

**THE YACHT CLUB**  
(continued)

In this year, 1937, the K.Y.C. was much impressed by the Erie Class of boats and decided to build a number of these. On account of different sailing conditions dimensions and plans were changed and the ballast changed to 300 lbs. Seven boats were later built by A.S. Taylor for Theo Turville, W.H. Smyth, W.H. Childs, L.S. Johnson, W.A. Burke, (A. Mycroft & J. Williams).

**Kanagio Loses First Race But Wins the Second**  
July/37

The yacht races here last Sunday morning resulted in a tie between the Erie Yacht Club and the local Kanagio Club, although a protest was made by Dodsworth of Erie against Turville, a Kanagio yachtsman. After a discussion which lasted late into the afternoon, however, the judges decided that Dodsworth was not fouled in the second race as he claimed.

Since the local sailors lost the first race, the visitors would have been successful in carrying away the day's laurels if the protest had been allowed, but when it was thrown

out a tie resulted. The Erie Club took the lead in the first race when Jack Coleman and Tom Reed took up a position on the course which left the other crews behind for the rest of the race. T. Murphy and C. Woods of Kanagio held second place for a while but were later passed

by Bob Dodsworth and Al Panitzke of the Erie 'nvaders.

In the second race, however, the local crew turned the tables and took both first and second place, leaving their opponents to crawl across the finishing line with the help of a gradually disappearing breeze. The winners of this race—E. Fahner and J. Nichols handled the speedy Sun Pal, and were only

threatened by their fellow clubmen T. Turville and A. Burke who turned in a fine race. Bob Fry and Al Panitzki of Erie sailed third in this race and were followed by Bob Dodsworth and Dane Sterrett of the same club. This was the race which was protested.

The Race Committee consisted of W. A. Childs and H. W. Smythe for the Kanagio Club, and B. Cooley and Captain Shafer for Erie, and they were escorted down the course by the cruiser Jackie.

This week-end the Port Stanley club intend to race Erie on their home waters to battle for the possession of the Cooley Cup.

**1939-**

March 2nd/39, Yacht clubs on Lake Erie, L. Huron, Detroit and St. Clair R. were notified that they might have the privileges of K.Y.C. Erie, Cleveland, and Detroit clubs were especially singled out for this communication.

**1943- Times Journal, St. Thomas.**

While the war has taken a serious toll of the membership of the Kanagio Yacht Club, the members who are able to continue their sailing activities are keeping the club on its toes, and this season has begun with a zest that indicates it will be one of the best yet. The Sunday morning races which have become traditional began early in June and the crews are looking forward to some real contests during the next few months.

The Kanagio Club is represented in all three branches of the armed forces, with the Navy and Air Force taking the majority who are wearing uniform. Many of the members have won commissions in the R. C. N. V. R. as well as the R. C. A. F. and they are serving in many areas. One of the prominent members of many seasons at the Kanagio has paid the supreme sacrifice in this conflict. Sgt. Pilot Chet Wood,

R. C. A. F., of London, Ont., was killed in a flying accident at Trenton while taking a course as an instructor in the early part of the war.

When it is learned that over 50 per cent of the members of the Kanagio Club have gone on active service since 1939 it can be understood how difficult it is to carry on the regular schedule. However, by having two-man and at times even one-man crews, instead of the former four or five, the races are going along at a great rate and except for the reduction in the size of membership and the number of boats in the fleet, the club will carry on with all its pre-war enthusiasm.

**New Craft Launched**

By the middle of June this year there were ten boats launched for the season, while in former times there were as many as 30 in the Kanagio. It is expected that several more will be anchored in the harbor before the season is many

days older. One of the most interesting of these new craft will be the Hegira, which is being built for Fred J. Baby, of London Ont., by Selborne Taylor at his boat yard off Bridge street. Mr. Baby, who has been sailing boats for the past 15 years, is eager to put his new model to a test with the Kanagio fleet. The Hegira, a two-masted ketch, will be ready for the water about the first of July, after a continuous struggle to get itself pieced together in spite of war-caused shortages and priorities. Mr. Baby, who is employed at the Central Aircraft at London, says Hegira is an Arabic word meaning trip, and that he plans to have his new sailboat live up to its name at every opportunity.

