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times

Christmas 2016 magazine

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Painting by Nicholas Hornyanski
from the Canadian Club Collection

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printed in Canada



WalkervillePublishing



Cover Story

YEARS AGO, we thought it would be trippy to design a cover using a technique known as "photo mosaic:" dividing a photo into equal sized mini-photos which are then tiled to recreate the original image. Back then, the results were mediocre at best. For this issue, we discovered technology had caught up to our vision. We started with a well-known painting of Hiram Walker and recreated it as a mosaic using over 1,000 photos of Walkerville then and now.

If you want to examine the whole image up close, a full size version us up on our website at walkerville.com – just click on The Walkerville Times tab at top right and follow the links to the image.

**Designed & Produced by
Walkerville Publishing Inc.**

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Chris Edwards
Elaine Weeks
(Tip of the hat to Doug Weeks for proof-reading.)

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from the publishers



Where Would Walkerville Be Without Whisky?

When that yeasty, baking bread fragrance wafts through the leafy Walkerville streets, some residents welcome it as a familiar guest while others grimace, unaware of its true significance. The invisible bouquet is a silent reminder that without Hiram Walker and his famous whisky, Walkerville would not exist. Or to play on words, the aroma is the lingering spirit of Hiram Walker.

Founded in 1858 as employee housing for Walker's distillery workers, Walkerville soon grew into a company town that became the envy of the Great Lakes. Soon numerous other industries were established, as Walker firmly believed diversification would sustain growth and provide a stable tax base.

Five years after his death, Walker's grand vision reaped unprecedented rewards when Henry Ford began to assemble horseless carriages in 1904 at the Walkerville Wagon Works. Within a few years, Ford of Canada was employing thousands of people in a new town that sprouted up next door: Ford City.

Walker's sons and grandsons placed advertisements in a special edition of the 1926 Financial Post promoting the unique appeal of Walkerville and the myriad reasons to invest here (see left). Perhaps this was part of their strategy to divest the family businesses and town of Walkerville, as the distillery was sold to Harry Hatch, a Toronto businessman later that same year.

With the third-generation Walker heirs rapidly dispersing their inherited business interests, the sudden and brutal arrival of the Great Depression in 1929 left Walkerville vulnerable to amalgamation with neighbouring Windsor – something that Hiram Walker had always been dead set against. A sizable majority of Walkerville residents (Olde and South Walkerville) voted "NO" to amalgamation with its financially strapped neighbour. By 1935, facing crushing economic debt and imminent bankruptcy, Windsor's politicians lobbied and were granted a special act from the Ontario legislature to amalgamate Walkerville, along with Ford City (East Windsor) and Sandwich. Indignant members of the Walkerville Property Owners Association unsuccessfully challenged the interlopers in the courts for three years.

Walkerville was stripped of its independent town status and the model town was slowly transformed. Deprived of its former good government and forced to rely on Windsor for essential services, the community began a slow, steady decline. Had the Walker family maintained the distillery and Walkerville as a separate entity, residents would likely never have suffered the indignity of potholed roads, cracked and heaving sidewalks, flooded basements, dead trees etc.; and the streets would be properly plowed and sanded in the winter (Walkerville provided its own police and firemen, and shoveled everyone's sidewalks in the winter).

Willstead Manor – built by Edward and Mary Walker and deeded to the town of Walkerville by Edward's heirs after Mary's departure in 1921 for use as municipal

WALKERVILLE
ONTARIO
THE TOWN BEAUTIFUL

WALKERVILLE, situated on the Detroit River, opposite the City of Detroit, is primarily an industrial center, some of the larger industries being — Parke Davis & Company, Manufacturing Pharmaceutical Chemists; Hiram Walker & Sons, Limited, Distillers; General Gottfredson Truck Corporation; Motor Products Corporation; General Motors Corporation; Walkerville Brewery, Limited, and a large number of smaller industries.

There are two Trunk lines of Railway, the Canadian National and the Pere Marquette, also connection with the Canadian Pacific and Michigan Central by the Essex Terminal Railway; water transportation is provided by the Northern Navigation Company giving fifteen-minute service to the City of Detroit with its large stores and many manufacturing plants where large numbers of the residents are employed.

Walkerville is also known for its many beautiful homes, busy retail stores, wide thoroughfares and magnificent public buildings, such as the Post Office, Collegiate Institute and Municipal Buildings, the latter of which, with their beautiful park of fourteen acres, in the heart of the Municipality, are the gift to the Community of descendants of Mr. Hiram Walker, the founder of the Town.

The fire protection of the Town is unsurpassed, resulting in low fire rates. Walkerville has been fortunate in that the citizens have always taken a deep interest in the affairs of the Municipality, which has resulted in a prosperous community of contented residents, enjoying low taxation while having all facilities requisite to a progressive Municipality.

COME TO WALKERVILLE

Promotion for the town of Walkerville in the Financial Post, 1926 (courtesy Bill Lester)



Walkerville Property Owners Association display their view regarding amalgamation with Windsor- this barn was at the corner of old Hwy. 2 near the Walker (Windsor) airport

BUILDING SUCCESS IN WINDSOR SINCE 1991

My Old House

For a select population, historic properties have a special appeal. Its charm and architectural style, enhanced by its ambiance resulting from layers of history, is a major attraction for home buyers. Heritage cannot be recreated, and this is the appeal and allure that draws the home buyer.

During his 25 year career in real estate, Rob Gruich has successfully negotiated the sale of numerous prominent heritage homes, and has become an astute observer of the region's dwindling inventory of these historic properties. "These homes are my passion – when I participate in a heritage home's sale and renovation, and the dust finally settles, these homes are like old friends."

"I have a keen understanding of what needs to be restored, and am well connected to the artisans and craftsmen who can get the job done. My years of experience can demystify the entire process for you." If the allure of heritage home ownership sounds enticing to you, contact Rob Gruich.

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WALKERVILLE NEWS

IS STATUE, HIRAM?



Windsor City Council voted unanimously in September to spend \$400,000 for the design, creation and installation of a commemorative statue of Walkerville's founder, Hiram Walker. Mark Williams is the artist creating the statue and it is to be ready for July 2017, in time to celebrate Windsor's 125th birthday and Canada's 150th. According to Mayor Dilkens, the cost will be covered by funds set aside in previous budgets, ward funds and possible sponsorships.

Here at The Walkerville Times, we believe a statue commemorating the visionary Hiram Walker is long overdue, but the cost to do so seems pricey. We did a little digging to see what would be a more realistic cost for such a piece and from our findings, somewhere around the \$100,000 mark is more realistic. Surely, if the city wants to invest that kind of money into Walkerville, they can find other ways to do so. For one, a traffic light at the corner of Wyandotte and Chilver comes to mind; despite what the city traffic gurus think, it is desperately needed.

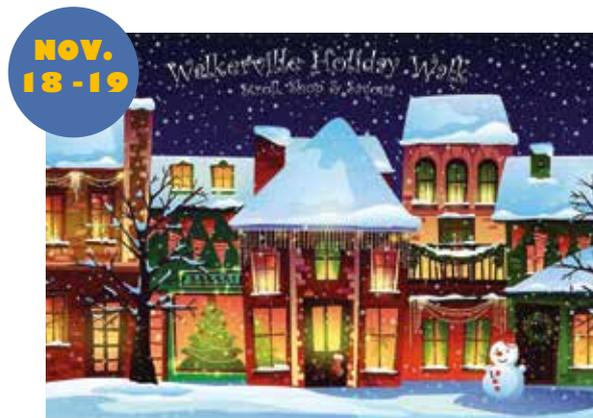
Will Walkerville **LOSE** another landmark?

"Without Walkerville, the City of Windsor would be a shadow of itself."
Mayor Drew Dilkens

In June of 2015, St. George's Anglican Church on Devonshire Court & Kildare Road shuttered its doors and the small congregation moved elsewhere. A report determined the church and hall had structural issues and the Diocese applied for a demolition permit from the City of Windsor. Walkerville Times editor Elaine Weeks appeared before city council to explain the significant historical merit of the buildings, requesting council solicit the Diocese to consider selling the property. The Diocese consented, the demo permit put on hold, but a dilemma arose as perspective buyers with thoughts of converting the property for commercial use were stymied by restrictive zoning. Elaine appeared before the Planning, Heritage & Economic Development Committee asking that the church be rezoned; the process began in February of this year.

