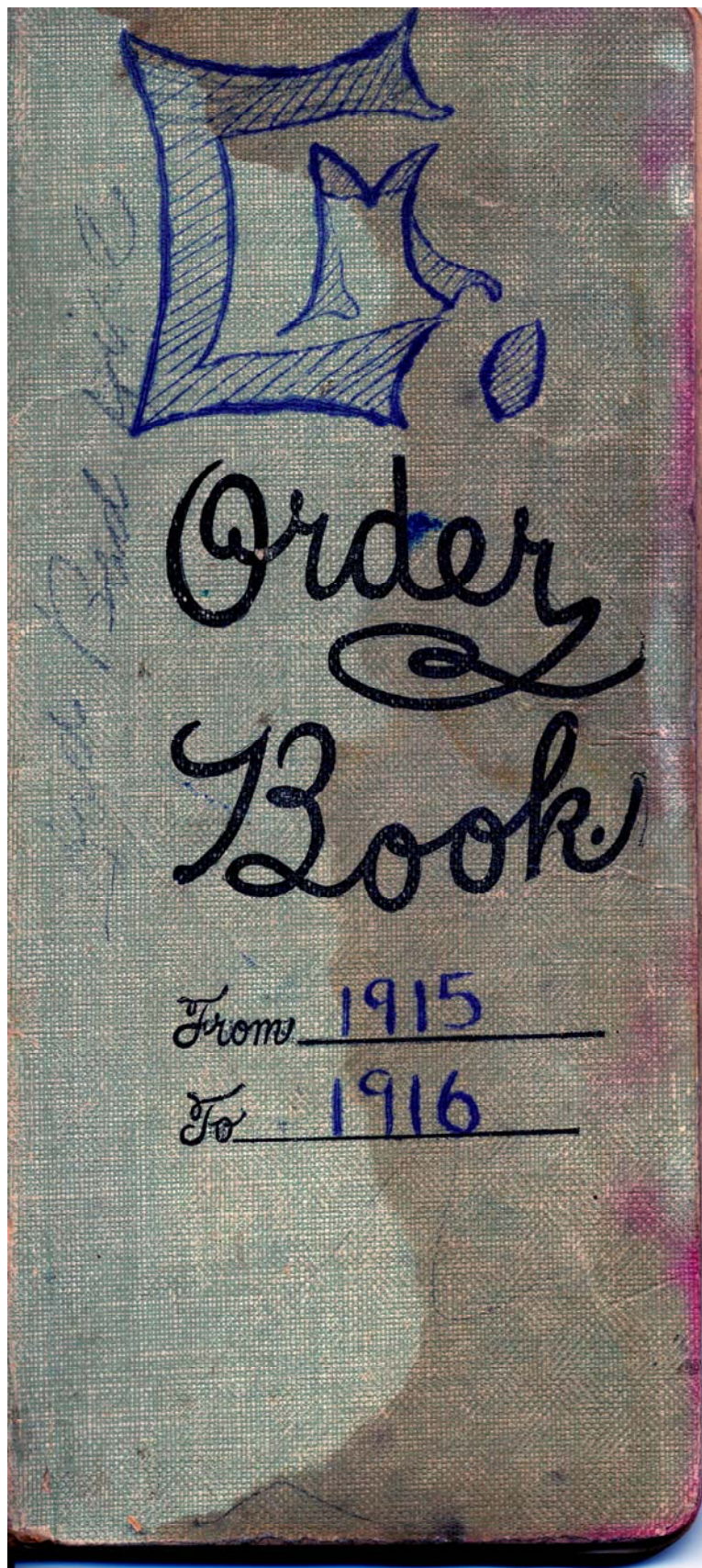


Cover



Henry
Clayton
Walker
Diary
1869-

Found among the papers of Ruth Walker when upon her death in 2000 - bequeathed to her daughter, Debra Dettart Danna - great-granddaughter of Henry Clayton Walker. This diary was interpreted by Jack Anthony Danna in December of 2008.

Harry Walker Diary

Interpreted on Saturday, December 06, 2008

First Page

Clipped newspaper articles pasted in Ledger:

1918

FIRE TORPEDO AT LOCAL MEN

AMERICANS AT FRONT GREET CONGRESSMEN

Second Page

AMERICANS RAID GERMAN TRENCHES

ALLIES ADVANCE ON WHOLE FRONT

Third Page

BATTLE BULLETIN

MRS. J. BORDEN HARRIMAN

Harry Walker

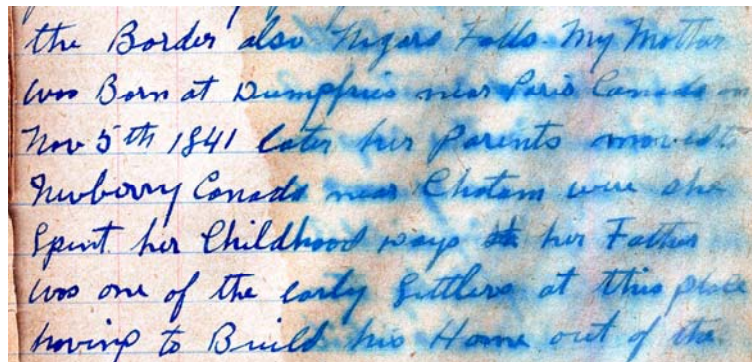
Born at Ingersoll Ontario Oxford County on November 5th 1869 where my father was engaged in running a Hotel, having formally carried on a Blacksmith shop, which was his trade having learned it in England, where he was born at Beadle [Bedale] Yorkshire on the 22nd day of March 1830 and emigrated to Canada, while very young. He came over the ocean on a sailing vessel, taking six months to make the trip. He landed in Quebec, and then he worked his way west until he reached Ingersoll Ontario, where he went to work at his trade. The old brick tavern, where I and the rest of the children were born, is still standing being located on the west side of Thames Street a few blocks up from the River Thames, which the street was named after.

Harry Walker
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I had three brothers and four sisters, I being the sixth child, three having died before my birth, Francis, Fannie and George. Fannie was born Sept 11th 1858 and died Nov 22, 1864. George was born in 1867 and died Aug 10, 1868. Francis, my sister fell into a cistern at the back of our Hotel and was drowned. Mother missed her and after searching all over, they thought of the cistern and when Mother pulled her out, she was dead. This was on June 23rd 1869. She was two years old. This happened just a little over four months before I was born. At the time of my birth, Father was keeping Hotel and at this time there was not any railroads in Canada, so everyone traveled by team through the country which was thinly settled. Ontario was nothing but woods and in certain parts, wolves and bears were plentiful. In later years, I have often been told by others, that while driving travelers from Ingersoll to distant points, they would be chased by packs of wolves, while coming through the swamps at night as a great deal of the roads was through heavy timber.

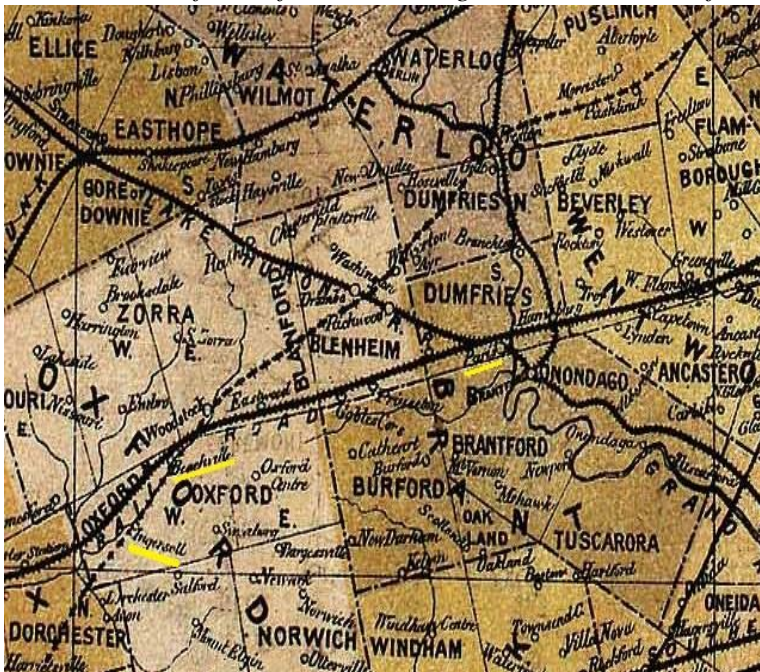
These were exciting times as the war was going on in the United States between the North and South. Both sides were offering men money to enlist and fight. Lots of men went across and then jumped their bounty and joined over again, but some were caught and ordered shot. Father made lots of money in the Hotel while the war was going on across the border. Prices of everything were high and men would pay Father \$1.00 to sit in a chair all night or sleep upon the floor. I have heard Mother say that at closing time she would take a hat full of money out of the till. Father got big prices taking people to Detroit and the border also Niagara Falls.

My Mother was born at Dumpfries near Paris Canada on Nov 5th 1841. Later her parents moved to Newbury, Canada near Chatham where she spent her childhood days. Her Father was one of the early settlers at this place, having to build his home out of the forest by cutting down trees and building his house from the logs. Her own Mother died when she was very young and her Father got married again. Mother was born of Irish parents. Both her Father and Mother were Catholics and when her Father got married again, his second time, her step-mother was very cross and treated her badly.



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At this time the country was settling up very fast and Mother used to tell us children that often she had to sit out in front of their little log cabin with an old flint lock musket watching her Father and



Mother, who were out working clearing the land for crops. The bears and wolves would come out of the woods and come up near where they were at work and she would have to fire off the gun. Then they would scamper away and sometimes they would get pretty close as they get pretty bold and were hungry. So, she had to repeat this over and over again. Not far from the village of Newbury, is the long stretch of woods, the longest in this part of Canada and in which the village of Longwood is named after, and at this age it was full of Indians, who camped out in teepees, and who often raided the settlers, and stole their stock and sometimes burned down their

cabins. Mother says once she was chased by some squaws while out in the woods picking wild berries and she came near to being caught by them. They used to chase lone travelers while they came through the woods. One time they chased a man on horseback right up to the old log tavern at Longwood, only stopping when they came within a few hundred feet of the place. Then when they

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saw he was getting away, they threw their tomahawks at him. Some of which, stuck in the sign board in front of the tavern leaving marks, which could be seen for years after.

In the year of 1869, Ulysses S Grant the eighteen president of the United States was elected at Washington and it was during this year that the Missouri Pacific Railroad was opened from Omaha to Frisco a distance of nineteen hundred and fourteen miles. Sunday night October 8th 1871, the big Chicago Fire broke out, lasting two days and burnt over four miles, destroying seventeen thousand four hundred and fifty buildings, over 300 persons lost their lives, and ninety eight thousand were left without homes. The money loss was about one hundred and ninety six million. Shortly after this forest fires swept over Minnesota, Wisconsin, and Michigan. Whole villages being swept away and on Nov 9th 1872 a big fire took place at Boston, Massachusetts, lasting one day and burnt over sixty five acres, destroying property valued at seventy eight million. In 1873 trouble broke out with the Indians in the Lava Beds, California and before it was settled a great many soldiers were killed. During this year a money panic swept over the United States lots of banks in every city closed their doors the following year 1874. The Indians, out west, went on the war path and started to kill off the settlers in Montana and other parts.

The next year, 1875, completed the period of one hundred years from the opening of the war of 1776. In May 1876, the big Centennial Exhibition was opened at Philadelphia lasting 6 months. And it was during this year that General Custer and his command of the Seventh Cavalry was killed by the Indians, led by Sitting Bull and Crazy Horse, their chiefs in the Big Horn Mountains in Montana and Wyoming. Not one man in his entire command escaped the fight, which occurred on June 25th and was the greatest in history. Thousands of blood thirsty Indians swarmed over the mountains and surrounded the little band of soldiers, who only numbered a few hundred and kept fighting until every man was killed. Custer being the last man to fall and when the smoke cleared away not one soldier was left to tell the tale. That night the Indians camped on the battlefield and made drunk by liquor taken from the soldiers afterwards kept at it all night while the liquor. After dark they come down and scalped the dead and cut up their bodies. Frightful of Custer he was the only one they did not touch as the Indians thought him a Brave man. The next year Sitting Bull escaped over the border into the Canadian Northwest going to Fort Gary which is now the City of Winnipeg. In later years, he again made his way to the United States to cause more trouble, which you will see after ____ year 1877.

President Hayes was elected and this year Father sold out the Hotel in Ingersoll after running it from 1860 to 1877. He bought out the Old Boy Tavern at Beachville, Ontario, located half way between Ingersoll and Woodstock on the gravel road leading to Hamilton. Father paid Mr. Collier \$2000 cash for the property and \$1000 for the liquor and fixtures. It was a lovely place of about 5 acres of land, with lots of fine apple trees. Also, there was a big two story house, which had a large veranda running all around both sides. There was a large red barn, with a big bull pen, where the farmers use to bring their cattle in for sale. The hotel stood on a corner of a hill, leading into the village from Ingersoll, overlooking two large flax mills and was painted white. Out along the road, there was a big sign post, with a picture of a Bay Horse, and a watering trough for travelers to water their stock. The flax mills were owned by a man named Brown and _____ the _____ was on several hundred men worked in them. We kids used to always go out in the fields in summer and pull flax while the mills were running. Every Saturday night, the hands would get drunk and try to ruin the village. All good people would put out the lights and go to bed. There were two factions; one camp was lead by Bill Cromwell, a big strapping fellow who was the bully of the village. The man Collier bought the Hotel but had to sell out, for they came near killing him several times and just a short time before Father took possession he killed a man one night with a pitch fork in the bar room but

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got free because it was self defense. So, they had it in for him and threatened to kill him if he did not get away from the village. So, he got afraid and offered the place for sale.

Father knew before he bought the place what it was, but thought he could get along alright. But it made no difference, for soon after we came, the crowd would get drunk, and it always ended in a fight. So, it kept Father and my brothers quite busy keeping them from tearing down the place they used to come in and pick quarrels with Father over payment for drinks and before it was settled always ended in a row.

One night there was a terrible fight started. Every window in the house was broken and the doors were smashed in. I was eight years old at the time. I can remember how frightened I was, also my sister Carrie, when we saw Father all covered with blood and his clothes torn off. This night brother Tom split Bill Burnos head with an ax handle from his forehead to the back of his head. He, with several others, had Father down on the floor and was pounding him on the head with a beer glass, when Tom ran out from behind the bar and hit him. He just rolled over on the floor like a dead man. I can remember the crowd carrying him out to the watering trough and washing the blood off his face. Then they took him away. This man was the toughest man in the village, but it was months before he was able to get around. The doctor put in 30 stitches in Bill Burnos head. After the fight was over, and all the windows were smashed in, they searched all through the house for Father and Tom saying they would kill them both if found. But in the excitement, they had got away not daring to take time to hitch up a horse. They ran down to the back of our place and jumped over the fence onto the railway track and struck out for Ingersoll, a distance of 5 miles, were Father swore out warrants for the ringleaders. Father did not come back until the next day. I and sister Carrie hid in the bushes near the house, not daring to make any noise and afraid to venture out until all was quiet. Fearing if we did come out, they would kill us, as we could hear them yelling and swearing while hunting for Father and Tom. This night there was a minister stopping over at our Tavern, also some traveling men, and they begged the crowd to go home and leave the place if only for Mother and us children sake. But they kept on cursing and wanted more drinks. Several times they threatened to go behind the bar and help themselves to the liquor but Mother dared them to do so. It was nearly daylight before they went away and then we were too afraid to go to bed. In fact, Mother and Belle Ross, a girl who worked for us, had to come get us out, Carrie and I, as we were afraid to come out from our hiding place. Lots of nights after this, us children were so nervous that when we heard loud talking down in the barroom, we would jump up out of bed, run down the back stairs, and out into the yard and hide. Mother would have to bring us back. Lots of time, Mother would find us hid in the barn or cow shed under the straw.

