one that I sang a solo at, and they never asked me to do that again!

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Six of our Patrol Leaders had successfully passed their Bronze Arrowhead. This is not to be confused with the present Arrowhead badge, but it was a special course for Patrol Leaders that meant they attended 6 consecutive weeks of 2 hours of training in Patrol Leadership. They had special assignments to complete, and at the end of the course their books were marked, and the successful candidates received a metal arrowhead that was attached to

their Patrol colours. If you had one of those now, there are collectors that would be willing to pay a good sum for it. Also, 12 of our Scouts were working on their Flying Lions badge. This was a special badge that was brought out in the war years and this was the last course to be run on it. This course was run at Christ Church Cathedral.

In the fall of 1950, we registered 52 Cubs and 41 Scouts. At this time we had two Packs running, and the schedule was - Cubs on Monday followed by the Senior Scouts, and then we had a second Pack on Tuesdays followed by the regular Troop meeting.

In all my moving around, I have lost the Campfires from September of 1950 through to 1956, so I will have to rely on memory. I will not tell specific dates of the various items, even though we kept most active. Most of what will be referred to during those years will be camp, as that is what sticks out most in my memory of things. In fact, it became my whole life, and every available week-end was spent there. My home became the salvage depot, and even though I had two garages, my car sat outside all of the time in whatever weather. We would hold our collections of salvage on Wednesday evenings. I would drive my car up to Railway Street, pick up their truck and bring it up and load it, and then drive it back down, and pick up my car. The following night, I would drive around to the Salvage Co. to pick up the cheque. We picked up anything and everything, and sometimes someone would come around looking for something that we might happen to have and we would add a few more pennies to the growing pile.

For a week-end trip to Camp Wheeler, each boy put in \$2.00 at the first. This was supposed to cover their share of the gas and food (ha, ha). Heard many wonderful tales about how I was making money on my trips, even was told one time that I had found that rainbow. Eventually the trips went up to \$2.50 and I think they stayed there the rest of the time except that we went up for a more extended trip like between Christmas and New Years.

After adding the little bit of extra land to our Camp, we went to get prices on tents, but the only tents that they would suggest were going to cost us over a hundred dollars each and they were only two man tents, which meant to equip a Patrol, we would need four tents, plus the floor boards. So we turned our thoughts to cabins, and found that we could buy the material for a Patrol cabin as cheap as we could outfit a Patrol with tents, so that is the route that we took.

In the winter of 1950-51, we started making winter trips to Wheeler. Of course, all we had was Lew's Lodge, and it could get cool in there at night-time. On our January trip we ran into rain, but when we passed Minden, we started to run into ice. As we were crossing the Beech River, one of the Scouts said: "Oh, look at the ducks" and of course I looked, and we were in the ditch. A bus came along and stopped, and we thought that they were going to offer help. Instead the driver opened his window and said: "If you get out of there, I would suggest that you turn around and head for home." However, we managed to get the car out, and went on our way. The rains came down harder, and by the time we were in camp, it was raining quite hard. The Scouts had come prepared to skate, but the weather made that impossible. During Saturday night, the temperature dropped to below zero (F) and everything froze solid, and you could skate anywhere. Of course, when we got back to the cars we were completely encased in ice, and it took a lot of chipping to clear the cars off.

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With the arrival of spring we started our trips up again, getting ready for our second building week-end. There were trees to be cleared again and foundations put in. Then came a week-end that no one that was present will ever forget. We arrived at Camp to find it completely overrun with caterpillars. They were marching through the forest in hordes. When they reached the water they would roll into a ball and let the wind carry them to another shore, and they would start off again. I had bought a canoe, and we were using that to haul our lumber across the lake from Kandalore. Sid said that if I would get his canoe, we could use the both of them and lay the lumber across and move more easier. The only problem was that the canoe was in his boat house, and it was covered with the caterpillars. In fact, when you looked at the boat house from the lake, you would think that it was moving. I had made the boast that I would go in, so I did. With the two canoes, we could really move some large loads. We would have a bow and stern man in each canoe and really piled the lumber on. When we would go inside of the

lodge for our meals or for a rest, someone would have to pick all of the caterpillars off you. The rocks along the waterfront seemed to move, as there were so many caterpillars crawling along them. But eventually we got all the lumber moved over and ready for our second Father and Son camp.

On the Victoria week-end, we were again back with the Dads. Mr. Norm Lemay, who was helping me with Cubs at that time, became the foreman for the week-end, and we were able to complete the Algonquin Cabin, and had the studding up on the Mohawk and Iroquois cabins with only the joists and the flooring on the Cheyenne. Between that week-end and the opening of the summer Cub camp, we spent what week-ends we could finishing off things, but when the Cubs moved in, the Iroquois still was not completed, so we built it ourselves, and made a start on the Cheyenne. The Scouts came up and the Wolf Patrol under P.L. Bob Davis were to occupy the Cheyenne, and so they had to finish it off during their stay. Guess the camp meant much more to the Cubs and Scouts when they had the chance to do the actual building. Bob was working on the shingles when he fell off the roof, and managed to land on a nail and drive it into his foot. The only problem was that he was wearing his Scout socks and drove some of the yarn up into his foot, and ended up with infection.

Suddenly the light dawns! Forgot all about the movies that I have that show some of the activities during the years that we are missing the Campfires, so I have dug them out again and have been reliving those happy days of yore.

When we came back from our first Scout camp in 1950, there were funds to be raised to repay the bank loan that Chief had taken out for us. The Cubs and Scouts got busy with salvage collections, candy sales, or what have you to raise the necessary funds, and gradually the loan balance shrunk. However, we did not know at the time how much lay ahead of us and we went along with faith in the future and never thought of looking back. As I have mentioned, we had purchased additional land, and after checking out costs, we decided that we would build four Patrol cabins along the waterfront. Of course, this meant going back to the bank for a further loan.

The movies show our first winter trip to Wheeler in 1951, when we ran into the ice storm. Eddie Ramsay, Cam Mitchell, Tommy Verrall, Bob Spencer and Bob Rhem were with me. We were apparently quite interested in all the various animal and bird tracks that we could see, as the movies follow several at great length. There were cottontail and snowshoe rabbits, fox, wolf, porcupine, red squirrel, mice, etc. The main bird tracks were ruffed grouse. At one time we came across mouse tracks that ended suddenly with a couple of drops of blood, and when you looked more closely, you could see where the wing tips of an owl had brushed the snow, as it picked its quarry up for supper. Another time we found where a porcupine had been up a tree, and came down only to meet a fox. The snow was

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quite trampled and then the porky had got away, but about 50 feet further along the fox had caught him again, and this time, the porky paid the price, and we could follow where the fox had dragged him up to his den beneath some rocks. On all of our trips up to Camp in the winter time, we would cross over to the far side of the lake, and follow the stream on down to Kushog. Gradually, throughout the winter the water would freeze, although there was always some water at the little falls that line the stream. There is actually a 70 foot drop between the two lakes. Porcupines were quite plentiful in the early days of camp, and you could see trees where they had spent days in, eating up the tender bark. You could also see trees where the deer had been eating at the bark. On one of our trips in the early days, we went Out in the morning to find moose tracks outside of the window. As the tracks had sunk down, you could see that it had stood for some time out there watching us. Glad that we didn't know it was there.

In February of 1951, we made a return trip to Baldwinville. N. P. Post 80 were our hosts. The movies show the great International hockey game. Some of the Senior Scouts that I could spot were Rick Muirhead, Bill Whiskin, Bob and Ken Seager, Bob Davis, Bob Rhem. I do remember, as on all of our American visits, we had a wonderful time.

Also during that winter, we spent a couple of week-ends out at Camp Nemo. In those days, the only building there

was Ram Inn, so called because when the leaders were roofing the building, a ram came along and refused to let them come down from the roof. It is a far change from the Camp to-day. The movies show the Scouts skiing down the back of what is now B. P. Lodge, and the area was very open, without the trees that are there now. The toboggans were going down rest and be thankful. It was a very stiff climb, so when you reached the top you "rested and were thankful that you had made it!" It would be impossible to do these snow sports in this area, owing to the trees that have been planted over the years. There was not the demand for winter camping in those days, and we could usually arrange to have a week-end out there each month. Now the cabins are booked solid, and it is hard to find an open date. However, as Wheeler grew, our weekends became more involved with our northern trips, and Nemo became forgotten.