To add to the worries of the Kanagio members, the high water in the lake this spring just about inundated the club house and it was necessary to move it 100 feet far-

**1946-**

During the Summer of 1946, there was keen competition in the Erie class sloops. The Vada, Althea II, Judith Dianne, Karen Elaine, Miss Lois, Marikay II and Kestral sailed under the seamanship of Walter Stock, Geo. Reid, Jim McMillian, Max Greer, Albert Mycroft, Joe Williams, I. Rodgers, Lou Johnston, Chas Rainbow, and A.S. Taylor.

There were races for other classes of boats, snipes, albatros, class and yawls. Other boats in the fleet were, -Dolphin (largest), Sole Mio-A. J. Hoxar; Makers—a sloop, Bill Smyth; Phyllis Marie—motor cruiser, Peg Wood; Sunpal—sloop, Jack Bartholemew; Gee Whizz-Wee Scott class—Jack Jones.

## KANAGIO YACHT CLUB



The Starting Place-E.Class Boats.



Some American Boats.

### SLOOPS TO CHANGE AT PORT STANLEY

1948

PORT STANLEY, May 19.—The Kanagio Yacht Club's E-class racing sloops will be appearing in a modernized sail plan to add zest to the sport. A Genoa jib is added to the suit of sails for each boat, while the mainsail will be increased in effective working area by the use of a longer mast. Changes to

the hull are to consist of re-stepping the mast, shortening the mainsail boom, and a minor change of securing the jibs.

The E-class yachts are the mainstay of the local racing fleet, and a centre of interest for the weekend racing events throughout the summer months. They have been consistently popular with both yachtsmen and spectators since being introduced in 1937. The local design is one modified from a class popular with the Erie, Pa., Yacht Club.



Mrs. Susannah Hepburn on her 90th. Birthday, in her garden.

To  
Mrs. Hepburn  
Port Stanley,  
Ont.

11664 Yellowstone.  
Detroit,  
Mich, U.S.A.

Within me crept a feeling  
For those agone before.  
'Twas the thought of a little  
village,  
Down on Erie's shore.

I stole away one day  
To find and there to be,  
In the stamping ground of father,  
Where the waters flow to the sea.

Its just a quaint old village  
I've been told it be,  
Where folks are kindly neighbours,  
Down by the inland sea.

Why one could ever leave it  
To me is mystery.  
'Tis high on the banks of Erie,  
Nestled mid hills and trees.

There I met a grand old lady  
Who unfolded the years to me.  
Though her eyes were dim and misty,  
She ever lived by the inland sea.

I knew her not, she knew my own,  
'Twas strange for me to be  
Listening to the tales of my grandmother  
While the waters passed to the sea.

Near five score years are with her,  
A mind active and bright.  
She sees the world before her  
As the sun the water's light.

GOD bless you gentle lady,  
You will always live with me,  
And your soul will always linger  
Where the waters flow to the sea.

Edwin L. Tomlinson  
12-1-36.

ITEMS from PORT STANLEY'S EARLY HISTORY

(From 1849-----)

as recorded by

Susannah Kennedy Hepburn.  
in 1936.

Over our village for more than eighty years, has come the chime, chime, chime of a church bell, calling the villagers to assemble on a Sabbath Day, joyously proclaiming the truth of the newly-weds or tolling for a departed soul. And so from out of those same dim years of the past, memory comes back, back, back like the cadence of the bell, whose ringing awakens all the memories of which the human heart is capable.

Because it has always been my motto, to look forward and not back, I have been reluctant to speak of the past, but to please you, I will begin.

I, then Susannah Kennedy, arrived in Port Stanley with my Scottish parents, in October, 1848, then a babe of six weeks. We came directly from Garden Island, in the mouth of the St. Lawrence on the sailing vessel "City of Brockville". My mother's people the Grays, had come to Canada in the Autumn of 1823, but Grandmother Gray could not take the cold of Quebec winters and died there. The rest of the family moved on up Kingston way to Garden Island. In the drought of 1842 or there about, they met with great losses. My mother, then Mrs. Kennedy and her husband John, found out by letters from Jas. Gray, who was a stone mason working on the Courthouse in London, that work was plentiful up this way.