Father had to make trips to Ingersoll for the police, so he would drive there. While Father was away, Mother and Tom would tend bar. At the flax mills, they used to see Father go by, then would come up to the tavern and try to get Mother or Tom to give them drinks on credit, but Father always warned them to never let them have liquor without they had the money. So that used to make them mad and Tom had a hard time keeping them from coming in and helping themselves. Then Mother would send Carrie and me down to the back of our place to watch for Father coming home as it was time for him to be coming. There was a big apple tree that stood down at the back of our place near a little creek that ran along the back and so Carrie would boost me up on the tree and I would watch for Father. You could see a long ways down the road and we were so use to watching that I could tell it was him a long ways off, as he always drove a fine white bay that made the dust fly. You bet we were always glad to see him coming.

One day while Father was away, a fight took place in our barroom and as usual Mother had us go down and watch for Father. But after watching a long time and he never came, and as it was getting

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late, we're afraid something had happened to him. As very often happened while in Ingersoll, he would get to drinking with friends and would come home ugly. This afternoon it was near dark when we saw him coming away down the road and when he came nearer I saw that he had been drinking. So when we told him what was going on at the tavern, he took us both up into the buggy and made the horse fly up hill and into our yard but by this time the crowd had gone away across the river to another tavern and chased the man out. That night they came back again and started a row over Tom not giving them liquor and as Father was drinking and being ugly, he ran out from behind the bar and struck Riddy Burns, who had a big stone in his hand and threatened to kill Father with it. He hammered it down on the bar, making a big dent, which you could put your fist into, but Father hit him so hard between the eyes, that he turned clear over on his back. And in falling, struck his head against a big box stove and cutting it open the blood running out on the floor. Father managed to clear out the barroom and shut the doors.

After that, they did not bother us for a long time and everything was quiet. But Mother begged Father to sell the place out for it was no place to raise children and she was getting sick besides. She knew if Father kept the tavern, sooner or later he would get killed or kill some of them. So to please her he decided to sell out, so he went to Ingersoll and made a deal with Mr. Wheelhouse to purchase the business for \$4000 property and all the stock. He had to take possession in sixty days. So not telling anyone about it in Beachville, he made up his mind to give them something to remember him by. So just a week before leaving, he told them about the sale and advertised a big drink and oyster supper to take place at the tavern in one night. And when the time came, Father drove over to Ingersoll and while there got Jack Richardson, the Champion Wrestlers of Canada, who was a big fellow weighing over 200 pounds, along with his father Tom Richardson, also a fighter, and Jack Kerns, a railroad man, and Tom Dutton, a butcher, and also Alex Douglas, all fighting men and big fellows, all friends of Fathers, knowing him in Ingersoll. He made arrangements for them to come over after dark and slip in without anyone seeing them, which they did that night. It was winter time and the ground was covered over with snow. It was a great day in Beachville. All the flax mill hands planned to attend the supper and dance. Also, they made up their minds to, before it was all over, to get even with Father and Tom by giving them both a good beating. So, at dark, the crowd began to arrive and soon filled the house. Everyone was drinking and having a good time. So, after supper, they sang songs and danced. Then they went out into the Bar room, where they kept it up. Seeing there was going to be trouble, Mother had Belle Rose take I and Carrie over to Johnny Fairhouse, who kept a store about a block from our tavern and lived upstairs. And then sometime, most of the women and girls left for their homes.

The crowd in the bar room by this time, had got as noisy, and to make matters, worse Hank Fisher and one of the Cronk boys got into a fight. Thinking that Father would try to put them out, the crowd had these two fellows put up a fake fight. Then Father saw how things were going, he stepped out from behind the bar and says to the crowd: "Now, I have gave you all your supper, and also a good time, and plenty of free drinks, and is this the way you are going to thank me for my trouble." "So, like good men, go away to your homes, as it is getting near morning, and I want to close up my house and go to bed." They only laughed at him and dared him to come out and fight. Seeing this Tom, who was near the sitting room, opened it and out stepped all of Fathers friends, but not before the crowd all piled on to Father. When they seen these fellows, you should have seen the surprise. Some tried to get outside, but he had remembered and locked all the doors leading into the bar room. So, they were penned in like rats and it was a case of fight. Everyone picked their man, and some of them had to fight three or four. But when they saw how things were going, some of them tried to get out, but finding the doors locked, jumped out of the windows taking sash and all with them. The stove was upset, chairs broken, and the bar torn loose from the floor. Then the crowd surged up

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against the dining room door, breaking it down. Then fought all the way out into the hall and out onto the porch and tumbled off into the snow in a heap.

Jack Richardson had one of the Cromwell boys out on the porch and was trying to throw him down but he put his arms around the post and Richardson tore him and the post loose and all fell into the snow were they fought it out. Cromwell nearly getting killed, as Richardson never let him up, until he had him unconscious, and all black in the face, and not even then until the men pulled him off. And they had a hard time doing it, as he fully intended to kill him, as he was like a bulldog, never letting loose once he got a hold of you. The crowd in the barroom had fought themselves tired and those who could get away. It was a terrible fight in Beachville. People in their beds heard the noise and came running over to our tavern from all directions to find out what was happening.

After they got the house cleared out, Father and his friends washed themselves up, and began drinking and eating not daring to go to bed for fear the crowd would gather up more and come back, but they did not. So, when morning came you should have seen the place it was a sight. The bar room looked more like a slaughter house more than anything else. There were hats, coats, vests, ties, shirts and pieces of clothing scattered all over. You could not step anywhere in the room without stepping in pools of blood. While outside there was pools of blood in the snow and the ground was trampled down like an army of men had walked over it. It was so broken down, it cost Father several hundred dollars to fix it up for the damage done. It kept Mother and the hired girl a day scrubbing up the woodwork and floors. This was the last fight that ever took place at our tavern, and it was months before some of the toughs got over their beating.

Tom Dutton, one of Fathers friends, had long black whiskers and during the fight someone tore half of them out by the roots. Alex Douglas got one ear nearly torn off and Jack Karns had two teeth knocked out, also both eyes blackened, while Father got a terrible beaten. He was black and blue for weeks after. Everyone living in Beachville, at this time, will remember this fight. Soon after this Mr. Wheelhouse took the place. He was crippled and was not long here. He traded it off, glad to get away with his life.

In 1880, we moved to Ingersoll. This year, the United States only had a population of 50-152-559. After staying here about six months, Father went up to Strathroy, were he went into the hide business with a man named Smart. But soon after going into business, he took nearly \$1000 that was to buy hides with and skipped out, going to Detroit, leaving Father in the lurch. Soon after Father got word that he was back in Ingersoll. So, he went down there and hunted him up. After looking around, he located him at the Brady Hotel, near the market and if ever a man got a good licking he surely did, as Father nearly killed him, besides had him arrested in the bargain, and his house was attached by the judge. So, Father got his money nearly all back.

Soon after this Father moved back again to Ingersoll and built a new house on Center Street and started in the Dairy business. This year 1881, James Garfield was elected President and on the 2nd of July, while passing through the Ladies waiting room in the depot at Baltimore, was fired upon twice by an assassin, named Charles J Guiteau, who was caught, and on the 19th day of Sept at 10:35 pm he passed away. Then the next year, on the 13th of June, the murderer was hanged at the jail in Washington. And on the scaffold he cursed everyone that had anything to do with his trial.

It was during this year, 1881, that the Great Disaster took place on the Thames River at London. The steamer Victoria went down while carrying an excursion from London to Springbank just below the Cove Bridge and several hundred lost their lives. I spent my early boyhood days in Ingersoll going to school and when not there, would be found most of the time fishing or chasing squirrels in

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the woods. And many a day, when I should have been attending school, I would hide my books under the lumber pile or sidewalk and along with Johnny Gobel, who used to be my chum, we would strike out for the swimming hole down the River or else over to the pork factory and get a job bring pigs out of the cars into the killing pens. One time we went out into the country and drove in every pig we could find along the road into town and down into Mr. Gobel barn were we cut their tails off then turned them loose & taking the tails up to the Daly Hotel were _____ to sell them to the cook for making soup only receiving a few pennies which was a lot of money for us. Soon Mr. Gobel heard what we were doing and he made us stop and giving a licking to Johnny in the bargain.

The old log house out in the gravel road leading to London was our headquarters after this. It was located on a big embankment close to the River and surrounded by tall pine trees. It was an ideal place being away off the road about half a mile. We used to catch cats and take them out here after school and on Saturdays. Then we tie their tails together and put them over a line to see them fight. Sometimes we had as many as six pairs fighting at one time. You should have seen the fur fly.

It was in this house that Father's mother lived, along with his other brothers when they first ~~lived~~ came over into this country. In those days, it was the main travel road between Hamilton and London; and was always full of peddlers going along with their packs on their backs. One night, while grandmother was sitting with the children at the table eating their supper, a big tramp walked in the front door and refused to leave until he got something to eat. Grandmother and the children were frightened, as the tramp knew they were alone, having been hiding down the road and watched Father go away just before dark to town for something. When Grandmother was about to get the tramp his supper, in walked Father. When he was told what the fellow said, you should have seen that tramp get out the back door and he ran straight for the bank. And out the back of the house came Father after him and he would have been killed if he went over the bank as it is several hundred feet down to the river. So, when Father saw what was going to happen he hollered to the fellow to stop. Which he did! So Father marched him back to the house and then out into the road, where he started off a wiser man.

There was a fine swimming hole at the back of this house and the kids from far and near always come here to swim, when we used to stay out of school or away from home you could always find us here. One day, Jack McDonald, Johnny Gobel and I stole a bottle of wine from our cellar and all went out here to have a good time. After drinking the wine, we all went in for a swim but the heat and wine made us sick so we lay down in the sand to sleep it off. They got up first and went away leaving me alone, as I was still asleep, and when I awoke up, I was awful sick. I nearly vomited my insides up, when who should come along, but Melly James on his way home. So, he got me upon my feet, helped to put on my clothes, and then took me home. But the news had got there first, so Father made up his mind to teach me a lesson. So, after supper he made me go to bed. When I nearly got undressed, in come Father with a strap and how he did lick me over on the bare back, saying he would teach me to steal wine and get drunk. He whipped me so hard that I screamed out with pain. So, Mother begged Father not to whip me anymore, as I had been punished enough. And the neighbors said it was cruel for him to lick me so hard, when Mother showed them my back the next morning. But, it learned me a lesson, for I never stole anymore wine after that. But, perhaps a loud talking to would've done so well, but Father had a bad temper, and when we done wrong, we all knew what to expect. James was the only one that would not stand for to be licked. He always ran away and hired out to some farmer until things blowed over. Then, Father would coax him to come back, he always favored him.

At the old log house, there was a fine spring of cool water and we used to often walk out there to get a drink. Father rented the place to a family and they had a pet coon, which we boys teased. They

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kept it chained up at the back of the cabin and we used to go out there when the folks were away and tease him. So, one day it got loose and flew at me biting my leg until my cries attracted the attention of a wood cutter. He came over with a stick and drove the brute away, but not before I was nearly scared to death. That was the last time I ever wanted to get near any coons. After this the coon ran away to the woods and they never did catch him again or found out how he got loose. You bet, I never told them.

The year of 1882, was when the great Donnellys Murder took place near London. Everyone of the whole family was murdered by a band of men. ~~not one~~ Only one escaped, William, who happened to be away from home. Little Johnny Connors was staying at old mom Donnellys house, when they came to kill them, and there was an Irish girl, just lately from Ireland. There she opened the door to let them in, when they struck her with an ax. She fell down on the stairs dead. Hearing her screams, little Johnny Connors slipped out of the bed and got under it, in a clothes basket, just as the murders came into the room to kill the old people. They killed them both in bed with an ax. The blood was running down through the clothes onto the little boy underneath. After killing them, they set the house on fire. When all was quiet, he got out of the basket and ran over to a farmer's house and told them what had happened.

In 1883, Father sold out our property in Ingersoll and moved to London, buying a house on King Street, near the Market. This year, the great suspension bridge over the East River at New York, connecting New York and Brooklyn, was opened. It was started on Jan 3, 1870, opened May 24, 1883, and cost \$15,500,000. The total length is 5,989 feet.

The next year 1884, Grover Cleveland was elected president. The next year, 1885 on July 23 at 8 a.m. President Grant died and was buried on the banks of the Hudson River. The same year on the 29th of Oct General George McClellan died at his home at Orange Mountain NJ. He was commander of the Union Army in the early part of the Civil War. This year Father sold the house on King Street and bought the property at the corner of Clarence and Horton St., where we made it our future home. This year, I started to learn carriage painting, and went to work for Mr. Parch on Dundas St., near Waterloo. Whenever a circus or band struck town, away I would go. So, after working awhile, Mr. Parch said unless I could work steady, he would have to let me go. I got mad and quit going to work at a dry goods store on Dundas St., owned by Mr. Hearn, carrying parcels and sweeping out the store, for \$150 per week. I remained here for about six months. One day they sent me out with a hat for a lady on Talbot St., but I took it to the wrong address. They never got it back, so I lost my job. The women said that I never left the hat there.

The next place I went to work for was Mr. Clark he kept a book store on Richmond St next to the City Hall but after working there a short time I lost my place on account of Johnny Nolan another boy that also worked there got to stealing money out of the till and when Mr. Clark missed the money the Nolan boy told him I took it and as I was the new boy he thought it was me so I had to go. Father said I had better learn a trade so I went to work for Harry Ranier who kept a cigar factory out on Burwell St to strip tobacco. Miner Hodgkin was foreman there and he took a liking to me so put me on fast so when so when I when I left here I could do pretty well. This year the Indian War broke out in the Canadian Northwest and I remember how all us boys used to go up every night and watch soldiers drill in getting ready to go to the war. Only wishing we were big enough to go. James my brother was then out there in the mounted police having joined the year before along with George Prodgers. So was in the front when the trouble broke out being stationed at Regina in the barracks this summer I went to work at the Kays Cigar Factory on Richmond St. Father farmed me out to him for three years to finish my trade but it was the same old story every time a Band went by or anything doing in town I would get my hat and coat and run away down stairs saying they could not get me to

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work steady. They sent for Father and told him it was useless to try and learn my trade so released me keeping half my wages every week. After this I went to work for Mr. Brenner to finish my trade. Ian McMannis was foreman and I got along fine.