On our second trip to Wheeler in 1951, the movies show that the skies were completed clear, and the sun very brilliant. Harry Horsley, Bill Whiskin, Bob Davis, and Bob Rhem were along on that trip. It was fine when you were crossing the lake, but when you started through the bush, the snow was quite heavy, and the walk up the hill through Kandalore always seemed to get longer. Of course, you had hill to climb in both directions and we never could decide which was worse, coming in or going out. When the sun shone up there, you could be out in below zero weather and never realize how cold it was. How I miss those days.

Our trip up in April found the ice still strong on the lake, but there was slush on top. Bob Davis was trundling an empty oil barrel across the lake that we set up to act as our incinerator. We also had our first boat with us, and of course, we had to carry it across the ice. The boat, christened the "banana boat", had been built for us by Charlie Campbell and Hank Rittenhouse, and it was to have many years of service to the camp. Some of the younger Scouts were on this trip with us and showing up in the film were John Burtch, Merrill McBride, Allan Hancock, Russ Cameron (still a Cub), Butch Welbourne, Bill Croft as well as Bob Rhem. Bob Davis and Bob Seager and Harry Horsley. We made our usual trip over to the stream and this time the water was really running down there. We also started on the felling of trees, for where the waterfront cabins were to be built.

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As the weather warmed up, more trips were made to camp to finish with the clearing of the trees so that we would be able to erect the cabins. I am not sure how many trips were included, but it meant felling the trees and then sawing them into length. This was all done with axe and cross cuts, as the chain saw was still in the future. Not enough can be said of the efforts of the Cubs and Scouts. Not only did they go out and raise the funds, as the efforts of the Group Committee were still also in the future, but they also went up and cleared the land and did the 100 and 1 chores that always had to be done. However, they were building the camp that we have all come to love, and they were building for the future. It was always their intention that this should be a camp where all of the members of the 26th would find a home, and that it would always remain a camp for the boys and never thought that it would be used for the families instead. I can remember the Provincial Office telling me that the camp would never last, and that they would give us three years at the most. Of course, the ones that made that prediction are now retired (like me!), but Camp Wheeler is still there, and still a camp that we can be rightly proud of.

You will have to pardon me (again?) - I had typed some of the story and then started looking at movies, so that in some cases I have repeated. Hope you are still with me!

I was fortunate enough to have as a superintendent at Dofasco a former King's Scout and when I approached him about the camp, and told him that I would like to be able to take the Cubs up for a week. This would mean a week's leave of absence (without pay, of course) and he readily granted it to me. This was to be a yearly experience of the next 12 years, as when I was entitled to three weeks, then I stepped up the Cub camp to two weeks. So in 1951, the Cubs went up to their first camp. At that time you had to be 10 before you could go camping, and you had to be 12 before you became a Boy Scout. We had the Algonquin and Mohawk cabins completed, and the start made on the Iroquois, and during Cub camp we finished off the walls, and also got the start made on the Cheyenne.

Two of the Senior Scouts went up to cook for the Cubs, and we had a couple of the others helping with the swimming, etc. Of course, now we had the addition around the point. Most of the Cubs were non-swimmers, as there were not the swimming pools that there are now, to have the instructions and opportunities that to-day's youth have. We had army surplus bunks, two decker steel (no mattress!). There was no electricity, of course, and no running water. For drinking water we would take the boat out into the lake and bring in water for the boys. We had an old ice box and it meant a trip out each day for ice, and for meat. We used only powdered milk for our cereal, and drank hot chocolate, as we had no way of keeping milk.

The one meal that always remained in my mind was when we were having potato salad, and the two Scouts that were cooking for us, Moe Laverton and Joe Seager, came to me and asked me if they had to peel the potatoes before they cooked them. Knowing how much easier it is to peel them after they are cooked, I told them no. You can imagine our surprise when we got the salad and there were the peels all mixed up in the salad. But actually, the two Scouts did an excellent job for us. Campfires were a lot of fun and I guess that was the first year that we told the Captives in Eldorado, a story that we bring out once in a while and tell again. Of course, it could not be finished in seven nights, so when we made the trek through the bush to Hall's Lake, we would pause on occasion and tell more of the story. Don't know how many Cubs that we had in camp, but it was probably less than 18, but from that start we never looked back.

Scout camp was not as well attended that year as we had hoped that it might be. Of course the first year, with such poor weather, and with so many chores to do, we were not able to get much Scouting done. However, we had enough Scouts to fill three cabins so we allowed the Cubs that would be going into their last year in the Pack, to stay up with

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us. During the Camp, the Wolf Patrol under P. L. Bob Davis, were living in the Cheyenne while they finished the building of it. Bob was up working on the roof when he slipped and fell off. The unfortunate part was that he was wearing his Scout stockings and he landed on a nail, and drove some yarn up into his foot, and thus created an infection. While he was incapacitated, we took our hike through the bush to Hall's Lake. Stu Rhem (ASM) drove Bob out in his car. Some of us arrived right on, or close to our destination, but one ASM reached the highway much further down Hall's Lake and then turned towards Hamilton and was leading the Scouts merrily on their way when Stu caught up to him. Poor Doc. He never did learn to read a compass correct, even though he was a Lieutenant in the Militia. However, the camp went a lot smoother and we had an enjoyable time. That was reflected in the numbers that came out to our Troop from other areas. Chapel services were held around the flag pole. Morning ritual was always to have the six second class exercises lead by Doc. This way we were able to combine many of our Scout tests into our daily activities. The use of the new waterfront also gave us a better opportunity to progress with the waterfront tests. Then too, the weather cooperated and we could enjoy ourselves more.

In October of 1951, Princess Elizabeth and Prince Phillip came on a visit, and the entire Cub and Scout population were on hand at Ivor Wynne Stadium to greet them. Of course, there were many more, but the Scouting and Guiding Movements were lined around the track, with the Rovers forming a special guard of honour near the stand that had been erected in front of the north stands of the Stadium. Gordon Williams, who was then the Executive Director for Hamilton was in charge of the occasion, and Scotty Fleming, who was from the provincial office, but working the Niagara area (then called South Central Region) was also on hand. The movie showed a large contingent of 26th Cubs, but unfortunately the Scouts were with some of the ASMs at a different part of the Stadium, so we have no record as to their turnout. We were stationed on the South-East corner, and had an excellent view.

Apple days, as now, were always held in October, the week following Thanksgiving. The 26th were always active and worked the Downtown area of the City. Both Cubs and Scouts would be down there. I have no idea of the amount that we garnered, but we usually ranked among the highest in the District. The boys always put in a smart

appearance.

Looking at the movies, and seeing the Scout-Guide parades, you cannot but feel how much smarter all the boys looked in their uniforms when they all wore shorts. I know that times have changed, but the smartness has sure disappeared from our ranks. It is nice to see our Pack reverting to shorts again after a few years of absence from them.

In the fall of 1951, we registered two Packs with an enrolment of 61 Cubs and we also had 40 Scouts.

The movies show several outdoor trips during the fall of 1951, and on into the New Year of '52. Starting off out at Spring valley, where on one occasion the boys were enjoying one of their favourite meals. We would take a chicken along (fryer size) select a nice flat rock, and build a large fire on it. We would stuff the chicken and wrap it in aluminum foil, then when we had sufficient coals, we would scrape the fire back and leave the coals completely surrounding the rock, and place the chicken thereon. After 45 minutes, we would turn the chicken over. In those days, you could get coffee cans that had been opened by winding a metal strip with a key along the side. Take one of these cans, and put a pin hole in the lid, then lay some twigs across the bottom, with a second layer of twigs in the opposite direction. Put in about two tablespoons of water, and you had a pressure cooker. You could put potatoes, carrots and onions in here, replace

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the lid, and seal it on with scotch tape. Took about 10 minutes to cook the vegetables, and then remove the lid, put in a pat of butter, and leave for a few seconds and along with the chicken and dressing, you had a meal fit for a king. The favourite remark that I used to hear when I had first started in Scouting was that all Scouts could cook were beans, so we often went out of our way to prove them wrong and over the years we have had many wonderful meals over the campfires.

