# CAMERA CLUB



Left-The first outing of the Newly Started Club in EARLY 1900's: to try out their New CAMERAS.



MR. JAS. MeLEAN SROVE his taxi



Right- MANY MORE MEMBERS At this

MEETing Where WE MET At the home of Miss

Audrey Hunter, Amember of the Club.

FRONT ROW, SCATED, MRS. HUNTER, MRS. Telford, Annie Telford,

MRS. FANNY Docker, bresident, Miss Era Cusack, Cliff Keillor,

BACK, ROW, STANDING, Ervin Small,

Ermyn Keillor,

Ermyn Keillor,

Audrey Hunter,

Ed. Docker, Maggie Kelso,

CAMERA JANS ON A LIKE ON LAKEROAD by Stephen Backus FARM

FARM.
-LITERARY Society



TEN of WALLACETOWN'S ELigible backELORS.

Who organized "A skating Rink for young and old in the old Drill shed on the FAIR grounds in the YEAR 1906.

Standing From left, JACK MCGOLL, DR. J.W. GRANE, John A. CAMERON,
ERNEST MC. KEE, Ed KOELLER.

SEATED FROM LET, JACK MC. KILLOP, WM. FLUM, HARRY DROMGOLE,
J. A. GOW[BERT], JOE MC. GILL.

## Legends, Ghost Stories of Pioneer Days in Dunwich; Ken Galbraith's Narrative

Reading historical articles in the Jubilee Number of the Times-Jour-Reading historical articles in the Jubilee Number of The Times-Journal (Sept. 3, 1931) inspired J. K. Galbraith to write a special article dealing with "Legends and Ghost Stories of Early Days in Dunwich Township" and the same was published in The Times-Journal Oct. 31, 1931. Ken Galbraith at that time was residing at the home of his father, W. A. Galbraith, in Dunwich township, and wrote occasionally for The Times-Journal, Today he is considered one of the leading economists in the United States. He is professor of economics at Harvard University and an associate editor of Fortune Magazine. In that narrative of 1931 Dr. Galbraith wrote: aug by b , K. GALBRAIDH

King's Highway No. 3 runs through the quiet village of Wallacetown in a straight and most unromantic fashion as the present day traveler would in all probability regard it. In fact, if he were actually searching for some romantic link with the past he would probably continue his way to Black's Hill, where a little Scotch cemetery has remained picturesquely half-hidden by its protecting pines for more by its protecting pines for more than half a century.

But before the traveler arrives at Black's Hill, he may have noticed a lesser declevity, now almost levelled out by the contingencies of modern travel, and known at an earlier day as Searle's Hill. Somewhere in Searle's Hill lies Elgin's, per-haps Ontario's, only reputed

haps Ontario's, only reputed buried treasure.

The details of the burial of the The details of the burial of the treasure are no longer very clear. Perhaps, who knows, some early adventurers astray in the woods were set upon at this point and forced to bury results of barter or plunder. Perhaps some Lake Erie "Captain Kidd" made his way inland and chose this point for the depositing of the fruits of his piracy. More definitely it has been stated that the burial of the treasure is really much more rebeen stated that the burial of the treasure is really much more recent, and was the buried plunder of American soldiers on their way to Port Talbot in 1812. Tradition is definite on one point, however, that blood was shed during the burial of the treasure, and on the strength of this spilled blood, those who buried the treasure were able to protect it from casual seekers through all eternity. eternity.

Nor were the protective devices cast about the buried treasure particularly easy of solution. Effort to recover the treasure must be made between midnight and the first break of days. No ward whatever must midnight and the first break of dawn. No word whatsoever must be spoken by the treasure seekers during the entire period of the search, and all treasure seekers must expect to shed blood at the time of the disposal of the treasure to be compensated for among the finders.

But whatever the weight of the

among the finders.

But whatever the weight of the conditions surrounding the search for treasure in Searle's Hill, many parties have complied with them in detail in an effort to locate the treasure. It can be further stated that there are persons living today who have been to Searle's Hill under the above conditions to make the search. conditions to make the search.
WELL FORTIFIED SEARCHERS

What was probably one of the core recent parties set out from Dutton one evening under the most auspicious of circumstances. Well fortified with picks and shovels, they made their way along the Currie road, stopping at one of the Wallacetown taverns for further fortifications of

verns for further fortifications of a "spiritual" nature.

Toward midnight the party proceeded to Searle's Hill, over what was little more than a trail through the woods, while a watery moon lit a patchwork way through the trees for the treasure seakers, Digging commence/cand proceeded in studied, if no ghostly, silence har an hour Titwo. The pick of one of treasure seekers struck steat thing solid like a chest.

Whether or not it was "the chest" will never be known, for at the same moment a cock in the nearby settlement gave vent to a long drawn out cock-a-doodle-doo, a cow bawled to her calf, there was a sound as of crashing china, and with almost magic suddenness the sky became light in the east. The next stroke of the pick met no re-sistance—if it had been the chest

sistance—if it had been the chest it had moved.

There was nothing for the treasure seeking party to do but withdraw, for they were afoul of one of the most exacting of the conditions governing the treasure. "It must be sought for between midnight and daybreak." They made their way back toward Wallacetown, when, lo! the eastern sky was dark once more, the cock was again silent, and the treasure had defeated its seekers. seekers.

Other expeditions met a similar fate. The spoken words, "I've got it," proved to be the downfall on one party which came so close to getting the treasure that one member of the treasure that one member of the party was actually able to recover a piece from the corner of the treasure effect. On this occasion the chest is said to have actually moved underground with a rumbling sound, while breaking of a spurious dawn put an end to further efforts. This particular expedition had gone in search of the treasure under particularly propitious conditions, for the wife of one member of the party had dreamed three nights in succession of its location.

Unlike the more famous treas-

Unlike the more famous treas-ure in Oak Island, off the shores of Nova Scotia, there has never of Nova Scotia, there has never been an organized joint-stock company to investigate the possibility of the treasure in Searle's Hill, and insofar as is known all expeditions have compiled with the rulings of the supernatural. One thing is certain and that is that the treasure still awaits its finder. Unless the greatest secrecy was maintained, no successful attack on the treasure of Searle's Hill was ever completed.

WITCHES, SUGAR MAKING-But leaving behind us the

But leaving behind us the magic fascination of treasure trove, we pause of recount a tale of a very different nature. Fifty

years or more ago there was no more important industry on self-contained farm homesteads of the contained farm homesteads of the day than the spring sugar harvest from the maple woods. Nor, incidentally, is the pastry or "porridge" of the present day more delectably sweetened by the factory product from beet or sugar cane, than it was at that time by the product of the sugar camp in the expert hands of a master maker.

And of the last mentioned,

Master maker.

And of the last mentioned, there were none better qualified for the title than two elderly Scotch neighbors in the township of Dunwich, who every spring joined forces to adjourn to the bush for the sugar-making

Now one spring, so the story Now one spring, so the story goes, everything went wrong, even in this expertly conducted camp. The run of sap had been particularly good that spring, and the boiling had been conducted with the same masterly care as in other years. Upon transference to the "sugaring-off" kettle, however, something went wrong, and instead of a fine, well-granulated product, the final result was merely a black, scorched taffy.

The two neighbors were concerned, to say the least. Sugarmaking season at the best was a short one, and with time slipping along, no tangible results of their labors were appearing. Barren prospects for a season without maple sugar loomed up.

The advice of a sugar-maker in the Iona district was sought, a man whose reputation placed him as a dean of the craft. His advice was to the point that they return home and carefully scour all buckets, pails, syrup panseverything connected with camp. He indicated emphatically that in cleanliness lay the solution of their difficulties.

The two neighbors returned

their difficulties.

The two neighbors returned home, but with some doubt in their minds, for had this not already been attended to at the outset of the season. The advice was followed, however, and everything even remotely connected with the camp given a thorough cleaning. Came a frost that night, followed by balmy spring weather and a good run of sap. The subsequent boiling was carried out with meticulous care. The thickening syrup was watched anxiously and the final result awaited eagerly. Gloomy disappointment once more loomed up, when smoke began to pour from the kettle, and it once more yielded but a glue-like, black and badly scorched mass.

STARTLING DISCOVERY

#### STARTLING DISCOVERY

A visitor came into the camp just at this time, one also versed in the art of sugar-making, but additionally gifted with knowledge as to the supernatural powers governing the process. The revelation which he had to make was startling, to say the least—there were three witches in the kettle.

Wettle.

Unlike many who have attributed witchcraft to seemingly uncontrollable phenomena, he had the cure for the situation. A portion of the now nearly cool taffy-like material was removed from the kettle and fashioned into the image of a witch. A muzzle - loading firearm was brought from the stanty, charged with powder and the ball replaced by a silver dime. It had to be money and it had to be silver.

silver.

The image of the doomed witch was placed against a tree, and with due and careful aim, shot squarely through the body.

A rending shriek split the peaceful quiet of the sugar camp simultaneously with the roar of the gun, and it was revealed next day that at exactly the same time an old woman living in the near neighborhood fell suddenly from her bed and broke a leg.

A couple of days later, when the syrup was once more thickening in the kettle, there was no longer any doubt as to the cure effected. Just at the proper stage the stirring ladle displayed a fine, even granulation, and for the remainder of the spring no a fine, even granulation, and for the remainder of the spring no better sugar was made in all Dunwich township.

### WITCH IN THE SLEIGH RACK

But there are witches and witches, and they carry on their nefarious work in more ways than one. Another witch story is told in connection with the hauling of logs to a small sawmill which stood until recent years in the neighborhood of Port Talbot. Port Talbot, what a store-house of interest is associated with that name. One cannot be accused of passing from the sublime when it is said that Port Talbot is to Elgin what Quebec is to all of Canada.

But to return to the story. It

bec is to all of Canada.

But to return to the story. It was while hauling logs to this sawmill that one resident of the western part of the county fell foul of the witches. The road from the bush to the saw-mill lay for the most part through the woods, though at one point in particular, it wound past a small clearing, where stood a little log cabin.

Conditions for hauling logs had been very favorable that winter, and there was a deep even coating of snow everywhere, which had packed on the roads and trails to an icy smoothness. The little saw-mill was doing a rushing husiness ing business.

One teamster, however, was finding the road to the mill beset with difficulties. Every time he passed over the stretch of road in the clearing mentioned above, his load tipped over, and always in exactly the same place, opposite the small cabin. Laboria opposite the small cabin. Laborious effort with the canthook must follow each of these acci-

must follow each of these accidents to replace the loss, and on the next trip the same thing happened all over again.

Needless to say the road was examined and even carefully levelled to prevent such accidents. The sleigh was also given a thorough inspection, but all this without ayall. The loads continued to upset as before. One

possibility remained—were there witches in the sleigh?

#### UNEARTHING A WITCH

Witches require a different sort of handling to ordinary physical accidents. Upon the occasion of the next upset, the bunks of the sleigh were submitted to an exsleigh were submitted to an experimental tapping with a handspike, both front and rear. The first touch on the rear bunk brought forth a most unearthly shrick, and succeeding heavier blows served only to increase the agonizing calls until the surrounding woods echoed and recehoed the sound. Eventually, as the blows became increasingly severe, all became quiet.

Next morning the sleigh passed over the bewitched stretch of snow without mishap. Succeeding days were equally uneventful, except—the aged hag who lived in the lonely cabin in the clearing was seen with her head bound up.

bound up.

Shooting and beating with a sledge hammer over the head, it is quite reasonable to grant, are measures which not even a reputable witch will withstand.

### GHOST FOUND OUT

GHOST FOUND OUT

The story is still graphically retold of how one ghost was unfortunate enough to be found out, proving that even such vaporlike beings as ghosts and witches are not infallible.

To the north of Dutton it is still possible to compile a voter's list, recruit a batallion or even get subscribers to a first-class charity fund and not include a name which has not the prefix of Mac. Fifty years ago the Scottish phalanx was even more solid, and the fact that there are some fifty words for love in the Gaelic, led one of the young men of the led one of the young men of the district to pay a visit to his sweetheart, who lived a mile or

two away.

It was late in November and even though such a visit in those days was no half hour affair, the cays was no half nour affair, the chill wind out of doors caused the young man to remain at his sweetheart's house even later than usual. It was after three o'clock when he finally took his departure.

than usual. It was after three o'clock when he finally took his departure.

The way home led past the little Largie church yard, with its accompanying cluster of long shafted tombstones reflecting the general style of stone in use at that time. The November moon had long since settled below the horizon, and the dull black of the sky was further darkened by rifts of black clouds which scurried rapidly over the tree-tops. It was a ghostly setting, indeed, as the young suitor came opposite the graveyard, with its cluster of silent, shadowy tombs.

But ghostly as the setting was, it was increased to terrifying proportions when from the depths of the graveyard came a grinding screech, followed by a resounding crash which echoed from the neighboring woods. Just at the same moment the young man heard stealthy foofall hurrying in his direction, and with all the enthusiasm of a hunted deer, he took to his heels.

A mile down the road his breath forsook him, and he paused in his hurried way to listen. But not for long, the same footfalls could be heard

distinctly now, and all too evidistinctly now, and all too evidently they here coming in his direction at a rapid rate. With energy well reinforced by fright, he again broke into a run, nor did he stop until safely within doors of his father's house. He went to bed to dream fitfully of encounters with a whole army of ghosts in the confines of that same country churchyard at Larsame country churchyard at Lar-

Daylight placed a new com-plexion on things and drove the entire forces of the supernatural into the depths of the woods. A not entirely appreciative family the ard him recount the story at the breakfast table, and later on in the morning he had occasion to visit the farm of a neighbor to borrow some article of husban-

borrow some article of husbandry.

With the details of his experience still vividly before him, he could not forego the temptation to again tell of his harrowing experiences, but this time, to the entire astonishment of his listeners, for had they not listened with some scepticism to an almost precisely similar story from the young man of the place, over the breakfast table that morning.

further questioning indicated that the latter ha dscarcely approached the graveyard when the crash occurred, and that in his haste to remove himself from the vicinity, he had never even

the crash occurred, and that in his haste to remove himself from the vicinity, he had never even paused to listen for footsteps. Some distance down the road the sound of someone running rapidly led him to assume a pursuit and redouble his efforts.

The early morning crash in the graveyard remained entirely unexplained by natural causes until a trip to town revealed that one of the largest of the granite shafts had mouldered somewhat at its base and some time during the night had fallen squarely across the graveyard fence.

It is too bad, indeed, to conclude with a ghost that was so unwholesomely exploded, for ghosts and witches at their best must remain a mystery if they are to be successful. By way of proving that Elgin has both kinds, however, it was not necessary to include the latter story, and if you don't believe that there are plenty more, just engage some of your older friends and it you don't believe that there are plenty more, just engage some of your older friends in conversation some night when the fire is getting low and the wind is whistling through the trees at just the right pitch.

Searles west John Lyons

Ken Galbraith son of W. archie Galbraith (tall archie) and Kate. Kendall (Starvation St) lived on Hogg Street near the Willey Sideroad