The next summer 1886 I could hold a job so I went to Detroit and got a job at Brown Brothers on Jefferson Ave. This was my first trip away from home and Artie Brenner came along with me. We boarded down on Atwater St and when here about a week another boarder killed himself in the next room to our so we got afraid of ghosts and left going up to Congress St to stay with a Lady named Doley. After working a short time the cigar makers went out on strike so we had to quit our jobs and we went back home again. Going by boat to Larnip were we stayed all night at the British American Hotel and that night while in bed the clerk came up to our room along with the Constable and made us open the door. He heard us laughing and thinking we had a woman in the room. Then Artie Brenner had a soft voice like a lady when he found out the mistake we all had a good laugh and during the balance of this summer I worked in London and next June 1887 along with Joe Richardson another cigar maker we left for Winnipeg Man to work for this Theo Lee who kept a Cigar Factory. We worked her all summer and I was making \$20.00 per week. The most money I ever made but we had to pay out \$10.00 per week for board and it cost me about \$1.00 for washing so after all I only had \$9.00 left. We stayed at the Frontier Hotel across from the market. It was run by Bill Barry an ex cowboy and was the headquarters for all the western people. It was a two story frame building but they gave good meals and it was a nice place to stay. This summer the city was full of strangers. Everyone coming in to take up government land for at this time the county was new and Winnipeg only had about 40,000 population. Now it is the Chicago of the west. When we come to the Hotel the boys all told us to be polite to the cowboys or else they would likely shoot us. So Joe Richardson when eating at the table would always pass everything to going out of the way wait upon them. There was a big bunch of cowboys staying at our hotel being hired by the government to break horses and they sure were a rough lot, some Mexican Indians and a lot from Texas. Every night they would gather in the barroom and drink until closing up time. Richardson was a good singer, also could dance so they would make him sing and dance until tired out of course every dance (missing page) meant a round of drinks and when all was tired they always wound up in a fight. There was lots of Indians here then mostly camped out across the Red River and the boys used to go there at night and take them a bottle of whiskey to see them dance and cut up. One night a lot of us went over there and Richardson got to fresh with one of the squaws so the Indians got mad and commenced to get their guns so we got out. I was the last one to leave so was left behind and came near being caught. They chased us for about two miles and just before we got to the big railroad bridge crossing the Red River, I fell into a ditch and in getting out rolled down the bank. It was luckily I did for they surely would have caught me. I rolled into some bushes near the water and lay there until everything was quiet. Several times the Indians came near my hiding place and looked underneath the bridge and all over but did not see me. So after I was sure they had gone back to camp I got up and made my way to town passing lots of Indians and squaws coming back from spending the night in town but not knowing anything about the fuss paid no attention to me. Some were barefooted and some of them where drunk, as they used to get lots of liquor. After this the government posted hotels notices all over the city making it a crime to give them whiskey so that out a stop to us going over there again. Richardson use to get into a drinking spree and would go over there and stay with the Indians for days sleeping in the tepees with them. They were a dirty lot and he would always come back lousy and get into bed with me until I asked the inn to give me another room. There was an Icelander girl worked at the hotel and she fell in love with me and wanted me to marry her but I was not carrying to marry yet. She used to call me whitey on account of my white hair that fall. The boss fired Richardson for being drunk all the time so he come over to me and said young fellow you had better quit also. As it is getting slack and I will ____ half to lay you off so you had better go along with him. So I was out of a job. It was late in November and was awful cold. No snow, but the ground

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was frozen and heavy frost so after working all summer making good wages I had only saved up \$30.00 while Richardson had only his weeks wages and half of that was owed for debts. It was almost impossible to save any money for every Saturday night the boss would get the boys together and go from one saloon to the other and keeping it up until all their money was gone and that was what he wanted for it was hard to secure cigar makers out here and he knew if they had no money saved up that they could not get away besides it made a good fellow out of him and they bought all the more goods as his men spent lots of money with them. Well after we lost our jobs we went down to the hotel and get our clothes what few we had. Richardson put on a suit belonging to another boarder also helped himself to some shirts and underwear besides went into other rooms and took some money out of clothes. Then said we would get out of town that night and go to Fargo N. D. were we might strike a job. There was only one train each way every day and the fare was 4 cts per mile. So he says don't you pay your fare but let us part our way, as I was talking to a brakeman this afternoon and he said for \$5.00 each he would lock us in a car and see that we got to Fargo alright and as he had no money I agreed to pay his part that day. Richardson done nothing but drink and borrow all he could from his friends not telling them that he had lost his job. So that night when the other boarders come in missing their clothes they told the landlord who called in the police then learning from Mr. Lee that he had laid us off suspicion fell on us especially when Richardson did not come in and pay his weeks board so the police started out to find us knowing that we would likely try and get away that night and as there was only two railroads running into the city the CPR and Northern Pacific so would go out on either one of them. So Joe heard that they were looking for us so decided to strike out for the yards as it is was then nearly 11 o'clock and the train left at midnight so after arriving there and paying the brakeman the \$10.00 he locked us in a car and not any too soon for up rode two mounted police and asked the brakeman if he had seen two men around the train as they were looking for two cigar makers and had tracked them to the yards so must be somewhere on the train. But the brakeman told them every car was locked and if they were on must be underneath on the brake rods. But after keeping the train here a long while and not finding us they gave it up. We could hear them riding up and down past the car we was in and thought every minute they would decide to search the cars for they were sure that we must be on this train but at last they gave it up but sent word to every station along the line to be on the watch for us but we never got out until the train pulled into Pimbling N.W. early the next morning at daylight. There the brakeman unlocked the door and let us out and you should have seen our clothes. The car had been loaded with flour and we looked like two millers as all night we had to keep running back and forth to keep from freezing. It was so cold and when we got out here the ground was covered with snow as it had snowed all night and had turned bitter cold. This was just a small place a depot, store, hotel, and a few dozen houses. As we were nearly froze and hungry, we struck out for the little hotel. It was kept by a Norwegian and his wife. They could hardly understand English but the first thing Richardson had to have was a glass of whiskey. So would give me no peace until I had bought him some as he knows I had money. So then we had our breakfast and after getting warm and cleaned up we went out to find the brakeman who had brought us. He but after locating him he would not carry us any further for he said the conductor had found out that he had locked us in the car at Winnipeg when the police was looking for us. So it was all off and our money was gone as there were no more trains going until the next morning. We had to stay here but Richardson fell in with another fellow while out walking and he said there was a special train going to leave at 10 o'clock that night for Fargo. So we made up our mind to take this. It was cold here and as there was nothing to do we spent most of the day at the saloon. There was a band of Indians camped out on the prairie still living in tents but you could not get near to them on account of their dogs barking. Were ever you see Indians they always have lots of salvage dogs. This was the first white settlement in Dakota will this night we got the train out of here but got put off at Big Junction where the road crosses the Snake River. They had a watchman here seeing that nothing happened to the bridge he had a little shanty built at one end of the bridge and used to walk across several times every day to see that everything

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was safe for the train to pass over. He gave us some lunch and hot coffee but would not let us stay in the shanty over night with him as it was against the orders as one watchman had been killed by tramps a few years before. So he directed us to a school house about two miles up the road where we could spend the night as he said it was always left open. So we tracked out arriving there about midnight and found it located in the timber so went in the fire was still warm in the big stove and as there was plenty of logs cut up we soon had a good hot fire. Richardson and the fellow who came with us lay down on the floor and fell asleep but I sat up by the stove shortly after I heard a great noise outside and looked out it was snowing and not caring to venture outside I woke them up and the other fellow says why those are wolves they had smelled our tracks so followed us to the place they kept up howling all night. First they would run around one side of the log school house then jump up and look into the window but we were not afraid as they could not get in and the other man being a lumber man said they would go away when it got daylight. So the next morning their tracks were all over the ground. We left here and walked about a mile and a half where we saw a little log house where we got our breakfast of rye bread and black coffee as they were Swedes and made us pay for it as everyone hated tramps so would not give them anything to eat unless they had money. From here we walked to a place called McHenry N.W. There was a watering tank located here so got a freight train leaving for Grand Forks. Arriving there alright Richardson got a job here but I could not get any. The other fellow left here as he was going to work for the railroad getting out ties. I stayed here two days at the hotel then left for Halstead just across the Missouri River. It was cold and the River was frozen over. Seeing I was a young fellow and well dressed also having a union card the brakeman saw the conductor and they took me into the caboose so I was safe for a ride into Fargo where I got a job for a few days only to help me out the city only had about 4,000 population at this time.

After leaving here I went to St. Cloud Minnesota finally arriving in St. Paul 6 weeks from the time we left Winnipeg a distance of 500 miles. My it was cold. I stayed in St Paul 5 weeks making enough money to buy a ticket to Chicago. Over the Clover Leaf Road but it was so dull there that I could not get any work ~~this month on th~~

It was now the middle of Feb 1888 so finding another cigar maker here we left for Port Huron taking two days as it was so cold plotting we could not ride only a short distance then would get out and walk to the next town. This winter I stayed at home I stayed home and worked at my trade. This spring I got a job watching the street lights for the Ball Electric Light Co. Jack Martin boarded with us and he was foreman so gave Tom and me a job. I used to stay out all night and see that the lights kept burning. One night it rained and the wind blew so it kept us busy to keep the lights going. While trying to fix a lamp on Carling Street in front of the police station I got a shock. My hand was up inside of the globe so when I got the shock I fell and in doing so got my arm twisted inside of the lamp. I lay in the road for a long time before anyone noticed me. Then Sergeant Jenkins coming out of the station saw the lamp flickering in the road so came out and saw me lying in the mud. They got me loose and carried me into the station and sent for a doctor who soon brung me to then sent me home in a cab. It was about a month before I was able to work again and if I had put my other hand up, I would have formed a current then I would have been killed. One night while sitting upstairs in our office on Richmond Street eating our lunch at midnight I and another man we heard someone down below our window talking. Pretty soon we discovered they were trying to get into the Erie and Huron Saving Bank under our office. Then I slipped downstairs and then met Tommy Nicols who then was a policeman and his beat was on Richmond St that night. So told him what we had seen so he got a mounted officer from King St and along with us two boys went around behind Mountjoys Fruit Store and waited until they commenced to get the iron bars sawed through and was just about to climb in the window when the officers called on them to stop. They tried to get away but were caught and both got 9 years in Kingston prison as they were old hands and had just come over from

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Detroit. The bank never gave us anything for telling on them. I got tired of this job so this fall I went to Detroit and got a job at my trade working there until brother Jim came through from the northwest having deserted the Mounted police and was on his way home. So I left my job and came home with him and soon got work with George Killys on Dundas St were I worked all winter.

In the spring of 1889, I went to work for Smith on Richmond St were I stayed until camp opened on Carling Heights then joined the London Field Battery and went into camp for two weeks. This was the summer. A man belonging to the 21th of Chatman got stabbed on Adelaide St by a man called pig's feet Stevens on account of him going around selling pig's feet in a basket. A lot of drunken soldiers were passing his house and threw stones at his place so he ran out and this young fellow happened to be going by so thinking him one of them stabbed him with a butcher knife killing him dead. When the news got out in Camp the soldiers belonging to his regiment made up their minds to march out of Camp and lynch him. So everyone got their arms and marched out. We being stationed at the gate on the hill had orders to stop every one and turn them back but as it was night they easily got out at the other end of the grounds and soon every soldier in Camp about 200 started for the scene of the stabbing but by this time the city police had took the murderer away as it was the soldiers tore down his house and would not leave until the Calvary from the Camp came and drove then back to Camp. After Camp was over I and John Connaly left for Buffalo N.Y. were we got a job on the canal driving the mules along pulling the canal boat but they never gave us much to eat and we had to sleep on the deck on a pile of canvas so Jack says when we get to Albany let us quit which we did but the captain would not pay us for the time we had worked so he said we were hired by the month so we took the train back to Buffalo and while coming through the yards at Tonnands the yard man threw a coupling pin at us as we were standing up between two freight cars. The pin knock Connaly's hat off. If it had struck lower it would have killed him. At Buffalo, we both got work. He at his trade Mouldar. We stayed here six weeks then went to Cleveland Ohio were we could not secure work so Connaly says I am going back to London for I can get work at McClary's. As we parted I then went down into the yards and caught a train for Pittsburg Penn. But nothing doing. I went to Wheeling West Virginia from there to Parkersburg then onto Columbus Ohio were I got a job for one week from here I went to Cincinnati then on to Indianapolis Ind were I got another weeks work Then I went to Louisville KY were I got a good job leaving with about \$40.00. From here I took the boat to Cario Ill. Then on to St Louis Mo. Arriving in Oct were I got a job waiting on a lunch counter at nights in a saloon. It was on Chestnut St under the Chronicle Building but one night a printer hit another fellow over the head with a bottle and the next day we all had to go into court as witness then Uncle Johnny seeing my name in the paper came and took me up to his house as the folks had written to him saying that I was coming to St Louis. I was glad he took me away as they put me upstairs to sleep with another fellow in a dirty dark inside room no window. The only light came in over the transom and the bedclothes looked like they never had been washed. When one of us was on duty the other slept. It was sure a dirty hole so after Uncle took me away he said the best thing for me to do was to go home as I was too young to be traveling around the country. So he bought me a new overcoat and a suit of clothes. Also gave me some spending money and a ticket to Detroit. When I got there I was to take the ticket into a broker's office on Woodward Ave and give it to them in exchange they would give me a ticket to London. It was a first class ticket on to New York with stop over privileges along the way but instead of taking the ticket into the brokers I went and sold it at a scalpers office getting \$10.00 for it so when Uncle learned that I had never turned the ticket in he was mad. This year 1889 Harrison was elected president and on June 1st the Great Johnstown Flood took place in Penn. Over a thousand lives were lost by a dam bursting. This winter I stayed at home working at my trade but soon as spring time come I like the gipsy like to roam. So in the Spring of 1890 Brother Jim and Jack McGeary went to Detroit and I wanted to go along so we left in April and took the blind baggage that left London at 7 pm. While in the yards in Chatam waiting for the engine to take on water we climbed on the baggage car when it started to