In October, Elaine reappeared before the committee supporting adaptive re-use, citing examples of other local churches reborn as commercial enterprises, and proposed the Diocese sell the church for \$1 to facilitate a quick sale (a common practice, including Holy Rosary and currently with the Windsor Arena and Waterworld). Unfortunately, a tie-vote in regards to accepting the rezoning amendment meant the matter was sent back to council Nov. 7.

As has happened far too often in Windsor, the longer buildings remain vacant, the more likely they face the wrecking ball.



Annual Walkerville Holiday Walk

Friday, Nov. 18 from 5-10 & Saturday, Nov. 19 from 10-6

Stroll, Shop & Savour: Olde Walkerville's exciting business district comes alive with holiday themed events to get you in the mood for Christmas! Horse & carriage rides, live music, and local vendors set up in a variety of indoor locations all along Wyandotte between Argyle and Gladstone, and down Devonshire and Argyle.

Walkerville Times publisher Chris Edwards will conduct FREE Magical History Trolley Tours, departing and returning from tour sponsor, the Olde Walkerville Theatre (1564 Wyandotte at Gladstone) on Saturday from 10 - 6.

Elaine Weeks, editor of The Walkerville Times, will be signing books, including "Walkerville - Whisky Town Extraordinaire," inside the theatre as part of its Walkerville Holiday Craft Show. For more information, go to Visit Walkerville on Facebook or call us at 519-255-9527.



"It's Old...Tear It Down!" (overheard too often in this city).

PASSAGES

Death is no more than passing from one room into another.

But there's a difference for me, you know.

Because in that other room, I shall be able to see.

Helen Keller



STEPHEN MARSHALL: 1956-2016
After an 18-month battle with ALS, Stephen Marshall died in April. A great admirer of Albert Kahn, he once owned "Foxley," a Kahn-designed home on Devonshire Rd. In 1994, he spearheaded the fight to save Kahn's Walkerville Town Hall. With five other preservation-minded locals, he orchestrated its move from Riverside Dr. onto Devonshire Rd. next to the Crown Inn.

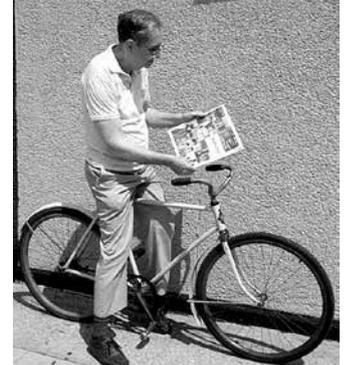
Marshall designed numerous local commercial and residential buildings. He was a former chair of the Art Gallery of Windsor and the Willistead Manor board. He is survived by his wife Mary Ann, his sons Max and Steve, and grandson Everett. A friend of the WT editors, he was a classmate of Elaine's at Walkerville C.I. Photo above shows him at a Walkerville play rehearsal.



TOM PARÉ: 1933-2016
Thomas Maxime Paré of Leelanau, Mich., passed away at 82 in January. Readers of *The Walkerville Times* may remember his column: "Past Tense," where he shared his poignant and often funny memories of growing up in Windsor, as well as his war adventures (read this story on page 32.)

Born in his bootlegger grandfather's blind pig in Windsor, Tom moved with his family to Warren, Michigan in 1950. He enlisted and served in the Korean War becoming a Master Sergeant at just 19.

He had three children: Michele, Thomas and David. While living in Florida with second wife Diane Kostanecki, Paré enrolled in college at the age of 62, earning a degree in Journalism with a 4.0 grade point average!



CHARLIE FOX: 1925-2016
Proud yet unassuming lifetime inhabitant of Walkerville, Charlie Fox passed away in May at the age of 91. Fox's parents, Mary Martha and Charles, worked for Chandler and Mary Walker in their residence - Willistead Manor. A confirmed bachelor, Fox loved MG sports cars, model planes, St. Bernard dogs, video and computers, and had a treasure trove of Walkerville memories and memorabilia in the Fox family home on Cataquai & Argyle. He provided many photos and stories to *The Walkerville Times* over the years. (Our book, *Walkerville - Whisky Town Extraordinaire*, contains a selection of his contributions.) In the photo above, Charlie reads a copy of *The Walkerville Times* astride his rare bicycle.

Book signings

by Walkerville Publishing

FRI- SAT NOVEMBER 18-19
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FREE Walkerville Magical History Trolley Tours by Chris Edwards

Walkerville Theatre
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SATURDAY DECEMBER 17
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FRIDAY DECEMBER 23
1 - 5 pm

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WALKERVILLE PUBLISHING

WORKS

Walkerville Publishing, producers The Walkerville Times, has been busy designing historical signs and banners for local enterprises.



Three interpretive signs were designed in co-operation with the Walkerville BIA and the city of Windsor. The all-weather signs are located in the Walkerville Jubilee Parkette at the corner of Kildare and Wyandotte. Themes include Walkerville's colourful history, Hiram Walker & Sons impact on the community, and a walking tour map.



Mary Lambros, owner of Lorelei's Bistro and the Olde Walkerville Theatre, recently purchased the former Monarch Mattress factory at the corner of Wyandotte and Gladstone. The building is being renovated and will soon host a cafe and a venue for theatre groups. Ms. Lambros commissioned Walkerville Publishing to design full window treatments for the old mattress factory to celebrate our unique history. The results are stunning!

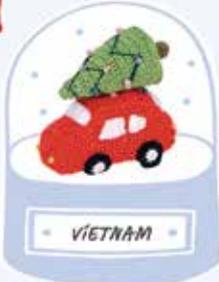


We designed a series of banners for inside the Walkerville Brewery to explain the brewery's rich heritage to visitors. Founded by Hiram Walker in 1885, the original brewery was located on four acres of land at the southeast corner of Walker Road and Wyandotte Street. In the spring of 1890, Walker's distillery hired maltster John Bott, born in Great Britain, who arrived in Canada at the tender age of 18. "BOTT'S MALT PREPARATIONS" received the highest award at the Chicago World's Fair in 1893, showering considerable fame on the Walkerville Brewing Company. The latest incarnation operates in one of Hiram Walker & Sons original buildings known as "Surge Plant 16." Once an overflow storage facility for the production of whisky, this re-purposed 18,000 square foot facility on Argyle Street is home to an ever-expanding product line employing traditional hand crafted methods.