One movie scene shows the old sign that Haliburton County had on Highway 35 as you reached the county borders. It was a large billboard type sign with a moose and a forest background. As the roads in those days did not compare with the road of to-day, and it meant at least five hours to reach the camp, we were always glad when we came to this sign. At least we were getting close.

Another movie scene shows a group of Cubs out at Spring Valley and they were in a patch of bullrushes, and were taking the cattails and using them as throwing spears. Then they started to whack each other with them so that they were covered in the fluff, but they certainly seem to have been enjoying themselves.

Again out at Spring Valley, we were having a Scout investiture. One of the Scouts was taking the movies, and he was panning so fast it is hard to pick out the faces of the Scouts. This particular roll of movies has deteriorated and is very jumpy and not easy to pick out the faces of various Cubs and Scouts.

Up at Camp for a week-end, and the snow was deep. By this time, many of the Cubs and Scouts had acquired skis. The first movie of them skiing was out at Camp Nemo and the style was really something to see. Tumbles, splits, etc., but as the week-ends went by, they improved. I can remember this trip up to Wheeler, as we had a terrific time getting in. Even on the skis we were sinking in a good 18" and it was rough going. Even coming down the hill at Kandalore you had to break trail. The snow was heavy on the roof of Lew's Lodge, so we got busy with the shovels. Cam Mitchell, Ted Burns, Bryce Moir, Crawford Potter and Doug Creighton were with us on this trip. Another trip to camp shows us skiing out from Sid's cottage, and he was with us on this occasion. Scouter Jack Smye, then a Scout, was a member of that group.

Our next trip to camp, the weather had cleared somewhat, and we were busy with the cross cut saws, getting wood ready for the summer. That was a lot of cutting and we certainly got our exercise in.



One of our favourite day trips was to go down to the Hydro plant, and take a tour through it, visit the Falls, Fort George, Queenston Heights. Looking at movies on a very cold night and seeing the tulips all out in bloom, and the floral clock makes one think of warmer days. Of course we always made a trip to the locks on the Welland Canal to watch one of the boats lock through. Usually it was the Sixers' Council or the Court of Honour that made these trips, although at times they were for one of the Patrols or Sixes that had won the inter-six or inter-patrol competition.

The parade again. Not sure who took the movies, but I was leading our Pack on this occasion. On several occasions when the Cubs all marched together, followed by the Scouts, I would lead the Cubs and then when they reached the dispersal point, dash madly back to the Armouries in time to lead the Scouts around the route. Can remember someone shouting out as we passed King and James, "Hurry up, and you will be able to do it again." In those days, the parade came up James Street past the old City Hall where the salute was taken, and then swung east on King Street past the Cenotaph, where a second salute was given and then on to John Street, where we swung north, and dismissed at Rebecca. Looking

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back at these movies as I have commented before, you realize how much the "smartness" has gone out of Scouting. The Cubs and Scouts sure looked far smarter in those days of yore, and they took pride in their uniforms, and their appearance. That's the problem with growing older, you always remember the past and what used to be. I am sure that the Scouts of to-day still have a pride, although it does not manifest itself in the same ways. That was the year also, that they started Scout House. Governor General Lord Tweedsmuir was on hand to cut the ribbon, and also to present Queen's Scout (pardon me again, guess they were still King's Scouts at that time) certificates and among those receiving them were Ken Seager and Ted Burns. All that was at Scout House then was the hole in the wall that they had cut for an entrance. I am sure that most of you will know that this was a reservoir at one time, when the West End Incline was still running, and the City leased it to the Boy Scouts to build their headquarters on. The following Friday, Ken bought his first car and on the Saturday evening he was killed in an accident out in Stoney Creek. Ken's Cabin was built in his memory.

The Senior Scout Troop took a trip over to Camp Woodland - must have been June. They were in various competitions - fly casting, bait casting, muskeet, rifle shooting, archery, etc. Nick Ianuzi put on a display of water skiing (at that time a new sport) on Kibbe Lake. He was wearing the top of a wet suit, so the water was still cold. At Cub Camp that year we took the Cubs up to Algonquin Park. Not sure how we got everyone transported, but I am sure that Sid Tillotson and Bill Carmichael helped us out. One place we used to stop at was Indian Joes. At that time, he was on Highway #35 just past Dorset. He later moved his store up to Highway 60 near Dwight. Indian Joe was actually an Englishman, although this did not come out until after his death. He had come over to Canada, and settled in Ottawa. He became interested in Indian lore and really studied up on it, and then opened his store. During the winter he would travel around picking up Indian handicrafts that he could sell to the tourists. He never claimed to be an Indian, but rather kept up an air of mystery. He could answer any questions that you might have on Indians, but if you were to ask him if he was an Indian, he would always reply "what do you think?" Among the things he had were several head-dresses, and he would allow the Cubs to put these on and have their pictures taken. Tourists had to pay 25c for the privilege, but the Cubs were special to him.

My brother Ray and his son Ron (then 5 years of age) had gone up to camp with us that year to look after the cooking for the Cubs. Movies show us coming back from our compass hike through the bush to Hall's Lake. We were returning by the highway, and some of the Cubs looked a bit weary. Ron was still keeping up and when I mentioned this to him, he tells me that his Dad had threatened him what would happen if he went along and failed to keep up. Some of the boys had picked up a sign along the side of the road that originally said "bump ahead", but the "p" had been ripped off. When we came in the Saskatchewan Lake trail, some of the boys decided to take a swim in the nude, and the sign became prophetic. Of course, there were no cottages at that end of the lake then

and we could do things in those days that cannot be accomplished now.

At Cub camp, there were not too many of the Cubs that were swimmers. There were not the pools around the city that there are now, and the boys did not have the opportunity to learn to swim that they have today. Consequently, the majority of Cubs were in the non-swimmers area. We had a larger area roped out then, and by the continual use of the larger area, we were able to keep the area open. Over the years, we have allowed the area to dictate the size to us and consequently our area there is much smaller. But in those days we had the room to keep most of the Cubs in that area, while the counsellors

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and Seniors occupied the swimmers area along with the few Cubs that could swim. However, where a boy went up to Cub camp and then stayed for Scout camp, you could really see the improvement in his swimming and by the end of Scout camp, almost everyone was at the "point".

That year we had taken some rubber molds and plaster of paris to camp with us and the Cubs would make their molds and paint them. Horseshoes had also made their appearance, and many games were enjoyed. Of course~ this was before we had the sports field, and the advantage that this has given to us. Wet weather was another problem during Cub Camp as it was hard to play games in Lew1s Lodge, and that was the only building that we had that was large enough to hold everyone at once. Lew1s Lodge then was two rooms. At the front part we had bunks for the cooks during Cub camp and the other end was the kitchen, with supplies, stove, ice box, etc. The back part was the dining area.

Watching the swimming races, you see many of the events have remained constant over the years. Especially the diving for potatoes! At one time, all of our sports events meant points for your cabin. Points were given for first, second and third place finishes, as well as a point for trying. Competition between the cabins was very keen, with everyone striving for that extra point.

There was always a day where we cooked out. Not just one meal, but all three of them. The morning was invariably bacon and eggs cooked over hobo stoves. These were #10 tins with a small hole cut near the top for a smoke vent and another hole on the opposite side at the bottom to allow you to put in small twigs. You could cook in a hurry on one of these with a very small quantity of fuel. Think that at noon time it was mostly sandwiches, while for the evening meal it was always the aluminum foil dinner that is still used.