pull out. Intending to stay with it until we reached Windsor but just as we got nicely seated I heard someone call out for us to get off. At the same time two men came running up along side of the car. Thinking them detectives Jack McGeary jumped off the other side. Also Jim and I did not fare so well for in getting off I fell in between the baggage car and tender but happened to get hold of the air hose and hung on until I could get upon my feet. Then I jumped. By this time the train was going pretty fast and when I landed on the ground there stood a switch post. If I had of gotten off a minute later I would have been dashed against it and killed. In the mean time Jack McGeary had also fell in getting off but when he struck the ground he had the good luck to roll into a culvert which saved him from going under the wheels. As it was he broke his shoulder blade also cut his head and when Jim found him he thought it was me but after feeling around he found he had on a flannel shirt and I wore a white cotton one. So he knew it was me. And as Jack could not talk or sit up he got him laid down then got out and come looking for me. So when met me coming down the track he was glad to see that I was save. We went back and as I had some matches we struck a light to see if Jack was alive but we could not get him to speak so Jim felt over his heart and it was still beating so we climbed out and I ran down to the depot and told the man there what had happened. They got a truck and come back with us and lifted McGeary out then they took him back to the depot but by this time he had come to and got his eyes open and wanted to know who hit him with a club as he was hurt and complained of the pain. They got a doctor who said his collar bone was broken and hurt internally. So they put him on a freight train going to London. Joe Mayors was brakeman and knew us all. I and Jim had to leave for fear of getting arrested. The detectives turned out to be two tramps wanting to steal a ride so hollowed for us to get over and let them on. Jim sure gave me a good talking to for jumping off the train while it was going. It taught me a lesson. After that I never jumped off any train while it was in motion. This summer 1890 I went into camp again with the battery and after it was over I struck out for Chicago were I worked at my trade. The shop where I worked was on Clark St run by a Stilian and sure was a tough place. The shop was at the rear of the saloon. This was the place the police raided during the Haymarket Riots and killed a lot of Italians. I made good wages while here but left the place going further down south Clark St were I had to work nights as they run two shifts and was busy. I roomed over on the west side and had to walk home when we quit work about three every morning. It was dangerous as the district was a tough neighborhood. We had to go by all the Chicago lodging houses were hundreds of bums used to hang out. They used to sit down on the basement steps and when a fellow would pass close by grab him by the legs and pull him down the stairs then go through his pockets. So after finding this out I always took the edge of the sidewalk. Leaving Chicago I went to St Louis from there to New Orleans by boat but could not get any work at my trade so one day while walking along the Lacroun water slip the negroes loading boats a man asked me if I wanted work so put me to work rolling bales of cotton down a gangway to the wharf but it was too hard work and I could not stand it so after working all day the boss swore at me saying I was not worth my salt so paid me off and I got a ride back to St Louis on one of the Diamond Joe Steamers where I got a job at my trade staying at Uncle John's house until fall then went back to London staying until Feb 1891 when Jack James called me to go with him to Chicago. The night we left London it was bitter cold. We got in an open cattle car near Richmond St and Rods to Larnid then over the river into Port Huron from there we went to Chicago arriving on a Sunday morning at the stock yards were we took a street car down into the city getting off before we got to town and went over into a saloon run by a big German and stood by the stove until he came over say hey you will have to get out of here as all my customers are leaving you smell so bad. You see we rode all night in a car that had been loaded with pigs so we carried a smell on our clothes. So we get out and that night we get a bed in a lodging house and they steamed our clothes while we slept. From Chicago we went to Kansas City but it was very dull. Then we went to St Joe as Jack said he wanted to see the house were his namesake Jesse James was killed in as we went. There the house stood on a fluff overlooking the Chicago and Afton Railroad tracks and was a little small house with a barn. When were there an old colored momma and her husband were living in the house and

charged twenty five cents to go in the room and see were Jesse James was killed. She gave you a splinter off the floor covered with blood. Supposed to be his but was only cows blood as many splinters had been given away that they had put in several new boards. She had this way of making a living. Jesse James the outlaw was killed by Charley Ford in this house in the act of hanging up a picture. Later the house was sold to some show men who took it down and moved it to Chicago even they put it up on the World's Fair grounds. This winter we tramped around from one place to another until our clothes was getting shabby and getting no work, we made up our mind to go back home. So when in Witcha Kansas we run into a blizzard and Jack nearly had his ears and toes frozen so by the time we got back to Chicago again it was cold. We got work here and in April came back to London. This year the Indians at Standing Rock Agency in N.D. got to having the Ghost Dance under Sitting Bull and seeing trouble the government sent out troops. During the fight Sitting Bull and his son Crow Foot wad killed also some other Indians. In May 14th 11 Italians was lynched in New Orleans for killing Chief of Police he missing. In June of this year I went into Camp again with the Battery and after Camp I stayed at home as Uncle John was sick and was coming to London for a visit this summer. While walking down Dundas St west near Ridout one morning a man came running down the stairs all covered with blood and ran into Detective Schrams office underneath and said he had killed his wife. So on going up they found her lying across a table with a butcher knife stuck in her back. We saw them carry her downstairs and put her in the ambulance but she died on the way to the hospital. The following spring we saw this man hung in the jail yard, his name was Ben Simmons. He was a non mould but got on a spree and asked his wife for money to buy whiskey. She would not give him any so being crazy with drink he grabbed a butch knife off the table which she was just cutting some bread with killed her. The knife broke off in her back bone. The morning he was hanged there was a big crowd down watching the hanging. He was a fine big man with dark curly hair and had on a white shirt. Just before they put the black cap on his head he said he wanted to talk. So he told all the crowd that it was drink that had made him kill his wife and that had his parents whipped him when he first come home drunk and gave him a sound lecture he would not be standing on the scaffold today. He warned all young men to leave whiskey alone. Then he waved his hand to the boys, they put the cap over his eyes and the trap was sprung. We seen him fall through the trap door then went away. This same spring old man Smith a farmer who lived up on Richmond St near St Johns killed his wife with an ax. He tried to kill his step son but during the scuffle the boy got away. The old man chasing him with the ax but he hid in the straw stock and his father could not find him. We all went up to see the place. The kitchen was covered over with blood as she had run around the room before getting killed and there was blood in everything. We also saw this man hanged. While in jail the son came to visit him to bring him a Bible but he told him to get away and not come any more as he was sorry he had not killed him along with his mother and he threw the Bible out of his cell. He would not have any minister come in to see him the morning he was hanged. They had to carry him up the platform leading to the scaffold as he was so afraid his knees gave out and when on the scaffold they had to hold him up while the hangman put the rope around his neck he screamed and went wild. They soon sprang the trap and he shot down but the fall did not kill him. They say he livid for long while before he died. After Uncle came to London he did not get any better so he decided to go back home and wanted me to go along. So we left London and started for St Louis but when we got there it was awful hot. He could hardly get his breath so he wanted to go to the Hot Springs in Ark were after staying a week he wanted to go back home. This was a nice place in the mountains. Lots of hot springs people came here from all over to get cured. It was only a small town about 1,200 population. Most every house was a hotel. When we arrived back at St Louis it was still hot. We had a hard time keeping him from fainting had to fan him all the time as he was so weak. We took him off the train and right home were we put him in bed downstairs. Later we moved him up stairs in the front room were on the morning of Oct 8th 1891 just as the daylight was peeking through the blinds he says having open up the window and let me see the daylight for I am going to die. So I went into the other room and woke up my Aunt and Cousin and just as the sun

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came in the window he passed away with us all standing by the bed. For two weeks I never had my clothes off. He kept me waiting upon him all the time. Twenty times every night I had to run away down in the cellar after cool drinks to cool his lips and every time he wanted a drink it would half to be a fresh bottle of soda. Just before he died a few days he made me a present of a fine gold watch. Also a chain diamond shirt stud also gave my brothers and sisters presents. We took him back to Ingersoll and buried him beside his mother and sister were a beautiful monument costing \$1000 marks his grave. This fall and winter I worked for Sam Manni on Dundas St.

The next spring I again went away this summer ~~in June~~. The great Homestead Steel Mill strike took place in Penn and the United States had to send troops there before it was settled. This spring, I left London alone in April going to Port Huron Mich. There I took a side door Pullman for Flint. There I had to stay for two days before I could get a train out of Flint. A few days before a brakeman had been killed by some tramps so the police were arresting every tramp in sight. Not daring to stay around the yards in day time, I used to go away out near the edge of town and wait until it got dark. The first night I slept in an empty box car. That is it was empty when I got in but the next morning there were six more besides myself including a big negro and a hard looking tramp with one eye. This was the fellow who had killed the brakeman as the police arrested him this same day. He was a woodsman and called the Nick of the Woods. The second night I was sitting on a box besides a watchman's shanty waiting for a train to come along when I fell asleep and did not wake up until everyone was passing by on their way to work. I had on a stiff hat and it had fell off and rolled away out on the walk. Everyone was laughing at me when I woke up so I soon got away from there. Not being able to catch a train, I walked to the next small town where I got a train for Battle Creek. There I happened to meet Jack Lackie from Ingersoll also a cigar maker and the notorious Melly James along with Joe Richardson from London. This day I counted 12 cigar makers there at the same time. I, Lackey, and Melly James got a job to go back and work in Flint but after arriving there found out we could not start to work until Monday as they were waiting for moulds from Chicago and as it was only Friday the boss made our board good at the hotel. So that night the clerk gave us our room putting me and Jack Lackey together as we both had on good clothes while James looked pretty seedy so he put him up in an attic room next to the roof. The next morning while everyone was setting in the room waiting for breakfast to be served down came Melly James and says to the clerk say chappy what kind of a room was that you put me in last night. So up goes the clerk with James and you ought to have seen that room. The walls and everything was covered with blood. He having been killing bedbugs all night and you could see the shape of him in the sheet were he laid he was so dirty. Well after coming back down stairs again he says to the crowd I have slept in box cars, jails, police stations, and in almost every kind of a bum bed but that beat anything he ever had got into which made the boarders all laugh so the boss came in he was a bit lumon and swore at James and said if he did not get out at once he would call the police. So James said don't be afraid old man for I would not stay at such a cheap house as this so out he got. It made I and Jack Lackey feel cheap as we had all three came in together but the boss seen we could not help what he had done so that morning while sitting out in front of the hotel. Who should come along, but a detective. He went into the office and asked the clerk if there was any cigar makers lately come to stay. The boss spoke up and says yes there is, three out there sitting in front now. And by the way, that fellow sitting with his back to us, abused me. I think he is a bad man. They just came here yesterday and I had to order him out just awhile ago. So, I think if you are looking for a Rascal, you will find him there. The Detective says, I am looking for a cigar maker and by the description, I guess that is the fellow. So, up comes the officer and taps James on the shoulder and says come along with me I have a warrant for you. But Melly says you are mistaken, I am not the man you want. But the Detective says, isn't your name James. No indeed, says Melly, my name is Joe Jackson and I live in Port Huron. Well, no matter who you are, you had better come along with me, until we find out. He took him down to the police station and sent a telegram to Monrow Michigan to the sheriff that he had his man. It

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seems James had stolen some clothes and money out of the hotel. So, while waiting for the sheriff to arrive, they let him sit in the office and he kept spitting all over the floor, until they had to lock him up in a cellar.

While waiting to go to work here, a strike was declared in Flint, so we had to pull out. I, Lackey, and Joe Richardson, who had come into town, left for Battle Creek, where Richardson fell in with a German, who was going to leave for Chicago. He was a jolly fellow and had two big valises full of clothes. As Joe could talk German, he soon made a friend with him and says we three are also going to Chicago tonight. But we are going to Brat our way there, so you come along with us and save your fare. They had a good time all day and that night we all went down to the yards to catch a train. Pretty soon along comes a passenger train. So while it was taking on water, Joe says, now when the train pulls out, you throw on your valise in front of the baggage and jump on yourself and I will throw the other one up to you. Then we all will get on with you, so hurry. Well, when the train pulled out, he threw on his valise and in doing so; it slid clean across and fell out the other side. Joe never threw the other valise on. By this time, the train was going pretty fast and the old German could not climb off. That was the last we ever saw of him. When the train got past Richardson, he picked up the valise and later on we all went out on another train, a freight train. The next day, at Valparaiso Indiana, Joe took the two valises down and pawned them at a Jew's for \$10.00. They were full of clothes.

Richardson and Lackey stayed here in Valparaiso, both got a job there. I went on to Chicago, leaving in June for Council Bluffs, then on to Omaha, Nebraska. I got a job from a Leaf House in Grand Island, Nebraska, at a summer resort where I worked until the first week in September. But as the season was nearly over, we soon would be laid off. This was the week of the Sullivan and Corbett fight at New Orleans, LA. So everyone was betting on Sullivan to win 3 to 1. I put all my money, \$15.00, on Sullivan. So when the big fight came off on September 7, 1892, the whole town was crazy. Everyone was for Sullivan, no Corbett money in sight. When the first news came over the wire that Corbett had knocked Sullivan down the crowd went wild. Pretty soon we learnt that Corbett had knocked him out in the 21st round. So we all were pretty blue. Lots lost every dollar they had on him.

Leaving here, I started for Ashland, Wisconsin, where they told us that we could get work, but when I got there the whole country was on fire from bush and prairie fires. The fire was traveling fast eating up forest after forest. So, there was no work. Everyone was out fighting fire from here. I went to Milwaukee, Wisconsin. Then, I worked my way back to Michigan City Indiana. Then, I went on to Jackson Michigan; from there to Detroit and then on home, arriving sometime in November. It was getting cold now and the nights were frosty, so I stayed at home.

The next spring, 1893, I got my share from Uncle John's estate and in March left for Detroit, Michigan. This month, Grover Cleveland was elected President and the whole Country went Democrat. While in Detroit, I went into partnership with James Harpin starting a cigar factory and store out at 703 Michigan Avenue. I loan him the money to start into business, taking a note on his father in London for security at \$500.00. I soon found out that there was not enough business to keep us both working and as he was married, I decided to pull out and let him keep the place. But as he had no money to buy my share of the business, I had to go and leave everything with him. He agreed to pay me so much every month. After I got away, he failed to make the payments. So, seeing that I was going to lose my money, I placed the note for collection in London and had some trouble in getting my money, as his father had in the meantime transferred all his property over to his wife, thinking by doing so that he would not be liable for any debts. But at the time my note was given, he owned the property, so he had to pay me my \$500.00. After getting out of business with Harper, I

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made up my mind to go out to the Indian Territory, as it was just being open up for settlement, and I thought it would be a good place to locate.

But while looking around among the leaf houses for a location, I heard there was a good town up in Northern Michigan. Mr. Rothchild said if you go up there, I am sure that you can do well. So, I picked out all my stock of tobacco and left my work with him to ship it to me, when he heard from me. So, taking the boat, I left for St. Ignace, Michigan. After looking around all one day, I sent a telegram back for him to ship my goods, I having rented a store. This was in the last week of April 1893.

The following month the World's Fair was opened, lasting from May 1 to Oct 31st. After receiving my stock from Detroit, I started in making cigars and by fall had quite a lot of goods made up. In September, I went back to London, and I and Minnie Clark were married at the Methodist Church on Sept 14, 1893. The next day, we left for Detroit stopping over night there. Taking the boat the following morning for St. Ignace, where I already had everything ready to start housekeeping with having bought furniture and fixed up our living rooms which were over the shop. Here we both lived and as Minnie was a bunch broker, she helped me in the shop. We made lots of cigars and I sold them as fast as we could get them made.

That fall, times started to get awful dull and everyone was talking about hard times. This fall Coxey's Army came through St. Ignace on its way to Washington D.C. to get the President to give them work. There was thousands from all parts of the country. Marching on foot or any way they could get there. And every town, they come through, the merchants shut up shop and hid for they begged everything they could get. When the word came that they were coming that morning to St. Ignace, the Town Council met the train at the end of the yards and never let them stop. They rushed them right through town and onto the boat headed over to Mackinaw City, where they got off the box cars and made a raid on the stores and houses begging. Before they could get them away, pretty near everything in the little town was eaten up. They were sure a hungry bunch, from doctors to tramps, men in every walk of life composed that army. They finally got to Washington and saw the President.