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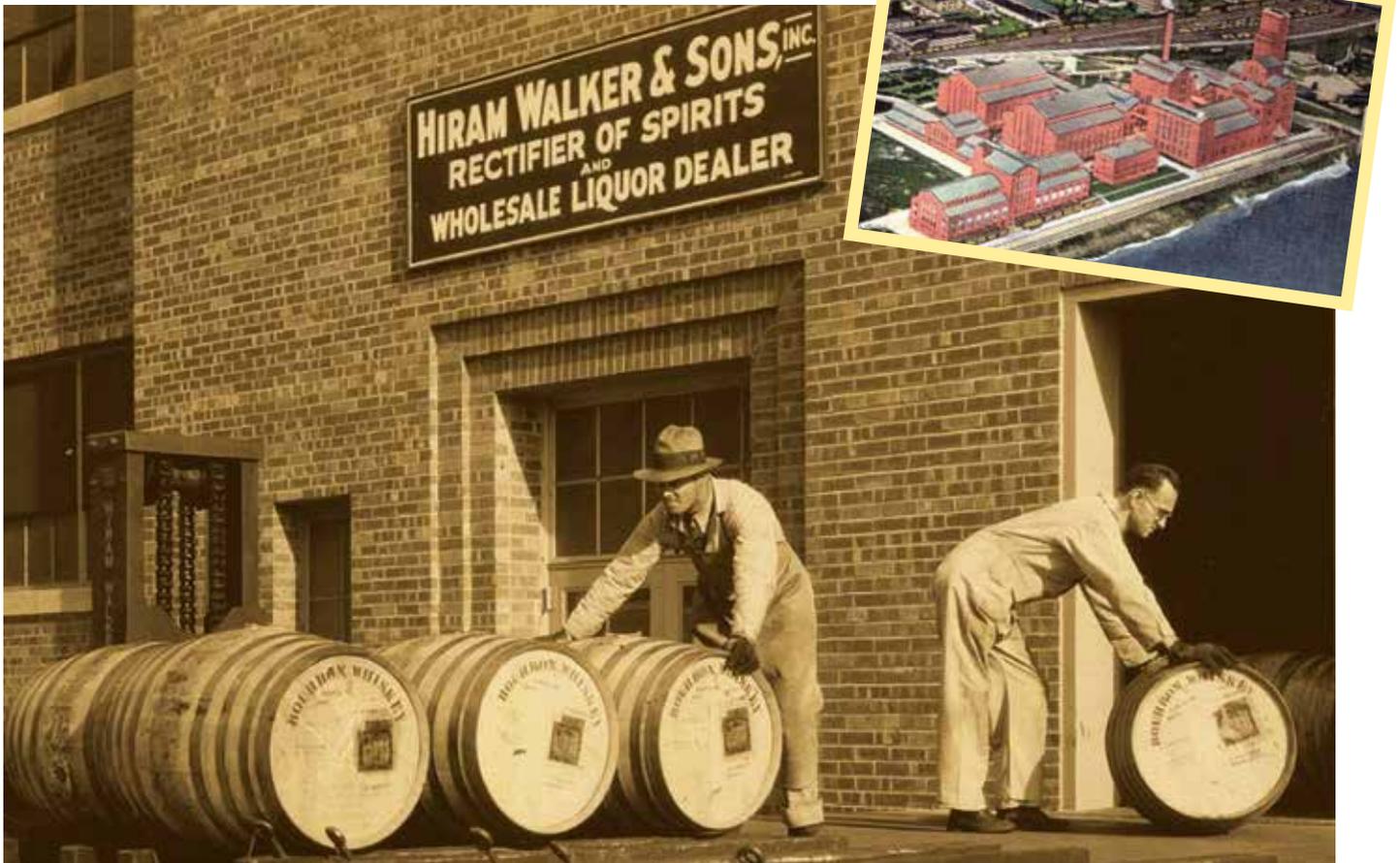
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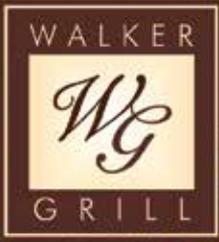
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walkerville whisky connections



Boasting over 24 breweries and 73 distilleries between 1837 and 1919, the “Whiskey Capital of the World” was an apt name for Peoria, Illinois. The golden era of Peoria’s liquor industry came to an abrupt end in 1919, with the introduction of the 18th Amendment and the advent of Prohibition. Fourteen long drought years later, in 1933, the passage of the 21st Amendment ended Prohibition. Hiram Walker & Sons, purchased from the Walker heirs by Clifford Hatch in 1926, built the largest distillery in the world in Peoria opening on July 4th, 1935, on what would have been Hiram Walker’s 119th birthday. More than 1,000 people worked at the site, fueled by what was a good wage from a company that put an emphasis on its workers, based on the tenants of its founder Hiram Walker.

During the 1960s, Hiram Walker & Sons Peoria sold eight million cases of whisky a year. By the 1970s, the nation’s tastes turned away from hard liquor, prompting the company to close the distillery in 1981. Archer Daniels Midland, the Decatur-based agribusiness giant, had entered the ethanol business a few years earlier, and purchased the Hiram Walker plant in 1982. Today, ADM converts corn into ethanol and other alcohol by-products, continuing a 170-year-old distilling tradition at the Peoria site along the Illinois River.



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A Home Away From Home

Chilver Road Boarding House Nurtured WWII Soldiers

Deb (Pinnell) McMinn

When my grandparents, Cameron and Anna Mohring moved to Windsor from Goderich, Ont. in the 1930s, they purchased a house at 439 Chilver Road, just north of Assumption Street. The spacious home had bedrooms on the top floor and the main floor and they raised their three children there: William (Bill), Violet and my mother Beatrice. Grandpa worked for the railroad across the river in Detroit.

My grandmother Anna stayed in touch with Georgina Pinnell, a friend she had made while they were both giving birth years earlier in Brantford General Hospital near Goderich. Two of their children, Beatrice Mohring and Glendon Pinnell, fell in love. In 1940 Glendon joined the Canadian Air Force, then moved to Windsor to be near Beatrice. They were married at Walkerville Baptist Church in 1942. Bobby and Sandy were born during the war, while Nancy and I were born afterwards. (My mother's sister Violet married Edwin Waterman and her brother Bill married his girlfriend Mabel.)

When my Uncle Bill came home on war leave with some fellow servicemen with nowhere else to stay, Grandpa and Grandma decided to open the home up as a boarding house for soldiers. My father was stationed in Yellowknife, Northwest Territories. My mother chose to stay behind to help Grandpa and Grandma run the boarding house for soon there were 19 boarders.

Three hot meals were served every day. Grandma and my Mom would cook and bake daily. In between cooking, the rooms would be cleaned; beds would have washed linens put on daily and the rooms stocked with clean towels. When fall harvest time came, my mom and her parents would can pickles, tomatoes, fruit and whatever else was available to serve with the meals. Grandpa would make



his famous sauerkraut. You could smell the sauerkraut, chili sauce, homemade pickles and fresh bread for blocks.

Every day, no matter who was at the boarding house, Grandpa would walk up to the tavern on the corner of Wyandotte and Chilver and have a one-hour visit with his friends and neighbours.

After WWII was over, my father returned to Windsor and lived at the boarding house with Grandpa, Grandma with my Mom, my brother Bobby and my sister Sandy, to help out. A boarder named Cecil Thomas stayed on at the house and opened Patterson Drug Store at the corner of Lincoln and Wyandotte and became the druggist. Cecil married his sweetheart Marg and bought a house in the 400 block of Moy Avenue.

My father did the electrical work for Charles Pleasance when he was setting up Pleasance Jewellers in 1935 on the corner of Windermere and Wyandotte, (now the Olde Walkerville Pharmacy). His son, Charles Jr., was killed in the tornado that hit the Windsor Curling Club in 1974.

After the war, many of the servicemen boarders worked at Standard Motor Lamp on the corner of Seminole and Walker (later Dominion Forge) or wherever they could find a job. Grandma and my Mom would make sure to pack a homemade lunch to take with them.

I can recall a few of the boarders who stayed on: James MacNall worked at Standard Motor Lamp, married a girl named Betty. and they moved to London, Ont. Frank Hatton remained in the service after the war until he retired. He and his wife Audrey also moved to London. Art Stodgell also worked at Standard Motor Lamp and continued to live at the house. He remained a very dear friend of my family.



from top left clockwise: Beatrice (Mohring) Pinnell, Bobby & Sandy c. 1945 on the steps of 439 Chilver; Mohring Siblings: Violet, William & Beatrice late 1930s; Glendon & Beatrice Pinnell; Beatrice & Glendon marry at Walkerville Baptist Church, 1942. bridesmaids: Dorothy and Eva Pinnell, Violet Mohring, groomsmen: Ed Waterman, Art Stodgell, Russ Pfrimmer; Cameron and Anna Mohring: owners of the boarding house.

In fact, my parents said all the boarders were like family.

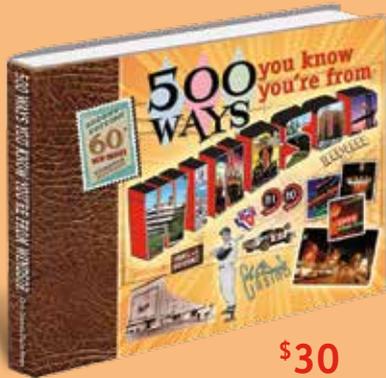
Mom always said their work was never done. Something needed doing before they closed up every night. Grandma and Grandpa decided to sell the boarding house to a Thomas Melville in May of 1949. They moved back to Goderich. My dear grandfather passed away the following year.