With only an ice box for refrigeration, it meant a daily trip up to Lesters on Kushog for a block or ice. It also meant that you had to go out each day for supplies. This entailed a walk to Kandalore's parking lot, and then out by car and back, and then back into camp. We would take the boat and moor it near where Kens Cabin now stands, and climb the hill to the car and then bring back the supplies and row the boat back. Scotty and Johnny Broderick had built their small restaurant out at the Narrows the same year that we started Camp Wheeler. They became very good friends of the camp and would get our bread supplies when their1s came along. There was no mail delivery either then, and all mail was left at Hall's Lake at a small post office there, and they would also pick up the mail for us. So after campfire, it was wait until the camp had settled in for the night and then go on out and pick up the bread and mail. If it was a rainy night, often we would sit and drink coffee and play two or three games of cribbage before returning home. Usually we played for the championship of Ox Narrows!

In the early days at the lake, there were several snapping turtles, and they were a fair size, approximately 25 lbs. Sid kept up a personal vendetta against them, and on this camp he had shot two of them. The boys were quite interested in them. Sid would take them out into the woods, and prop their mouths open to allow the ants to go in and clean it out, and then boil out what was left. The shells of the turtles still decorate the walls of his cottage.

During the Scout camp, one of the main activities had been to build a signalling tower. Must have been sturdy, as

the movies show four of the Scouts up on top of it. Pioneering was a very important part of the Scout program and one of the necessary badges for the Bushman's thong, the highest outdoor honour that the Scout could wear and one that was eagerly sought by our Scouts.

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Russ Cameron decided that a shower would be nice for the boys, so he rigged up an outfit where you had a pail, and could pull a string and tip it up into a #10 tin, that had holes punched in the bottom, and it would create a shower. With a counter-weight to pull the pail back up, you could then lather up and rinse off. Cold but effective. The only shower that the camp ever had for the boys. Someday the Board of Health will make showers compulsory for all campers (hot at that!) and we will have to look into providing more comfort for our boys than we have at the present time. There has been talk of it over the years, but it has not been made into law at the present time.

A couple of the movie shots from camp of 1952 show one beautiful rainbow that seemed to come down just on the other side of Kandalore. Another shot shows a storm building up with the sun setting behind the clouds, so guess we must have had at least two storms that year. Looks pretty though.

The swimming sports always ended up with a piggy back fight in the non-swimmers area, and they could get pretty wild at times. We also have shots of archery, but not sure where we had it set up.

In the early days of camp, there were many leeches in the lake. Once every year they would invade the swimming area. Not sure why, but that was one day that we did not spend too much time in the water. The bass were well fed, and no one was able to catch fish. However, as the years went by, the natural food was cleaned up, and then for a few years, there was some good fishing.

There was always one pair of loons nesting on the lake, and they would have two youngsters. However, other loons would come in on a visit and they would play a game of tag. The one that was in front would dive, and the pursuer would sit with his head swivelling back and forth, until the one he was chasing surfaced again, and then they would tear across the lake hollering. Once in a while, one would stand up on top of the water and dance, showing off his white waistcoat. Now, with all the motors on the lake you never see this scene anymore. In those days, everyone travelled by canoe or row boat, although the 1952 movies show the first sailboat on the water. We would take the canoes and travel around the lake, and everyone that was living up on the lake in those days would come out and talk to the Scouts. On some nights, we would have some of them drop over and join us at the campfires.

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During the fall of 1952, we spent a week-end up at Camp Wheeler and were just cleaning up preparing to head for Hamilton, when Keith Cleverdon, then the owner of Camp Kandalore (who was their founder) came along in a canoe for a short spin before he headed back to Toronto. He stopped to chat, and while we were talking, three men came out of the bush. They were looking for land to build on and were looking at the lots that lay between us and Kandalore. As they talked to us, they asked about using Kandalores road

in. Keith had certain reservations on the use of the road. First, there was a charge \$25.00 a year, and second, that it was not to be used while they were changing their Camp at the end of July. These were the main items. In our case, we paid the \$25.00 and then Kandalore endorsed the cheque back to us as a donation. One of the fellows (they all been hitting the bottle) got a little obnoxious, and stated that he could not see where Keith had the nerve to try to stop them, as he knew that 66 feet around the lake was reserved for a road allowance. Keith replied that this was true, but how was he going to get into that 66 feet. He replied that he knew that there was a chap from Hamilton that owned considerable property on the lake and that he had said that they could his property anytime that they wanted. I replied that I happened to be the only person

from Hamilton that had property up there and that I had never seen or heard of him before

He suddenly remembered something back at the car and took off. The other two chaps were left standing, looking rather foolish. It turned out that they were the two that wanted

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the property, and that the other chap had come along and he had said that he knew the area. They apologized and left. After they had gone, Keith and I discussed the situation. Our Troop was growing and I could see that we could use more cabins. Also, at the end of Kandalore, nearest to us, there was one lot "reserved for the Crown". This was done to keep anyone from sealing off the lake. There is a similar section on the far side of Bill's cabin, and at other places on the lake. Keith said that he wanted to expand, but on account of this reserved lot, wanted to go in the opposite direction, so he said "we certainly do not want that type of person between two boy's camps, so why don't you buy it. So on our return trip to Hamilton, we stopped in and secured the necessary forms, first checking to make sure that these other people had not filed on them. They were still open and we decided to buy. Now, as we had already purchased land in the Scout name, we could not secure more that way, and it meant filing under other names.

When we reached Hamilton, and decided that we were going ahead and buy the extra land. So I filled out the forms for lot 12 and sent it along with a cheque for \$105.00. You had to put down a deposit for \$25.00 and pay \$80.00 surveyor fees for each of the four lots involved. We would also have to pay 30c a foot water-frontage now, rather than the Sc that we had paid on the original property. The other leaders also volunteered to file on the other 3 lots: Wes Riley, who helped me with the Cubs and Bob Horsley and Bob Seager, who were helping me with the Scouts, signed on the other lots. Now it was back to the drawing board as we made our plans for more cabins. The efforts to raise funds continued, and we tried everything that we knew of to increase those funds.

In the fall of 1952 we registered 71 Cubs and 39 Scouts.

More and more of our week-ends were spent at Camp Wheeler. We show where we were at camp with the ice just forming on the edge of the lake. Some of the activities beside the usual hikes, included some archery and we also had some of the Scouts working on the marksmanship badge. We did take time out to join with East Mountain on a trip to Camp Samac in Oshawa. Sam McLaughlin of automobile fame, had donated this property to the Boy Scouts of Oshawa for their camp, and had built and equipped cabins on it, each of which would house 20 boys. Even the utensils were supplied. After Wheeler, where our Scouts were used to going out and frolicing in the snow, we found that the others thought that we should stay inside and not get wet. So that was our last trip with East Mountain for awhile. We also found that they had an expensive way of buying their food, and the week-end cost us more than a week-end at our own Camp.

As the week-ends progressed, you could see the improvement in the ski form of the various Scouts. Skiing down the hill at Kandalore was always a highlight. In those days, Kandalore was only open for 8 weeks during the summer, and on an occasional week-end when the people in charge went up to do some work. Usually there were five Scouts with me on these trips. On one of them we held an investiture for Barry Robertson.

Once spring arrived, there was much work to be done. The area had to be cleared of trees where we would build the Seneca and Huron Cabins, and later the Objibwa. The Sixers went up the one week-end and cleared the site for the Seneca Cabin. This was all done with cross cut saws, then the trees trimmed with hatchets. Bryce Moir, Russ Cameron, Tommy Marston, Crawford Potter were in the group that time. When you look at the size of the poplars that they were taking down, you realize that they were really putting forth an extra effort. All of the Sixers were approaching their 12th birthday at this time, and would be going up into the Troop at the end of the Cub Camp and become the Beaver Patrol, and live in the Objibwa Cabin.

For the only time, we took Post 1 of Buffalo up to our Camp for a trap shoot. Not sure why, but we did have three of the Sixers with us. When the Canadians won the

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trap , American leader, Ross Simmons, asked if I would let the Cubs fire. I said that I would if they wanted to) but only one target each. The three Cubs broke their targets (clay pigeons) in rapid time, and Ross turned to his assistant and said:

"When their Cubs can shoot like that, what chance have we of ever winning?" and they never competed with us again.

The next Camp trip is one that I will never forget. We ordered the lumber for the three new cabins, and it had been delivered to Kandalore as usual. At that time the on canoe that we had was mine, and we had borrowed Sid's again, and we would go over and lay the lumber across the two canoes. The lumber was up by Kandalore's dining hall, and it had to be carried down to the water's edge. We had the canoes slightly off shore, and we were in shorts and loading the canoes. The black flies were at their worse. To make matters even worse was the fact that I was wearing a purple beret. Found out afterwards that this colour more than any other will attract the black flies. By afternoon, we all changed into longs, as our legs were bleeding from the bites. However, not know that the beret was attracting the flies! I continued to get bitten around the face. During the night, I woke up and could not see anything. Thought that it must be a storm outside to make it so dark, but found instead that my face was swollen so badly that I could not see. We had some Absorbine Jr. up there that we used for bites, and I bathed in that, and was able to gradually get my eyes open. My face and neck was still so bad swollen that when we got over to Kandalore, Keith and his Dad called one of the Scouts over and asked who I was. It was another of those times that we had gone up to camp, and I was the only driver, so it meant that I had to drive home regardless. When I reached the house, even my own Mother did not recognize me. That's learning the hard way! When you watched the movies of the canoes crossing the lake with the load of lumber, you could see that the water was almost up to the gunwales, so we carried heavy loads. Eventually everything was ferried across, and we got ready for the annual Father and Son camp and building.

When we went to camp to build, we had no one to take charge, so we thought. I was to pick up Elton Weatherbee and his son Wayne on Wellington Street. He had lots of tools with him, and you can imagine my delight when I found out that he was a builder. That's the first time we had real professional help with our building. He gladly took over, and soon had one crew working on the Seneca, and then took a second crew over to start the Huron. He would dash back and forth between the two cabins and check progress, and lay out other jobs. Eventually, we had a third crew working on the Objibwa. What a difference when you have someone that knows what they are doing! By the time we left on Sunday afternoon, we had the Seneca and Huron cabins completed and had made good progress on the Objibwa. It was completed up to the shutters, but the roof was in place. It was actually finished when the Cubs were camped in it during the first part of our 1953 camp.

Now that we had the other cabins built, I took over the Cheyenne to use as an office etc., and also for sleeping. Sometimes the Scouts would forget that I was in the cabin next door and then they would wonder how I found things out. I was always sorry that WE used the Cheyenne name, as all of our other cabins are named after Canadian Indians, but the Scouts chose the name and so it stayed. That year the Scouts ran a contest, and the ones that raised the most funds towards Camp Wheeler, would have first choice of all the cabins. A debate at the Court of Honour ensued, as to whether the Cubs that were going up to Scouts and forming the Beaver Patrol should be allowed in on the contest, and the majority agreed that they should and of course they won and took their pick. Over the years though, the cabins have changed many times. We still had the one property to build on, but we decided that it would wait one more year, until we got some of the present loan paid off.

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In those days we always had a Cub baseball team. We played many Packs not only in Hamilton, but also outside. Can remember one trip to Buffalo to play a Pack over there, I think Pack 69. We would play the game and then be entertained by the other Pack with sandwiches, cookies and drinks. We also played up in Guelph and Brantford, and out in Caledonia, and once in Toronto, but I am not sure of the dates. This movie shows one of the games with Bobby Travis at bat, but I am not sure where it was. It was on an organized diamond. Bobby was one of our smaller Cubs but he sure liked to play. At that time Johnny Patterson was the catcher and his brother Tommy the

pitcher. Crawford Potter, Bryce Moir, Russ Cameron were others that I remember played on that particular team.

Another scene shows the Sixers out on one of their outings, but again I am not sure where. It could have been at Crystal Beach. However, the Sixers were driving around a track in small cars, and there were also other midway rides. Cannot think of anywhere else that it could have been.

1953 saw the most camp trips of any year. Including the weeks of August we spent 35 week-ends in Camp. That sure didn't leave many at home, but we found time to utilize them also.

1953 summer camp started off with the Cubs, as usual, and the movies show many of them at various activities - making molds and painting them, horseshoes, archery, etc. They also held Cubcraft day where they tried their hand at firefighting, and making the pots boil over when they had a little water and soap in them. It was also the first year that we had started our sports field. The field was not quite as large then as it is now. It was interesting when we found this spot. It had been a lumbering camp at one time, and this area was fairly well open, so that there was a minimum of clearing to be done. However) in the centre was a large pine tree that had been dropped, and it was so rotted by this time, that most of it had to be moved with shovels. Underneath we found a man's bootheel, and a broken bottle. We often wondered if he got caught, because just about where the pitcher's mound is now, there was a depression about 6 foot by 2, but we never had the nerve to explore. If anyone is resting there, may he rest in peace. At various times, coins from the 1870's have been discovered on the field. Also at a later date, we found what was apparently the remains of the cook shack, immediately in front of the Huron Cabin. Dennis Moore who was interested, did some excavation and came up with some broken crockery, and parts of the stove. The interesting part was that the stove had been made by the D. Moore Foundry, Hamilton, Canada West. In 1957 we had a bulldozer in to clear for Bryant Hall and he went down the Hydro trail, and did clear out the sports field a little more to its present size. The thought has always been to have someone in that could blast some of the rocks along the side, but this still has not materialized.

At the end of the Cub Camp there was a going-up ceremony and some 12 Cubs became members of the Scout Troop. When a Cub went up to Scouts at the end of Cub camp and stayed on through, he always finished off his tenderfoot tests, be invested and be well on the way to second class. In fact, many would have their second class badge for the presentation at the Father and Son banquet that marked our camp ending and our Group Anniversary.

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The movies show that the cabin name signs were in place. These had been made for camp by Ted Burns. Ted and his Dad put in a lot of time during those early days, Mr. Burns would always loan us his truck for a week-end to take up supplies, etc. year the Group sold Christmas trees, and the truck was available for us to deliver trees in the evening.

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Another time that I shall always remember was when we were putting some rez on the Cheyenne cabin. Two of the Scouts were up ladders doing the top part, and two were on a plank that was mounted on blocks doing some of the lower parts. Unfortunately, the blocks were not out at the end of the plank) but the two Scouts were. One of the Scouts up the ladder asked for more rez, and the one Scout jumped off the plank to get him some Dennis Hancock was on the other end, and of course the plank went down with him. However the paint can that was left on the other end came sailing through the air, and landed square on Dennis' head. You couldn't have done it better if you had practised many time The scary part was that some of the rez went into Dennis' eye, and it meant a fast trip to Minden to the hospital to get it washed out. It was scary at the time, but as no damage was done, we

all had a great laugh over it in the ensuing days.

The Scoutcraft day that year included axemanship, cutting through a log with two man teams, each member of the Patrol lighting a fire and burning through a string some 15" in the air. The funny one to watch was the water boiling contest. The water would come almost to the top of the pot, and the Scouts would stand back and the water would go back down. Eventually it went over the top and everyone stood back and cheered.

We also went on a trip to Camp Comak again this year and I guess it was our last trip up there. They put on a day to raise funds for the Star Fresh Air Fund. It was where we got the idea for our Country Fair days. Of course) the Scouts all went up in uniform and put on a smart show. Comak had a landing where the Leslie M. Frost Center is now, and they would take you by launch over to their camp. The camp has now ceased to be and has been made into a cottage development.

The other item of course was the building of Ken's Cabin. We had discussed having a cabin that the Senior Scouts could use (now Venturers) and also that could be equipped for winter time. We got the plans from Kandalore and figured that on a week-end we could house as many as 16. Of course, we were fortunate enough to have Elton Weatherbee head up the crew and were able to build it in the one week-end. There was only single flooring in and it was not lined. The lining was put up on one Christmas-New Years' week when some of the Scouts were up with me, and we lined and insulated it. After a couple of very cold weeks during the Christmas breaks, we finally decided to put a second floor and keep a little warm. There have been some very happy times up there during the winter months, as it gave us a place to come in and get dry, and also hang up wet clothes.

On July 1st, a very unhappy day for me, when my Mother passed away, I appreciated the tremendous tribute the Seniors paid to her when they formed a Guard of Honour at the cemetery. I was also very pleased when the Scouts decided among themselves that one of them would stay with me overnight for a couple of weeks. They had set it up by them-selves, and the first I knew was when one of the Scouts dropped in for the evening. When I asked if he was ready to go home, he replied that he was staying for the night. They had set up a schedule and decided the order that they were coming over. Guess that most of them were the members of the Court of Honour, but it was a thoughtfulness that I have never forgotten.

The summer camp of 1954 had two welcome additions. Bill Whiskin was recuperating from surgery, and he came up to look after our waterfront for us. We were really worried about it, as we had no one qualified to head it up, so when Bill called to say that he would be able to come up, it sure lifted a load off my lot. The other welcome addition was Jim Ianuzi from Troop 10 in Syracuse. Their specialty was archery and Jim came over as an instructor for us. He stayed for both of the camps. It was his ambition to be an Eagle Scout in the States and a Queen's Scout in Canada. He never made his Canadian goal but he certainly progressed well along the trail. Jim was to come back and work with us again in 1955.

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The Cub camp shows the boys busy making plaster molds and painting them. They were also making plaques that they could mount some of the molds on and put flocking on them. They also worked on boondoggling that year. The archery range was set up, and we were able to use the sports field for the first time. Some of the Cubs that I could recognize:

Don McNair (later a CM) David and John Bartolotta, Jim Potter, Allan Miller, Derick McQuarrie, Steve Lynam, Ted Seager; Ross Magill, Don Drake, Gordon Craig, Dennis Hancock, Don Simpson, Grant Woodhall, Dennis Griffin-, Jim Smith, Dave Leonard. There were far more than this, but it was hard to recognize them in the movies as in many cases it was just a pan of an activity and not enough time to recognize people. Two of the Scout counsellors were Tom Marston and Russ Hamilton. Bob Seager and his wife came up with us that year, and Bob went fishing one day and caught two of the nicest bass we were ever to take out of the lake. Each must have weighed close to the four pounds. My brother Ray and his family had also gone up to help with the cooking, so that we were well looked after.

In Scout camp we were able to start one of our traditions, a canoe trip around the "milk run". We would take the

canoes out the Saskatchewan Trail, and then through the lakes on up to what was then called Big Trout, now called Sherbourne, where we would camp overnight and then continue on through the portage to St. Nora and back to camp. There were motors on St. Nora, and Kushog, an omen of days to come. I am not sure whether we made two or three trips that year. I do know that I took one out and that Bill Whiskin took one out. There was one year that I took two trips, but cannot say what year that was.

The canoe races were much the same as to-day except that we could use more of the lake and not worry about motorboats. We used the canoes in the evenings, and wandered all over the lake. The only stipulation was that the canoes had to be within sight of the canoe docks, and not go in any of the coves. In the races, we were able to go down to the north end of the lake and back. They started off with two, and then added one more man each time, until they had five in a canoe. They also had a row boat race. We had two by that time. One pair would row, one would use a paddle as a rudder over the end of the boat, and the fourth man was the cox.

Again that year, Kandalore had left before we finished, so we again took the opportunity to go over and use their swimming area for our swimming races. The usual events, although that year they did have a relay race, where they swam with a large rubber ball. Kandalore at that time just had a dock going straight out. At the one side they had a small raft that had a life guard tower on it, and the relay race was between the two. Outside of that, the races were very similar to what we have at the present time, although for the one and only time, we did try a race to see who could swim furthest underwater. When one of the Scouts had tried just a little too hard, and had to be pulled from the water, we certainly cancelled that event in a hurry.

The one interesting part of the movies was that it reminds me of when I could get in the water with the boys and enjoy the fun. Tough to grow old, but it sure has been a lot of fun over the years. I realize how many chances we took, but I also realize how deep was our faith, and I am sure that our prayers at the end of campfires were always most sincere. We certainly have a lot to be thankful for.

In the fall of 1953 we registered 62 Cubs and 50 Scouts. By this time, we had Cubs from other Packs going up to our Troop as we were a camping Group, and that was what the Scouts expected from Scouting. Of course, this did not make us popular with some of the other Troops, but then when you are successful, you will always find the ones that try to detract from you. We went merrily on our way enjoying ourselves, without worrying about what others thought. Guess we became very much of a maverick group and the only

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time that we got together with the others was the annual District events: swimming gala, apple day, parade, etc.

We had one cabin short one boy in Cub camp, so we asked a member of the 17th to join with us, The Sixers Council knew one of their Cubs, a Bart Uchida<sup>9</sup> and they stipulated that they would like to have him with us. Bart fitted in well, except that for some reason or other, if he went into the lake, and there was a leech anywhere near, it would immediately head for him so that he was terrified to go into the lake. It was the only time that this happened, and we could never understand why they picked on him. The second time we invited Murray Baynton, whose father was the Cub Leader of the 17th at that time, He also fitted in so well that he was invited back. His father was a little concerned' but we also asked another Cub along as well.

In the winter of 1953-54, the usual skiing, tobogganing, etc. at Camp Wheeler on 0 trips. At one time we cleared a path on the lake and tried speed skating, but could not come close to the times that were listed for that badge. Guess you really needed the proper equipment to reach the standards. Guess we were always interested in the scenery down the stream as every trip includes shots taken down there. The trek up the hill going home always seemed to be a long one. Coming in you were carrying the food, although we left certain staples up there like hot chocolate, peanut butter, jam, catsup, etc. P even though your packs should have been slightly lighter, after a strenuous week-end it seemed a real climb going back up. Of course, some of the boys were hamming it up for the camera, as they were crawling through the snow, but it was a tough climb at times wi your packs.



The main items of 1954 was the purchase of five canoes for the camp. As Kandalore was using the green canoes, we went for red. We bought them for \$135.00 from the Canadian Canoe Co. in Peterborough. They gave a discount as we were a Scout Group, but we had to pay the freight so it ended up at the \$135.00 mark. The canoes were delivered to Scotty and Johnny at the Narrows, and we picked them up there, canoed down Kushog and portaged them into the lake. It was from this that we adopted the red and gold colours of camp. At that time, yellow (or gold) was considered the Cub colour, green. for Scouts and red Rovers, which were the only three units that were part of the Scouting programme at that time. We were really thrilled to have this advantage to be able to do so much more along our waterfront. They were put to good use then, and certainly added to our summer programmes over the years. We also had the usual bucket fight, and gunwhale pumping. For the one and only time, we had canoe jousting, where you have a bamboo pole with a boxing glove on the end and try to upset your opponent. The movies show Doug Sloane and Ted Lucas having a go at it.

Kandalore ran from the 1st of July on, so that when we went up to our camp planning to stay through to Labour Day week-end, we sometimes stayed a week longer than they did. Two advantages. First, they would leave me a key for their kitchen and if they had fresh milk left over, we could go in and get some for our evening meal. That was a real treat for our Scouts. The other advantage was that we could use their waterfront for our swimming races. That was always a highlight.

When we first started Camp Wheeler, the idea was that by holding it at the end of August, any of the older Scouts that were working for the summer might like to take a week off, and come along and join with us. Then too, holidays were not as prevalent as they are to-day, and most of the firms that had holidays closed down the last week in Jul. and the first week in August. This gave the boys a chance to be away with their family and also to attend our camp. How times have changed! We had another advantage, in that they usually sprayed the area in the early part of the summer, and August was much more "bug free". When the ban came on DDT, of course all spraying stopped. The spraying had

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cut down on the number of birds around the camp, but they never seem to have come back in the same numbers that they were in the early days. Of course, the numbers of cottages, etc on the lake doesn't lead to a lot of birds and animals staying in the area. Over the years, we kept the camp running the later part of August as it was easier for me to get the four weeks off at that time. Even then, I had to have special permission as plant rules called for only having two weeks off between June 15th and September 15th. Dofasco certainly helped me to have the time to carry on with Scouting. Even though I worked shifts, I was allowed to switch around so that I could make all of our meetings. For a few years, I worked one week of days and two weeks of nights, whereas one of the other chaps worked the two weeks of afternoons. Another nice advantage was that there were times I was able to work through a week-end and then have four days off the following week-end, and thus was able to make more extended trips.

I have a copy of the Campfire for October 1954. The only one for the entire year, as the next one is September of 1955. So I have one more movie to look at and get info from. However, in 1954 we were arranging to celebrate our 30th Anniversary. As our guests, we had Troop 10 of Syracuse, N. Y. At that time we were exchanging visits with them. They would come over on the even years and we would go over there on the odd numbered years. A Father and Son banquet was held on the Saturday evening at the Church: cost was \$1.00 for Cubs and \$1.25 for Scouts and Dads. On Sunday, of course we all gathered for Church service at Chalmers. Jim (Dean) Gray of Syracuse was our soloist for the occasion and he sang the Twenty-third Psalm.

Patrol Leaders elected for the 1954-55 season were Bryce Moir, Bill Bailie, Paul Leonard, Jack Williams, Tom Paterson, Barry Robertson. The newly appointed Sixers were Don Drake, Don McNair, John Lambert, Ross Magill, John Goffin while Seconds were David Salvisburg, Don Simpson, Jim Irving, Ken Lemay, Buddy Druasm, Fred Meek, Allan Miller and Derick McQuarrie - these were new appointees, but it does not list those that were carried over from the previous year.

One of the interesting items was the plan to establish Bryant Hall in memory of my Mother and Father, who helped in so many ways in the early days of our Group. I did not realize that we had talked of this for so long, as Bryant Hall was not built until 1957.

Other items show that Mr. Ken Taylor was leading a group in signalling (Morse) and a new stamp collector's badge had been announced for Scouts. Both Group Committee and Ladies' Auxiliary were meeting at the homes of the members.

Outside of that, the fall of 1954 and on into the winter we show the usual activities. Hikes to various locations, trips to Camp Wheeler, etc. One of them shows a football game that we had along the Mountain Brow out near Albion Falls. Ken Parson was making lots of yards. We tried in those days to make at least one week-end every month a camp trip, and during the better weather we were up on alternative week-ends. This way, we were able to keep check on the snow loads of winter, and clear off the roof where necessary. Can remember some real cool ones! During the better weather, there were always so many items to do, and the Cubs and Scouts sure busied themselves to make our camp a little better. There was one week-end in March when we took the Sixers up. There was a bad snow storm in this area, and the Mothers called and suggested that I call the trip off. I told them that if they did not want their son to go, it was for them to tell them so. We had made arrangements to get the Sixers off school for the afternoon and were to leave around 2:00 p.m. Every Sixer showed up, so away we went. When we got out on the Q.E., I sure wished I had called it off. The trip to Toronto was a nightmare. However, once we passed Toronto, we ran into beautiful weather and the entire week-end was one of our better ones. When we reached camp, the sun was still out in all its glory, and

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we had a wonderful time. We called home to let the Mothers know that everything was under control. When I look back, I think of how much trust we put in our faith, as on most occasions I was the only adult and had to be responsible for all of the driving. The trip then had to be made up through to #35 Highway and then North from there. The Highway has since been straightened out, but in the early days, there were lots of curves, and the speed consequently was much lower than it is to-day. It was a happy day when the roads were all fixed up, so that to-day it is a much easier trip. We usually figured 5 hours for a fast trip.

The movies at Camp during the winter are very similar, except that they show different boys. We always have scenes of skiing down Kandalore's road, and over on the far side of the lake. Always a trip down the stream, and we certainly must have been intrigued by that, as there are many scenes down there.

During the summer, we used busses for our camp trip. Up to that time, we had always tried to set up drivers, and that was always a hard thing to do. I had to count on both of my brothers and my brother-in-law had to drive to help us out. However in 1955, the 8th World Jamboree was being held at Niagara-on-the-Lake, and Paul Leonard was to become the first Scout from our Troop to attend a Jamboree. We thought that we should have the Scouts back from camp so they would have the opportunity to go down and see the Scouts of the World. Consequently, we went to camp in mid-week. The bus that brought the Scouts up took the Cubs home. Not sure where they stopped but they did have some pop, and one bright Cub threw his empty bottle out of the window. The only problem was that there was a Cadillac coming along, and the bottle hit it. No one else on the bus apparently knew anything about it. However, a radio call ahead had a Provincial Policeman stop the bus, who read the riot act. We lost money on the camp that year through the use of the bus, and the fact that 9 Scouts from Troop 10 of Syracuse failed to show after they had put in their applications, so that it left us in a bit of a hole. One of the reasons why we stopped our exchange visits with Troop 10 and became associated with Troop 65.

Of course at the end of camp there were always things to do, even if it was making sure that all of the dishes were cleaned and put away, so a few of the Scouts stayed up with me to do those chores and then we came back in time to attend the closing ceremonies of the Jamboree. We caught the Scouting spirit that was there, and when they announced that they were going to hold a special World Jamboree in 1957 to celebrate 50 years of Scouting and

the 100th Anniversary of the birth of B.P., we decided that we were going. It was to be a J. I. M. which would include a Jamboree, a Leaders' Indaba and a Rover Moot. Paul decided that he was going again to the Rover Moot as he would be a Rover at that time, and I thought that I would go to the Indaba, while Tom Marston, Tom Fitzpatrick and Bill Elliott started to plan to attend the Jamboree. I told them that there wasn't much chance in allowing so many from one Troop, but we had started with our plans, and everyone got busy with plans to raise some money to make the trip. As you will see, we all did make it although my plans were changed before we left.

Many stories of camp have been by-passed as I am not sure of the dates and I have tried to write this history in a more or less chronological order. However, let me put a couple in at this time.

When I had the opportunity to attend Wood Badge at Blue Springs in 1942, I was very impressed with their closing ceremony where they lit a candle for each course that had been run there. So when we held our first Scout Camp in 1950, we decided that we would use this same ceremony at our camp. Now one green candle was not going to give us too much light, so for that year we had 25 white candle lit when the Scouts came into Lew's Lodge, and there was one white one unlit, and the first green one unlit. The P. L. of

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the winning Patrol from the Troop competition at home was called upon to light the white candle that was used to represent another Scout year completed, and then the Patrol Leader of the~winning Patrol in camp lit the green candle to represent our first summer camp. As the years have gone by, we have added a green~candle for every Scout camp and a yellow one for each of the Cub camps. As the first canoe trips were the Senior Scouts and later the Rovers, we used red candles to represent them. In 1983 we finally lit the blue candles that represent the tremendous help that the Venturers have given to the camp over the years. As the candles for the camp became more numerous, we dropped using the white ones to represent our years of service to the youth of the Mountain area. We have made a couple of changes as years flow by, in that we have used a silver candle to represent the first 25 Scout camps and another to represent the first 25 Cub camps. We also have a golden one to represent the fact that the Group has been in existence for more than 50 years. To me, one of the highlights of every camp has been the closing ceremonies where we honour the various champions of the different events that have been held during that camp, and also honour all of those that have made progress along the Cubbing and Scouting trails. Sometimes they have been sad occasions, when we realize that the camp is over for another year. These times are always a little more precious because they show that the boys have had an excellent camp. When the Cub counsellors were sorry to see the Cub camp come to an end, you knew that the Scouts had accomplished their task by giving the Cubs a camp that they would always remember. We also used the closing ceremonies as a time when we could thank the various ones who during the year had given of their time to enable us to build our camp. One of our favourite stories of the early days of camp of course were about bears. Kandalore had a dump that they used, and Wheeler likewise. Although we would burn out etc., there was always a lot of garbage that had to be buried and the bears just come in and dig it up. The bears that did come in were of the smaller variety were just as anxious to keep clear of us as we were of them, but it was a worry of the boys might come one one suddenly and maybe their sudden fright would make take some unpredictable action.

One night three of the Senior Scouts, Sad Barnard, Bill Whiskin and Bob Davies, decided that they would take a couple of the girls on the lake out for the evening after the campfire. Carol Arthur the oldest of the Arthur girls (16?) had a girl-friend staying with her, so after the Scouts had been safely tucked in for the night, they took the banana boat down to Arthurs, picked up the girls and rowed over to the boat parking area that we had, and bravely climbed the trail and went out of the Narrows to visit with Scotty and Johnny's snack bar. That was when it was just a small snack bar, before the days that the dancing area had been added. When they returned, they were being very quiet so as not to disturb the sleepers. This would have to have been 1953, as we had the bush cabins, but not Ken's Cabin. We had the three senior Scouts and Bob Davis was looking after the waterfront ones, Bill Whiskin looked after the Huron and Seneca, and Sad was down in the Ojibwa. Bob had dropped off at his cabin and the other two started down the trail to theirs. Now when a bear wants to mark his territory, they will select a tree and stand up on their hind legs and reach as far as they can and scratch the tree. If another bear comes along and sees the marks, he will see if he can reach as high. If he can, he might decide to stay. Of course, if he can

reach higher, he will stay. However, if he cannot, he will move along. On this particular night there was a bear marking a tree just at the one bend that is in the trail before you reach the Seneca. It is a large white pine, and still standing there. When the two Seniors came around the bend, the bear let out a loud "woof" and took off through the bush in one direction, while the Scouts headed for the Cheyenne where I was staying. They didn't bother about the trail, but raced through the bush, so that Sad ripped the shoe laces out of his boots. Nothing would do, but that I would get up and see them safely to their cabins.

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We were having a Court of Honour meeting after campfire one night, sitting at the campfire circle. We had just finished our meeting and went to our cabins. Before we could even get inside the cabins there was a crash, as the incinerator went over. Knowing it was a bear, the P. L.s all started to run for the scene of the crime, but the bear heard them coming and took off through the bush, so that the P. L.s just got a fleeting glimpse.

A couple of years later, we were up on a week-end and Len Drake and a friend of his were doing some wiring, getting ready for the Hydro to move in. We were late leaving Lew's Lodge to head for Ken's Cabin, and as we were going down the trail, Stewart McDowall asked what we would do if we met a bear, and I replied that you just fell down and pretend that you are dead, as the bear wouldn't touch dead meat. Ha ha! However, Stewart took me seriously. We had hardly finished talking, when a bear took off through the woods. They sure make a racket when they take off. Where there are small trees, they just crash through them. At the first crash, Stewart hit the ground. The rest were laughing so hard, they had no time to be scared. In the present day, with the garbage all being taken out to the dump at Hall's Lake, we no longer have the opportunity to see bears unless we take a late night visit out to the dump and then we have to fight the mosquitoes. In fact, there is not near the wild life around the camp that there were in the early days when the lake was not so populated, and the surrounding area likewise was not near built up as it is to-day. That's the price we pay for progress.

In the early years of the camp, the highest award that the Scouts' aimed for was the Bushman's Thong. This award was for outdoor activities. You had to have your first class badge, the campers badge and then one from each of two groups. The stalker's and pioneer badges were two that we often worked on at camp. Mostly in the stalkers, you would have a person sitting in a certain spot, and the others would try to stalk within a certain radius. Scouts lost points for showing movement, but if they were to freeze in their position and only move when the "quarry" was looking in a different direction, they were O.K., even though their body might be seen. Usually I was the "quarry". One day I thought it was time for someone else to assume that task, and I would try my hand at stalking. I was coming down a ravine, where there was lots of moss. In the middle was a bush and I was using that for screening. What I hadn't realized was that I was off course. However, I came crawling down and around this bush, being quite proud of how quiet I was keeping. On the other side of the bush was a red fox, and when I came around he went straight up in the air, and lit running. I think I went almost as high in the air as it did. However, I could congratulate myself at getting that close to an animal. I can remember when we took our first stove across the lake in the row boat. That

was a real struggle getting it down to the water's edge and loaded and then rowing across with it, and then getting it out of the boat and up and into Lew's Lodge. There was another time that I will always remember when we had been given a chesterfield, and had driven Mr. Burn's truck up. It was in the fall of the year and it decided to snow. The flakes were coming down heavy, with the chesterfield across the boat, and Ted Burns -propped up on top of it while I rowed over. Anyone might question our sanity at a time like that.

There are many stories to tell, and one of the most interesting times is when a bunch of the former Scouts get together, especially from the 50s, when the camp was being built and they start to rehash the many happy times that we have had. How I miss those days, but like all good things, they must come to an end sometimes.

One of the highlights of our year was the Father and Son banquet that we held each fall. It served a double purpose. We celebrated another year of Scouting but it also was to mark the end of another summer camp. At that time, we could buy crests for 25c

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each, and we had crests for everything - canoeing, swimming, horseshoes, archery, Scout-craft, novelty sports,

athletics, etc., etc. An envelope would be made up for each Cub and Scout, and they would contain all of the crests that the boy had earned plus his badges, and also would include his new service star. At that time, the Cubs and Scouts wore service stars, and they would have the years of service. A Cub wore a yellow background, the Scouts a green and the Rovers a red, while the leaders would wear a khaki background. A Rover would continue to wear his Cub and Scout service, but when you became a leader, you combined the entire Scouting career. The Mothers' Auxiliary would put on the banquet for us, and then while the Cubs and Scouts put away the tables and chairs, the fathers would adjourn upstairs and there they would receive a financial statement from the camp and from the Group Committee. By that time, the boys would be ready to join them and we would have our honour parade. The program for the rest of the evening was often movies and slides of our activities during the past year.

The banquet made September a busy month, and often we would have Cubs and Scouts that were well on their way towards earning a badge and they would be dropping in at all times to finish it off. Just gathering the badges together in the correct order was time consuming and frequently the night before the banquet I was busy until the wee hours of the morning. It sure was fun, and I certainly miss it. When we first started, we had our banquet as near the anniversary date as we could, but there were other meetings going on in the Church the first three weeks of each month, so we switched to holding our banquet on the last Tuesday of the month. Guess it did keep us more conscious of our annual birthday. Now as this is being written, we are starting to consider our 60th anniversary.

One of the highlights of our Father and Son banquets was the almost 100% turnout that we would get from the boys. If their father couldn't come (through shift work), they would get an uncle, a neighbour, and even on occasions an older brother, but you could count on them being there.

One of the times that stick out in my memory was at an early camp (summer) where we took out the row boat late at night and watched the northern lights. That was the best that we were ever to see them. Of course, that meant that it was cool weather, but the lights put on a tremendous display and they were really dancing. I know we all had stiff necks from staring up. Although we did see the lights again at various times, they were never to reach the brilliance that they did at that time. Of course, at camp in the early days, where there were no electric lights, just to look at the stars at nighttime filled the boys with awe. I can always remember standing on the shore with one of the younger Scouts and he looked at the stars shining in all their glory, looking so near that you felt that you could almost reach up and touch them, and as we gazed, this small voice came: "Gee, the stars don't shine like this at home." It was a very precious moment.

There are so many occasions that you can look back upon with great satisfaction. Of course, there are always a few items that you wish had not happened, but on the whole, camp has been a wonderful experience for so many of the Mountain boys. It is nice to see everything still going, and as we have the room up there, we have been able in the past few years to add more and more Scouts and Cubs from other units to enjoy our camp with us. The Scouts and the Cubs of the 1950s did a tremendous job in the building for the future. I am not sure that the youth of to-day fully appreciate the efforts of their brothers of yesteryear.

In the fall of 1955, we registered 47 Scouts and 80 Cubs. This was the highest point the Cubs ever reached. It was from this that we decided that the time had come to the third Pack. We were getting several Cubs going up to our Troop from various on the mountain which did not make us too popular with the other Troops. The Cubs say that we want to go with a Troop that will go camping frequently.