As things were beginning to look blue, I say to Minnie, let's leave here next spring and go to St. Louis, Missouri. Which we did, taking all our cigars and stock arriving in St. Louis in April 1894. There I rented a store out on Washington Ave. near 22nd St. and put in a retail cigar store, having a nice stock, but not making any cigars. After getting open up, business was dull. Everyone was out of work and our expenses were high, as I was paying \$30.00 per month rent for store and \$15.00 for living rooms.

So, after staying here ~~three~~ months and seeing that business was not coming our way, we made up our mind to go back to St Ignace again. Arriving in July, but could not secure any buildings. So, taking a few rooms with a French woman named Mrs. Coveycon. We started once more into housekeeping. Mr. Malone agreed to put me up in a building.

So, the last of July, Minnie left for London. Maggie, her sister, coming up to stay with me. On the 13th of August 1894, Bennie was born at 268 Thames St., where Minnie's mother lived. After Bennie's birth, Minnie remained at home until Oct. the 10th. Then she came back with baby. Maggie now left for London. Our new building, being finished, we moved into it and put in a fine big stock of cigars and tobacco. We sure had a nice store with fine living rooms upstairs but the times were dull. Strikes were taking place all over. At Chicago, the Pullman car strike was on and troops were called out. Factories all over were closing down, throwing thousands of men out of work. Banks were

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busting up. The whole country was on the verge of a money panic. This was the free silver, so it looked pretty bad for us, and as St. Ignace was pulling into winter, we were getting the blues. But the next spring, things began to brighten up and we done a good business.

St. Ignace was a town of about 1500 population it was a beautiful place, built on a high bluff overlooking the Lake and Bay. It had one long street which ran along the bay for miles. There was a big iron ore dock were the trains used to come in and load the boats with ore and another long wharf were the big car ferries ran into from Mackinaw City to St. Ignace there was about fifteen saloons . .

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“It looks like three pages at the back of the ledger are missing. The back inside cover has the following directory?”

- Paige 1. = A.B.C.D.
“ 2. = E.F.G.H.
“ 3. = I.J.K.L.
“ 4. = M.N.O.P.
“ 5. = Q.R.S.T.
“ 6. = U.V.W.X.
“ 7. = Y.Z.
“ 8. = Banking
Money
“ 9. Money for papers
“ 10. Receipts given

CM.
+
C.W.

Background Information on Harry Walkers Diary

A. Ingersoll, Ontario (Wikipedia) Town of Ingersoll

Motto: Prosperity Through Progress / Coordinates: 43°02'N 80°53'W / 43.033, -80.883 / Country: Canada / Province: Ontario / County: Oxford / Established: 1852 (village) 1861 (town) / Government: Mayor - Governing Body: Ingersoll Town Council Area: Total 12.9 km² (5 sq mi) / Elevation: 280 m (919 ft) / Population Density 2,361.8/sq mi / Time zone: EST / Postal code N5C / Area code 226 / 519 / Website: www.ingersoll.ca

Ingersoll (2006 population 11,760) is a town in Oxford County on the Thames River in southwestern Ontario, Canada. The nearest city is Woodstock, Ontario to the east, with Tillsonburg, Ontario to the south and London to the west. Ingersoll is situated north and near Highway 401. Oxford County Road 119 (formerly Ontario Highway 19) serves the town. The local high school is Ingersoll District Collegiate Institute. The town was founded by Thomas Ingersoll (Laura Secord's father) as Oxford-on-the-Thames. The town was later renamed Ingersoll in his honour. The area was well known for cheese production, and was home to the first such factory in Canada from approximately 1840. In 1866, a giant block of cheese weighing 7,300 pounds (3,311 kg) was produced at the James Harris Cheese Factory for promotion of the town's cheese industry. The "Big Cheese" was exhibited in England and in the United States at the New York State Fair in Saratoga. Ingersoll is the hometown of Canadian author David Manicom. Heavy manufacturing is currently Ingersoll's largest industry, including manufacturers such as CAMI Automotive, a 50–50 joint venture between Suzuki and General Motors of Canada Ltd.. Annual Town Events:

Ingersoll is the host of a number annual festivals, including the Ribfest, Harvest Festival, Canterbury Folk Festival and the Winter Lights Festival. Ingersoll offers amenities to the public such as the Victoria Park Community Centre, Alexandra Hospital, ILERC, Ingersoll Support Services, VON, Oxford Child and Youth Services, Ingersoll Memorial Arena, Ingersoll Public Library, Ingersoll Cheese Museum, as well as many more.

B. Laura Ingersoll Secord

Most Canadians know the name of Laura Secord, although they may be a bit fuzzy on the subject of her heroic trek that saved the British and Canadian forces at the Battle of Beaver Dams during the War of 1812. Laura Ingersoll Secord was the young wife of James Secord, a settler in Queenston, Upper Canada. The War of 1812 was very personal to Laura. Like her husband and many others in Upper Canada, Laura had been born in the United States and had relatives across the line. But she was fiercely loyal to the British Crown, and was committed to the defense of the colony. The story of Laura Secord's famous act of patriotism begins on the evening of June 21, 1813. Several American officers forced their way into the Secord home and ordered Laura to serve them dinner. The food was plentiful, the wine flowed, and as the evening wore on, the officers grew boisterous and carefree, boasting of their plans to crush the remaining British resistance in the area. As Laura quietly washed the dishes, she listened to the voices of the American officers through the thin partition. "We'll make a surprise move against FitzGibbon at Beaver Dams." It was the voice of Colonel Boerstter. "We will destroy his headquarters and take the whole detachment captive." Laura stood motionless with a warm plate in her hands, realizing that unless Lieutenant FitzGibbon was warned, the entire Niagara peninsula would be lost. She glanced at her husband, who had been wounded six months earlier at the Battle of Queenston Heights and was still barely able to walk. Then, in a tone of quiet determination, Laura told her husband that she was going to take the message to FitzGibbon herself. At dawn the next morning Laura began her journey dressed in her regular attire of a settler's wife. In some versions of the story, Laura carries a milking pail and leads her cow along the road, as a cover for inquiring American sentries, although there is no hard evidence to support these details. In any case, Laura Secord had to be very careful not to be captured. The traditional punishment for spies was death by firing squad. Avoiding the main roads, Laura chose a difficult and circuitous 19 mile route to the stone house where FitzGibbon was stationed. She began by walking along the road to her brother-in-law's farm. At one point her niece Elizabeth joined her, but gave up in exhaustion three hours later, just as they neared Black Swamp. Alone, Laura entered the most difficult part of her journey. The heat of the June sun was beating down on her, and the brambles tore at her clothing. Whether or not she was barefoot, as some versions of the story claim, the damp bog soon soaked her to the skin. Yet, determined more than ever to accomplish her dangerous undertaking, Laura drove herself on, always listening for the fearsome cry of wolves. As darkness fell, Laura reached the edge of the swamp. Haunted by the feeling that she was being watched, she climbed the steep escarpment and began moving through the thick undergrowth. When she finally reached a clearing, she found herself surrounded by a band of Iroquois. Though paralysed by fear, she somehow forced herself to speak, managing to make the chief understand the urgency of her mission. Impressed by her courage and sympathetic to her cause, he ordered one of his men to escort Laura to FitzGibbon's headquarters. An hour later, Laura Secord arrived at the British garrison just in time to warn FitzGibbon of the impending American attack before she collapsed from exhaustion. Here Laura's heroic adventure ends, and the controversy begins. Was FitzGibbon already braced for the attack, as some assert? Why did he make no mention of Laura's effort in his official reports? It was not until 1827 that he finally referred to Laura in a letter, writing: "The weather on the 22nd day of June, 1813 was very hot, and Mrs. Secord, whose person was slight and delicate, appeared to have been and no doubt was very much exhausted by the exertion she made in coming to me, and I have ever since held myself personally indebted to her for her conduct upon that occasion..." Laura did not publicly record her story for many years, and it was not until 1860, when she was 85 years old, that she received any formal recognition. The Prince of Wales, upon a visit to Canada, read Laura's account of her wartime adventure, and sent her a gift of 100 pounds for her efforts.

C. Thames River (Ontario) (From Wikipedia)

The Thames River is located in southwestern Ontario, Canada. The Thames flows west 273 kilometers (169 miles) through southwestern Ontario, through the cities of Woodstock, London and Chatham to Lighthouse Cove on Lake St. Clair. It drains 5,825 sq. km. (2,249 sq. mi.) of land. Fork of the Thames in London, Ontario called Askunessippi (Anishinaabe language: Eshkani-ziibi, "the antlered river") by the Odawa and Ojibwa inhabitants, who together with the Neutrals, have lived in the area since before Europeans arrived, the river was named after the River Thames in England by Lieutenant Governor John Graves Simcoe in 1793. Much of the Thames is surrounded by deciduous Carolinian forests, although much of this forest has been removed to permit farming and agriculture. The North and South branches on the upper part of the river flow through valleys created during the retreat of the glaciers during the last ice age. The North and South branches meet at London; the University of Western Ontario is located on the North Branch. Downriver from London, the lower part of the river flows through a shallow plain of sand and clay, with an average depth of 4 ft (1m). The lower Thames flows through Delaware, Chatham, Thamesville, as well as Chippewa and Oneida First Nations settlements. Tributaries of the Thames include the Avon River, Dingman Creek, Jeanettes Creek, McGregor Creek, Medway Creek, Pottersburg Creek, Stoney Creek, and Waubuno Creek. The river was the location of an important battle of the War of 1812. The Battle of the Thames (also known as the Battle of Moraviantown) was fought on October 5, 1813, between American General William Henry Harrison and British General Henry Proctor, along with Proctor's ally Tecumseh. Chief Tecumseh was killed in the battle and subsequently had numerous schools and other public facilities named after him such as Tecumseh Public School and Tecumseh Park in London, Ontario, later renamed Labatt Memorial Park, and the London Tecumsehs Baseball Club. On August 14, 2000, the Thames was designated a Canadian Heritage River.

D. Newbury, Ontario Canada (Wikipedia)

Newbury is a village located in Middlesex County. It is located in the southwestern corner of the county, entirely surrounded by the municipality of Southwest Middlesex. The village had a population of 439 in the Canada 2006 Census.

E. Chatham-Kent, Ontario Canada (Wikipedia)

Established 1998 (2006 pop 108,177) Located in Southwestern Ontario, Canada. The municipality is mainly rural and agricultural, with industry in the larger urban areas. The former city of Chatham began as a naval dockyard in the 1790s, as it straddles the Thames River. The town was named after Chatham, Kent, England, which was also developed around a naval dockyard. In England, the name Chatham came from the British root ceto and the Old English ham thus meaning a forest settlement. In the War of 1812, the Battle of the Thames took place between Moraviantown and Thamesville on October 5, 1813. During the 19th century, the area was part of the Underground Railroad. As a result, Chatham-Kent is now part of the African-Canadian Heritage Tour. Uncle Tom's Cabin Historic Site is a museum of the Dawn Settlement, established in 1841 by Josiah Henson near Dresden as refuge for the many slaves who escaped to Canada from the United States. The Rev. John Brown, the abolitionist, planned his raid on the Harpers Ferry Virginia Arsenal in Chatham and recruited local men to participate in the raid. The small village of North Buxton, part of the African Canadian Heritage Tour, also played an important role in the Underground Railroad. In 1998 the County of Kent and the city of Chatham were amalgamated to form the Municipality of Chatham-Kent. Some say this controversial move has had a negative impact on small-town Ontario, where the province shifted financial responsibility unto the individual municipalities, and taxes and infrastructure suffered as a result. The Municipality of Chatham-Kent currently consists of 23 communities. Chatham-Kent is the twelfth-largest municipality by area in Canada and the largest in southwestern Ontario. Over 59,000 of the 108,000 residents live in the former City of Chatham. The Lower Thames River runs through Chatham-Kent to Lake St. Clair in the west, while the Sydenham River flows through Wallaceburg and Dresden. The municipality has several kilometres of shoreline along lakes Erie and St. Clair. The Indian reserves of Moravian 47 and Bkejwanong (commonly referred to as Walpole Island) border Chatham-Kent. Although most of the population of Chatham-Kent is English-speaking, a few of its communities and Catholic parishes were settled by francophone (French-speaking) farmers in the mid nineteenth century. These include Pain Court, Tilbury and Grande Pointe where still today, French is spoken by a significant percentage of the population. These communities are designated French language service areas under Ontario's French Language Services Act. 8,500 residents of Chatham-Kent County have French as a mother tongue and 1,500 have French as their home language. Essex County (adjacent to the west) also has a relatively large francophone population. Chatham-Kent has an increasingly diverse economy, with a base in the agricultural and automotive sectors. Located in the "industrial heartland", Chatham's roots in the automotive sector go back to Gray-Dort Motors Ltd., one of Canada's earliest automobile manufacturers. (Chatham was also the birthplace of Hank Chrysler, father of Walter P. Chrysler, founder of the Chrysler automobile company). Today, a heavy truck plant operated by Navistar International Corporation (NYSE symbol NAV) is one of the largest employers in the city. Established in 1912, the operation was threatened with closure in 2002, but remained open thanks to \$65 million in government grants and a new collective agreement with the Canadian Auto Workers local representing the workers. Blenheim is home to RM Auctions, the world's largest vintage automobile auction house and RM Restorations, the world's largest vintage automobile restoration company. The nickname "The Classic Car Capital of Canada" comes from the company's position in the industry and abundance of classic car events in the community. There are many farms in the municipality, and a number of vineyards have been opened in the last few years. Chatham is home to "Retrofest" - Hundreds of classic car enthusiasts travel to Downtown Chatham to showcase their classic cars and vintage vehicles. Transportation = Chatham-Kent is situated just

off Highway 401 (known as "Carnage Alley" because of a string of fatal accidents), connecting Montreal, Toronto, Kitchener-Waterloo, London, and Windsor, Ontario; and Detroit, Michigan via the Ambassador Bridge. Blenheim, Chatham and Wallaceburg are linked with Sarnia, Ontario and the Blue Water Bridge to the United States by Highway 40. The sections of Highway 2 and Highway 3 (the Talbot Trail) in Chatham-Kent were downloaded by the province in 1998, becoming local roads 2 and 3, but they remain significant through routes and are still locally known by their old names. Chatham is served by VIA Rail passenger services between Toronto and Windsor, part of the Quebec City-Windsor Corridor with four trips in each direction daily.