They intended to go to Mr. Jno. Gray in London, but when they arrived in Port, they found there was plenty of work here and thus, Port Stanley became our home, and has been my home ever since. Father secured work on the tunnel which was being constructed and when that was finished, he worked in the mill.

As a child, I wore dresses with short sleeves and accompanying pantallets. My mother worked long and late on Saturday, to have everything in order for the Sabbath morning. The clothes of each member of the family hung on its own hook and were as fine as soap and starch could make them. The shoes were arranged below, after being blacked by the soot that came from beneath the stove lids.

Our home was situated on land which later became Railroad property. It had one large room and two bedrooms. The four poster beds with curtains and valances <sup>were always</sup> in perfect order. At first, I slept in a trundle bed, which slid under my mother's bed in the daytime.

Like all children raised in the Port, I spent many hours of every summer day, playing along the west beach. We often gathered drift wood, each family having its own pile, stacked teepee style and left to dry. In the autumn, this wood was gathered up on a wagon and taken home.

I was very frightened of the Indians. They tented along the hill behind the station and up toward Mrs. Young's. They were almost naked, with just a blanket thrown about them, and many of them wore ear rings. They were always coming to our home asking for salt. Whisky was easy to procure at the distillery near by and they were often crazy with drink.

I went to school at the age of five and this was pay school. Mr. Hamilton was the teacher. The old building faced east, Room 2 of our present school being almost the exact site. The new and free school was built across the street. It had a room upstairs and one downstairs. At first, all the children attended the lower room and Mr. Peacock from Vienna, was the teacher. He tried to make our lessons very pleasant. Sometimes we sang our Geography. Here are some facts we sang to the tune 'When Mothers of Salem, their children brought to Jesus'

"And then we will go, where the mountain peaks hang o'er us,  
And where the great volcanoes spread destruction around.  
We'll trace each island far and near, by each peninsula appear,  
Then onward we will steer through gulf, bay and sound."

## ITEMS from 'PORT STANLEY' EARLY HISTORY

Susannah Hepburn.

We also sang our multiplication tables, the chorus being, '5x5-25 and 5x6-30; 5x7-35 and 5x8-40' etc. to the tune of Yankee Doodle. The Bible was the only reading text book and was used by both Protestants and Roman Catholic children. We used copies for learning to write in good form. There was one copy bothered me a lot, "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter the Kingdom of Heaven".

Figuring was done in Sh and pence and later in life, I had to adapt myself to the ¢ and cent method. We studied Composition, Grammar, Geography History and the three R's. Mr. W. Butler was our inspector. Later on, the two rooms of the school were used and the girls went up-stairs and the boys down-stairs. Miss. Shepherd was the teacher. (Mrs. Burgess later.)

The schoolmates I remember were, Dave and Mary Cowan, Mary and Jane Patterson, (Jane was the mother of Sir Arthur Currie), The McKenzie girls, Bell and Cassie McDonald, Egerton and Amelia Williams (Mrs. Dr. Wilson) Billy Stark, John and Bill Mitchell (twins), Will and Jane Stacey, Jas. Manual and John Payne, Jane Carr, Bidy, Susan and Patrick Gorman, Fanny and Mary Fitzgerald, Solomon Wilson, Mary Cox, Lucinda Case, Jack Ellison, John Price, Caroline and Lizzie Ayres and my sister Kate (Mrs. Sweeney) and my brother Duncan.

My earliest recollections of Pt. Stanley, was the Harbour, vessels coming and going, stevedors working steadily and business thriving at the waterfront. Places of business (old and rambling wooden <sup>structures</sup>) rose up on wooden piles around the east side of the harbour, partially over the water, at the foot of Main St.

Hoadley's warehouse was a wonderful structure with a cupalo, where one could sit, look over the entire valley and miles out over the lake. Mc. Bride's had an hotel this side of the warehouse and was only one of many, of these places of business that catered to the sailors who enjoyed leave ashore.