Grandma returned to Windsor, but then moved to Vancouver where her son, (my Uncle) Bill and his family were living after Bill became sick. When he died in 1954, she stayed in British Columbia until 1959 and then she

moved back to Windsor to stay with her daughter Bea (my mother) and my dad, and us four kids in our house on Arthur Rd. This was one of many Windsor homes built shortly after the war. My parents purchased it for \$6000 and their mortgage payment was just \$30 a month. It was the only home they lived in and remains in the family to this day.

My father passed away in 1999; mom died eight years later. I never met my Grandfather Cameron Mohring, but had 11 wonderful years with Grandmother Anna. Their passing ended an era: no more wonderful stories of the past, but I still have memories to treasure.

Local History Books From Walkerville Publishing



\$30

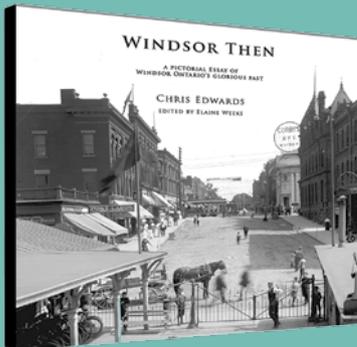
500 WAYS YOU KNOW YOU'RE FROM WINDSOR

CANADIAN BESTSELLER

More than 650 images from World War II to the 21st century, 500 Ways You Know You're From Windsor is a rockin' trip down memory lane. The first edition sold out in less than 5 months; the second edition was updated with more than 60 new photos. Do you remember Bob-Lo Island, the Elmwood Casino, Skyway Drive-In, downtown icons, (Kresges, Smiths & Adelmans, Woolworths), the Hi Ho, lost movie houses, CKLW TV & The Big 8, Detroit Rock & Roll, trips to Point Pelee – and that's just for starters!

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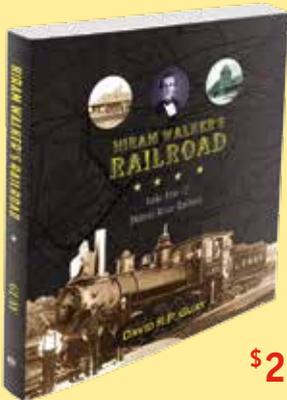
WINDSOR THEN- A Pictorial Essay of Windsor Ontario's Glorious Past

"Through the veil of years, faces from a Windsor long ago stare back at you like it was yesterday. Some of the images in Windsor Then, a book of 138 vintage photographs, are so vivid and brimming with life you feel you could step right into them."

Ted Shaw, The Windsor Star

ALMOST GONE! (less than 100 copies remain)

Soft Cover Edition 132 pages - 134 black and white images - 8 x 8 inches



\$25

HIRAM WALKER'S RAILROAD: *The Lake Erie & Detroit Railway*

by David R.P. Guay, (Walkerville Publishing Inc., 2015)

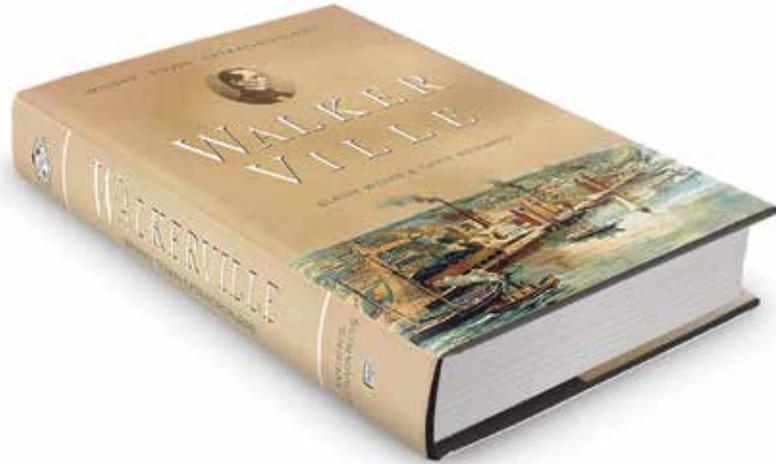
A new book by railway historian David Guay is the first to cover, in detail, the origin and lifespan of one of Canada's great regional railways—the Lake Erie and Detroit River, built by whisky magnate Hiram Walker and his sons. Many rare photographs adorn this book as do rosters of the locomotives, rolling stock (passenger and freight cars), and maritime vessels of the Lake Erie & Detroit River, and Erie & Huron Railways.

Soft Cover Edition 214 pages- 215 black and white images - 8.5 x 8.5 inches

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Walkerville

We Wrote The Book.



Greetings.
My name is
Hiram Walker and
I approve of this book!



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A Prohibition Story

Al Roach



During Prohibition, Walkerville, with its huge distillery and brewery, was at the epicenter of a huge smuggling operation across the river to Detroit.

Whenever any successful man tells me that along with the hard work and ability there was a bit of good luck in his background, I believe him. There must be any number of people who would have made it except for a bit of bad luck.

Jim was one of them. He was a victim of a piece of bad timing by the United States Government. Yet I doubt if anyone in Washington ever heard of him, let alone what they did to him.

Jim's story begins (and really ends I suppose) back in the late Roaring Twenties and early Dirty Thirties when the States was still fooling around with Prohibition long after we had dropped it in Canada.

Fortunes were made "rum-running" on the Detroit River. I don't know why it was called that. There wasn't much rum involved. It was mostly good Canadian beer and whiskey being funneled through the Border Cities to quench a gigantic thirst in the Detroit – Chicago region.

In 1924 alone, \$30 million dollars worth of Canadian liquor was shipped to the U.S. Estimated value in the States: \$100 million. And a very large percentage of it flowed through Walkerville.

Jim was one of the hundreds of good men involved in what was generally regarded as a perfectly legitimate business. Buying Canadian booze and shipping it across the river, usually after dark, in the fastest and most powerful motorboats afloat.

It was a colorful (and vicious) game of cops and robbers played between the rum-runners and the Detroit patrol boats. The booze was purchased legally in Canada and exported. Destination (if you believed the export permits): Cuba.

The boats would slip across the river to Wyandotte or Ecorse on the Michigan side and be back "from Cuba" in a few hours. That's why they were known as the fastest boats afloat.

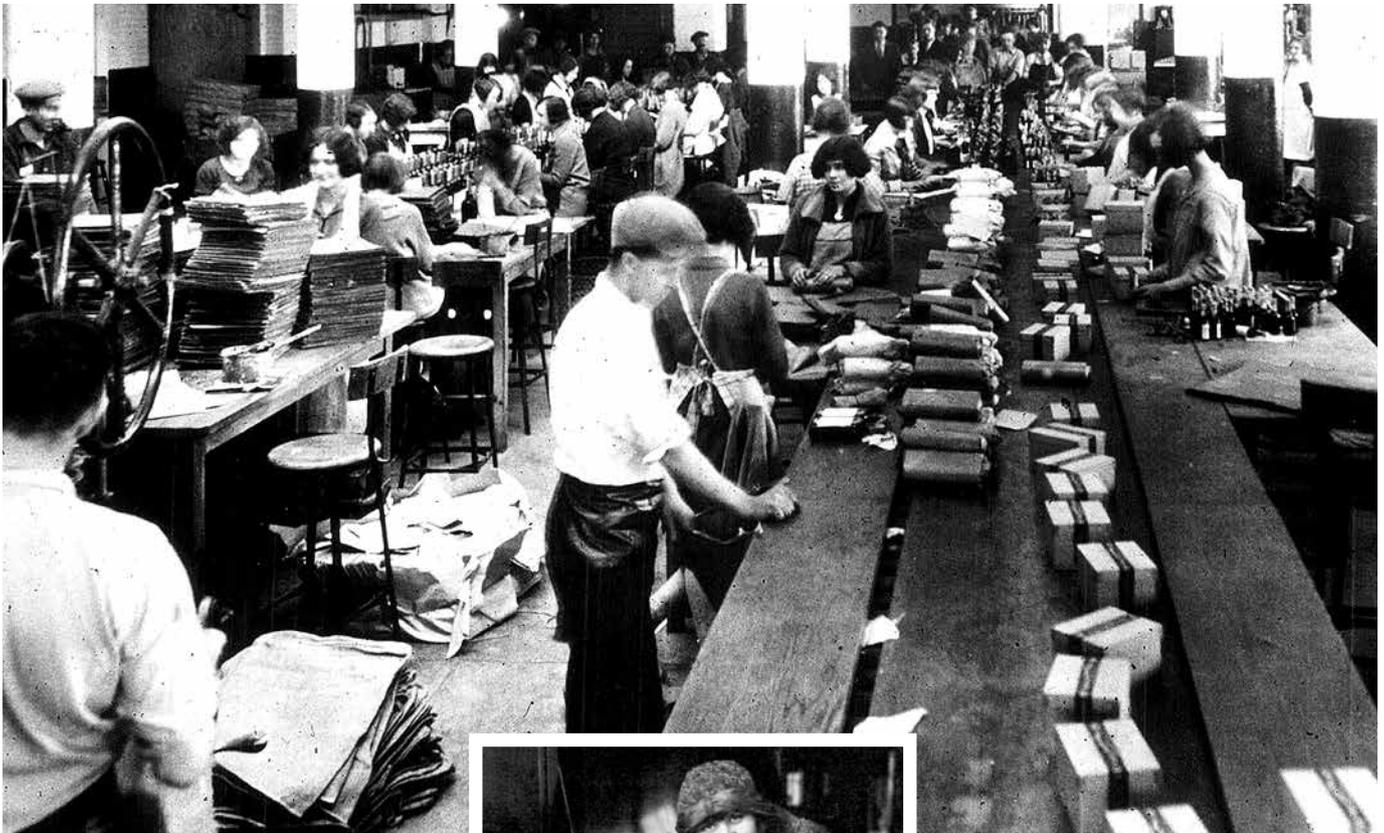
A lot of money was made and lost quickly. When it was all over some of these entrepreneurs had kings' ransoms in the banks and palatial homes in Walkerville. And others were broke.

Jim and his cohorts weren't the only ones involved. Many little guys made money on the fringes of the operations, renting cars, trucks or docks to the bootleggers. Even high school boys used to skip classes occasionally and receive what was then the fantastic wage of a dollar an hour loading booze on little docks in the old Town of Sandwich.

Jim told me his story years later, when the exciting days of Prohibition were just a nostalgic memory. I was a young reporter on The Windsor Star's suburban beat and Jim had a job with one of the outlying municipalities, reading hydro meters or something like that. He earned enough to keep body and soul together.

I used to visit him in his small waterfront home in LaSalle. I found him fascinating. There was a rumor around that Jim had been a wealthy man in the Good Old Days. No one knew the exact details. There were vague references to a railway spur-line he was supposed to have owned. And some people said he once had 50 men on his payroll, including a few politicians.

I used to look at a photograph he had hanging on the living room wall. It showed a bunch of dudes with spats and bowler hats with their Goodfellow bags and newspapers on the steps of the Detroit City Hall. Obviously



"The smugglers were like ants; a lot of them went through the ice. In June 1928, we fished out of the Detroit River and Lake Erie about 28 bodies, either fallen through the ice or hijacked. If they had gone into the river around Windsor, by the time they were recovered, they would be around Amherstburg or out further in Lake Erie. It got to be quite a job pulling them out and it wasn't very pleasant." Amherstburg Police Chief



The Liquor Control Act in Ontario (LCA) forbid public or hotel drinking but did not prohibit the manufacture and export of liquor. For Hiram Walker & Sons of Walkerville, this loophole in the Act would set the course for a wild decade never seen before or since. Since the American public still wanted to drink, they turned to Canadian distillers, now in legal operation, for their supply. Needless to say, business was brisk at the Hiram Walker's distillery (above) during the Prohibition years!

The term "bootlegging" was popularized when thousands of city dwellers would sell liquor from flasks they kept in their boot leg.



Detroit's notorious Purple Gang were implicated in the Chicago St. Valentine's Day Massacre. Al Capone received shipments of Walkerville whisky from the Purple Gang, who controlled the waterfront smuggling operation in Detroit. The Purple Gang was also a little camera shy! Read more in "Walkerville- Whisky Town Extraordinaire," by Walkerville Publishing.

taken during the 1920s. They were a well dressed important-looking bunch. Several of them could be identified as influential local politicians.

They probably were a group of fine honest fellows. But for some reason of other the photo always looked to me like a gathering of the Border branch of the Mafia. Or the Purple Gang. And there in the front row, holding his Goodfellow paper on high, was Jim.

Normally he didn't talk about it much, but one day I thought he was in a receptive mood and I asked him point-blank if any of the rumors were true. He sat down on the chesterfield and started talking. He didn't sound like a man looking for sympathy. There was no self-pity or bitterness. Just a matter-of-fact tone. Perhaps just a bit of regret that things hadn't turned out differently.

He started small – a few cases at a time. Then shipments of a few dozen cases. After a year he was doing so well he had a truck operating. By 1933, Jim had contacts and a solid reputation. He'd take the plunge. Go by rail.

"I was all set," Jim told me. "I had a fair pile in the bank and people willing to lend me lots more. I was shipping out of a little field. You can see it out the window there. I decided to put in a railway spur-line and bring it in by box-car load. Safer than by highway. And a lot more profitable."

Construction started. Jim sank a fortune into that little spur-line. It would have paid for itself within months and the profits would start rolling in. But Washington intervened. The 21st Amendment, passed on February 20, 1933 was ratified by State legislatures all across the country. It was a race for time. Jim versus the United States.

On December 5, 1933, Utah ratified, the 36th state to do so. The Amendment became law, according to Washington's rules. Thirteen years of Prohibition had ended. Just like that, the rum-runners were obsolete.

It was on that day that Jim's spur-line was completed.

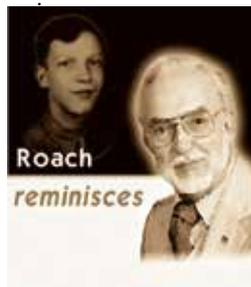
"Well," said Jim, "I sold the rails for scrap and paid off what I could of my debts. It was all over. Some great days had come to an end. And some of us with them. Come outside and I'll show you some of the railway ties in the weeds."

I thought of Sophocles writing more than 2,000 years ago:

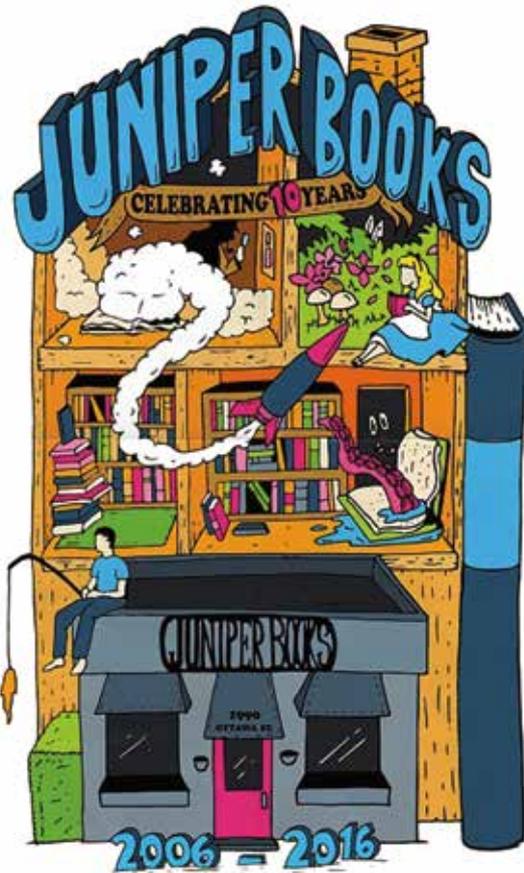
*A wise gamester ought to take the dice
Even as they fall, and pay down quietly,
Rather than grumble at his luck.*

And I thought as I looked at Jim: what a beautiful philosophy; what a beautiful person.

As I said, there must be a lot of guys who would have made it except for a little bad luck. Perhaps a bit of bad timing on someone's part. I don't know why I haven't told this story before. I suppose I just didn't feel like writing it. But Jim's been dead a long time now. I guess it doesn't matter any more.



Al Roach, teacher, journalist and raconteur, published two books about Walkerville: "All Our Memories I & II." We published many of his stories: check at walkervilletimes.com. "I was born in Toronto but realized at the age of one that this was a mistake and moved to Walkerville." Al passed away in the fall of 2004.



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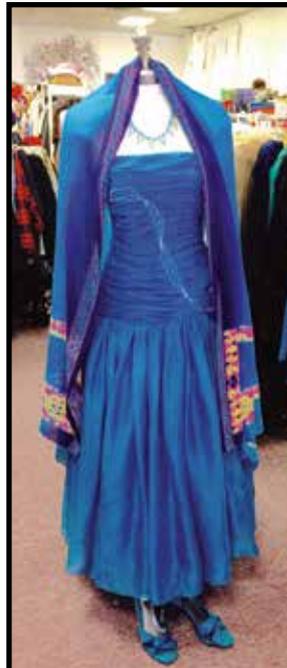


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To the Mettawas Aboard Hiram Walker's Railroad (LEDR)

From "Hiram Walker's Railroad: Lake Erie & Detroit Railway, by David Guay



The Mettawas Special

Initially conceived in 1885 as a means of opening up southern Essex County, Hiram Walker's Lake Erie & Detroit Railway eventually extended to St. Thomas, acquired the Erie and Huron Railway (Sarnia to Rondeau/Erieau), and leased the London and Port Stanley Railway (London to Port Stanley).

Kingsville station was built to impress wealthy summer tourists visiting the area. This station served as a link for passenger/freight transfer to/from Pelee Island. Residents of the island could board the steamer "Telegram" from Pelee Island to Kingsville, travel by rail to Windsor, conduct their business affairs, and return home, all in the same day!

A prominent socialite (whose identity has never been revealed) suggested to Hiram Walker that he purchase 84 acres near Kingsville to build a large resort hotel that would directly compete with the Grand Hotel on Mackinac Island, Michigan. This would be a tall order, indeed!

Walker warmed to the idea and set out to build the largest and most up-to-date hotel in Canada west of Montreal, Quebec. The Mettawas Summer Resort rose on Lansdowne Avenue in 1892. Detroit architects, G. D. Mason and Z. Rice, were commissioned to create a Queen Anne style masterwork. Walker sought to attract wealthy visitors to a fabulous resort setting from June to September who would have to become passengers on his railway in order to access it. Little did he know that automobiles on improved roads and an interurban railway (the Windsor, Essex, and Lake Shore Rapid Railway) would eliminate his transportation monopoly in less than a decade.

This hotel had every imaginable amenity to cater to its wealthy clientele. With shingled gables, it was three stories tall and contained 120 rooms. From the exterior, it had seven balconies on the third floor, four on the second floor, and a white veranda stretching across the south side

of the building, also running the full width of the north side, on the ground floor.

The reception area of the hotel was finished in oak and had a massive fireplace at one end. Leather easy chairs, arm chairs, rockers and dainty writing tables completed the furnishings. It had electric lights throughout. There was also a reading room for both men and women, a smoking room (men only), and a dining room stretching the entire length of the hotel, fronting on the lake. Finished in pure white and olive green, the dining room featured a musicians' balcony hidden from public view by foliage.

A casino was a component of the original complex. It was a separate structure to the west of the main building. It contained a bowling alley, dance hall, billiard room, card room, stage with foot-lights and a curtain, and lounge room, among other amenities. Apparently, there was no gambling area, making the selection of the building name rather puzzling. A dance shell overlooked Lake Erie. Other accoutrements included a bath house, cricket field, lawn tennis courts, and croquet lawn. The grounds were decorated with flower beds and clumps of flowering shrubs divided by wide walkways and cedar hedges. Natural gas lighting completed the scene.

The resort was only three blocks (600 yards) from the palatial Lake Erie and Detroit River railway station and clients rode back and forth between the two in Mettawas carriages.

Unfortunately, the resort was a business failure. Operating costs and fixed mortgage charges were too great and, in 1895, the resort complex was leased to John F. Antisdell and Company of Detroit. Annual losses increased over time such that, by 1901, the accumulated deficit approached \$100,000. This was a special liability for E. Chandler and James H. Walker who occasionally made personal advances and paid out a mortgage of \$50,000 to keep the



Front view of The Mettawas, Kingsville: "Walker set out to build the largest and most up-to-date hotel in Canada west of Montreal, Quebec."

resort afloat. The accumulated deficit far exceeded the value of the property and buildings. The Resort Company was sold in 1901 to W. P. Beyer from Detroit. In 1902, the Town and Mr. Beyer fought over the tax assessment. Unable to balance the books or to have the assessments reduced, Beyer had the elegant resort torn down. Only the casino and the servant's annex were left standing. The casino would survive until after the Second World War.

The owners of the Windsor, Essex, and Lake Shore Rapid Railway (an interurban running from Windsor, through Essex, through Kingsville, to Leamington) bought the resort property in the early 1900s to create more traffic for their electric railway. They built the Mettawas Inn on part of the original hotel foundation, opening its doors in the summer of 1914. They probably could not have chosen a worse time for its opening since, in August 1914, World War I would begin. People now had more pressing concerns than a summer vacation! The Mettawas Inn was subsequently operated by many owners under various names, eventually being renamed the Lakeshore Terrace Hotel.

The only remnant of Hiram Walker's Mettawas Hotel/Resort is the Mettawas Cottage, built in 1891. This two-storey structure in the National style is located on the northwest corner of Park Street and Lansdowne Avenue in Kingsville. This was Hiram Walker's summer home, facing the hotel/resort, although it was really intended for his

son, James H. Walker. Erection of this "summer cottage" stimulated the construction of additional "cottages" by other wealthy individuals from both sides of the border. Today, it is a designated property of the Kingsville Municipal Heritage Advisory Committee under the Ontario Heritage Act.



Lake Erie and Detroit River Kingsville depot in 1889. Mason and Rice were the architects who designed the depot; Albert Kahn worked on this project as a young apprentice at the firm.)

(Burton Collection, Detroit Public Library)

.....

David Guay, born in 1954 in Windsor, ON, was raised in the Windsor suburb of Riverside. His book "Hiram Walker's Railroad: Lake Erie & Detroit Railway" (Walkerville Publishing Inc. - see page 16) is the first to cover, in detail, the origin and lifespan of one of Canada's great regional railways, the Lake Erie and Detroit River, of whisky magnate Hiram Walker (of "Canadian Club" fame) and his sons.

Big Explosion at the Walkerville Match Co.

Friday, Jan. 25, 1901, was a memorable day in the annals of Harry W. Smith, 534 Riverdale. He was an eyewitness to the "great match factory explosion."

Let's set the scene. The town of Walkerville was, like many other cities and towns in Canada, shrouded in mourning for the late Queen Victoria on January 22, 1901; Flags were at half staff. Black crepe hung from public buildings. People spoke in respectful tones of the beloved monarch, shook their heads in sorrow and moved along their way. Three days later, the Queen's passing was pushed off the main pages of the local papers by a disaster of epic proportions.

At 5:55 p.m., the alarm sounded at the Walkerville Fire Department to a report of smoke arising from the Walkerville Match Company. When the firemen arrived, they relieved a group of workers who were trying to extinguish the fire with an impromptu bucket brigade, but were driven out by smoke.

Caution would have been the operative term, as a match factory would likely contain dangerous chemicals utilized in the production of its products. Under the direction of Chief Thomas Reid, two hose lines were quickly deployed. In less than half an hour, the fire appeared to be under control. Employees were inside protecting the main factory, which was separate from the fire located in an ancillary building.

Captain William Brindle peered inside a vent hole and relayed that the fire appeared to be intense and hot inside. Shortly thereafter, a tremendous explosion occurred and blew firefighter George Phillips off his ladder.

Unbeknownst to the firefighters, the warehouse contained forty-five kegs of potassium chlorate, each weighing 112 pounds, used in the manufacture of matches.



When subjected to the intense heat from the fire, the explosion was sudden and violent. The two huge explosions less than a split second apart blew out the north wall and caused a bridge structure to collapse on top of the fallen Phillips, burying him in scalding hot debris.

Several firefighters were struck by flying debris as bricks blew out with lethal force. Captain Brindle was also buried in debris but was quickly dug out and placed unconscious in the hose wagon, then rushed back to the fire hall to receive medical attention. Captain Brindle had received a mortal wound to his head and died shortly after arriving at the hall.

Most of the firefighters on scene received some manner of injury, as did several spectators who had gathered to gawk at the fire, as the blast scattered debris some 400 feet from the factory. A score of others were injured, among them were: Charles Howson, a nine year old, who was standing nearby when projectiles from the explosions reached him. Fire Chief, Thomas Reid was cut; his assistant chief, Alex Leavitt, was injured, as were E.C. Russell, Chauncey Bennett, Alex Langlois, Frank Demarais, John Slagg, Fred Cooper, Harry Peterson.

John Terry was driver of the fire chemical truck. The horses hitched to his equipment were knocked down by the force of the blast. When they recovered, they bolted across an open field, ejecting their pilot from his seat. The horses were badly cut, the engine wagon badly damaged.

The remaining firefighters continued to battle the intense blaze, while others desperately searched for firefighter Phillips. In the midst of the chaos and intense



Burnt Matches

When Brock Macpherson of Kingston, Ontario, submitted photos of his Walkerville Match Co. boxes to us, hoping a reader could help provide the date of the company, we were so intrigued that we decided to learn what we could about it. Having heard tales of its demise due to a spectacular fire, our research turned up the article at left, which appeared in the (Windsor) Evening Record of January 26th, 1901, the day after the Walkerville Match factory burned down. There were two explosions in the fire causing a wall to collapse killing two firemen and people were injured from bricks that flew in every direction. In all, 10 people were injured and two firemen killed.

flames, Phillips' whereabouts could not be accounted for, and the search needed to be conducted over a large debris field.

Hours later, around 9:30 p.m., firefighter John Taylor located his missing comrade's boots protruding from the debris; firefighter Phillips had died instantly in the blast.

C.J. Anderson, foreman of the plant, said he believed rats were responsible for the fire. "They gnawed at the boxes containing the stored matches and as the plant was unoccupied at the time, the matches rubbed together and caused friction sufficient enough to ignite them."

The flames roared through the night; witnesses reported the sky was alight for miles around. More than two hundred crates of matches were stored in the ancillary building awaiting shipment. They simply went up in a coloured blaze of "awesome grandeur," according to writers of the day.

THE CELARIS

BY SGC

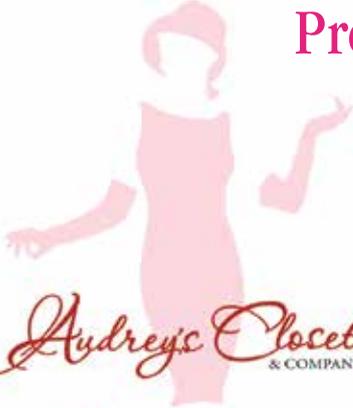


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The Holland Family from l - r: Eva Marion, Richard A., Roy Arthur, Wilfred, Lloyd, Mary (Yeatman), Lillian

Nearly Forgotten Real Estate Mogul Developed 300 Properties in Walkerville

Richard Arthur Holland was a prominent Windsor realtor and developer of Walkerville. Descended from a pioneer family that was one of the first to settle in West Elgin, Ont., Holland was born in 1872 in West Lorne. After serving his apprenticeship in the dry goods trade in St. Thomas, he moved to Walkerville in 1895. For 17 years he operated the town's only dry goods business, located in the Crown Inn on the south-east corner of Devonshire at Brant. In 1907, he moved to the new Strathcona Building on the north-west corner of Wyandotte at Devonshire.

An early investor in the burgeoning local auto industry, Holland bought shares in the Ford Motor Company of Canada founded here in Walkerville. He was also the proud owner of one of the first Hudson cars to cruise the streets of Walkerville. These cars were made by the Hudson car company of Detroit, funded by and named for J. L. Hudson, founder of Hudson's Department Store.

In 1915, Holland made a life-changing decision to sell his Ford Motor stock and enter the building trade. He then played a leading role in developing Walkerville's Lincoln Rd. and Wyandotte St. corridors, erecting an astounding number of buildings—300 homes and apartment blocks in total. The stately Holland Manor at 1569 Assumption and the R.A. Holland Apartment block are but two examples. (At press time, we could not find other specific examples of Holland's real estate developments, although it is likely that the Holland family home at the former 8 Lincoln Rd.—now 262, is one, and possibly others in that block. See photos opposite.)

Besides his intense interest in the growth of Walkerville, Holland enjoyed cultivating public speaking among young people, an activity he fostered by personally sponsoring speech contests. He was president of the Border Cities Real Estate Board in 1924 and served on the Walkerville Town council for four years. During the town's ear-

current photos E. Weeks



R. A. Holland Apartments built 1917, s.e. corner Lincoln & Assumption.
The names of Holland's daughters are immortalized above the doors.



Holland family home
262 Lincoln Rd.



Holland Manor
s. w. corner Lincoln & Assumption

buildings, which are just up the street, providing a last-
ing link to this unsung entrepreneur who did so much to
develop the town of Walkerville in the early 20th century.

(Story information and family photo provided by grandson
Dick Holland who recently moved to Windsor from Haliburton.)

ly development, when lawyers were scarce, he acted as
notary public and had offices in his Holland Apt. building.
Besides real estate, he had an insurance business, R. A.
Holland and Son, located at 1585 Ottawa St.

His wife Mary (née Yeatman), born in Waterford, Ontar-
io, was an active member of Lincoln Road United Church,
as well as the Senior Mary Grant Society. The couple had
three sons: Lloyd, Roy and Wilfred, and two daughters:
Lillian and Eva Marion.

Mary died in May 1931 and Richard passed away ten
years later. Their home at 262 Lincoln, a little ways up from
the Detroit River, still stands, as do his two apartment

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Where Would Walkerville be Without Whisky • cont'd from page 6

offices – eventually became the first home of the Art Gallery of Windsor, as well as a branch of the Windsor Public Library. Unfortunately, by the 1970s, due to the high cost inherent in maintaining such a large heritage structure, the art gallery and library were relocated.

Shockingly, the Manor was in danger of demolition to make way for a planned subdivision! Luckily, it was saved by the efforts of recently elected Mayor Bert Weeks and the newly formed Friends of Willistead. Funding was secured, the manor was upgraded and soon transformed into a special event facility. Sadly, Olde Walkerville lost its community nucleus when the library and art gallery moved out. And, as the Paul Martin Gardens were added in 1995, the tennis court was removed, which marked the end of the popular skating rink in the winter.

By 1998, when we returned to the area after eight years away, Walkerville's business district was in the dumps. Major department and groceries stores had shuttered their doors, banks closed, and restaurants were few and far between. To make things worse, on Wyandotte Street in Olde Walkerville, prostitutes were commonly seen loitering on street corners, and a few stately homes had been re-purposed as crack houses.

As we settled into our new home and strolled through the district with our kids, we realized we'd never properly appreciated Walkerville's unique heritage. We felt it could become its greatest strength and a huge opportunity. Many others agreed, including Mary Lambros (The Walkerville Theatre, Lorelei's), Mike Brkovich (The Walkerville Brewery & many others), Vito Maggio (Kildare House, Vito's Pizzeria), and Son Nguyen (Breathe, Nguyen Chiro, Envy).

When we launched The Walkerville Times in 1999, we hoped to celebrate and promote Walkerville's past, present and hopeful future. We provided an affordable vehicle for local businesses to reach everyone in Walkerville, as we mailed the periodical to all 9,000 addresses in Olde and South Walkerville.

The publication was an immediate hit amongst readers due to its local history component and Walkerville began to wake up from its slumber. Over time, new restaurants and taverns were established to fill empty buildings and old, irrelevant commercial businesses were re-gentrified as



Walker Power building has finally been sold...what's next? photo E. Weeks

funky cafes, retail shops and lofts. But once again, external events such as 9/11 and the Great Recession of 2008 hit Windsor hard and Walkerville took a few steps backwards.

Fortunately, Windsor has emerged as one of the most affordable cities in Canada, especially regarding its real estate. An influx of retirees and young fearless entrepreneurs have steadily migrated (or returned), particularly to Olde Walkerville, drawn by its whisky heritage, stately old homes along quiet streets, and its low-cost business districts. Creative energy has been pumped in by the tireless Walkerville BIA and entrepreneurs: summer street parties, buskers, markets, art / murals, food & drink cycle tours, live music; Walkerville's resurgence is the talk of the town!

Despite Walkerville's ups and downs, there has been one constant: whisky production. The huge vats never stopped cooking the mash and the bottles never ceased flowing down the line. Walkerville's whisky business has been going strong an incredible 160 years! Imagine how the district would have suffered without this important industry. So, love it or hate it—never take that smell for granted!

We hope you enjoy our 61st edition of The Walkerville Times (our first edition appeared in March 1999; you can read ALL editions on our website: walkervilletimes.com. Many thanks to Art Rhyno at the University of Windsor for digitizing every issue!) And if you're really thirsty for more local history, grab a copy of our latest book, Walkerville – Whisky Town Extraordinaire. Check it out on p. 17, at walkerville.com, or call us at 519-255-9527.

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Christmas in Korea 1952

by Tom Paré



The young soldier's thoughts flashed back to Christmases at his grandfather's house on Windsor Avenue in the late 1930s.

Christmas Eve 1952 began the same as any other night in the land of the frozen chosen. From inside the sandbagged bunker, the persistent howling of the cold Manchurian wind whipping down and around the North Korean mountains, the stomping of feet in vain attempts to keep warm in the frigid night, and the staccato reports of the PRC 10 radio, as muffled voices known only by code names penetrated a lonely vigil, were the only sounds.

Papa San Hill reared up huge and ugly across the wind swept expanse of Kumwha Valley and the men wondered why in hell they were here. They slept fitfully in the ten degree weather in this the winter of their discontent; they shared their sleeping bags with their M 1 rifle mistresses and slept in their clothes and boots in case of an enemy attack. Would it be better to freeze or to be shot or bayoneted, they wondered?

Sleep, if it came at all, lasted two or three hours until they were awakened to relieve a guard. They would sneak drags on Luckies or Camels through cupped hands, hiding the glow, because the slightest light would puncture the protective darkness.

Hourly, the front line platoons checked in to report sporadic shelling or all quiet in their sector. Sometimes they needed more ammunition, food, or rat poison, and sometimes they just needed to hear another voice.

During this long moonless night, a soldier carelessly lit up outside the command post bunker and within minutes, they were hit with a barrage of Chinese mortar fire. The 75mm recoilless platoon returned the fire and the night exploded with four hours of heavy weapon bombardment, both incoming and friendly.

When the smoke and the noise cleared, and the cold, cloudless, blue sky of dawn belied the activity of the night before, a strange quiet echoed across the hills. It was time

to face the horrors. Both sides left their positions to gather up their dead. No shots were fired.

It was Christmas Day.

The young soldier's thoughts flashed back to Christmases at his grandfather's house on Windsor Avenue in the late 1930s. He saw the huge decorated tree in the parlor and could almost hear the Christmas songs at the player piano. Then he remembered the Christmas of '42, when they had lost their house and there were no gifts.

Now all the Christmas memories came tumbling out. In 1945, that giddy year of victory, his dad sat proudly in the living room of the old house at 395 Josephine and watched as the younger boys tried to outdo each other ripping open their gifts, while the older brothers tried on skates or new hi-top boots.

In his reverie, and even during this year of 1952 and a new war, the soldier thought mostly about his mom. He knew how much she had suffered in the bad years when there were no gifts and how she had made cutout ornaments to hang on their little tree. He remembered the cookies and popcorn balls and apples and oranges in the stockings because there wasn't any money to buy gifts like electric trains or boxing gloves or lead soldiers. And how sometimes she dabbed her eyes while mending clothes to be wrapped and handed down to the younger boys.

The soldier, just turned nineteen, thought to himself that when he got home again, he would see to it that she would never again be sad at Christmas. He wiped his eyes on the sleeve of his field jacket.

Suddenly he heard the unmistakable sound of the mortars and a guard screaming, "Incoming! Incoming!" The explosions started yet again.

The soldier hit the dirt and shielded his head and cried out to his mom.

It was Christmas Day...



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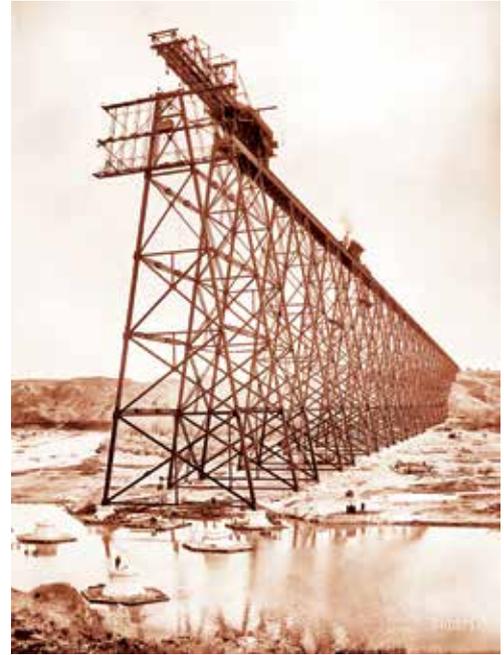
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Made With Walkerville Steel: Longest Railway Bridge in The World

THE LETHBRIDGE VIADUCT, also called the High Level Bridge, was constructed between 1907–1909 in Lethbridge, Alberta, Canada at a cost of \$1,334,525 (\$36,000,000 in 2016 dollars). This massive steel trestle over the Oldman River was designed by the Canadian Pacific Railway's bridge department in Montreal. The steel work was manufactured by the Canadian Bridge Company of Walkerville, Ontario, located on St-Luke between Seminole and Richmond Streets; vestiges of this company remain at that site (now owned by Valiant Group of Companies and the Hearn Group), including huge outdoor cranes.

The Lethbridge viaduct remains the largest Canadian railway structure and the largest of its type in the world. Built as part of a major diversion of the Crowsnest Pass route between Lethbridge and Fort Macleod, the previous structure crossed over a wooden trestle measuring 894 m (2,933 ft) long and 20 m (66 ft) high; an impressive structure in its own right, wood bridges typically lasted only about 10-15 years.

Construction on this behemoth began in the summer

of 1907. Clearing and grading the site, building piers, and placement of the footings progressed while the steelwork was prefabricated in Walkerville. Transport of the steel to the site from Walkerville required 645 railway cars.

Raising the steelwork began in mid-August 1908. Once the steelwork reached track level at the Lethbridge end, it was possible to begin using a huge travelling crane called an "erection traveller," (top right) built on site at a cost of \$100,000 (\$2,600,000 in today's dollars). It was used to lower the steel beams and girders into place.

The last girder was placed in June 1909 and riveting was completed in August 1909. The bridge has proved to be an enduring engineering masterpiece and remains fully functioning today.

HIGH LEVEL BRIDGE FACTS

Length: 1,623.86 m (5,327.625 ft)
 Height: 95.7 m (314.0 ft) above river bed
 Materials: 12,400 tons of Walkerville steel



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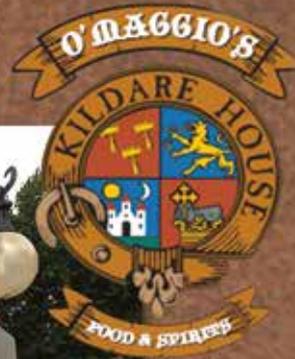
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