F. Strathroy-Caradoc, Ontario (Wikipedia)

County Middlesex; Settled 1832; Incorporated 1860 village; 1872 town

Population (2006) - 19,977 - Strathroy-Caradoc is a municipality located just west of London, Ontario, Canada. It was created through the merger of the former township of Caradoc and the town of Strathroy in the late 1990s. Its two largest settlements are Strathroy and Mount Brydges. Strathroy-Caradoc is a primarily rural municipality. Industries include turkey and chicken hatching and processing, corn and tobacco. Some industrial products are manufactured in Strathroy, the township's largest locality and its commercial, cultural and industrial centre. Settlements within Strathroy-Caradoc largely grew up around the Sydenham River and the southwestern Ontario railways. Three major railway lines pass through the municipality: the CN (Canadian National Railway) Chatham Subdivision (connecting Windsor and London, Ontario), the CP (Canadian Pacific Railway) Windsor Subdivision (also connecting Windsor and London), and the CN Strathroy Subdivision (connecting London and Sarnia, Ontario). Municipally, Strathroy-Caradoc is situated within Middlesex County. Communities- Strathroy is located 40 kilometres west of the City of London, Ontario, and is the largest community in Middlesex County outside of London. The community is situated next to Highway 402 between London and the border to Port Huron, Michigan, USA at Sarnia, Ontario. Strathroy's economy is diverse, and major industries include automotive manufacturing, agriculture and food processing. Mount Brydges has a small commercial "downtown" featuring mostly local businesses and shops. The only educational institution in the village is Caradoc Central Public Elementary School. Local agriculture includes maize, tobacco and wheat. The soil composition of the region is largely sandy (a phenomenon referred to locally as the "Caradoc Sand Plains") as a result of deposits created on the bottom of the glacial Lake Whittlesey which covered the area approximately 13,000 years ago. The township also contains the smaller communities of Cairngorm, Campbellvale, Caradoc, Christina, Falconbridge, Glen Oak, Longwood, Melbourne and Muncey.

History - Strathroy was first settled in 1832 by John Stewart Buchanan at a location on the Sydenham River with flow and fall sufficient enough to power a grist mill. A general store opened in the settlement in 1840. Strathroy was incorporated as a village in 1860 and became a town in 1872 under the motto "We Advance". Buchanan named the settlement after his hometown of Strathroy in Ireland, now a suburb of Omagh in Tyrone County, Northern Ireland. The name of current restaurant Johnny Buck's in Strathroy pays tribute to the town's founder. In 1866, The Age newspaper was established to compete with the already-established Western Dispatch newspaper. The Western Dispatch was purchased by The Age in 1923, which later became The Strathroy Age-Dispatch. The newspaper is still published weekly. Arthur Currie, who would later become the commander of Canadian forces in Europe during World War I, was born here on December 5, 1875. In the fall of 1876, Bixel Brewery opened in Strathroy, producing lager beer for a century before its closing. Other breweries in the town have included the "Western Steam Brewery", "Strathroy Brewing and Malting" and "West End Brewery". In 1896, the Strathroy Furniture Company opened its doors, and was henceforth renowned for nearly a century for making residential furniture. On February 14, 1914 the first patients were admitted to what would eventually become Stathroy Middlesex General Hospital. At the time, the hospital was municipally-owned. On March 22, 2004, the town's 117-year-old train station was destroyed by a fire that took more than 35 firefighters to get under control.

G. The Victoria Day Disaster

The site of one of Canada's worst marine disasters when the "Victoria" capsized on Victoria Day with over 182 lives lost on what is now a relatively placid stretch of the Thames River, Ontario Canada. Hard to imagine today that this was the site of one of Canada's worst marine disasters as the river now looks fairly shallow and calm. I suspect that dams have been removed and the river here is a lot different from the way it was in 1881. On May 24, 1881 Queen Victoria celebrated her 62nd birthday. The event offered Londoners a rare holiday from their six-day workweeks. Many had decided to take the 15 cent boat ride to Springbank Park and the ferry operators were eager for the extra business. By the time the Victoria arrived at the park for the afternoon's last return trip, the dock was packed. The Victoria was designed to carry 400 passengers. By the time it pulled out from the Springbank pavilion at five o'clock it carried 650. The passengers were excited and kept rushing from one side to the other. Captain Rankin told them repeatedly to stand still and not crowd so much. Coincidentally, near the site of the plaque, the London City Rowing Club, unaware of the Victoria's peril, decided to race it down the Thames in their scull. It was the final ingredient for disaster. People rushed over to the right hand side of the ship to take a look but the crowd was just too big. The ship keeled over and the boiler rolled off its mount. As it toppled overboard the boiler took out the main supports for the top deck which then collapsed on the passengers below. In a matter of seconds the structure of the Victoria had disintegrated in seventeen feet of water. The scenes that followed can only be described as horrific. Many women were dragged under the surface by the weight of their waterlogged dresses. The total death count was estimated at 182, although it was probably higher. It was London's greatest

loss of life in a single day. "The captain blamed the people. The people blamed the owners of the ship and the company line," sums up Kenneth McTaggart, the author of the 1978 book, *The Victoria Day Disaster*. "Everybody blamed everybody else without realizing - they all caused it."

H. The Donnelly Murders

February 3rd, 1880. Five members of the hated Donnelly family in Lucan, Ontario, were killed by a mob of drunken vigilantes. The Donnellys - James, Johannah and their seven sons and one daughter. Arriving from Tipperary, Ireland in the 1840s, the family settled in the boisterous pioneer community near London, Ontario. For the next 30 years, their activities gained wide notoriety in the area. James was convicted of murder but escaped the gallows. The sons grew up to be handsome, reckless, enterprising in business and very dangerous in combat. Were they really as evil as their enemies portrayed them? How could one family terrorize an entire Canadian community for 33 years? The Black Donnellys is the classic account of how James, Johannah and their sons used brute force to brawl, steal, burn, and murder their way into the dark side of Canadian history. Why was no one ever convicted of their murders? What happened to the surviving Donnellys? And why do local people still feel strongly, taking sides for or against the family? This is an epic tragedy of frontier life. On a brutally cold night, a horrific plot is about to be executed. Using darkness to conceal their movements, a secret society made up of locals converges on the Donnelly homestead. Many are disguised to conceal their identities. In a savage attack, all four family members at home are cruelly bludgeoned to death, their bodies left to be discovered amongst the smoldering remains of the farmhouse. The mob then continues to another farm where in cold blood they shoot and kill yet another member of the Donnelly family. In the ensuing investigation, two eyewitnesses to this massacre testify in two of the most sensational trials in Canadian history. Yet, no one is ever found guilty and there are no convictions made. Against overwhelming evidence, the people arrested for this mass murder walk free. How could this have happened?

I. City of London, Ontario, Canada

Although the history of London begins in 1793, when Lieutenant-Governor John Graves Simcoe selected the Forks of the Thames as his choice for the future site for the capital of the province, the city itself was not founded until 1826. By that year the provincial capital had long been located at Toronto. What was needed in the southwestern peninsula was an administrative seat for the vast London District which covered most of central Western Ontario. Vittoria, Norfolk County, by 1825 was too remote from many of the little clusters of settlements which were spreading north from Lake Erie. The committee bypassed St. Thomas, which was as close to Lake Erie as Vittoria, and eventually decided on the Crown Reserve of land that Simcoe had, so many years before, set aside at the Forks of the Thames. Their choice was confirmed in a provincial statute which came into force on January 30, 1826. Then a local committee of magistrates, headed by Colonel Talbot himself, selected the present site of the Old Court House as the location for the government buildings. Burwell surveyed the town site, which covered the area now bounded on the south and west by the two branches of the Thames, roughly by Queens Avenue on the north and by Wellington Street on the east. A temporary court house was erected for the administration of the London District and work soon began on what is now the Old Court House. Gradually and unwillingly, for the Forks area was a wilderness, officials of the London District began to move to the new centre from their comfortable homes in Norfolk County. With them came merchants and hostel keepers, including Dennis O'Brien, who was London's first storekeeper and George J. Goodhue, the first "Millionaire" of the city. Soon a cluster of buildings mushroomed around the court house square and the streets, loyally named after officials of the province and Great Britain, began to hum with life. The Bank of Upper Canada opened an office in the town and substantial brick stores began to make their appearance. In 1834 the Treasurer of the District, John Harris, erected the first elegant mansion, the nucleus of "Eldon House" of today. By that year the settlement had the 1,000 people needed to be made a separate parliamentary riding. In 1836 Lieutenant-Governor Sir Francis Bond Head, infamous for his part in the Mackenzie Rebellion, separated London from Middlesex and gave it its own member. Naturally, London voted Tory. When the Rebellion broke out in 1837, the local division of the Family Compact, the group which administered the province, held the town for the government without difficulty. Shortly the new Court House was bursting at the seams with the captured rebels. The Rebellion was one of the greatest stimulants to the evolution of London, for the British government decided to locate a garrison in the peninsula, which had been shaken by the Duncombe uprising and was threatened by invasion from the United States. Again London was chosen over St. Thomas, which was little eager to have an "unruly garrison". In 1838 the soldiers moved in and from then until 1869 there were generally troops stationed on what is now Victoria Park. This was another major factor in the making of London. While the choice as district town had meant administrative influence, the garrison rapidly brought military spending and a greatly increased population, both



through the soldiers and their dependants and also through the larger number of civilians required to minister to their needs. By 1840 London was large enough to become an incorporated town (somewhat equal to a village today). The survey was extended east to include all the land to Adelaide Street, south to Trafalgar Street and north to Huron Street. The first council was elected and George J. Goodhue was chosen as first town president. Municipal services then began to appear and Covent Garden Market was established at its present location in 1845. By that time the advance of settlement in Western Ontario had necessitated the establishment of new administrative districts centred around Goderich, Woodstock and Simcoe. Yet the reduction in its administrative territory little affected the growth of London, for by the early 1840's the town was already beginning to establish a firm economic control over what is still today its hinterland. In its spread of commercial domination London was greatly aided by the efforts of its member of the Legislature, Hamilton H. Killaly, who directed his attention particularly to the improvement of the roads spreading out from his own riding. Communication to the north, the only direction that he missed, was quickly taken care of by the leading merchants, including John Labatt and Thomas Carling, who in the late 1840's constructed the Proof Line Road (now north Richmond Street and Highway 4) to connect London with its thirsty hinterland. Manufacturing also began to spring up, under the leadership of such figures as the tanners, Simeon Morrell and Ellis W. Hyman, and the iron founders Elijah Leonard and the McClary brothers. The prosperity of the town is well demonstrated by the fact that when fire struck in 1844 and 1845, nearly destroying its centre, rebuilding was instantaneous. In 1848 London was reincorporated with strengthened municipal powers and the population was shown by the census at 4,584. Following the fires further evidences of elegance made their appearance. Benjamin Cronyn, Anglican Rector of London since 1832, and his building committee engaged William Thomas of Toronto, one of Canada's greatest architects, to rebuild their church. The St. Paul's as designed by Thomas forms the nucleus of the Cathedral which still graces the city today. Thus, as the era of the iron horse burst upon Upper Canada, London was in an excellent position to ensure that the railway network of Western Ontario radiated from the city. Guided by the merchants the Great Western Railway line (now the Canadian National) was run through the middle of town, whereupon London entered into its liveliest period of expansion and land speculation. From December 15, 1853, when the first train steamed in from Hamilton, until the panic and depression of 1857, the city underwent a boom of building and land speculation. Such mansions as "Grosvenor Lodge" and "Locust Mount" were built, while the commercial interests could begin construction of the "Tecumseh House", the largest hotel in British North America. In 1857 the Board of Trade, now the Chamber of Commerce, was established. The event which crowned London's prosperity was the incorporation of the town as a city, effective January 1, 1855. Murray Anderson, a tinsmith, was elected first mayor, and the council included such leading business figures as Thomas Carling and Elijah Leonard. The coat-of-arms, still the symbol of the city today, appropriately was topped by a railway engine belching smoke. Then suddenly, in 1857 it seemed that London's prosperity was to be wiped away by depression. But in 1861 London was rescued by the American Civil War. Located in a rich agricultural belt, the city was soon shipping the wheat of its hinterland to supply the Northern Army. Depression was supplanted by prosperity. Civil War affluence was soon evident in London's physical appearance. The erection of large downtown buildings began again and by the mid-1870's the centre of the city had assumed the shape it retained up until the 1960's. The decade of the 1870's also saw lines of new mansions rising along Queens and Grand Avenues, visible reflections of the city's new-found wealth. New institutions, such as the London Psychiatric Hospital and St. Joseph's Hospital came into being. Huron College was established in 1863 and the University of Western Ontario followed in 1878. Local financial institutions were founded simultaneously. By 1864 the merchants of the city were rich enough to form their own trust company, the Huron & Erie; life insurance companies followed with the founding of the London Life Insurance Company in 1874. The communications of the city were again being extended, both internally and externally. The London Street Railway was begun in 1873 and the modernization of the bridges began with the construction of the present Blackfriars Bridge in 1875. The telephone exchange appeared in 1879. Outside the city, the London, Huron & Bruce Railway was constructed to Wingham during 1871-75 and the present Canadian Pacific tracks followed across town a decade later. All these were factors which helped to consolidate the hold of the city over the region. From this prosperous period, until the end of the century, London grew in size both geographically and demographically. Several of London's adjacent suburbs were annexed - London East in 1885, London South in 1890 and London West in 1898. Pottersburg, Ealing and Chelsea Green followed in 1912. In 1914, on the eve of World War I, London had reached a population of approximately 55,000 people. During the interwar period from 1918 to 1939, the city continued to grow steadily, although it was badly affected by the Great Depression. Several large buildings were constructed in this period - the Dominion Public Building on Richmond Street, the first buildings on the present campus of the University of Western Ontario, the Bell Telephone Building on Clarence Street and the London Life Insurance Company offices on Dufferin Avenue. Many new homes were built in London South and in the vicinity of Huron Street. A major flood struck London West in April, 1937. The water rose fifteen feet in only a few hours. Miraculously, only one resident was killed, though hundreds were left homeless. Since the end of World War II, London has experienced a growth unprecedented in its history. With the major annexation of 1961, which added 60,000 people to the city, London had grown close to a quarter of a million people in 1976, the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of its founding. Major physical changes in London's appearance have occurred. In the old city core, many of the landmarks of the past have gone to be replaced by modern developments - the McClary factory was demolished for Wellington Square; the Hotel London was replaced by the City Centre; the Covent Garden Market was enclosed by the Market Garden Parking Building; and a new Court House was finally constructed on a demolished two block site.

J. Cigar Making

Derived from the Spanish cigarra "cicada." A cigar is a tightly rolled bundle of dried and fermented tobacco which is ignited so that its smoke may be drawn into the smoker's mouth. Cigar tobacco is grown in significant quantities in Brazil, Cameroon, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Honduras, Indonesia, Mexico, Nicaragua, Sumatra, the Philippines, and the Eastern United States.

History - The indigenous inhabitants of the islands of the Caribbean Sea, Mexico, and Mesoamerica have smoked cigars since as early as the 10th century, as evidenced by the discovery of a ceramic vessel at a Mayan archaeological site in Uaxactún, Guatemala. The vessel was decorated with the painted figure of a man smoking a primitive cigar. Explorer Christopher Columbus is generally credited with the introduction of tobacco to Europe. Two of Columbus's crewmen during his 1492 journey, Rodrigo de Jerez and Luis de Torres, are said to have encountered tobacco for the first time on the island of San Salvador in the Bahamas, when natives presented them with dry leaves that spread a peculiar fragrance. Tobacco was widely difused among all of the islands of the Caribbean and therefore they again encountered it in Cuba, where Columbus and his men had settled. Around 1592, the Spanish galleon San Clemente brought 50 kilograms (110 lb) of tobacco seed to the Philippines over the Acapulco-Manila trade route. The seed was then distributed among the Roman Catholic missions, where the clerics found excellent climates and soils for growing high-quality tobacco on Philippine soil. In the 19th century, cigar smoking was common, while cigarettes were still comparatively rare. The cigar business was an important industry, and factories employed many people before mechanized manufacturing of cigars became practical. Many modern cigars, as a matter of prestige, are still rolled by hand: some boxes bear the phrase *totalmente a mano* (totally by hand) or *hecho a mano* (made by hand).