Batt's, a young English couple, had a butcher shop which faced the west. A window at the back faced Orchard Beach. This couple figured in the village until more recent times. His business at the foot of Main St. had groceries, liquor, and lunches. They afterwards built the Batt House, where the Clifton House now stands. They lived in our home at one time, and Mr. Batt's signature is cut in one of the window panes. A Mr. Pass had a general store at the foot of Main St. Mr. Joe. Laing was the clerk.

The west side of the village was low and swampy and a one-plank walk built high, went from The Vary home to the low swing bridge that crossed Kettle Creek.

Selborne was a suburb to the north. It had its own places of business, among which were two distilleries. Whiskey was very cheap there, a quart selling for a shilling.

Hillcrest in early days belonged to Jno. Bostwick, who came after the war of 1812, and was our first white settler. His property was allotted to him by Col. Talbot. This property then passed into the hands of McQueen's and the Catholic Bishop. The land trailing over the hill east became known as Orchard Beach.

The buying and shipping of grain was the life blood of the village, in those days, and business increased year by year until the coming of the railroad. Robt. Thomson, Geo. Williams, Sam Shepherd, Yerrington, Mc. Queen, Homewood and Chandler were some of the grain merchants and leaders in the progress of the village.

One of the boats I remember was, the Telegraph, which plied between here and Cleveland and I remember the wreck of the same. The Stark family came to Port on that boat. (Harry Ellison's grandparents). The 'City of San dusky' was another boat I remember, and also the 'Tom Wrong' which went ashore at Port Burwell. The 'Alma Monroe' was a boat of later date. It was named after a member of the Duffield family.

## ITEMS from PORT STANLEY'S EARLY HISTORY

by Susannah Hepburn

The first road to St. Thomas that I remember was the plank road. It was along this road that the Hepburn pioneers settled. I can remember your great-grand father Andrew Hepburn. He used to come to mother's door to sell taties (potatoes). It was over this road that much of the grain was brought in for shipment, and hitch-hiking was carried on in those days. My mother would start out on foot for London and she would depend on the teamsters to give her a lift.

The stage-coach carried passengers and mail and was driven in my time by Mr. Jas. Tomlison. The horn echoed as the coach appeared and the dust mounted as the horses drew up to the Inn. This Inn was situated near the foot of Main St. on the east side of the street, and was kept by Mr. Tomlison's mother, whom we call Granny Tomlison. We children would try to be around to see the stage-coach come with passengers for the out-going boats and the passengers from the boats leaving by the coach.

Newspapers have always been attainable here since I remember, the "Dispatch" and "Home Journal" being the St. Thomas papers, I read and the "Toronto Globe", also came to our home. It was from the "Globe", that I read of the assassination of Abe Lincoln.

Letter writing and letter delivery was a costly and uncertain task in those days. Some of the older members of our family as well as my Uncle Jas. Gray departed to distant points and were never heard of afterwards. There is a letter in the Hepburn family now, that was sent from Scotland in care of Mr. E. Ermitinger who was the Post Master in St. Thomas.

In 1855, a great fire swept away the places of business at the lower east harbour and the village began to grow as you see it to-day.

About this same time, the construction of the L&P.S.R.R. was in progress and after that time shipping as I knew it in early times, seemed to decline. In 1856, there was the official opening of the Railroad. The small wood-burning locomotive (Murray Anderson) with a number of open cars and carrying important passengers arrived from St. Thomas and London. The cars were decorated with arches of evergreen boughs. A ball was held in the school room that night. (new school) Although twelve years of age, the whistle of the locomotive frightened me so much that I would run like a frightened animal. Many farmers along the Railroad became quite well-off during the construction of the road by selling farm produce.

After the coming of the railroad, Mr. Fraser the conductor, bought the hill to the west and erected the Fraser House. This hotel and grounds was the most artistic and beautiful spot of which Pt. Stanley has ever boasted. Mr. Jho. Ellison was the contractor. This hotel did much to advertise Port Stanley as a Summer resort and let the world know of the natural beauty of hills and valley, and the health that might be derived at our bathing beach. There is no doubt that the Actress Annie Pixley, Mrs. Fraser's sister-in-law also did much to advertise the village as a resort.

As long as I can remember, I went to church and Sunday school, ~~the church~~. If not to church, then to the school house where these services were held. The organizing of these congregations took place there. The Anglican was the first church and my mother took her family there to be christened. My Grandfather Gray was buried in the burial grounds, but I have no idea of the location of the grave. Mr. Geo. Street was the first minister I remember. The next church was the Congregational and Mr. Alworth was the first minister. This building was sold to the Presbyterian congregation and is still in use. The Roman Catholic built a church in the north ward about 1850, and the Methodists were under the St. Thomas Circuit out in 1854, under Rev. Mr. Chapman, they had services of their own.

In speaking of health, I must say that our worst trouble was ague. It was caused by the undrained portions of the creek's valley. It was so bad, that people sometimes died from its effects. We sometimes had a resident Doctor, sometimes we did not. Drs. Moore, Burgess and Daniel were among the first of my recollection. On Jan. 24th. 1862 when my first child was born, my husband Mathew Berry, had to send our horse and cutter to bring the nearest doctor, and that was Dr. Gustin of Fingal. Needless to say, the little girl arrived before the doctor.

Mr. Wade, the druggist, saved many a life and cured many a pain by his quick and kindly administrations.

over

## ITEMS from PORT STANLEY'S EARLY HISTORY

Sussannah Hepburn.

In conversation with Dr. Sanborne of London, I learned that cholera came even as far as Port Stanley, when it was raging in 1832. In 1849, there was another visitation that I do remember, perhaps because I was so frightened, for I was five years old at that time. Mother and I, hand in hand, went over the low swing bridge, to meet father coming from his work at the mill. On the bridge, we saw a man coming toward us that we took to be father, in the dusk of evening. However it was not father. That man was dead in the morning from the dread disease. Other deaths followed among them, Mr. Jas. Tomlison who drove the stage-coach, who was ill only eight hours. Mr. and Mrs. Pass, whom I mentioned before, also died of it.

We secured good water from the springs on the hillsides. Wells were sometimes arranged with windless and bucket. The one belonging to Mrs. McQueen was the last one I remember.

The medicinal properties of the Sulphur Springs situated on the farm then belonging to Mr. Jas. Begg were known to villagers through the years. A bee of men assisted in building a well and in later years Mr. Jno. Pollock, his son-in-law, had a bath house erected, and I took baths there with beneficial results. These sulphur springs should yet help to make Port Stanley a mecca for tourists.

Terrible floods were a great drawback to Port Stanley. These wrecked the homes and caused illness as well as destruction. Soft soap, which we made and slawk lime were used to good advantage at all times.

Port Stanley has not proved very successful as a manufacturing place. Different companies have been formed but for this reason or that they have folded their tents like the Arabs. For many years Messrs. Hebblewaite & Golding had a turning factory situated on the west side and convenient for shipping either by rail or water. Mrs. Jelly, one of our oldest residents has a set of parlor croquet turned out in this factory. There was a woolen mill at the south of Betty st. about 1876 but later Mr. Jno. Ellison built a saw mill on the same site, and this mill gave work to a number of men. Mr. Orin Campbell was the expert turner and no doubt there are many pieces in the village turned out by his capable hands.

Not a great deal of money passed hands in those days, but rather goods were bartered. In return for harness made by Mr. Berry for the farmers up and down the Lake shores, he received wood and farm produce. Any money received was put into gold pieces and hidden away for safety.

Many young men found responsible positions after serving their time in the telegraph office. Mr. Manual Payne, one of my early school mates was the telegraph agent for many years and under his instructions they were well trained. Mr. Payne was Post Master from 1866 until his death.

The person who lived to the greatest age in our village, that I can remember was Mr. Van Gorman. He arrived from Co. Clare, Ireland, when a young man and lived to the great age of 105 years. The girls in the village for three generations remember him well for they knew if they didn't look sharp, he would hook their ankles with the crook of his cane. All the villagers remembered his birthday which was May 24th. He was very intelligent and could recall from memory, a great store of historical events.



## ITEMS from PORT STANLEY'S EARLY HISTORY

by Susannah Hepburn

The most shocking thing that ever happened in the village in my time was a murder committed in the house now occupied by Miss R. Smith and her mother. The father killed his family and himself but the maid escaped and ran for help.

Squire Smith and Squire Price were the early magistrates. Mr. Price was a terror to the evildoers but he was a fine neighbour. The land upon which Mr. Perry built his harness shop in 1864, was a piece of land at the north of the Price home on Joseph St. bought from Mr. Price. Mrs. Price had a gate where she could slip over to see how I was managing. Mrs. Price, the former Miss Neville was a charming, vivacious woman as I remember her in her picturesque caps. Never did I have a more tried and trusted friend. She rejoiced with me when I rejoiced and wept with me when I wept.

There was an exciting time here in 1866, when the Fenians threatened. Every one was up and astir as the men prepared to do their bit, and take the train to Sarnia. Home guards were placed at the harbour and the women prepared to do the duty of their husbands as much as possible. The first time I saw Mr. Andrew Hepburn, who later became my second husband, was riding into Port, with the St. Thomas Cavalry. He, with the others received a medal and a grant of land in later years.

The first lighting in my mother's home was candles. Dip candles and tallow candles were used every day but wax ones when we had company or on special occasions. It is no wonder my eyes are now so dim, for I sewed miles of seams and frills by hand in very poor light. I used often to read to my mother by candle light, while she ironed or did other work, in the evening. A book I could never forget which she read aloud was "The Phantom Ship". I was sixteen when I first saw coal oil and I tasted it get a better idea of it. This oil was dark in colour, not like the refined oil of later days. It was like a Fairy Story, when electric lights were turned on my home for the first time.

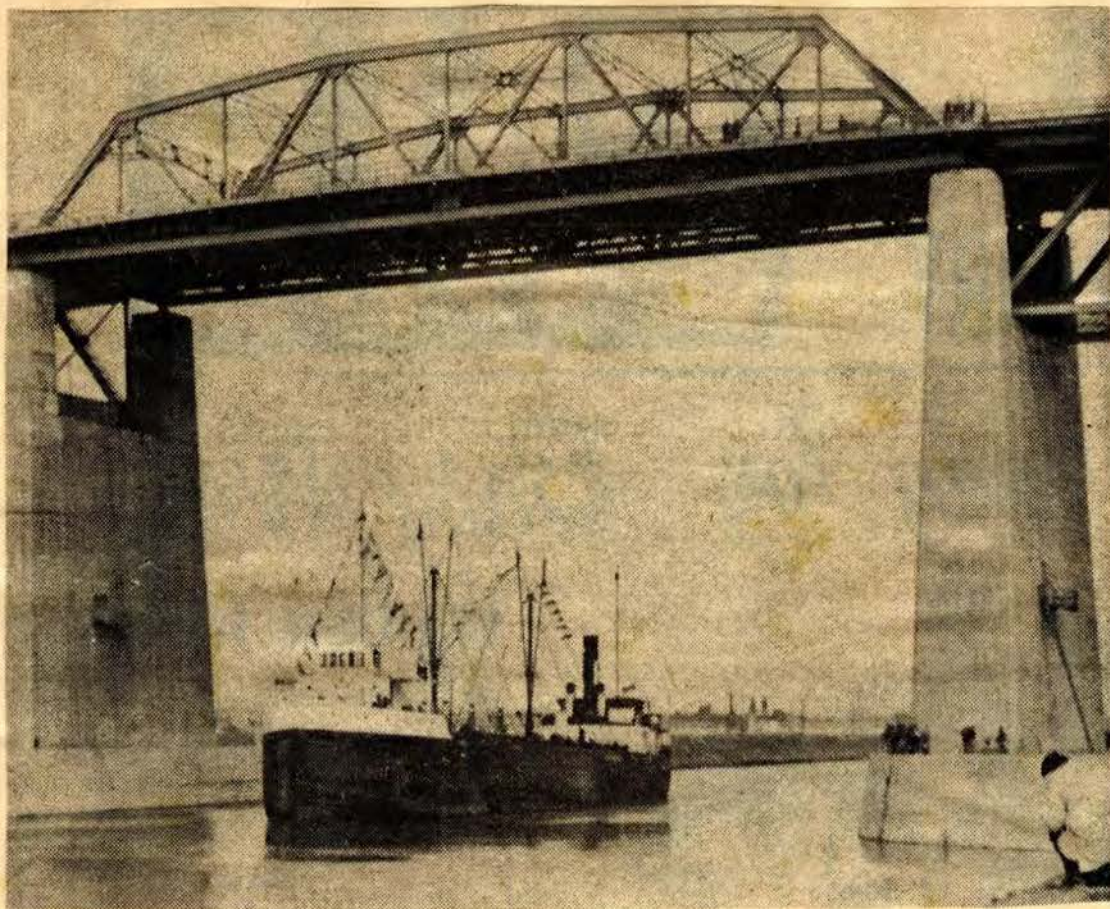
It was not until 1874, that our town was on her own, and every one thought it was a good move. Soon we got a new town hall and I remember the first programme and especially one lady, Mrs. Henry Jelly. Mrs. Jelly had just come out from Ireland and was beautiful and beautifully gowned in a black silk dress that stood alone.

When the Masons put on entertainment for the ladies, they do it in a big way. One of these occasions I remember well, with very pleasant recollections. It was a banquet and ball held in the school house in 1875. We danced first down stairs and then went up stairs to supper. The long tables were decorated with flowers and bright tapers. The women wore hoop skirts and had ostrich feathers in their hair. We had the Grand March and then danced upper reels, Scotch reels and French fours. Some the other guests I remember were, Luke Ellison and Delia -night, Fanny Fitzgerald, Libby Payne, Mr. and Mrs. Jno. Pollock, Mr. and Mrs. Sam. Price, Mr. and Mrs. Jno. Sweeney and of course Mr. Andrew Hepburn and myself. There were many more for it was a fine turnout.

I am often asked the secret of my long life. Why the modern way of living has much to do with that, for it brings more comforts and more interests for the older people, I should hate to live over again, in a poorly constructed house, in a poorly drained district such as this village was. In my declining days, I can sit in my easy chair beside my warm hearth, among my loved ones, and listen to my favourite singer or tune in on all the events of the word of to-day. Now, being blind, I appreciate all these things more than words can express.

But soon, o'er the hilltop, lake, valley and lee,  
I will hear a sweet bell calling softly to me,  
And I will go home to the Far Distant West,  
To the friends of my childhood, to the Place I love best.

# Seaway Now Humming With Activity



MONTREAL (CP) — The St. Lawrence Seaway, dreamed of for 50 years and built in five hummed smoothly through its first weekend of operation.

From Montreal to Kingston, lake, ocean and canal ships bustled today through the 135 miles of canals, locks and channels that form one of the world's great maritime highways.

Its opening Saturday made the Great Lakes accessible for the first time to all but very large ocean-going ships.

The icebreakers d'Iberville and Ernest Lapointe, loaded with government, shipping and seaway authority officials, performed the opening ceremonies

Saturday. By Sunday the \$475,000,000 seaway was going full blast, draining the large pool of ships that gathered in the St. Lawrence River at and below Montreal to await the opening.

## REACHES LAKES

The Prins Willem George Frederik, a Dutch freighter that was the first ocean ship to enter the seaway, became the first to enter the Great Lakes Sunday, completing the run.

She then staged a neck-and-neck race with the Prins Johan Willem Frisco to become the first ocean ship to reach Toronto.

She tied up at 5:44 a.m., completing the 350-mile run from Montreal after being the first

ocean ship to enter the newly-opened seaway Saturday.

She sped from Montreal to Kingston in just under 30 hours, slicing the old seaway times by as much as two days. After hustling through the 135 miles of canals, locks and channels, the Dutch freighter staged a bow-to-bow race with the Prins Johan Willem Frisco for the honor of being the first ship in Toronto.

Both ships are owned by The Netherlands Oranje Line which had been waiting, working and planning for the seaway opening weekend for months.

The winning captain was Steve Aaldijk. Ships of six nations were in the race to Toronto.

Officials at the three key lock

positions — Montreal, Massena, N.Y., and Iroquois—reported all movements going smoothly.

At Iroquois, a dispatcher said, ships were locked through at the rate of three an hour during the peak traffic period.

The Mohawk Deer, a 452-foot laker, moved into the seaway Saturday at Iroquois and ended the limiting of huge lakers, immensely efficient carriers of bulk cargo, to the Great Lakes.

Some of the big lake ships can carry 25,000 tons of grain. In the past, it had to be unloaded and reloaded at ports like Kingston and Prescott into small canal boats.

The combined impact on industry of ocean ships being able



to reach the lakes, and lake ships being able to reach at least the fringes of the ocean, is expected to be tremendous.

Seaway economists expect about 23,000,000 tons of cargo to move through annually, slowly building up to 50,000,000 tons by 1965.

Every ship using the seaway pays tolls of six cents a ton on the ship's tonnage, plus 95 cents a ton on general cargo and 42 cents a ton on bulk cargo.

But it will take 50 years for the tolls to pay for the seaway.

The seaway's system of dams provide power at the \$600,000,000 hydro-electric development built between Massena and Cornwall, jointly by Ontario and New York.

On Saturday  
May 21/59,  
ships began  
using the  
Seaway.

# SEAWAY



From the time of Cartier, men have dreamed of a passage from the Great Lakes to the sea. By degrees, this dream has become reality. 1825 saw the Lachine Canal open. In 1829, ships were moving through the Welland's locks. 1899, and the Soulanges Canal was completed.

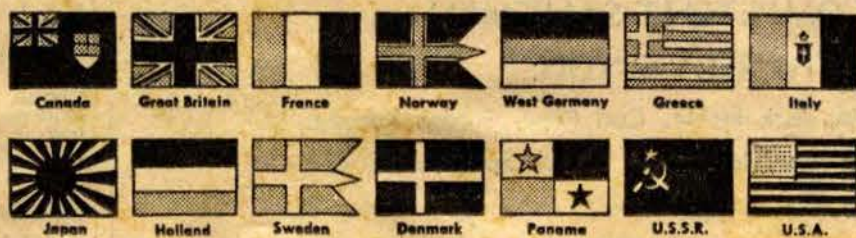
As early as 1919, the International Joint Commission studied the feasibility of a Seaway. In 1954, work actually began. Now, on June 26th, 1959, Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth and President Eisenhower will together open this immense project.

But why a Seaway at all? The answer is simple. Trade travels on water. With its depth of 27 feet, the St. Lawrence Seaway can float ocean-going freighters clear through to the ports of the Great Lakes. And the massive grain and ore carriers of the Upper Lakes can carry their bulk cargoes down to the Atlantic!

Already the St. Mary's River—soon to be a vital connecting link to the Seaway—carries more volume of cargo than the Suez and Panama Canals combined! And the Seaway itself will carry over 50 million tons of cargo annually!

Power development is an important part of the Seaway project. Giant dams at Cornwall and Iroquois—with the Beauharnois power plant—will transform the seaward rush of the St. Lawrence into the vital throbb of electrical power.

Flags of some of the Nations whose ships will sail the St. Lawrence Seaway.



## SEAWAY EXCAVATIONS

add up to a tremendous amount of digging. On the Iroquois dam alone, 15,000,000 cubic yards of earth were extracted. That's equal to digging the basements of all the houses in Ottawa, Hamilton, London and Windsor combined!



## GREAT LAKES SHIPPING 1679-1959

La Salle's "Griffin"—60 tons, 1679. First trading ship on the Great Lakes.

Built on the Niagara River, near the present site of Buffalo, N.Y., the "Griffin" was intended for the fur trade, carried seven light guns to ward off hostile Indians. It sailed Lakes Erie, St. Clair, Huron and Michigan during the summer of 1679 and sank in a storm in the same year.



## Modern Ocean-going freighter, 8,000 tons

Sailing under one of the flags below, it carries the manufactured goods of the world. A familiar sight on the great oceans, now freighters such as this one can sail all the way to the Great Lakes, thanks to the St. Lawrence Seaway.