Manufacture - Tobacco leaves are harvested and aged using a process that combines use of heat and shade to reduce sugar and water content without causing the large leaves to rot. This first part of the process, called curing, takes between 25 and 45 days and varies substantially based upon climatic conditions as well as the construction of sheds or barns used to store harvested tobacco. The curing process is manipulated based upon the type of tobacco, and the desired color of the leaf. The second part of the process, called fermentation, is carried out under conditions designed to help the leaf die slowly. Temperature and humidity are controlled to ensure that the leaf continues to ferment, without rotting or disintegrating. This is where the flavor, burning, and aroma characteristics are primarily brought out in the leaf. Once the leaves have aged properly, they are sorted for use as filler or wrapper based upon their appearance and overall quality. During this process, the leaves are continually moistened and handled carefully to ensure each leaf is best used according to its individual qualities. The leaf will continue to be baled, inspected, unbaled, reinspected, and baled again repeatedly as it continues its aging cycle. When the leaf has matured according to the manufacturer's specifications, it will be used in the production of a cigar. Quality cigars are still hand-made. An experienced cigar-roller can produce hundreds of very good, nearly identical, cigars per day. The rollers keep the tobacco moist—especially the wrapper—and use specially designed crescent-shaped knives, called *chavetas*, to form the filler and wrapper leaves quickly and accurately. Once rolled, the cigars are stored in wooden forms as they dry, in which their uncapped ends are cut to a uniform size. From this stage, the cigar is a complete product that can be "laid down" and aged for decades if kept as close to 21°C (70°F), and 70% relative humidity, as the environment will allow. According to some experts, however, long-term cigar aging requires significantly lower storage temperatures (for example, 4°C (40°F) is recommended for a 50-year storage). The higher temperatures which are usually used in standard cigar storage will cause the cigar to deteriorate after several years, resulting in an eventual corruption of the cigar's flavor. Once cigars have been purchased, proper storage is usually accomplished by keeping the cigars in a specialized wooden box, or *humidor*, where conditions can be carefully controlled for long periods of time. Even if a cigar becomes dry, it can be successfully re-humidified so long as it has not been handled carelessly. Some cigars, especially premium brands, use different varieties of tobacco for the filler and the wrapper. "Long filler cigars" are a far higher quality of cigar, using long leaves throughout. These cigars also use a third variety of tobacco leaf, a "binder", between the filler and the outer wrapper. This permits the makers to use more delicate and attractive leaves as a wrapper. These high-quality cigars almost always blend varieties of tobacco. Even Cuban long-filler cigars will combine tobaccos from different parts of the island to incorporate several different flavors. In low-grade cigars, chopped up tobacco leaves are used for the filler, and long leaves or even a type of "paper" made from tobacco pulp is used for the wrapper which binds the cigar together. Historically, a lector or reader was always employed to entertain the cigar factory workers. This practice became obsolete once audio books for portable music players became available, but it is still practiced in some Cuban factories. The name for the Montecristo cigar brand may have arisen from this practice. Families in the cigar industry - Nearly all modern cigar makers are members of long-established cigar families, or purport to be. The art and skill of hand-making premium cigars has been passed from generation to generation. To date, six individuals have been inducted into the Hall of Fame for their families' contributions to the cigar industry (i.e. Edgar M. Cullman, Chairman, General Cigar Company, New York, USA). Not only are premium cigar-makers typically families, but so are those who grow the premium cigar tobacco. The Oliva family has been growing cigar tobacco since 1934 and their family's tobacco is found in nearly every major cigar brand sold on the US market. Some families, such as the well-known Padrons, have crossed over from tobacco growing to cigar making.

Composition - Cigars are composed of three types of tobacco leaves, whose variations determine smoking and flavor characteristics: Wrappers = A cigar's outermost leaves, or wrapper, come from the widest part of the plant. The wrapper determines much of the cigar's character and flavor, and as such its color is often used to describe the cigar as a whole.

Fillers = The majority of a cigar is made up of fillers, wrapped-up bunches of leaves inside the wrapper. Fillers of various strengths are usually blended to produce desired cigar flavors. In the cigar industry this is referred to as a "blend". Many cigar manufacturers pride themselves in constructing the perfect blend(s) that will give the smoker the most enjoyment of cigar. The more oils present in the tobacco leaf, the stronger (less dry) the filler. Types range from the minimally flavored Volado taken from the bottom of the plant, through the light-flavored Seco (dry) taken from the middle of the plant, to the strong Ligero from the upper leaves exposed to the most sunlight. Fatter cigars of larger gauge hold more filler, with greater potential to provide a full body and complex flavor. When used, Ligero is always folded into the middle of the filler because it burns slowly. Fillers can be either long or short; long filler uses whole leaves and is of a better quality, while short filler, also called "mixed", uses chopped leaves, stems, and other bits. Recently some manufacturers have created what they term "medium filler" cigars. They use larger pieces of leaf than short filler without stems, and are of better quality than short filler cigars. Short filler cigars are easy to identify when smoked since they often burn hotter and tend to release bits of leaf into the smoker's mouth. Long filled cigars of high quality should burn evenly and consistently. Also available is a filler called "sandwich" (sometimes "Cuban sandwich") which is a cigar made by rolling short leaf inside long outer leaf. If a cigar is completely constructed (filler, binder and wrapper) of tobacco from only one country, it is referred to in the cigar industry as a "puro" which in Spanish means "pure". Binders = Binders are elastic leaves used to hold together the bunches of fillers. Essentially, binders are wrappers that are rejected because of holes, blemishes, discoloration, or excess veins. Parejo = The most common shape is the parejo, which has a cylindrical body, straight sides, one end open, and a round tobacco-leaf "cap" on the other end which must be sliced off, have a V-shaped notch made in it with a special cutter, or punched through before smoking. Figurado = Cigar shapes irregularly shaped cigars are known as figurados and are sometimes considered of higher quality because they are more difficult to make. Historically, especially during the 19th century, figurados were the most popular shapes; however, by the 1930s they had fallen out of fashion and all but disappeared. They have, however, recently received a small resurgence in popularity, and there are currently many brands (manufacturers) that produce figurados alongside the simpler parejos. Tuscanian = The typical Italian cigar, created in the early 19th century when Kentucky tobacco was hybridized with local varieties and used to create a long, tough, slim cigar thicker in the middle and tapered at the ends, with a very strong aroma. It is also known as a cheroot, which is the largest selling cigar shape in the United States. Little cigars = Little cigars (sometimes called small cigars) differ greatly from regular cigars. They weigh less than cigars and cigarillos, but more importantly, they resemble cigarettes in size, shape, packaging, and filters. Sales of little cigars quadrupled in the U.S. from 1971 to 1973 in response to the Public Health Cigarette Smoking Act, which banned the broadcast of cigarette advertisements and required stronger health warnings on cigarette packs. Cigars were exempt from the ban, and perhaps more importantly, were taxed at a far lower rate. Little cigars are sometimes called "cigarettes in disguise", and unsuccessful attempts have been made to reclassify them as cigarettes.

Cigar Cutters - Although some cigars are cut on both ends, or twirled at both ends, the vast majority come with one straight cut end and one end in a "cap". Most quality handmade cigars, regardless of shape, will have a cap which is one or more small pieces of a wrapper pasted on to one end of the cigar with a either a natural tobacco paste or with a mixture of flour and water. The cap end of a cigar is the rounded end without the tobacco exposed, and this is the end one should always cut. If the cap is cut jaggedly or without care, the end of the cigar will not burn evenly and smokeable tobacco will be lost. Some cigar manufacturers purposely place different types of tobacco from one end to the other to give the cigar smokers a variety of tastes, body and strength from start to finish. Smoking a cigar from the wrong end may result in a bad experience. There are three basic types of cigar cutters: Guillotine (straight cut); Punch cut; V-cut (a.k.a. notch cut, cat's eye, wedge cut, English cut). Straight Cut- The straight cut is the most common, and is usually used on cigars with a smaller ring gauge. This cut uses a quick straight cut causing both ends of the cigar to be exposed. The double blade guillotine is preferred by many aficionados over the single blade, because it usually makes a cleaner cut. Cigar scissors are also used to make straight cuts, and may be the best choice for cutting the cigar at the exact spot you intend. However, the guillotines are usually the most practical, the least expensive, and can be easily and safely carried in shirt or trouser pockets. Most prefer this cut because the entire cap end is exposed allowing for maximum smoke to exit with only minimum buildup occurring around the edge. Punch Cut - The next type of cut is the punch cut. There are three basic types of cigar punches available, a bullet punch, Havana punch, and multi-punch. The bullet punch is just that, a bullet shaped device that fits on a keychain. The punch can be twisted to expose a circular blade, which is used to cut a hole into the cigar cap. This cut is preferred by some, as it exposes less of the filler and binder and reduces the chance of tobacco ending up in the mouth. Critics of this cut maintain that the smaller hole does not allow as much smoke to come out and the hole is often clogged with a saliva and tobacco buildup. One problem associated with these otherwise handy, durable and inexpensive devices is that the unscrewable top is easy to lose, which leaves a live blade exposed in the user's pocket. The "Havana punches" offer some of the same convenience but with more safety. Rather than an easy-to-lose top, the blade is recessed and springs out at the push of a button. Multi-punches offer different-sized punch holes for different sizes of cigars. V-Cut - The last of the most common type of cuts is the V-cut. V-cutters look like guillotine cutters, but cut a wedge into the cigar cap rather than completely removing it, creating a clean-looking gash. Good V-cutters penetrate deeper into the filler than straight cutters, and some smokers prefer them for thicker gauge cigars. However, cheap V-cutters can result in sloppy cuts too deep into the cigar, which result in an uneven burn. Cigars can also be cut with a knife or bitten.

Flavor - Each brand and type of cigar tastes different. While the wrapper does not entirely determine the flavor of the cigar, darker wrappers tend to produce a sweetness, while lighter wrappers usually have a "drier" taste. Whether a cigar is mild, medium, or full bodied does not correlate with quality. Different smokers will have different preferences, some liking one good cigar better than another, others disagreeing. Some words used to describe cigar flavor and texture include; spicy, peppery (red or black), sweet, harsh, burnt, green, earthy, woody, cocoa, roasted, aged, nutty, creamy, cedar, oak, chewy, fruity, and leathery. Cigar smoke, which is rarely inhaled, tastes of tobacco with nuances of other tastes. Many different things affect the scent of cigar smoke: tobacco type, quality of the cigar, added flavors, age and humidity, production method (handmade vs. machine-made) and more. A fine cigar can taste completely different from inhaled cigarette smoke. When smoke is inhaled, as is usual with cigarettes, the tobacco flavor is less noticeable than the sensation from the smoke. Some cigar enthusiasts use a vocabulary similar to that of wine-tasters to describe the overtones and undertones observed while smoking a cigar. Journals are available for recording personal ratings, description of flavors observed, sizes, brands, etc. Cigar tasting is in such respects similar to wine, cognac and whisky tasting.

K. Winnipeg (Wikipedia)

Established, 1738 (Fort Rouge) - Renamed 1822 (Fort Garry) - Incorporated 1873 (City of Winnipeg)

Elevation 238 m (781 ft) - Population (2006 Census - - City 633,451 (Ranked 7th) - Metro 694,668 (Ranked 8th))

Winnipeg (pronounced /'wɪnipeg/) is the capital and largest city of the Canadian province of Manitoba. It is located near the longitudinal centre of North America, at the confluence of the historic Red and Assiniboine Rivers, a point now commonly known as the Forks. Winnipeg's name is derived from the western Cree words of win and nippi which translate to "Muddy Waters". The city is located in the prairies of Western Canada, in a native tallgrass prairie/aspens parkland ecosystem. It boasts such cultural attractions as the Royal Winnipeg Ballet and the Winnipeg Symphony Orchestra. It is home to the Hudson's Bay Company Archives; historic architecture; distinctive neighbourhoods, (like Little Italy and the Exchange District); scenic waterways; a Canadian heritage river; and numerous parks, including Assiniboine Park and Kildonan Park. Winnipeg also lies relatively close to many beautiful Canadian Shield rivers and hundreds of lakes and parks, including Lake Winnipeg (the earth's 11th largest freshwater lake). Winnipeg has laid claim to the title of World's Longest Skating Rink, along the Red and Assiniboine rivers.

History -Upper Fort Garry in the early 1870s - Winnipeg lies at the confluence of the Assiniboine River and the Red River, known as the Forks, a historic focal point on canoe river routes travelled by Aboriginal peoples for thousands of years. The name Winnipeg is a transcription of a western Cree word meaning "muddy waters"; the general area was populated for thousands of years by First Nations. Through archaeology, petroglyphs, rock art, ancient artifacts, and oral history, scholars have learned that in prehistoric times, natives used the area for camps, hunting, fishing, trading, and further north, agriculture. The first farming in Manitoba appeared to have been along the Red River, near present-day Lockport, where maize (corn) and other seed crops were planted before First Nations contact with Europeans. For thousands of years there have been humans living in this region. Numerous archaeological clues have been found about their ways of life. The rivers provided transportation far and wide and linked many peoples-such as the Assiniboine, Ojibway, Anishinaabe, Mandan, Sioux, Cree, Lakota, and others—for trade and knowledge sharing. The people made mounds near the waterways, similar to those of the mound builders of the south. Lake Winnipeg was considered to be an inland sea, with important river links to the mountains in the West, the Great Lakes to the East, and the Arctic Ocean in the North. The Red River linked ancient northern peoples with those to the south along the Missouri and Mississippi Rivers. The Ojibway made some of the first maps on birch bark, which helped fur traders find their way along the rivers and lakes.

Settlement - The first French officer arrived in the area in 1738. Sieur de la Vérendrye built the first fur trading post on the site (Fort Rouge) for the North West Company. Their traders continued there for several decades before the arrival of the Hudson's Bay Company. The French men married women from the First Nations. Their children, called Métis, hunted, traded, and lived in the general area for decades. Growing up bilingual, they often took prominent roles between cultures as settlement expanded. Lord Selkirk was involved with the first permanent settlement, purchase of land from the Hudson's Bay Company, and a survey of river lots in the early 1800s. The North West Company built Fort Gibraltar in 1809, and the Hudson's Bay Company built Fort Douglas in 1812. The two companies fought fiercely over trade in the area, and each destroyed some of the other's forts over the course of several battles. The Métis and Lord Selkirk's settlers fought a battle at the historic seven oaks site. Early settlers had to suffer before a permanent settlement became viable. Before 1821, the North West Company, its employees and Metis allies practiced a form of protectionism that would land them all in jail today. They killed the competition, which included settlers the company viewed as a threat to the fur trade. They felt, quite correctly, that rising population in the area would quickly deplete the area of its resources in fur bearing animals. On June 19, 1816, in what became known as the Seven Oaks Massacre, 70 mounted, armed North West Company employees and Metis, attacked the settlement at Selkirk, gruesomely murdering, disemboweling and scalping 21 of the settlers there. They then smashed in the skulls and left the bodies on the plains to be scavenged by wolves. That is the way it was done during the earliest struggles between the Hudson's Bay Company and the North West Company. In 1821, the rival companies agreed to bury the hatchet', merging their interests and bringing an uneasy peace to the area. However, this did not guarantee the settlement's success, and until agriculture became sustainable in the late 1840s, the people relied mainly on the buffalo hunt for sustenance. In 1821, the Hudson's Bay and North West Companies ended their long rivalry with a merger. Fort Gibraltar, at the site of present-day Winnipeg, was renamed Fort Garry in 1822 and

became the leading post in the region for the Hudson's Bay Company. A flood destroyed the fort in 1826 flood, and it was not rebuilt until 1835. The fort was the residence of the Governor of the company for many years. It became a part of the first major colony and settlement in western Canada. In 1869–70, Winnipeg was the site of the Red River Rebellion, a conflict between the local provisional government of Métis, led by Louis Riel, and newcomers from eastern Canada. General Garnet Wolseley was sent to put down the rebellion. This rebellion led directly to Manitoba's entry into the Canadian Confederation as Canada's fifth province in 1870. On November 8, 1873, Winnipeg was incorporated as a city. Manitoba and Northwest Territories legislator James McKay named the settlement. Yet, in 1870, Winnipeg was still less significant than the Red River colonies. These consisted of Scottish, Irish and French settlements located in feudal arrangement all along the Red River. There were three distinct colonies: at the Forks, at Point Douglas (now the somewhat famous corner of Portage and Main Street), and at Selkirk (now located about 15 miles north of Winnipeg). There was still the odd skirmish between colonists trying to secure their livelihoods; but The Red River Rebellion (in which Louis Riel secured the rights of Metis and consequently martyred himself) of the 1860s resulted in Manitoba entering Confederation in 1870. From the mid-1870s on, the area settled into a slow but steady growth. The Manitoba Act was signed in 1870; Fort Osborne Barracks were founded in 1872, much increasing local trade; 1872 also saw the inauguration of the Winnipeg Free Press, still in business today. The town grew as a trade centre to meet the demands for goods the colonists needed. The first fortunes made here were made by real estate speculators, who correctly predicted a boom, purchased huge tracts of land and parceled them out to the immigrating colonists. In January of 1872, the first issue of the Manitoba Trade Review is published, and calls for the town's incorporation. On November 8, 1873, The Forks and the Red River Colony merged into an incorporated Winnipeg. The Act of Incorporation followed Ontario's lead; consequently, the remaking of Manitoba in Ontario's image began in Winnipeg. By late 1874, a civic government was well established, and the city's motto became Commerce, Prudence, Industry. Considering the counterproductive endeavors of early settlers here, the term prudence is a terrible irony.

Late 1800s & early 1900s - The Winnipeg General Strike, June 21, 1919 - With the recent Canadian Pacific Railway came many travelers, settlers, and businessmen to the new city. Agriculture was a booming industry, and many made massive fortunes on the prairies. Bonanza farms were common at the time further south in the United States. Canada was also eager to settle the west before American interests and railways interfered in any way. The fur trade remained strong until about 1875, when expanding commerce and trade, effective flood control and agricultural practices became attractive enough to induce a short period of brisk colonial growth. A population of 215 in 1871 grew to 3700 in 1874. In 1907, Winnipeg's Stock Exchange was chartered, and by 1913 manufacturing concerns achieved sales over \$50M. In May of 1919, more than 35,000 union employees and unorganized laborers (almost a fifth of the city's population) went on strike in response to poor trade conditions and a recessed economy, paralyzing Winnipeg commerce. Riots and bloodshed ensued, and before it was over the union leaders were jailed. The following year the Manitoba Legislative Building was erected and topped with a standard symbol of Winnipeg the Golden Boy. Travel on the rivers was vital to commerce in the early development of the city. Before this time, however, aboriginal hunting parties, early traders and explorers used these rivers. The forks' also became a meeting place and area devoted to ritual practices. This rich history is represented in the current Forks development and factors largely in continued development. These rivers continued to be vital until the development of the Red River Cart, a sturdy two-wheeled wagon that could withstand the brutal overland routes used in westward expansion. In addition, the coming of the railroad in 1881, removed the necessity of river commerce. Today, the Red and Assiniboine are used almost entirely for pleasure travel and recreation. The Splash Dash Water Bus is an exception, which makes it possible to get quickly from one river attraction to the next. It was for these reasons that this city became known as the Gateway to the West; it remains a major distribution centre to this day. Connected to this is the notion that Winnipeg is the proving grounds of Canadian commerce. It is said by many industrialists and entrepreneurs that, if it works in Winnipeg it will work anywhere. Winnipeg's economic boom during the 1890s and early 20th century allowed it to take on its distinctive multicultural character, and the city was Canada's third largest for many years. The Manitoba Legislative Building reflects the optimism of the boom years. Built mainly of Tyndall Stone and opened in 1920, its dome supports a bronze statue finished in gold leaf titled, "Eternal Youth and the Spirit of Enterprise" (commonly known as the "Golden Boy"). Many new lots of land were sold, and prices increased fast due to high demand. The real estate boom eventually slowed down, and Vancouver soon became the third largest city. Winnipeg faced financial difficulty when the Panama Canal opened in 1914. The canal reduced reliance on Canada's rail system for international trade, and the increase in ship traffic helped Vancouver surpass Winnipeg to become Canada's third-largest city in the 1960s. Following World War I, owing to a postwar recession, appalling labour conditions, and the presence of radical union organizers and a large influx of returning soldiers, 35,000 Winnipeggers walked off the job in May 1919 in what came to be known as the Winnipeg General Strike of 1919. After many arrests, deportations, and incidents of violence, the strike ended on June 21, 1919, when the Riot Act was read and a group of RCMP officers charged a group of strikers. Two strikers were killed and at least thirty others were injured, resulting in the day being known as Bloody Saturday; the lasting effect was a polarized population. One of the leaders of the strike, J. S. Woodsworth, went on to found Canada's first major socialist party, the Co-operative Commonwealth Federation (CCF), which would later become the NDP. The stock market crash of 1929 only hastened an already steep decline in Winnipeg; the Great Depression resulted in massive unemployment, which was worsened by drought and depressed agricultural prices. The Depression ended when World War II started in 1939. In Winnipeg, the old established armouries of Minto, Tuxedo (Fort Osborne), and McGregor were

so crowded that the military had to take over other buildings to increase capacity. The end of World War II brought a new sense of optimism in Winnipeg. Pent-up demand brought a boom in housing development, but building activity came to a halt due to the 1950 Red River Flood, the largest flood to hit Winnipeg since 1861; the flood held waters above flood stage for 51 days. On May 8, 1950, eight dikes collapsed, four of the city's eleven bridges were destroyed, and nearly 100,000 people had to be evacuated, making it Canada's largest evacuation in history. The federal government estimated damages at over \$26-million, although the province insisted it was at least double that.

L. Jesse Woodson James (September 5, 1847 – April 3, 1882)

Was an American outlaw in the state of Missouri and the most famous member of the James-Younger Gang. After his death, he became a legendary figure of the Wild West, although his robberies benefited only him and his band. Recent scholarship places him in the context of regional insurgencies of ex-Confederates following the American Civil War rather than a manifestation of the frontier. While James has often been mythically portrayed, even prior to his death, as robbing from the rich and giving to the poor, his robberies enriched only himself and his gang. In the course of his robberies, James murdered more than 12 people, with the number of 17 often cited. With his gang depleted by arrests, deaths, and defections, James thought that he had only two men left whom he could trust: brothers Robert and Charley Ford. Charley had been out on raids with James before, but Bob was an eager new recruit. To better protect himself, James asked the Ford brothers to move in with him and his family. James often stayed with the Fords' sister Martha Bolton, and according to rumor he was "smitten" with her. He did not know that Bob Ford had been conducting secret negotiations with Thomas T. Crittenden, the Missouri governor, to bring in the famous outlaw. Crittenden had made capture of the James brothers his top priority; in his inaugural address he declared that no political motives could be allowed to keep them from justice. Barred by law from offering a sufficiently large reward, he had turned to the railroad and express corporations to put up a \$5,000 bounty for each of them. President Ulysses S. Grant had also wanted James to be captured. On April 3, 1882, after eating breakfast, the Fords and James prepared for departure for another robbery, going in and out of the house to ready the horses. It was an unusually hot day. James removed his coat, then declared that he should remove his firearms as well, lest he look suspicious. James noticed a dusty picture on the wall and stood on a chair to clean it. Robert Ford took advantage of the opportunity, and shot James in the back of the head. James' two previous bullet wounds and partially missing middle finger served as identifying marks for his body. The murder of Jesse James was a national sensation. The Fords made no attempt to hide their role. Indeed, Robert Ford wired the governor to claim his reward. Crowds pressed into the little house in St. Joseph to see the dead bandit, even while the Ford brothers surrendered to the authorities— but they were dismayed to find that they were charged with first degree murder. The Ford brothers were indicted, pled guilty, and sentenced to death by hanging in one day, but, two hours later were granted a full pardon by Governor Crittenden. The governor's quick pardon suggested that he may have been aware that the brothers intended to kill, rather than capture, James. The Ford brothers, like many who knew James, never believed it was practical to try to capture such a dangerous man. The implication that the chief executive of Missouri conspired to kill a private citizen startled the public and helped to create a new legend around James. The Fords received a small portion of the reward and fled Missouri. Some of the bounty went to law enforcement officials who were active in the plan. The Ford brothers starred in a touring stage show in which they re-enacted the shooting. Charley Ford committed suicide on May 6, 1884 in Richmond, Missouri after suffering from tuberculosis and a morphine addiction. Bob Ford was killed by a shotgun blast to the throat in his tent saloon in Creede, Colorado, on June 8, 1892. His killer, Edward Capehart O'Kelley, was sentenced to life in prison. O'Kelley's sentence was commuted because of a medical condition, and he was released on October 3, 1902.

M. CANADA DEATH PENALTY - http://www.members.shaw.ca/canada_legal_history/on.htm

The aim of this site is to list all persons executed in Canada. Names of most persons executed under Canadian jurisdiction between 1867 and 1962 plus many others before Confederation have been found. We have entered most of the names from our database. Currently we are adding new info from Quebec and Nova Scotia. There is information here that may be of interest to researchers such as genealogists, local historians, crime buffs, etc. Listed here are the names of 1011 prisoners executed and info such as their crime and victims. Through 400 years of Canadian history people from teenagers to the elderly were put to death for crimes ranging from theft of items such as pennies and barrels of liquor to mass murder.

ONTARIO CANADA – Executions = Most executions were carried out by hanging. At least one group of prisoners was shot. More known executions were carried out in Ontario than any other province. A number of prisoners were executed for treason during the War of 1812 and the 1837 rebellion. Executions took place throughout many towns. A large number were hanged at Toronto's Don Jail including the last three executions carried out in Canada.

- Simmons, Benjamin: 1885 November 27, hanged in London for murder. A male janitor stabbed his wife.

N. Coxey's Army

Was a protest march by unemployed workers from the United States, led by the populist Jacob Coxey. They marched on Washington D.C. in 1894, the second year of a four-year economic depression that was the worst in United States history to that time. Officially named the Commonwealth in Christ, its nickname came from its leader and was more enduring. It was the first significant popular protest march on Washington and the expression "Enough food to feed Coxey's Army" originates from this march.

The March 1894 - The purpose of the march was to protest the unemployment caused by the Panic of 1893 and to lobby for the government to create jobs which would involve building roads and other public works improvements. The march

Harry Walker Diary

Interpreted on Saturday, December 06, 2008

originated with 100 men in Massillon, Ohio on March 25, 1894, passing through Pittsburgh, Becks Run and Homestead, Pennsylvania in April. Army's western contingent received nickname Kelly's Army. Although larger at its beginning, few members of Kelly's Army made it past the Ohio River. Various groups from around the country gathered to join the march, and its number had grown to 500 with more on the way from further west when it reached Washington on April 30, 1894. Coxe and other leaders of the movement were arrested the next day for walking on the grass of the United States Capitol. Interest in the march and protest rapidly dwindled. Many of these protesters were unemployed railroad workers who blamed railroad companies, President Cleveland's monetary policies, and excessive freight rates for their plight. The climax of this movement was perhaps on April 21, 1894 when William Hogan and approximately 500 followers commandeered a Northern Pacific Railway train for their trek to Washington, D.C. They enjoyed support along the way, which enabled them to fight off the federal marshals attempting to stop them. Federal troops finally apprehended the Hoganites near Forsyth, Montana. While the protesters never made it to the capital, the military intervention they provoked proved to be a rehearsal for the federal force that broke the Pullman Strike that year.

O. Saint Ignace

Usually written as St. Ignace, is a city in the U.S. state of Michigan. As of the 2000 census, the city population was 2,678. It is the county seat of Mackinac County. From the Lower Peninsula, St. Ignace is the gateway to the Upper Peninsula. St. Ignace Township is located just to the north of the city, but is politically independent. Located in Michigan's Upper Peninsula, St. Ignace is at northern end of the Mackinac Bridge and Mackinaw City is to its south. It is a connecting node between the Lower and the Upper Peninsula of Michigan.

History - St. Ignace is one of the oldest cities in Michigan. French explorer and priest Jacques Marquette founded a mission on this site in 1671 and named it for St. Ignatius of Loyola, founder of the Jesuit order. (Ignace is the French translation of Ignatius.) La Salle, while exploring the region on Le Griffon with Louis Hennepin, reached St. Ignace on August 27, 1679. The Jesuits abandoned the mission in 1705. St. Ignace has a rich Native American history and was once the bustling hub of 17th century fur trade. In the mid-1800s, the population swelled as logging and commercial fishing went into full swing. In 1882, St. Ignace was given new life by the coming of the Detroit, Mackinac and Marquette Railroad. It was incorporated as a village on February 23, 1882, and as a city in 1883. In the early 1900s, the few cars traveling the Straits crossed on railroad ferries at a cost of \$4.00 each! In 1923, the Michigan State Ferry Service was established to transport autos between St. Ignace and the Lower Peninsula at the reasonable cost of \$2.50. During its first year of operation, 10,351 vehicles made the 1 hour crossing. In 1956, with 5 ferries running, about 1 million vehicles were transported across the water. During summer weekends, holidays and hunting season, as many as 9,000 cars were ferried, bringing line-ups of several miles and waits of 6 - 12 hours.

Henry 'Harry' Clayton Walker Diary

-Ruth Walker Files – found in her files when she died in 2000

-received this copy from Debra Dettart Danna, daughter of Ruth Walker, and great-granddaughter of Henry Clayton Walker: