

History and Folklore of the Whiteshell Park South



by Olive Zimmerman

Approved and Endorsed
 28 June 1972
 H. S. G. C.
 Director of Research

PROVINCE of MANITOBA
DEPARTMENT of MINES AND NATURAL RESOURCES
Hon. D. G. McBRIDE, Minister. C. H. Stroud, Deputy Minister.

— 1932 —
SURVEYS BRANCH

• WHITESHELL FOREST RESERVE •

PLAN OF
WEST HAWK, CADDY AND STAR LAKES
IN TOWNSHIPS 9 AND 10, RANGES 17 E. P. M.

Scale 0009 = 1 sec.

— 222 —

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I should direct attention of the City of Birmingham, Alabama
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 and did personally supervised the survey represented by
 the plan, that the survey and plan are correct, and that
 the survey was made between the 2nd and 3rd days of
 March, 1932
 James H. Bland, Mayor of the City of
 Birmingham, at 11:00 A.M. on the
 2nd day of May, A.D. 1932
 J. H. Bland
 Mayor of Birmingham
 JHB

Note: re. S.W. Sec. 2, 40-17-E
Lots 1 to 4 (inc) Plan 2945 W.L.T.O.
Lots 1 to 7 (inc) Plan 8256 W.L.T.O.
Plan 4290 Sub-B
Public Road Plan 4352 W.L.T.O.
Plan 4827 Sub-B



Map of the State of the District of Columbia
District of Columbia

Filed in the Office of the
Director of Surveys at Winnipeg
as Plan No. 1906

H.E. Beresford
for Director of Surveys

Approved and Confirmed
15th June, 1932
S.E. McColl
Director of Surveys

**Province of Manitoba
Department of Mines and Natural Resources**

**Hon. D.G. McKenzie, Minister
1932**

**Surveys Branch
Whiteshell Forest Reserve
Plan of
West Hawk, Caddy and Star Lakes
in Townships 9 and 10, Ranges 17 E.P.M.**

I, Donald Ernest Denmark of the City of Winnipeg, Manitoba, Land Surveyor, make oath and say that I was present at and did personally superintend the survey represented by this plan, that the survey and plan are correct and that the survey was made between the 2nd and 31st days of March 1932.

Sworn before me at the City of Winnipeg, in Manitoba this 28th day of May, AD 1932.

H.E. Beresford, A commr. in B.R. etc.
DE. Denmark, M.L.S.

Note:

Transverse stations shown thus — △ & •

St. P.Z.S.M. stands for short standard postmarked 2 set in rock with stone mound

Portions of land disposed of prior to July 15th, 1930 shown hatched

Portions of land available for lease shown pink

Inscription on original map.

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by Olive Zimmerman

Olive Zimmerman

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By
J. H. H. H.
1911

Published by the
Author

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by Olive Zimmerman

History and Folklore
of the
Whitwell Park South

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Olive Zimmerman
A resident of the Whiteshell since 1950,
compiled this book.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

This book, a volunteer effort, is the result of people who took the time to search records, go through photo albums and write their stories. To the best of my ability, everyone has been contacted and encouraged to submit stories and pictures.

My thanks to Anne Cott for phoning and research, and to Theresa Young for use of her photocopier, and the front cover art, a sketch of the log cottages at Lots 42 and 43 Toniata, Falcon Lake, built about 1935.

For permission to reprint, thanks go to the Manitoba Department of Natural Resources, Winnipeg Free Press, Hyperion Press, The Carillon and the Whiteshell Echo. And a big thank-you to everyone who contributed from tip-offs to completed stories.

Through the press, telephone and writing letters I have tried to contact all possible contributors.

INTRODUCTION

This book is intended to record some of the history of this area of Manitoba, more precisely what is known as the Whiteshell Provincial Park-South. The history of the north part of the Park has been compiled by Anne Cott. Earlier histories include *Winnitoba, Next Stop* (1972), which deals with that part of the Park, and *Wasa-Wasa* which relates to adventures around the West Hawk and Star Lakes in the early 1900s.

Although this book does not contain all the history of the area, I have done my best during the last five years to collect, and record the following: some of the first businesses, when they started, and how they have changed; and many stories about life of permanent and seasonal residents from as far back as could be traced till the present time.

Signs of Indian camps have been found along the shores of some lakes. On Falcon Lake four beaches bear Indian names — Pataska, Toniata, Mo-ka-han and Faloma — a strong indication of who some of the early people or travellers of the area were.

Food was plentiful on their routes. There were lots of fish in the lakes and rivers, deer and moose in the forest, and many edible wild plants providing fruit and vegetables. In season ducks and geese migrate through the area, some staying to nest in the ponds. One nutritional plant found in abundance in our shallower lakes is wild rice (in fact, the village of Rennie, Manitoba, is known as the Indian Wild Rice Capital of the World). Mushrooms are abundant at certain times of the year. Nature's bounty made it easy to travel with only a minimum of staples in the canoes.

Early history books tell of explorers coming west by canoes. As far back as 1901, prospecting and mining were going on in the area. When the first railway line went through, sport fishermen came by train and built the first cabins; but it was after the highway came through in the early 1930s that lots were surveyed and cottages started to dot the shorelines of some of the lakes. After the Second World War, more roads were built and lots surveyed. When the present No. 1 Highway opened in 1955, the Falcon townsite and the south shore of Falcon were developed and more lots on other lakes were surveyed and cottages built.

Enrolment in the Falcon Beach School reflects fluctuation in the permanent population. The first school for three children in the late 1930s grew to 57 students in the late 1960s, then dropped to some 20 students in the early 1980s only to increase again to more than 40 students today — 1991. A new life-style, that of people retiring to their cottages for six months or more a year, and sometimes to live there year round, is also adding to the number of permanent residents.

To the best of my ability, dates, places, names and other facts are correct.

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PLANTING IN 1930

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History

excerpts from Background History of the Whiteshell "Dept. of Natural Resources"

In April 1892, in Winnipeg, the "Public Parks Act for Manitoba" was passed.

The history of provincially-controlled recreation areas began in 1930, shortly after the Province acquired control of its natural resources. Under the provisions of the "Manitoba Provincial Lands Act" of 1930, Manitoba was finally free to reserve or dispose its own land, mineral, water and timber resources. The "Forest Act," also passed in 1930, provided for the creation of Provincial Forest Reserve areas "withdrawn from disposition, sale, settlement of occupancy." Subsequent amendments to the schedule of the "Forest Act" established the Whiteshell Forest Reserve in 1931.

In Manitoba, the earliest park developments came in 1930, following the transfer of natural resources from Dominion to Provincial control. Within two years, Manitoba was developing its forest reserves for recreational purposes.

Interest in parks was stimulated near the turn of the century. Federally-administered forest reserves attracted Manitobans on weekends and during summer holidays. In 1930, provincially-administered forest reserves were established, marking the beginning of Manitoba's provincial park system.

The Whiteshell, one of the earliest forest reserves, was to become a favorite spot for cottagers, campers, and travellers alike. With the relief camp labour of the 1930s, the Whiteshell quickly developed into a viable resort area, providing the necessary facilities to accommodate its many visitors. After 1950, cottagers and campers began flocking to Whiteshell lakes in such large proportions that large-scale development became necessary.

PRE-1930

Early human activity in the region now defined as Whiteshell Provincial Park was undoubtedly related to the natural resources in the area. Wild rice, which still grows in the Whiteshell, was harvested by the Indians who also sought wild game from the areas for food and furs. Some natives likely

engaged in trading activities with the voyageurs who travelled along the Winnipeg River to and from their western posts.

At the turn of the century hunting was likely quite popular in the Rennie district which is described as "excellent country for moose". There were some early lumbering operations in the Whiteshell as well, but these did not account for a very significant portion of the province's total lumber production.

THE POTENTIAL RECREATION AREA

By 1914, the recreational potential of the Whiteshell region had been recognized. During that year, a 230-square-mile area in "south-eastern Manitoba" was proposed as a new forest reserve by the Forestry Branch of the Department of the Interior. By 1922, land surrounding Brereton, Nora, Florence, West Hawk and Falcon Lakes had apparently been set aside by the crown as a "recreational area". During the 1920s, several summer resort lots were surveyed and leased along the above mentioned lakes.

In 1919, the proposals for the establishment of a National Park in Manitoba had been heard, with the Whiteshell area figuring as the most likely site. The proposal lay dormant for a few years until interest was rekindled by Dr. E.D.R. Bissett, Member of Parliament for Springfield. Dr. Bissett solicited support from the Premier of Manitoba, John Bracken, and the National Parks Commissioner, J.B. Harkin for his proposal of establishing a National Park in the Whiteshell. The House of Commons favoured the idea, and on the 19th of April, 1928, an Order-in-Council provided that:

"... pending a decision as to where the National Park for Manitoba should finally be located, the vacant and available lands within the area hereinafter described be and they are hereby withdrawn from disposal and set apart as a provisional reservation for Park purposes."

The reserved area was bounded on the North by the Winnipeg River and included most of those lands presently within the park boundaries.

WHITESHELL - RIDING MOUNTAIN DEBATE

During 1927, Riding Mountain was suggested as an alternative to the Whiteshell for Manitoba's National Park. By an Order-in-Council Clear Lake (renamed Wasagamung) became the new National Park.

The Whiteshell site was advocated by a number of organizations including the Kenora Town Council, the North-eastern Manitoba Development Association and the Manitoba Motor League which noted the proposed Trans-Canada highway would thus cross the National Park. Other groups however, questioned the advisability of establishing a National Park in the Whiteshell district. The Soldier Settlers of St. George feared that they would have to leave their land, located as it was within the proposed park boundaries. Mining interests felt that mineral potential of the Whiteshell was worthy of consideration and that

... there must be other districts in Manitoba that were absolutely without any value, that could be set aside for a national Park, and not tie up something that may prove of great value to the Province later.

The Whiteshell's distance from the settled regions of Manitoba, and the lack of a north-south transportation route into the territory made it virtually inaccessible to the public. An investigator, R.W. Cautley, D.L.S. travelled by canoe "down the Winnipeg River and up the Whiteshell River passing through the extensive innerconnected lake system of the region". Cautley reported that access to the territory would be provided by two railway lines and the proposed Trans-Canada highway but that building roads within the Whiteshell would be impracticable, given the nature of the country. Having noted a variety of game, fish and aquatic birds in the area, Cautley suggested that the Whiteshell might be set aside as a game preserve, a bird sanctuary or for fish hatchery operations. The Whiteshell was not, however, a suitable site for Manitoba's National Park, mainly Cautley reported, because of its inaccessibility, but also because

... its scenery - although beautiful - is not to be compared to the same kind of scenery as found along the Winnipeg River from Kenora to the interprovincial Boundary; so that it is not really representative of the best river, lake and rock island type of country to be found in Canada. It was this report that finally determined where the Manitoba National Park would be located.

POST - 1930

The Whiteshell region was not forgotten as a potential recreational area, despite its failure to

achieve National Park status. A 1931 amendment to "The Forest Act" established the Whiteshell Forest Reserve, a 950 square-mile region bounded on the east by the Manitoba-Ontario border, and on the north by the northerly shore line of the Winnipeg River. The boundaries were revised shortly thereafter to include "the whole of all townships touching the north bank of the Winnipeg River and also both banks of the Winnipeg River down to the vicinity of Seven Sister Falls". This revision established the forest reserve's total acreage of 1,087 square miles, making it second only to Duck Mountain in terms of area. Thirty years later, "Whiteshell Provincial Park" was created by an Order-in-Council under the provisions of the new "Provincial Park Act". The new park included all the land contained within the actual forest reserve (some small parcels of land had been attached or deleted since 1931) except those areas lying north and/or east of the Winnipeg River, a total area of 1,056 square miles.

Ed. Note: (There are some small pockets of land within the park that were once mining claims or homesteads and etc. that are still privately owned.)

Over the years, public use of the Whiteshell increased steadily, with a major "Boom" coming about 1950. A number of factors contributed to the latter phenomenon, notably, the completion and improvement of highways to and within the Whiteshell, and a general prosperity, meaning that a larger number of people could afford to own and operate automobiles, or build cottages. Many varied facilities and services were set up to cater to this rather sudden increase in Whiteshell visitors and thus the '50s and '60s have witnessed the highest rate of development in the Whiteshell history to date.

ADMINISTRATION

The Whiteshell Forest Reserve and later the Whiteshell Provincial Park were administered under the provisions of "The Forest Act", the "Provincial Park Act" and the "Provincial Park Lands Act". The reserve was under the administration of the eastern District from 1931 to 1941, when a separate office, with ranger headquarters at Rennie was set up for the Whiteshell. The north end of the forest reserve, inaccessible by road from Rennie, was for many years administered by the forest ranger at Lac du Bonnet.

COTTAGING

Prior to 1930, the federal government had leased a few lake shore lots for summer cottages in the vicinity of Brereton, Florence and West Hawk Lake. During the summer of 1931, lots were surveyed

along Falcon and West Hawk Lake and the following year, in the vicinity of Hunt, Caddy, Star and Lyons Lakes (no cottages were built on Lyons Lake, note too there are no gasoline powered motor boats allowed on Lyons Lake, nor are there any allowed on Hunt Lake). By 1933, there were 400 surveyed lots, along nine lakes in the Whiteshell. Eveline and Jessica Lake subdivisions opened up in the 1940's; Big Whiteshell, Barren, Betula, Eleanor, Nutimik and Dorothy Lake subdivisions in the 1950's along with the added subdivisions in the Falcon Lake section would suggest it is the most densely populated lake in the Whiteshell today. The largest increase in cottaging occurred during the 1950's as the number of permits for lots rose from 598 in 1950 to 2,621 in 1960 and in 1990 about 3,200 cottages were in use.

CAMPING

Camping facilities within the Whiteshell were developed in the early 1930's. By 1932 a "Public Camping Ground" had been cleared and underbrushed near West Hawk Lake for those tourists using tents, and 218 camping permits were used that year. The following year it was reported that "while facilities for campers were somewhat limited, the camping ground was well patronized during the summer months". Before 1940 camping ground had been set up in the vicinity of seven lakes: Falcon, West Hawk, Star, Caddy, Brereton, Redrock and White, with most of these areas featuring kitchenettes, docks and beaching facilities. Within a few years, many campgrounds could accommodate trailers as well as tents. By 1950, roads had penetrated into the interior of the forest reserve and new campgrounds such as the one at Nutimik Lake, were opened. Soon wood, water and sanitary facilities were made available in all Whiteshell camping areas.

In some campgrounds, particularly those with trailer sites, the lanes were eventually blacktopped. Campground offices were built and semi-modern, then fully modern washrooms were provided for the camper. In the sixties, the campgrounds were overcrowded, despite the fact that three campgrounds were operating on Falcon Lake alone. Group camping had become increasingly popular in the sixties, and, by 1966, "the camping family had become the major demand factor in the development of outdoor recreation facilities in provincial parks. Today there are 16 campgrounds operating within the Whiteshell Provincial Park. During the summer of 1961, two seasonal trailer camps, fully serviced with sewer and water and electricity were opened, one at Falcon, and the other at West Hawk Lake.

MANITOBA NATURAL RESOURCES 1930-1990 FORESTRY BRANCH

For almost exactly two centuries the area now known as the Province of Manitoba was owned by the Hudson's Bay Company as part of the territory of Rupertsland granted it by the charter of Charles II in 1670. Timber was not specifically mentioned in the charter, but it may be assumed that it went with the soil. The forests of Rupertsland were too far from the sea to allow for export of forest products, and the territory was granted primarily for the development of the fur trade, and in the hope exploration would lead to the discovery of a Northwest Passage to the Pacific.

The Natural Resources of Manitoba, including land, forest, water resources, and fish (but not fur and game) were administered by, and for, the Dominion of Canada from July 15, 1870 to July 15, 1930, a period of 60 years.

Dominion policy from the start centered around colonization, and to forward this policy free homesteads of 160 acres were granted to applicants who would live on the land and cultivate a certain acreage. However, since land settlement was so important, and because the country in the main was looked on as prairie, it was natural that Dominion Land officials should treat the forests resource as important only insofar as it assisted in the immediate development of the country.

In the early days it was hardly realized that the forests were on non-agricultural lands, and should be treated as a permanent and self-sustaining resource. Indeed, the idea of barring homesteading on lands unsuited for agriculture was not given much thought with the result that settlement spread onto much land which later would have been reclaimed by the crown for forestry development. Historians have criticized timber administration on Dominion lands, stating that:

"the ravages of the portable sawmill, the hard driven settler, and the lumber operator alike—threatened to denude whole areas of forest growth which by every principle of sound forestry ought to have been conserved with every precaution known to science".

The first Provincial Forester was Col. H.I. Stevenson, he remained in this position till 1942-43.

He was succeeded by J.G. Somers, a native of New Brunswick, who was severely wounded in World War I. He joined the Manitoba Forest Serv-

ice in 1930 as district forester in the eastern district. He was made acting director in 1943. It was while Mr. Somers was in charge of the eastern area that he was instrumental in starting the program where men from the Single Mens Relief Camps started working for the government in the Whiteshell Forest Reserve, clearing the surveyed roads into lakes and also the block roads in the newly surveyed areas. This was done in the 1930s. Because of gas rationing and for other reasons very little expanding was done during the war years of 1939-1944. After the war all this road building work was done by men employed for the Manitoba Forest Service (now the Parks).

RAILS AND ROADS

A new era was ushered in with the development of the railroad. In 1877, contracts were let out and work was started on two sections of the C.P.R. line which included the Whiteshell. This stretch was the last bit of construction on the Precambrian Shield before it tapers into the first prairie level. Its completion marked a big step in the mammoth task which challenged the resources of the young country. The line between Winnipeg and Fort William was fully operational in 1883.

The town of Rennie named after a noted British engineer, was established as a coal and water stop for the steam locomotives which were in operation until the late 1950's. Presently, Rennie is the headquarters for Whiteshell Provincial Park.

A second line which was to become the C.N.R. passed through the Whiteshell about 25 years after the C.P.R. was completed. Both railroads encountered similar difficulties at Cross Lake. The swamp lined lake seemed bottomless and vast amounts of fill had to be obtained to build up the high grades. Tunnels were blasted through solid rock at both sites to facilitate the flow of water. When water levels are high it is necessary to portage across the two tracks. (Editor's note - remains of a town or settlement can be found today near the C.P.R. tracks about six miles from Ontario-Manitoba border.



Canoeist passing through tunnel under C.N.R. line.

About 1920, the public began to recognize the Whiteshell's recreation potential. Three areas in particular drew public attention because they were adjacent or close to the railways. They were Brereton Lake, Nora and Florence Lake, West Hawk and Falcon Lake. These places became the sites of the first summer cottage lots in the Whiteshell.

Manitoba's natural resources were transferred from the Dominion of Canada to this Province in 1930 and in 1931 the Province established the Whiteshell Forest Reserve. Work was being carried out on a motoring road through Whitemouth, Rennie and past West Hawk Lake to the Ontario border. Highway 44 served as part of the Trans Canada Highway until the new one was completed in the mid fifties.

Road work was done under the Single Men's Relief Program which was established to provide employment during the depression years. About 1937 another road was built north from Rennie past Brereton, Redrock, Jessica and White Lakes to Big Whiteshell Lake. A few campgrounds, kitchenettes and picnic sites were established in conjunction with the roads to provide recreational opportunities.

Another important purpose for the roads in the Whiteshell was forest fire protection. Before roads existed, crews were dispatched to fires by plane, by canoe or by rail. Each had its drawbacks however, airplanes had low carrying capacity, canoes were often too slow and railroad gave access only to limited areas. Roads considerably reduced the time between the report of a fire and crews arriving at the scene.

Fire patrols prior to 1930 consisted largely of flights by R.C.A.F. aircraft from Lac du Bonnet. This was supplemented by spotters at various locations and some canoe patrols. Communication was a major problem as there were no telephone lines in the reserve nor was there efficient radio communication between aircraft and home base. Pilots, spotters, and patrolmen relied on homing pigeons to relay information on the nature and location of fires. When the resources were transferred, the R.C.A.F. provided six Vickers-Vedette flying boats, two spare Lynx engines and a supply of spare parts to the province. This marked the beginning of the Manitoba Government Air Service. Included in the deal was a breeding stock of homing pigeons.

The Whiteshell's system of fire protection improved greatly in the following years. Lookout towers were built in strategic locations throughout the reserve. As well, the Forestry established telephone lines to speed up communication. Today, both towers and planes are equipped with efficient radios for quick and accurate reporting. Although such machinery as helicopters, Canso water bombers and

water pumps have been added to the equipment, the basic front line tools of fire fighting have remained - axes, shovels and backpumps.

Despite improvements in detection and suppression, the increased public use of the Whiteshell has resulted in an increased number of man caused fires. Fires started by human carelessness have caused needless destruction and a great deal of expense over the last two decades.

In 1961, the Whiteshell became a provincial park, a part of a network of lands set aside in the province for the benefit of Manitobans and our visitors.

Road guides were revived annually by the Manitoba Motor League, for the country was being opened quickly, automobile traffic was increasing, and old trails were being closed or turned into roads. The 1924 Automobile Road Map indicated automobile roads in red lines: Route 19 east from Winnipeg stopped at Hazel; Route 25 north went to Lac du Bonnet; an extension of 25 went eastward, then branched off to one stop in Whitemouth, and a northern one, unnamed, possibly at Seven Sisters.

A non-automobile black line traced a route from Whitemouth to Darwin, Rennie, eastward to Ingolf, Ontario; another black route went due east from Hazel through Lewis, Elma, Hector, Brereton, Ophir, and into Ontario. Corduroy roads, farming, logging and other old trails were the only other routes into the Whiteshell area in 1924.

source: Automobile Road Map of Manitoba: Manitoba Motor League, 1924.

In the early weeks of May, a great deal of work is done to prepare the park for the rapidly approaching summer. Seasonal workers return, including old timers and students. Some buildings are given a coat of paint, as are countless numbers of picnic tables. There are campgrounds to open, lawns to rake, waterlines to hook up and firewood to haul. Cottagers arrive on the weekends to open up their summer homes.

The hot spring winds dry out the forests and the reindeer "moss" on rock outcrops becomes like tinder. The park may explode into fire from a careless spark or a bolt of lightning. People await the first rains to lower the fire hazard.

The appearance of the first hairy crocus and marsh marigold signals that summer will soon arrive. By the time hoary puccoons, columbines and orange lilies appear in late June, the park is in full operation. Cottagers, campers and picnickers transform the Whiteshell into one of Manitoba's busiest resort areas. Many have found that its forests, beaches and cool waters are the only satisfactory solution to summer's heat. On summer weekends, vacant campsites become scarce.

The Whiteshell has a lot to offer those who have to walk or paddle away to find their precious soli-

tude. Numerous trails lead hikers along rock ridges and through forests to scenic spots which are removed from the hectic bustle of summer. Interpretive hiking trails with accompanying brochures are an excellent way of becoming acquainted with the park's natural phenomena.

Waterways and well-worn portages allow people to canoe into lakes which are inaccessible by road. Frances Lake Canoe Route is ideal for an overnight canoe trip. Starting at Highway 44, it consists of 11 miles of pleasant paddling. A trip lasting several days may be planned along the Whiteshell River. A popular starting point is Caddy Lake campground.

Chances of seeing wildlife are greatly increased in the back country. While canoeing, one may be fortunate to see a moose feeding among water lilies, a mink on the shore or beavers working on their dams. Along hiking trails a brood of ruffed grouse or signs of more wary animals such as fox, coyote, lynx, or deer, may be observed.

One of the park's most familiar animals is the black bear and often, a person need not go into the remote areas to catch a glimpse of one. When their natural foods are scarce, bears tend to wander into populated areas such as campgrounds and cottage subdivisions to satisfy their large appetites. Park visitors should take all precautions to store food and to dispose of garbage properly to discourage bears and other animals, from coming too close. Under no circumstances should bears be enticed! Although they are not known to attack people intentionally, bears should always be treated with caution and respect—always at a safe distance.

The September long weekend signals the end of summer. The departure of most vacationers is soon followed by the changing of leaves on the deciduous trees and the tamarack. The spectacle of fall colours can be seen along the park's two main roads, Highway 44 and Provincial Road 307. On wet mornings, mushrooms thrive among the newly fallen leaves.

Early winter in Whiteshell is a beautiful season. As temperatures drop in the late fall, the bodies of water surrendering their heat create eerie misty mornings. When the temperature falls below freezing, hoarfrost coats the shoreline trees. Migratory birds depart leaving behind grosbeaks, chickadees, ravens, whiskey-jacks and grouse. Except for local business people, employees and the occasional traveller, the park is virtually deserted until the end of the year.

The season of winter activities usually begins at Christmas time when all the lakes are frozen and there is a thick layer of snow on the ground.

Down-hill skiers who use the slopes at Falcon Lake have known about the Whiteshell's winter

hospitality for more than a decade. Hotels and motels in the park and in nearby towns offer year-round accommodation.

In addition to the park's facilities for down-hill skiing, an extensive system of snowmobile trails has been developed and is maintained by the Parks Branch. Trails lead snowmobilers through forests, frozen muskeg and across lakes to places which are inaccessible in summer. Shelters along the way are a good place to stop and enjoy an outdoor meal. For those who wish to enjoy the winter by non-mechanized means, there are cross country ski trails and summer hiking trails are excellent for snowshoeing.

WHITESHELL WINTER SURVEY SOURCE: THE NORTH I LOVE

By Gerald Malaher

When I graduated from the University of New Brunswick in the spring of 1931, I spent that summer back at Lac du Bonnet in the work of forest protection. When the fire season ended I wondered what I would do because I was still only temporary staff. That was when the Director of Surveys asked me to join a winter survey on the Whiteshell which was to lay out some of the first summer resort lots on Falcon Lake and West Hawk Lake. The chief of the party was my old friend Donald Denmark, with whom I had worked on the survey of Reindeer Lake in 1924. My main job was to check out the previous day's survey notes for accuracy and draft the plans of the work done. I was also to act as spare man in the field on any job where assistance was required.

We spent the whole winter under canvas, moving camp about once a month to keep close to the work being done. At each new chosen site we dug out all the snow where tents were to be placed and covered the frozen ground with balsam boughs. We each had a mattress and either a bedroll or heavy

blankets. Airtight tin stoves provided all the heat we needed, but by morning the tent would be cold, sometimes *very* cold. Each man, in rotation, was responsible for getting up first, relighting the fire, and warming up the tent.

One day we were visited by Percy Valder of the Manitoba Provincial Police. I was in camp doing my office work. After a cup of coffee and a bit of chitchat Percy put his elbows on my drafting desk, looked me hard in the eye and said, "Well, let's get down to brass tacks. Have you or have you not got a brown blanket coat?"

"No, I haven't Percy. What's this all about?"
"Hell, I knew this would be a wild goose chase," he said.

Then he told me of a theft from a summer cottage which had included such a coat. He had been told that a chap named Gerry on the survey party had one. He had come fifteen miles perched on a wooden box at the back of a horse toboggan with only a horse blanket over his knees to check his information, only to draw a blank.

Besides the blanket coat there were other items stolen from the summer camp including a good .22 rifle. The owner had a record of the make, model, and serial number and gave this information to the RCMP.



A weekly ski trip in the winter was needed to pick up the mail at Ingolf, Ontario when the first surveying of summer cottage lots was being done in the West Hawk Lake area 1931-32. Gerald Malaher on skis.



One of the first planes used by Manitoba Forest Service. Gerald and Margaret (Wade) Malaher.

It must have been twenty years later that word was received of illegal beaver being taken by a trapper on the Berens River. The chief game guardian, A.P. Davey and his pilot flew in to investigate. But the trapper threatened them with a rifle and actually fired seven shots through the aircraft. The two flew back to Berens River and reported the incident to the RCMP who sent a patrol to apprehend the trapper. Finally the man surrendered and the gun was seized. A check of RCMP records revealed this to be the .22 rifle stolen at West Hawk Lake in 1931.

The trapper had committed an offense in Quebec but had evaded arrest and made his way to Manitoba where he stole some items to augment his camping outfit before going North. Who knows, he may have taken the coat as well.

SUMMER EMPLOYMENT SOURCE: THE NORTH I LOVE

By Gerald Malaher

While the main part of my narrative deals with experiences and people in the northern portions of Manitoba more truly remote than the Whiteshell or the Sandilands Forest Reserve, both these areas were little known to most Manitobans and were still relatively hard of access. They deserve some mention in my stories for that reason.

The year 1929 was an extremely bad year for forest fires. One of the worst of these was near Rennie.

The Rennie fire started from brush-burning operations along the route of the proposed transCanada highway through the Whiteshell (now provincial trunk highway number 44), at a point some five miles west of Rennie, and ran unchecked towards Ontario. I was in charge of Lac du Bonnet Forestry Station for the Dominion Forest Service during my summer vacation from my Forestry studies at the University of New Brunswick. There had been so many fires already that summer that all my fire rangers were out on fires elsewhere. Lack of a proper crew was a serious handicap and I was called into Winnipeg for a consultation on how, under the circumstances, we could handle the Rennie fire.

A man reputed to have some knowledge of fire fighting was hired, and I took him down with me to get him started as foreman of a local crew. The man was a dud and more interested in the local school mistress than the fire. The situation got so bad that I had to go to the scene of the fire myself and take charge of the crew. About twenty men had become trapped and had sought safety on the shore of Frances Lake. We did not know exactly where they were, how much grub they had, or even if they were safe. Smoke was so thick we could not use our aircraft. We appealed to Ontario to send in a plane

from Kenora, but they reported flying conditions just as bad. There was no trail into Francis Lake or anywhere near it, but there was a trapper named Hugh McInnis who knew the area well, and he volunteered to go in and guide the party out to safety. This he did just in time, and much to his credit.

Another incident did not end as well. We had stopped the fire at the bank of the Whiteshell River near Nason Lake, and had to walk the crews along the railway track back to Rennie. All the men were warned to watch for trains, stay well clear when they passed, and make no attempt to board. When a freight train traveling west slowed down while passing the fire crew, one man disregarded instructions and tried to board the train. He slipped and was knocked down. Fortunately, the accident was noticed and the train was stopped. The badly injured man was laid on a bed in the caboose. Leaving another man in charge, I too jumped aboard.

The injured man was quite conscious, in shock, and probably not yet in severe pain. He asked for a cigarette, so I lit one and passed it to him. To my horror, when he drew on it a cloud of smoke came out of his neck. A flying stone had cut the neck to the air passage.

A wire was sent from Rennie to the doctor at Whitemouth and he boarded the train there. After a brief inspection he administered first aid and instructed that the man be taken on to Winnipeg. He said it was his only chance of survival. Although he was rushed with all speed to a Winnipeg hospital he survived only an hour. It was pitiful to watch him as we traveled, but thankfully he did not realize how badly he was hurt or that he would not recover.

Before the fire ended it had run from five miles west of Rennie clear through to the Ontario boundary, almost destroying the village of Rennie on the way.

At one time in that summer of 1929 I had fifty fire crews working on separate fires. The work of maintaining their supplies and exercising some supervision over them was endless and allowed no time for estimating damages or making reports. When it was time for me to return to university I was forced to ask for special permission to return nearly a month late so that I could complete the summer work.

The Whiteshell had been part of my forest protection district since 1927. Since it lacked ingress roads it was necessary to fly in from Lac du Bonnet in an emergency or, more normally, to patrol there using a railway gas car. I had a pass to travel this way even on the main line to Ingolf, just across the Ontario border. I also had authority to stop a passing freight train and jump aboard if I needed to reach another area. I used the gas car a lot. Start-

ing from Lac du Bonnet I would run down the branch line to Molson Junction, get clearance on the main line of the CPR to Ingolf, and then hire a canoe to reach a particular destination.

I remember that I wanted to see how the work was going at a fire near Star Lake and I asked Harold Knudson to run me over by boat. He asked if his two sisters could go along too. I agreed, providing they were content to wait while I was out at the fire. We traveled down Long Pine Lake, portaged the half mile across to West Hawk taking the outboard engine with us and then traversed across West Hawk Lake to Penniac Bay, the closest point to the fire at Star Lake.

It was dusk when I returned to the boat and already dark when we reached the Long Pine portage. Fortunately a bright moon was shining. Harold took the outboard and started across with the elder sister. I picked up the paddles and other small gear and followed with the younger sister. Back at Ingolf I retired to the shed behind the kitchen for a good wash before supper as I was black as the ace of spades from the ashes of the fire. The door to the kitchen was open slightly and I could hear every word said. The girls were discussing the trip and I distinctly heard the younger one comment, "my, but that young fire ranger is slow; he never even offered to kiss me as we crossed the portage in the moonlight".

I was not worried about the comment, but I did wonder a bit what her mother would have said had she arrived home with black blotches all over her face! I never had the chance to retrieve her poor opinion of me since I never again had such an opportunity.

ADDRESS

by J.G. Somers

The following is part of an address given by J.G. Somers at the annual meeting of the Whiteshell District Association on November 3, 1955.

Mr. Somers had been the District Forester for the Eastern Forest District from 1930 until his promotion to Provincial Forester in 1943, which position he held till he retired.

"Immediately following the transfer of the natural resources in 1930 the province took under consideration the development of the area for recreational and Forestry purposes and the Whiteshell Forest Reserve, comprising an area of 1088 square miles, was created.

The creation of the No. 1 highway east to the Ontario boundary gave access for the first time to the Whiteshell by car, and almost immediately a moderate demand developed for summer home sites, tenting grounds and other recreational facilities.

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What gave the development of the Whiteshell for recreational use its greatest impetus during the 'hungry thirties' was the unfortunate need for establishing Relief Camps. In December, 1932 I was instructed to proceed to West Hawk Lake - Falcon and Caddy Lake areas and lay out work for three hundred men for two years. An illustration of the difficulty of travel in the area at that time is that, in order to reach West Hawk Lake it was necessary for me to proceed to Ingolf, Ontario by C.P.R., and thence by snowshoe to West Hawk, carrying bedroll and a week's grub supply. Laying out work for 300 men for two years seemed like quite a large order. However, a number of the roads and trails laid out at that time had not yet been constructed.

During those early years Relief Camps were established and operated at West Hawk Lake, Caddy Lake, Falcon Lake, and later at Brereton Lake, White Lake and Green Lake. The principal work done by these camps was the construction of roads, the development of camp grounds, construction of buildings and the cleaning up of the areas generally. At that time it should be mentioned that there was considerable activity by the Surveys Branch of our department in laying out summer resort subdivisions and in road locations, etc.

Expansion and development was arrested during the war years - 1939 to 1945 - but was resumed in earnest following the war, one of our main principal undertakings being the construction of a new access road into the Whiteshell by way of Seven Sisters Falls to open up the Winnipeg River area and connect with the road from the south at White Lake. The raising of the standard of the road from No. 1 Highway to White Lake was another major undertaking.

Lakes such as Eleanor, Dorothy, Nutimik, and Betula are now well known, also such points as Barrier, Otter Falls and Sturgeon Falls. At the same time major extensions to, and improvement of older developments at West Hawk, Brereton, White, Red Rock, Star, Falcon and Caddy Lakes was carried out, and this brings us up to fairly recent times.

At present (1955) there are approximately 1,500 cottages in the Whiteshell area, 25 tourist camps (132 cabins), 20 stores, and 10 government operated camp grounds. More than 7,000 persons patronized camp grounds during the past summer. This number includes only those that paid camp ground fees and does not include picnickers.

Our development to date, as you know, has been of a rural nature, designed to give a maximum of privacy consistent with costs involved; in so far as summer homes are concerned development has been mainly along the lake shores, with little development in depth.

The routing of the Trans-Canada Highway by

way of Falcon Lake created the need and offered the opportunity for a wholly different type of development, more on the line of the National Parks - that is, a modern summer townsite, supplied with modern conveniences such as running water, sewage, electric power, etc. Planning and work on this townsite got under way a little more than a year ago. The site is at the west end of Falcon Lake.

Ample provision is being made for public accommodation in the way of hotels, lodges, motels and trailer camps; and provision is made for public parks, picnic areas, tent and trailer park, ball park, tennis courts, roller skating, and other sports, and eventually a golf course.

The south shore of the lake, which is about seven miles long, and for the most part of the north shore, is reserved for summer homes.

As an illustration of the interest in this area may I say that we have some 600 applications for summer home sites, and some 70 applications for commercial concessions. It is anticipated that it will take some four to five years to complete this project.

Should the need arise at some future date for a similar development in the northern portion of the Whiteshell there is plenty of room for such a development, and this is not being overlooked in our long-term planning. As you know, there are numerous lakes in the northern part of the Whiteshell that have not yet been tapped, such as Namew Lake, Meditation Lake, Horseshoe Lake, Echo, Crow Duck, the south end of Big Whiteshell, and many others.

WHAT A PARTY LINE

By Frank Schortinghuis

In the early days of the Whiteshell, only three telephones were available through Manitoba Telephone System. One Pay Phone was located at the restaurant at West Hawk Lake, one at the Rennie Hotel, and the other at the store run by Devlin Timber.

All other phones were a system of crank operated phones maintained by the Forest Service. The numbers were combinations of long and short rings. About 1950, if my memory is right, there were 16 phones installed, all with its own number. Every time the phone was used, everyone from White Lake to Toniata would have to listen to see if it was their ring. Can you imagine having a number such as - two long, two short, one long and one short.

Most of the people on this service could tell who was making the call just by the way the crank was being turned, and it was common to have the call answered "Morning Call", or "Hello Shirley".

Just imagine that today—we complain about having just one other party on our party lines.

THE HITCHHIKERS

By Frank Schortinghuis

During the 1930's my father and mother were stationed at Rennie where my father was chief ranger.

My father was near West Hawk Lake fighting a fire, and asked my mother to pick up a truck load of extra equipment at the C.P.R. station at Rennie. After the equipment was loaded, two men who were hanging around asked her for a ride. They said they had been kicked off the last freight train and were trying to get to Kenora to look for work. My mother agreed, stopped at the house at the Rangers Station and made them sandwiches and coffee and then travelled to West Hawk. The men were very grateful and polite. That evening, back in Rennie, the R.C.M.P. from Whitemouth stopped and warned my mother to lock the doors that night because two escaped prisoners from Stony Mountain were thought to be in the area. You can imagine the tongue lashing my mother received from the R.C.M.P.

INTERRUPTED HONEYMOON

By Frank Schortinghuis

In 1933, my father was Chief Ranger for the Whiteshell, stationed at Rennie. My mother and father were married that summer, and started their honeymoon on the island on Sailing Lake. This is now one of the chain of lakes forming one of Manitoba's most popular canoe routes. On the second morning of their honeymoon, they awoke to the smell of coffee perking and bacon being fried. Cal. Ritchie, the ranger from West Hawk Lake had paddled all night to inform my father of a serious forest fire, and that he must return to Rennie to organize the fighting of it. So ended the first honeymoon.

The next summer, they decided to complete their honeymoon at the same lake. This time, my mother became sick with a pain in her side. They started paddling back to Caddy Lake but the current through the C.N.R. tunnel was too strong for my father to get through. He left my mother and started walking west along the railway to Rennie. Part way along, he came to the section crew working. They moved my mother by "Putt-Putt" to the Brereton Lake road, then to Rennie, then to Winnipeg where mother had her appendix removed the following day.

So ended the second honeymoon.

By Frank Schortinghuis

My father decided they had better sober up a little before attempting to come down. He told them to wait for sunrise and he would bring up coffee and then help them to come down. The three of them watched a glorious sunrise and then were able to get the frightened lady down the ladder, 80 feet to the ground!

The work they were assigned to do was basically the same—protect and preserve our forest, wildlife and waterways.



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Many of the Dominion Forest Officers were given the option of remaining in the federal service or working for the newly formed provincial Forest Service. Many chose to work for the provincial organization.

From 1932 to 1938
kings at Rennie sup
Fowl Lake. The Ranger
was William (Bill) Scho
nager was Mr. Koon
G. Kieckie was in
1951-1941, then transfe
P. Pomerance from 1
to Steve Sisco.
B.C. Ennes from 1949-
Steve Sisco.
Ed. Polkowski from 19
Le. Lefkowitz from 1964-
Le. Moffat from 1964-
before he had been in
Steve Zimmerman from
and Carpenter till he re
Jim Shum from 1971-1
David Hady from 1974-
Gary Gustafson from 19
Jim Hinchman who grew
in the ranger in 1977
Ray Bland - 1976
John Leach - 1978
John Schumberg, from a
David Marthe from 1980
David Davidson from 1
by Secretary Assistant

In 1930, the field man's most common means of transportation was on foot or on horseback. Today, they use aircraft including fixed wings and helicopters, four-wheel drives and all terrain vehicles. These modern devices had the greatest impact on fire suppression. In game patrolling, modern means of communication - mobile phones, two-way radios and cellular phones in vehicles make apprehending poachers a more efficient exercise.

Today in the Whiteshell, Regional Services are responsible for the operation of the golf course, medical service, campground patrol and a myriad of other varied duties.

In the spring of 1933, the Forest Rangers were given authority to enforce Game and Fish regulations, and they were to work with greater co-operation with that department.

In 1945, the Game and Fisheries Branch was separated into two individual branches.

April 1961, saw the amalgamation of game, fish and forestry.

January 1, 1964 Parks Branch separated from Forest Service. In 1966, Conservation Officers who chose to, went over to Parks Branch to become Park Officers under Tourism, Recreation and Cultural Affairs.

FOREST RANGERS AND CONSERVATION OFFICERS AT WEST HAWK LAKE

From 1932 to 1938 some records show where Rangers at Rennie supervised activities at West Hawk Lake. The Ranger in charge at Rennie in 1932 was William (Bill) Schortinghuis and the assistant ranger was Mr. Koons.

Cal Ritchey was at West Hawk Lake from 1936-1941, then transferred to Rennie.

Pat Fitzmaurice from 1944-1949, then transferred to Seven Sisters.

B.C. Emes from 1949-1951, then transferred to Seven Sisters.

Ed. Polkowski from 1952-1963.

Lyle Moffat from 1964-1968, coming from Falcon where he had been since 1955.

Harvey Zimmerman from 1968-1971, then he was Senior Carpenter till he retired in 1991.

Jim Stomp from 1971-1974.

Dennis Hlady from 1974-1980.

Gary Gushuliak from 1975-1977.

Bob Hamilton who grew up in this area was assistant to the ranger in 1975.

Roy Bullion - 1976.

Grant Leach - 1978.

Irwin Schellenberg from 1980-1984.

Robert Mauthe from 1980-1984.

Richard Danielson from 1980-1987.

Roy Sonnenberg (assistant) from 1986-1989.

Don Maxwell from 1987-.

Randy Woroniuk (assistant) from 1989-.

A Park Office was opened at Falcon with the beginning of development of the townsite. First Ranger Don McKinnon from 1955-1966. Lyle Moffat was his assistant till 1964. Doug Drysdale developed the golf course and the ski run. Jim Bell and Dave Allen were the next two men in charge at Falcon and their title was no longer forest ranger. The last men directing operations at Falcon are Les Harley, Maurice Yaremchuk, assisted by Grant Matchoes (spelling may be incorrect). Rod McFadyen assisted by Dave Brown, who is still the assistant. Michael LaBoissiere is presently in charge of operations at Falcon Lake.

The following story is by a Forest Ranger who was at West Hawk from 1949-52. At that time there was only one man in charge in the West Hawk, Falcon, Barren, Star and Caddy Lake area.

A FOREST RANGER'S STORY

By Bruce Emes

We moved from the Dawson Road in the Sandilands Forest Reserve in June, 1949. It was quite an experience since my work in the Sandilands consisted of timber work; such as supervising large and small timber operations - cruising timber for these operations - locating section lines, etc. All of the boundaries of Timber Sales were located by 1/4 Section, Township, and Range in those days. Now they are located by type using aerial photographs. Aerial photographs were just coming into use shortly before I left the Sandilands. To get back to the other work done in the Sandilands, it covered forest fires, usually from the spring to the fall. The light soil



Adolph and Glen Letham installing the first water pump for Forestry in the gravel pit at West Hawk Lake.



Bruce, Marge and Don at West Hawk yard July 1949.

and sand ridges would dry up soon after a rain, so the hazard kept pretty high all of the time.

Another job I was connected with was strip cruising for several summers. This consisted of running lines, usually every 10 or 20 chains. You would count the trees on either side of this line and keep a record of the species and size of each tree within about 50 feet of the line on either side. We did this for several summers. We had a nursery at Headquarters at Marchand where spruce, jack pine, scotch pine and red pine were all grown from seed. In fact the seed was extracted from the cones in a building which was heated by a wood stove. This was quite a chore. In order to keep a constant heat for the time it takes the cones to open - the stove had to be kept going night and day. The wood supply had to be stacked up previously so it would be dry.

People were generally hard up during the early forties and were always trying to stretch a wood permit from about 10 cords to 40 cords - so as to save the money that would have to be paid out for dues. It took a lot of time trying to get them to be a little more honest about the wood taken legitimately and otherwise. People would not think of stealing from their neighbor or anyone else, but to steal from the government was different and understandable.

I have written the above mainly to indicate the type of work I was doing prior to moving to West Hawk Lake and to indicate that this work was practically in no way the same as what I was to do in my new district. Seldom had I heard of summer homes, campgrounds and concessions in the southeast. There was so little tourist work in the Sandilands during the forties (I went there in 1940 and left in 1949), that it was not worthy of mention.

The work in the Whiteshell was about 90% tourist work; consisting of cottage lot development, making new roads into new subdivisions, locating and supervising the building of cottages on these lots and to see that they were built according to approved

plans and were properly positioned on the lot. We had to build and maintain all the subdivision roads in the district. Wells had to be dug where it was possible. Many of the wells we dug proved to be dry owing to the rock formation which would leave pockets of soil between the rock formation leaving us to think there could be water. In many cases the water had to be taken from the lake and treated. When I first started at West Hawk Lake I remember most of the culverts in the subdivisions were made of wood. It was a continuous job replacing these culverts since the life of the thing was so short. It must have been about 1944 when we started to put in steel culverts - these I expect are still in use.

Communication systems were rather primitive. The West Hawk Lake Ranger residence had a phone connection with the C.P.R. Station in Rennie. There was no long distance telephone to West Hawk Lake at that time. So all telegrams for summer residents in the area had to come through the rangers' residence. During ordinary times it was quite a chore to deliver these messages. During the flood of 1950 it nearly drove Marge and myself up the wall. When the flood was getting bad in 1950, a lot of cottage owners moved their wives and families out to their summer homes in the area. Naturally they thought the flood would last for a few days and they could then move back to the city. It did not happen that way as the flood lasted longer than anticipated. I found myself delivering groceries to these cottage people. Some had no cars and had no way of getting their own supplies. The flood caused a lot of disruption. Winnipeg was constantly wanting men, boats and motors. Men were needed to operate these boats and help out in the flood. I was going to the different concessions in the area to get whatever boats, motors, etc. that they could spare. The good boats all went in first and the people who loaned them wanted some assurance that they would get them back in as good shape as they were when they left. I was finally given authority to tell them if the boat was damaged or lost it would be replaced. It was great to see the boats that were offered when this became known. I had got to know most of the people at the concessions by this time and it was hard to tell them that some of the boats offered were not sea-worthy and could not be shipped to the city. It was another task when the boats, motors, paddles, etc. started coming back after the flood. We had boats coming into West Hawk that originated in Portage la Prairie, Brandon or any place except West Hawk Lake. It took quite awhile to get this all straightened out. The people who had loaned this equipment were quite happy as a lot of it turned out to be better than what it was when they sent it in.

The summer of 1949 passed quickly as it was a learning experience for me. I was fortunate to have

a foreman like Adolph Zimmerman to take over most of the jobs the crew were doing. We had a maintenance crew of around 10 men for maintenance of roads, garbage disposal, repairing docks, building new ones, grading roads and any other job that came up. Also on the payroll we had campground attendants at Toniata Beach, Caddy Lake and West Hawk Lake. The ordinary day to day work such as - cleaning buildings, collecting camping fees, etc. was done by the campground attendant. But major jobs such as wells, docks, etc. were looked after by the maintenance crew. We also fed our maintenance crew. In 1949 we had the old campground office at West Hawk Lake made over into a kitchen. This served the purpose until we got a new kitchen built. This kitchen was built at the old maintenance yard, close enough to the bunkhouse. This was a big step forward since the old kitchen in the office was really a cramped place to try and make meals. Our meat for the kitchen had to be kept out at the Fish Hatchery where they had electricity and a meat cooler. Here they kept the liver that was fed to the fish. There was room enough for our meat to be stored there. It was quite a job to bring meat every other day from the Hatchery to West Hawk Lake, a distance of about 10 miles. I think it was the fall of 1950 that we got an electric plant at West Hawk Lake. It was big enough to supply light and power to our residence, the bunkhouse and the kitchen and street lights over the highway at West Hawk. I think it was 1950 also that we put in water works to the West Hawk residence and the bunkhouse. We also supplied the Trans Canada Restaurant with water. Our water supply was from a spring on top of the hill in an old gravel pit. We dug the spring out and put in a pump and an insulated pumphouse. The lines we dug to about 7 feet into the ground (by hand) and the only place we had a problem with freezing in the winter was where it went under the highway to serve the campground and the restaurant.

Our pressure was supplied from a big tank (if I remember right it held somewhere around 10,000 gallons) on top of the hill. This was in a heated building, built by our crew. It is still being used as the water system today.

A lot of the telephone line maintenance was done by myself such as broken insulators, broken wires. Major jobs such as replacing poles, etc. was done by the crew.

One day we had a break in the line west of Caddy Lake and the foreman and I went out to repair it. The foreman at that time was a chap by the name of Max St. Germaine. He was sent out from Winnipeg to replace Adolph who had gone into business on his own. Anyway, Max didn't know how to climb a pole with spurs on - so I had to go up

the pole. I was standing on the spurs at the top of this pole (about 20 feet high) just getting ready to connect the broken wire, when lightning hit the line somewhere (maybe miles away) and of course knocked me off the pole and I landed on the ground. Between the jolt of lightning and the fall, I was a little stunned for awhile. When I gathered my thoughts I could see Max standing on the road laughing his head off. Naturally I couldn't see anything funny in the whole thing at that moment. If I ever felt like kicking someone it would have been him. A day or so after the whole top of my body was black, blue and green, etc. - so I must have got quite a jolt. However, the line had got fixed. I still think of me sitting on the ground at the bottom of that pole and old Max laughing. It is funny to me now, but it surely wasn't then.

An interesting thing about my crew in 1949 was that Art Briggs was a labourer on the crew. He decided to follow work in the Forestry and joined the permanent staff. After several postings in rural areas, he went to Winnipeg to become the assistant to Bob Ross - the Fire Control Office for the Province. Later on when Bob Ross retired Art was appointed Chief of Fire Protection for the whole province. He did a real good job in his new position. He is now retired. Bill Medd took over Art's position when Art retired.

The permanent staff of the whole Whiteshell in 1949 was **Cal Ritchie** - Senior Ranger at Rennie - **Jack Inkster** - Forest Ranger at Rennie. Jack looked after a small area around Rennie and was the complete office staff. **Pat Fitzmaurice** was at Seven Sisters Falls and looked after the North end of the park. I was stationed at West Hawk Lake and looked after the south end of the park. We all did our own office work, our own payrolls, estimates for next year, filing, correspondence, etc. There were no office clerks to help us then. In fact, in the early 40's if we spent any more than three days in the office in a month we were suspect of lying down on the job. We kept a daily diary and this was submitted to our District office at the end of the month so Winnipeg would know how much time was spent in the office and our work in the field for the month. Expense accounts were small - mostly cost of stamps and the odd meal.

The community of West Hawk consisted of very few permanent households. Starting at West Hawk - The Reicherts, Adele and Frank had the Trans Canada Restaurant; Mac MacKenzie had the Crescent Beach Cabins and Mr. and Mrs. Bill Blackwell were the caretakers and year-round residents; Stan and Gertie Crook had the post office and a few small cabins; Buster and Doris Bellemore had the Texaco Gas Station, also cabins and concession at the top of the hill; Sam and Vickie Yanich had a filling

station and garage at the junction of the highway and the Falcon Lake Road. Down at Falcon Lake there were Gordon and Maude Hamilton at Faloma Beach, where they ran a store and had cabins and boats for rent. Over at Toniata Beach, Ed and Ella Schindler also had a concession where they had a store and cabins, boats, motors, etc. for hire. Dick and Mabel Good were also year round residents. Dick was a carpenter, bricklayer, stone mason, timber operator and sawmill operator and just about any other job that came up. He was truly a jack of all trades and was exceptionally good at everything he chose to do. Another character and part owner at Toniata was Mr. Thomas. He was a lawyer in Winnipeg and he spent most weekends and his holidays at the Schindlers.

At the Fish Hatchery at Caddy Lake there was Charlie Watson (in charge) and helpers, George Watkinson and his wife Gladys. About 1950 Baldur Schaldemose arrived to help out also at the hatchery. Another hatchery employee was Charlie Klyne who ran a small hatchery or I guess it was called rearing tanks at West Hawk. Another year round resident was Bob Tully. He had a place at Penniac Bay. Bob did odd jobs for the cottagers in the summer and helped the local residents at whatever he could pick up in the winter. He was also a loner and lived by himself in his small, but neat cabin on top of the hill at Penniac Bay.

Being a small community, we all seemed to rely on each other for work, entertainment, etc. We were a close knit unit and everybody knew what everybody else was doing - especially during the winter when things were slack in the tourist business. We would celebrate birthdays, anniversaries, Christmas and New Years or any other occasion to have a party and get together for a bull session and a few laughs.

One of the highlights was Mac MacKenzie's New Year's dinner at Crescent Beach Cabins. He would have Mrs. Blackwell prepare a delicious dinner for the community. Nothing was spared from the Scotch for the toast to the turkey and all the trimmings. Besides the local people he would have Vera and Cal Ritchie from Rennie and Beth and Bill Schortinghuis and their son Frank from Winnipeg. Bill had worked in the Whiteshell a few years ago and was well known to us all. This was a special occasion that we all looked forward to.

In 1951 Gordon Hamilton's home burned to the ground. We had no fire protection of any kind in the community at that time. The Hamiltons had lost everything. We all got together and arranged for a permit from the Forest Service to cut enough spruce and poplar lumber to replace the building. The whole community got together and cut the logs. They hauled them to Gord's saw mill and he sawed them into lumber. The community also arranged

with Eatons for a credit for the Hamiltons to purchase a few of life's necessities. In order to pay for this, we all signed pledge cards with Eatons to pay this off by the month. The payments were small and nobody was hurt. The fire happened in the late fall and by the time the tourist business started, they had a rough building up and were able to carry on. It's really surprising what a small community can do in a situation like this.

Our whole family, Marge, Don, (our son) and myself enjoyed those few years at West Hawk Lake, even though the work was really strange at first. We all have many fond memories and still contact all our old neighbors from time to time.

It is now 1990 and what I am trying to put down on paper happened from 1949 to 1952. I arrived in West Hawk Lake in 1949 and left in 1952. So if some of this is a little vague or mixed up there is a reason (the reason being 38 years have passed).

I am, I should say Marge and I, are happy with the fact that all of the people I have mentioned who are still alive have kept in touch with us over these years. Many have passed on but have left us with pleasant memories.

Awhile back I mentioned Adolph Zimmerman as my foreman and later mentioned Max St. Germain as his replacement. Sam Yanich started a concession at West Hawk Lake in 1952. Adolph married Olive Gregory who worked at the Trans Canada Restaurant and the two of them did a good business. Olive and Adolph purchased Sam and Vickie's interest in the cabins and ran it on their own until they eventually sold.

One of the things we both talk about is our first party at West Hawk. We wanted everything just right for our first party. Marge did baking and prepared all the trimmings. The people that supplied the products from their Kenora Dairy for their West Hawk and Falcon Lake customers heard about the party. They wanted to make a contribution and left a bottle of rye at our place for the party. All was in readiness for a good time. Our guests all arrived on schedule. One of the highlights of the evening was to have a fire in the fireplace. About 10 p.m. I lit the fire in the fireplace. It wasn't long before the whole house was full of smoke and try as we might we could not make the smoke go up the chimney. I rushed out to the shed and brought in the wheelbarrow. After several trips with the wheelbarrow loaded with the burning wood and kindling, we hauled it all outside. In order to get rid of the smoke which had gone all through the house we had to open the doors and windows. This was in Dec. so you can imagine how the house cooled off. When the smoke cleared we went on with our party and everyone had a good time. I think the bottle helped us all from getting pneumonia! Marge used to take

orders from the neighbors for their dairy products. This order was given to the transfer drivers and on their next trip, they would deliver the order to our place. The neighbors would pick it up. This made only one stop for the drivers instead of them having to drive several miles. The bottle was to show their appreciation to all.

In Feb. 1952 Pat Fitzmaurice, who was stationed at Seven Sisters decided to go farming. He quit and since my son was then five years old, we were looking for a move where he would be able to attend school. I was the successful bidder at Seven Sisters Falls. So we moved there in March of that year.

We were in Seven Sisters Falls till June of 1967 when I was transferred to the Turtle Mountain Provincial Park. I worked there until Sept. 1971. I was again transferred to Gimli where I worked the Interlake until I retired in February 1978. We had already purchased property here in Gimli - decided it was a good place to retire and so we are still here and enjoying life in general.

Having worked in the Whiteshell Provincial Park from 1949 to 1967 it still has many memories. We worked with a lot of people and made friendships with the neighbors over the years that we cherish to this day. We seldom miss an opportunity to visit the many friends we have left behind in the Whiteshell and the surrounding district. They all have a standing invitation to visit us here in Gimli.

CAL AND VERA RITCHEY

By Lily (Ronnie) Trithart

My memories of the Whiteshell are always pleasant, having spent all my school holidays there during the late 1930s and early 1940s while attending school in Lac du Bonnet the rest of the year. My husband and our family also owned a cottage on Big Whiteshell Lake in the 1950s.

My father, Cal Ritchey was a conservation officer in the Whiteshell for 30 years. He was transferred to West Hawk Lake in 1936 and promoted to Chief Ranger of the Whiteshell, stationed in Rennie in 1941 until his retirement in 1966. We had the only bomb shelter built in our house in the Whiteshell equipped with phones, radio, food, etc.

During the war years, as we had the only phone at West Hawk, both my mother and dad were often required to take messages and deliver them to cottage owners and campers. Of course, these were often very sad news.

Cal was devoted to and loved his job. He, as most others living in the area, would go out of their way to help others. Often this would mean leaving in the middle of supper or in the middle of the night to pull a car out of the ditch, deliver a message, or help get an injured person to hospital in Winnipeg or Kenora. There was no ambulance closer than Win-

nipeg and countless times a couple of mattresses would be placed in the back of the forestry 1/2 ton truck and sick or injured people taken to hospital. Sometimes a doctor at Beausejour would join them in the back of the pick-up and the R.C.M.P. would lead the way at breakneck speeds right to the general hospital.

In the late summer we would supply large boilers of water to the campgrounds for corn on the cob. Many pleasant evenings were spent in the kitchenettes having a sing-song with all the campers.

During the winter, snowshoes were about the only way for my father to travel when he 'cruised timber' and 'scaled wood', etc. Many times I remember him returning from Ingolf store or Falcon Lake when the temperature would be 35-40 degrees below. Fortunately, no one calculated the wind chill factors in those days.

I sadly remember the many drownings throughout the Whiteshell. My father would usually be asked to assist the R.C.M.P. from Whitemouth and to supply boats and motors to use to drag for the bodies. This sometimes took days and Cal always prayed that it would not be his task to recover the body. I also remember the many search parties for lost hunters and berry pickers, etc., particularly the searches which weren't successful.

The Whiteshell was ravaged with forest fires, particularly during the depression years. Fighting these fires was very dangerous as it was done completely by hand with only a couple of small aircraft for spotting. There were no radios, water bombers, and no helicopters to evacuate trapped firefighters.

Forest rangers also acted as game guardians then, and I remember one situation where my father found a group of four American hunters who were drinking, as well as hunting in a restricted area near Rennie. He attempted to confiscate their rifles, etc. but was threatened with death. He continued to reason with them for half an hour and finally talked them into giving up their guns. The only 'weapon' he had was a pocket knife.

Cal was an ardent hunter himself and rarely came home himself without his limit of ducks, deer or moose. At the same time he was a noted conservationist who spent countless hours protecting nature and tracking animals injured by vehicles and putting them down. In 1948, Cal received an award from the Province of Manitoba for "Meritorious Service and Outstanding contribution" to the cause of conservation.

After his death in 1968, his ashes were spread at Rainbow Falls near White Lake. This was his favorite site in the whole Whiteshell. The Department of Natural Resources named a lake in his honor. Ritchey Lake is located on the canoe route between Big Whiteshell and Mantario Lakes.

ARCHAEOLOGY AND YOU IN THE WHITESHELL

Whiteshell Provincial Park features a complex network of lakes and streams that is part of the Winnipeg River system. Down through time, the Winnipeg and its tributaries were the major "highways" by means of which early peoples travelled to and from the Great Lakes region and the Manitoba grasslands and points west. Many of the lakes in the southeastern corner of Manitoba are merely widenings of this river system, and their shores bear evidence of human activity stretching back in time some 9,000 years.

Around 12,000 years ago, at the end of the Ice Age, most of the Winnipeg River's basin was filled with the meltwaters of the last great ice sheet. At its maximum, glacial Lake Agassiz extended from central Saskatchewan to Lake Superior; but as the warming trend that had signalled the end of the Ice Age continued, and with the melting back of the glaciers to the north, the lake began draining into what is now Hudson Bay. Thus it was that new areas opened up for plants, animals and ultimately, humans.

The ongoing climatic changes which were responsible for the "drying" of the Winnipeg River basin were actually fairly minor in Manitoba. The brunt of these conditions was felt in the central grasslands of the United States, where a 2,000-year drought forced the herds of giant bison, as well as the hunters of these now-extinct species, to move away in search of better sources of water, food and shelter. A hitherto unoccupied expanse of coniferous forest lay to the north and east of the Winnipeg River at this time, while a mixed grassland environment dominated the landscape to the south and west.

This rich, diversified environment quickly became home to the early buffalo hunters who for a time were able to pursue their nomadic, big game hunting lifestyle. What eventually became of these ancient hunters is still a mystery. Over time, they seem to have become more dependent upon the resources of the forest as opposed to those of the grasslands, but by 4500 BC all trace of them vanished.

Over the next 4,000 years, the Winnipeg River and its environs took on a more modern appearance and a number of different cultures became established in the region. Some of these peoples were also western bison hunters, who travelled eastward as far as the Winnipeg River in the fall months to hunt their prey in their wintering grounds at the forest edge. One group, however, seems to have originated in the east and were, as we might expect, more interested in the rich resources of the lakes and rivers of the Canadian Shield, and in hunting the woodland caribou and moose which roamed the forest.

These people are distinguished by their use of copper tools and for a time were thought to be the most ancient "metallurgists" in the world. Their way of life was so efficient that their original homeland, the forests to the west of Lake Michigan, seems to have witnessed something of a population explosion some time after 3,000 BC. Perhaps it was for this reason that the "new lands" to the north and west seemed so attractive.

Evidence of finely made ceramic vessels in archaeological sites dating about the time of Christ heralds in the final chapter of Precontact history on the Winnipeg River. Although this technological innovation did not bring about a new way of life, the presence of pottery is often seen as evidence of a more settled mode of living; nomadic peoples tend to use leather bags and woven baskets which are less fragile and more easily transported.

Like the earlier copper-using people who may have been their ancestors, these potters made very effective use of their environment. More resources were being exploited than ever before; hunting, trapping, fishing, fowling and the collection of wild plants allowed more people to live in increasingly smaller "territories" for longer portions of the year. Additional technological advancements were made, including the bow and the birchbark canoe. Evidence for elaborate ceremonialism is visible in the boulder "mosaics" or petroforms such as those at the Bannock Point Site near Betula Lake. Some of these sites cover many hectares, and some of the boulders weigh several tons. Clearly, these are the work of a large group of people working together under the direction of a ceremonial or religious leader. As their artifacts and ways of life are so similar, it seems most likely that the early Cree and Ojibwa are the descendants of this population.

This diversified hunting, fishing and plant-collecting economy persisted until the 18th Century when the establishment of trading posts throughout the region marks the beginning of the Contact Period and the end of a rich and very ancient way of life on the Winnipeg River.

The foregoing is a brief sketch of a story that is undergoing continual development—the history of the Whiteshell area long before the arrival of the Europeans. What we do know about it is attributable in large measure to the science of archaeology—the study of ancient sites and objects, or "artifacts", collectively referred to as "heritage resources". Since heritage resources are vital to our reconstruction of past ages and stages of life in the Whiteshell, they should not be regarded simply as curious or conversation pieces; if they are properly gathered and

studied, they can yield exceedingly valuable information on the nature of Manitoba's remote and not-so-remote past. Artifacts are important by virtue of the information they contain. More often than not, they are the only means we have to tell much of the story of ancient Manitoba. We owe it to ourselves to preserve and protect these objects and their related information. Because they link us to Manitoba as it was hundreds and thousands of years ago.

But there is something else about these heritage resources besides their scientific, educational and cultural value—they are non-renewable. Once they are lost to us, they are lost forever. They cannot be regenerated as can be trees, fish or fur-bearing animals. Human lifeways—even those which existed a few hundred years ago—have changed. Any knowledge we might have of the past is in the form of fragments: oral histories, archival manuscripts, historically significant artifacts, and archaeological sites and artifacts.

We Are All Trustees

If these heritage resources are not managed carefully—if they are not preserved, protected and used in ways that will allow them to yield their maximum heritage and cultural value—then the information they contain will be lost for all time. All of us must make sure these irreplaceable resources are preserved and protected. We owe it to the generations of Manitobans who have gone before us and to ourselves, today, because tomorrow will be too late. We owe it to future generations of Manitobans, because to deprive them of the record of their past is to deprive them of knowledge of themselves and their province. That is why a major part of The Heritage Resources Act of Manitoba is devoted to the protection and preservation of heritage objects.

Stewards of the Past

More than half of the archaeological sites scientifically excavated in southern Manitoba were found and reported to the experts by conscientious citizens who realized that they had discovered something significant. In rural Manitoba, archaeologists have found that on the average, one in five landowners has a collection of artifacts. We also know that many heritage objects have been found but later lost, mislaid, destroyed, or removed from the province without any manner of documentation being left behind. The result of such activity is a loss to all Manitobans. The Heritage Resources Act is designated to help us more effectively utilize and manage our rich cultural and natural legacy.

Custody and Ownership Rights

Because local residents have played a vital role in filling the gaps in knowledge about our cultural

history, their contributions and co-operation are very important. And so, the new Heritage Resources Act separates the issues of ownership and custody of heritage objects. Archaeological objects found since 1967 on Provincial Crown land are explicitly stated to belong to the Province—they are Crown-owned. In addition, artifacts found on private land after May 12, 1986 are also Crown-owned, under the terms of The Heritage Resources Act. This is to ensure that the Province has the appropriate authority and ability to preserve and protect such objects for the benefit of all Manitobans. But the Act also explicitly provides for the retention of newly found archaeological objects by private individuals. This provision is important because there are many persons in Manitoba who assemble collections of artifacts in which they take considerable pride. These collections, properly catalogued and preserved, have formed the basis of numerous studies and publications that have expanded our knowledge of our past. When these findings are eventually turned over to a museum or other public repository, as is often the case, they are readily available for viewing and study by a wide spectrum of the interested public.

Thus, provision has been made for individuals to retain the findings in trust for the Crown on behalf of all Manitobans. Where an object is found on Crown land, custody is retained by the finder. Where an object is found on private land, custody is retained by the landowner. This would mean that if someone other than the landowner—for example, an amateur or professional archaeologist—is the finder of an object on private land, he/she may acquire custody of the object, but only with the approval of the landowner. The finder or owner of a heritage object can give custody of the object to the Crown if he or she so wishes. Custody of heritage objects can be transferred to any other person at any time and, upon the death of the custodian, will pass to his/her heirs, executors, or administrators, who then hold them in trust for the Crown. And, not only may Crown-owned heritage objects be left in the hands of individuals in trust; full ownership may be transferred by the Minister to individuals or private institutions.

If a person chooses to retain custody of a heritage object, she/he is considered to be holding that object in trust for the people of Manitoba. This carries with it some important responsibilities; it means that the holder of the object should ensure that it is kept in a safe place and that it will not be damaged or destroyed. If it is agreeable to both parties, the Minister and the person may arrange for the housing, protection, curation, conservation or any other provision, including the length of time that the holder of the object may keep possession of it.

Also, the importance of keeping records of investigations and finds cannot be overemphasized; artifacts of doubtful origin lose much of their archaeological value and heritage significance. For example, the drawing of a sketch map and, when possible, plotting its location on a map with geographic coordinates is very important. Landowners are usually able to identify sections, townships and ranges for their own land, and some maps are laid out to show these. Besides specific location, some sort of subjective description of the region should be recorded (general terrain, natural features, etc.) In addition, a record of all findings should be kept so as to provide specific information on location and relationships. This can be accomplished quite easily by marking individual items with India Ink, giving each a different number, and then recording it in a ledger along with a description of the artifact and where it was found. Any convenient numbering system will work, and the documenting of the materials in this manner will prove invaluable in the future—memories are short-lived, especially as the collection grows in size.

Report of Findings

It is the responsibility of Manitoba Culture, Heritage and Recreation to present the history of Manitoba to the people of this province. In order to do so, a considerable amount of field information must be discovered and interpreted. Many heritage objects are found by local persons, either by accident or because they search for them. If these objects are referred on to experts, their significance can be assessed and the resulting information made public for the benefit of all. Accordingly, anyone finding a heritage object, or an item that he/she suspects is a heritage object, is required to report the discovery to the Minister responsible for The Heritage Resources Act. If an object is discovered quite by accident and it appears that it is still in place, that it has not been totally removed from its natural place on or in the ground, it should be left there and the Minister informed of it. Such a discovery could prove very important to an understanding of local or regional history.

Permit For Searching or Excavating

Archaeological sites constitute a very fragile resource that requires careful and often expert handling. Archaeologists have devised a wide range of methods and techniques whereby archaeological information can be gathered from the field in an orderly and scientific fashion. Inasmuch as such activity invariably affects resources of public concern, that is, heritage sites and objects, it is incumbent upon the Province to ensure that these resources are handled properly via these special methods and tech-

niques. To that end, anyone who wishes to collect or excavate for heritage objects is required under law to obtain a permit from the Province to do so. This allows the appropriate officials to specify the nature of the work to be done in light of the collector's or excavator's qualifications. Such a permit may also stipulate that the results of investigation must be reported to the appropriate provincial agency. If all findings are so reported, there again exists the opportunity to have new information organized, interpreted and presented to the public by a central authority established for that purpose.

Export of Heritage Objects

One of the most serious obstacles to our ability to reconstruct the past is the uncontrolled removal of heritage objects from the province. It is impossible to calculate how much of Manitoba's heritage will forever be denied us because the information

accruing to these dispersed objects is no longer available. This removal is done by persons who leave the province for whatever reason and take the objects with them, or by trade or sale to non-residents. Putting a price on our heritage resources only serves to encourage the unscrupulous to collect heritage objects in a careless and unscientific fashion and sell them away, which in turn results in the loss of much potential information.

If heritage objects are Crown-owned, however, the Province is legally able to insist that those objects originating in Manitoba stay here. In other words, one of the major features of Crown ownership is that it provides a legal basis whereby the Province can monitor the removal of the objects from Manitoba by requiring anyone who wishes to take an object from the province to apply for a permit to do so. Another benefit of Crown-ownership is based upon the fact that it is illegal to sell something that belongs to someone else without permission. Thus, one cannot legally sell a Crown-owned object without the government's approval—and it is the position of Manitoba Culture, Heritage and Recreation that Manitoba's publicly-owned heritage resources are "Not For Sale". Even if the object is privately-owned, the heritage information it contains is of interest and value to all Manitobans; and if the object is to leave the province, the Department should at least have the opportunity to document it. In this way, the information remains with us even if the object does not.

The purpose of all of these provisions is to assure the public that special interests concerning private possession and ownership can be duly considered under the Act.

Thus, The Heritage Resources Act addresses some difficult problems and at the same time provides for

the interests of Manitobans who, in their own way, can help to preserve our heritage resources and contribute toward our understanding of the past.

For further information about the Act, Manitoba archaeology, and the culture history of Manitoba and the Whiteshell contact: The Archaeology Section, Historic Resources Branch, Manitoba Culture, Heritage and Recreation, 3rd Floor, 177 Lombard Avenue, Winnipeg, Manitoba, R3B 0W5, or phone 945-5808.

AN ARCHAEOLOGICAL DIG AT CADDY LAKE IN 1970

thanks to Mr. Paddon for this material

Early in June, 1970, two Indian burials were discovered on an island in Caddy Lake by Mr. Paddon of Winnipeg.

Caddy Lake, located in the Whiteshell Provincial Park, is in the southeast corner of Manitoba adjacent to the Ontario border. It is one of numerous small lakes with marshy drainage, rocky outcropping, and mixed forest (pine predominating) characteristic of certain portions of the Canadian Shield. Caddy Lake is 1025 feet above sea level.

The island on which the site is located measures approximately 200 feet long by 85 feet wide; it is roughly equi-distant from the north and south shoreline, some 500 yards away. It is bounded by a rocky periphery, although centrally there is a soil cover capable of supporting a dense growth of trees, among which are the Paper Birch, Aspen, Bur Oak, White Spruce, Alder, and Dogwood. Patches of Juniper dot the island.

This discovery led to the mounting of a little expedition under the direction of Tom Shay of the department of Anthropology at the University of Manitoba which surveyed and surface collected on the island in August 1970.

The site of this exploration was a campsite, butchering and food processing site for the forest hunting and gathering people, possibly of the Selkirk Focus (1350-1750). Trade contact with the Lake Superior Region, and the North Dakota area are suggested.

The find in July of 1970 of human bone (one calvaria, one calvarium, and cranial fragments) was discovered eroding out of the south bank of this small island. When the party was working they discovered numerous potsherds, various little artifacts, a copper awl, and more bone (both human and faunal). The pottery is typical of that of the Selkirk Focus, with a predominance of the Alexander Fabric Impressed type. A diagnostic trait of the late prehistoric or early historic sites in southeastern Manitoba.

The vessels are probably shaped or coiled and

finished using the paddle and anvil method. The vessels were likely used for cooking, and could have been used for storage or water carrying. It is thought that the Cree or proto-Cree might have been the people who lived on the island. It is also known that cannibalism was frequent among the Cree at any time of food shortage, especially in winter. A belief in windigos led, upon occasion, to the killing and eating of an individual. Either may have been the case here.

Many things were learned from this study by the Anthropology group that summer with the following results: It is conceivable, on the basis of the limited data available, that the Caddy lake site was occupied in winter by a small group of closely related hunters who operated within a wide social framework: the kill was often distributed on the mainland.

That they represent a nomadic hunting and gathering culture which exploited the Shield and mixed woodland country of southeastern Manitoba and the adjacent portion of Northern Ontario. The island was probably a seasonal campsite and butchering site. For the purposes of their lithic technology, these people used locally available material to a great extent, but did have trade contacts with the Knife River area of North Dakota, probably with the Lake Superior area, and possibly with the Winnipeg-Red River region. From these areas they obtained Knife River flint, copper, and limestone chert.

They also learned that young moose and beaver were of considerable importance to these people, but it is possible that other smaller creatures were also significant. Hunting was carried out on the mainland, where felled game was skinned and dismembered for transportation to the site. Secondary butchering took place on the island at the hunters' convenience.

Cooking of the game was by two methods: roasting and stewing. The latter was the most common. Bone grease was prepared from the long bones of the moose, especially, and this was probably used in the manufacture of pemmican or in everyday cooking.

In warmer weather when the ground could be dug, interments were made on the island. One of the individuals buried at the site had been butchered; ethnological sources indicate that cannibalism was common at any time of food shortage.

ARROWHEADS HIS HOBBY Winnipeg Free Press, 1974 by Frank Conlon

Last summer, W.F. North, of Elma, Man., went to Falcon Lake in the Whiteshell as labor foreman with the Forest Service working on the resort de-

velopment there.

Bill North had been there only a few days when he heard people talking of finding Indian arrowheads and pottery. He became interested and soon set out on the hunt himself.

Today, a year later, the 44-year-old bachelor has a collection of approximately 50 arrowheads and numerous pieces of old-time pottery.

"It didn't take me long after I started my searching before I had unearthed an arrowhead," says Bill. "It was a nice one and that made it very interesting."

Since then Bill North has spent much of his spare time combing the beach at Falcon Lake or checking the area which the bulldozers have uprooted. His searches have given him one of the best private collections in Manitoba.

Although he admits he knows nothing about the history of these arrowheads and other objects used by Manitoba's early Indians, he seems to have the knack of knowing an arrowhead when he comes across it.

Collecting the stone items has brought him much pleasure, and he believes many others could also receive pleasure from the same pastime.

None of the rock in the arrowheads and spearheads which Mr. North has found is native to the Falcon Lake area. All of it had to be imported. Some of the rock is so hard it can cut glass.

Mr. North showed one piece from his collection to a geologist who looked it up and discovered that the rock is only found at Bremmer Ridge in Duluth. The rock around Falcon Lake can't be worked as it will split and crack.

One knife or ax, made of stone, is included in the Elma man's findings. It was evidently used for some heavy duty work. Mr. North found it in a ditch.

The pottery which Mr. North has discovered, according to a Winnipeg archaeologist, was worked by the Assiniboine tribe about 400 years ago. The rim impressions, which are still clear, were made with a wrapped fine root around a twig and impressed in the pottery. The surface of the bodies was made by patting it with a cord-wrapped paddle.

Bill North says that the Forestry Service is talking about starting a museum. And if it does, he intends to lend his collection to it.

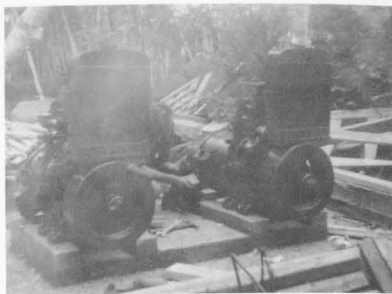
In the meantime he is looking for a harpoon. "I sure would like to find one," he says.

*Compliments of Ester Feildberg
East Braintree, ROE OLO*

HYDRO POWER IN THE WHITESHELL

The first electric lights in the Whiteshell were powered by a generating plant at West Hawk Lake. This diesel generating plant was installed on the grounds west of what is now the administrative

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Diesel Plant that supplied first electric lights to Forestry at West Hawk, also across the street and to the campgrounds.

building at West Hawk in 1949 by the ranger Bruce Emes and Adolph Zimmerman who was the foreman then. This plant provided lights for the rangers living quarters and office also lights across the highway and in the campground office and the kitchenette.

Other businesses in the area had small generating plants that supplied lights and power for their own use.

The Winnipeg River, which marks part of the northern boundary of the park, was the earliest source of hydro-electric power in the province of Manitoba. The longest surviving hydro plant in the province, at Point du Bois, is located within the park boundaries. Opened in 1911, this power dam was the second of its kind in Manitoba. In 1931, two more power plants were to be opened within the present-day Whiteshell Provincial Park, one at Slave Lake, and the other at Seven Sisters.

(D.M. & N.R. 1930-90)

Manitoba Hydro extended service to Rennie in March 1955, to West Hawk Lake in September 1956 and the Caddy Lake in October 1956. Brereton was serviced in April 1957 and Falcon Lake in August of that year. Dorothy, Jessica and Betula were all connected in June 1959. These are the initial connection dates as we have them but extensions have been going on continually since those dates.

To date I have not been able to find details as to electrical consumption but without doubt this has grown dramatically. The utility was not too enthusiastic then about service to summer resort areas as few people foresaw the tremendous growth in numbers and in usage of power that would occur.

A new larger sub-station was built at Star Lake and put into operation in 1988-89. This will replace the original one built when hydro power was introduced to the area in the early 1950s. The power in this line is supplied from the Winnipeg River -

Kenora 115,000 volt line. This was the transmission line built in the 1930s to supply the paper mill at Kenora. The old gold mine at Star Lake received service from it at the same time.

WHITESHELL TROUT HATCHERY **Balder Schaldemose**

The Whiteshell Trout Hatchery, at the extreme north end of West Hawk Lake was built in 1942. A supply of gravity flow water was made available for hatchery use by constructing a dam at the out-flow from the lake. In 1943, the first trout and walleye fry incubated at the hatchery were stocked in lakes in the Whiteshell.

Because cold water could not be obtained at the hatchery, a small battery of tanks was set up near Crescent Beach where spring water augmented by water pumped from the lake was used to establish a nursery where small fish could be raised during the hot summer weather.

In 1956, a rearing building was constructed at the hatchery site containing four large concrete tanks where trout could be cared for over the winter months and stocked as yearlings the following spring.

In 1966-67, the facilities at the hatchery were greatly expanded. A 21-inch pipeline was installed reaching 3,500 feet into West Hawk Lake to a depth of 46 feet, where a gravity flow of 2,000 gallons per minute of 50 degree Fahrenheit water is obtained. Dual piping was installed throughout the hatchery complex, so that by using the old pipeline carrying surface water in conjunction with the cold-water pipeline, varying temperatures of water could be blended for different varieties of trout. Raceway and circular concrete tanks were constructed so trout could be grown to any size desired. In 1969, both brook and rainbow eggs were taken from brood stock grown and held at the hatchery for the first time.

When the summer rearing station was set up in 1944 at Crescent Beach, it was operated on a small scale with a few wooden tanks. In 1957, improvements were made by moving the station closer to the lake and placing 24 metal tanks on a good foundation. The tanks from this rearing site were moved



Whiteshell Fish Hatchery, West Hawk Lake.



First Aqua-duct to the fish hatchery.



George Watkinson was one of the first employees at the Fish Hatchery, his wife Gladys was often called on during the egg picking season to help.

to the hatchery property when the cold water line was completed in 1967.

Distribution of fish from the hatchery for the first few years was confined almost entirely to lakes and streams in the Whiteshell area and consisted of fry and fingerling trout. They were transported in large metal cans by truck and aircraft. In 1951, an insulated fish distribution tank was constructed. It was made of wood and equipped with a pump to aerate the water by circulating it through the tank. That year, a number of lakes and streams in the Duck Mountain area were stocked with trout.

This distribution unit gave good service for years but, with the ever-increasing number of lakes be-



One of the first lakes eradicated to remove undesirable fish in the early 1950s.

ing stocked with trout throughout the province, two new tank units were acquired in 1959 and 1960. One unit was a small tank to be used on a half-ton truck, the other a larger three-tank unit built of aluminum. Both tanks were insulated to maintain temperature, equipped with pumps for water circulation and with oxygen diffusers supplied with oxygen from cylinders. With this equipment, large numbers of trout were transported to almost all parts of the province.

Charlie Watson was the first supervisor then Balder Schaldemose and now Johnny Ziemanski. Other men who were longtime employees at the hatchery were George Watkinson and Steve Coma.

HUNT & LYONS LAKE PROJECTS

Johann (Jo) Sigurdson

Fisheries Manager

Dept. of Natural Resources

Spring runoff raises the park's lakes, rivers and streams to their highest levels. Many of the creeks which drain into the large lakes come alive with swarms of fish. Suckers, jackfish, and pickerel fight there way upstream to lay their eggs. They can be observed from the shore line, swimming against the current and resting in still pools behind rocks. The regular sport fishing season opens shortly after the spawn.

Hunt and Lyons Lakes are well-known by Whiteshell fishermen for the fine trout angling that has been available over the past number of years. These two lakes are easily accessible and are located adjacent to the TransCanada Highway near the Ontario border. What is particularly interesting is that many years ago the native fish in these two lakes were eradicated using a natural organic compound called Rotenone. The lakes were subsequently restocked with trout, and anglers have enjoyed good trout angling for a number of years.

Gradually, however, other species of fish such as perch, suckers, and bullheads, have reappeared in these lakes. It is possible that the first two species may be the result of survival of the eradication or they may have been introduced from other sources. Bullheads, on the other hand, are not native to the area and must have been introduced from other lakes, possibly by the illegal use of live bait.

Since these two lakes are near the top of the Whiteshell River watershed there is potential for these fish to escape downstream and colonize other lakes in the system. This is obviously not desirable. To prevent this from occurring, a project initiated by the Department of Natural Resources, Fisheries and Parks Branches and funded by the Habitat Heritage Corporation will take place in 1988.

The plan is to use the organic compound Rote-

none early in the spring, right after ice out to eradicate all fish species in these two lakes. This will allow us to alleviate the threat of the spread of unwanted new native species. It will also allow us to restock these lakes with trout species that will provide excellent angling once again.

The chemical compound, Rotenone, used in this project is an alkaloid poison made from the roots of certain South American and Asian plants. Natives in those areas have for centuries killed fish for food by scattering Rotenone in ponds and rivers. The parent plant is *Derris*.

Rotenone is used primarily as an agricultural insecticide and in household gardens. Municipalities have used it to reduce turbidity and algal blooms. It has also been used as a parasite control in cats, dogs, cows, and chickens. It has been taken orally to kill intestinal worms in humans, which further demonstrates its safety in use.

Fish, however, are highly susceptible to Rotenone because of their gills, while humans are very tolerant. It would take extremely high and continuous dosages for humans to feel any effect, and these levels are not used in fish eradication.

In this project Rotenone will be sprayed onto the surface of the lakes at first ice-out by a helicopter. It will mix with the water and fish will begin to float up almost immediately. These will be picked up and removed. Sunlight and water temperature quickly break down rotenone in the water and within one month it will have disappeared entirely. The lakes will be re-stocked immediately after they become non-toxic to fish.

This process should not have any effect on birds and mammals in the area, because they are not directly affected by the Rotenone and will not be even if they eat the dead fish. The quality of the water supply may be disrupted for a short period to a few cottage owners but this will be closely monitored. Individual cottage owners affected will be notified prior to the project to ensure all concerns are dealt with early in the process.

As a bonus this project will provide anglers with new trout angling opportunities, but the reclamation of Hunt and Lyons Lakes is necessary to prevent the spread of potentially harmful species downstream.

ERADICATING CAMP LAKE 1949

by Bruce Emes

In order to introduce a more popular species of fish into a lake it is a good idea to take out all the existing fish, more so the jacks and pickerel since they eat the smaller fish that are being introduced into the lake. The fish being introduced into the lake are usually about the size of our local minnows so



Eradicating fish operation at Camp Lake.



they are great feed for larger fish. In order to kill the larger fish the whole lake has to be eradicated. This is done by mixing a groundup root that is found in the tropics, with water and distributing this mixture evenly throughout the lake. In the picture you will see hoses, pumps and barrels. The barrels were used for mixing the powdered root with water and the pumps pumped the mixture into the lake. Adolph Zimmerman was in charge of the operation.

This was a joint venture between the Fisheries Branch and the Forestry Branch. (Parks were looked after by the Forest Service at that time.) The Fisheries Branch supplied the Derris-root and we supplied the manpower, boats, motors and miscellaneous other stuff.

This root acted on any gill-breathing species. It affected the working of the gills and the fish would die from lack of oxygen.

It was quite a chore to distribute the root equally throughout the lake. On water there are no marks left telling where you left off, so the men had to pick a tree or rock as a marker. Our coverage must have been effective as tests a few days later found no live fish in the lake. After several weeks Camp

Lake was seeded to Brown Trout and when I left in 1952 there were some real nice Brown Trout being taken.

To carry out an operation like this one at Camp Lake you have to pick a lake small enough for the job, it must not have too much stream going out or the poison would flow to other lakes and at the same time be of stable depth so that the temperature of the water doesn't vary too much.

RAINBOW TROUT FOR BURTON LAKE

Poisoning Operation Paves Way

by George Butler

Fisheries Supervisor Manitoba

There is no doubt that the most important happening in the fish cultural service since we last went to press is the eradication job that we carried out on Burton Lake. Burton Lake is situated about five miles east of Pointe du Bois and is approached by short portage from the eastern end of Blind Bay. Burton Lake was a big job, 3000 pounds of Fish-Tox had to be distributed over 250 acres of water surface. To do the job we had the assistance of the Forest Service, the Manitoba Government Air Service and our friend, Adolph Zimmerman from Lakeside Cabins at West Hawk Lake. Adolph has now become an authority on lake eradication having assisted at all our recent operations, and he has become very interested in this branch of our work. Burton Lake was biologically surveyed last summer. The results of this survey indicated a good prospect for clearing and restocking with rainbow trout. Fol-



One of the two outfits used in the eradicating of Burton Lake. Two seventeen foot freighter canoes were tied together with six inch planks upon which a one inch floor was laid to carry engines, pumps, barrels and operators. The five horse-power Johnson outboard motor in the stern is being operated by Bert Kooyman, while Adolph Zimmerman directs operations 'twixt the barrels and the hose. Bags of Fish Tox are mixed with water in the barrels as to a suitable solution for the pump to handle.

lowing the biological survey, a hydrographic survey was made, the lake divided into areas, the area sounded, depths of water recorded, and volume of water for the different areas calculated. The hydrographic survey was plotted on maps, copies of which were made available to men in the field. The next job was to buoy the lake and mark the different areas according to the map. W.B. McTavish and H.J. Burrell took care of this project. From the hydrographic survey it was possible to calculate the amount of Fish-Tox required for the job. It proved to be 13,000 pounds which was purchased toward the end of the winter and stored at Pointe du Bois through the kindness of Mr. Sam Square, Superintendent of the City Hydro Electric Plant there. At the time of the hydrographic survey, a small well-wooded island in the centre of the western portion of the lake was chosen for headquarters during the operation. When it came time to do the job, in the third week in June, the Manitoba Government Air Service transported three large tents, lumber, equipment and the 13,000 pounds of Fish-Tox to Headquarters Island. The advance party, Holly Burrell and John Ziemanski, set up the tents, the cook stove and the outdoor table and stored the Fish-Tox under cover of one of the larger tents. The Forest Service and Surveys Branch loaned canoes which were portaged across from Blind Bay, taken to Headquarters Island and there used to build a raft on two of the canoes. On the morning operations were to begin, June 18th, the Manitoba Government Air Service transported six helpers from Hole River to Burton Lake, and also provided passage for the writer from Lac du Bonnet to Burton. The powder used in powdered derris-root, and when mixed with water it is conveniently spread by means of a pump operated with a three horse-power gasoline engine. Two outlets operated on the lake, one from the scow and the other from the raft. It took two days to complete the project.

Fish-Tox proved to be very efficient. As soon as the solution was sprayed on the water, fish began to surface and head for the shores and shallow water. Many apparently did not have time to make shore and could be seen dead on the bottom through the clear waters of the lake. Bert Kooyman, the fisheries biologist, took a major part in the job and was able to make an extensive collection of the fish native to Burton Lake at the conclusion of operations. One interesting discovery was the "Pumpkin seed" a small sunfish which previously had not been listed in the "Fish of Manitoba" but which was found when Telford Pond was eradicated. The scientific name of the pumpkin seed is "*Lepomis gibbosus*." The specimen that was taken at Telford Pond was thought to have possibly originated from plantings of large mouth black bass fingerlings received

from North Dakota. The discovery of this species in Burton Lake, however, proves that it is definitely a Manitoba fish because there has been no possibility of any introduced species finding its way into Burton Lake. There is a small out-flowing creek from the lake but its descent into Blind Bay is over a steep Granite Rock which would not permit fish to ascend. There are two lakes connected to Burton Lake which appear to be suitable for eradicating. When a biological survey has been made this point can be definitely decided. In the meantime, the two creeks flowing from these two lakes into Burton Lake have been dammed to prevent fish from the upper lakes finding their way into Burton Lake. These dams were built by Emil Lapeire and his crew, who has built similar dams for the Department in the past. At the conclusion of operation the crew portaged the canoes back to Blind Bay from where they were navigated to Pointe du Bois and were trucked to the base at Lac du Bonnet. At the same time the Manitoba Government Air Service freighted by air the whole of the camping equipment, lumber, pumps, gasoline engines, outboard engines, etc. to Lac du Bonnet, and the outfit was then trucked to the Whiteshell Trout Hatchery. The Burton Lake was finished on June 19th and by September 19th or perhaps sooner we shall be in a position to plant something like one hundred and fifty thousand rainbow trout fingerlings therein. If similar successes to the Camp and Lyons Lakes operation are experienced, we shall have two hundred and fifty acres of excellent trout water which is sheltered, which is intersected by many beautiful islands which carry both deciduous and coniferous trees, and which make a most pleasant picture.

SOME OF THE MOST COMMON FISH IN THE WHITESHELL

The Trout — This fish, whose skeleton is composed of cartilage, swims by agitating its huge pectoral fins as though they were wings. Its tail, a highly flexible appendage, is used for defense since it possesses an ugly-looking spear. Other members of this family found in the Whiteshell are, rainbow, brook, lake and splake.

The Sturgeon — This teleost fish resembles the shark. It is found mostly in the Winnipeg River part of the Whiteshell. The eggs from this fish make an expensive delicacy called caviar.

The Perch — This teleost is a game fish and whenever there are small, clear streams, someone is sure to be angling for perch. It hibernates in deep water during the winter.

The Pike — This fish is also known as jack fish or the great northern is found in many lakes in the Whiteshell. This teleost attacks its prey without mercy, leaping upon them from its place of hiding in the mud upon the bottom of shallow lakes or from among the reeds and grasses.

The Pickerel — This is one of the most sought after sport fish in the Whiteshell. Men and women have been known to sit in boats in all kinds of weather to get their fresh pickerel for dinner.

The Bass — There are several members of this family in the lakes and streams of the Whiteshell. They are a real fighter for the sport fisherman. They have been known to bite or nip at people's legs or ankles when you are wading in shallow water near their young.

Information for the Wild Animals, Birds and Fish Wonders of the Wild Kingdom, Eddie Sargent Enterprises, Owen Sound Ontario, and Field Guide to the Birds of North America.

SOME OF THE MORE COMMON WILD BIRDS OF THE WHITESHELL

The Bald Eagle — This bird of prey nests in the tallest branches of trees or upon the peaks. It feeds upon fish and because of its constant hunger it truly decimates the fish hatcheries. A pair of these birds have nested for years near the east end of Falcon Lake.

The Crow — This jet-black bird with a raspy voice has been known to live for nearly 100 years. An incurable thief, it hides every kind of object in its nest and cowardly, it hides its lack of valor behind a sly and intelligent manner.

Two of the more common owls are:

The Great Horned Owl — The cry of this bird is often heard on quiet, dark nights. It swallows rats whole. It also kills snakes and rabbits, hiding them away in dark caves.

The Screech Owl — The shriek of this night hawk is heard all night long, a sad, long wail. It feeds upon small rodents. One peculiar trait of this race of owls is that at birth and for the first fifteen days of its life, the owl is white.

The Vulture — Repulsive because it feeds upon carcasses of animals, this bird of prey sails over plains and woodland in its search for dead flesh. When spotted circling above, one can be sure it has sighted a carcass upon the earth.

The (Rose Breasted) Grosbeak — This brightly colored bird can often be found in the early summer in a birch tree, where it sits and sings to its mate on the nest. The females are much harder to spot their plumage is much duller. The pine grosbeak and

the evening grosbeak are often seen at feeders in the spring and fall.

The Robin — The return of the brightly colored males in the early spring is always welcome. These birds will raise two and sometimes three families in one summer. If you watch you can often see the parents turn their heads to the side to listen for the worms in the ground, then you can see them start to scratch the earth away.

The Grey Jay and the Blue Jay — These two birds can be seen around the Whiteshell nearly all year. They love to feed on suet balls and will eat every sinew and scrap of meat off any bones they can find. The gray-jay or whiskey-jack as it is commonly called is easily tamed, where as the cocky blue-jay will sit back and scold everyone to move away and let him at the food.

The Chickadee — With his black cap and bib this little bird is a joy to watch and listen too as he flits from branch to branch looking for morsels of food in all kinds of weather.

The Nuthatch — These short-tailed acrobats climb up, down, and around tree trunks and branches foraging for insects and larvae. Winter flocks roam with chickadees.

The goldfinch — Seed eaters with an undulating flight. These bright yellow colored males and duller colored females are widely known as the "wild Canary". They feed on thistles, sunflowers and the seed of the ripe dandelion.

Common Redpoll — These unwary and social little birds can often be found in bushy, weedy areas in the winter, where they search for food.

The Hummingbird — Tiny, colorful birds that hover at flowers to sip nectar with needlelike bills. Often identified by twittery calls or chattering "chase notes" given when driving intruders away. Wings also make distinctive whistles. Males have iridescent throat feathers, called a gorget.

SOME COMMON WATER BIRDS OF THE WHITESHELL

The Mallard — This member of the anserine family of birds has a beak which is wider at its tip than at its base. Its neck is short, it swims gracefully and expertly, but it walks with an odd and clumsy waddle.

The Canada Goose — These birds belong to a world-wide family, they are aquatic, web-footed, gregarious birds. Although a water bird most feed on land.

The Wood Duck — These wood land ducks, equipped with sharp claws, sometimes perch on snags, stumps, or branches. Nests are made in tree cavities or nest boxes. When the young are less than a day old they literally fall from their nests and head

for the water, never to return to their nests again.

The Teal — Belonging to the family of "puddle ducks", require no running start but take off by springing directly into flight. There are many members of the teal family, which migrate through the Whiteshell every year.

The Great Blue Heron — Wading birds, with long legs, neck, and bills for stalking food in shallow waters. Graceful crests and plumes adorn some species in breeding season. One of these birds is seen along PR 301 nearly every year, either near the gold-beam ditch or near some other swampy stream.

DATES WEST HAWK & FALCON LAKE ARE FREE OF ICE & FROZE OVER

West Hawk Lake			Falcon Lake	
Year	Clear of Ice	Froze Over	Clear of Ice	Froze Over
1952	April 28	Dec. 14	April 27	Dec. 1
1953	May 5	Dec. 23	April 30	Dec. 7
1954	May 12	Dec. 28	May 14	Dec. 17
1955	April 20	Dec. 17	April 13	Nov. 24
Record snowfall this winter 96.4 inches				
1956	May 11	Dec. 19	May 8	Dec. 4
1957	May 1	Nov. 30	May 5	Nov. 30
1958	April 17	Dec. 9	April 16	Dec. 1
1959	May 5	Nov. 26	May 2	Nov. 13
1960	May 14	Dec. 10	May 8	Dec. 1
1961	May 11	Dec. 8	May 2	Nov. 18
1962	May 12	Dec. 24	May 10	Dec. 7
1963	May 6	Dec. 16	May 3	Dec. 10
1964	May 3	Dec. 3	May 3	Nov. 28
1965	May 6	Dec. 28	May 6	Nov. 29
1966	May 15	Dec. 4	May 14	Nov. 24
1967	May 12	Dec. 22	May 11	Nov. 29
1968	May 7	Dec. 13	May 1	Dec. 1
1969	April 30	Nov. 30	April 28	Nov. 26
1970	May 16	Dec. 6	May 9	Nov. 30
1971	May 3	Dec. 10	April 30	Dec. 3
1972	May 11	Dec. 4	May 6	Dec. 1
1973	May 1	Dec. 14	May 1	Dec. 4
1974	May 10	Dec. 17	May 9	Dec. 2
1975	May 9	Dec. 14	May 8	Nov. 28
1976	April 26	Dec. 3	April 27	Nov. 29
1977	April 29	Dec. 10	April 26	Nov. 27
1978	May 14	Dec. 3	May 11	Nov. 25
1979	May 17	Dec. 13	May 16	Dec. 8
1980	May 2	Dec. 11	April 27	Nov. 30
1981	April 28	Dec. 18	April 22	Dec. 9
1982	May 5	Dec. 14	May 5	Nov. 25
1983	May 5	Dec. 10	May 5	Dec. 1
1984	April 28	Dec. 12	April 27	Dec. 1
1985	April 28	Nov. 29	April 23	Nov. 21
1986	April 26		April 23	Nov. 18
1987	April 19	Dec. 23	April 25	Dec. 7
1988	May 5	Dec. 11	April 30	Nov. 29
1989	May 11	Dec. 10	May 10	Nov. 26
1990	May 6	Dec. 18	April 26	Dec. 2

On Saturday, April 27, 1991, our temperature was +12° to +15°C and we had winds of 79 to 85 K.P.H. which cleared **both** Falcon and West Hawk Lake of ice. The records will show this is the first time in the 40 years of records that the lakes have cleared of ice on the same day.

The Sandpiper — Then there are the members of the sandpiper family, these medium-sized, chunky, dark shore birds have long straight bills and distinct pale eyebrows. They feed in mud or shallow water, by probing with rapid jabbing motion. Although we don't see them in the winter there is very little difference in their plumage.

The Loon — Loons ride low in the water. Legs set well back make travel on land difficult. These birds with their distinctive coloring and a call or cry that can be heard for long distances change their song several times.

I have only mentioned a few of the many species of birds that are found at one time or another during the year in the Whiteshell. There are some good books out with color photos that are a real asset for people who like to try and identify the less common ones.



Christmas Day, 1954 Adolph Zimmerman sitting at the stern, Frank Reichert fishing and Teddy, our dog at the helm.



Spring break-up, ice piling on shore of West Hawk as a north-west wind moves the ice across the lake.

The following excerpts from the McMunn, East Braintree, Glenn Pioneer History tells of the first roads coming to the west end of Falcon Lake. Here old timers from that area talk about coming east from East Braintree toward Blueberry Hill. I quote - By this time we had visitors. Mr. Talbot and Mr. Affleck from the Legislature came to see the new road to Falcon Lake and they were proud to see the roads so well done, as Godfrey had done his own surveying work with pegs.

In the fall of 1928 we had another visit by Mr. Affleck, Mr. Talbot and Godfrey Nault. They got Mr. Yoeman as a road foreman. That time we all

visited Falcon Lake by horses and wagon and Mr. Affleck told us where he was going to build a small cabin.

When the Trans-Canada Highway was built, 1952-54 to Falcon Lake it went right on the roads that were built by men and horses. Past Blueberry Hill they left one curve on the south side of the Trans-Canada which still remains as a souvenir of the road to Falcon Lake, built by Frank Shandroski and Harry Ditinyshyn.

-Frank Shandroski

Maude Pieloe tells what the road meant to the people of Glenn: I quote — When the men finished building the school in Glenn in 1928, they worked on building a road. (Before that they drove their horses along the top of the pipeline, or their dog-teams along the railway track.) The road ran from the Dawson Trail through East Braintree and Glenn to West Hawk Lake where it joined the No. 44. Sometimes it was quite passable. A trip to Winnipeg on it could be quite an adventure. In addition to the tools to service his car, a wise man carried a shovel, an axe and chains, and if he were very wise, a blanket and some sandwiches. Regardless of this, each settler eventually acquired a car or truck. It lightened his load work and extended his social horizons, and the road gave some of the men work other than bush work. Carl Huss became road master. The Trans-Canada Highway superseded this road, but it is maintained as far as Glenn as an all-weather road for the school buses.

SURVEYING AND ROAD CONSTRUCTION

Development of the newly-created Forest Reserve began immediately, as the southern and western boundaries were surveyed on the ground in order to allow enforcement of regulations. The first step in developing the area for recreational purposes was



The air-compressor used for drilling the rocks on this job and No. 1.



Clearing the right-of-way for the Falcon Lake road started in 1930. This opening is near where it starts at the junction of No. 44 and No. 301.

making it accessible to the public, therefore road construction began immediately. By 1931, Highway #1, now #44 had been completed as a gravel road to the Ontario boundary, thereby opening up Falcon, West Hawk, Caddy, Star and Brereton Lakes. Access roads to the lakes from the highway were cleared and graded between 1931 and 1933, and the forested areas surrounding cottage subdivisions were cleared to provide access to newly-surveyed lots.

All the road clearing and road construction work done during the 1930s in the Whiteshell was handled by the Single Unemployed Men's Relief Commission, with the work outlined by the Forest Service. Semi-permanent camps were set up and shifted over the years to those areas requiring the greatest amount of work. The two or three camps, numbering up the 250 men in all were responsible for the construction of ranger stations, docks and lookout towers, and the setting up of the telephone line in the Whiteshell.

By 1935, the relief camps had begun work on the road north from Highway #44 (now 301) into the interior of the reserve. This road (#307) which was to provide access to several lakes within the forest reserve, continued to be expanded and improved until the Second World War brought construction to a halt. By 1943 however, plans for post-war construction were being drawn up and these included widening the existing 20-mile stretch, and then extending it some 50 miles to the Winnipeg River, and westerly along the riverbank to Seven Sisters Falls. The last stretch of this highway was completed in 1952, soon the Trans-Canada Highway (#1) was opened to facilitate east-west travel within the park. Over the years, branch roads were constructed to link newly opened campgrounds and cottage subdivisions as well.

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Construction of wooden culvert near Junction of Toniata Road and PR 301.



The relief camp located at the Junction of PR 301 and Toniata Road.

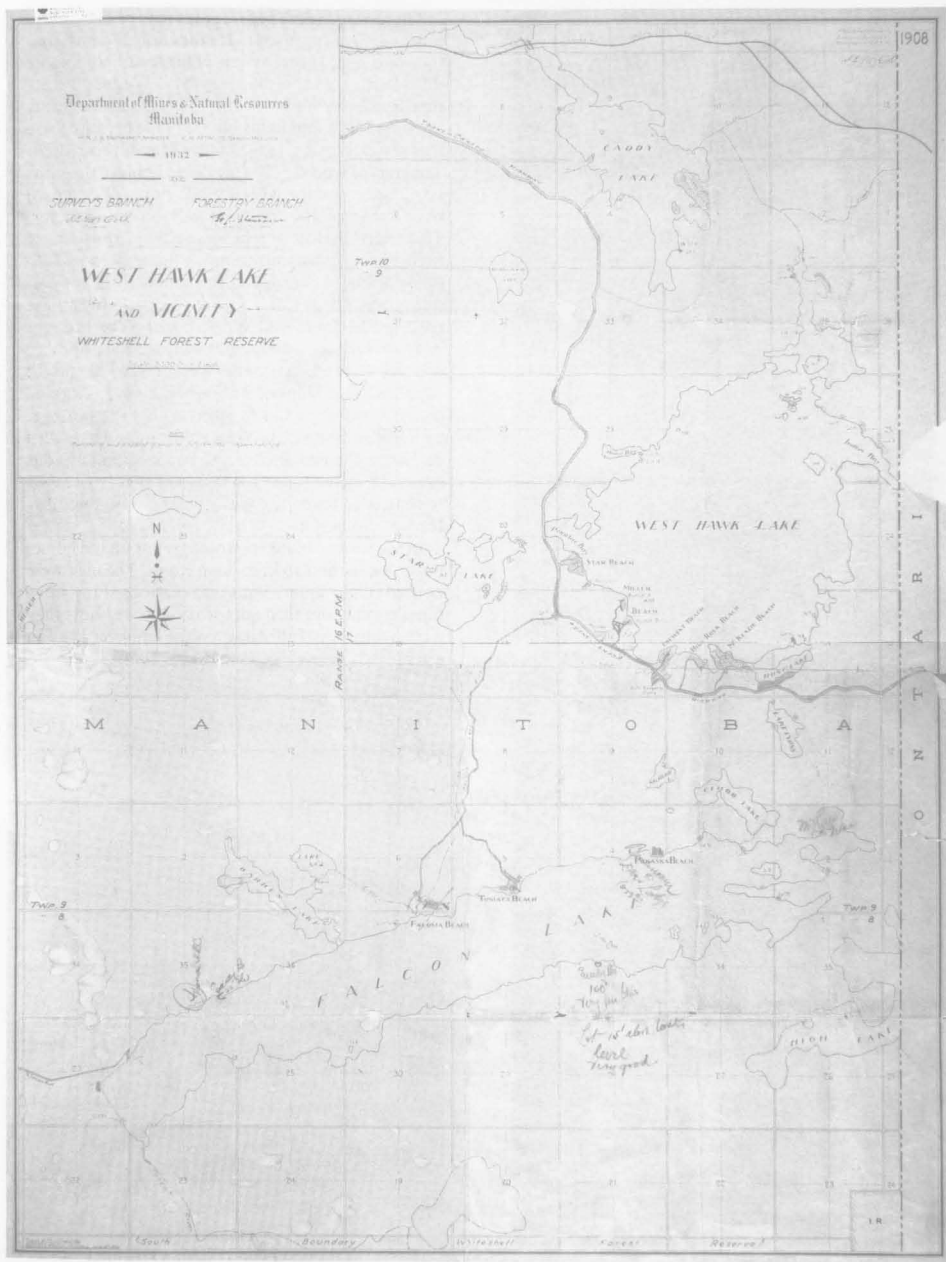
CONSTRUCTION OF THE FIRST TRANS-CANADA HIGHWAY (NOW NO. 44) THROUGH THE WHITESHELL PROVINCIAL PARK

The opening of the Whiteshell really began with the construction of the first Trans-Canada Highway, later changed to No. 4 Highway and is now known as Highway 44.

J.N. Pitts had the contract to build the portion from Whitemouth to what we call the Lily Pond. (Some records show this as being called Mud Lake then.)

This was hard country to build roads in. Muskegs had to be built up and rocks had to be blasted and removed. At one place a small lake had to be drained into a larger one.

This contract started about 1930 and the work continued 12 months of the year. By 1931, work was being done between Rennie and the Ontario border, with J.N. Pitts having the contract to the Lily Pond and A.M. Duff from the Lily Pond to the Ontario border.





Staking off take ditch.



Corduroy muskeg

There was little "big" equipment in those days but we know they used a dragline for ditching, and they had a gas-powered air compressor to operate drills in the rocks for blasting. Mid-West Construction Company had a 60 h.p. Holt caterpillar tractor with a roof and lights but no blade because there was no such thing as hydraulic lifts in those days. The tractor would pull a grader to achieve the same results as a tractor with a blade now. They would have a man on the grader as well as on the tractor. There was also lots of real horse power. Horses were used on dump wagons to move the blasted rock to other places for base, and for hauling logs for corduroying and dirt and gravel for building up the road grade. Food and supplies had to be brought in from railway sidings and stations by team and wagons. In the area around West Hawk Lake, most supplies were shipped to Ingolf, Ont., freighted across Long Pine Lake, taken across the portage, by horse and wagon, to West Hawk Lake and loaded on barges for Penniac Bay, to be loaded on wagons again and taken to the construction sites where they were needed (each site was given a Station number for identification).

In the winter, blankets would be put on the horses under the harness to keep them warm. The men were housed in big square tents and pictures show stove pipes coming out through the roof so we know they were heated. At Telford, even the engineer lived in a tent.



Mid West Construction Dragline



Porcupine.

J.N. Pitts had a big camp there. Much of his supplies were unloaded at the train siding there.

This was rough road-building country. The swamp had to be ditched and drained before any road base could be hauled in. A bridge had to be built across Hanson's Creek, (at the beginning of the canoe route to Frances Lake). In those days bridges were built of squared timbers. Much of the material was obtained from timber along the route.



60 hp HOLT Caterpillar Mid West Construction Co.



Engineer's camp Telford

A.M. Duff had to blast a lot of rock. A dragline was brought in to trench a ditch from the grass flats at the bottom of McGillivray Falls to Caddy Lake, draining the area so a road base could be built. A wooden bridge was built here too. Blasting, dredging and hauling of base fill had to be done all the way to the boundary. At Penniac Bay, a big cut in the rock was made between the West Hawk Marina and the cottages on the opposite side of the highway, the rock from this cut was used to make the road base around Penniac Bay. The blasted rock was hand-loaded for removal to where it was needed.



Rock cut and stone wall looking east (near Telford). Note work continued 12 months of the year.

Housing for the workers was most often tents. The engineers often had wooden cabins. The Peniac campsite had many wooden buildings and as late as the 1950s some were still usable. This site was in the area of Block 6 at West Hawk Lake. One building was moved to Blackwell's lot for a garage and is still in use.



Provincial Government camp in connection with gravel pit.



Gravel crusher



Gravel crusher in pit showing 'pit drain'.



Mid West Construction Co. camp near Telford. Note horse power.

in the gravel pit, each man would fill his wheelbarrow, push it over to the conveyor and empty it on the belt. After it went through the crusher, the gravel was loaded into wagons and taken to where it was needed.

In some places a crude train track was built.



McGillivray Creek bridge looking east was replaced years later with culverts.



Blasting near West Hawk Marina, Penniac Bay, West Hawk Lake.

Horses would pull a sort of trolley cart with rock or other material to start the new road ahead.

One summer while Mr. Duff was building this section of the road, it was very hot and many of the



Contractor's wharf at Penniac Bay, West Hawk Lake.



Cliff at Mud Lake (Lily Pond).

horses died of sleeping sickness. They were buried in a pit near Caddy Lake and it was all fenced in. Years later, the fence was moved to surround the new garden of the ranger's wife.

When this contract was finished to the boundary it connected with the highway from the east already

built. It was declared open in 1932. The day of the official opening it rained. Some vehicles were not able to make it up some of the hills between West Hawk Lake and the Ontario boundary and never made it to the big ceremony.

Construction of the highway was completed in



The crude tracks laid to move rock and gravel for road base.



Gravel borrow pit located near former Hydro sub station on PR 301.



Contractor Duff's camp at West Hawk Lake looking east located between present campground office and beach.

1932, but the black-topping or hard-surfacing wasn't completed until 1938, to the Manitoba-Ontario border.

When the present No. 1 Highway or Trans-Canada Highway was opened in the mid 1950s this highway was renumbered, first to No. 4, then to its present No. 44.

Carter Construction of Winnipeg had the contract to build the part of the present highway through the



Looking West, West Hawk Lake in distance near Hunt, Lyons Lake area.



Wheelbarrows were used to take gravel to crusher, these were all hand loaded and moved to crusher by men.

park and had a camp located near Star Lake, Block 4, 5, 6 Road. They used the present 301 to get to and from jobs, and for payment, straightened and rebuilt much of the road.

The following information re: names of lakes and places was received from Mr. Gerald Holm, provincial toponymist, Natural Resources, Manitoba Government.

Caddy Lake:

(52 E/14) Locality SE of Brereton Lake. A summer resort area on Caddy Lake, after which it was named and adopted in 1973 by the CPCGN. The lake was named in 1925 after J.S. Caddy, a construction engineer with the CPR, according to PNM, 1933. A summer PO existed from 1934 to 1936 in NW 15-10-17-E. Russell, 1871, combined Caddy Lake and South Cross Lake as (Long Lake).



Rock cut between West Hawk Lake and Ontario border.

Green Bay:

(62 I/1) Locality SW of Lac du Bonnet. This was a former School District in 16-13-8-E and is still used as a locality name.

Cross Lake:

(52 E/14) Railway point SE of Brereton Lake. First noted on a Dept. of Int. map, 1877, on the CPR line. Named after adjacent Cross Lake (North and South Cross Lake since 1962) which was shown as Long Lake, on Russell, 1871. Stovel, 1908, (Cross); Dept. of Mines, 1921, (Cross Lake Sta).

Decimal:

(52 E/14) Locality E of Brereton Lake. A former PO that opened in 1925 in 36-0-15-E and closed in 1959. Also a former GTP (CN) railway point originally called Dot or Dott as noted on a Stovel map, 1911, after nearby Dott Lake, according to the GBC, 1924. CNR requested a name change in 1924 to avoid conflict and so, as PNM, 1933, noted it became Decimal, as suggested by the former name Dot, i.e. somewhat of a synonym. GSC, 1921, (Dott Sta).

Edgar Lake:

(52 E/11) SE of Brereton Lake. CPCGN records stated that it was named by Manitoba in 1974 at the request of local residents around Falcon Lake, in honour of Edgar J. Thomas, QC, a long-time resident of the Whiteshell area. Edgar was chosen since Thomas was duplicated elsewhere. He had been Crown Prosecutor in St. Boniface for 42 years, retiring at age 85 in 1966. He wrote a book in 1969 entitled "The Collected Poems of E.J. Thomas." A 1911 township map referred to it as Lake Four.

Hunt Lake:

(52 E/11) SE of Brereton Lake. Noted on NTS map 52E, 1933. CPCGN records stated that the lake was named after Major W.H. Hunt, former District Engineer for the Highways Branch, Dept. of Public Works, who retired in 1950.

Hansons Creek:

(52 E/14) Flows E into South Cross Lake. GBC records, 1942, stated that Hanson Creek (changed in 1976 to Hansons) was named after a man who had resided in this area, worked on highway construction and later moved to Ontario.

Hansons Creek Dam:

(52 E/14) Hansons Creek. Named after the creek.

Winnitoba:

(52 E/14) Railway point South East of Brereton Lake. CPCGN records, 1961, noted the name on

a Department of Interior map, 1913. The Post Office opened here in 1923, in NW 34-11-17-E, and closed in 1927. Place Names Manitoba, 1933, stated that the name was a combination of Winnipeg and Manitoba.

FALCON LAKE**What's in a Name?**

Christopher S. Nichol
Block 4 Lot 6
Falcon Lake

On a map mountains may be titled for a political figure, a mountain pass for the person who discovered it, or a body of water for the first explorer to navigate it. Occasionally, we name a piece of our world in honour of someone held in the highest esteem.

The topic one day in my Coquitlam, B.C., grade eight English class was a relative of the teacher. I cannot remember the exact relationship, but the relative's name immediately comes to mind. His name was Pierre Falcon, the only man considered from early Red River days to have put the life of the country into verse.

Pierre was born on June 4, 1793, at Elbow Fort, a North West Company post in the Swan River District. His father was a French-Canadian clerk in the service of the North West Company and his mother was a Cree Indian. In 1799 his father took him to La Prairie, in present-day Quebec, to be educated. Pierre returned home in 1808 at the age of fifteen and entered the North West Company as a clerk. In 1812 Pierre Falcon married Mary Grant, the daughter of Cuthbert Grant, Sr., Master of neighbouring Fort Tremblant. Pierre and Mary had three sons and four daughters. Falcon worked for the Hudson's Bay Company beginning in 1821 after its union with the North West Company. He retired from the fur trade in 1825 to settle on a farm at



Tourist Information Center, West Hawk Lake.

Grantown (now St. Francois Xavier, Manitoba). A prominent and highly respected member of the community, he was in 1855 appointed a magistrate for the White Horse Plain district. Pierre made Grantown his home until his death on October 26, 1876.

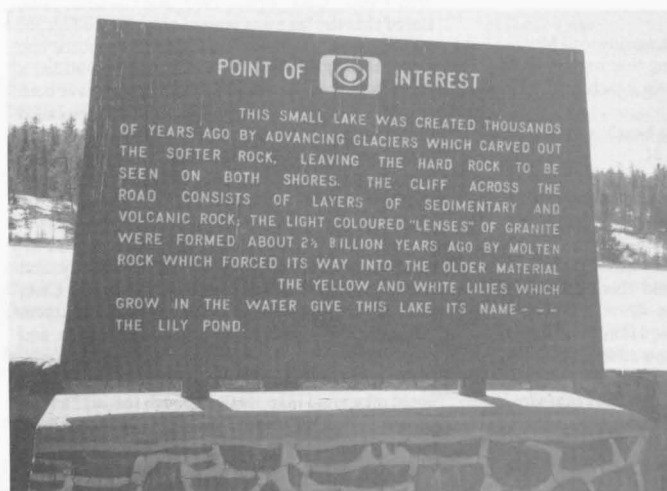
Margaret Arnett MacLeod described Pierre Falcon as a wiry, fiery, little man, agile and quick of movement. He had the deeply tanned skin of the prairies and a sparse black beard. He wore his hair long to the base of his neck in Red River fashion. He had a feeling for words, a sense of rhythm, and a love of a rollicking tune. He was strongly dramatic and possessed a profound belief of the importance of the Metis nation. Falcon displayed a talent for composing ballads about contemporary events and people. His work was by no means trivial. Although primitive, his songs mirrored the life about him. Unfortunately, only a fraction of his compositions has survived. It is considered to be an historical loss that the lifelong works of Falcon were not preserved as no one else seems to have portrayed the Red River setting of the time. The earliest and most famous of his songs is a narrative of the Battle of Seven Oaks entitled "Chanson de la Grenouillere," or "The Frog Plain Song." He also composed the "Ballad of 'General' Dickson" and "The Misfortunes of an Unwanted 'King'", and is thought to have composed "Lord Selkirk at Fort William" and "The Buffalo Hunter's Song." These songs, along with others that haven't survived, were eagerly taken up by the voyageurs on their journeys to and from Montreal. Tasse, the historian, predicted that as long as the Canadian folk song was sung, the echoes of Falcon's would be heard from the St. Lawrence to



The plaque that was erected at the Manitoba-Ontario border in 1932. It is now on the wall of the tourist info center at the border.

the Mackenzie.

As a result of his songs, Pierre Falcon came to be known as "The Bard of the Prairie Metis." In fact, he was held in such high esteem by his contemporaries that they gave his name to one of Manitoba's beautiful lakes, Falcon Lake. In Pierre's time, Falcon Lake lay near the Nor'westers' great cross-country canoe route. Today it is bordered by



Point of interest - The Lily Pond.

another great cross-country route - Canada's No. 1 Highway. It seems selfish of us to have almost forgotten the origin of the lake's name and the man for which it was designated. For today we only think of Falcon Lake as a popular year-round resort.

Sources:

MacLeod, M.A. 1956. Bard of the Prairies. In, The Beaver, Volume 286. Hudson's Bay Company, Winnipeg.

_____. 1959. Songs of Old Manitoba. Ryerson Press, Toronto.

_____. 1975. Pierre Falcon. In, Encyclopedia Canadiana, Volume IV. Grolier of Canada, Toronto.

Editor's Note:

Pierre Falcon was buried at Grand Pointe des Chenes (now Ste Anne, Manitoba). A portrait of Pierre Falcon and some of his work can be seen at St. Boniface Museum, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

Postscript: We do not have the date Falcon got its name, but the lake was shown on the Palliser expedition May of 1865 and was named after Pierre Falcon. Whether the lake was named before or after the expedition wasn't stated.

* * * * *

From a memo to Col. H.I. Stevenson Provincial Forester, in 1932, from S.E. McColl, Director of Surveys comes the following meaning to the names of some of the beaches on Falcon lake.

From Père Lacombe's 'dictionnaire de la Langue des Cris'

Makahoma — (could be what we now call Mokaha,) and it means 'the same thing that happened to me'. This is the area of the main beach at Falcon townsite.

Pakaska — means 'clear' this beach is located at the end of the road on Block 21.

Potoma — means 'There you are!' this may be what we know now as Faloma beach.

Toniata — no meaning was given for this word. A personnel note on the document says — It was the name my wife's uncle gave to his summer cottage on the St. Lawrence. Could there be a connection?

Hamilton's Creek — after the Hamilton family who owned Penguin Camp from 1948 to 1971.

It is not known whether it was the Saulteux, Cree or one of their predecessors who left the mysterious petroforms in the Whiteshell. Near Betula Lake, there are snake and turtle figures traced on the bedrock with lichen covered rocks. A recent sug-

gestion is that they were part of the ceremonies connected with the Grand Medicine Society (MIDE'WIWIN) of the Ojibwa Indians.

One informant describes this society as follows: "The Midewiwin is not so much to worship anything as to pressure the knowledge of herbs for use in prolonging life. The principal idea of the Midewiwin is that life is prolonged by right living and by use of herbs which were intended for this purpose by the Mide manido."* Initiation ceremonies were conducted in the fall, while all members were expected to attend the annual ceremony in summer to renew their "spirit power."

The name "Whiteshell" appears to be related to this mysterious society, Migis, a white shell.

*Densmore, Francis, Chippewa Customs, Bureau of American Ethnology, Bulletin 86, 1929, Washington.

Falcon Beach:

(52 E/11) Post Office SE of Brereton Lake. The PO was established in 1959, on 27-8-16-E and was named after Falcon Beach (formerly called Potoma Beach) which in turn was named after Falcon Lake (See next entry). Also noted as a School District in NE 28-8-16-E.

Falcon Lake (Falcon Beach PO):

(52 E/11) Community SE of Brereton Lake. The CPCGN adopted this form in 1976. Falcon Beach PO serves the community and summer resort area of Falcon Lake which is located on and named after Falcon Lake. PNM, 1933, and Garland, 1975, stated that the lake was named after Pierre Falcon, a Metis singer, who wrote songs and composed one about the battle of Seven Oaks. Garland added a suggestion from G. Hamilton that it may have been named after an Indian tribe which chose to be called after the falcon, a bird of prey which they used to tame, but not used for hunting. Hunters disliked them because they scared other game birds away and the Hudson's Bay Company used to give a bounty of one quart of brandy to hunters who brought in a dead bird. CPCGN records, 1966, noted the alternate form of just Falcon for the community, and in 1976, noted that Potoma Beach, (from the Cree, meaning (there you are)), in 27-8-16-E, was mentioned in 1953 records as a proposed beach and resort name. It appeared to be within the overall community of Falcon Lake. Falcon Lake was first noted on a Hind map 1860, although this and several subsequent maps appear to identify nearby West Hawk Lake to the North from the shape and location. It appeared correctly on a Department of Interior map, 1877, which also showed Falcon River:

(52 E/11) drain
Snake Lake.

Falcon Creek:
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lake in 1974.

(52 E/11) draining the lake south into the present Snake Lake.

Falcon Creek:

(52 E/11) Flows southeast into Falcon Lake and was named in 1974.

Falcon Lake Dam:

(52 E/11) Locality on Falcon Lake, southeast of Brereton Lake. Located on and named in 1976, after Faloma Beach, a beach which CPGN records, 1953, noted was "named over 20 years ago." It is a summer resort area.

Hamilton Creek:

(52 E/11) Flows southeast into Falcon Lake. CPGN records, 1974, stated that the creek was locally named after a long-time Whiteshell area resident, Gordon Munroe Hamilton, who died in 1968, at the camp he operated on Falcon Lake for 20 years. Also called Faloma Creek and Barren Lake Creek.

Toniata:

(52 E/11) Locality on Falcon Lake, southeast of Brereton Lake. CPGN records, 1976, noted this as a local summer resort area, located along Toniata Beach.

Toniata Beach:

(52 E/11) Adopted by the Canadian Board on Geographic Names in 1955. Toniata Beach was also an alternate name for the cottage area (see Toniata entry). Origin unknown.

Laws Bay:

(52 E/11) In Falcon Lake. CPGN records, 1974, noted that the bay was named after a former resident, Mr. Gill Laws, who had one of the first cabins here on the lake.

McGillivray Lake:

(52 E/14) southeast of Brereton Lake. CPGN records, 1962, stated that the lake was named after Archibald McGillivray, Manitoba Highway Commissioner for the Good Roads Branch, in 1929, later Deputy Minister of Highways Branch, Manitoba Department of Public Works. He died in 1936.

McGillivray Creek:

(52 E/14) Flows east into Caddy Lake.

McGillivray Falls:

(52 E/14) Along the creek, and named after the lake in 1974.

Star Lake:

(52 E/14) Locality southeast of Brereton Lake. CPGN records, 1973, noted this as a cottage and summer resort area on the east shore of Star Lake and named after it.

Star Lake:

(52 E/14) southeast of Brereton Lake. Noted on a SGO map, 1913; descriptive of its shape.

North Cross Lake East Dam:

(52 E/14) Whiteshell River, north of North Cross Lake.

Telford:

(52 E/14) Locality southeast of Brereton Lake. Noted on the Canadian Pacific Railway line, in 18-10-16-E, and shown on a Department of Interior map, 1877. Place Names of Manitoba, 1933, stated that it was named in 1876, after Thomas Telford, (1757-1834), a noted British civil engineer.

Telford Lake:

(52 E/14) Southeast of Brereton Lake. Named after Telford (see entry) in 1976.

Telford Pond:

(52 E/14) Southeast of Brereton Lake. Named after Telford (see entry) in 1975.

Mantario Lake:

(52 E/14) Northeast of Brereton Lake. GBC records, 1926, noted that the name was descriptive of its location on the Manitoba-Ontario boundary.

Natalie Lake:

(52 E/14) Southeast of Lac du Bonnet. GBC correspondence, 1931, from F.H. Martin, Chief Engineer, Northwestern Power Company, stated that it (as Lake Natalie) was named after his daughter. Field work recorded an alternate name of Round Lake.

Natalie Pond:

(52 E/14) North of Natalie Lake; 2-14-11-E. Named due to its close proximity to Natalie Lake.

Ritchey Lake:

(52 E/14) North of Brereton Lake. Named by Manitoba in 1973 in honour of Calvin J. Ritchey (1900-1966), a former Natural Resources employee and later Chief Forest Ranger, who worked in the Whiteshell Park area and around Birds Hill Park prior to retirement. Local names found included Finger Lake (descriptive of its shape) and Fryingpan Lake (as one was found on the portage into the lake).

Skogman Lake:

(52 E/14) Northeast of Brereton Lake. CPCGN records, 1974, noted that the lake was named after an old trapper, Bill Skogman, born in 1891, who has trapped around nearby Nason Lake since 1931.

West Hawk Lake:

(52 E/11) Community on West Hawk Lake, southeast of Brereton Lake. Originally named Westhawk Lake (Whiteshell Post Office) by the CPCGN in 1966. The Post Office here earlier was Whiteshell (see entry below). The form changed to West Hawk Lake, in 1976, to agree with the lake after which it was named. CPCGN correspondence from Whiteshell Provincial Park Staff, 1974, noted that "at one time the West Hawk served all of the eastern Whiteshell area . . . hence the name." CPCGN, 1973, also (Whitehawk Lake /Whiteshell Post Office/).

West Hawk Lake:

(52 E/11) Noted on a Thibaudeau map, 1908, and as Hawk Lake, on a Department of Interior map, 1877. Garland, 1975 (from Manitoba records) stated that the lake was named after a surveyor named Hawk, who already had a Hawk Lake named after him in Ontario. It became East Hawk Lake and this one became West Hawk Lake. From its shape and position of the name on several maps, from Dawson 1858 on, this was identified as Falcon Lake, which should be the one just to the south.

McDougalls Landing:

(52 E/14) Locality southeast of Brereton Lake. Recorded during recent field work as a name in use by area cottagers, in 35-9-17-E. It is located on West Hawk Lake and named after a cottage owner, Mr. McDougall.

McDougalls Bay:

(52 E/14) In West Hawk Lake, was similarly named in 1976.

McKenzie Beach:

(52 E/11) Along the south side of West Hawk Lake. Noted on a 1948 map as a beach and cottage area. Recent field work noted it as a local beach, apparently part of a small resort which was started by a Mr. McKenzie some years ago.

Peanut Island:

(52 E/14) In West Hawk Lake. CPCGN records, 1976, noted this as a local nickname, descriptive of its small size.

Penniac Bay:

(52 E/14) In West Hawk Lake. Noted on National Topographic System map, 52 E, 1933. Garland, 1975, (from Kirkness), stated that the name was from the Cree word (penniac) meaning shoreline of rushes and willows not passable by foot.

Big Island Landing:

(52 E/14) Locality southeast of Brereton Lake. CPCGN records, 1976, noted this as a local cottage and boat landing area at the north end of West Hawk Lake, around Big Island.

Whiteshell:

(52 E/11) Post Office on West Hawk Lake, southeast of Brereton Lake. The Post Office opened as Westhawk in SE 16-9-17-E in 1934, and changed to Whiteshell from 1935 on. Presumably named after the Whiteshell Provincial Park, in which it is located, itself named after the river.

Whiteshell Provincial Park:

(52 E/14) South of the Winnipeg River, along the Manitoba-Ontario boundary. Officially named by the CPCGN in 1976, although the park was established in 1962, according to the Manitoba "Vacation Guide", 1978-79, and was Manitoba's first provincial park. Garland, 1975, (from tourist literature) added that the area was inhabited centuries ago by Ojibway Indians, as a place for their ceremonial dances and to worship their god, Manitou. Some traces of their life can be found in giant mosaics or rock paintings along some lake shores. Many lakes here are also good for growing wild rice. National Topographic System map 52 E (1933), (Whiteshell Forest Reserve).

OTHER LAKES AND LOCATIONS AND THE ORIGIN OF THEIR NAMES

Caddy Lake was first known as Cross Lake and later named Caddy after J.S. Caddy, a construction engineer with the Canadian National Railways when the rail line was being built.

McGillivray Falls like McGillivray Boulevard in Winnipeg was named after Mr. Archie McGillivray who was deputy minister of Public Works, (now known as Department of Highways) when the highway was built.

Lyons Lake was named in honor of Mr. M.A. Lyons who was chief engineer at the time the highway was built.

Hunt Lake was named after Major Hunt who surveyed the first No. 1 Highway. His correct title was district engineer, Highways Branch, Department of Public Works.

Star Lake notes on a Surveyor General's office map in 1913, descriptive of its shape.

Camp Lake was originally named Clubb Lake (this we found on some of the early maps of the Whiteshell) after Mr. Clubb (W.R.) who was Minister of Public Works for a time in 1932.

Mr. McClubb's daughter and two of his grandsons have cottages at Red Rock Lake. A third grandson Craig Christie and his wife and family live near Falcon Lake.

Some of this information comes from Penny Ham's book, "Place Names of Manitoba", some from old maps and some from people who have submitted stories for the book.

Hanson's Creek — Mrs. Yells, a widow who lived at mile 42 which is where the picnic site and parking lot to Bear Lake is located, married a Mr. Hanson, a shoemaker from Pellett, Ontario. From hence came the name Hanson's Creek.

WEST HAWK LAKE AND NAMES CONNECTED WITH IT

This lake was named by a prospector, Mr. Hawk, who had prospected in Ontario and named a lake there Hawk Lake. When he came further west and was working in this area he again named a lake Hawk. A very short time later the one in Ontario was known as East Hawk Lake and the one in Manitoba West Hawk Lake. Mr. Hawk was still living and working in the area around the lake he had named when he died and he was buried near the beach at West Hawk. When the highway was surveyed his remains were dug up and buried on the Hawk claim in the vicinity of the C.B.C. cabins.

In a Canadian book of the road — West Hawk is described as being formed by a meteor some 150 million years ago. This 110 metre deep lake is Manitoba's deepest, and is well stocked with trout.

The origin of the names of some of the beaches date back to the early 1900s, for instance Penniac bay, was named after a similar shaped bay in New Brunswick. It was named by Mr. J.H. Hicks who came from there to work at the mine at Star Lake in 1910 or 1911.

The road that runs parallel to Penniac Bay on the west side of the bay was known as Penniac Bay Road and the original business, now Major's Service, was known as Penniac Service or Penniac Garage.

McDougall's Landing was named after or for Mr. McDougall, one of the first cottage owners at the north end of the lake.

Star Beach, now known as Star Subdivision was probably named for its proximity to Star Lake when the mine was first operating and travel was by water from Ingolf, Ontario, across Long Pine Lake and West Hawk Lake.

High Rock Beach, the first road into these lots for cottages was along a high rock cliff, and more than one accident occurred before the road was changed to the present location.

McKenzie Beach was named after the first minister of Mines and Natural Resources (D.G. McKenzie) for the Manitoba Government, after the provincial government took over the parks.

Mosquito Bay and Jack Fish Bay are believed to be like nick-names, and self explanatory, with the names becoming well-known from constant use.

Who named Indian Bay I don't know, but, we do know that the Indians both stopped there when passing through on their migratory travels and that some lived there for long periods of time.

Lily Pond

Located on #44 Highway west of Caddy Lake, was first known as Mud Lake on the maps and on information on the building of the highway in 1932.

This small lake was created thousands of years ago by advancing glaciers, leaving hard rock on both shores.

The lake flourishes with yellow and white water lilies that bloom from June till September from hence comes its name "The Lily Pond"

MINING

The Falcon-West Hawk Lake area figured most prominently in the mining development of the Whiteshell. Following the discovery of gold at the east end of Falcon Lake, several mining claims were staked in 1937. Two years later it was reported that a considerable amount of prospecting was done in the area as a result of promising developments on the Sunbeam-Kirkland Gold Mine Property. Considerable prospecting continued through the 1940's as Goldbeam Mines acquired the former Sunbeam-Kirkland Company's property. In 1941, silver was being extracted as well as gold, and during the next few years, tungsten, molybdenum and later, diamond explorations and drilling took place. In the late 40's several claims for uranium were staked in the district and interest in this mining area continued as late as the 1960's. Today, there are no commercial mines operating in the Whiteshell.

Mine Prospecting and Development. The search for economically useful mineral deposits is called prospecting. Prior to the 20th century, mineral deposits were found by prospectors roving the surface of the earth looking for visible evidence of

mineralization. Valuable minerals were recognized by their various distinctive physical properties. Gold occurs in nature as a heavy, malleable, yellow metal. The most important mineral of lead, galena, is dark grey, heavy and lustrous. The first ores of iron to be mined were deposits of magnetite, a black, heavy mineral capable of magnetically attracting a piece of iron. All three of these minerals are eye-catching.

Igneous Rocks. The great bulk of the earth's crust is composed of generally massive aggregates of rock-forming minerals termed igneous rocks. The most abundant and characteristic minerals (essential ones) are feldspars, quartz, micas, and amphiboles. Igneous rock classifications are based largely upon the proportions of these minerals and upon the texture of the aggregate.

The problem of the origin of igneous rocks is still far from settled. Volcanic rock can be observed to form by the crystallization of lava. Others believe that at least some plutonic rocks have formed by the transformation of pre-existing rocks without the agent magma, by a process akin to extreme metamorphism.

Encyclopedia Britannica

In the spring of 1942 officials of the Mines Branch and those of the federal Department of Mines and Resources discussed the change from widespread reconnaissance mapping programs to that of investigating strategic mineral occurrences. As a direct result, a joint Federal-Provincial program of investigation headed by Dr. J.D. Bateman and A.S. Dawson was conducted in the West Hawk, Falcon and High Lake area for tungsten and molybdenum.

The Mines Branch of the Department of Mines and Natural Resources dates its official existence from May 1, 1930. However, it actually came into existence with the creation of the Department on May 9, 1928. During this interval, the control of mining operations and fostering of the industry came under the direction of Dr. R.C. Wallace, Commissioner of Mines. Dr. J.D. Lury succeeded Mr. Wallace.

The above information is from a book published in 1990 in commemoration of the 60th anniversary of the Parks in Manitoba.

At the turn of the century, the gold discovery near Keewatin sparked a great deal of activity in the Whiteshell. Some prospectors caught the newly completed C.P.R. to Ingolf and set out by canoe to strike it rich. Some of Manitoba's earliest mineral claims were staked in the Falcon, Star and West Hawk Lake area. The first was the Mineral King, filed in

1901.

In the early part of the century, there was an attempt to initiate farming in the Whiteshell and several $\frac{1}{4}$ section homesteads were granted in the area. Most of the land however, proved to be unsuitable for agriculture.

Manitoba Department of Tourism

SOME OF THE MOST COMMON MINERALS FOUND IN THE WHITESHELL

GOLD - a precious metal of a bright yellow color. It is the only mineral to be extracted in the Boundary area in any great amounts.

IRON PYRITES - sediments of the mineral can be found in small quantities in much of the rock formation throughout the Boundary Area. In places there is enough near the surface to affect the water quality.

TUNGSTEN - this is a heavy metal of greyish-white color. It is used as the points on spark-plugs and the filaments on electric lights. It stands up to very high temperatures.

MOLYBDENITE - is the only prominent metallic mineral in the pegmatites. It occurs commonly as crude crystals up to three inches in width. The massive fine-grained variety is less abundant. Found in dykes in schists north of the west end of Falcon Lake and near the south shore of West Hawk Lake.

URANIUM - a rare metal, colored like nickel or iron, used for making nuclear power. Rare traces of this metal was found near Hanson's Creek on #44 highway in the early 1950's.

THE BOUNDARY AREA spoken of above includes that part of Manitoba which lies along the Manitoba-Ontario boundary between the Canadian Pacific and the Greater Winnipeg Water District railways. Mainly in townships 8 and 9, range 17 east of the principal meridian, the area contains West Hawk, Falcon and Star lakes, and may be reached by Canadian Pacific railway to Ingolf and thence southwesterly by winter road, a distance of 4 miles to West Hawk lake. The Manitoba section of the Trans-Canada highway passes between West Hawk and Star Lake, and is now used to reach many points in the area which forms part of the Whiteshell Forest Reserve.

From the Pioneer History of Glenn, East Brainerd and McMunn comes this information on a mineral deposit just on the outside of the Whiteshell Park. In 1945 a Toronto based company called the Whiteshell Lithium Corporation bought shares from Joseph and Kathleen Wirth Sr. This claim was about a mile and a half northeast of the present Whiteshell Motel.

Lithium became a much sought after mineral after the explosion of the first atomic bomb.

A STORY OF EARLY DAY MINING AT STAR LAKE

By Olive Zimmerman

A few years ago I had the privilege to meet Mr. James S. Hicks, whose father J.H. Hicks was the secretary of the Star Lake Gold Mines Ltd. in 1912. This was not the first mining done in this area as he gave me copies of mining papers dated 1912, in which there was a picture of a cement foundation for one building that was put down in either 1910 or 11. This foundation and some part of a corduroy road are still in evidence today if you know where to look as it is getting very overgrown.

The only way of getting to this area then was by rail to Ingolf, Ont. and crossing Long Pine Lake by boat and portaging across land about 1/2 mile to West Hawk Lake, then paddling or rowing across West Hawk. Mr. Hicks Sr., who was originally from New Brunswick, was amazed at the similarity of the bay they came into to dock and the one back home called Penniac Bay. So he called it Penniac Bay and to this day the maps all show it as Penniac Bay.

The whole family moved from Winnipeg to the mine and they brought chickens, a cow, horses and all their provisions with them. While the men worked the mine, the women put up the hay for the animals for the winter, planted a garden and picked and canned all the food the family would need for the winter.

This was a good size mining operation with two bunkhouses, a cookhouse, the superintendent's office building, a root cellar and Mr. Hicks' cabin. Then inbetween the shaft and the mill was the blacksmith's shop.

When the mine was in full production it was producing one gold brick every two weeks.

Mr. Hicks' brother Tom lost the sight of one eye while working, but he had taken such a liking to

the area that he took a homestead on Caddy Lake near the end of what is now Block 5 road. Poor health eventually forced him back to Winnipeg in 1942.

It was the Penniac Reef Gold Mines for which Mr. Hicks worked as secretary, and a son, James S. Hicks, who has recently retired as Director for the Department of Environment Planning for the City of Winnipeg, can remember coming in 1936 to West Hawk and staying at what is now West Hawk Resort or in cabins where Keystone Cabins are located. In those days, Sam Yanich would pick up his father and some of the workers every morning and drive them to the mine and then bring them home at night. There was no road as we know roads and Sam would make his way in his vehicle along the beach and in and out among the trees on the sand ridge.

Mining went on in this area until the early 1960s when the Parks Branch cemented over the main mine shaft as a safety precaution with so many vacationers around exploring the area for berries, or just to pass the time of day.

Other names of mines that operated in this area were Sunbeam - Kirkland, Moonbeam and Goldbeam.

Other smaller outfits mined in the area. In the late 1930s there was some activity at Barren Lake. To get the equipment there they trucked it to Toniata Beach on Falcon and rented boats to take it to the spot on Falcon closest to Barren where it was portaged to Barren and again freighted across water to the sight closest to where the drilling was to be done.

In the late 1950s there was drilling through the ice at the east end of Falcon Lake. In the late 1960s and early 1970s an exploration company spent a few years in that same area of Falcon doing exploration drilling.



1986 remains of Penniac Reef Gold Mine.

The Star Lake Mining News

PUBLISHED IN WINNIPEG, CANADA

VOL. 1

WINNIPEG, CANADA, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 19TH, 1912

No. 14

Report of Treasurer on Trip to Mines at Star Lake

MAY 17th, 1912

Having been instructed by the executive officers of this company to make a trip to the mines at Star Lake, for the purpose of reporting to the board on the progress being made, I beg to submit the following:—

Trip to Ingolf in Company of Mining Prospectors.

On Friday, May 17, I left Ingolf in company of Dr. F. E. Gibbons and J. W. Flanagan, two mining prospectors, who were on their way in to look over the Star Lake district with a view to locating claims if prospects were found to be satisfactory.

I found men working on the gasoline launches, making sundry minor repairs and giving them a complete overhauling. I was informed that within two or three days all the boats would be in commission.

I had the pleasure of accompanying Dr. Gibbons and Mr. Flanagan on their prospecting tour, which covered a considerable extent of country, for two days. We found a very large number of claims already staked, many of them with splendid indications of mineral wealth. There are, however, great numbers of prospects yet to be staked and recorded almost everywhere throughout the district. It was the opinion of the members of the party that the gold-bearing section of the country, as a whole, has, so far from being thoroughly prospected, been only touched here and there.

Several parties of prospectors have been engaged in looking up various properties in the district lately, evidently spurred on by the fine showing

made by the Penniac. In addition to the party mentioned above, we found on rounding Star Lake another camp of prospectors. These were a party of mining engineers, who had been in the district for about ten days. The party consisted of L. M. Tobin, E.M., of New York; T. Hare, E.M., of Toronto, and John Scott, whose mining experience was gained in the Rand, South Africa. Mr. Scott has spent a year in the Porcupine country, and was there at the time of the fire.

Both of these parties of prospectors, with whom I had thus the opportunity of coming in contact, entertained a very high opinion, both of the Penniac mine and of the whole district. Each expressed his conviction that this whole section of the country is filled with mineral deposits, and the values shown on the surface exceeded anything they had met with before.

Mr. Scott gave it as his impression that this would in time be one of the big mining camps of America.

Mr. John Scott, a Miner from South Africa Rand

He said English methods of promoting a mine were different to what he observed here. When a company over there found a property with such indications as Star Lake district, they would provide at once the full amount required for complete investigation. In one case a company sunk to a depth of 4,000 feet before they commenced regular operations. He said with sufficient capital provided the work of development may go on at less cost than if the money had to be raised at intervals. Speaking of the Penniac, Mr. Scott said

we had a big property and the formation indicated a depth of at least 1,000 feet. It was likely that at depth the values would be richer, though we would get pay ore all the way down.

Progress at the Camp of the Penniac

I found the Penniac camp was in good running order and work progressing favorably. It was, however, disappointing to find the machinery was not yet in operation. The big mill building was completed and the Thurbur machinery set up but not connected, owing to some misfits. This feature was being overcome by two mechanical engineers, who expected to have it finished up in a few days. The foundation bed for the engine was damaged by frost, and would have to be replaced with new concrete. It will require some time to have this all done, and it cannot be stated definitely when the first mill run will take place. I was well satisfied with the general appearance of the mill and machinery, and with the progress made under the circumstances. I saw a gang of men erecting a long trestle from the shaft to the mill house. It must be 500 feet long and just about ready for the tracks to be laid. This will be used for the small cars to haul the ore to mill.

Mr. Thurbur stated that he was sure of producing the first bar of gold from his new machinery very soon, and told me we must have some patience.

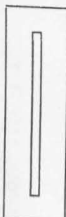
OPINION GIVEN BY W. J. TRETHERWEY, E.M.

Toronto, July 18, 1910.—You have in the Penniac Reef property a large tract of valuable mining ground, so located that if desired it can be worked and administered as a unit. The outlook is most promising for the development of valuable mines, and the expenditure necessary to bring the property to a producing and dividend-paying basis is fully warranted.

This great property should be treated from the outset as a mine, and the work of development planned with that view.



44 Panning Gold on Ore Dump, Penniac Reef Gold Mines.



100 Ton Mill Building, Penniac Reef Gold Mines.

YOU
May Secure Stock
Now at
50 cents per
Share

THE STAR LAKE MINING DISTRICT

Attracting attention of Mining People from the Rand, South Africa,
Nevada and Porcupine

\$10 Buys 20 Shares
or
\$10 secures 100
Shares and \$10 per
month pays balance

Claims taken up by experienced mining men from other districts who pronounce the Star Lake Country among the greatest mineral belts in the world.

The Penniac will be the first to produce Gold

In fact, the first gold button has already been produced by Mr. Thurber's Assay Plant, on the property. **A Mill Run** will be the next announcement and then the opportunity of purchasing shares at less than par will be gone forever.

MR. INVESTOR: Do you realize what it means to identify yourself with a producing mine before the big advances in the price of stock? There are mines to-day selling shares at \$20.00 per share which could be purchased at ten cents at one time. Other mining companies—no farther advanced than the Penniac—have a ready sale of their stock at three times par value, while it is possible to secure shares now in this company for **50 CENTS PER SHARE**.

Mining Claims:

Naswaak,
Moore, Camp,
Denmark,
McKay & Francis

TO THE PENNIAC REEF GOLD MINES, LTD.

(Non-Personal Liability)

Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada.

Date.....1912

Enclosed please find \$....., being the first payment on the purchase of shares of the Treasury Stock of the Penniac Reef Gold Mines, Ltd., (non-personal liability) at 50 cents per share, amounting to \$..... I hereby agree to make further payments of \$..... regularly, each month, until the whole amount is paid, at which time a certificate for the full number of shares is to be issued to me or to anyone I may nominate.

Payments are due on the day of each month.

Witness..... Name.....

Address.....

Terms of Purchase

20% cash with application and 20% each month following, until full amount is paid.

5% discount if full amount is paid with the application.

Mines at
Star Lake, Man.
200 Acres of
Mining Property

The PENNIAC REEF GOLD MINES, Ltd.

(Non-Personal Liability)

433-435 SOMERSET BUILDING

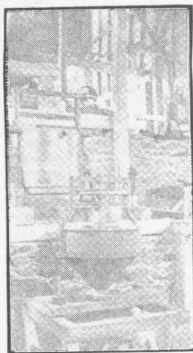
GEORGE D. McKAY, President

DUNCAN M. MACDONALD, Treasurer

WINNIPEG, MANITOBA

THE "TORONTO WORLD'S" REPRESENTATIVE REPORTS ON HIS INSPECTION OF THE PENNIAC PROPERTY.

In referring to the ore body of the Penniac property, the "Toronto World's" engineer stated as follows: "The Penniac Reef people state that they have an ore body 200 feet wide, but from appearances it is at least 600 feet. Assays have been made across



Section of Milling Machinery, Penniac Reef Gold Mines.

200 feet, which averages \$8.00 per ton. Even to say that the Penniac has this extent of paying ore is a rather big statement and bound to excite incredulous comment, but it is there. Samples taken from the dump made by former owners in sinking the shaft give the best value, picked specimens running to \$275.00 a ton. The shaft is down about 80 feet and the values have held well to depth.

"The property is not a clear cut vein proposition, although there are several narrow and good looking quartz veins within the mineral belt. The enclosing rock carries gold in good quantities. In the long run the most profitable method of mining would appear to be to work the whole belt without selection."

CLAIM JUMPING IN EASTERN MANITOBA

Locators Adopt Protective Measures at Emergency Meeting.

G. M. Thurber Appointed Recorder for Star Lake District.

Much excitement is prevalent around the gold mines in the eastern boundaries of Manitoba. It is so great that claims are being jumped and protective measures have been forced. Recently a meeting of locators of claims was held in the offices of the Penniac Reef Gold Mines at Star Lake, Man., when an emergency mining recorder was appointed for the district, to ensure the permanency of claims located, which

number over 100. G. M. Thurber received the appointment of the meeting.

For many months work has been going on at the mines around Star Lake, and as the large mining plants are getting under way and beginning to show value the claim jumping commences. Among those present at the meeting were: Dr. F. E. Gibbons, of Nevada; L. M. Jones, M.E., New York; T. Hare, M.E., Toronto; John Scott, of the South African Rand and the Porcupine; D. M. Macdonald, J. M. Tait, J. W. Flanagan, Geo. Thurber, and Geo. Kundson. Messrs. Jones, Hare and Scott arrived in Winnipeg to outfit for prospecting any assaying, and will return to the eastern Manitoba gold fields as soon as they are ready to go over the ground thoroughly.

WILL FURNISH MONEY TO EXPLOIT CANADIAN RESOURCES

Canadian Knights and United States Millionaires in \$5,000,000 Organization to Take Care of Any Fully Proved Proposition—Over Half the Amount Subscribed

New York, May 31.—Half a dozen knights and king's counsellors appear among the Canadian directors of a new and novel mining and exploration venture. The United States has equal representation, and its list includes Percy T. Rockefeller and other prominent financiers. A fund of \$2,500,000 has been provided to support a staff of engineers. The experts will first pass upon mining and other propositions, and if investigations are encouraging, the financiers associated with the company will be given the privilege of supplying the capital. The Canadian Mining and Exploration Company, Limited, is the title of this newest form of enterprise. It has a nominal capital of five million, half paid up. The arrangement, it is said, insures that ample money will be made available for anything worth having. The prospector and deserving promoter as announced are to have a market for what will pass inspection by trained experts. Although the company will have an Ontario charter, and the primary object will be the investigation and the exploitation of Canadian min-

ing resources, other propositions as they arise will be entertained.

The board of directors contains these influential names: Canadian—Sir E. B. Osler, Sir Edmund Walker, Sir Edward Clouston, Sir Wm. Mackenzie, H. S. Holt, Duncan Clouston, D. Lorne McGibbon, Wallace Nesbitt, K.C.; David Frasken, K.C., and J. P. McIntosh. United States—William E. Corey, E. C. Converse, P. A. Rockefeller, A. H. Wiggin, T. L. Chadbourne, Jr., J. R. Delamar, Ambrose Monell, C. H. Sabin, R. M. Thompson and C. L. Denison.

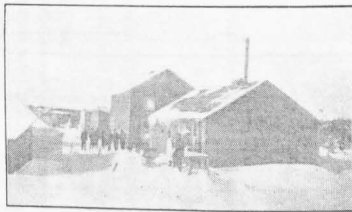
The executive committee will consist of Messrs. McGibbon, Nesbitt, Converse, Rockefeller, Delamar, Monell and Sabin. The president is to be Mr. Monell, who is credited with having procured \$2,500,000 for an "endowment fund."

GOVERNMENT ACTIVITY PREDICTED

Extension of Manitoba's Boundaries Means More Attention to Mining—What Has Been Done in British Columbia.

Just what can be done in the way of developing the natural resources of a Canadian province is evident from the recently published report on the British Columbia mining situation. The government of that province has taken every care to foster the mining interests within its boundaries, with the result that mining forms the chief industry of B.C.

Until the extension of the boundaries of Manitoba, nothing was done in this way by Manitoba's government. But now that a large portion of territory has been added to its extent, and that portion presumably containing large sections showing mineral values, we may look shortly for the provincial government to take a more active interest in mining. Any such action by the government will undoubtedly have a highly beneficial effect upon Manitoba's present mining field, the Star Lake district, which is as rich in gold as any district in Canada, and which is already gaining the quietly conducted but thorough attention of mining operators from all parts of the continent; as is evidenced by the numbers of prospecting parties, backed by capitalists, which are unostentatiously making a thorough survey of the whole field.



Permanent Camp Buildings, Penniac Reef Gold Mines.

W. R. MILTON, PRESIDENT

J. W. HARRIS, TREASURER

J. H. HICKS, SECRETARY

Star Lake Gold Mines, Limited

(NON-PERSONAL LIABILITY)

509 MERCHANTS BANK BUILDING
WINNIPEG

AUTHORIZED CAPITAL 1,000,000 SHARES, PAR VALUE \$1.00 EACH.

SECRETARY'S EXPLANATORY LETTER

Dear Sir:—

As you know it is just two years since this Company was organized for the purpose of purchasing and operating The Penniac Reef Gold Mines Ltd. For the information of all stockholders I wish to describe briefly, the efforts made to finance this Company during the past two years, also to offer a suggestion which, if put into effect will make this Company a concern the country will be proud of.

The parties who held a Fifty Thousand dollar Mortgage on the Mine property, agreed to, and did accept stock in lieu of the money. This Company now has Crown Patents on each of the six Mineral Claims known as the "Camp" "Francis," "Denmark," "McKay," "Moore" and "Naswaak." The shareholders of The Penniac Reef had preferential rights to take stock in the Star Lake, and those who exercised those rights became bona-fide shareholders, and entitled to an exchange of stock when their contract is paid in full.

At the time of organization money was very scarce in Canada, so Mr. G. J. Lovell and myself went to Boston in an effort to secure working capital. We tried every known legitimate method of stock-selling, but to no avail. The Yankees considered the price of stock too high, and the commission which was then limited to 15% was no inducement to the Boston Broker's, while the Mine, so far away and not operating failed to arouse interest. It was a discouraging experience, for at the end of twelve months we had accomplished nothing more than the spending of a lot of our own money. During this time I personally had spent more than three thousand dollars on account of advertising, literature, advancing money to Agents, maintaining an office and living expenses.

Still wishing to make good, I myself moved to Springfield, Mass., a very prosperous City half-way between New York and Boston. Here I made new connections, opened an office and started a new campaign. Within a week I made my first sale for 500 shares, and prospects were plentiful, but the U.S. Government were talking War, and the people became over cautious, and when the break did come, nearly all speculation stopped. I then confined my efforts to the wealthy, my idea being to form a syndicate of ten who would advance all the money required. I was successful in getting interviews, and many of them were interested but would have to see the property first to satisfy themselves as to the quantity and quality of the Ore. It was impossible for them to spare the time this year to make an inspection, besides it would be to the Company's interest to have them come at such time as the Mine is being developed. If I had gone to Springfield six months earlier I would have been successful, as it was the six months I spent there cost me a further Twenty-five hundred dollars.

During the 18 months I remained in the East, I met many Mining men who operate on a large scale, and I never failed to let them know of the possibilities of our property, with the result that there has been many enquiries and so far, two inspections. I also submitted our pro-

position to the Geological Survey of the U.S. Government, but it seems as though they are not allowed to report on Minerals outside of their dominions. However, they admitted they were much interested with the information I gave them and advised me to lay the matter before the Department of Mines at Ottawa, which I already had done.

During the past four months, the Treasurer, Mr. J. W. Harris and myself have canvassed Winnipeg and some country towns, and we are satisfied there is small hope of getting new money at this time. The general public think well of our property, and quite a number of business men, principally Grain Dealers have promised to purchase stock as soon as they are satisfied that the end of the War is in sight. Let us hope that when that time comes we won't need any help.

A few weeks ago some New York and Boston people visited the property and they had secured for the occasion the services of one of America's best Mining Engineers. I had made them an offer which involved the control of the Mine. The following is a copy of their last letter to me.

Boston, Mass., Sept. 21, 1917.

Mr. J. H. Hicks,
336 Church Ave.
Winnipeg, Manitoba.

Dear Mr. Hicks:

I have delayed writing you regarding our negotiations for becoming interested with you in the Star Lake mines, as we have these other propositions pending which has made it impossible to arrive at any decision in the matter.

The terms you would be able to give for the controlling interest in the Star Lake makes it necessary for us to give the matter serious thought, because we do not want to take on anything that might interfere with our present plans for taking over two other properties for our Syndicate, which we have had under option for some little time. Under the right conditions, we would certainly like to have a chance at the Star Lake mines, and Mr. Chase thinks that you have even a bigger ore body waiting development on the big vein, and in his report to us he strongly urged us to do something on this vein should we be successful in making a satisfactory deal with you for taking over the mines.

It is certainly an ideal spot for a mine, and if you can pick up the extension of the rich shoot which the shaft has, it should prove a big thing. Of course, high values make it exceptionally attractive, and we will be much disappointed if it does not prove to be a big producer. You, of course, appreciate the fact that on account of the great showing in the REX, that our Syndicate members would be very favorable to other properties in that same district, and for that reason we feel that it would be to our best interests to concentrate our efforts in that district, and as I told you when we examined the Star Lake that we might not be able to join you even though the mine was satisfactory to us and you were able to make better terms than you offered us, on account of the advisability of concentrating our efforts in the HERB LAKE district.

If you do not make any other arrangements in the near future, however, we would be glad to take the matter up further with you.

Sincerely yours,

MAKEEVER BROS.

These people have been very successful in developing and operating Mines in all parts of the world so their advice should prove valuable. After making an examination of the property, they intimated to me two ways of proving the Mine to be a producer. The first plan would be on a large scale and would cost from One Hundred, to One Hundred and Fifty Thousand dollars. The other plan was on a small scale and would cost from Twenty to Thirty Thousand dollars. In either case it is essential that the Cyanide, or Oil Flotation process be used to ensure a good extraction of the metals from the Ore.

With the equipment that we already have, Twenty-five Thousand dollars will start the Mine on a basis of ten tons per day, and on that basis we don't need to touch Ore that contains less than one ounce of Gold per ton, so that the minimum profit would be \$150.00 per day. Just think how soon we could buy enough machinery to operate 100 tons per day, then 200, then 500 and eventually 1,000 tons per day. Then think of the profits. Anyone owning 1,000 shares of Star Lake Gold would be wealthy.

We have a good organization, Clear Title to a Million dollar Mine, the best market in the world for our products, no taxes to pay, and what is more, Canada needs the Gold. It is as much of a patriotic duty to develop our resources as it is to lend money to our Government.

Enlistments, deaths, bankruptcy, etc., has dwindled our membership down to 110, 90% of whom are financially sound, and their rating would be better still if Star Lake was operating. A little effort now would mean that we could buy, and ship in on the ice those parts of machinery still needed, and by early Spring we could be moulding Gold Ingots.

Here is a way that we can attain the above without any help from outsiders; Each of the stockholders to pay balance due on contract signed two years ago, that will give us at least \$10,000. Then each one to buy \$150 worth of the new issue (which is really a loan) see paragraph 7 in Booklet. That gives us enough to start on the small scale. Then if we want more money I will arrange for a party of New England people to visit the Mine (while in operation) and I will assure you that if we ask for \$100,000 we will get it.

Yours very truly,

J. H. HICKS, Secretary.

STAR LAKE MINE TO OPEN AGAIN

By Hugh R. Currie, President

I first became aware of the "Old Sunbeam Kirkland Mine" at Star Lake, Mb., through a prospector acquaintance in 1972.

The mine had been dormant since 1946. Dr. J.F. Wright, a prominent geologist, had spent the previous 10 years exploring and developing the property. Under his direction they had sunk an inclined shaft on the "Sunbeam Pipe" to a depth of 438 ft., in addition approximately 46,000 ft. of diamond drilling had been completed. With the sinking of the shafts, trenching and diamond drilling, some 550,000 tons of proven and drill indicated ore, with a grade of .293 oz. of gold per ton, had been established.



1985-86 working Star Lake mine again.



Adolph Zimmerman diamond drilling at Gold Beam Mine, 1947, Star Lake.

tors have staked claims. Their limit is held to seven claims at any one time, each claim comprising forty acres has to be duly registered. A time limit is set whereby the prospector has one year in which to work the claim to prove its value. If the work is not done, it reverts back to the government. Before 1930 if a certain amount of assessment of the claim was done, the prospector was given a clean title to the mining claim and a Torren's Title to the land.

* * *

Adolph Zimmerman came to Toniata in 1937 and worked at the Toniata Lodge. One of his many duties was to transport fishing parties to High Lake via boat to the end of Falcon Lake. These American tourists were fishing for trout in High Lake. During the thirties fishing was plentiful off the dock at Toniata where one could land a dozen pickerel ranging from three to ten pounds in one hour. Adolph spent three summers at Toniata, then worked for the Forestry Department constructing roads, etc. Following his army career he turned to drilling for many winters. As well as being a driller and a trapper he has built houses and worked for the government in many capacities, retiring in 1983. Adolph, his wife Olive and their children Wayne and Audrey are a true pioneer family with their resourcefulness. They are endowed with the old western attitude of always being willing and capable of helping others. Adolph and Olive can recount many tales of the life and development of the Whiteshell.

MINING IN SHOAL LAKE, WEST HAWK LAKE, FALCON LAKE AND STAR LAKE

By John Norris Tod

The first prospecting was done in 1894. There were about thirty mines operating in the fifteen mile radius of Falcon Lake and Shoal Lake.

In the beginning there was a steam barge on the lake in the summer, as well as canoes up the Falcon River from Shoal Lake to Falcon Lake. Also, as the railway was completed, a route was made from Ingolf, Ontario across Long Pine Lake with a portage into West Hawk Lake, to the end of Penniac Bay, and another portage to Star Lake. Supplies were delivered by horse and wagon to the mines at Star Lake and Barren Lake.

In 1952, when we first came to West Hawk Lake, there were sunken relics of barges at the end of Penniac Bay. In the winter, roads were made across the lakes with horses and sleighs.

Due to the early prospecting before 1913, when the Federal Government owned the Natural Resources, they gave a Torren's Title to each Claim

(40 acres) when you had done your assessment work. There are still a number of these patented claims in our area today, held privately, as is the one we live on at West Hawk Lake.

On Star Lake, now known as Block 4, 5 and 6, there was a farmer named Charlie Letaine, who cleared the land, had cows, chickens, horses, and grew vegetables which he sold to the mines. His wife and daughter did the work. If you look up from the public beach at the south end of Star Lake, you can still see the furrows from the ploughing.

The first mine operating was the Penniac Bay Reef Mine. It must have opened in the 1890's and closed in 1914 when the first World War broke out and the men went to war. This mine shipped its ore across Star Lake, West Hawk Lake, to Long Pine Lake and on to Ingolf where it was loaded on the train.

Gus Lindquist was a prospector and guide in the early days. His son was a well known hockey player. His cabin was on the road allowance at Crescent Beach.

Sam Yanick worked on the barges and built the first service station at the junction of what is now Highway 44 and 301. Today, this is still appropriately known as "Sam's Corner".

A second mine, called Sunbeam Mine was opened and operated from 1928 to 1945 in the Star Lake Area. It had a small test mill and town sight located where Pete Dyke lives today. Adele and Frank Reichert took over the Trans Canada Restaurant at West Hawk Lake in 1943 from Katie Budzinski. They cooked the meals for the Sunbeam Mine. Frank first came to the area as a cook at the mine. After he stopped cooking for the mine, Mr. Copper's (the manager at the mine) daughter carried on until it closed in 1945. Everything was intact in this mine when we arrived in this area but due to vandalism, everything was destroyed and stolen over the years.

There was a power line built from the Caddy Lake, Kenora Line and parts are still in use today.

In 1925, Major W.H. Hunt rode a horse through the bush and swamp from Rennie when he was the engineer for the Manitoba Government. He was in charge of road construction of the original Highway #1, which is now known as Highway 44. He built this highway from Whitemouth to the Ontario Border with horses, scrapers and wagons. The drilling was done with hand steel at one one/hundredth of today's costs. During this period, the sleeping sickness struck the horses and 28 horses died at Penniac Bay. They were buried in the land just above where our present beach is today, being the only area where there was clay type soil where anything could be buried. While Major Hunt was working here, he homesteaded on the west end of Star Lake. He proved up on his homestead and got a title to the

property. His daughter and her husband still live in the original log cabin to this day. Major Hunt was very interested in prospecting and had hoped to make his fortune on gold. He drilled and blasted many test pits but never realized his dreams.

There was a mine operating on the east end of Falcon Lake. It was a very high grade vein at today's prices of \$115.00 a ton. The operators high graded to a depth of 40 feet. This was called the Thompson claim and was patented. In 1982 the Manitoba Government put it back on the market. I went over to re-stake it only to find I was ten days late. The operator worked it for a year. He brought an old tow truck across the lake on the ice and dragged it up the hill to his workings, and used it as a hoist to lift the ore from the pit. He shipped some ore out in barrels on the ski slopes road, and it is now, from all appearances, closed.

Northwest of Barren Lake, there were several mines. They shipped their ore to the Lake of the Woods to the Kenricia Mill on Kenricia Road for refining. They mostly closed down around 1919.

There is one mine operating today west of Star Lake. They have opened a seven mile road to their property. The area is full of old mine workings, even two shafts are in my front yard.

I prospected and traced a high grade iron ore approximately half a mile wide and six miles long circling Penniac Bay, Star Lake and Lyons Lake. It runs 50% iron, but has a high content of sulphur, making it expensive to mill. There was a good showing of uranium on Highway 44 near Bear Creek, but the Government has removed it from any further work. There was a government report of tin on the east shore of West Hawk Lake, though I prospected for it and could not find any.

This general area has a long history of mining explorations and I still believe there could be a profitable mine in the area. At one time we had two quarries operating in this area, one for white marble, just west of Penniac Bay, and one for black marble behind Pete Dyke's place at Star Lake.

If you walk down Broadway Avenue in Winnipeg today, you can see the beautiful polished veneer of West Hawk Lake stone.

As you can see, mining has played an important part in the history and development of our area, and there are some who still believe "There's Gold in Them Thar Hills".

This is a copy of a letter that was left in a bottle from one prospector to another on the shores of Star Lake in 1931.

Dear Bill,

I have to leave for home. My knee got bad so I am leaving this at the old spot for you to get in case you come back from the States. If you get here be-

fore me you can stake the ground. I got free gold over the whole width 12½ feet and I traced her nearly ½ a mile. She will average at least 10 feet all mineralized pyrite, a little galena and fine stuff all along. I will swear she will analyze over \$20.00. I will write you to California in case you get this. I'm afraid I can't get back this winter with this knee. I am making a rough sketch. You know the old layout so should easily find it.

Now Bill I trust you to do the square thing. Your people should pay \$100,000. for this. It's the best bet I have ever seen, another Comstock or I am beat, better than anything east of the boundary. Hope you are well.

Tomy

Good luck, Bill. I left my gold pan buried under the broken pine on the second little lake. After you stake, you had better try to hide the trail in until we get her cinched.

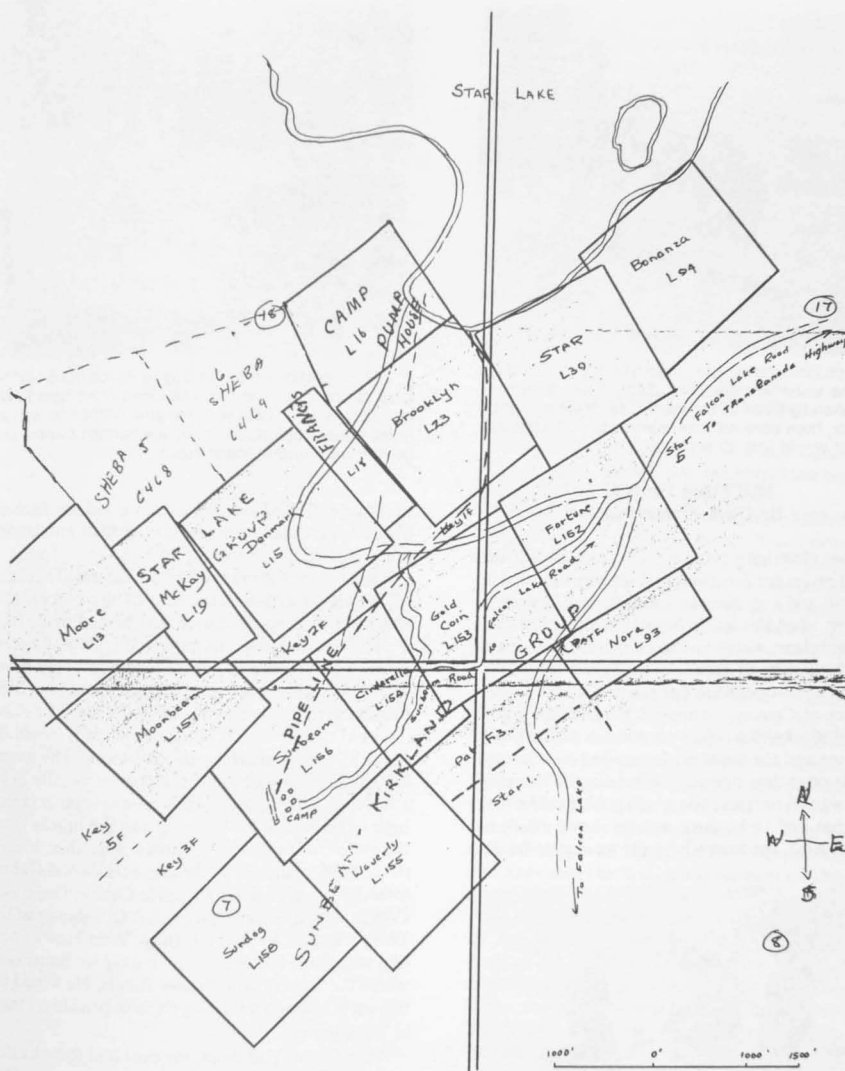
This letter was found by W.R. Clubb, minister of highways, and two engineers while they were surveying. There was a rough hand-drawn map at the bottom of the letter to show the area referred to.



Head frame at High Lake, 1980



Bev Fife, alias Clem Kiddlehopper, a miner who worked at High Lake.



Proposed Pipe Line from STAR LAKE
TO SUNBEAM CLAIM
L156 - SEC. 7-9-17E
Loc Du Bonnet Mining
DIVISION - MANITOBA.

Drawn for SUNBEAM KIRKLAND GOLD
MINES LTD. by D.S.G.P.
12-27.

Claims map Star Lake area.



Adolph Zimmerman and helpers lifting blocks of ice from the water at Lakeside Cabins. From here they were taken by truck to the ice-house, stacked tightly together, then covered with many loads of sawdust, where it would last all summer.

PUTTING UP ICE

By Olive Zimmerman

Before electricity came to our area, people depended on ice for food keeping. Putting up ice was a big job and was done in January and February. The men liked the ice to be between 20-30 inches thick and clear, where no flooding had taken place from the weight of snow.

The biggest operation for putting up ice in our area was at Crescent beach on West Hawk Lake. Mr. Bill Blackwell would keep a check on the depth of the ice and the weather. It couldn't be too cold because once they opened the hole in the ice, they didn't want it to freeze too much at night. The first thing that had to be done was to shovel roads to the site. Also, the area where the ice was to be cut



The biggest ice cutting operation in the area. Here Mr. Blackwell is marking off the ice in large squares with a circular ice-saw.



A truckload of ice on its way to an ice house in the area. Sometimes the ice was taken from here to fill ice houses at Toniata and Penguin Camps as well as to ice houses belonging to private cottage owners and businesses around West Hawk.

had to be cleared plus an area a good distance all around the excavation site so the men and equipment had space to move.

Then the ice was marked off in squares. The depth of the ice determined the size of the blocks. Mr. Blackwell had an ice cutter that he had made with a circular saw blade and powered with a 10 horsepower gasoline motor. This saw blade would be set so as not to cut all the way through the ice, but deep enough so that when it was hit with a sharp ice chisel it would break straight. One or two men would do the cutting and breaking of the blocks. The morning the hole was opened, there were usually quite a few men and trucks on hand. A conveyer powered by a five horsepower motor lifted the blocks from the water on to trucks and they were then hauled to ice houses at Sam's Garage, Blackwood Cabins (now Keystone Resort), Lakeside Cabins, Green Bay Cabins, Caddy Lake Camp, C.B.C. cabins and the Trans-Canada Restaurant (now West Hawk Inn). Mr. Blackwell also stored ice in a big ice house near where the United Church now stands. He would fill this ice house and sell it to people in private cottages in the summer.

After this was all done, sawdust had to be hauled and packed all around the ice and on top. This would keep the ice until fall if necessary.

When the ice was all stored at West Hawk, the equipment was moved to Falcon, where the ice was cut and stored for Penguin and Toniata camps. Some years, Falcon Lake would flood from the weight of the snow and they would haul their ice from West Hawk.

This tradition came to an end shortly after hydro came to the area in the late 1950s.



Cst. Regina Marini, Cst. John Roskam, Cst. Jim Ross and Cst. Ernie McGrath.

HISTORY OF R.C.M.P. FALCON BEACH DETACHMENT

Falcon Beach Detachment is a relatively new detachment and we do not have a great deal of information.

The Province of Manitoba developed Falcon Lake Beach as a summer resort area. A shopping centre and golf course were completed by 1960. The Deputy Minister of Mines and Natural Resources requested that the Force assume the policing of the area. The Deputy Attorney-General asked Assistant Commissioner Bullard, the Commanding Officer of "D" Division, to look into the matter. The Falcon Beach area had been policed by the detachment at Whitemouth, but, as the population in Falcon Beach had grown so rapidly, it was felt that a summer detachment should be opened at Falcon Beach. Assistant Commissioner Bullard proposed that one of the men at Whitemouth be sent to Falcon Beach for the summer with an additional member. Accommodation for the member could be obtained in the Administration Building of the Department of Mines and Resources. On May 19, 1960, a summer detachment was established at Falcon Beach with Constable E.J. Cutts, Regimental Number 16042, in charge, and Constable W.R. Fuller, Regimental Number 20264. On April 1, 1961, Falcon Beach Detachment became a permanent detachment.

A new Public Building was completed in 1962 and the detachment moved into this building. These quarters did not prove totally satisfactory and, in 1967, the Force entered into an agreement with Magnacca Agencies for the construction and lease of a new building. The office was completed August 2, 1967, and the Married Quarters were completed in July. This building was later purchased by the Force.

Since the detachment's establishment in 1960 until

the end of 1985, approximately 70 RCMP officers have been stationed at Falcon Beach Detachment. What started as a 2-man Constable detachment has now grown to a 6-member detachment with a Sergeant as the Detachment Commander.

The detachment polices the area from the Ontario-Manitoba border to a location 2 miles west of Hadashville with the north boundary ending approximately 6 miles north of Hadashville on the west end and at the Telford Tower on PTH 44 on the east end. The south boundary ends approximately 25 miles south of East Braintree and includes a portion of Shoal Lake on the Manitoba side of the Ontario-Manitoba border. The Winnipeg Water Works Intake is also included.

**By (L.R. Stright), Sgt.
Detachment Commander**

As part of our ongoing police community relations program, Detachment members have been participating in a number of activities.

During National Police Week, May 1988, Falcon Beach members attended at the Falcon Beach and Reynolds Schools, which are the two schools located in the detachment's jurisdiction. The purpose was to select the winner of a new mountain bicycle for each school. The bicycles were purchased from profits raised during the annual R.C.M.P. Falcon Beach Golf Tournament in which approximately 120 officers and friends of the Force participate annually. Following a draw from the hat, Sarah McNichol, Grade VI, Falcon Beach School and Adam Dmytrow, Grade IV, Reynolds School, were the lucky winners. The bicycles were presented to the winners in June at the R.C.M.P. Open House along with a copy of Petro Canada's "Right Riders" video dealing with bicycle safety. I suspect many of you have seen the T.V. advertisement on this safety program.

In July 1987, the Falcon Beach R.C.M.P. held its 2nd annual 5 km. Fun Run. Rain and cool weather did not dampen the spirits. One hundred and twenty people participated and a pancake breakfast served by the Winfal Seniors followed the event. The profits of the run were used to purchase a cable ride unit for the Falcon Beach School. The construction of the platform was made possible thanks to the joint effort of the Department of Natural Resources from Falcon as well as Manitoba Hydro. Cost for the cable ride unit and structure amounted to over \$1,000.00. On the 10th of July 1988, the 3rd annual Falcon Beach R.C.M.P. Fun Run was once again, a great success. Over 165 people participated and a course record of 15:59 was established. Once again, the weather did not co-operate but participants and spectators enjoyed themselves.

Over \$1,300.00 was raised and a microwave oven and fridge were purchased for the Falcon Beach School. A big thank-you to all the volunteers who helped out.

R.C.M.P. Open House - Sunday, June 12, 1988

— An estimated 700 people attended the Open House hosted by the detachment. This gave the public an opportunity to tour the detachment, examine the breathalyzer, Alert, radar, police vehicles, police boat, drug display, police dog and underwater recovery equipment. All detachment members were dressed in red serge. Two members were wearing period uniforms. One was the uniform of 1873 when the North West Mounted Police came into existence, the other was a uniform worn during the late 1800's. The public expressed their appreciation in seeing representatives from the Kenora Detachment of the Ontario Provincial Police, Winnipeg City Police, Park Ranger, Manitoba Police Crime Prevention Unit, Whiteshell Volunteer Fire Department and the Falcon Lake Ambulance Service. Complimentary food and refreshments were made available through the kind donation of the local citizens. The assistance by a handful of the local ladies in serving the snacks was greatly appreciated.

Open house at Falcon Beach detachment...

KIDS DISCOVER COPS ARE TOPS

Last week was Police Week. To mark the occasion the Falcon Beach detachment of the RCMP hosted an open house and invited area schools and other interested visitors to tour their facilities and see for themselves what law enforcement is all about.

Vintage uniforms were worn as well as the modern serge. Little bits of history filtered through as well as a lot of explanation about modern day procedures.

Each child who visited had a chance to be fingerprinted, locked in the cell, try on handcuffs, sit in a police car, turn on the siren and talk on the radio. Anybody with enough breath was encouraged to try the ALERT and had the mechanics of the breathalyzer explained.

Other park personnel such as Doug Ursel, ambulance supervisor and Marilyn Demjanew, park ranger, were also on hand to explain their jobs.

Constable John Roskam explained one of the reasons for the special day was to help people, especially kids, understand what law enforcement is all about. He feels too many kids have the wrong idea by either watching "cop shows" on television or hearing their parents say things like, "Be good or the police will get you."

Constables made a hot dog lunch for the 80-plus school children who came from Reynolds School and Falcon Beach School.

While the hot dogs and buns were supplied by the detachment, Old Dutch donated potato chips, Falcon Building Supplies supplied soft drinks and Dominion Stores in Kenora donated cookies and other treats. A take-home packet of material geared for children included safety tips from St. Johns Ambulance and gift certificates from McDonalds of Kenora.

EARLY DAYS SCHOOLING AT WEST HAWK LAKE 1938-40

By Olive Zimmerman

The first school in the area was at the home of the Nellises who had three children of school-age and the ranger's daughter was also ready for schooling.

The Nellises owned what is now known as the West Hawk Lake Resort. This was the first store and resort in the area.

The first three teachers, consecutively, were Alex Gibb, Edith Hodgkinson and Charlotte Green.

The exact dates they taught are not known, but Miss Hodgkinson took over from Mr. Alex Gibb in mid-term in the winter of 1938-39 and taught till the end of that school year at least, then Miss Green taught after that.

These teachers boarded with the parents of a student.

SCHOOLING AND SCHOOLS 1952-90

By Ella Schindler

The next school in the area opened in 1952. Up till then, there were not the required seven students to open a school. Taking a correspondence course at home or being sent away were the alternatives. However, by 1952 several families had bought businesses and moved into our area and we had the required seven.

A meeting was held with the Minister of Education (at that time Mr. Miller) to discuss having a



1952 first class of students at school on PR 301.



Falcon Beach school

school. All agreed that a school was needed, but the Board of Education was not prepared to build us one at this time, suggesting if we could supply our own building, a school could be organized. Harry and Margaret Ealing, who had the concession at Star Lake (now Keswick Bible Camp), volunteered to let us have a room in their new home. Our seven pupils were: Beginner class - Donnie Good, Johnnie Polkowski and Edna Schindler. Grades 3 and 4 - David and Bob Ealing. Grade 5 - Mae Ealing and Myrna Schindler. Our first teacher, Miss Elsie Prokopski, was from the Prawda district. Because we were in unorganized territory, our school was classed as a special school and came under the supervision of Mr. Grafton, at that time inspector of special schools.

In the spring of 1953, the Ealings needed the classroom for their store business and the school was then held in a log bunkhouse. This little log building served the purpose - but left much to be desired. It was very cold in the winter. Much of the caulking was gone from between the logs, and one could see outside in places. The wooden floor had many knotholes, one of which the teacher, Miss Drew, caught her heel in and tripped. The pupils found this quite funny. It was hard to sweep this floor and keep things clean. This work was all done by the teacher and the pupils. In the fall of 1953, we had two more children, Carol and Hugh Gannon, who attended for about six weeks while their father worked in the area.

Our teacher for the following term was Mr. Walter Matyshynee and during the year the Forestry let us use their new bunkhouse as our schoolhouse. This was in the same area at West Hawk and was quite an improvement. Classes carried on here for the rest of 1954 and for the 1955 term. Due to more families steadily moving into the area, enrollment was steadily growing. The Department began making plans to build a school.

In 1956, a schoolhouse was built across the road from the Hydro substation on P.R. 301. One of the Park Officer's houses is now located on the same site. Our teacher in 1956 was Miss Shirley Senchuk from East Braintree and enrollment had increased

to 26 pupils. Miss Senchuk worked hard to organize our school into mixing in sports with other schools. The pupils thoroughly enjoyed their first game against an outside school, namely Rennie, to say nothing of all the parents in the cheering section. She also organized Field Day, taking her students on their first field trip to Bemidji, Minn. This was a real highlight for the children.

Mr. Grafton visited the school periodically.

By 1959, the Department of Education in Winnipeg felt a larger permanent school with more facilities was a necessity. Better and larger playgrounds and equipment for same were also needed.

At this time, the Townsite at Falcon was being developed. The government was building an 18-hole golf course and a shopping mall to house a drug store, grocer store, laundromat, hardware, restaurant, hairdressing shop and later the Falcon Beach Post Office (the only post office in the area was the Whiteshell P.O. at West Hawk Lake). With this in mind, it was felt the most suitable place would be where the present school is located.

When the school was first built, the summer doctor's office was located there till a space was ready in the shopping mall, and the first curling banquets were served in the classrooms before the clubrooms were built in the Community Club.

In 1958, a fully modern school was opened with two classrooms, a science room and a teacher's office. When the 1958-59 school term opened, there was an enrollment of 24. The teacher was Mr. Walter Malnyk from Winnipeg. The following term Mrs. C. Feilberg from East Braintree was the teacher, then Mrs. Elspeth Fitzmaurice taught for the term 1960-61. During these years there were children in every grade from 1 to 8 and one teacher. The highest enrollments were 34 in 1962-63, 38 in 1963-64 and 39 in 1964-65.

Mrs. A. Burdeny very capably taught every grade



School bus

for several years, but as attendance grew it was plain another teacher was required.

For the first time during the 1969-70 term the

school had two teachers. Enrollment was 53. Mrs. Burdeny was the principal and the second teacher was Mrs. Martha Ratuszniak. The following year



Falcon Beach School, grades 4-8, 1967

Top row: Colin Moffat, Alan Schaldemose, Wayne Zimmerman, Billy Hamilton, Bobby Hamilton, Barry Senkow, Gary Niniverta. Second row: Debby ?, Donna Tod, Barbara Hamilton, Jennifer Fitzmaurice, Susan Loeppky, Kathleen Stem, Lori Ziemanski, Sherry Kumhyr. Third row: Lea Pretsell, Audrey Zimmerman, Cathy Major, Christine Podolchuk, Donna Krysko, Barbara Zimmerman, Lorna Winslow. Teacher, Mrs. Burdeny.



Falcon Beach School, grades 1-3, 1967

Back row: Tim Lerch, Randy Penner, Eric Pretsell, Brian Zimmerman, Robin Tod, Greg Ziemanski, Terry Petrow, David Penner, David Tod. Center row: Dale Mayers, Donald Zimmerman, Darryll Niniverta, Sharon Krysko, Kim Stem, Desirie Lerch, Micheal Petrow, Jimmey Bueck, Gilbert Mauchaud. Front row: Susan Schaledemose, one missing, Gwen Barager, Collette Wallace, Lynn Pretsell, Wendy Major, Cindy Senkow, one missing, Cathy Wallace. Teacher, Lois Rain.

there was an enrollment of 57 and for many years the enrollment remained high. But there has been a slow decline to the present 20 to 25 students.

This is the same school that operates today. There have been additions and many improvements. The school is adequately equipped with a multi-purpose room, a well stocked library and a nursery school classroom. Many extra pieces of equipment, both in the playgrounds and in the classrooms, were donated by Trans-Canada Pipelines who for years had several families residing in the area with children going to the school.

The school has always been serviced by a bus. Some of the drivers have been Martin Bucek who owned the Falcon Motel, Gordon Hamilton who owned Penguin Camp, Mike Gagawchuk who operated the lumber yard at Falcon and did carpentry work in the area, and the present driver Bob Partridge, who has spare drivers when needed. They are Robbie Robinson, and Murray Imrie.

After Grade 8 the children have to leave the area for high school. For many years they were bused to Whitemouth for grade 9 to 12. Now they are bused to Steinbach for their high schooling.

Some of the high school bus drivers have been Jock Tod, Bert Vinet, Eddie Smorong, Gene Baze-lo and the present driver is Moe McNicholl.

The present staff at the school are principal Mike Vlasman and Jan Kaspick is the second teacher with Heather McDonald as the nursery and Shannon Tod a helper. Vicki McNicholl is the secretary

librarian and Vera Mayers is custodian.

Other teachers have been I.A. Mayers, Linda Scott, Lois Rain, Dave Dueck, Kathleen Matwee, Joey Winchell, R.K. Chalmers, Maurice Kustiak, Barbara Linklator, Linda Reynolds, Doris Yaremke-wick, Brenda Davies, Mrs. Jane MacKenzie, W. Ya-worsky, Sheena Hall, Bill and Kerry Kinley, Gail Kress and Mrs. Marian Mildrew as a part time kin-dergarten teacher. A former secretary was Edna Smorong.

Students started going to Whitemouth for their high schooling about 1963. For a while an older stu-dent drove, picking up the rest of the children along the way or at convenient locations for other par-ents to meet him. Then, Jack Tod did the driving. For some time, the school bus that picked up the Rennie children started its run at Falcon, then picked up the West Hawk children, then went on to Ren-nie and picked up the rest of the bus load and went on to Whitemouth, returning the same way in the evening. This was about a 1 1/2 hour trip for the first ones on the bus.

John Molinski drove the school bus from West Hawk to Whitemouth from September 1963 till he retired in June 1976. (This information was gathered from the Whitemouth history book.)

The last year students from this area graduated from Whitemouth school was in 1989. Of these graduates from this area there are - teachers, nurses, engineers, electricians, R.C.M.P. officers, dental hygienists, secretaries and others who have gone on to jobs that have led to good professions.



Falcon Beach School 1990 - 1991. Front row: Aquila Down, Meagan Imrie, Julie Abut, Burton Duncan, Emily Hamilton, Kelli Roach, Eric Young, Neil Surowich, Megan Maxwell, Tanya Woroniuk, Jenna Moore, Paul Sawka, Alex Greenaway. Second row: Jenna Benson, Lyndsay Shewfelt, Steven Sawka, Sandi Roach, Andrew Greenaway, Jennifer Surowich, Curtis Proceviat, Cara Lovell, Ian Young, Dusty Maxwell, Devin Imrie, Amanda Shewfelt, Sayer Down, Jonathon Sheddou. Third row: Cameron Duncan, Adam Greenaway, Kevin Zimmerman, Corley Lovell, Jon Bilen-duke, Kevin Surowich, Greg Persoage, Trevor Prociat, Patrick Howie, Jon Moore, Matt Boutillier, Bryan Howie. Back row: Shannon Tod, Janet Kaspick, Mike Vlasman (principal), Vicki McNicholl, Heather McDonald.

MANITOBA NATURAL RESOURCES 1930-1990 TIMBER SALES

Under provincial administration the amount of saw timber sales gradually increased while the cut on timber berths decreased. The great bulk of railway ties and transmission line poles also came from timber sales. As for pulpwood, about 60 percent of the quantity cut outside the pulpwood berth came from sales, the balance mainly from timber permits.

At Falcon Lake Mike Manchulenko cut timber in the mid 1930s in the area where the fire break road is on the south shore. Before the golf course was developed there was a sawmill operation set up there. Mr. Iwacha, who operated a small store on Mo-Ka-Han beach, also had a sawmill operation. This operation was in business in the late 1940s and the early 1950s when the first lots on the south shore of Falcon were opening up and construction of cottages there was starting.

* * * * *

There were quite a few small sawmills in this area over the years. On the north shore of Falcon Lake E.J. Thomas had one which Dick Good operated for many years in the late 1930s till the early 1960s.

At West Hawk Lake, Jock Tod operated a mill from the mid 1950s till sometime in the early 1970s. These are only two operations by local residents. There have been people from neighboring areas who have cut and milled and also have had pulp permits and delivered the pulp to the mill at Kenora.

* * * * *

From the book *Trials to Rails to Highways* (Whitemouth, Man.) we learn that when the railway went through in the 1870s the spruce was 20 to 30 inches in diameter and records show one as large as 42 inches in diameter.

FALCON LAKE

By Carole Krysko

In 1938, when Henry Krysko (my husband) was 10 years old, he worked with his father, Michael Krysko, cutting firewood for Bailey Fuel of Winnipeg for 75¢ a cord. The areas they cut were the golf course, where the "Rehab Camp" was located, as well as part of the area which is now the staff trailer village. The tools and machinery they used were axes, buck saws and a team of horses.

In 1953, Henry bought his first timber permit in the Whiteshell, northeast of Blueberry Hill. The price of pulpwood was \$20 a cord delivered to the mill in Kenora. In the years following, he cut near

an area called Mile 94 on the Greater Winnipeg Water District railway line, he also had a permit near Rennie. (Mr. Penner cut pulp and timber in the area around the trailer village at Falcon, but he was closer to the Trans Canada Highway.)

As a matter of interest, Henry was the first pulpwood producer in 1951 to implement "gyppo" as a method of pulp production. A brief explanation - cut trees down, use a tractor to pull tree lengths to the landing, (pile) push them together with the tractor, and cut into eight-foot lengths. The other producers were skeptical and laughed at him, claiming that his method would never replace strip cutting. It has come to pass that almost everybody uses Henry's method, but they are all highly advanced with their "nippers," "slashers," etc.

Henry was the first producer in the area to have a cable winch on his John Deere crawler, to use to winch one full cord at a time from the strip. This put an end to "hand bombing" the strip cutters cords on the sleighs to bring them to truck-access roads.

When timber quotas were introduced in 1960. Henry was designated to cut in the area southeast of the ski run, off the fire guard road. He cut in that location for 25 years (1985). In 1971, he purchased an additional timber quota designated to be cut at Betula Lake. He was now cutting in two areas of the Whiteshell, Falcon Lake and Betula Lake.

In May 1989 he was allocated an area near Big Whiteshell Lake to continue to cut the same quota he purchased at Betula in 1971, and Falcon in 1960.

In November 1990, Ward Perchuk, Head Forester, and Henry cruised the area to be cut at Big Whiteshell Lake. Henry hopes to continue producing pulpwood for another 20 years.

Incidentally, the price of one cord of spruce is \$84 (delivered to the mill) and \$76 for a cord of pine (delivered to the mill) is the 1990 rate.

SOME OF THE MORE COMMON TREES AND SHRUBS IN THE WHITESHELL

Our forests and the lumbering industry, along with the fur trade and mining are the oldest industries in the Whiteshell, dating back to before the tourist trade started, and to before the area was proclaimed a park.

A tree is defined as a woody perennial, usually 20 feet tall or more, other smaller species are commonly known as shrubs, but there is a very fine line drawn between the two.

The White Birch

The bark or outer layers of this tree was what the native people of this country used to build canoes to navigate the waterways of this country. They were

strong and light in weight. The inner wood is hard enough to make lumber, some of which is used in furniture.

The Poplar

There are two predominate members of this family in the Whiteshell, the black poplar, which grows around low, swampy areas and is one of the first trees to produce buds and pussy willows in the spring. The white poplar is the favorite food of the beaver and also some animals like the rabbit, and the deer will feed on the outer bark of downed trees in the winter when their natural food is hard to find.

The Oak

This hard wood tree is widely looked upon for furniture and years ago was used for a high grade flooring. The one in the Whiteshell is really the scrub oak.

The Manitoba Maple

This tree is really classed as a shrub and is renown for its autumn foliage.

The Willow

The fresh shoots of this shrub are a favorite food of the moose. Lamps, table legs, handles for drawers and cupboards and other things have been fashioned from these shrubs. They are known as "Diamond Willow" furnishings.

The Spruce

This conifer tree is one of the most harvested trees in the Whiteshell both for its value in the pulp industry and also for lumber. The large first growth trees have all been harvested, but younger trees are big enough now for both lumber and pulp.

The Jack Pine

This hardy conifer can often be found growing out of cracks in rocks where the seeds have dropped or been stored for food by birds or little animals. This tree is used for both pulp and lumber.

The Tamarac

This conifer grows around the edge of ponds and in swamps. Unlike most other conifer this tree's needles turn a brilliant orange in the fall and drop to the ground, growing new ones every spring. These new needles are a sort of yellow-green in color and contrast greatly to the other conifer around them.

The Cedar

This large coniferous tree has a form of leaves, not needles, that it does not shed. When these branches are brought into the house in the winter

they give off a pleasant aroma. Lumber from these trees is used in making chests and lining cupboards among other things.

The Balsam Fir

This tree, although not as popular as the spruce and pine for pulp and timber, is used in the industry. An oily aromatic substance from these trees makes a soothing ointment.

From a booklet

SOME EDIBLE AND POISONOUS BERRIES

By Dianne Beaven

POISONOUS BERRIES

At some time or another all of us have been warned of the danger of eating unfamiliar wild berries, because they might be poisonous. Strawberries, blueberries, and so forth are, of course, known to be safe and easily recognized. There are many others, however, of which we are uncertain.

There are some berries, while not really dangerous, that are very unpleasant, bitter, and often inedible. Others cause severe discomfort and sickness.

"Poisonous", when used to refer to berries, can have several connotations. Firstly, it can mean "dangerous" in the sense of causing sickness or disease, but seldom death, and secondly, "unpleasant", so as to be inedible.

All the plants listed here do not necessarily have poisonous fruit: some definitely do; some are doubtful; and still others have some poisonous part to their formation. All, however, are to be particularly noted.

The following are some of the most common ones found in the Whiteshell.

Dogwood

Several species of shrubs. They range from two to three feet high to small trees. The grayish-white berries, ripe in August, are acid and bitter, but not actually poisonous.



Juniper

A low spreading shrub, often in spacious circular patches. Dry soil; common. Bluish berries from July to winter. The oil from the berries is said to be poisonous, but in some European countries it is used extensively for cooking and preserving.



Poison Ivy

A shrub, one or more feet high, in open thickets and woods. White or cream berries, August to October. Common. The plant is well known to be poisonous, but nobody appears to have tested the edibility of the berries, though birds eat them freely. Best left alone.



Virginia Creeper

A climbing shrub, several feet high. Purple berries, September and October. Not pleasant enough to eat and regarded by some as poisonous. They are often mistaken for wild grapes and the two plants occasionally grow side by side.



Water Arum

Low herb, with a long acrid rootstock. Cold bogs. Seeds surrounded by jelly. Bright red, in September. The rootstock and leaves are not wholesome, and this probably applies to the berries also.



EDIBLE BERRIES

The edible berries listed here are ones common to the Whiteshell Provincial Park. Many of them can be successfully and economically used in home cooking, as soon as one is certain that they are safe to consume. These lists and illustrations are designed to help in determining this with a degree of certainty.

Blueberry

Huckleberry, whortleberry. Low shrub, one or two feet high, in open places. Across all Canada. Purplish-blue berries. July and August. One of the best known and most widely distributed of our fruit. All species are edible and delicious. Can be used in various ways in home cooking.



Hawthorn

Shrub, or small, thorny tree, up to 15 feet high. Throughout Canada. Scarlet, yellow, and even black fruit. September and October. Make very good jelly. Care should be taken to strain out the seeds.



Gooseberry

Shrub, about three feet high, sometimes prickly. Across Canada. Yellow to crimson fruit, ripening in August. Fruits can remain ripe on bush after ripening. Some species produce smooth-skinned fruits.



Bunchberry

A low plant, to 9 inches tall, woody at base, herbaceous at top, growing from slender underground rootstock. Damp, cold woods. Scarlet fruit, about 1/4" in diameter, with smooth globular pit. July and August. Plant is attractive and finds a place in some wild gardens. Berries not very attractive, being somewhat tasteless.



Cherry

Tall shrub of small tree. Choke and Pin Cherries. Across Canada. July to September. Red to purplish-black fruit. The genus PRUNUS includes both the cherries and the plums. A bitterness in the fruit is caused by prussic acid, a poison, and the kernels in the seeds should not be eaten in quantity. They make good jelly, jam, wine, syrup, vinegar, and choke cherry butter.



Cranberry

Creeping evergreen shrub with stems four to ten feet long, forming dense mats. Bogs and swamps. Red fruit, September to October. Not very palatable raw.



Saskatoon

Usually a shrub eight to nine feet high, but may grow into a small tree. Juneberry or Shadbush. Over most of Canada, except the north. June to August. Red to purplish or blue-black fruit. May be eaten raw. The large seeds are somewhat objectionable.



Rose

Prickly bush, three or four feet high. All across Canada. Red fruits, July or into winter. The bristly seeds in most species must be removed or they may cause serious irritation of the throat. Some are fit to eat raw; others make excellent jellies and jams. The various garden kinds are also edible.



Rich in vitamin C, as are most wild fruits.

Plum

Small trees, 8 to 10 feet high, with white or creamy fragrant flowers. Red to purple fruit. August and September. Seldom good to eat raw.



Rowan

Mountain Ash. Small tree, up to twenty feet. Bright red fruit in clusters. September to October. Also in cultivation. Berries are unpleasant to some.



Our fruit bearing native shrubs and plants play a most important part in providing both food and shelter for insectivorous birds and upland game birds. They also help to promote the healthy growth of native trees throughout the parkland belt of the prairies and for the same reason are of value for use in the development of shelter belts. Many of them make excellent ornamentals when transplanted to the home grounds.

Early settlers depended on such wild berries for jams, jellies and preserves and they still provide the base for many favourite home recipes, including wine. The staple food of the fur trade days "pemmican" was dried buffalo meat pounded and compressed into cakes by adding native berries. Today the fruit of many wild plants still provide a source of food which could be of great importance to a person lost in the woods.



The prairie crocus "Manitoba's floral emblem" found in many places in the Whiteshell.

WHITESHELL TRAPPERS ASSOCIATION

By Olive Zimmerman

There has always been an abundance of wildlife in the Whiteshell Park. From stories handed down from years gone we know that Indians travelled through the region many years ago, trapped, fished and picked wild rice both for their own survival, and for sale or trade. Before registered traplines came into being in the early 1940s some homesteaders and other people living in the area trapped in the winter to supplement their income. The Sorensons, who lived north of the track in the Caddy Lake area, were one of these families and they got the line when it was registered and some of the family trapped it till the late 1980s.

Registration of traplines was put forward and developed under the aegis of Harold E. Wells who was once a member of the Manitoba Provincial Police. He lived in the north where there was a big problem with trappers encroaching on one another's so-called trapping areas. He drew up a map dividing areas into portions, giving trappers, where possible, areas near where they lived. These were all registered with the Manitoba Government and given a number, and were known as registered traplines. A trapper kept the line as long as he was able to trap it. The first registered traplines were in the Summerberry region of northern Manitoba.

Mr. Gerald Malaher who was with the Game Branch of the Manitoba Government was another person who helped to implement this program.

Some of the men that we know who were trapping in the Whiteshell before there were registered lines were George Carlson, Alex Henschell and the Sorensons.

Trapping is like farming, fishing and many other jobs. It's sort of a family business. In many cases it was also used to supplement the family income in the winter months.



Local trapper on a portage trail.

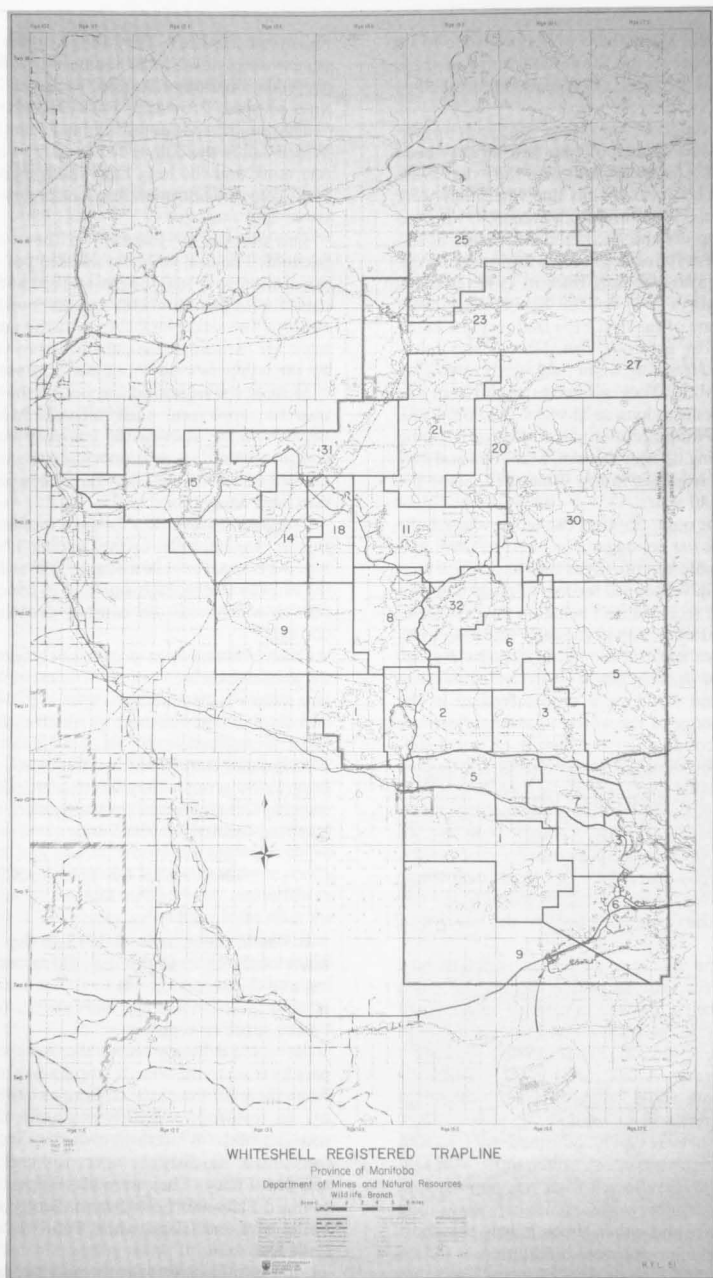
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Trapline map

In later years when there was more work to be had in the winter in the Whiteshell, some of these men continued trapping, often going out in all kinds of weather to check the traps.

Some of the first registered traplines in the Whiteshell went to people who had already been trapping, like Alex Henschell, who started in 1929. Henry Henschell also got his line when they were first registered. Holger and Rudi Sorenson, who had been trapping around their homestead for years, each got their trapline in 1946. Ed McInnes and Allen Rodgers also got their lines in 1946. Bernard French got his in 1947 and Ed Schindler in 1948. These are some of the first lines that were let in the Whiteshell. The Bartleys, Jim, Harvey and Johnny, all started trapping when they were growing up at Colver, Man. They all have traplines in the Whiteshell, some as long as 35 years. Adolph, Rudi, August and Philip Zimmerman all started trapping as boys growing up near Darwin, Manitoba and they all have had traplines in the Whiteshell, some between 35 to 40 years.

Some of the older trappers can tell how much the coming of power toboggans has helped them getting to the more remote areas and back. The con-nabear traps have stopped the loss of many animals. They also tell stories about being on their traplines and listening to the loon in the early morning when there isn't another thing around to disturb the peace and quiet. Or drifting down rivers and streams in the spring and watching a moose feeding in the elders at the edge of the water, unaware of anyone around. Or coming across a family of otters sliding down a rock into the water having a little play with one another and then doing it all over again. The other side of the picture is destruction caused by overpopulation in many cases. You are all familiar with the loss of trees around your cottages. This is caused by beaver having to come near where people are living looking for some food. That's one reason why the trappers help keep the balance of nature.

Some of the older trappers can also tell of how the price of fur can change. In the 30s fur was a good price, then it dropped to where it wasn't worth trapping. In the late 60s it started to pick up again and stayed that way till the late 1980s. Here are a few comparisons. A fox sold for \$7.50 when the prices were low would bring \$150. when the prices were at their peak. A lynx would bring \$3.00 to \$6.00 when the prices were down and would sell for \$600. when the prices were up. Another thing with selling furs, the price reflected what was popular that season in the fashion world, sometimes it was long haired animals and other times it was the short haired ones the buyers were bidding on.

The Whiteshell Park is divided into 25 separate

registered traplines. They range in size from 110 square miles down to 20 square miles. Boundaries are a combination of Section, Range and Township lines plus the Provincial Park Boundary.

The main species of animal caught in the Whiteshell is the beaver followed by muskrat, otter, mink and the long hair which include timber wolf, bear, red and cross fox, lynx and most recently fisher and marten.

The purpose of trapping in the Whiteshell is twofold. The first is the stabilization of the animal population so it may be maintained at the highest capacity (largest numbers) that the food supply will sustain. The second, of course, is the monetary reward for the sale of the pelts followed very closely by the trappers' "love" of the outdoors.

Most of the registered trappers in the Whiteshell trap to supplement their income. Many of the traplines have been in the trappers' families for several generations and providing the interest and qualifications are met, they have been passed on to sons and daughters.

Trapping seasons vary for each species of animal. Beaver, for example, opens October 15. This enables the trapper to take nuisance beaver from along the railway tracks, highways and to concentrate on beaver which may be causing problems to the cottager.

Other seasons open progressively as the fur on the animals become "prime." For example, the long hair species (wolves and fox) open in mid-November and close in mid-February at which time the fur is "off" or rubbed.

Registered trappers in the Whiteshell are a very progressive group. They have participated in new trapping techniques and constantly work to improve trapping methods in the Park.

TRAPPERS OF THE PAST

By Pat Kozak

It was in the winters of 1935-40 that Ed McInnis, a local trapper to this day, did most of his visiting and delivery of goods to five pioneer trappers of days gone by. He has more stories to tell than I have space to report in.

He would deliver groceries that were sent to trappers by train to the whistle stop known as Decimal. From there Ed would chuck them into the sleigh and off he would go with his dog team to visit the traplines of the Whiteshell, owned by Scotty Hamilton, Frank Hardisty, brothers Bill and Tom Reid and Jim Finley. They were all trappers located at Mallard Falls and Lone Island. Scotty was on the outlet of Lone Island while Tom was on Jessica Lake.

Ed's trapline was right through the area at Red

Rock, Rice Lake and Brereton. He'd sometimes stay away for days at the forks of Lone Island and the Little Whiteshell. Ed also knew the already famous trapper known as Alex Kolansky very well.

Ed's late brother Bill McInnis and his father Hugh also had a trapline up at the narrows on Little and Big Whiteshell.

Frank Hardisty was one fellow who stayed in the bush year round. He never really trapped himself but belonged to the old Hudson Bay Trading Post Company and acted as a buyer while he lived up north in the 'Olden Days'.

Frank was a jolly person who lived for today. He'd have a lump sum of money, like in the thousands, but it was gone shortly after.

He was a married man with a son Pete, but his family preferred to remain in civilization instead of the bush, so he lived alone.

Ed chuckled as he told me a story about how he would bring Frank some "Ogden's" tobacco and papers and he'd dig right in, not quitting to smoke until the can ran dry. Then he'd just have to wait it out until McInnis would visit again. At this time Hardisty was about 70 years of age.

His brother Bill Haristy had his own cabin on the south end of Lone Island. He passed away in his later years at a cabin owned by Bill Scarfe on Jessica Lake.

Tobogganists of today have renovated this trapper's cabin to use as a shelter and place to warm up for a spell. This cabin is now about 40 years old.

Jim Finley was yet another pioneer trapper who lived in Mallard Falls. He was also an engineer and surveyor. His brother Allan also worked for the government and a problem arose as a result. As a rule, in those days they were told that no two members of one family could hold the same government department job, so Jim, who was a bachelor, chose to quit his job, since Allan had a family to support. That's when he headed for the bush and a life in the wilderness. He homesteaded there right after the First World War had ended way back in 1918.

Ed laughed as he told me that every time he visited Jim, his first job was to chop himself some firewood before water could be boiled for his cup of tea. Although we are told those days were hard, no one rushed around as we do today leading themselves to an early grave.

Ed McInnis' dog team numbered eight. The lead being "Old Plug," an Alaskan Husky.

He remembered well when my dad (John Podolchuk) was a trapper who remained in the bush all winter long. His cabin was situated along the southeastern trail about three miles east of Rennie near Pit Lake. When he married, mom went along. Dad also had a large dog team. In those days there were many bushmen along with their wives or im-

mediate family cutting cordwood near Rennie. Some lived only a mile or so away from one another.

Mom always comments "they were happy times, you appreciated your nearest neighbor and became very close friends". She'd even tell how they (the ladies) would run from one place to another too scared to look back in case that "big, bad wolf" was close behind.

Such were the days of yester-year, although one had to work very hard for their dollar, the pioneers always say folks were happier, healthier and even more friendly. Nowadays people seem to feel less need to depend on their fellow man.

SOME OF THE MORE COMMON WILD ANIMALS OF THE WHITESHELL

The Lynx

This carnivore's cry, heard on almost every continent, resembles that of the wolf. A bloodthirsty creature, it follows its prey into the highest branches of the tallest trees.

The Red Fox

A native of Europe, Asia and Africa, is often seen in the Whiteshell and is easily tamed. This carnivore plans its raids with intelligence and then carries out with cunning and cruelty. It will eat almost anything, eggs, fish, chickens, etc. but it most cherishes tid-bits such as grapes and honey.



This little fox would carry mouthfuls of food down PR 301 to the den where the young pups were. It was very timid when it sensed a different smell around.

The Bat

The wings of this chiropteran are made of resistant membranes. This nocturnal mammal flies through the darkness and guides himself by the high pitched noises which it constantly emits. These sounds bounce back when they strike an object and the ears pick them up.

The Mouse

About the only spot on the earth where this rodent is not found is upon certain islands (unimportant). It would be more likable if it didn't do so much damage. It swims, climbs, burrows and will eat almost anything. Even though it is timid, it is curious and will go almost anywhere. (Ed note: there are several species of this mammal in the Whiteshell.)

The Red Squirrel

This agile rodent uses its tail as a stabilizer during its amazing leaps. It is a clean and vivacious fellow. An unappealing trait to many people is its canny ability to find and rob bird nests.

The Flying Squirrel

A bushy tail and folds of membranous skin stretched between the legs allow this rodent to leap distances of 100 feet. It lives in trees.

The Ermine (Weasel)

This curious carnivore hunts mice and attacks bear and moose while they sleep, clawing into their ears. It will also attack an eagle and will not release its grip upon the bird even though it is carried into the air. It has valuable fur.

The Otter

The energy displayed by this savage little creature is amazing. It lives near lakes and rivers, swimming with great rapidity and killing more fish than it can possibly eat. It has valuable fur.

The Black Bear

This North American bear becomes very fat and heavy in the late fall. It hibernates during the winter and when it awakens in the spring it is as "hungry as a bear". It is then that it causes great damage in its search for food. It loves honey and berries and often digs up ant hills to get at the ants for a meal.

The Beaver

Hunted for its fur, this animal brought the Hudson's Bay Company to Canada over 300 years ago. They are excellent swimmers and can cut down trees with their chisel-like teeth. The male helps the female build the dams they fashion in the creeks, as well as their homes.

The Rabbit

A swift runner owing to the strength of its hind legs, this rodent is timid and found everywhere. The female lines the nest before the young are born with fur she pulls from her body. The snowshoe rabbit that is brown in the summer and white in the winter is the one seen most in the Whiteshell.

The Timber Wolf

Known over most of the regions of the world, this carnivore is more or less cowardly. It travels in groups (packs) and then will attack almost any beast, even man. Its ears are sharp and pointed and it has a long, bushy tail.

The Coyote

These animals have become quite plentiful in the last few years in this part of the country. It hunts over the countryside looking for rabbits, chickens and other small animals. When it finds no meat, it will eat green corn and fruits. It yelps and howls when the moon is full.

The Moose

This ruminant runs head-on through thickets and over the ice. The male, armed with huge, branched horns, does not fear to rush in to attack wolves and man. It lives in and around swampy forests.

The Deer

This herbivorous creature lives in all parts of the Whiteshell. Its branched horns are shed each fall and grow again in the spring. It is timid, slender and runs rapidly through the forests and over the rocks when pursued.

After the Province of Manitoba was formed in 1870 there followed a long and acrimonious dispute with Ontario over the location of the boundary between the two provinces. The question was finally settled by a decision of the Privy Council in England in 1889. Survey parties were sent out in 1897 to mark the boundary from Lake of the Woods to the Winnipeg River, a distance of 58 miles. Ontario officially accepted this surveyed portion of the boundary in 1899, Manitoba did not do so until 1929.

Ed note: The above information was given to me with other material source unknown.

The following are excerpts taken from a promotional booklet published by the Department of Mines and Natural Resources in 1939 named "The Whiteshell" Manitoba.



Boundaries of the Whiteshell Forest Reserve

The Whiteshell Forest Reserve has an area of over 1,000 square miles and is situated in eastern Manitoba. It is bounded by the Ontario boundary on the east; the Winnipeg aqueduct on the south; the Winnipeg River on the north; and the western extremity of the Pre-Cambrian Shield on the west.

This playground, containing some 200 lakes and numerous streams, was set aside by the Manitoba Government in 1931, and is dedicated to the use and enjoyment of woodsmen and nature lovers.

THE WHITESHELL

"Where the North comes down to meet you"

A land of lakes and streams, of granite cliffs and shady valleys, of turbulent waterfalls and placid pools . . . the Whiteshell Forest Reserve beckons the tourist and sportsman to eastern Manitoba.

For generations this area was known only to Indians and to occasional prospectors and trappers. During the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries the North-West and Hudson's Bay Companies used the Winnipeg River as a main artery for travel and trade east and west. After the advent of railways to the Red River settlement, the Winnipeg River route to Lake Winnipeg fell into disuse and the country, inhospitable to settlers, reverted to its natural state.

In 1932 the link of the Trans-Canada Highway between Winnipeg and Kenora was completed, and by the end of 1938 was hard-surfaced throughout.

Province of Manitoba



Canada

"The WHITESHELL"

Nowhere is Canada's great Northland so easily accessible as in the Whiteshell Forest Reserve in eastern Manitoba.

An enchanted land of age-old granite—breezy promontories—cool woodlands and sun-kissed waters.

A land filigreed by crystal lakes—wandering streamlets—rapid waters and the mighty tumbling floods of a great industrial river.

Host to the summer adventurer on pleasure bent—to the sportsman and the fisherman—to the student of nature and the wildings—or to the vacationist seeking quiet relaxation and the re-creation of mind and body.

Reached conveniently and pleasantly over beautiful scenic highways, roadways and woodland trails—an invigorating northern refuge where Nature still holds sway.

HOLIDAY IN "THE WHITESHELL"

"Where the North comes down to meet you"

Department of Mines and Natural Resources

Winnipeg, Manitoba

HON. J. S. McDIARMID, MINISTER

This important route runs for twenty-five miles through the Whiteshell Forest Reserve, past some of its most beautiful lakes, and is today one of the most scenic highways of the North.

The Whiteshell Forest Reserve is easily reached from Winnipeg by No. 1 Highway over eighty-four miles of hard-surfaced road.

The road follows the historic Red River Trail for twenty miles and crosses the Red River at Lockport. From there it traverses a fertile farming country and passes the limestone quarries at Garson, from which the beautifully mottled building stone known as Tyndall stone is obtained. After passing the thriving town of Beausejour the highway crosses the Brokenhead River, a charming little stream much frequented by picnickers and campers. From here the road climbs steadily, crossing a height of land into the watershed of the Winnipeg River, and winds through the pine forests of eastern Manitoba.

After passing the village of Whitemouth in the valley of the Whitemouth River, the first granite outcroppings occur. Gradually the country becomes more broken, the road more winding, until near the village of Rennie at the western boundary of the Reserve, the scenery becomes typical of the great Pre-Cambrian areas of northern Canada.

The Whiteshell Forest Reserve is also easily accessible from Kenora, over thirty-two miles of rugged scenic country, along the Trans-Canada Highway.

HISTORY

The roving existence of the Indians, precluding the construction of buildings which could survive more than a few years, hampered the archaeologist in search of Indian history in this locality. Until recently only occasional Indian camp sites, trails and graves bore evidence of the earlier presence of this roving race in "The Whiteshell."

In 1935, a trapper brought out word of peculiar designs laid out with boulders on smooth granite outcroppings along the Whiteshell River. A small party from the Manitoba Historic Society investigated and found a number of Ojibway ceremonial mosaics, perfect examples of Neolithic art. As far as is known this is the only occurrence of these ceremonial sites in forested country, and these are also thought to be some of the most perfectly preserved on the North American continent. Snakes, tortoises and other shapes are clearly laid out. The largest of these designs covers nine acres of ground and awakens awesome mental pictures of the ceremonies which took place here, with hundreds of solemn Indians stamping out the rhythm of the tomtom. The great variety of fish, including the royal sturgeon, an abundance of big game and fowl,

together with the wild rice found in this vicinity made the concourse of such large numbers of Indians possible.

Sieur de la Verendrye was the first white man to see the Winnipeg River. In 1734, while searching for the Western Sea, this intrepid Frenchman penetrated far into central North America. His maps show the Winnipeg river and also a short passage which must be the Whiteshell River route through the heart of the Whiteshell Forest Reserve.

In 1870 the Red River Expedition under Colonel Wolseley, a force of over 1,200 men, with full supplies and equipment, hurried down the Winnipeg River in boats and canoes to relieve the Red River settlement, harassed by the ill-fated Riel Rebellion. In spite of the hardships and dangers of the trip, the officers, writing of the descent down the Winnipeg River, found little room for describing the difficulties of the trip as the mighty grandeur of the river overshadowed all other impressions.

In 1884 the Canadian Pacific Railway was built through this land of rock and water and was soon followed by what is now the Canadian National Railways. These railways had practically no effect on the Whiteshell area. It was not until the Trans-Canada Highway was opened in 1932 that the beauties of this natural playground came to be generally known.

RECREATIONAL FACILITIES

This playground is not for the pampered tourist. Only such improvements are provided as are necessary for protection from fire and water pollution. Camping grounds, equipped with wells, camp cook stoves and other facilities are established at lakes accessible by motor car. Private enterprise has supplied tourist camps, stores and restaurants at West Hawk, Falcon and Brereton Lakes.

Access to most of the Reserve is by canoe only. The country will provide an ample supply of fish and game in season, and fir and spruce assure a comfortable bed.

In "The Whiteshell" the motorist can pause for an hour or a week, refresh himself in any of the numerous cool clear lakes, and inhale the pure scent of spruce and pine.

The canoeist, in a few minutes time, can enter the great hinterland of northern Manitoba from different starting points and wander for weeks through practically unknown and unexploited forests by way of an ever-changing route of lakes and streams. Here on a portage, beside a waterfall, the canoeist may pitch his camp secure in the fastness of the primeval forest—unchanged since the precipitous cliffs echoes and re-echoes the rollicking song of the *coureur de bois*.

FISHING

Several of the lakes in the Whiteshell Forest Reserve harbor lake trout, while all these cold clear lakes teem with pickerel and northern pike. It is easy to experience the thrill of angling in many of the waters of "The Whiteshell" where fish are not startled by the splash of a paddle from one year to another.

Commercial and net fishing are not allowed within this Reserve. The Manitoba Government closes the fishing during spawning time and enforces bag and length limits. Millions of fish fry have been released in the more frequented lakes to assure good fishing indefinitely. In spite of the few years this area has been known to fishermen it attracts an ever-growing number of ardent anglers, many of whom travel several hundred miles to enjoy this excellent sport.

DUCK HUNTING

The duck hunter's only worry is to decide from which of many lakes to shoot. Lakes filled with wild rice in the vicinity of One Island and Mallard Lake offer perfect shooting grounds, especially after the northern ducks arrive just before freeze-up. Often hunters, too fascinated by watching flocks of thousands of ducks whistle overhead, stop shooting to fully enjoy this unforgettable sight, knowing that their bag limits can be easily filled a little later. Practically all species of ducks are found here, and all are the finest of rice-fed birds.

Many hunters bag partridge, prairie chicken and geese, but these birds, although fairly common, are overshadowed by the thousands upon thousands of ducks.

BIG GAME HUNTING

In order to assure a continuance of good big game hunting, that portion of the Reserve lying south of the Canadian National Railways has been set aside as a game preserve and closed to trapping and big game hunting. This leaves over 700 square miles of the Reserve open for this sport. Red and mule deer, moose and woodland caribou are found in abundance, and most hunters are successful in securing the quota allowed for any of the above species.

The accessibility of the area and the variety of the game found attract a number of hunters every winter. There are no hunting lodges in the area but, by writing to the Tourist and Convention Bureau, Legislative Building, Winnipeg, arrangements can be made for guides and accommodation for a limited number of sportsmen.

MOTOR ROADS IN "THE WHITESHELL"

Two miles east of Rennie an all-weather road branches off the Trans-Canada Highway to allow the motorist to enter the heart of the wilderness comprising "The Whiteshell." Scarcely two hours after leaving the streets of Winnipeg the tourist can drive along the Brereton Lake road, and may often see deer or, if he is particularly fortunate, bear, wolves or moose, which are hardly aware of man intruding their domain.

The road leads past beautiful Lake Brereton seventeen miles north to the Whiteshell River. Wonderful vistas, through the trees across Brereton, Redrock, Jessica and White Lakes are broken by stretches of contrasting forests of pine, spruce and poplar.

Many motorists make Lake Brereton their headquarters, and from there make trips to lakes found north along the road or reached by canoe and portage to the west. Brereton Lake offers sand beaches, tenting grounds, and bungalow camps, while the lakes to the north afford fine sites for picnics and camping. Pickerel, northern pike and perch lure the fisherman to these waters.

Today the road does not extend much beyond the Whiteshell River, which it crosses immediately below one of the many small waterfalls. Eventually it will lead to Whiteshell and Crow Duck Lakes, and a branch road is projected to Slave Falls on the Winnipeg River.

SCENIC SPOTS CADDY LAKE

Caddy Lake, at Mile 99, is the first lake easily accessible along No. 1 Highway. A quarter mile of road leads to the canoe dock at the southern end of the lake. Many fishermen pitch camp here, as Caddy Lake offers excellent fishing for pickerel, northern pike and perch. Caddy lake is also important as the principal starting place for canoeists travelling north into the Reserve or to the Winnipeg River.

Past Caddy Lake the country becomes more rugged, the timber larger and a greater variety of forest growth can be observed along this highway than elsewhere in Manitoba. An occasional white pine towers above the profuse growth of jack pine, spruce and fir. Mountain ash, the belle of northern forests, blends beautifully with the delicate foliage of cedar and larch (tamarac).

WEST HAWK LAKE

Suddenly, after gaining a crest in the road, the magnificence of West Hawk Lake appears. The sight of miles of water bounded by precipitous shores,

often rising a hundred feet, and many coloured cliffs is unforgettably etched on the minds of all who see it. Reluctantly the traveller proceeds past the first inlet, named Penniac Bay, to the camping grounds one mile farther along the route. The first impression of this lake is enhanced by further investigation. The water of this spring-fed lake is wonderfully clear. The lake occupies a veritable chasm, and has been sounded to 400 feet. With clear waters, towering, vari-coloured cliffs, wide sand beaches, and softly wooded points, West Hawk Lake is indeed a lake of many charms.

West Hawk is the most frequented lake in "The Whiteshell." The tourist is invited to register at a picturesque log office, and has a choice of acres of wooded area on which to set up camp. Stores, filling stations and restaurants cater to the needs of campers, and a number of tourist camps afford shelter to those not tenting or travelling with trailers. Bath houses at the highway allow the passerby a chance to change into bathing suit for a refreshing dip at Sandy Beach, a crescent of pure, white sand which gradually shelves into the lake.

In addition to the fish common to all these lakes, small-mouthed bass are caught in the northern end of West Hawk Lake, and its deep waters are the home of large lake trout.

FALCON LAKE

One mile west of West Hawk Lake a road branches off to the south and leads for four miles through an ever-changing forest to Falcon Lake. Toniata Beach is the most frequented spot. A colony of summer homes is set well back from a beautiful shoreline and overlooks a narrow strip of water. Tenting grounds lie immediately behind a fine sandy beach, and the usual accommodations are provided, including a large bungalow camp and store. Falcon Lake is seven miles long and one mile wide.

Not as deep as West Hawk Lake, its waters are, nevertheless, clear and refreshing. The shoreline varies from stark, precipitous cliffs to sandy plains running to the water. Here one finds fishermen from many parts of Canada and the United States, drawn by the excellent pickerel and northern pike fishing common in the lake. A half-mile portage leads to High Lake, bisected by the Ontario boundary and famous for its large lake trout. Boats and canoes can be hired on both these lakes. Many people will find Falcon Lake to be even more enjoyable than the better known West Hawk Lake.

STAR LAKE

From Penniac Bay on the highway, or a branch road off the Falcon Lake road, Star Lake can be

reached in a few minutes by automobile. Star Lake is well supplied with islands and wooded points. Northern pike are the only fish found here. To the traveller who prefers absolute quiet Star Lake will have a marked appeal. An area has been set aside for camping with a minimum of improvements. A sandy beach lies in front of this well-shaded camp site.

CANOE ROUTES

The Whiteshell River is a series of startlingly different lakes joined by short stretches of quiet winding river. Portages past rapids and waterfalls are not frequent enough to make travel difficult, but they afford marvellous views of waters rushing through narrow canyons or across series of smooth worn rock, to add still further charm to a perfect canoe route.

Except where wild rice fills Mallard, One Island and Little Whiteshell Lakes, as well as a few short stretches of the river itself, the entire route can be travelled with an outboard motor. It is not within the scope of this bulletin to describe the entire chain of canoe routes through "The Whiteshell." The attached map will show the principal waterways with their connecting portages.

The most frequently travelled canoe route starts at the canoe dock at the southern end of Caddy Lake. From here one can follow the Whiteshell River into almost every corner of the Whiteshell Reserve north of the Trans-Canada Highway.

Caddy Lake is actually two lakes joined by a tunnel under the Canadian Pacific Railway embankment. The water is clear and the shores are rugged until the approach to the tunnel under the Canadian National Railways track. Here the shore becomes very low and the first wild rice beds are encountered. The canoeist will disturb muskrats sunning themselves on their houses, and often a frightened snort will reveal a moose or deer along the shore.

The first portage is found some eight miles from the starting point where one passes a new beaver dam and a sparkling waterfall. The watercourse then twists among towering granite outcrops into Sailing Lake, an excellent lake on which to camp as many attractive sites lie behind fine sand beaches. The river runs through steep rock walls out of this lake, then suddenly into the rice beds of Mallard Lake, the first of several splendid lakes for duck hunting. The outlet of Mallard Lake is a turbulent series of rapids and falls, some three hundred yards in extent, around which leads an easy portage.

Soon the traveller must decide on whether to reach the Winnipeg River near the Ontario boundary by way of the Whiteshell and Crow Duck Lakes or at Jessie Lake through Lone Island, Jessica, White and

Betula Lakes.

The first-mentioned route through Little Whiteshell Lake, another duck hunter's paradise, leads into Whiteshell Lake, one of the most scenic in the Reserve. A double portage gives access to Crow Duck Lake, the largest in "The Whiteshell."

No lake in the entire Reserve can compare with Crow Duck Lake. The shoreline of this large body of water is pleasingly broken by many wooded points, while a number of beautiful islands lend still further interest. Its clear water is inviting to the swimmer and angler. Numerous sheltered sand beaches border this well-wooded lake. Crow Duck Lake is indeed a fine example of rugged northern scenery.

Twin portages lead from Crow Duck to Eagle Nest Lake, a bay of the Winnipeg River.

The alternative main route through "The Whiteshell" is by way of One Island Lake (another wonderful duck hunting spot) and ten miles of the Whiteshell River into Jessica Lake on the Brereton road. White Lake is reached by canoe through two miles of the river in which three portages are made. From White Lake the river flows into Betula, near which are found the famous Ojibway mosaics. A number of falls and rapids occur between Betula Lake and Jessie Lake on the Winnipeg River.

1939

HUNTING AND FISHING REGULATIONS

ANGLING

OPEN SEASON

(Subject to Change)

Pickereel, Perch, Pike, Goldeye, Saugers, Maskinonge, Mooneye, Arctic Grayling—May 16th to October 31st.

Whitefish, Lake Trout, Speckled Trout—April 15th to October 10th.

Large or Small Mouth Black Bass—July 1st to October 31st.

BAG LIMIT

Black BassNot more than 6 fish a day.
Trout10 fish a day.
Other varieties15 fish a day.
Numbers doubled for family license holders.

SIZE LIMIT

Lake TroutNot less than 16 inches.
Speckled TroutNot less than 11 inches.
SaugersNot less than 11 inches.
Pickereel (Dore)Not less than 15 inches.
Yellow PerchNot less than 8 inches.
Goldeye or MooneyeNot less than 9 inches.
Black BassNot less than 10 inches.

LICENSE FEES

Resident

Not required.

Non-Resident

Three days or less\$1.25
Seasonal\$5.50
Family, three days or less (Two adults and two children under 16)\$2.25
Family—seasonal\$7.50

No one shall buy, sell or offer for sale any fish caught by angling.

Applications for three-day licenses must state exact dates for which required.

A licensee must carry his permit with him when engaged in angling and produce it upon request of any Law Enforcement Officer.

Such permit is not transferable and shall be used only by the person named therein.

"One day" shall mean from sunrise to sunset.

Licenses may be secured from the Game and Fisheries Branch, Legislative Building, Winnipeg, Manitoba; Customs Officers along the International Boundary; or Tourist and Convention Bureau, Legislative Building, Winnipeg, Manitoba; and stores on the Whiteshell Forest Reserve.

BIG GAME

OPEN SEASON

(In Whiteshell Forest Reserve)

Male Moose, Caribou, Deer—The ten-day period immediately following the fourth Monday in November in each year, both days included, and in computing the said period of ten days Sundays will be excluded.

BAG LIMIT

One male animal only, during the open season.

LICENSE FEES

Resident

Moose or Caribou\$5.00
Deer\$2.50

Non-Resident British Subject

Big Game License\$25.00

Other Non-Residents

Big Game License\$40.00

GAME BIRDS

OPEN SEASON

(In Whiteshell Forest Reserve)

Wild Geese, Wild Ducks of any kind, Coots, Rails—September 20th to November 15th.

Wilson or Jack Snipe—September 15th to November 30th.

Ptarmigan—October 1st to October 20th.

Upland Game Birds such as: Grouse (Sharp-tailed, Pinnated and Ruffed); Hungarian and Spruce Partridge—Set by Provincial Order-in-Council.

BAG LIMIT

Geese5 a day; possession, 15; season, 50.
Ducks12 a day; possession, 40; season, 100.
Coots and Rails25 a day.
Wilson or Jack Snipe.....25 a day.
Ptarmigan15 a day; season, 50.
Grouse and Partridge—Set by Provincial Order-in-Council.

Open seasons, bag limits, etc., for migratory birds are subject to change by Dominion Order-in-Council.

LICENSE FEES

Resident\$2.25
Non-Resident British Subject.....\$10.00
Other Non-Residents\$25.00

THE WHITESHELL DISTRICT ASSOCIATION 1951-1971

A history of the Whiteshell wouldn't be complete without a story of the association.

When this organization was formed in 1951, there was only one access road to the Whiteshell by the Trans-Canada highway, now Highway 44, from Winnipeg through Lockport, Whitemouth, Rennie and West Hawk Lake on to Kenora, Ontario. Just east of Rennie there was a road to Brereton Lake. Further east another short road took you into Caddy Lake, another into Star, and another to Falcon Lake. These roads were dusty and washboard when dry and full of mud-holes and washouts after heavy rains. The only electricity in the area was from delco or diesel generators that some of the concession owners had. The telephone system was primitive but worked for emergencies and other occasions.

The Manitoba Power Commission had just finished a scheme of rural electrification throughout Manitoba. Art Ans, Harold Brett, Sid Martin, Henry Milbrant, Bill Morrow and Ken Hillier knew this, and thought why not the same for the Whiteshell. With this thought a meeting was held at Brereton Lake on September 2, 1951. A letter was sent to all cottage owners and camp-operators in the Park notifying everyone of the meeting. About 60 people turned up to discuss the extension of electric power to the Whiteshell. As the meeting progressed it was evident that there were other needs that had to be addressed, like roads, water levels and wells. It was also recognized that there had to be an organization to speak for everyone.

So the Whiteshell District Association was formed. H. Milbrandt was president, W.H. Morrow, Inverness Falls vice-president, A. Ans, Rennie secretary-treasurer, with representatives to be named at an early date from all the lake areas to form the Executive-Committee.

To get some operating money a \$1.00 yearly fee was set. At this time there were approximately 700 summer residents in the Whiteshell. (It was interesting to note the following from their minutes. — In 10 years there may be 2,000 or more. 'Was President Milbrandt an optimist?' ... In 1962 there were 2870 cottage owners in the Park.)

The second annual meeting was held in Dixieland Hall, Rennie, on August 2, 1953 with A.H. Brett president. One of the main concerns of his at that time was to work toward fair achievements for all areas of the Whiteshell. It is also noted here that Mr. Brett opened the services of his office to handle the mailing, without charge, and they also used his secretarial staff until 1961, from then till 1965 a monthly fee was paid to his employer's company. At this time ill health forced him to resign.

During these years the association had compiled a cottage owners list of each lake and had them mailed to all residents. Then they had to keep it up to date, so they could keep everyone informed of events that were happening.

In 1951 the W.D.A. started working on bringing electricity to the Whiteshell. This involved meeting with both Manitoba Government (Forest Service) and the Manitoba Power Commission (now Manitoba Hydro) to convince them that it was a feasible project. Then they had to notify all the members of their progress. The first power was turned on at West Hawk Lake, Caddy, Star and Falcon in the early summer of 1956. By May 1964 the job was finally finished with power to most populated lakes in the Whiteshell. In some cases it took four or five forms of communications before people would sign up and sent in their deposit. Then there was the clearing of the right-of-ways for the lines to be strung. At one point deposits had to be returned as there were not enough cottagers interested. This was only one project that was going on.

For the first few years the organization operated without a constitution. In 1961 one was drawn up and approved with the object to be, to encourage the development of the Whiteshell Forest Reserve as a vacation and recreational area.

Another committee was set up to deal with 'roads, wells and water-levels'. They had to collect information and report on (1) location and maintenance of the roads, (2) any need for good drinking water at camps, resorts and developed areas, (3) the need to maintain and control the water level in the lakes, particularly on the Winnipeg River, and report to

the appropriate government departments.

Evidences of the courteous cooperation of the re-organized Parks Branch are shown in reports for 1968 to 1971. Here are some of the things that were accomplished; buoys marked reefs and rocks where necessary, log booms and depth markers were installed, shower baths were installed at West Hawk and Pointe du Bois, yellow guidance signs were put on Whiteshell roads.

In May 1969 a brief was sent to the Provincial Government dealing with the pollution in the rivers and lakes in the Whiteshell as mercury pollution had been reported in the Winnipeg River to the east that was severe enough to cause health problems. Dr. Barager was appointed to do a study of the whole problem of pollution in the Whiteshell.

The Swimming and Water Safety Program that was started in 1952 still operates. The enrollment shows how successful this project was. Here are a few examples. In 1966 the central area comprising of Brereton, Jessica, White and Big Whiteshell Lakes had an enrollment of 257. The north area, Betula, Nutimik, Dorothy and Otter Falls had an enrollment of 248. The south area comprised of Falcon townsite and Toniata Beach, West Hawk and Caddy Lake had two weeks of lessons, the first week the enrollment was 354, the second week the enrollment was 231, for a total of 1090 students.

The enrollment continued high for the next ten years, as high as 1,295, then gradually started to drop.

The fee started out at \$2.00 a person and \$3.00 for a family. This came no where near covering the expenses at the time, but the program was carried on.

The program offered the Red Cross Society and the Royal Life Saving Society Awards in all categories, and had a high passing rate, which says a great deal for the instructors and those involved, as it was often the worst weather of the summer.

K.G. Hillier was the first director. He was succeeded by Blair Dowling in 1959. He served in this capacity for the next 11 years when George Wilson took over the post.

Some of the instructors were J. Goodridge, R. Pollock, M. Skinner, B. Eastveld and Ed Kowolchuk. These instructors had many qualified people working over them to make the program the success it is.

The Safe Boating Program came over this program and operated as a joint project of the Whiteshell District Association and certain commercial enterprises from 1959 to 1966.

The great influx of people coming to the Whiteshell with bigger boats and motors became a concern to many members, as there was evidence of inexperienced boaters and a substantial increase

in loss of life due to boating accidents.

Harold Brett, then secretary of the Whiteshell District Association took the initiative to organize this program. It was designed for both children and adults, to teach the basic fundamentals and operation of watercraft. Three qualified instructors were hired and for three weeks in July they travelled throughout the Whiteshell giving individual instructions as well as general demonstrations in the proper handling of canoes, row boats, motors and motorboats. In addition to instructions in safe boating practices, the Safe Boating Clinic was the first to give instructions in rescue breathing—mouth to mouth artificial respiration.

Ed McManus of Labatt's Brewery Limited was very involved in this program and because of its success, over 30,000 had watched or participated in the Safe Boating Clinic demonstrations, it was extended to other areas of the province.

The following direct quote from the Association's records say a lot for Mr. Brett (who never asked for any help from other executive members), and for the association for seeing the need for the program and doing something about it. "As soon as preliminary plans were established for the Safe Boating Clinic, marine corporations were approached to offer assistance to the program. The response was overwhelming. The Outboard Marine Corporation donated an outboard motor; Cadillac Boats donated a boat; Canasco Products Limited donated a Teenee trailer; and the Peterborough Canoe Company donated a canoe. In 1960, General Motors of Canada, realizing the contribution the Safe Boating Clinic was making to the people of Manitoba, offered to provide a station wagon to the clinic as part of their contribution to the worthwhile public service program. In order to obtain the maximum results in personnel instructions, this station wagon was equipped with a mobile PA system."

This was a partnership program and didn't cost the association anything except a lot of 'loving-labor'.

In the first 20 years of operation there were other problems and projects that as yet haven't even been mentioned; (a) The Local Government District of Reynolds; (b) The Whiteshell Echo; (c) Social Activities.

The first 'local' problem presented to the new organization was related to the Local District of Reynolds and the residents of Blocks 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 7 and part of Block 8, at Brereton Lake.

This land was both in the Whiteshell Park and the Local District of Reynolds and these residents were being charged extra for taxes to cover such things as Administration and Hospital Services.

Many residents, on legal advice, had failed to pay these taxes, so a lot of arrears had piled up.

The association had been asked to have this area taken out of the District of Reynolds and left in the Park like the rest of the cottage owners.

This was a lengthy problem and went on continuously from September 3, 1954 till March 1, 1960, when the Whiteshell District Association paid off the final owing taxes just to clear up the file. The result was that these residents were removed from the Local District of Reynolds and also from the School District of Rennie No. 2032.

Another project that started in the early life of the organization was the birth of the Whiteshell Echo in 1956. Arrangements were made with Lance Publishing Company, owned and operated by Lorne Leech, a former Director from Falcon Lake, to publish the Whiteshell Echo to be circulated throughout the Whiteshell to all residents ten times a year. The first issue came off the press in February of that year. There was no formal contract as to what anyone was to do, except the W.D.A. was to supply a list of all lessees and owners in the Whiteshell and everyone was to contribute material re, lake news, etc. if possible. This was more or less the working agreement over the next 15 years and sometimes it showed serious, almost fatal, weaknesses.

Blame could probably be laid at the feet of all concerned as to what was wrong. It was costing the publishers money for mailing Echos that were delivered to wrong addresses, and this also brought in angry phone calls from the public. Finally in 1960 it published the entire lists of owners and lessees for each lake in the Whiteshell, thereby giving each owner in the Park a complete list of owners at every lake. It is estimated that this publication saved the W.D.A. several hundred dollars, and brought in one hundred new members.

To try and keep the mailing list up to date the secretary Mr. Brett sent one of his staff to the Forestry Office in Winnipeg every November to scan their files and thus revive the lists for our use and the Echo.

Confronted with a declining membership since 1965 the Board of Directors were searching for ways to renew interest in the Whiteshell District Association, when and I quote "one bright member of the board looked at the word 'recreation'". Till this time the Whiteshell District Association had just been a service body devoted to the development of the Whiteshell Forest Reserve as a vacation and recreational area; thus the social recreation was started, not for gain, but to entice cottage owners of the Whiteshell into the organization. The Bull and Bush Group provided excellent entertainment, suitable music and good food and drink. Everyone had a good time and a profit was realized and a demand was made for a repeat the following year. The next social event was the Whiteshell picnic held at Soren-

son's farm located off Highway 44 between Rennie and Caddy Lake. The picturesque landscape leant itself admirably to the event. The picnic was held here for several years.

Gate receipts show that more than 800 people showed up between 8:30 a.m. and 8:30 p.m. to take part in the tug-o-war, races, grocer scramble, horse-shoe games, and darts. The fresh roast corn and the food were hot, but unfortunately the weather on that Saturday had turned cool with a few showers, that didn't dampen the spirits of those there and a profit was shown after all expenses were paid.

The winter social held Friday, February 12, 1971, at the International Inn far exceeded the original estimates so far as a social event was concerned. It was called a Hawaiian Beach Party.

HAIL AND FAREWELL

A summary of the history of the major and some of the minor achievements of the Whiteshell District Association in its first 20 years has now been written.

Harold Brett was the instigator of the now famous first meeting at the lake where he had his summer home. He was president of the association for five successive years, and its executive secretary for the next eleven years, until ill health forced him to resign from active participation. During all those years he was "Mr. Whiteshell," spending unaccounted hours in planning and working for "the development of the Whiteshell Forest Reserve as a vacation and recreational area," sacrificing time, comfort and money in the furtherance of his objective. When he passed away, after a brief but severe and painful illness, on February 1, 1966, those present at the Annual Meeting on April 22, stood for a minute's silence in honor of Mr. Brett. Mr. W.F. South, who had been associated with him for years as a Director of the Association, read a eulogy of the departed secretary.

Although the summary of the first 20 years of the association doesn't have all the members of the executive and lake representatives, it does have all the names of the presidents and the years they held the office.

1951	H.P. Milbrant, Rennie
1952-56	A.H. Brett, Brereton
1957	K.G. Hillier, Betula
1958-60	A. Beaven, Falcon
1961	Mrs. G. Whitlock, Battier Bay
1962-63	S. Black, Otter Falls
1964	J.E. Ridd, West Hawk
1965	Wm. Murdock, White Lake
1966	Mrs. I. Hill, Otter Falls
1967	M.D. Herneschen, Star Lake
1968	J.J. Thomas, Dorothy Lake

1969	F. Reichert, West Hawk
1970-72	V. Palmer, Nutimik Lake
1972-73	H. Meneer, Falcon
1973-74	K. Reading, Caddy Lake
1974-75	J. Ernst, West Hawk
1975-76	S. Con, Star Lake
1977-80	R.L. Birdsell, West Hawk
1983-85	John Biglow, West Hawk
1986-87	Hart Schmidt, White Lake
1988-89	Warren Barnard, Falcon
1990-91	Bruce Samson, West Hawk

With hydro power connected to all the cottages in the Whiteshell, there were new problems to deal with and ongoing ones that had to have continuing attention. Over the years there has been a committee keeping a close watchful eye on the water level of lakes and rivers. In the north, where many of the lakes are connected, or are part of the Winnipeg River system, this presents one problem. In the south end of the park the problem arises with rainfall or the lack of it. These problems are brought to the attention of the W.D.A. by fellow cottage owners or by people using the water ways, like the canoe route from Caddy Lake through the tunnels. Sometimes the water is so high and swift that the tunnels aren't usable. At other times there isn't enough water to get a boat through the tunnels. Now log dams help alleviate some of these problems.

This is the Park's problem to solve, but the strong voice of the association has resulted in many issues being kept on the front burner and being attended to when they arise.

A big issue for the W.D.A. after the electric power was completed was getting telephones into the area. Another segment of this problem should be solved by the summer of 1991 when cottages in the south part of the Whiteshell all have private phone lines.

With cottagers' changing lifestyle, the W.D.A. has worked hard with the Parks to come up with workable standards in the septic tanks, holding tanks and septic fields. Something that wouldn't harm the environment, yet could be applied to the varied terrain of the Whiteshell.

Roads have been an ongoing problem to deal with. Dust problems and speed control to snow removal in the winter. Again some areas have paved streets while their neighbors don't. Some roads are plowed in the winter while others, the side roads, are only plowed if requested, and then the cottage owners are billed.

Working with the Parks on a Master Plan has entailed many hours of meetings to come up with something that is enforceable and acceptable for cottage owners on leased land and those on private land within the Park. Some of these problems have not been dealt with for many years and when the likes of hefty rent increases were enforced by the Parks

the W.D.A. were there to speak for the cottage owners, and help keep things in perspective.

The above is only an idea of what this organization has been involved with. Some of these problems are dealt with at one meeting or phone call, while others take years, for example Hydro and phones were longtime projects. Whereas, when the Seniors wanted an extra voice when they wanted green fees brought more in line with other golf courses, the president was there for the W.D.A. and that problem was soon solved.

Briefly here are some of the other items of concern that a member or committee have dealt with: the problem of firearms in the Whiteshell; helped define who is a year-round resident and who is a cottage owner; the problem of noise level on the beaches; M.T.S. clearance lights on their towers and if something could be done about them; and the president represented cottage owners of West Hawk Lake when there was talk of a hostel going in at that lake.

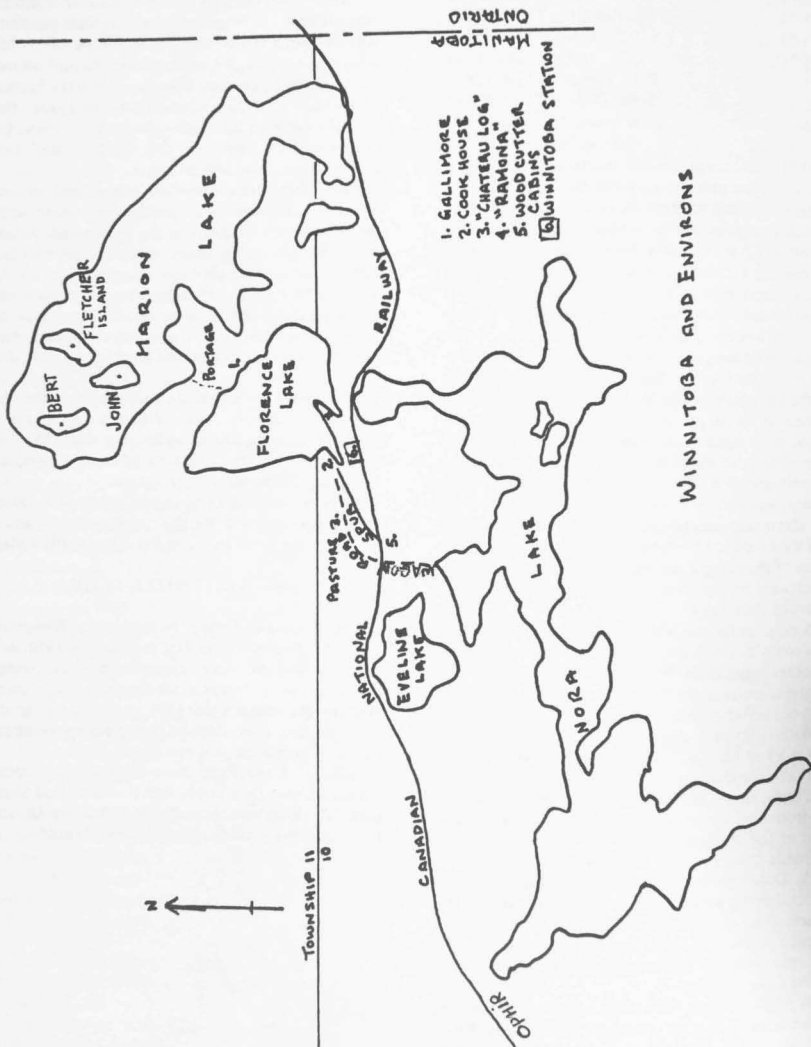
There have been two major changes in the last 20 years. The first one - there is no longer a Whiteshell picnic and secondly, now the Whiteshell Echo comes out regularly four times a year and has increased in the number of pages.

So ends the story of an organization that started 40 years ago to talk for the cottage owners and is still a major voice in many decisions made today.

THE WHITESHELL ECHO

The Whiteshell Echo published by the Whiteshell District Association was first published in 1956, and has continued ever since, sometimes monthly, sometimes quarterly. It was mailed to all cottage owners, till the summer of 1991, when the practice changed, and from then on only paid up members of the Association will receive it.

Editors of the Echo have been Lorne Leach, Richard Shaw, Don Lobb, Wes Rowson, Bud Sherman, Mr. Boychuk, June Phillips, Annalee Greenberg, and the present editor Cheryl Arnold.



WINNETOBA AND ENVIRONS

Lake History

'Along the C.N.R.'

Winnitoba

Early History, Pioneers and Name Origins by Mary Louise Baragar

- Did you know that **Winnitoba** —
- is probably one of the oldest cottage sites in the Whiteshell
 - is still train accessible only (save air)
 - is the last east-bound train stop in Manitoba
 - has no Hydro power
 - was a logging camp
 - is where the Arctic Ice Co. did **not** cut ice
 - had post-office service before campers
 - kept a Jersey cow
 - had a 25 foot long motor launch in early 1920's
 - a piano crossed the lake in 1932
 - a boxcar load of Chef-Boyardee in lake
 - cottagers sat in boats in 1929 fire
 - lightning strikes the same spot twice
 - lake water still drinkable
 - three mysterious stone igloos near boundary

Winnitoba? How does one get there?

By train, of course! There are no roads! Simply board the eastbound Via train, (a Campers' Special ran until recently) unfold your newspaper (hastily purchased in the Union Station), open your bag of sandwiches and relax for an hour and forty minutes. By this time, you will notice a change in sound from the hypnotic rhythm and sway of the coach as you cross the C.P.R. line, followed shortly by the bridge dividing North and South Cross Lakes. Those flashing red lights about ten miles back, signalled the last road at Brereton Lake. How quickly (in only 88 miles) the landscape changed from flat fields of grain and grazing cattle to Precambrian Shield terrain, through rock-cuts of pink and grey granite, and dense forests of jack pine, spruce and balsam. Pass four cottages along the tracks at Ophir; (another nine are down the hill on Nora Lake, barely visible from the train), then don your pack (remember the eggs on top!) for it is only three miles to the "next stop, Winnitoba!"



Winnitoba Station

Florence Lake is situated on the north side of the tracks and has 31 cottages mostly along its sandy east shore. Nora Lake, south of the tracks, has 11 cottages at this eastern end using the Winnitoba Station which is about 1 3/4 miles west of the Ontario boundary.

Some campers have been able to gain access to their cottages at Ophir from South Cross Lake through a long portage of about 1 3/4 miles. But, access to the shore has been seriously hampered by huge beaver dams and flooding on South Cross Lake.

Origins

In the fall of 1875, William Pearce emerged from the forest on the shore of a small lake in the Precambrian Shield region with a surveyor's telescope - the first recorded visitor to Florence Lake. Although the Winnitoba area is bounded on two sides by canoe routes that the Ojibwas must have travelled: the Caddy Lake-Whiteshell River route to the west (about two miles west of Ophir station) and the Rice Lake-Scott River route to the east, no evidence of Indian occupation is known to have been found in the Winnitoba area.

Winnitoba had its origins in a logging operation that was started not too long after the Grand Trunk Pacific, not the C.N.R., opened the line in 1913. In 1917, a spur track was installed at Mile 41.0 of the Minaki Subdivision under a private siding agreement signed by W. J. Holmes of Winnipeg. The name "Mile 41" remained in general use for the entire area in the early days. However, a working timetable dated 1919, issued by C.N.R. for employee use only, shows the names "Holmes" (for Holmes' Spur) opposite Mile 41.0. Thus, the first recorded name for Winnitoba.

The name "Nora Lake" appeared in John Malloy's (a Dominion land surveyor) complete land survey of Township 10 in 1909.

Florence Lake was referred to as "Lake No. 1", Caribou Lake as "Lake No. 2", Eveline Lake as "Lake No. 4", Bridget as "Lake No. 5", and Marion Lake as "Lake No. 6".

Marian Lake was named long before, correctly shown on A.C. Lawson's Map of the Lake of the Woods dated 1885, although a map of Manitoba issued the same year shows it as Agnes Lake. John Malloy showed it as "Marion Lake" on his 1914 map showing the Township. It also showed both North Cross and Caddy Lakes as "Cross Lake". All the lakes along the railway were named by railway surveyors.

"Ophir" was of Old Testament origin (1 Kings 9:28); a place where gold was found; perhaps "traces of gold" mentioned in John Malloy's survey report

were found near Ophir, Manitoba. P. E. Adamson suggests that the name may have originated from the fact that an excellent gravel pit was located there. Evidently good gravel pits were few and far between on the National transcontinental; therefore, gravel suitable for ballast was almost as precious as gold. "Winnitoba" is, of course, a manufactured name, like "Mantario" and "Alsask". The post office did not invent it, but simply listed it as a suitable name not used for postal purposes. In the early years of this century, a large passenger steamer known as "the Winnitoba", plied the waters of Lake Winnipeg and the Red River. Sir Wilfrid Laurier stood on the deck of the Winnitoba to officially open St. Andrew's Locks at Lockport in 1910.

Early Pioneers

Henry McNeil Galbraith was a friend of W. J. Holmes (the businessman and contractor of Holmes' Spur) who specialized in bridge building — hence the supply of heavy timbers for pile-driving. Henry, also a contractor, built houses in Winnipeg. He arrived at Mile 41 in 1917 and built a log house ("Chateau Log") for his family, their home for several years. That fall, men were hired, horses and equipment brought in, and the logging operations began. Log camp buildings were erected close to the railway spur, land was cleared to provide pasture for the horses, paths were laid out around the campsite and a wagon road was built from Station Bay on Florence Lake to Nora Lake. When the lakes were frozen solid, winter roads were cleared to give access to timber stands in the surrounding country. Mr. Galbraith sold most of his output to the railway to be cut into ties, but some was sold for pilings and some to be sawn into lumber for building purposes. The portage between Florence and Marion Lakes formed part of a winter road that was cleared at this time. The new name for Mile 41: "Galbraith's" (short for Galbraith's Spur). By 1923, the good timber had all been cut and Harry Galbraith moved his logging operations to an area near Fort Frances, Ontario.

Jack Gray was one of the first men hired by Harry Galbraith for the logging venture at Mile 41.

From the Maritimes, he worked at odd jobs for a time in Winnipeg, and was at Mile 41, driving a team of horses at the very beginning of logging activity.

A bachelor, Jack built a log cabin for himself in the southeast corner of Lake Nora in a little bay that is known today as Gray's Bay. His home for many years, he stayed on to become the first and only truly permanent resident of Winnitoba. By the end of the Galbraith era, besides those associated with the logging camp, there were probably only two more cabins — a log cabin ("Ramona", part still stand-

ing in 1990) built about 1921-22 by a C.N.R. employee named "Bug" Somerville at the water's edge facing the railway embankment at the outlet of Florence Lake.

Another C.N.R. employee named Sherry, built a summer cabin about the same time, close to Jack Gray's cabin in Gray's Bay. Both have now "crumbled into the forest floor."

The Arctic Ice Company

In 1923, the Arctic Ice Company of Winnipeg took over the private siding at Mile 41, and presumably also the timber leases. The name of the C.N.R. working timetable was changed the next year to "Arctic Ice Company". A large and prosperous business concern under the capable management of Charles H. McNaughton, operated only the fuel division (not ice) at Mile 41. Cutting cordwood utilized smaller trees passed up by Mr. Galbraith's men. A large log building (50' x 30') served as a combined cook house, dining room and bunk house. There was a stable accommodating seven teams of horses, a blacksmith shop, an oil shed, and an ice house of twenty-five ton capacity. The newcomers built four or five two-room log cabins for woodcutters and their families on the south side of the railway track. They also erected several buildings including a large combination bunk house and cook house near the north end of the winter road at Indian Lake, their "north camp".

Fred McNaughton, nephew of Charles H., went to Winnipeg to establish a post office for the Arctic Ice Company at Mile 41. "From a list of about six (available) post office names, we both (Fred McNaughton and Postal Supervisor H. Phinney) decided that the name 'Winnitoba P.O.' had a good clear ring to it." On December 10, 1923, the Winnitoba Post Office opened for business in the old Galbraith residence ("Chateau Log" also the manager's residence, office and store.)

The name Winnitoba was acknowledged by the C.N.R. in June, 1924, when it appeared in the working timetable as the new name for Mile 41.

In the spring of 1925, Fred McNaughton took his mother, wife Peggy and son Fletcher to Winnitoba. Mrs. McNaughton Sr. took possession of one of the small woodcutter's cabins on the south side of the tracks. There was no station building at this time, and all the campers knew that they were welcome to come into "Way Down Inn" to wait for "the Local" train.

Mr. J. T. Griffin, an Arctic Ice Company official, built a summer cabin on the sandy east shore of Florence Lake. He purchased the logs already cut and shaped and piled to season, from Jack Gray who was about to build a new cabin for himself on Nora Lake. Roofing, flooring, doors, etc., were

shipped from Winnipeg to complete what might be considered Winnitoba's first "ready-cut" cabin. Jack Gray used peeled balsam logs in all the log cabins he built. Fred McNaughton, who helped in the construction of this cabin, said, "Peeled balsam logs, sound, straight, when peeled right and left to cure for six months make an attractive cabin, especially when finished with two coats of shellac and a recoat every two years."

Because of the excellent state of repair in which it had been maintained over the years, it was not until the 1960's that evidence of serious decay began to appear in the old balsam logs. In 1968, the present owners, the Johnson family, began construction of a large modern cabin at the rear of this historic building, and in 1969 the original cabin was demolished.

Frank Brownell, an executive of the Manitoba Telephone System, came to Winnitoba on several hunting and fishing expeditions as the guest of Chester Mountain, a fellow employee who was one of the owners of "Ramona". He commissioned Jack Gray to build the log structure in the summer of 1925, on a site close to "Ramona" but farther out on the point of land that came to be known as "Brownell's Point". Built as a hunting cabin, it was later enlarged and used as a family summer cottage, where for many years, Marie Brownell held most memorable afternoon teas for the ladies of the lake in her beautiful gardens of tiger-lilies, daisies and irises.

An Era of Development

In 1925, the little community of Winnitoba consisted of the Arctic Ice buildings along with the four or five logger's cabins on the south side of the railway tracks, four other small log cabins on Florence Lake and two on Nora Lake. Most were in use the year round, as there was more logging activity in winter. Year-round residents at the time were Fred McNaughton, Jack Gray, Mr. "Bug" Somerville Sr. (whose small log structure, known as "I'm Alone" was near the Griffin cabin on the east shore of Florence Lake) and Scotty Ross, his wife and three children who lived along the tracks.

Except for the Arctic Ice Co., all the people who owned cabins at Winnitoba were squatters, i.e. their buildings were located on Crown Land to which they had no legal right of occupation.

There were also a few buildings at the west end of Nora Lake near the Ophir Station. On the lake shore was a cabin believed to date back to construction days on the railway (1907-1908). The railway erected a large station house beside the tracks at Ophir, which was burned in 1929, and was rebuilt on a smaller scale. There were also two or three small cabins where section men lived.

About a mile and a half west of Ophir, a house was built around 1922 on the shore of South Cross Lake close to the railway, the home of a Mrs. La Pierre for over 40 years, and later used by her family as a summer cottage.

In the early fall of 1925, the Arctic Ice Company inserted a small advertisement in the Winnipeg newspapers, offering summer cabins for rent at Mile 41 of the C.N.R. in the lake country east of Winnipeg. Evidently the Company had decided that additional revenue could be obtained by renting out the camp buildings as summer cottages. Besides, the timber lease would soon expire and if a little summer colony could be developed, the company might be able to sell most of its buildings when it had no further use for them. The ad was noticed by George Gallimore, a teacher at St. John's High School in Winnipeg, who with his wife Madge, had just enjoyed a wonderful vacation at Malachi, Ontario. Having travelled there and back by train, he was fascinated by occasional glimpses of sparkling lakes surrounded by magnificent stands of spruce and pine. Having made the necessary arrangements with the Arctic Ice Company, George, and fellow teacher Bill Baskerville, soon stepped off the "Local" onto the cinder platform at Mile 41 to inspect the buildings. They found them most unsuitable for summer homes, and the woodcutters' cabins south of the tracks were really too far from the lake. But rowing around Florence Lake the next day, they were most enthusiastic about the sandy beaches and lush forest growth on the eastern shore — ideal cottage sites! Their friends, neighbors, and fellow teachers got caught up in the excitement, and on May 24, 1926, Fred Baragar and D. A. Patterson (followed by Dr. Barber) joined the expedition to pick out cabin sites.

Unlike any who had previously built cabins in the area, these five men were not prepared to go ahead with their plans until they had established legal right to possession of the land. All Crown Land in the Province of Manitoba was, at this time, administered by the Dominion Government acting through the Department of the Interior. Letters were written to Ottawa, and the Department agreed to allow cottages to be built, but requested a preliminary survey plan indicating the lots corresponding to the building sites that they had chosen. The group paced off 27 lots, each, as required by the Department, 100 feet wide and 200 feet deep. Their blueprints were approved, and 21 year leases were issued for the lots "subject to Parks Regulations in force from time to time governing National Parks," at a rental fee of ten dollars the first year. The Gallimore cottage, built in 1926 by its owner with the help of Bill Baskerville, was the first building of standard frame construction in the little communi-

ty. It is now owned by Fred McNaughton's son, Chuck. Dr. Barber's cottage was totally destroyed by fire in 1933, the result of being struck by lightning.

By 1929, all Arctic Ice Company operations at Winnipeg had been shut down. The post office was permanently closed in November, 1927. The camp buildings (save those along the tracks) had no further use. One Saturday night, when the surrounding forest was wet and the fire hazard was low, the old stable was set on fire and burned to the ground.

The Charette Farm

In 1925, Joseph Charette applied to acquire as homestead land, the southwest quarter of Section Thirty, Township Ten, situated between Nora and South Cross Lakes, just south of the C.N.R. tracks. For many years he had worked during the winter months for the Arctic Ice Company. There was much good hay land in this section, and the company had over 100 head of horses at this time. With his wife and teenage son, Pompey, they settled into an abandoned log cabin in the woods about a half mile west of Nora Lake and a quarter of a mile south of the tracks, near an old gravel pit and a spring close by. They had 100 acres of Timothy hay under cultivation in various parcels, also a field of oats about 15 acres in size. Livestock increased to a maximum of 16 horses, three milk cows, 12 feeder cattle, several pigs, 100 chickens and 12 pheasants. The Charettes dammed the creek which ran through their property between Nora and South Cross Lakes, to provide a dependable water supply for their livestock. Joseph Charette was granted title to his homestead in 1932. He lived there with his wife until their deaths in 1948 and 1950. Their home was destroyed by fire in 1952. Pompey was Mrs. Charette's son by a previous marriage, christened Lionel Pugh. He worked on the railway section crew at Ophir for over ten years. While a resident of Winnipeg, he frequently visits his in-laws, the Millers, who own a cabin called "Red Shingles" in Station Bay, Nora Lake.

On the east end of Eveline Lake, a little cabin was built by a man named Fred Popp. This was the only cabin known to have been built on Eveline Lake, although in 1933, the government surveyors laid out no less than fourteen lots along the north and east shores. Fred Popp's cabin was in use almost until it became dilapidated in the 1950's.

Early Railway Service

The "Campers' Special" originated in the early 1920's. During the summer months, it operated east-bound on Friday evening and Saturday afternoon, returning Sunday in the evening (or Monday, if a long weekend). The "Local", a freight train with

a passenger coach tacked on at the end, operated three times a week each way between Winnipeg and Redditt. The schedule allowed six hours travelling time to Winnitoba, a distance of 88 miles. It moved heavy equipment and supplies, doing jobs along the line, and because it was at the very bottom end of the packing order of trains, it often sat on sidings for hours, waiting for breaks in the freight traffic. The Redditt Local had the distinction, very rare in mixed service, of being a "name" train. Campers and railroaders alike called it "The Blue Flea", a name which was used to describe the surviving once a week freight-only service. Although the name has probably never appeared in official C.N.R. documents, it has long been in common use in the railway's Winnipeg offices. An early map of the surveyed lots at Winnitoba even goes as far as to show the main line of the C.N.R. as "The Blue Flea Line".

The Big Fire excerpt from "Next Stop, Winnitoba!"

During the hot month of August, 1929, rain was scarce, much of the vegetation became crisp, dry and brown, and the danger of fire became very real. About the middle of the month the smell of smoke was detected in the air. The sky became more hazy every day warning the campers that fires were not too far distant. On the night of August 21st, the sun set like a huge orange ball in the sky. Early next morning, on seeing smoke to the northwest over the high bare rock at the end of the lake, Jack Gray, John Baskerville and Bert Gallimore went to investigate. They climbed the rock cliff and stood still to listen. Sure enough, they could faintly hear the sound of a roaring fire in the distance. Bert climbed a tree and confirmed that a forest fire was advancing from the north.

Returning as quickly as possible they warned all the cottagers on the lake of the impending danger and suggested that everyone proceed at once by boat to Brownell's Point, to escape the possibility of being caught by the onrushing conflagration. So the campers loaded into their boats whatever baggage and valuables they could, and rowed for the Point.

Fortunately, about the time the flames appeared at the end of the high rocky cliff, the wind suddenly veered and the advance of the fire seemed to stop. Taking advantage of the lull, all those capable of helping in the emergency, regardless of sex, followed Jack Gray back across the lake to the portage between Florence Lake and Marion Lake. Here, a back fire was set to the north of the dry creek bed. Everyone filled pails with water from the lakes, and poured it over the vegetation along the creek. Some of the men took axes and chopped down trees and shrubs growing in the area to prevent the flames

from jumping over to the evergreens south of the creek. Everyone present will always remember the terrific roar of the flames as the back fire reached the approaching forest fire. It was frightening to see huge trees light up like giant candles and hear rocks exploding from the heat of the flames. Work was kept up day and night for three days until the fire was successfully checked and all the cottages on the east shore of Florence Lake were saved. It was a very tired group of fire fighters that eventually could

relax their efforts and slip off home for much needed rest. Always, of course, a watch was kept to see that patches that flared up here and there were thoroughly extinguished.

Unfortunately, while the advance of the flames was stopped at the creek, it was impossible to stem the advances of the fire to the north and east of Lake Marion. That whole countryside, clothed with a beautiful stand of pine, spruce and birch, was completely gutted by fire. Only here and there, a fine big tree that was singed and denuded of its limbs, continued to stand, later to become excellent firewood for the stoves and fireplaces of the cottages that had been so miraculously preserved.

The Station

At the first organized meeting of the Winnitoba Cottagers Association held in Winnipeg in November 1932, a petition was signed requesting that the C.N.R. move the Winnitoba stop to a point eastward, closer to the landings on Florence and Nora Lakes. "The railway placed a very satisfactory shelter and platform at their present site in 1934." It was moved in from Pine River, Manitoba, complete with the name of its former location still on it, causing local wags to suggest that the name "Winnitoba" be changed to "Pine River" to save the railway the cost of painting a new sign.

It is that same station, still in use today, that creates a special warm feeling in many Winnitobans, like that of "coming home", to memories of childhood — falling asleep with head on grandma's lap and legs draped over a neighbor crowded along the bench-like seat skirting the wall; the single window sill with stalagmites of melted wax from the single candle that flickered in the evening darkness; the sound of an axe and tearing cardboard and clang of the door of the old Quebec heater that warmed numbing fingers and toes; the discovery of fascinating magazines, decades old, from a pioneer cabin; the excitement of discovering your parents' initials carved into the wood siding, still detectable under numerous coats of white gloss paint. Every child, for decades, must have carved his initials on these

walls, "whittling" away the hours waiting for that familiar "serpent" to round the corner through the rock-cut. "Our station" offered many a hiker or skier safety and security as he slept overnight on sheets of cardboard from discarded packing, awaiting the early morning train, (oblivious to the curious mouse nested in the sawdust insulation of its walls). Here also was the only telephone — in a wooden box on the corner, with no dial — "push button in to speak and release to listen". It was connected directly to the C.N. dispatcher, who could be contacted in time of emergency. Fun work-parties were organized by the young campers to scrub the interior walls of "their station" clean of accumulated smoke and soot, and repaint its white and green trimmed exterior. The most artistic person usually gained the honour of painting the "Winnitoba" lettering on the signs suspended from the station's over-hanging roof, welcoming us "home".

Origins of Lake Names

Marion Lake sits less than half a mile behind the Florence Lake cottages, and with no development permitted on the lake, it has been a favorite place for family picnics, first overnight tenting experiences, fishing, or a solitary paddle into a magnificent sunset. The north shore marks the edge of the wilderness zone where all motors are prohibited. Like Florence and **Eveline Lakes**, it was named by railway surveyors. In 1927, three of the pioneer cottage owners named the three islands after each of their eldest sons —

John Island — son of W. F. Baskerville — John was one of the first Winnipeg pilots killed in the Second World War.

Fletcher Island — son of Fred D. Baragar, is the Director of the Rheumatic Disease Unit at the Health Sciences Centre, Winnipeg.

Bert Island — son of George Gallimore, was an electrical engineer living in Brockville, Ontario — now retired.

After the disastrous fire of 1929, much of the area was explored by the early cottagers, and canoe portages were cut and marked with cairns between the string of relatively small lakes extending northward to the largest, Manitario Lake, divided by the Ontario boundary.

Crandall Lake was named by John Gray, one of the first logging workers, who built several log cabins at Winnitoba in the 1920's and was the first truly permanent resident. He also named **Caribou Lake** (southeast of Nora Lake).

Kirk Lake — the official name on the map of Caddy Lake 52E/14 — is a tiny lake situated on the south side of Nora Lake. It has been known as "Bear Lake" (as named by John Gray) to most

people at Winnitoba.

Bear Lake — is a fairly large lake on the west side of South Cross Lake.

Shirley Lake — named about 1930 after Shirley Gordon, the only daughter of Norman Gordon, one of the early cottage owners. She later married Graham Pincock. Four generations of Pincocks continue to gather each summer in the original cabin. Alex Kolansky, the trapper in this area, called it "Portage Lake" because of the 3/5 mile long portage into it.

Canoe Lake — named because of its shape in the early 1970's. Formerly known to the residents of Winnitoba as "Rice Lake", the name used by John Gray (see Crandall Lake), also shown on the original boundary survey map of 1898. Changed because of duplication with the large Rice Lake and Rice Lake station just over the border in Ontario.

Peggy Lake — named after Peggy Baragar at the same time as Shirley Lake, when the early campers, led by John Gray walked from Marion Lake to Shirley Lake naming it and Peggy Lake next. Peggy (Margaret) was the only daughter of Fred D. Baragar, one of the pioneer cottagers. Being an ardent canoeist, he sought out portages and named many of the lakes south of Winnitoba after local summer residents. Peggy Baragar is now Mrs. Don Sanders residing at Sioux Lookout, Ontario, and still visits the original family cottage.

Doreen Lake — named after Doreen Falconer (now Mrs. Gordon Muirhead of Winnipeg) who was in the first known party of cottagers to walk through to, and explore the lake in 1930 (called "Cave Lake" by trapper Alex Kolansky).

Marg Lake — was originally named Margaret in 1930 after Margaret Pincock, daughter of Dr. J. C. Pincock, a cottage owner by 1932. It was named at the same time as Doreen Lake when the party walked through to this tiny lake. Margaret married Bert Gallimore (see Bert Island). Because of the duplication in the Winnipeg River System the official name became Marg Lake about 1974.

Madge Lake — named in 1930 after Mrs. Madge Gallimore, wife of George — the first summer cottage owner (1926) at Winnitoba (both deceased). Madge was the mother of Bert Gallimore (island on Marion Lake).

Hello Lake — dissected by the Ontario Boundary, it was presumably named by the boundary surveyors.

Barwood Lake — named by Fletcher D. Baragar (see island — Marion Lake) who first made a portage through to the lake from Hello Lake, and with his canoe, explored it. Named because of sighting a *bear* in the *woods* there, as well as the combination of the names Bar(agar) and Wood(s) — Tom Woods and their eldest sons who accompanied him.

Mollie Lake — named after Mary (Mollie) Gordon, wife of Norman Gordon, one of the early cottage owners. Named by a party consisting of Fred D. Baragar and son Fletcher, Norman and son Don Gordon (about 1938 or 1939) on a cross-country walk off the regular canoe route. Mrs. N. Gordon is now deceased.

Olive Lake — is named after Mrs. J. C. Pincock, who summered in Winnitoba since 1930. Named in 1932 by a party consisting of J. C. Pincock and their son George, George Gallimore and son Bert (see Marion Lake Island) on a trip following the trail of a party of surveyors who had resurveyed the Ontario-Manitoba Boundary.

Spider Lake — presumably named because of its shape, by boundary surveyors, since the Ontario Boundary divides it in half.

Moosehead Lake — named because of its shape on the map by Alex Kolansky, the trapper in this area since 1944 (see Alex, the trapper).

Emily Lake — was named after Mrs. Inkerman Baragar. Named by Fred D. Baragar in honour of his mother, who became fond of this area during her visits to his cottage in the latter 1920's and 1930's. She resided at Elm Creek, Manitoba, until her death in 1942.

Bridget Lake — this tiny lake sits off the south-west tip of Marion Lake and was partially drained when the C.N.R. survey crew went through about 1907. Named by railway survey crew on their map of 1905 — later on the Arctic Ice map when logging here.

Lake of the Clouds — named in the early 1930's because of its elevation — about 50 feet above Marion Lake.

Alex the Trapper

Alex Kolansky was a trapper in this area of the Whiteshell from 1942 until his death in his cabin on Bernard Lake in 1978. He was small in stature, not quite five feet tall and weighed less than 130 lbs., but was a man of religious conviction, modest and shy, who left a lasting impression on the Whiteshell.

With the help of his brother Nick, who arrived at Winnitoba on the "Redditt Local" train in June of 1942, Alex built a log cabin on Doreen Lake, which he had aptly named "Cave Lake". From the winter of 1944, he put up ice in the community ice-houses at Winnitoba until he moved away from his cabin on Doreen Lake in 1949.

Although shy, Alex was always friendly with canoers, cottagers, fly-in fishermen, and teenagers who hiked to his camp. He had a special relationship with children, birds and animals — his cabin door always left open for them. He had even built a shelter for orphaned bear cubs next to his log shack



Alex Kolansky, Bernard Lake, August 1976.

on Peggy Lake, built about 1963. "A deeply religious man, Alex never worked on Sunday." He would shut off his traps on Saturday night, so that his fur bearing animals would not be killed on Sunday. "He never swore, drank, or smoked," recalled Nick.

Alex was a most innovative person: he built a small sawmill, a motorized wild rice gathering boat, washing machine, a welding set-up, tree-mounted drill press, and even made his own birch skis with flattened tin can tips, and a simple unbarked pine pole. He was also an accomplished guitarist until he lost his right hand in an accident with an ice chisel on his trap line in March of 1949. But, said his brother Nick, he continued to skin beaver with a



1942. Alex Kolansky's Doreen Lake cabin.

knife strapped to the stump of his right arm. A few years later, Alex broke his left arm when a small engine he used to cut wood, backfired. Nick recalled, "He said the hardest thing to do was to light a match, which he held between his teeth, but when he struck it, it would turn in his mouth and burn his cheek before he got a lamp or fire lit." This courageous man continued to live independently as a trapper, even portaging his boat, and never received any financial assistance from the government. Although he had become eligible for old age pension, Alex refused it because he felt that he was not entitled since he had not contributed to it.

Alex built his last home on Bernard Lake in 1952, and in 1956, his brother Nick built a cabin opposite Alex's camp, but dismantled it in the winter of 1976. With a caterpillar tractor, they opened the old winter road from Red Rock Lake to Bernard Lake, and the old loggers' road from Bernard Lake to Decimal.

Alex was found dead in his cabin on Bernard Lake in October 1978, and that winter, Nick burned it down so that it wouldn't be vandalized. A plaque and cairn now mark the spot.

The "Kolansky Trail" was officially opened February 20, 1983. Made and named by the Manitoba Naturalists Society, the nine kilometer cross-country ski trails run around the south end of Big Whiteshell Lake cutting "through the heart of the lake country Kolansky roamed for forty years." Alex touched the lives of all who passed through his territory.

The Mantario Hiking Trail

"The Mantario Hiking Trail is the longest Canadian Shield trail in Western Canada, covering 60 kilometers, or roughly 37 miles of rugged Precambrian rock and forest. The trail construction was funded through the Federal Local Initiatives Program with co-operation from the members of the Manitoba Naturalist Society and the Parks Branch. The Mantario Trail was created to provide exceptional terrain for the more experienced backpacker in a magnificent setting. It passes 25 lakes within one-half mile of the trail and 32 lakes within one mile of the trail.

Starting at Blk. 5 Caddy Lake Road, it crosses the tunnel between Caddy Lake and South Cross Lake, following the old logging road to Caribou Lake. At the 5K mark is the Caddy Lake Emergency Airstrip which "served a unique purpose in Canadian aviation history. It was built around 1938 by the Federal Transportation as one of a series of emergency fields spaced approximately 50 miles apart, across Eastern Manitoba and Northwestern Ontario. The strips were built primarily to aid the fledgling Trans-Canada Airline which was just be-

ginning to fly mail and later passengers from Winnipeg to points east." "There was no telephone or radio links to the outside. Downed air crews simply walked out to the railway. Maintenance, i.e. bush clearing, was stopped in early 1950's and the strip was finally abandoned completely for emergency use around 1968. According to sources, T.C.A. never had to use this airstrip, but it was used by some private and possibly some military aircraft during its lifetime.

At 10 km, at the eastern tip of Nora Lake, there is a huge beaver dam crossing with much flooding in early spring or heavy rains. Crossing the C.N.R. tracks not far from the Winnitoba Station, the trail passes the Lake of the Clouds where there is a wilderness campsite, and continues northward between Florence and Marion Lakes. This route (13K) is often used by the most fit and hardy Winnitoba campers as a means of access in the absence of train service. As the trail continues northward between Doreen and Peggy Lakes, an exceptionally fine Glacial Swirl Hole, remnants of the ice age more than 10,000 years ago, can be observed alongside the footpath. The train crosses a small foot bridge at Olive Lake (25K) then follows a 100 foot curved beaver dam, where there is often extensive flooding, making walking very difficult for approximately one kilometer at Moosehead Lake. At the south end of Mantario Lake, sits the Manitoba Naturalists cabin on a tiny island just off shore. Here many hikers and canoeists overnight, either to continue the hiking trail to its end (or beginning) at the northern tip of Big Whiteshell Lake or return to Winnitoba to catch the train back to Winnipeg.

Train Access

The Campers' Special was opened by C.N. Rail in 1911, and served as the only link to cottage communities between 130K and 240K east of Winnipeg. Between 1,000 and 1,500 people including some 500 cottage owners regularly took the train during summer weekends. In winter, between 50 and 100 people boarded the train on Thursday or Friday evenings, returning to Winnipeg Sunday night. With no roads, stores or hydro power, all foods and supplies had to be shipped and carried, even the youngest child toting his own little backpack. Not infrequently did one's entire weekend food supply continue on to Redditt or Sioux Lookout, only to return on the westbound train as one boarded it back to Winnipeg. But with the traditional sharing by neighbors, the enjoyment of the weekend was seldom spoiled. A strong sense of community has evolved from the many hours shared in waiting on the slopes by the tracks, eating box suppers on the trains, and together unloading the overnight stuffed pack-sacks, numerous rope-tied apple cartons, howling pets in cages,

and even the occasional canoe.

In the fall of 1989, when the federal government decided to eliminate half the country's rail service, the Winnipeg-Capreol, Ontario run which serviced the cottagers, was incorporated into the regular Via Super Transcontinental service operating three times a week. Via officials then stated that each transcontinental train would contain only one day car, permitting only 54 people to travel on a short trip fare. The weekend trains had carried between 300 and 500 people to the region every weekend that summer!

This Super Transcontinental Service was completely unsuitable for working persons, since it departed from Winnipeg Monday, Wednesday and Saturday evenings, returning mid-morning Monday, often hours late. Furthermore, in April 1991, the Assistant to the Executive Via President and Chief Operating Officer of Via Rail stated that "it would be uneconomic to provide space on the "Canadian" for this local traffic." "We have guaranteed a minimum of 17 seats in the dome for campers on all trains. In addition any coach seats unsold within seven days of departure may be purchased by campers." The cost is now over \$105 for a couple with one child under 11 years of age for a one day weekend at Winnitoba. Third and fourth generation families can no longer spend summer weekends with their vacationing parents or retired grandparents — a far cry from the daily service of the early 1920s.

In a decision released the last week of October 1990, the National Transportation Agency decided "to allow Via Rail to cut service without public hearings." On January 15, 1990, Via Rail Service was cut in half "because the government of Prime Minister Mulroney is cutting its financial support to Via to \$350 million by 1992 from \$540 million in 1989." These cuts threw some 2,700 people out of work, more than a third of its work force!

The Campers Special service from Winnipeg to the Whiteshell area was eliminated on January 15, 1990, cutting off hundreds of cottagers from

weekend service without notice and without alternative access. The last transcontinental train passed through Winnipeg at 1:50 a.m. on January 16, 1990. "As the 'Canadian' travelled across the country, it was met with numerous demonstrations and displays of emotion over the loss of the original Transcontinental Route."

Road Access

The Winnipeg to Farlane Camping and Recreational Association, together with a federal coordinator resident in Winnipeg, are studying road access — indeed a complexity with elements such as native heritage, archaeological considerations, wildlife foci, fish breeding streams, engineering ramifications, etc. to be considered. The earliest possible road access is estimated 1993.

Because the cottage is the repository of so many family memories, as well as the focal point for ongoing family gatherings, the loss of suitable access for at least three summers is far from insignificant.

It is the parallel lines of steel, and a wilderness unencumbered by roads that binds these people together and makes Winnitoba unique.

Credits

1. Excerpts and condensations are from a written history of the Winnitoba area and cottage community "Next Stop, Winnitoba!" published in 1972 by the Lake Florence Campers Association with the efforts of Mr. A.L. Crossin and the late Mr. D.A. Patterson.
2. Whiteshell Echo - Summer 1984
"Winnitoba — Next Stop!" by Buzz Tyson
3. The Winnipeg Free Press — January and November 1990.
4. The Mantario Hiking Trail brochure — by the Manitoba Department of Natural Resources.
5. Winnipeg Free Press, February 1983 — by Barry Mullin.

Mary Louise Baragar is the wife of Fletcher D. Baragar whose grandson, Daniel is the fifth generation of Baragar males at Winnitoba.

Early days along the C.P.R.

BLACK BEAR TOURIST CAMP NOW JUST A PICNIC AREA JIM AND MARIE BLACK by Marie

In 1952 we saw an advertisement in the paper, For Sale — Bear Lake Tourist Camp, 98 miles from Winnipeg and 10 miles east of Rennie on the old Trans-Canada Highway, now 44. It was started by Jim McPhail, son of a Winnipeg doctor, and now owned by Ross Manahan. The camp consisted of nine housekeeping cabins, six double and three single, a gas pump, garage, store and coffee shop all for about \$12,000. We bought it.

The store, garage, office and coffee shop were all one building with a two bedroom living quarters and two kitchens behind. As there was no power in the Whiteshell they had their own Delco 12-volt system and a Lidster which was bigger. There was a kerosene fridge, a gas-powered Beatty washer with a copper tub, a Coleman iron and a coal cook stove.

We had no experience at running a tourist camp. You can imagine my thoughts when I was faced with cooking for a gang after being used to feeding just three. I soon hired some girls to help me. For a while we sent the laundry into Winnipeg with Patricia Transport. That ended one day when the truck had an accident and we had no clean linen. I washed sheets myself and decided to continue doing the laundry.

We had two phones. The one was a regular long distance one. The second was a Forestry phone put in the camp by them, so Jim could report any fires. This was very important as sparks often flew from the old steam locomotives on the C.P.R.

The old No. 1 highway and the C.P.R. main line ran through our quarter section as did Hanson's Creek. There were C.P.R. section men and crews every few miles and these men used to come to our coffee shop not just for coffee but for a visit.

Beside our place was what we called "The Old Homestead" possibly Hanson's, as the creek was named after an early settler in the area. We rented the "Old Homestead" and used it for a place our help could live in. It was a log house about 20×24 feet with a thick homemade wooden door. When we left three years later we took the original lock

off the door. It weighed about 10 pounds and has the Hudson's Bay Crest on it plus a patent number 4409 and letters that look like C H U B L'S. This is one of my favorite treasures. There were two rooms downstairs and one upstairs plus a lean-to kitchen. An old barn that was built into a hill and faced the tracks, was out back. The water pump is still there.

The Bear Lake Hiking Trail about six miles long ran from our camp to Bear Lake. This was a favorite hike for our customers and fishermen. Not many people knew about another old square log cabin with a basement and a barn across the track near this trail. It had been abandoned years before we arrived but even so the perennial flowers were still blooming. Inside was stored old furniture, a heavy oak buffet still in good shape, tables, chairs with leather seats, white iron beds, an old rocking chair and an old stove. There was an upright Marie phonograph with three or four drawers full of cylinder records. We took this phonograph back to our place and still have it as a treasure. It has a diamond needle and it has played for us. On the record cylinders is written Edison, Blue Amberol Record. Later the buildings at this homestead were burned, likely by Parks so squatters couldn't use it.

We met a lot of interesting people the short time we were there. One was Stan McLeod, a geologist and prospector, who knew every inch of the Whiteshell, Lac du Bonnet and Pinawa area. He was born in Keewatin just north of Kenora and it was his uncle the McLeod Park in Kenora is named after. As far as we know, it was Stan who discovered uranium in the Whiteshell and started the Whiteshell Uranium Company. He had several claims which he found too costly to keep up as you had to do so much work each year. He sold his claims to Mark Smerchanski. Stan showed us how you could put the uranium rocks on a piece of black velvet and they would glow in the dark. We had no idea how deadly they were. In fact, he left an assortment of uranium rocks at the foot of our big Coke sign and gradually they disappeared as the tourists took them away. A few samples went to the Nutimik museum. Stan also flew with the bush pilots and mapped the area.

Alf Hole, who started the goose sanctuary at Ren-

nie was another interesting character. He and his black dog, Nigger, used to go to the Rennie Hotel and he'd order two beer and put a dish down for the dog and the two would drink together. One time Alf was going to England, his birthplace, for six months. I saw him just a few weeks later and asked him how come he was home. He said, "I don't know anyone in England anymore and I missed my little black dog."

Another interesting old man used to come in from the Emergency Airport north and east of us. He lived out there with the caretakers and he'd come to Rennie to cash his cheque and get supplies.

The trapper Alex Kolansky would also come in. We thought his homemade skis were very different.

Sometimes the artist Clarence Tilenius would stop over. I recall one time he was looking for bears and wolves at night as he wanted to paint them.

One day an English couple arrived on their bicycle built for two pulling a little trailer with their son in it as well as their camping equipment. They were biking across Canada. They stopped for a few days and helped us, to pay for their accommodation. Later another couple came on their bicycle and they also did some ironing and cut the grass and other jobs.

Mr. H. L. McKinnon who owned Melrose Tea visited us. He was a religious man. He'd go by canoe to Caddy and Cross Lakes and give tea and coffee to the Indians. He offered to send our boys to Pioneer Camp at Lake of the Woods but they didn't go.

We used to feed the deer and some became very tame. One evening I was going home from West Hawk and I saw 17 deer coming down to drink. I never forgot how beautiful they looked.

Our neighbors to the east were the Sorensons. In order for us to get the daily paper we had to get two and so we shared with Mrs. Sorenson. She would often walk to our place no doubt to have a visit and be in touch with the rest of the world. In 1952 all the Sorenson children came home for a special occasion and they stopped at our place on the way home.

I remember the men putting up 325 blocks of ice in the sawdust in the barn. As I mentioned before we did all our own washing of laundry and so I had a little wash house out back. There was a big galvanized tank by the stove and we'd fill it with ice to melt for water, if needed. Our drinking water came from a spring down the road. We kept the ice cream in ice and coarse salt in a galvanized container. It was a difficult job to cut the ice small enough to fit around the container.

The Wiggins Adjusters-Insurance men used to book all the cabins for the May long weekend. One time they had me cook them a turkey dinner.

After running the camp for three years we decided to move. Our boys were getting to school age and the new Trans-Canada Highway was progressing and we could see the business would drop drastically. We sold it for about what we paid for it to Herman Wold. The government bought the camp about a year later. Some of the buildings were moved to Rennie and one cabin even to Lone Island, so there wasn't much left by 1957. Today it is a picnic site.

We often think back to the two big signs we had of a bear on his hind legs, one sign on the right side of the road going to Kenora and one on the left before Hansons Creek heading to Winnipeg. Unfortunately we never had a picture of those signs telling of Bear Lake Camp and now it is gone forever.

Eventually we had four boys, Jim, Allan, Harold and Doug. We camped around the Whiteshell until we bought a cottage at Hawk's Road at Nutimik where we still like to go and enjoy the outdoors.

DAGERO

by Sophie (Sorenson) Boyd

Any knowledge of the early years and the early settlers is not well known nor how the railway flag stop got its name. Over the years many people took up homesteads but not too many stayed for any length of time. I will list each person that I knew about and a little information about each of them.

Thomas Reid took up a homestead at Cross Lake. He had come from Scotland where he had been a game-keeper. He later moved to Lake Jessica and trapped for a living. In the spring he would bring his winter's fur catch out by canoe to Cross Lake and walk to Dagero and then take the train to Rennie where he shipped his furs to Winnipeg. He would then pick up his summer supply of groceries and go back to Jessica Lake. In the fall he would travel out again by canoe, usually shooting a good supply of ducks for us on the way and get his winter supplies.

Palmgrens took over his homestead. How long they lived there I do not know but they moved to the prairies. He missed the lakes and forests and became depressed and hung himself. They had one son who joined the American navy and became an officer.

Jorgensons lived south of the Palmgrens on Cross Lake and later Joe Burleigh and his wife lived there. Mrs. Burleigh died of pneumonia. He later became a brakeman for the C.P.R. He moved away in the 1930's.

James Flett and his family lived south of the C.P.R. tunnel on the west shore of what is now Caddy Lake. The Fletts had a large family and moved often. The youngest boy spent some time with the Lindstroms but went back to his parents when he

was old enough to go to school.

Thomas Hicks lived on the same place as the Fletts and looked after the property owned by Fred Elder who used it as a summer residence for his family in the early 1930's. There were three children, Kathleen, Anne and Samuel. Sam still lives in Winnipeg. Fred Elder worked for the C.P.R. as an express and baggage man or in an office in Winnipeg. He also worked in Montreal for some years.

William (Scotty) Harris lived in a one-room hut built into the earth bank with only the door and a few boards showing. His place was near what was called Scotty's Tunnel where Hanson's Creek goes under the C.P.R. and into Caddy Lake. He moved to British Columbia in the late 1920s or early 1930s where his son lived.

Lars E. Lundstrom came in 1913, also Nels and Catherine Sorenson. Their history is listed separately.

Patrick Rogan lived west of the Sorenson farm south of the C.P.R. He came from Ireland and was a First World War veteran. My recollections of him is a humorous little man who always smoked a corn-cob pipe. He moved to Winnipeg in the early 1930's.

Bernard Jensen lived close to the Rogans in a log house. He got lost in the bush in a snowstorm while hunting. No trace of him was ever found although search parties went out for him and the railway engineers blew their whistles as they went by to help him get his directions.

At Mile 42 there were several people who took over this quarter section. First came **Solens** then **Mr. Yells** who later died of a heart attack. Mrs. Yells remarried a shoemaker from Pellatt near Kenora named Eric Hanson (thence Hanson's Creek). She could not speak Swedish and he could not speak English. I do not remember her except that she had a son who came down and stayed with her after Mr. Hanson left. He moved back to Pellatt in the late 1920's. Years later, when the Trans-Canada Highway (now No. 44) was built the property was taken over by James McPhail, son of a doctor from Winnipeg who ran a hot dog stand there during the summer months. **Ross Manahan** and his son Ken then bought it and had a small store, cafe and Bear Lake cabins. Ken and his wife Libby ran it for a few years. Later it was sold to the Jim Blacks.

North of the C.P.R. across from the Yell's place another homestead was taken up by a man named **Benson** who was killed by a train. Later an older couple **Thomas** and **Anna Navin** lived there through the 1930's. Mr. Navin was a war veteran and was not well while he lived there. Mrs. Navin became depressed and tried to commit suicide. Mr. Hansen who was their neighbor ran down the railway track for two miles to our place to get my mother to go back to help save Mrs. Navin. Hansen then

had to walk to Ingolf, nine miles away to get the C.P.R. agent to telegraph Kenora for a doctor. This was in the forenoon and the next passenger train wasn't coming until 5 p.m. Meanwhile Mother held Mrs. Navin's injury together to help stop the bleeding until the train stopped to pick her up with a doctor from Kenora on board. Mrs. Navin lived to tell the story and she always credited Mother for saving her life. She passed away in the early 1940's. A son Ernest and his family live in Winnipeg.

There was a C.P.R. section house one quarter mile west of the Sorenson farm where a section foreman, **Mike Karpetz** and his family lived. There were four girls in the family and all very musical and played a variety of instruments. One daughter Marie later played with the Winnipeg Symphony Orchestra. The four girls often came back to Dagera to pick blueberries and stay with us. They always brought their musical instruments with them.

Nels Sorenson and his wife and two children settled on a quarter section at Mile 40 in 1913. The railway ran through the middle of our homestead. Later five more children were born and raised there. Our story is listed elsewhere in this book.

There were railway spurs east of our farm leading to two sand pits where gravel was removed when the railway was built and later the railway was double tracked. Also it is a possibility that Dagera was a depot for unloading supplies when the C.N.R. was built and transported in winter via Cross Lake across country. I cannot verify this.

Just west of us a man named **Cooke** started a log house but died before it was finished. I remember playing in it for years until my father pulled it down.

Charlie Robertson had the quarter section east of us. He was a bachelor and came from Scotland. He was a very kind and gentle man who was a favorite with the Sorenson children. He trapped in winter and picked and sold blueberries in the summer and traded his blueberries at the store in Ingolf for tobacco and groceries. He sometimes worked on the railroad in the summer months. When my brothers got a crystal radio set he would often sit and listen to Hockey Night in Canada when Foster Hewitt was broadcasting. Mother kept him supplied with eggs and milk and he sometimes asked to help us on the farm. He had a gramophone and a lot of Scottish records which we always listened to when we visited him. He sold his place to people named **Brinkman** but they only lived there a few years. Charlie moved to the airstrip east of Caddy Lake and I believe he was a caretaker there during the war. He was killed while walking along the highway at Rennie in the 1940's after the war. A sad ending for this kind and gentle man.

Section houses were located usually every four miles in those years with section gangs, as they were

called at each location. There was one east of the big tunnel at Caddy Lake and one at Telford. The names of these men I faintly remember as they moved often but some names were **Ernie Strand** and his family, **Matt and Andy Strand**, **Odd Overberg**, **Phillip Zayak** and **Louis Ragiabni** from the Caddy Lake section. The Telford men I do not remember as we did not see them often. I should mention that in the early years there was no Caddy Lake. It was called Cross Lake and not divided into North and South Cross Lake.

I have tried to include all the people that I have heard about from my parents. If I have missed any one it is because I did not know them. Not many people stayed any length of time except the Lundstroms, Charlie Robertson and the Sorensons. Most of the others came and went during the years 1915 and 1930.

LARS ERIC AND MARIAS LUNDSTROM by Ida Lundstrom Erickson

Mother and Dad immigrated from Sweden to Canada in 1905. After living in Kenora and Keewatin for eight years they took up a homestead at Dagero, Manitoba Township 10 Range 16E Section 14 quarter section. They had five daughters and one son. Julia and I live in San Diego. Our parents made two moves to Chicago in 1928 and 1932 but city life was not for them so they came back to the homestead. Dad died in 1935 after a serious operation. Mother lived for a while with my sister Elin and also Anna. She returned to Chicago and then in 1948 she again came to Canada and passed away shortly after. Both Mother and Dad are buried in Elmwood Cemetery in Winnipeg.

The buildings on the farm have long gone and any land that was cleared is now overgrown with willows and poplars.

Dad and Mother were very hospitable people and always had the coffee pot on the stove. The Sorenson children had to pass by our house whenever they went to Bear Lake to fish and they always stopped to visit. Mother did a lot of Swedish baking which was a real treat for the Sorensons. Mother could speak very little English but she told so many stories about the "fattige" people in Sweden. For many years the children thought there must be a lot of fat people in Sweden until they found that "fattige" meant rich.

The Lundstrom family knew a family named Flett from Kenora. Mrs. Flett had married an Indian when she was 16 years old. She ran away from her husband with her five children dressed only in a gunny sack. Mrs. Sorenson gave her money and clothes to go back home. Dad went to Kenora to see the

family and brought back one-year-old Joseph who lived with us until he was six years old when his mother took him to Winnipeg so he could go to school. It was a sad parting. Eight years later I was home on a visit and Mother and I walked to Cross Lake along the railroad tracks. The station was full of baskets of blueberries to be shipped. We inquired if a lady with five children had picked the berries. "Yes, they did." It was the Flett family and Joseph had a touching reunion with us. We never heard any more about them.

Of my five sisters and one brother there is just Julia and I left. Hilder died in 1912, Anna died in 1988. She had a daughter Sylvia. John died leaving three children. Elin has also died leaving a family of seven.

NELS AND CATHERINE SORENSON by Sophie (Sorenson) Boyd

The Sorensons came to Canada from Denmark in 1912 with two small children. They lived at Norman, Ontario where Dad worked for the Lake of the Woods flour mill and Mother worked in a boarding house. Their daughter drowned in the lake while they lived there. In 1913 or 1914 they took up a homestead at Dagero, Manitoba with their two sons, one born in Keewatin.

I don't know what my parents lived in during the first years until a house and barn were built. Dad cleared the land gradually and hay land, pasture and grain were grown for the horses, cattle and chickens. Five more children were born — the three youngest at home without a doctor or nurse and only a neighbor to act as midwife.

Schooling was not easily attained. The older children boarded in Keewatin and later in Ingolf which was nine miles from home. When the eldest daughter, Martha finished grade eight she stayed at home on the farm and Mother stayed in a rented cabin at Ingolf with the four youngest children. Mother taught us at home so that when we went to school we were far enough ahead we could start in grade three. I was the second youngest and when I went to school at age nine I started in grade five. Mother could not speak a word of English when she came to Canada and she had had very little education herself but she was determined that we should all have a grade eight education. Dad would drive with the horses and sleigh when the lakes were frozen over Caddy Lake, West Hawk and Lone Pine Lake to bring butter, milk and meat to us once a month. The milk was brought in a five or 10 gallon cream can and kept frozen. How I hated the taste of frozen milk! He would stay a day hauling firewood to keep the cabin (which wasn't insulated) warm. The boys



Sorenson family, 1929.

would have to saw and split wood as their after four chores as well as haul water from the lake. As trains were our only source of transportation we would often walk the nine miles home to Dagero along the tracks on long weekends and at Easter if it was warm enough.

The work on the farm was hard physical work and we all had our jobs to do. Haying and harvesting were the hardest. We had to tie the grain sheaves by hand as we did not have a binder. Then we had to stook it and the sheaves had lots of thistles in them. Needless to say we always had a lot of thistles to dig out of our fingers. A small machine was bought in 1926 run by a stationary engine. Sheaves were fed into the thresher by hand. Everyone had a job. One pitched the sheaves onto a platform where the hand bound sheaf band was cut and Dad fed it into the machine. Mother and the younger



Forking hay, threshing, 1928.



Dad Sorenson, 1938.



Mother Sorenson, 1932.

ones looked after the grain which came out of a chute and put it in bags. Straw was removed by two or three of us and stacked for animal bedding. After a day's threshing the straw piles were huge. This threshing machine is now in the Austin Museum at Austin, Manitoba.

Dad sometimes worked for a few weeks on the C.P.R. in the summer or at harvest time he would go to friends in Clanwilliam to earn money to buy the threshing machine and other farm equipment. Mother and the older children picked blueberries in the summer and shipped 15-20 fifteen pound baskets every week or so to people in Clanwilliam. When berries were plentiful she often picked 30 pounds a day. As well as selling berries she canned our winter supply. She also had a big vegetable garden so we always had lots of vegetables. I remember her salting green beans in two-gallon crocks which were a welcome treat in winter. Large amounts of potatoes, carrots and turnips were grown and kept in pits for winter use. Dad sometimes took 50 pound bags of vegetables to Kenora by train which he sold or traded for flour, sugar, coffee, tea and dried fruits. Fresh fruits were rare except for the wild fruit we picked. Mrs. Knudson, who ran the post office and store at Ingolf always gave us a box of mandarin oranges for Christmas but with seven children they did not last long.

Mother made most of our clothes and knitted all our socks and mitts. When clothes were worn out the good parts were made into quilts or rags. She never had time to be idle.

As our house was never insulated an enormous amount of firewood was needed to keep the house warm. The fires were usually out by morning but Mother was an early riser and by the time the children got up the house was warm and a big pot of porridge was cooking on the stove. Our house had an attic where some of us slept and in the winter was it ever cold! Many mornings in -30°F we would wake up with frost on our eyelids. We always had

a warm sad iron to take to bed with us to help warm the bed. A long bunk bed was built in 1930 for the boys. The barns were also built of logs all shaped by Dad with a broad axe.

I don't remember my father ever being on time to catch a bus or train. If he was going on the train my sister and I would go to the flag station. We didn't dare put the flag out to stop the train until we could see Dad coming. One of us would stand watch on the little hill between the house and the station and when the local came around the curve and we could see Dad was on his way, the other one would put the flag out. The railway men were good-natured and sometimes stopped before the station to pick him up. They thought it was a joke to see Dad running to catch the train. It was the same thing when he had to catch the bus after the highway was built. The road from the farm was a winding road and one of us would stay behind until we saw Dad coming before we would flag the bus. He did miss a few.

He also had a fascination with fire. He was always burning clumps of old hay or brush without too much attention to whether it was windy or calm. Some of his fires got away and we would have to grab gunny sacks to help beat out the fire. His worst episode was one July when the barn flies were really bad and the cows had to be kept in all day. At milking time in the evening the flies would be thick under the eaves of the barn so Dad decided he would try and burn them. Mother and I and some of the others were in the barn milking. The hay-loft had just been filled with hay a few days before and of course the hay caught fire. Mother got the cows out but the barn burned to the ground. I'm sure he must have wondered the rest of the summer when he had to get logs ready and build a new one before winter and how he could have been so foolish.

As the C.P.R. ran through our farm, during the depression years in the 1930's we had many hobos or transients come to our home for a meal. No one was ever turned away even if he just got bread and tea. Sometimes they were allowed to sleep in the loft with stern warnings not to smoke. They were honest men and we never had anything stolen. Some offered to chop wood or do chores in return for their meal. I remember one older man who came with strips of gunny sack wrapped around his feet and Dad giving him a pair of rubber boots that had holes in them, to protect his feet from the rough railway ties. These men were the older hobos mostly over 40. The younger men rode the box-cars going west in the spring and back east in the fall. Also I recall the relief camps that were set up for the jobless men at Caddy, West Hawk and Lake Brereton.

We had to make our own entertainment. We fished in Bear Lake. We also swam at the beach on

the east end of the lake (where we would walk on a Sunday afternoon) for two or three hours. Hanson's Creek which ran through our farm was our favorite swimming hole. We had a mud slide on the banks where we would slide like a bunch of otters into the water and likely came home dirtier than when we left. We all learned to swim although neither Mother or Dad could. In winter we snowshoed and tobogganed. The boys had trap lines

where they caught weasels and squirrels but we did not have too much leisure time as there were lots of chores to do. When we got to be teenagers we would walk the nine miles to Ingolf on a Saturday night during the summer to their dances and walk home again afterwards often getting home in time to bring the cows in for milking before we could go to bed for a few hours sleep. The boys had a crystal radio set with ear phones and on a clear night we could pick up American stations as far away as Chicago.

The building of the Trans-Canada Highway in the 1930's was an important time in our lives. We had never seen a big drag line and the only cars we had seen were on flat cars. A lot of horses were also used in the building of the highway, many of which died of anthrax which I believe was brought in by some horses shipped from Saskatchewan.

The day the highway was officially opened my sister and I sat on the rocks at the side of the highway and counted the cars going by. Our first ride in a car was in a 1929 Ford coupe with a rumble seat. The speed limit was 30 m.p.h. Moore's bus lines now operated between Winnipeg and West Hawk Lake and later to Kenora. We no longer had to depend on the C.P.R. local which ran twice a week. We also got two secondhand bikes and could bike to Rennie or West Hawk. Many times we had to push the bikes three or four miles home with flat tires.

By now the older children had left home. Peter, the eldest spent a number of years in St. Boniface sanatorium. Victor was killed in 1937 while working on the railroad. Martha was married. Holger and Rudolf worked for the C.P.R. Anna and I went to work in Winnipeg. Then came World War II and Rudolf and Holger both enlisted and went overseas, Rudolf in the armored corps and Holger in the artillery. Both saw action in Sicily, Italy and Holland but were among the lucky ones who came back.

Mother and Dad were alone on the farm after 1938. By this time all the remaining settlers had left or had died so life was pretty lonely for them. When the boys returned from overseas Rudolf took over the farm and our parents moved to Rennie where Holger and Peter lived. Anna married and lived in Winnipeg and I married and went to live in San-

ford, and Martha in Ontario. Dad passed away in 1959 and Mother stayed in Rennie until 1969, when she moved to St. Norbert Lodge where she passed away in 1970. Peter had also passed away in 1961. His wife Helen and two children Sandra and Victor later moved to the city. Rudolf sold the farm when his children were of school age and moved to Rennie where he worked for the Forestry until his death in 1981. Holger also worked part time for the Forestry. He passed away in 1983. The three girls are the only members of the Sorenson family left

besides many nephews and nieces, some of whom still reside in Rennie.

Ed. Note: In 1969 the Sorenson's farm was the place the Whiteshell District Association held their first barbeque and picnic. A wooden plaque was presented to Mrs. Sorenson, then 84 years old, in appreciation for allowing the picnic to be held there. Mrs. Sorenson died the next year but the Association held their annual picnic there for the next five years.

Nason Lake

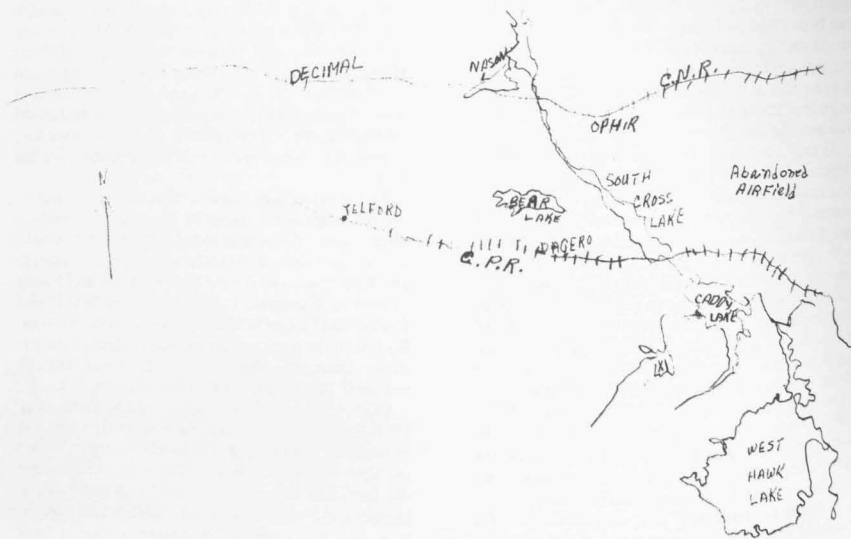
By Anne Leulier

Nason Lake is located north of Caddy Lake and one-half mile west of where the CNR railroad track crosses South Cross and North Cross river. A tunnel was blasted through the rock and a trestle was built for the railroad.

Emile Leulier worked for the CNR. We don't know when he first discovered Nason Lake. He spent his honeymoon there with his bride Helen in 1922. There was a forest fire in the area in 1930 which burned most trees up on the rocks and near

the railroad.

Emile and Helen had four boys and one girl. He was unemployed often during the Depression years. In 1934 he took the two oldest boys to find and survey the lot he wanted to build a cabin on. The horse-shoe shaped valley was chosen as it hadn't been touched by the forest fire. The following winter he went there with a neighbor to cut and fit the logs for the bottom half of the cabin with attached kitchen. The rest of the lumber was bought with money





C.N.R. 1908. This picture was found in Emile Leullier Sr.'s album.



In 1934 lot was found, logs cut in winter, construction began the next summer.

out of the children's piggy banks. That lumber was shipped by rail and pulled across the frozen lake to the building site.

The veranda was added later. The next six years Helen and the children and one of their friends spent all the Easter and summer holidays there with their two dogs and one cat. She didn't have any conveniences; cooking on a wood stove, laundry by hand and kerosene lamps for light.

Apple boxes on the wall served as cupboards. A small dugout with a trap door under the kitchen floor was their cellar.

Each week Emile sent food by train which they had to pick up at the landing. Nason Lake Landing was a flag stop for the local CNR. They often had hours to wait as the local was never on time.

Occasionally Emile spent a few days there with them. He came at night on the Continental train. It had to stop at Decimal to take on coal and water. From there he walked five miles to the cabin.

It must have been lonely for Helen with only the children and a hand cranked gramophone for entertainment, radio came later.

To do some shopping, Helen would leave the children alone for a day as they grew older.



Waiting at Nason Lake Landing for train with food supplies.

Once she left Robert, the oldest, to bake the bread. The others had to cut wood for the stove. They refused. Robert got mad and threw a ball of dough at them. So started a ball game. Eventually the bread did get baked; very streaked, but they didn't have much choice but to eat it.



Everyone had chores to do.

Another chore was to catch two fish which were boiled outside with oatmeal to feed their dogs. Fishing was much better in those days. Often they caught the bigger Muskies.



The dogs meal.



Relaxing at the falls between North Cross Lake and Sailing Lake.

They had to find their own amusement. This picture shows the family spending the day at the falls, between North Cross Lake and Sailing Lake. It was a whole day's outing since they had to row there.

There were other people living on the lake. Mr. Cooper lived not far away. Scotty Hamilton often stayed with him.

Sidney W. Skogman, known as Bill, built his cabin almost next door to them in 1932. His was built against a rock starting with one room, a dirt floor and adding more rooms later.



Sidney W. Skogman's cabin, built in 1932.

He trapped and prospected in the area. The kids often visited because he had so many stories to tell them.

Mr. Cooper moved away in the early 1950s and sold his cabin to Bill Skogman which was a big improvement for him. He lived there until he was well into his 80s. He then bought a small house in Elma

where he spent the winters. He still came back to Nason Lake during the summer months.

Before he died in 1980, he gave permission for the French boy scouts of the Winnipeg region to use his cabins. They also got use of the game warden's cabin, which is the only one now being used, but mostly by campers it seems. Nowadays, whoever gets there first uses it. Looking in the logbook, you'll find it is often used in the winter too.

As you come into Nason Lake, on your left you'll see a sandy point. There Frank Hardesty lived in a tent during the summer. He spent most of his time sitting in his chair looking out over the whole lake. With the railroad in the background he could watch all the trains go by. Even now, that point is still called Hardesty's Point.

The landing was often busy as the local (train) would stop to drop off supplies for people around the lake and those further north. About one mile east of the landing lived the La Pierres. They came out hunting, etc., in the early 1920s, using an old abandoned cabin which had been the home of people who worked on the CNR trestle with horse teams in the earlier years.

In 1924 the La Pierres built their own place, overlooking the river on the south side of the track. In 1940, they moved in to stay all year round. After Mr. La Pierre died, Mrs. La Pierre (Rosie) stayed and lived there alone until she died in 1965. Her son Albert often took the train to visit her and bring groceries. He also shipped out supplies by train.

Their cabin was demolished years ago but it is still a favored spot for campers.

Near Ophir, one mile east of the CNR tunnel on South Cross, was Charrette's farm. The Leulliers did visit there once or twice during the summer, a three mile walk there and three miles back.

They all have fond memories of those carefree summer holidays spent at Nason Lake. As they were getting older and the war started, less time was spent there.

In 1941, Emile Jr., 17 and Paul, 16, joined the army and went overseas. In 1943 Emile Sr. passed away. Paul came back in 1945 and Emile Jr. in 1946 with Anne, his war bride. Emile Jr. was the only one to stay in Manitoba. Helen Leullier and the other children moved to British Columbia.

Emile Jr., known only as Leu in the Whiteshell, took Anne to their cabin in the spring of 1947. At that time the channel into Nason Lake was barely open. You had to get out of the canoe and pull it across to be able to get in or out of the lake from North Cross Lake. Slowly in the following years, it opened into the wide channel it is now.

Often you would see porcupines there but seldom a bear (now there are lots of bears and no porcupines).

During the war years the game warden's cabin was built between Cooper's place and Skogman's with dog shelters in the back. The log walls of the low dog shelters are still there now.



Shelter for game-wardens' dogs.

Leu and Anne spent a few weekends that year at the cabin going by train. At that time the train was called the Minaki Special, otherwise called the Camper.



Minaki Special, otherwise called the Camper.

Because their first baby was due in September, they did not go to the lake on the September long weekend. That was the weekend the Camper Special crashed at Dugald, Manitoba.

The train became too expensive with their three children, so Leu built a 12-foot plywood boat. With a 5-horse motor they made the trip from Caddy Lake.

Another baby, dog and a few trips later (no life jackets, just two blown-up inner tubes), a 16-foot cabin cruiser was launched May 6, 1960.

On that first trip, ice had to be broken near the CPR tunnel. The rest of the way was in comfort to Nason Lake. But the next two months the water level was too high to get through the CNR tunnel so the boat was left at La Pierre's and they walked the rest of the way. They solved the problem the next year by getting a smaller boat to transfer into.

Now with good transportation, they could bring Bill Skogman into Winnipeg now and then. He would take the train to go back home.



Our first boat.



Our 16-foot cabin cruiser launched May 6, 1960.

Having a boat also allowed materials to be brought in. The old kitchen had rotted. It was torn down and replaced with two bedrooms. Next came a three-burner propane stove and lights. Propane tanks had to be refilled at Caddy Lake. Later a fridge was bought, sight unseen in the winter, to be picked up the following summer in Ontario. It nearly sunk the 14-foot boat and took four men to carry it up to the cabin. It was the most appreciated appliance. It meant the family could keep food fresh and have cold drinks.

At this time, Anne and Leu's children are getting



Alf Wenzel, Lue Leullier and Bill Skogman, 1969.

married and having their own children. They are the fourth generation to enjoy a cabin that was originally built to last only a few years. With the help of the larger family, the veranda was replaced. All materials were brought in by boat instead of train as it was done in previous years.

In September 1984, Leu's three brothers and sister came from British Columbia to celebrate the 50th anniversary of the cabin. They visited the dams at Sailing Lake, walked to the landing and had a picnic at Hardesty's Point. At Hardesty's Point, they found turtle eggs in the sand. As they warmed up in the sun, they began to move. Some had started to open and others were helped along because the shells were quite pliable. Six of these baby snapping turtles went to British Columbia with Paul who gave them to a zoo after caring for them for two years. One of the turtles is still kept by Leu's son John in Winnipeg. It is getting quite big now.

Since then Leu has retired and he and Anne can spend more time there in the summer. Not being able to wait for the ice to go out, they often take the train in April. These last years have been much easier; chainsaw to cut wood, mouseproof kitchen cupboards with a sink, a pump to fill the water tank which is gravity fed into the kitchen. But there still is the outdoor biffy and the propane tanks have to be taken to Caddy Lake Resort to be filled. On occasion the tanks were delivered back to them. Being so isolated at Nason Lake, they bought a mobile phone and now can keep in touch with the outside world. They still enjoy cooking on the woodstove. They go for walks each day. Blueberries are picked in season. Leu's hobby is growing flowers and making cement ornaments for the yard using sand from Hardesty's Point. There is always plenty to do as the yard is big and even the evergreen trees planted years ago need trimming.

There are no more neighbors left to visit on the lake. More fishing boats are coming into the lake though. The forestry patrols stop in for a short visit and a cold drink, but probably checking up to see if everything is all right with the now getting older couple. Their help was needed when they had a troublesome bear around. Normally Leu and Anne just watched them walk through the yard only chasing them when the bears came too close to the house or flowerbeds. This particular time the bear came around every night; pawing the doors, standing up against the windows and breaking the windowsills. West Hawk forestry sent out a man who searched the area and did not find anything. Then they gave us permission to shoot it.

John came out and scoured the area for two days. Still no sign of the bear but it had been around at night again. So the next evening they waited in the dark. When the dog went out, they knew by his actions that something was out there. The dog was called in and Leu was ready with the gun at the window. Anne turned on the flashlight and there was the bear 20 feet away. Leu shot at it, but it ran away. Of course they didn't dare go outside and look but they found it in the morning 50 feet away.

The forestry men came out to dispose of it and then informed us that our troubles were not over as there was another bear around. But Leu and Anne felt they got the troublemaker and didn't worry anymore. Also, having to kill such a lovely animal didn't give them a good feeling and they hope they never have to shoot another one again.

Another experience happened the winter before. Leu went down by train to check the roof and burn a pile of bush. Later as he went into the gazebo for firewood he found a bear in there. There was blood on the floor so the animal was hurt. He came to the conclusion that the bear must have been hibernating in the brush pile and got burned. Leu couldn't get any more firewood for the house and the next night there was a snowstorm. So he decided to go home two days sooner than he had arranged for the train to stop for him at Ophir. The phones were out of order because of the storm so he had to stay on the middle of the track as long as he dared when the train approached. They did stop and backed up for him.

So much for having a cabin in an isolated area. It is a drawback at times, but on the other hand a beautiful place to be in the summer.

Nason Lake - Lot 1

The Nason Lake story is dedicated to Emile Leulier Sr. who founded and built the cabin and his son Emile Jr. (Leu) who keeps repairing and improving it to make it comfortable for his children and grandchildren.

(Editor's note) precambrian rock had to be blasted using nitroglycerine. Embankments or trestles had to be built to span rivers, lakes or muskegs. Often, sections of track would disappear overnight as muskeg would consume them with insatiable appetite. Muskeg like this finally drove Joseph Whitehead into bankruptcy. One particularly bad stretch was at Cross Lake (just west of West Hawk Lake).

(From Trails to Rails to Highways, Whitemouth Book)

1 TALLPINE LODGE
2 CRESCENT BEACH CABINS AND MOTEL
3 TALLPINE MARINA AND TIKI BAR
4 WEST HAWK INN RESTAURANT AND BEVERAGE ROOM
5 WEST HAWK RESORT
6 PINE CONE BAR
7 KEYSTONE CABINS
8 NIGHT HAWK CAFE
9 WEST HAWK MARINE
10 MAJOR'S SERVICE CENTRE
11 GREEN BAY RESORT

CADDY LAKE
WEST HAWK LAKE
HUNT LAKE

Manitoba Natural Resources Parks

Barren Lake

from Whiteshell Echo,
Summer 1984

HERE ONE MOMENT . . .

by Sarah Earle

"Look," Elsa paused to dust sand from the bottoms of her feet before opening the screen door and stepping out of the sunshine into the cool shade of the porch. "Down there, past the three birch. What do you see?" David, intent on an overflowing bowl of Wheaties and two-percent homo, glanced quickly in the direction she was pointing, saw nothing, said "Nothing," clearly not interested, then, "what?" expecting her to name some bird.

"Look again."

His eyes lit up, "A tent!"

"It wasn't there last night, was it? Did you see anything when you came in?"

He shook his head and stared toward the lake. "They must have put it up early this morning."

"I walked right past it on my way to the point; didn't even notice it till I was coming back up the path."

"Looks like an army tent." Her son was intrigued.

"Beautiful. I wonder who's in it."

"Whoever's in it shouldn't be," Elsa snapped. It was their beach, their cottage, their strip of boardwalk down to the sand for three weeks every summer, had been for fifteen years. She had never, ever welcomed strangers picnicking along their stretch of front.

"There's a lot of beach for everyone," Graham would say. Not that he liked intruders any more than she, but he felt a sense of guilt. "For heaven's sake, Elsa, this is Canada; it's a free country."

"Let them go soak it up on the public camping ground!"

"It's only on the weekend," Graham would try to calm her. "We've got it for the rest of the time."

Elsa refused to budge. "Who goes down and picks up the empty beer cans and Big Mac containers after they leave? I do!"

"We all do!"

She couldn't quarrel with that. The beach meant as much to the family as to her, had from the earliest days when the children, David still in training pants, Susan with front teeth coming and going, spent hours constructing elaborate sand castles. Elsa,

in a white two-piece bathing suit, the sun hot on her slim body, an Aztec sun goddess on a brightly colored beach towel, would watch Susan, ponytail flying, run back and forth from the lake with buckets of water, while Graham patted wet lumps of sand into walls. They always couldn't wait to get back to the cottage every year, talking about it as early as January and making plans for another great summer. But she did not like it when people trespassed on their land and camped out on it; it just didn't seem fair! Elsa was near tears. "I will not have people ogling us whenever we go down to swim, watching every move we make."

Graham sighed. "I'll have a word with them when they come out." He reached over and patted Elsa's hand.

Like a child, she thought, that's how he treats me. Pat, pat, there, there, Daddy will look after it. "Do we not have a right to our privacy?" she asked, icy.

"I said I'd have a word with them." Graham got up abruptly. "Anyone want a slice of toast? David? Darling?"

Elsa shook her head. One slice of bread was all she allowed herself. She no longer felt like a sun goddess when she lay on her colored beach towel but like an oversized blimp, a mountain of whale blubber with varicose veins.

Suddenly Susan came into the kitchen, took one look at everybody, and asked what was going on.

"We've been invaded," David motioned to the beach.

"Oh no," said Susan. "Not again! What a strange-looking tent!"

"Army," David picked up his binoculars and attempted to focus them. "These are useless."

"Soldiers!" Susan was immediately interested. "Neat! Let's go wake them up!"

"Good idea," Elsa came to life. "David, get your trombone, and go blast the hell out of them."

"Now you're being silly," said Graham.

They finished breakfast, David and Susan bickering as usual about who would wash the dishes, Graham ignoring them, Elsa scurrying around, putting away jars and stacking dishes, trying to make the load lighter. Once they had made a game out of doing dishes, the four of them singing camp songs

in harmony.

"Mother, you're in the way," David butted her gently in the back, his arms full of cereal boxes and dirty dishes. "Go out to play."

She went outside and sat down in one of the canvas chairs, the sun warm on her back and listened to the chickadees in the pine trees and the soft wash of waves on tiny stones at the water's edge.

Suddenly Susan, coming from inside the cottage, gave a low whistle. Someone had emerged from the tent. "Hey, Mom! Wow!" Susan sat up, unconsciously spying.

The boy did not notice them, he stretched up and out as though trying to absorb a beautiful picture of the bay, then made a mad dash for the lake — and plunged right in.

"Did you see that build? The shoulders?" Susan winked, "I think I'll go for a swim."

Elsa went on up to the cottage. "He's out."

"I know. I saw him," Graham continued reading.

"I want you to speak to him, Graham." Graham nodded. "If you don't, I will."

"You're welcome."

"Oh Graham, for heaven's sake!" Elsa banged the screen door shut behind her.

For half an hour the entire family from their various vantage points watched; by this time a girl had joined the boy in the water, a girl with long, black hair and the skimpiest red bikini Elsa had ever seen. The pair were like porpoises playing in the water, diving, swimming, splashing, ducking each other until the girl suddenly broke away, the boy followed and they ran back to shore and to their tent.

Elsa looked at Graham, "I can't go over there now, Elsa," he said.

She went inside and made lunch, called the others. They ate sandwiches on the screened veranda but they could not keep their eyes off the tent.

They all watched as the couple went down to the lake. The girl playfully flicked some water, the boy retaliated; she flicked some more and he chased her; they could hear her laughter as she tried to escape.

"Would you say she's attractive, Dad?"

"Not half as attractive as you are, baby," Graham patted Susan's hand but Elsa noted he turned back to the lovers in the lake.

That evening it began to rain, a huge downpour.

"My God," said Elsa, "they're out in that tent!"

"They're waterproof, those tents," David assured her from the floor, where he and Graham were intent on a game of chess.

"They'll be drenched to the skin; they could catch pneumonia," cried Elsa.

"Why not invite them up here for some coffee?"

Susan's eyes were wide, too innocent. "or maybe a popcorn party? I'm sure they'd love that, Mom."

"Susan!" Graham got up to throw wood on the

fire. Later Elsa lay sleepless beside Graham in the lumpy summer bed. "They can't stay outside in weather like this!"

"Darling, forget them! They're adults; if they don't like the weather they can always go home." He turned away from her and pulled the sheet up over his ears.

"Oh no," she thought, "no!" remembering the way he'd looked at the girl. "They'll be gone by morning," she consoled herself. "Then everything will be back to normal."

But the tent was still there when she got up and the rain continued.

In the afternoon Elsa grew nervous, gave up working on a jigsaw puzzle and went to the window. If only they would go away! "They must be cold out there."

"In that tent!" they all laughed at her.

After dinner, Graham listened to the family conversation, not interested and making no attempt to join in. He seemed to be trying to avoid all eye contact with Elsa — or was she imagining things? Was she all that unappealing? He sat reading afterward, not in the mood for chess or cards and went to bed.

Elsa though did not want to follow too quickly and went to bed about an hour later.

The moon, streaming across the lake in a silver swath, shone on her pillow, into her eyes, making it difficult for her to get to sleep. But that wasn't the only reason she was having trouble falling asleep.

The next morning, Elsa sat in her canvas chair in the sunshine. All of a sudden, she noticed a few slim poles in the air, a slash of beige material being folded — the tent was coming down!

There was no gaiety, no laughter, not a word between them. They moved quickly, efficiently, piling utensils and food into a hamper. Within minutes they were gone, the hamper swung between them, a duffel bag on each outside shoulder.

They walked along the beach toward the road, and the pain that had been lurking dull and unformed within Elsa sharpened suddenly, stabbing so that she clutched her chest and gasped, unable to run after them, to wave should they have turned around, or to call, "Come back! I didn't mean to drive you away — there's room! There'll always be room!" They wouldn't have heard her, anyway they wouldn't have cared; it was over.

She watched until they were out of sight, then made her way down to their campsite. It was totally clean; only a crazy pattern of running-shoe treads, which the soft sand was filling up quickly. In a few minutes nothing would show that they'd ever been there. She slowly went back to the cottage and sat back down in her chair with a sigh, suddenly wondering why she was having so much trouble seeing clearly; she had not felt the stream of tears rolling

down her face. She didn't hear Graham, was not aware of him until he knelt down and put his arm around her.

"They were rather sweet, weren't they?" he said.

She nodded and clutched at him, caught in his eyes, for a second only, his own sense of loss. Then he leaned over and kissed her gently.

"Come on," he said, "let's go for a little walk."

BARREN LAKE

A combined story of the cottages
at BARREN LAKE

By Randy Bell

Our family purchased a cottage on the lakefront at Barren Lake in the summer of 1980 and since that time have been rewarded with hundreds of great experiences. We have all learned, as have the other cottagers in the area, a wealth of information about nature and have made many new friends in the Whiteshell area.

Barren Lake covers 174 acres and is situated on the north side of the Trans-Canada Highway, just opposite Falcon Lake. The lakes are not interconnected. Ours is a muddy bottomed eutrophic lake with an average depth of 12 feet and a maximum depth of 25 feet.

Gold mining went on around the lake for many years. Remains of the mines are still evident on the shores of the lake.

The first mining operation near our lake started in 1897 when 15.6 hectares of land called Manitoba Shiner were staked by D.L. Stewart and J.S. Whiting on a point 0.8 kilometers west of the lake and 1.6 kilometers north of the Trans-Canada Highway. Two shafts were sunk and work continued for several years till the claim was cancelled. In 1906 Mr. Whiting restaked the property as Jewel and work on the shafts continued. Mining department records show that assays of 1.90 oz./ton gold and 2.37 oz./ton silver were obtained. Traces of other minerals such as galena, sphalerite, nickel, pyrite and pyroxene were found. Activity there continued after the death of Mr. Whiting. His wife took over and later on his son Leonard worked the site when Mrs. Whiting passed away in 1964. This operation shut down about 1972.

Activity commenced on the shores of Barren Lake in 1910. Another shaft was sunk on the northeast end of the lake that year on a 20.9 hectare lot staked by Thomas Boyes and W.J. Gordon. Samples taken in 1913 contained 2.24 oz./ton gold. Trenching and stripping were also done on the shores of the lake. Work here continued through the 1920s and this property was assigned to The Highland Enterprise Company in 1928. This company built a log cabin

on the site between 1932 and 1937 and the shaft was timbered. In 1938 the property was assigned to Isobel L. Gervin of Phoenix Gold Mines Ltd. Records show that 15.4 tonnes of material were shipped to Kenora for milling but, after processing, the contractors dropped the contract. Trenching on this land continued until 1948 when the site was assigned to G.D.M. Walker. Eventually, the shaft and trenches were filled in by Manitoba Mines and Natural Resources personnel for public safety. There is no record of work on this claim after 1948.

Mr. Boyes did not abandon his hopes of striking it rich. In 1928 he restaked another site known as Boyes No. 2 on the west shore of the lake. A loading ramp and ore chute were built but in 1937 the property changed hands to the Highland Enterprise Company. Like the other site nearby, this site passed from Highland to Gervin to Mr. Walker. Mineral rights were withdrawn between 1972 and 1980. Ed Riberecki staked over the property from 1980 to 1982 followed by Arnild Mickelson of Winnipeg until 1985.

This last site has been visited by most cottagers from the lake and invariably their guests. The loading platform and ore chute collapsed many years ago but the remains are evident. Old pots and kettles, nails and cans, have been found around the site. Over the years, the Bell family children and grandchildren have been treated to many tales about the "Ghosts of the Barren Lake Gold Mine". It is even rumoured that if you sit quietly, late at night, you can occasionally hear the shovels of the ghosts working on the opposite side of the lake.

The Fisheries Department commenced to stock the lake in 1958. From 1958 to 1963, rainbow trout were the main fish caught by anglers. Several of the original cottagers vividly recall catching fair-size trout right off the rocky shoreline in block three in those days. In 1965 and 1966 the lake was stocked with muskellunges and then pickerel from 1966 to 1977. A "Musky" weighing 12 pounds was caught by one of the Donaldson family as recently as 1985 but the main species found now are walleye, pike, yellow perch and white suckers. Due to the eutrophic nature of the lake, it has become difficult to catch anything worthwhile.

Due to the small size of this beautiful lake, there are only 23 cottages on its shores. Six of these are in Block one which is the south end and 17 are toward the west end. No one can tell me where Block two is as the west end of the lake is labelled Block three.

Several cottages were built in Block one about 1950 and others in the early 1960s. This early start would appear to be due to ready access to the Trans-Canada Highway. The following is a brief ownership history of those cottages in Block one.

Lot 1 - built by the Steeves family who hauled their lumber in off a service road. Since 1975, occupied by the Merrett family.

Lot 2 - Shore family, then Campbells and, since 1973, the Cranstons.

Lot 3 - The Esselmont family has occupied this cottage since 1969. Prior to that, there were several owners, one named McBirnie.

Lot 4 - Hobkirk family first, now the Vrsniks.

Lot 5 - Built by John Yeaman about 1962 and since 1967 owned by the Hallet family.

Lot 6 - Built by the Besko family and sold in recent years to the Sleva family.

The Hallet and Sleva cottages are accessible by water only as they are situated on either side of a small peninsula. A marshy area separates them from

the mainland and provides for the greatest amount of privacy.

Block three commenced to develop about 1960 when a service road was built. Of the 17 cottages here, six are occupied by the original owners as follows:

Lot 2 - Watts family

Lot 3 - Stanes family

Lot 4 - Gulak family

Lot 10 - Alley family

Lot 12 - Raymond family

Lot 15 - Binnie family

The others are:

Lot 5 - Built by Ray Saarinen, then occupied by the Boyds, Thompsons, Coyles and now the Gander family.

SUBDIVISIONS



Lot 6 - Built by John Donovan, now the Patterson family.

Lot 7 - Haydens, then the Kings, now the Donaldsons.

Lot 8 - Pollock family, now the Struve family.

Lot 9 - Wilsons, then Dillaboughs, now the Bell family.

Lot 11 - Was originally built by the Dyker family who occupied the cottage and built on lots 9 and 10. Ross Dyker was working to put himself through university in those days.

Lot 13 - Wells family, then Sneddens and now the Wozny. Mercel Wozny is the Barren Lake representative on the Whiteshell District Association.



Jennifer and Shannon Bell, Block 3 Lot 9 Barren Lake.



Winter paradise.



Preparing for canoe race - barbecue and picnic, 1988.



Egg race - barbecue and picnic, 1989.



Snack race - barbecue and picnic, 1989.



Annual barbecue and picnic at Barren Lake, 1989.

Lot 14 - Saatinens, then Phipots, now the Hydes.

Lot 16 - Built by the Wells family, then occupied by the Browns and now the Thornhills.

Lot 17 - Huismans, then Lemelins, then Mazurs, now the McVarish.

Lot 18 - Built by Srikos, now owned by the Parrotts.

Thousands of stories go with these 23 cottages.

One common to all is the fire that swept across the west and north sides of the lake in September 1976.

It was accidentally started when Provincial Government employees were burning brush in one of the two dumps along the lake road. The winds blew up, carrying flaming plastic bags off into the forest. It took almost a week to extinguish this fire and there was great concern at the time due to its proximity to the communities of Falcon, Star and West Hawk Lakes. On the westerly shores of the lake still stands many charred trees. These serve as a graphic reminder of just how deadly and destructive a forest fire can be.

Water bombing aircraft were used to bring the

fire under control. The Stanes family boat was commandeered by the workers to get across the lake. Members of the Binnie and Alley families still vividly recall being told to prepare to vacate their cottages on short notice if the situation across the lake deteriorated.

The area around Barren Lake is well travelled during all seasons of the year.

Many horseback ride trails are used all summer for riding and hiking. Winter brings sleigh rides and a fair bit of snowmobile activity. In recent years a number of the cottagers have enjoyed cross-country skiing on the lake.

Until recently, a raw garbage dump was on Barren Lake Road. With the garbage came many bears. With the bears came a steady flow of vehicles from all over the region to watch them feeding. I can recall many evenings seeing cars lined up in the dump at dusk with children in their sleepers nibbling on bags of popcorn as they marvelled and watched the bears frolicking and dining on the piles of trash.

The other dump along the road, the one where the fire originated, is still affectionately called the "Fifteen Cent Store". Every cottager in the area has at one time or another been required to travel to this dump in search of a part for one of the older stoves or water pumps. And, believe it or not, . . . I do not know of anyone who did not find what they were looking for if they were persistent.

The area abounds in wildlife. Whitetail deer and fox are frequently seen along the roads. With the removal of the garbage dump, most of the bears have disappeared although they are a frequent visitor on many of the cottage lots over the years. Most cottagers have mounted hummingbird feeders which are very active all summer. The Cox family are blessed with a strategically placed feeder that on occasion will have ten hummingbirds hovering at the same time.

I would be remiss if I didn't mention one of the original cottagers on the lake, Bob Binnie. Over the years, Bob has come to be known as the "Mayor of Barren Lake". Bob's mastery in almost every trade known to man and his willingness to help out has taken him to just about every lot on the lake where he has made some of the hardest jobs seem like child's play. I have often commented that I could never afford to stay in the Whiteshell if it weren't for his help with some expensive wiring and plumbing repairs. His efforts have always been greatly appreciated by all of his many friends and neighbors.

Bob is reported to have been kidnapped right out

of his bed one night by several large members of the Bell family. He alleges he was bodily carried back to their campfire and forced to listen to their jokes and stories till dawn the next morning. A great time was had by all to say the least.

Barren Lake, like many others in the region, is a beehive of activity in the summer. One characteristic that differentiates it from other lakes is that it is very narrow. When the winds blow and most boaters and anglers are heading for shore on some of the larger lakes in the area, Barren Lake remains relatively calm. It is ideal for water skiing and tubing.

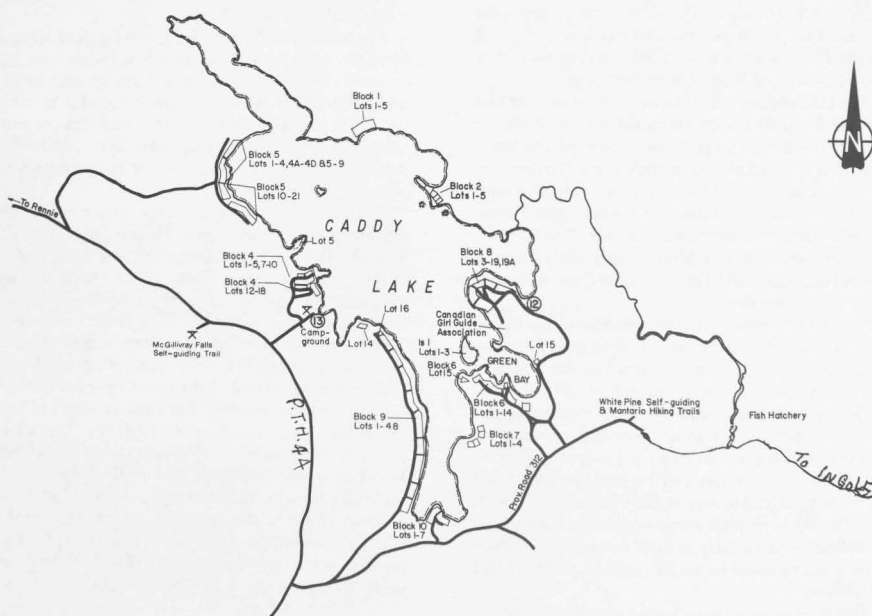
Over the years, many close friendships have developed. In 1985 the Barren Lake Cottagers Association was formed at the suggestion of members of the Bell family. The first business meeting was held on the beach that summer and was followed by a picnic with games and prizes for the children and many sore muscles by the parents who participated in the tug-a-war and canoe races. This has become an annual event and is very well attended. Every year, the picnic is highlighted by a parade of children dressed each time in a different theme. The Hyde, Parrott and McVarish families are to be complimented for their efforts.

The picnic also features face painting, and is regularly attended by at least one clown who manages to thrill the children and load them up with candy and prizes. This event has been successful in making known to everyone concerns and tips on conservation, crime prevention, water safety, and other subjects that might otherwise not have been dealt with.

The summer of 1989 turned out to be one of the noisiest in many years around Barren Lake. A natural gas line was laid around the west and north shores and there was considerable use of explosives to clear the area. One worker was killed in an industrial accident associated with the use of these explosives. This type of activity had not been seen (or heard) in the area since 1972 when demolition work was done at the south end of the lake to permit the laying of an earlier pipeline that runs adjacent to and parallel with the Trans-Canada Highway. That pipeline runs within meters of the cottages in Block one. Members of the Esselmont family vividly recall being moved out of their cottage temporarily so explosives could be detonated on the bottom of the lake a short distance away. It was quite a spectacular sight when the charges went off and raised thousands of gallons of water into the air.

Caddy Lake

CADDY LAKE SUBDIVISIONS



from Whiteshell Echo

CADDY LAKE GIRL GUIDE CAMP

The original Winnipeg Area Girl Guide Camp was situated at Ponemah on Lake Winnipeg, but by the late 1940's the number of campers soon outgrew the facilities. Mr. Gerald Malaher and Mrs. Margret Malaher, prominent members of the Guiding movement, and both long time summer residents of the Whiteshell area were instrumental in finding and consequently obtaining, the beautiful site on which our camp is now located.

Since 1949, many changes have been made to the facilities. The Staff House is an original building but the main lodge and the kitchen had to be rebuilt after the roof collapsed following a storm in 1966. In 1983, a winterized building was added enabling groups of 18-20 people to make use of the camp during the off season and many Brownie Packs and Guide Companies have done so.

As well as changes in the buildings, alterations have been made in the camp sites themselves over the years. 'Caddy' currently has four separate sites, each accommodating up to twenty campers and four staff members; the maximum number of campers per session being eighty. The girls sleep on cots, in tents which are erected on wooden platforms. These tents, rather than cabins as many camps have, make 'Caddy' a rather unique residential camping experience. Each site also has a dining shelter which can be used to cook meals over a fireplace, to make crafts, or to pursue many other group activities.

During the 1970's there was a sharp decline in the use of the camp and a recommendation to sell the facility was made. However, an avid group of Guiding women decided that this would be a complete waste; that the opportunities for outdoor living and learning which constitute such an important part of our program would be lost, as a camp such as this could never be replaced. A solid campaign was started to bring 'Caddy' back to its former popularity. A permanent Camp Director was hired, a strong support committee developed to promote the camp, and within a few short years, record numbers of Brownies, Guides and Pathfinders were enjoying 'Caddy' once more. In 1982, 'Caddy' was accredited by the Manitoba Camping Association, having met their high standards for camp facilities.

New equipment such as lightweight out-tripping stoves, cooking utensils, tents and packs were purchased. More canoes and archery equipment were added. Currently 'Caddy' offers two canoe out-trips and a backpacking camp for older girls, as well as regular Brownie, Guide and Pathfinder sessions. A Music Camp was initiated in 1985 and more than forty girls will enjoy this program again this year.

Any girl between the ages of seven and fifteen may attend 'Caddy' whether a member of the Girl Guides of Canada or not. Campership help is available for Winnipeg Area Guiding members, and other campers may apply to the Sunshine Fund for financial assistance.

'Caddy' has been funded solely by camp fees and by the Annual Caddy Lake Camp Tea held each year in November at the Centennial Concert Hall in Winnipeg. The public is cordially invited to attend this great undertaking.

We are anticipating being close to having a 100% full camp this year. Quite a change from ten years ago! This would not have been possible without the help, assistance and promotion by all of our Guiders.

Each year, on the first Sunday of May, Caddy Lake Girl Guide Camp holds an Open House. Any interested members of the public are invited to attend. We are very proud of our Camp and would like to show and share it with you that day.

from Whiteshell Echo, Fall 1986

CADDY LAKE GIRL GUIDES CAMP HONOURS THE MEMORY OF THE MALAHERS

On Tuesday, August 19, 1986 the Malaher family presented a plaque in memory of their parents, Margret and Gerald Malaher, to Caddy Lake Girl Guide Camp. David and Trish did a very nice presentation using some of the keepsakes that Margret had kept and treasured over the years. The 50 Girl Guides and Pathfinder Guides as well as many friends and relations that gathered in the dining hall for the unveiling enjoyed the story of how the Camp got started.

The original Girl Guide Camp was at Ponemah on Lake Winnipeg. As the Guide movement grew, the facility became too small and another site had to be found. Margret and her husband found the site at Caddy Lake, made arrangements to lease the land and construct the buildings. The Staff House is an original building. The dining hall had to be rebuilt after it was damaged in a storm in 1966. There have been many improvements over the years with the addition recently of a building that can be used in the wintertime thus making the Camp usable year round.

The plaque will be hung in a prominent place in the dining hall as a constant reminder of our benefactors who saw fit to give of themselves so much.

While Winnipeg Area Commissioner in the late 1940's Margret took the initiative in creating a wilderness camp for Guides and Brownies. This

Caddy Lake Girl Guides Camp Honours the Memory of the Malaher's



Tom Malaher (David's son), David Malaher, Rosemary Malaher (David's wife), Trish (Malaher) Holman, Barbara Holman (Trish's daughter), Dave Holman (Trish's husband).

beautiful site was discovered by Gerald who also gave much effort and expertise in the development of its waterfront and buildings.

Plaque presented August, 1986.

Wording on plaque:

Presented to the Caddy Lake Girl Guide Camp in memory of

Margret Malaher, January 31, 1907 - February 13, 1986

Gerald Malaher, October 4, 1903 - July 14, 1984

CADDY LAKE TOURIST CAMPS By Frank Schortinghuis

In 1932, my uncle Cec. Diss was layed off from his job as a welder on the Hudson Bay Rail line. Jobs were scarce, so he came to Brereton Lake and started building the first tourist camp in that area. He and Aunt Dorothy built a combined house and store and four cabins from logs. Three years later he sold this and moved to Caddy Lake. He built the original camp at the location of the present government campground.

To supplement their income, he boarded a dog team for the R.C.M.P. which they could use in the area if needed. When World War 2 broke out Cec and Dorothy sold the business and moved to Montreal.

The next people who operated the camp were Mr. and Mrs. Cooksie. This was in the 1940s and early 1950s.

When Winnipeggers evacuated because of the flood in the spring of 1950, they opened their camp for some of the evacuees.

The next owners that people talk about were Mr. and Mrs. Alf. Wenzel. They were here for many years.

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Frank Schortinghuis, Caddy Lake Beach, 1937.

During the years they owned the camp, electricity came to the area. With hydro things quickly changed. Refrigerators replaced the old ice-boxes, electric hot plates and ranges were installed where wood stoves were once used. This did away with the need to put up ice in the winter, and cut down in the demand for firewood which had to be cut and split in the off season.

Another couple that we know who operated the camp were Mr. and Mrs. Jimmy Meldrum, as with other owners they too made alterations and upgraded the camp.

Lou and Angie Laferriere were another couple

WHITESHELL ECHO, WINTER 1987-1988



Tourism ambassadors Angie and Lou Laferriere examine the Canadian Tourism Ambassador Certificate awarded them earlier this spring. The Laferrieres, proprietors of Caddy Lake Resort in the Whiteshell area, were nominated for the award by tourist Rich Kinner of West Chicago.

that operated this very popular fishing camp. While they were at Caddy Lake, they won the Canadian Tourism Ambassador Certificate award.

The new owners that took over the camp at the beginning of the 1990 season are Shirley Whitehead and Wayne Moonie.

CADDY LAKE GREEN BAY CABINS

By Anna Lerch

We were first introduced to the Whiteshell about 1945, when we stopped for one night at Bear Lake Cabins. They were near where the canoe route to Frances Lake takes off and the present picnic site where people park cars to walk to Bear Lake. These cabins were owned by the McPhails in those days, and later by the Manahans. Then we camped at Cooksie's (Caddy Lake Camp). Later we got a lot and built a cottage at Dorothy Lake.

In 1954, we returned to Caddy Lake and bought Green Bay Cabins from Dorothy Hutchinson and Clark Sckberg who had started the camp in 1952. When we bought it, there were three cabins and a store with living quarters. There was no power and we used coal oil lamps for light and ice for cooling everything. When there was word of hydro coming in, we had to go around to all the cottage owners and have them sign a petition that they wanted electricity brought to their cottages. In 1956-57, the power was turned on. A few years later telephone service arrived, bringing some of the conveniences that city people were used to to the summer resort areas.

While we were there, a friend asked if they could pitch a tent for a weekend. In the weeks that followed, a few others joined them. That's how the campground got started and it is still in operation today.

While we were there, we built three more cabins, public washrooms, showers and laundry facilities.

Red Cross swimming lessons were held at the beach each summer.

I have many fond memories of our life at Green Bay Cabins. With all the work, there were still some funny instances, and friendships, that we made then that have lasted.

Before Green Bay Cabins were developed, people were applying for lots in Block 8. The lot one man wanted was marked "Lane" on the map. This really upset the man - to think someone could reserve a lot and not have to build on it right away. But did he ever feel sheepish when he learned that "Lane" meant right-of-way and no one would be building on it.

Another laugh we got was when a man using the outdoor biffy tried to tell an intruder that the place was occupied. When he opened the door to leave,

he came nose to nose with a moose!

People were always calling for help for one reason or another. At the Girl Guide Camp, it was to get rid of the bears that were invading the girls tents, or cleaning up after a storm. Once, the main building collapsed from a terrible wind and Herman had to contact the authorities and got a crew to replace it. Or someone would be sick and need a hospital. Inevitably, this would be in the middle of the night, like the time the boy from the trailer park had a heart problem and we had to rush him to Winnipeg. The needs of our customers and cottagers were many, and we never knew what we'd be called on for next.

Another service we offered was delivering phone messages. The recipient would want to know how everyone was, who caught the biggest fish that day, and where they were biting and what lures were used. Then they wanted to be brought up to date on the health of someone across the lake, and on and on. Remember, with no electricity, often no radio or other sources of information, someone had to be in the know.

We delivered ice, food and mail to the docks at McDougall's Landing, Jack Fish Bay or Big Island Landing and to some places around Caddy Lake. When Herman was going to the docks on West Hawk Lake, he would put blocks of ice on the back of the truck, a few cases of milk and bread, some canned goods and other essentials. People would come to the dock by boat to buy what they needed.

It only takes one person to start a trend. A man, expecting a fridge to be delivered when no one was at the cottage left us a set of keys for the delivery man. They never picked up those keys. Passing through the area, some of the same family wanted to spend a night at the cottage and came to our place for a screwdriver to open something or other to get in, only to discover their cottage keys were still at our place. After that, word got around till soon we had a whole board of keys which remained with us as long as we were at Green Bay.

After the tourist season was over, we still had our young family that needed attention and I sometimes cooked for a crew working in the area. When they put the aqua-duct in at the Fish Hatchery, the men stayed in camp and I fed them. Another crew I fed did the rebuilding at the Girl Guide Camp. Then there was community things to lend a hand with like building the United Church.

Many people who came to their cottages in the winter parked their cars at our place and proceeded either by foot or on snowmobiles to their places, always stopping at the store for their key, groceries or other necessities.

I will never forget when then Governor-General Roland Mitchener came to the Girl Guide Camp to

present Herman with a citation on behalf of the Girl Guides of Canada for his services to the camp. A car had gone into the ditch the previous evening on the Ingolf road. The Saturday morning, Herman was called to help retrieve it. This was a much bigger job than first expected and took much longer than anticipated. As a result, Herman wasn't back in time to go to the camp for the presentation, so the entourage came to our camp to do the honours.

We sold to Elma and Charlie Grieves in April 1971 and moved to the Steinbach area. I keep up with friendships I made at camp and enjoy returning and seeing the many improvements that have taken place.

Herman passed away in April 1989. Desiree, our daughter, is married and lives at River Hills and they have two sons. Our son Tim moved back home last spring and is living with me at present.

GREEN BAY RESORT

By Sandra Fisette

In the spring of 1978 Charlie and Elma Grieves accepted Dave and my offer to purchase Green Bay Cabins.

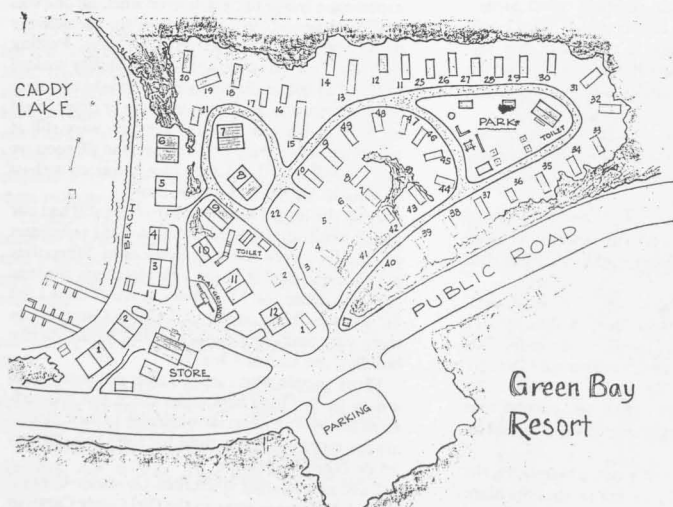
Prior to this, Dave had been with the R.C.M.P. and I was a teacher. Neither of these professions equipped us with the building and business knowledge we really needed for the future we had chosen.

We arrived May 3, 1978, and were ready to open

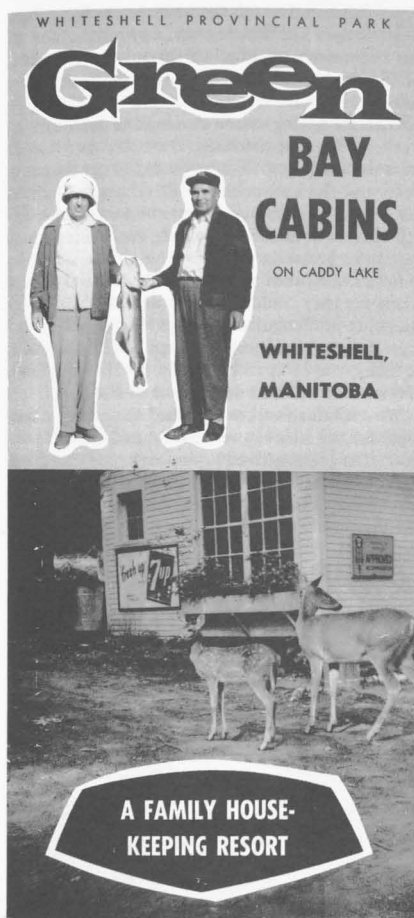
ten days later.

Our arrival is one day I'll never forget. Dave and a friend arrived first with the furniture. I drove out with our two children, Keith 3½, and Jody 22 months, and my mom, Kaye Breckman. I had never driven here before, was unsure of the way, and it was a pitch black night. The dark winding road from West Hawk to Caddy Lake seemed to never end. Finally after the long drive from Brandon, we saw the lights of Green Bay. Walking in the back door, we saw boxes stacked to the ceiling, and Dave sitting on the only open area in the living room. Dave turned, looked up at me and said, "Well, honey, you can either laugh or cry. Please laugh!" We decided that it wouldn't help to cry, so we laughed and got settled in. That night poor little Jody was bitten so badly by mosquitoes that she looked as though she had chicken pox.

The living quarters were much smaller than our three bedroom home with a finished basement that we left in Brandon. (Some of those boxes did not get unpacked until seven years later.) The living quarters were located at the back and attached to the store. It was connected to the store through a small room that was used for storage, freezer space, and the pay phone. This pay phone was used by most of the local cottage owners and as we found out was the only phone to the resort. We requested that the phone company put a pay phone booth outside and give us our own phone. This Manitoba Telephone System did, leaving the same number with



the pay phone and giving us a new number. Now we had to run outside to answer the phone because customers would call the pay phone number to make reservations. We solved the problem by getting an



Camp brochure from the 1950s or early 1960s.



Green Bay Beach, Caddy Lake, 1990.

extension from the pay phone to the store so we could answer all calls indoors. Many cottage people depended on the store to take any messages for them as they didn't have their own phones.

There were three main problems with our new home and store: no heat, the floor was caving in and the roof leaked. Our first order arrived for the store. The Coke delivery man wheeled in the first load of coke to put in the cooler. As he approached the center of the store, the floor sank, the telepost fell over and landed across his back. Thank goodness that he wasn't hurt. The floors in the house were equally as saggy. We propped up the front of the dressers with 2x4s to make them level. We discovered our roof problem of course, during our first rain storm. We had at least six buckets to catch the water leaks.

The events of the first year continued. Running the store went fine as soon as we learned how to open the cash register. It was quite an antique and Charlie didn't know how to instruct us because his wife Alma always looked after it. Charlie was very good to stay around for the first week to show Dave how to open up water lines, etc. but then we were on our own.

There were six rental cottages, painted yellow, turquoise, pink, and white. We quickly painted them brown and white. The laundry room, at the center of the resort housed the laundry facilities and two public washrooms. The laundry facilities consisted of a wringer washer and two dryers. One of the dryers was coin-operated but would only accept American coins. In the mens washroom was a shower (charge \$.50 per shower). The washrooms had electric heat so they could be used by winter guests.

Three of the cottages, we were told, were rented all winter. To winterize, put plastic on the windows and pile snow as high as possible up the walls. They had electric baseboard heating. When we tore them down, we found that they were insulated with crumpled-up newspaper, and the interior walls were painted corrugated cardboard.

During the first season we didn't meet too many of the permanent residents of the area. We met Bert and Noreen Vinet, who owned the West Hawk



On Boutillier Island, Sandra, Keith and Jody Boutillier (missing is Matthew who wouldn't sit for a picture).

Resort, and as they had gone through many of the same experiences when they first bought their business, they were a great help in getting us through many difficult situations. It seemed that every time the Vinets would come to visit, our dog would corner a skunk under our kitchen and get sprayed. The smell would fill the house. One would think a dog would learn after one time not to do it again, but not Brandy.

Jody's first summer was not a good one. Just after her second birthday, she fell and fractured her arm. She spent all of July in a cast.

The first summer passed and we knew the camp needed major rebuilding. We moved to Thompson for that winter where Dave took a job.

We had ordered material for four new log cottages during the winter. Being very optimistic, we took reservations for these four unbuilt cottages for occupancy May long weekend.

April 8th, 1979, we arrived back to Caddy Lake from Thompson. There was more snow than we had seen in years.

The logs arrived and we decided to build the first cottage wherever there was the least amount of snow. Cabin #8, as it is now known, was started on the top of the hill.

We put an oil stove in our house for warmth and later replaced it with a wood stove. We just used plug-in heaters in the bedrooms. I had as many as 13 people to feed while having frozen sewer lines and no running water. Heating water on the stove to wash clothes in a wringer washer in the kitchen was not fun after the novelty wore off. I don't know what we would have done without friends like John Maskerine and Phil Pizan that came to help. John took a month of holidays from the Thompson Fire

112

Department to come to help. Phil was on his way to Toronto, stopped for a visit and stayed two months to help.

As the snow thawed, some things got worse. The water came in through the bedroom walls at floor level, flowed like a little river, down the center of our room across the hallway and down the center of the kids' room. We had to put on boots to get to bed.

With the fishing season starting and the May long weekend fast approaching, Dave and our friends were working up to 20 hours a day to get the camp open and the new cabins built. There were times when Dave's hands were in extreme pain from working with the cold and wet wood. Two cancellations eased the pressure.

Bert and Noreen Vinet came over to lend a hand whenever they could spare the time, and Bob Partridge, from Penguin Camp, gave us much needed help as well. Much to their surprise and ours, too, at times, the cabins were ready for that weekend. We were so relieved and proud of them.

We continued on and finished the next two cottages for the July 1st weekend. Again we cut it too close. The guests arrived Friday night and the fridges and stoves arrived Saturday morning. This was very embarrassing but luckily these guests were very understanding.



Dave Crandell, Manitoba Survey and Mapping, presenting Sandra with certificate.

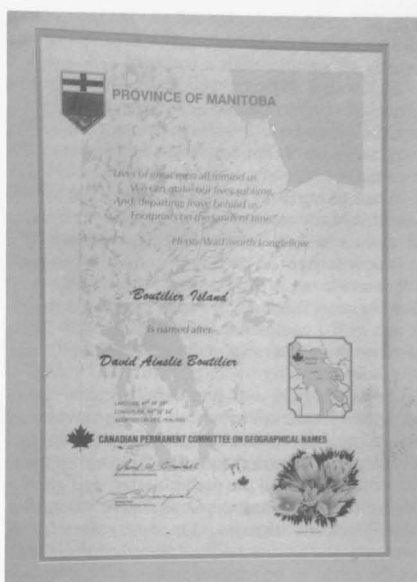
At the same time that all these projects were going on at our camp, Dave was also doing an addition for Mr. Stovel on the island in Caddy, and working for the Girl Guides, getting their camp ready to open. In the meantime this left me to run the store, clean the cabins, and look after the two little ones. It got a little hectic at times.

October, 1979, we went to Lundar for a holiday. Paul Miller, a friend, stayed in the house to look after things. This was to be our first winter at the lake. The days turned cold while we were away and the mice moved in. Paul called us with the order "bring home a cat". On our return, we moved into cabin #11, one of our new log cabins, for the winter. Keith, now 5 years old, wanted to take piano lessons that winter but gave it up when he had to wear a snowmobile suit to practice in the old house which was no longer heated.

In the spring of 1980 we built the 5th log cottage and in the fall the new store. When we started, it was not intended to be a store. A friend of Dave's decided that he and Dave should build a big shop and go into the construction business. They made plans and ordered the cement for the floor and the lumber. To save money, they were going to pour the cement by hand and make their own rafters. This they decided would not be a problem because this fellow was going to bring out quite a number of guys that owed him favours, and it would get done quickly. Then this friend changed his mind. We had all the cement and lumber paid for, so had to go ahead. Dave and I started mixing cement. I shovelled, it seemed like forever. We only got half of the floor finished, the forecast was for snow. We poured a foundation for the remainder of the building so we could get it up. On this part we put a wood floor. We needed a new store badly, so this would be it. The rafters were another horror story. Most people buy rafters ready to put up. We built ours. We didn't even use nail plates. All I remember is freezing cold and sitting under a light by our back door and nailing till late at night, to finish those rafters.

The winter of 1980-1981 we moved back into Cabin 11. We bought lumber through the winter for a three bedroom cottage that would serve as our home until we could build our dream home. Through this winter we finished the store, and built the three bedroom cottage and finished it just in time for May long weekend. All winter Keith was ill with whooping cough and croup, Jody had minor surgery in December, Matthew was born in January, Keith became worse in February and spent March and April in the hospital. Not a great winter.

During the fall of 1981 and spring of 1982 we expanded our seasonal trailer park from 25 to 50 sites. The area we expanded into was dense bush. Dave asked a fellow that was doing road work in the area



Certificate.

to clear a road for us. We marked a trail and with the help of an enormous machine, he had the road cleared within two hours. Then came the job of hauling clay and gravel. What a job. That spring it rained so much that we had to move the trailers in with the tractor. What a mess!

Docks - With more people at Green Bay we needed more docking space, so we extended our existing floating dock. One spring day we heard an awful crack and saw 2x6s splintering into the air as the ice took the dock out. We decided to build a metal dock on posts in a more sheltered area. We built a bridge to go over an entrance to the dock area, which was built in a horseshoe shape. The floating docks were inside this horseshoe. With the shifting ice during the winter due to fluctuating water levels, these docks were bent and eventually, after a couple of years of rewelding and modifying, all had to be removed. In 1988 we built our third completely new system of docks - this time crib docks - Time will tell!

In 1983 we applied for a Destination Manitoba Grant and decided to build five more cottages. Bill and Sherry Shedden had bought the West Hawk Resort and also decided to build new cottages. Because Bill had no knowledge of building, he said he would help Dave to build ours and learn how, and then Dave would help him to build his. Over the fall of 1983 and summer of 1984 we built cabins

#12, 6, 7 and 2. During the fall of 1984 Dave helped Bill get started on his cottages too. Dave suffered greatly all summer with a bad back.

In October 1984 he was diagnosed as having cancer and began treatments immediately. In February 1985 when Dave finished his treatments, our family went on a wonderful ski holiday to Lake Louise.

When spring came in 1985 Dave finished off the last of the four cottages he had started. He became ill again and June 5, 1985 Dave passed away.

It was very rough getting through the summer. Work made me tired and time passed. With help from so many friends in this area, I made it through. It was as if I could hear Dave saying "Just relax, take one thing at a time, and it will work out", and it usually did.

On July 5, 1986 — a wonderful tribute to Dave was made for the contributions and improvements he had made to this area of Caddy Lake by the people in our trailer park, headed by Dr. Martin Boyd. He went through all the preliminaries, and got the OK to name an island on Caddy Lake - Boutillier Island - in his memory. There was an official ceremony and a bronze plaque placed on the island, for the name to be remembered.

I decided to buy a home in Falcon townsite for winter living, now that I was alone with our three children.

There were many funny times in running Green Bay Resort. Many times I would find myself crawling under cabins to fix leaking water pipes, and worse still was the time I had to get into the sewer to unplug it. The waiting for boats to come in and rescuing canoes when the wind came up always added to the excitement. Renting boats is quite an experience, especially when some people drive them up on the beach and others want to fit eight people into a 14-foot boat.

Karen Caithness was running the Girl Guide Camp and would stop by for visits. Karen was a wonderful person to have so near and was always ready to lend a hand. She went home wet and dirty many times from helping me fix water lines, etc. but we would get the job done.

I was very fortunate because I met another wonderful man and in 1988 I married Grant Fisette. Grant really enjoyed the resort business and if it weren't for his new energy I would have given up and sold Green Bay Resort. I was getting burnt out and tired of tourism, tourists and all aspects of our business. Grant took over the resort and again the building started. He completely rebuilt the docks and continued to finish off the projects Dave had started. With the camp not requiring any additional cottages, Grant has concentrated on building docks, playgrounds and landscaping. Green Bay is looking

better every season.

Our children have also helped tremendously through out the years. In the winter our life is quite normal but in the busy summer, they learned quite young to be very independent. Keith, being eldest, more was expected of him. From a very young age he split wood, cut grass, hauled gas, ran boats and worked in the store. Jody, also very independent, was famous for building forts. When anything was missing, tools or kitchen utensils, we'd look for a new fort and bring everything back. Jody also works in the store and cleans cottages. Matthew lived his first two summers on my back or hip, while I was in the store or serving gas and he would sometimes sneak up on the bread shelf to have a nap. All the children lived in life-jackets for their first few years, because we couldn't watch them all the time. I don't think they suffered too greatly from being brought up in the midst of a busy business, and the benefits are all the wonderful friends they have made from all over the country. Cottages change over weekly, bringing them a whole new set of friends. Going to the city would bring funny comments like "Who lives in all these cottages Mom?" To go to high school our children drive almost 200 miles a day to Steinbach. It is quite a haul but they handle it very well.

Green Bay Resort has now completely changed from what it was like in 1978 when we bought it. Only one building is still standing, that was there when we moved in. We are looking forward to many more new projects at Green Bay Resort. In thinking back it is amazing how short the road from West Hawk Lake to Caddy Lake seems to have become, compared to that first long ride in after dark in 1978.

MEMORIES OF CADDY LAKE

an old-timer remembers when

Old-timers in the Caddy Lake area will probably remember D.E. Wright, who spent the best part of 35 years hunting, fishing and vacationing there.

Mr. Wright, an 81 year-old retired painter and decorator, lives with his wife at 513 Langside Street, Winnipeg. Still spry and active, he was pleased to talk over old times with the Echo reporter.

"I recall," he said, "the first deer and moose hunting trip we took 42 years ago in the North Cross and Sailing Lake districts."

"On November 25, when the hunting season opened, we caught the C.N.R. train and took it as far as Nason Lake. Then we loaded all our equipment on a toboggan and hiked across Nason Lake on the North Shore of Caddy."

"On our first trip, we slept outside in a tent while we built a log cabin. We used this cabin for five hunting seasons, then built the one which still stands

at the west side of the lake as you enter the portage to Sailing Lake. From this cabin we hunted every season, always bringing a deer or moose home."

The party at that time consisted of six Winnipeg businessmen: Charlie Easton, Alonso Simpson, Vernon Bolton, William Clark, Keith Hoppwood and myself. Of the six, I'm the only one left today. We called the cabin 'Mechanic's Lodge'.

Rain or Shine

"The Bolton family and my own used the cabin each summer. We'd canoe up the nine miles of lake, bag and baggage, each weekend, rain or shine. We encountered rough weather at times but never faltered in our desire to spend a weekend in the outdoors."

"There is no more scenic canoe trip in all Manitoba than from Caddy Lake to the Winnipeg River. My wife and I used to take this trip, going from Caddy Lake via South and North and Sailing Lake into Mallard Lake. There an easy portage up-river took us to Jessica Lake, where we again portaged to White Lake, then through the Whiteshell River to the Winnipeg River."

"My wife and I let the cabin go a few years ago. It is now owned by Charlie Easton's son-in-law."

Shot a Bear

At this point Mr. Easton looked a bit sad. Then his eyes sparkled again as he said, "Say, did I tell you about the time I shot the bear?"

"Well, I was out with Charlie Johnson that time. We were looking for deer. I was standing on a hill overlooking the muskeg. Not seeing anything, I turned to go further when I noticed a turned up tree root and from under it a bear was staring at me. He wasn't more than five feet away."

"When he saw that I had noticed him, he ducked back and I took a couple of steps backwards. The noise of my movement brought him out again, I was that close, I could see his brown eyes and the look in them showed he was as surprised as I at the meeting."

"Well, to make a long story short, I shot him. Upon examination I found he had just recently escaped from a snare as he still had the marks on his neck. I presume he was a very tired bear, which accounted for his delay in denning up for the winter."

Here Mr. Wright smiled and said, "Well, son, that's all the time I have for remembering today. I have to slip down and get two tickets for the wrestling match. My wife and I try never to miss a bout."

(from the Nov., Dec. issue
Whiteshell Echo, 1961)

CADDY LAKE

This is a story by a former cottage
owner at Caddy Lake
By Gwen Houston

We first spent our holidays at Brereton Lake, renting a cottage and spending several summers there. While there we used to travel around the Whiteshell and finally bought a cottage at Dorothy Lake.

Again only spending two or three summers there when someone expressed a desire to buy it, we went on to Caddy Lake and bought the one we were fortunate enough to spend a couple of summers in. We moved to Edmonton, staying there from 1968 to 1980, then retired to Peachland.

We had four children but by the time we bought at Caddy Lake, the two oldest girls were working, one in nursing, the second one, working weekends as did a lot of other teenagers. Our son Bruce would be about 13-14 years of age and our little girl, Glenis, were the only ones who enjoyed summers at the lake.

I remember picking chokecherries along the road. One day they were especially plentiful, so I filled my pail, missed my footing and ended up on my back buried in chokecherries.

The cottage at Caddy was the only cottage of the few we owned that brought tears to my eyes when we sold and I had to turn over the keys to the new owners. I wonder if the ducks are still painted on the front of the cottage?

Thank you for this opportunity to tell my little bit for whatever use it is to you.

I do enjoy my spot here in Peachland with the huge Okanagan Lake out in front.

"Caddy" Lake Echoes of 65 Years Ago from Whiteshell Echo Spring 1957

(The Echo is indebted to Rossa Williamson for permission to reproduce the following letter that recalls "Lower Cross Lake" now Caddy and a canoe trip through the area some 65 years ago. ED)

W. Summerland, B.C.
November 12

Dear Rossa Williamson:

Reading your article in Canadian Home Journal for May has brought back so many memories and made me so homesick for the country you wrote about that I thought you wouldn't mind receiving a letter from one who knew and loved it a long time ago.

It must be 65 years ago that my parents and my uncle and aunt (J.B. McLaren of Winnipeg, then

of Morden) were on a canoe trip, having started from Kenora. Just through the tunnel in Lower Cross Lake (I refuse to call it Caddy) was a picturesque log house, covered with virginia creeper.

They landed and were hospitably greeted by Captain Brereton, who had boarded workers in the railway construction. They fell so in love with the place that they made arrangements to rent it for the summer months, and every summer after that saw the congenial party of 15 to 20 spending their holiday there.

I made my first appearance at a year old and am sure I loved it even then. Mr. Isaac Pitblado and Dr. Ross Mitchell of Winnipeg were two who were often there.

Almost unfished at that time the tunnel yielded as many pickerel as we could use, though in later years as the men from the section house fished it more, we were driven to Green Lake for our supply.

I am not sure what name this lake goes by now, but we went down through the river and camped just below the falls (no rapids) into Lake Rolla. (I think this may be what is called Sailing Lake today.) The rice was so thick getting into Green Lake that the rest of the party stayed at Lake Rolla while two in the canoe pulled their way through the rice.

I never knew the blueberries to fail, and we always had abundance all summer, as well as plenty of raspberries, which grew along the banks of the railroad.

I was back several years ago in Winnipeg and we drove out to Upper Cross Lake and got a canoe and paddled to the tunnel, and walked down the track.

I was sure I could find the spot from which the old path wound down to the old house but no one had ever told me that it had been double tracked since I had been there (a girl of 16) and everything was ruined including the rock cuts with their mossy crevices filled with ferns, bluebells and partridge berries, and only the most miserable dried up specimens of berries to be found. I wonder if you could tell me when the second track was put through and on which side of the original?

The old house was burned down some years later (tramps or sparks from engines) and so for two or three years we saw Cross Lake no more. The call eventually took us back to renew old memories.

Everything had to be taken, even scythes to cut hay to stuff mattresses (the hay was cut in a natural meadow up the creek) and rakes to rake it by hand - implements and lumber to make a floor for the big main tent and to build a cook house shanty, and tents, canoes, and of course supplies to last two months.

Every year saw a canoe trip planned from there

for a party of four to eight, with one or two canoes. On my last summer there, 1905, I think, my uncle took me on a canoe trip through the river from Lower Cross Lake, Lake Rolla, Little Whiteshell, Big Whiteshell, Crowduck, and on to Turtle Falls near the beginning of the Winnipeg River.

I remember tiny Butterball Lake, I think between Big Whiteshell and Crowduck. There was also a very odd lake called Rubber Lake, I think beyond Whiteshell, but may be wrong there. There were beautiful falls going into it, over a smooth sloping rock, but the water of the lake itself had the most peculiar properties - or perhaps it was the bottom of the lake that made it so hard to paddle, and something seemed to pull and suck the paddle down. It really was as if you were trying to paddle in molten rubber. Do you know the small lake I mean?

The time I write of was all ours - from Hawk Lake where we used to portage from Upper Cross Lake, and go bathing in the falls where Hawk Lake empties into the creek that connects with Cross Lake - down to Lake Rolla. The only people we ever saw were the odd Indians passing through or the people at the section house when we went.

It almost broke my heart to find Upper Cross Lake all settled with cottages, but at least the lower lake is still untouched.

I do hope I haven't bored you, but I have enjoyed talking to someone who knows and loves this country too.

Sincerely,
Maud Young

CADDY LAKE LOT 1, BLOCK 1 By Russell Mann

Lot 1, Block 1 was part of Sec. 9, Twp. 10, Rge. 17E NE ¼ which was homesteaded by John Scott Milne of Winnipeg. Although the homestead was registered in 1925, Mr. Milne was believed to be on the land in the late 1890s. The first section of the cabin was built about 1905 and expanded in about 1920. Through the years it was used as J.S. Milne's homestead, hunting lodge, and then summer cabin



Manns cottage.

after the Whiteshell Provincial Park was formed.

In 1954 it was sold to Edward and Marian Mann, and since 1974 the owners have been Russell and Gayle Mann.

The original cabin was made from logs cut in the area, peeled, mounted upright, and chinked with oakum and concrete. The entire foundation was mortared stone from Caddy Lake's shoreline. Material which was brought in for the homestead was shipped by rail to a siding a half mile north of the lake and then carried by horse to the site. To date Block 1 has no road access.

By 1979 the logs and floor joists had deteriorated and the cabin had to be rebuilt. All that remains of the old cabin is the stone front steps and walk.

Louis and Josephine began spending weekends at Caddy Lake in 1955 as guests of the Palz family, who still have a cottage at Caddy Lake. It was these visits, filled with fishing, swimming and relaxing, that inspired my parents to buy a lot of their own and build a cottage.

When they began building in 1962, they had a five-year-old daughter, Beverley. Louis Junior (myself) was born in 1965.

Our family continues to come to the lake to enjoy the fishing, swimming and the relaxing atmosphere of the cottage.

CADDY LAKE BLOCK 4, LOT 19

By D.A. Ford

We were living in Hamilton, Ontario, where my husband Les worked for the government.

In 1950, we were transferred to Winnipeg. In Ontario we went to Wasaga Beach for holidays and we wanted some place of our own in Manitoba. We had visited friends across Caddy Lake. However, due to fog it had taken five hours to find their cottage. We decided we wanted to be on a lake with access by boat or canoe to other lakes and also able to drive the car to the cottage.

In 1951, we bought a pre-fab cottage about 20 by 24 feet and Les and a friend put it up.

There was no electricity at the time, only wood stoves.

Over the years we expanded the cottage to be more than 1,400 square feet, a modern home we can all enjoy.

Now for a few funny stories.

We'd just bought our first new aluminum boat from Eaton's and taken it to the lake. Les, an ardent fisherman, was in a hurry to go after the big one. I had hot water ready and insisted I wash the dishes so I wouldn't have to do them later by the light of the coal oil lamp. By then, the water was

fairly rough but Les, being in a hurry, headed the boat straight across to Green Bay. Our cocker spaniel and I, sitting in the front of the boat, got pretty splashed. I turned around to find Les was not in the boat. Some distance back, he was bobbing around in the water. I crawled to the back of the boat and put the motor in reverse.

As I backed toward my drenched husband, I noticed his wallet with all our two weeks holiday money in it, floating on the water. I retrieved it before I got Les. I was afraid he might upset the boat if he tried to get in so I dragged him to shore. Needless to say, I am still teased about that.

Our dog got lost in the woods. When Les went to find him, he got lost also. We got a search party together from Falcon Lake to find him. I was sent to West Hawk to get more volunteers. En route, I noticed something crawling out of the ditch. It was Les. Later, a friend saw our little dog halfway to Winnipeg. He brought him all the way back to our cottage.

CADDY LAKE BLOCK 5

By Verna Besko

In the summer of 1949, Michael and I with our two daughters, at that time Luba was nine years and Pat five years, drove to Kenora for a weekend. After sightseeing by car and boat, we tried to get a cabin or motel room. We did not reserve early enough, so had to take whatever was available. We slept very little that night because mosquitoes had got in before we did.

It wasn't long after that experience that Michael considered having our own cottage in the Whiteshell. Since we knew friends with cottages at Block 5 Caddy Lake, we started there to inquire about lots.

We liked the location. The lake was smaller than some others. We found one lot next to a creek, which emptied into the lake. The gradual slope to the lakeshore suited us perfectly. The lot was well treed and full of underbrush but it was what we liked and clearing would be a challenge.

We contacted the Forest Ranger who staked out the spot where the cottage was to be built. Soon after, with family and friends, we started to clear the lot. First we needed a spot big enough to set up the tent for sleeping as well as to make lunches in.

The carpenters were able to put up the shell of the cottage with windows and doors before winter set in. There was no electricity in the area then, so the work took longer than expected.

We were able to start early in 1950 to complete the inside of the cottage. This was done mostly by ourselves.

The best investment we made was to get Mr. Nelson from West Hawk to build our stone fireplace. He used a collection of colored stone which he blasted out in the West Hawk area.

In 1952, again with the help of family and friends (all amateurs), we built a dock which lasted until 1976, when it had to be replaced because of ice damage over the years.

Our third daughter, Chris, was born in December 1954. The following summer we didn't spend much time at the cottage. However, as years went by, we have had friends of our children, relatives, including grandchildren, all enjoying the cottage, and doing things they liked, chopping wood for heating and cooking for exercise, or just plain relaxing.

We cannot forget the many blueberries picked over the years up on the hills back of the cottages. They were so good in pies, pancakes and muffins.

We have beautiful memories of the wildlife around here, especially in the early years. We saw moose just across the service road to our cottage. Deer would walk along the creek to the lake for a drink. Other wild animals we saw were porcupine, skunks, the odd bear, the woodchuck with her family, turtles, beaver, mink, squirrels and the ever faithful ducks which number 30 to 40, especially when the water is high.

Our only regret now is that our three daughters and their families no longer live in Manitoba, and can only visit us at the lake for a short time during the summer. They all enjoy it, but their time is so limited.

Since Michael retired ten years ago, we continue to make improvements around the cottage. The latest is a screened porch which we use a lot.

We try to spend more time at Caddy Lake and enjoy the work that goes with it because it's so relaxing to be so close to nature.

CADDY LAKE BLOCK 5, LOT 3

By Veronica Dupius
children Gordon, Joan and Michele

My husband Ronald and myself built our cottage in 1944. There were only five cottages on our block (5). Everything was very natural and beautiful. We did not have electricity or plumbing but really enjoyed the cottage. Our trail from Highway 44 was just a mud road, and we would see lots of wild animals, deer, skunks and small animals like chipmunks and squirrels and birds of all description. In the evening, we would listen to the loons which have been an ongoing enjoyment through the years.

Our son, about 13, and daughter, nine, grew up

enjoying the lake in the summer. They would swim and row around in the water in front of our cottage in a flat-bottom boat. Our younger daughter, born several years later, started coming to the lake at four months and grew up doing the same things every summer.

We would go from our lake through the tunnels into South Cross Lake and North Cross Lake and on into Sailing Lake where the fishing for pickerel was always good. We would also go to Hanson's Creek for perch. We had lots of wild raspberries and saskatoons around the cottage which we picked as needed. The wild flowers added their own beauty all summer and we loved their changing beauty. The arrival of electricity ended a tradition of going to the landing at Caddy to get our block of ice from Alf. Wenzel who owned the store. For a time there a man used to deliver ice to the cottages in his truck.

With electricity also came a refrigerator, water pressure system and power tools. The surveying and building of the block road brought lots of people and lots of boats and bigger and bigger motors, but our family and our grandchildren still enjoy the cottage. My husband Ronald built a stone walk with some concrete steps down to the lake. This was all done by hand before we had electricity. Later, he added a living room to the cottage.

Some of our first neighbors were Mr. and Mrs. Hall, Mr. and Mrs. Blackwall and Mr. and Mrs. Hazell. We used to enjoy watching the Hazells go out in their small boat and motor to the same spot to fish every afternoon at 5:30. This was right across from our cottage, so we called it Papp's Corner, and the name caught on and stuck. Some of the other families that came to Block 5 are the Claydons, Mr. and Mrs. Pierce and Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Young. Further north of us were the Elders. They were year-round residents who had a homestead.

On the north side of the track was an airstrip. Mr. Claydon would fly in there in his Cessna and the family would pick him up. Mr. and Mrs. Brickman looked after the airstrip. When our children would walk or canoe over to visit them, Mrs. Brickman always gave them a piece of blueberry pie.

Speaking of blueberries, that was another pastime we enjoyed. Our favorite spot was Blueberry Hill, on the rocks near McGillivray Falls.

CADDY LAKE BLOCK 5, LOT 5 THE SOUCHS

We bought our cottage, Block 5, Lot 5, on Caddy Lake, in May 1949, and the next weekend we moved walls to make a kitchen out of a bedroom. From that day on for 22 years we finished and refinished walls and took down trees.

There were only five cottages on our block, so we saw Caddy Lake grow block after block.

'Doc' was at the first meeting to organize The Whiteshell Association for the lakes.

That brought changes. The association was able to get hydro power, which meant being able to use power tools. Each year we got out lists of residents for each lake. The executives and wives from the lakes would assemble and address them and get them ready for mailing. We had a lot of fun and got to know so many. Each year there was a picnic put on by the Whiteshell Association.

Our daughter Anne was the first person on the lake to use a surfboard and water skis.

We sold our cottage in the late fall of 1971 to Cockranes and they are still making improvements.

CADDY LAKE BLOCK 5, LOT 5 THE COCHRANES

In December 1971 the cottage at Block 5, Lot 5, Caddy Lake was purchased, site unseen, from Mr. and Mrs. Souch by the present owners, Laureen and John Cochrane. When the Souches decided that year to sell, they remembered the Cochranes, whom they had met through their neighbours, Leonard and Beverly Ryman. The Cochranes had mentioned they were looking for a cottage, so Mr. Souch contacted them via the Ryman's and an amicable deal was made. What a pleasant beginning it was to the "Cochrane era" at Caddy Lake!

The next year saw the first of a series of additions and improvements undertaken by John and his assortment of helpers. The original buildings consisted of a two-bedroom 640-square foot cottage, adjacent tool shed and outhouse. They have over the years been expanded to a winterized three-bedroom 1,184-square foot cottage with enclosed bathroom and shower/utility room, tool shed with adjoining guest house and a lakefront boathouse. Numerous loads of sand have been hauled in to

make an enjoyable beach.

Many memorable events have happened at the lake as it has been a popular vacation spot for Laureen and John's children, Randy and wife Sharon, Shirley and husband Terry Gibb, Laurie and husband Raymond Chudley and grandchildren Brett, Dawn, Dale and Darryl Cochrane, Ashleigh, Hilary and Corey Gibb, and Blaire and Braden Chudley.

Waterskiing is a popular summer sport with the Cochrane clan and some of their more notable achievements have been Brett barefoot skiing, Laurie, Ray and Terry pyramid skiing, and the fellows trick-skiing. We also pulled seven waterskiers behind the ski boat (it was a feat in itself finding that many ropes and skis!)

Many of us also enjoy fishing and an overnight excursion to Granite Lake is an annual event. John's prize northern pike is mounted on a wall in the cottage but Ray's "Caddy Lake Monster", whom he met eye to eye, is still in the lake!

Laureen and John also own a sailboat and a windboard and many pleasurable hours have been spent on both. There have also been a few eventful sails, such as the time the boom rope broke during a sudden squall and the two helpless sailors, Laurie and Terry, end up in the rocks on the other side of the lake. Once, John was out mastering the windboard when he fell off, the mast landed on the board and the wind took the board faster than he could swim. A helpful neighbour picked him up and they retrieved the board, none the worse for wear. Such was not the case, however, when the sailboat mast got stuck in the bottom of the lake and we had to use the motorboat to pull it upright. The jib sail had come loose and it was never seen again!

We're fortunate to have a qualified swimming instructor, Mrs. Shirley Hall, as a neighbour and through the years she has given swimming lessons to young and old alike. While Laureen once wouldn't go past her knees in the water, she's now one of the first ones in! Often we'll anchor the boat



Cockranes waterfront.

offshore and the grandchildren will jump off the boat, enjoying a swim in the deep water. Once, the anchor was so well sunk that Laurie and the kids had to don life jackets, leave the boat and swim to shore. Occasionally there is a good-natured challenge of "let's swim to the island" and a couple of hardy (or is it foolhardy?) fellows, like Randy and Raymond, will strike out for the island with an escort boat alongside. John even went for a late fall swim with his parka on as he was taking in the dock.

There's a variety of wildlife around the Cochrane cottage. Laureen each summer befriends the ducks and one time they were so anxious to see her and her bread that they came right into the cottage. There's also a number of birds that come to feed in the front yard, including hummingbirds, wrens, chickadees, waxwings, redpolls, blue jays and whiskey jacks. Squirrels and chipmunks often compete for the seeds and one summer a particular squirrel got so pesky you couldn't sit outside without having your toes nibbled. A couple of times we've taken an intimidating turtle from our dock area back through the tunnel and dropped him off in South Cross Lake. One spring morning during the cottage reconstruction Laureen rolled over to find she'd been sharing her bed with a dead mouse. She thinks that's worse than when she found a nest of live baby ones in the back bedroom. As a result of those incidents, John now has the cottage sealed tighter than a drum! One of the first summers that Randy and his family were at the lake a ruckus in the bathroom woke them during the night. Imagine how startled they were to see a bear peering at them through the window from which he'd just torn the screen!

Occasionally during the winters we've packed up our cross-country skis, skates and toboggans and headed for the cottage to spend a few days. Before the cottage was well insulated, it was somewhat tricky maintaining a constant comfortable temperature. During one trip the temperature by the woodstove reached 110°F. That was the same day the chamber pot froze by the back door and we had to heat it on the stove in order to empty it!

John, Randy, Daryl and Corey celebrate birthdays during lake season and that's the occasion for various kinds of games and activities to include all ages. It's made for great family entertainment. As well, Laureen and John enjoy playing cards and have spent many evenings with the Rymans playing canasta.

Along with the happy memories are a few unpleasant ones. There were some heart-stopping minutes when three-year-old Dale and, years later, three-year-old Hilary, went missing. In both cases they had changed their minds about not going for

a walk and had tried to catch up to the others. Both went the wrong way but were eventually found safe and sound. In 1982 the 50 H.P. motor was stolen off the boat and never recovered, and recently a defect in the new holding tank caused it to crack and it had to be dug out and replaced just as the new sod was nicely established. What a lot of man-hours that project involved!

All in all though, the happy times spent at the cottage with the Cochranes have created countless memories that will long be remembered by all those involved.

REMEMBERING CADDY LAKE BLOCK 5, LOT 10

By Helen Gelhorn

In June of 1949, a short fishing outing on a Sunday to Caddy Lake was when our decision to build a cottage began. We spotted a beach front lot and on inquiring found that it was available. In August construction began and in one weekend the outer shell was completed. By the end of September, all necessary work was done.

Caddy Lake saw many changes during our tenure - from the "ice man" who delivered ice and milk three times a week, to electricity - "outhouses to indoor plumbing", from a few boats to almost the necessity of traffic lights at the tunnel on weekends.

Through the week the first years it was so peaceful, wildlife came down on the property - deer, bear, red fox, birds, beaver swimming by and the excellent catch of pickerel. My husband Alex brought a bulldozer from Winnipeg and we built a roadway down to the cottage. At the same time he built the road up around the huge rock we had to drive over on the Block 5 entrance from Highway 44. We hauled all the topsoil from Winnipeg and seeded a beautiful lawn. We had truck loads of sand hauled down to the beach front. To Alex, Caddy Lake was Utopia. I sold the cottage in 1970, six years after Alex's untimely death. It was too much for me to keep a home and cottage in perfect condition. However, the name "Gelhorn" at Caddy Lake is once again seen there as my elder son, Alex, and his wife have purchased the Dupuis cottage in 1985. They can't wait for weekends and holidays to be spent at their beloved Caddy Lake home.

COTTAGE AT LOT 6, BLOCK 6 Present owner Marion Mills, Winnipeg

The cottage was purchased by Marion Mills and Irene Anderson in October, 1970, from Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Berry Sadler.

Previous History

Built by Richard Noonan of Pioneer Electric prior to 1950. It is one of the earlier cottages on Caddy Lake and built of logs obtained in the area as far as I know. The first lease #172 is dated from the 1st of May, 1950.

Mr. and Mrs. Norman Vincent Fanthorpe were the second owners. They purchased it in September, 1954, and owned it for the next eight years. They added a partial second story made of cedar siding resembling the logs of the original cottage as much as possible.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Sadler became the third set of owners in August, 1962.

1970 to Present

In the fall of 1970, my friend Irene Anderson and I decided to become serious about a cottage in the Whiteshell. She had grown up at Pointe du Bois on the Winnipeg River and knew the area well and loved it. We had also been privileged to rent a friend's cottage at White Lake for a number of summers and "caught the cottage bug". The newspaper ad described this cottage as log and located on a point with water on three sides. We fell in love with the location and the rustic cottage. We named it "Miander Pointe" combining the Mills-Anderson names.

It has not been the summer home of a typical "family" but rather a family of friends who have shared the joys of having a summer place. It's amazing how skilful a group of gals can be at sanding, painting, repairing, building, clearing trees, etc. Each brought her own talents and skills and developed new ones. We have been determined to maintain the logs in their natural state - not an easy task! I must say though that we have been fortunate in having brothers and nephews come to the rescue many times.

Miander Pointe is a very special place with its tall spruce trees, the view down the lake to the far end where the CPR tunnel is located, views of the water through trees on every side and the singing of the Girl Guides from their campfire just across the bay.



Winter scene at Miander Point, Caddy Lake.



Summer scene at Miander Pointe, Caddy Lake.

The group of friends and members of both our families have enjoyed the swimming, the canoeing, the birds and wildlife, the walks, the marvelous sunsets and the peace of being so close to nature.

1986 was a tragic year with the illness and death of Irene who had looked forward to many years of enjoyment at Miander Pointe in her retirement. We realize how much she increased our appreciation of being "at the lake" by the joy and enthusiasm she shared with us over the years she had at Miander Pointe.

The best way of summing up what Miander Pointe and Caddy Lake mean to us is to quote from the lease, "The Lessor covenants with the Lessee for quiet enjoyment".

CADDY LAKE IN THE BEGINNING, 1949 BLOCK 8, LOT 6 By Bill Bell

Returning from a canoe trip to Sailing Lake, we camped overnight on the shore of Green Bay. That sparked our interest in acquiring a lot on Caddy Lake.

On checking with the Parks Branch, I discovered that Green Bay was zoned commercial. Not until the following year, August 7th to be exact, and the



Mrs. Bell and sons, 1957.

temperature that day was over 100°F., were we back at Caddy Lake. That was when we picked our present location. Building started the next year.

At that time, the road stopped at the Girl Guide Camp gate (Lots 1 and 2). We had Lot 6. All our lumber and building supplies had to be carried up from the road. Electricity came to the area about five years later (1956 to 1957) terrific! We could now have a refrigerator instead of the old inadequate ice-box. A year later came the electric pump and no more carrying water up the long steep hill.

At the time we started building, Green Bay store operated by Herman and Anna Lerch and the Girl Guide Camp were in operation. There were two other cottages, Harrison and another one Drahes. Within four years, all our area was built up including one lot that I thought no one would ever take.

Our original cottage measured 16x30 feet. Since then, two additions have been made.

As the years went by, we progressed from a canoe, which my wife and I thoroughly enjoyed and is still in use, to a wooden skiff with a 3-horse motor, to an aluminum boat with a 9-horse motor. When my two sons were grown and earning money, a speed boat with a 115-horse motor was added.

A few years ago, on our first visit after the snow had gone, the broken top of a large tree had punched a hole through the roof. New shingles were due anyway. Over the years three large poplar trees have

crashed down on the building with little or no damage, just a lot of hard work clearing them off.

For several years there was no building on the west side of the lake, south of Caddy Lake Landing. But when it started, it filled up in no time and, again, there were lots I couldn't visualize anyone ever building on. How wrong I was.

There is an atmosphere around the cottage that I am not sure how to identify: contentment, relaxing, enjoyable. What I do know, is that for three generations of my family, the cottage on the shore of Caddy Lake, the most beautiful lake in the Whiteshell, is the place to be on a summer day.

CADDY LAKE BLOCK 8, LOT 16 WHY WE CHOSE CADDY LAKE By E.G. and K. Lowen

Chose lot in 1951 on way home to Winnipeg from a July holiday at Laclu. Building permit: 1951. Plans: my own design. Built cottage myself during two-week summer vacation and every weekend over the next two to three summers. Took time off to fish each evening (as a rule) - enough for one meal according to my historical memory. Every nail used (until we had the roof in place) was rusted from the daily rains.

There were many others building cottages at the same time. We helped each other — the Hagbors, Gohls, Kobolds. Friends would arrive from the city to do a spot of fishing, but to my surprise worked more hours helping build than spent fishing.

The reason we chose Caddy Lake was because of access to three other lakes by boat - and these three other lakes were (at the time) like a wilderness.

This "wilderness" situation still exists, but there are always many boats and campers at South Cross, North Cross, Sailing (and Nason).

Our lake is now, in our view, overpopulated for the size and depth of the lake. Trailer sites were allowed to overexpand, which has contributed greatly (we feel) to the very evident buildup of weeds and pollution in the lake. Too bad the powers that (were) were so shortsighted.



Beach at Green Bay, 1950.



Clifford Brown, July 1986.

CADDY LAKE BLOCK 9, LOT 11

By Cecile Brown

Nestled among the evergreens, birch and poplar is a cozy dwelling belonging to Cecile Brown and family.

In 1960, the cottage was set up on a lot at Polo Park. It was in a Lion's Club raffle. The person with the winning ticket sold it to the Smiths. In the fall of 1960 the cottage was moved to Block 9, Lot 11, Caddy Lake. Geroge and Mary Smith and sons put in many hours of hard labour setting up the cottage at Caddy Lake.

Mr. and Mrs. George Smith were the owners of that dwelling from 1960 to 1971.

Quote from the Smiths:

"We will always have a soft spot in our hearts for the cottage at Caddy Lake. The hardest part of moving to British Columbia was selling the cottage. We raised two fine sons there, and we will never forget all the good times we had with family and friends."

In the spring of 1971, my husband and I became the proud owners of this dwelling. We had three



Greg and Mum (Cecile Brown), 1972, enjoying a canoe ride.



Kirk, Greg and Richard Brown, 1973, preparing to water ski.

young sons - Kirk, Gregory and Richard. They enjoyed the hours of swimming, water skiing, canoeing and boating with their friends.

My husband passed away August 18, 1986. He had shared many happy years with us, and his wish was that the family continue to enjoy life at Caddy Lake.

My three sons: Kirk and Kelly were married May 31, 1981. They have a beautiful daughter - Sarah Ashley - born October 5, 1989.

Gregory and Kimberly were married August 1, 1987. They have two handsome sons: David Clifford - born June 7, 1988 and Riley Jacob - born May 17, 1990. Kirk and Gregory reside in Winnipeg.

Richard and Sandy were married June 23, 1990. They reside in Windsor, Ontario.

I dwell in an apartment in Winnipeg but am always anxious to pack up my belongings and live at the lake during the spring, summer and fall.

Family and friends visit frequently. We never cease to enjoy all the spectacular colors displayed during the four seasons.

I enjoy regular visits to the cottage with my sons who bring spouses and grandchildren. We go to our cottage year-round. Our winter heating is supplied by a wood stove - very warm and cozy.



Boat ride on Caddy Lake, Cecile and Clifford Brown and Dr. and Mrs. N. Butcher of Victoria, B.C.

**CADDY LAKE
BLOCK 9, LOT 20**
By Keith Green

My family has always calculated the number of years we have had the cottage on Caddy Lake by taking my age minus one. I was just beginning to stagger around in the playpen when we became the proud owners of a piece of the great Canadian outdoors. No TV, no telephone, no boathouse, no hot water. The old days.

In the ensuing 25 years, I have often found myself saying, "Oh wasn't it great last year when - I mean the year before last . . . no, it must have been several years ago when . . ." To me last summer and the 24 others before it have very little separating them. The unavoidable months of frost and snow do not seem to factor into the summer cottage experience at all.

While revolutions shook east and west through three decades, drastic changes in lake land seemed to overtake us without notice. The bears that once came-a-snooping for bacon scraps, destroying galvanized cans as if they were tin foil, soon found the garbage cage too much trouble. The age when indoor plumbing was a status symbol at the lake has long since passed. And the ability to pick up the phone to find out what the lumber yard has before driving to it represents 20th century recreational living.

Around the world, armies march, and ideologies clash to the delight of those who profit from sensationalism. But none of this warrants more than a few seconds attention on a sunny summer morning when critical issues like rotting steps or stubborn outboard motors require resolution.

**CADDY LAKE
BLOCK 9, LOT 27**
By Marie and Bob Wilson

We had no intention of becoming cottagers but an unexpected chance came our way. Mr. and Mrs. Duguid wanted to sell their cottage (Block 9, Lot 27) and they asked their neighbors down the lane, Al and Mary Getz, if they could think of some family who would be interested. Fortunately, they thought of us and we have been so pleased ever since.

Perhaps the most distinctive feature of our location is that Lynn Sissons, one of Manitoba's foremost artists, often uses our lakefront view as a place from which she sketches and painted several of her pictures. Lynn is a close friend of the Duguids and an aunt of Maty Getz.

**CADDY LAKE
BLOCK 9, LOT 40**
By Agnes and Hugh Comack

In 1957, we visited our friends, Edith and Tom McCallum, at their cottage on Green Bay at Caddy Lake. Through them, we learned that the far shore of Caddy Lake, Block 9, was being surveyed into lots and trees were being cleared for a roadway from Highway 312. Soon after that, Hugh and our friend, John Dickson, walked the shoreline to decide lots on which to bid. We were lucky to get our lots side by side.

Because the road was not yet completed, Hugh and John each built boats. They were ten feet long, flat-bottomed wooden boats. We bought a second-hand 1½ H.P. motor as well as oars and also a hand-built trailer. With little money in those days, we felt lucky to get the trailer for \$25.00. It was roughly made and had wooden spoked wheels off a vintage car. We called it the Red Hornet and it well served its purpose.

At first, we had to travel on day trips from Winnipeg to the government landing at Caddy where Alf Wenzel had a store and cabins. It was a slow boat trip to our lot, Hugh and I with our three young children, Margret, Donald and Elizabeth plus our dog (Alyson wasn't born until 1960). That was how we accomplished the task of clearing the lot, building an outhouse and an 8x12 foot shack in which to live. The construction of the cottage didn't begin until we were able to truck in the lumber on the newly completed road.

Those were great days. The Shack (as it is still called) had bunks at one end for the three children - and the dog! Hugh and I slept on a Toronto couch. We had a Coleman stove and lantern, a couple of chairs and a drop-leaf table. We drank the lake water, as did the deer and moose that were so abundant in those days. We all had jobs to do - even Elizabeth, who at five years of age broke her finger hauling lumber.

Over the years we developed a strong bond with our neighbours: the Esserys, Dicksons, Smales and Dales. I don't think anyone enjoyed Caddy more than our son, Donald. He and his pals, Brian Hood and Donald Wood from down the Block, were always together. I'm sure they explored every square foot of the wooded area behind the cottages. It was from them we learned of what we call the "Indian fort", a shelter someone had built in the woods on the side of a cliff. It was beautifully constructed, between a stone wall and a huge rock, of well cut logs and lined with paper. It has taken all these years to start its collapse and decay. We've all imagined many reasons for its original construction.

When we sit together as a family and reminisce about Caddy Lake, we never fail to remember the characters who added to its romance.

— Herman and Anna Lerch at Green Bay. They brought in the mail from West Hawk, which was a blessing to us, stranded as we were at the cottage all week without a car. They were always ready to help in any way, besides providing groceries and gas for the boat.

— Sam and his wife at their garage on Highway 44 at the Falcon Road junction. We once came down for the day with the Red Hornet loaded with furniture for the Shack. It poured rain and we didn't dare venture out on the rough water with a loaded boat. The only alternative was to haul it all back to Winnipeg. Sam, seeing our plight, insisted we leave the loaded trailer behind his house on the hill and gave us a tarpaulin to cover it.

— Mr. Findlay, who owned the original lot on Block 9 with its two-storey log house. We never felt he was happy to have neighbours, but nevertheless we had to use his old trail to walk out to Highway 44 on many an occasion before our road was completed. We were always intrigued with the garage behind his house where there still sits the remains of his old Maxwell car.

— The Hon. Ivan Schultz, who travelled back and forth in his boat from Wenzels to his lot across the lake. We've since learned that the person we used to see swimming the length of the lake was our former Chief Justice Alfred Monnin, who told us he often stayed with Mr. Schultz.

The Red Cross Swimming Courses were the most important events of the summer. All of our four children achieved at least their Bronze Medallions. Even in my old age, I succeeded as well, but that was a struggle being paired off for life-saving with a husky young teenager. Those classes were held every year at either Green Bay or the government dock at Wenzels. They were always well attended.

We've spent wonderful summers at Caddy Lake.

We headed down with a loaded car on the last day of school in June to stay until the last week in August with just enough time to buy back-to-school clothing and books.

We could write our own book of adventures:

— the Caddy Lake Yacht Club Race when five boats capsized in a sudden squall.

— the fishing trip when Margret hooked a turtle on her line.

— the horrifying night when a bat got into the cottage.

— the waterskiing behind Donnie Smales' boat and especially with our War-Amp friend, Joe Thompson, who demonstrated to us beginners how easily he could ski on one leg.

— the across-the-lake swims.

— the regular emergency visits to the doctor at Falcon Lake.

— the many bear encounters and skunk stories.

— and the joys of blueberry pancake breakfasts and jam and jelly making with all the different berries growing near the cottage.

It is over 30 years now since that first visit with the McCallums. And what wonderful years they have been. Our four children are married now and our ninth grandchild will soon be here. It seems we've only just begun . . .

The Tree Fort

Although the mass of leaves resisted intrusion of the bright rays the sun shone through, releasing the forest greenery.

Below, the countless long bodies lay rotting into the soil, while their grandchildren towered over them.



Government landing at Caddy lake (Wenzel's), 1958. Hugh, Donald and Margret, Elizabeth in boat.

Yet, among them was a stranger,
sharing and suffering their misgivings
while the creeping moss
gradually engulfed all of them.

Scattered among them,
even hewn to a young tree
it reaked and moaned of its
past happy times

Yet, still it proudly remained,
a symbol of a young individual's
past childhood accomplishments,
neglected and forgotten.

Alyson Comack
1976

**CADDY LAKE
LOT 46, BLOCK 9
THE CUNNINGHAM FAMILY
"DEER LODGE"**

Owners - Ron and Pat Cunningham

Our cottage was built by Gerry and Claire Gregoire in 1959. They transported all the building materials to the cottage site by a small homemade barge from the landing at what is now the Caddy Lake Campgrounds on Highway 44.

The Cunningham family purchased the cottage from the Gregoires in 1963 after having rented it for summer holidays for a couple of seasons and having taken a great liking to the location. In 1976, Ron and Pat took over the cottage after the death of Ron's parents, Helen and Clarence Cunningham, in an accident in Hawaii.

Because the Cunningham family resided in the Deer Lodge area of Winnipeg and because in times gone by, it was not uncommon to see deer wandering through the yard at Caddy Lake, we named our cottage "Cunninghams' Deer Lodge".

Many a good time has been had over the years at our cottage. Hiking the woods and trails with friends and family, watching the children and their friends growing up and seeing their understanding and appreciation for nature and our lake country, the excitement of catching a fish, the thrill of seeing wild animals come through the yard, early morning coffee on the dock as the mist lifts and the sun is rising to a new day, ducks quacking loudly in the front yard having come up from the lake looking for their snack because you weren't down at the dock when they came by, those rainy days when everyone is quite content to stay inside and do crafts or relax with a good book, and the unforgettable sound out on the lake . . . the call of the loons.

And, like most cottagers, we have had many surprises and some frustrations over the years, such as



Cunningham cottage after the move and during the renovations in 1988.

the loss of our first boat (an old plywood rowboat) that sunk while tied up at the dock during a severe rain storm many years ago, the struggle every spring trying to get the water pump going, the dog falling through the floor of the old outhouse next door, the young moose that wouldn't go home, bats in the kitchen, the first inspection to see how the old dock survived the spring break-up of the lake ice . . . and it didn't, and the excitement of the son-in-law taking your daughter sailing on their new catamaran (the bigger, the better) and having it flip over so the main sail mast is upside down, stuck in the lake bottom so well that the only way to get it free is to drain the lake.

One of the most exciting events in recent years was in 1988 when we hired Trevor Down, a local carpenter of great talent who resides year-round on



The Cunningham family, Ron, Pat, Brent, Carolyn, Ron Burnell (Cathy's husband) and Cathy.

West Hawk Lake, to move our cottage which is on quite sloping terrain, 20 feet closer to the lake and reposition it on new footings and posts in the hope of some day upgrading the old building which was unlevel, uninsulated and had become quite drafty with age.

Trevor and his helper, Geoff Murray, did such a fine job in moving and repositioning the cottage on this somewhat difficult slope of land that we decided, on seeing some of their other completed projects as well, to have them proceed on an addition, which would double our square footage and include gutting and renovating the interior of the old building. It was the talk of the neighbourhood that summer as Trevor and Geoff eased the old cottage slowly forward with the use of two small jacks, on to the new frame and uprights they had constructed earlier at the front of the old cottage. Inch by inch the building moved forward closer to the lake.

So, some 30 years later, our Caddy Lake cottage has a new lease on life and has taken on a whole new look. Nothing spectacular but nicely comfortable in all types of weather come rain or shine, wind or snow. And with lots of windows, it's nice and bright inside so we can better appreciate our new knotty pine interior which we are greatly appreciative of in place of the early Canadian mismatched wallboard.

There is further excitement, too, in that other little bodies will be coming to visit our cottage soon, grandchildren. And retirement is but a few years off when we look forward to spending even more time in our favorite area, The Whiteshell.

CADDY LAKE BLOCK 10, LOT 1

By Edward and Nadia Burke

Many might argue that owning a summer home means double the work, double the groceries, double the headaches. At times, that may be true but, for us, the advantages have always outweighed the disadvantages.

In 1957, we heard, through friends, that several lots were becoming available on the south shore of Falcon Lake. Many of our friends had already taken advantage of the opportunity and had purchased lots in Block 17, and so, after rating the merits of three remaining lots, we decided to build on Lot 39.

In the summer of 1958, we started construction. Walter Ciwko was the "master builder" of our 2-bedroom cottage, with a large porch built subsequently. We had no indoor washroom, no running water, yet in those days "roughing it" gave us a sense of adventure.

If the truth were told, it was my mother, Mary Dowhanyk, who felt strongly about the cottage right

from its inception. Every year, on the last day of school, she would take our son Glenn and our niece Gail to the lake for the entire summer, and they wouldn't return to the city until Labour Day. We would come out on weekends along with Gail's mother to visit.

Mother was very strong and independent. She had been a baker and cook for the Carleton Club when she was a young woman, and, though she seldom wrote a recipe on paper, she had it filed in her memory. Her greatest delight was to provide all of the friends on the bay with homemade perogies or donuts.

One warm night, mother had gone to sleep leaving only the screen on the door for a breeze. During the night she heard scratching and woke to find a bear standing on his hind legs, trying to make his way into the cottage. Mother grabbed a hammer, pounded it against the door a few times to scare the bear away, and calmly changed the screen. Window in place, she went back to bed without giving that bear another thought.

With so many friends on the bay, potluck Sunday dinners became the norm. The Sunday of Labour Day weekend boasted the largest feast, with long banquet tables set up in the porch. It was sort of a final farewell to summer, as most of us did not return to Falcon during the winter months.

It was during one of these Sunday dinners that an amusing incident occurred. One of our friends had purchased a barber kit, and bragged to everyone not only about the money he could save on haircuts, but also about his newly developed skill as a barber. So, one by one, the men sat in the chair set up in the yard. Our neighbour, Nestor Dolynchuk (who was already balding on top), looked forward to a "trim". However, after the "barber" was finished with him, Nestor had to go to a city barber the next day to repair the damage.

Relatives, too, added to the fun and merriment, with some coming from as far as Detroit, Minneapolis and Las Vegas.

So many people took advantage of the cottage, that in no time at all the outhouse was full. One weekend we decided to dig a new hole and move the outhouse. We held a solemn ribbon-cutting ceremony. Everyone gathered round and, after a short speech, the toilet paper ribbon was cut.

Though Falcon Lake holds many fond memories for us, we had always wanted a lakefront cottage. In 1972, when we spotted one for sale at Caddy Lake, we jumped at the chance.

Our new cottage at Lot 1, Block 10, was at the end of a quiet lagoon on a 7-family bay. It was very tiny, but with the addition of three more bedrooms, a large sunken family room and a screened porch, its spaciousness can accommodate many people.

And talk about luxury - running water, a shower and an indoor washroom!

During one of the first weekends of construction of the addition, a violent storm came up. Lightning hit the electrical panel, and the strong wind uprooted a beautiful 75-year-old spruce tree which had stood near the dock. It fell only a few feet from the cottage and narrowly missed our niece's 2-day-old car! Others on the bay weren't so lucky - many vehicles were badly damaged and many trees cracked or uprooted.

Our location in Caddy affords us many opportunities to observe and enjoy nature. Beavers, muskrats, hummingbirds and loons are frequently seen near the cottage, and the ducks seem to know that snacks are always available - they waddle right up to our porch for leftover toast, hot dog buns and breadcrumbs.

Proximity to the various nature trails, Alf Hole Goose Sanctuary, fish hatchery and the tunnels to South Cross Lake also make Caddy a great place for young children to experience nature firsthand.

As at Falcon, food continues to play an important role at Caddy as demonstrated by our increased waistlines at summer's end. On the way down, we often stopped at McMunn to sample Nelda's borsch or huge cinnamon buns, or at West Hawk for the fries. And, of course, large family dinners on Sundays seem like tradition.

Though the same "kids" who grew up at Falcon are no longer kids, they now bring their children to our cottage at Caddy. It seems that the closeness experienced during the summers has resulted in all of them growing up as a close extended family unit, and though the years have gone all too quickly, we look forward to many more summers at our sometimes peaceful, often hectic, retreat at Caddy Lake.

CADDY LAKE BLOCK 10, LOT 6

By Joe and Kathy Bobychuk and son Wayne

We bought the cottage in June 1966 from the original owners, Ed. and Stella Wachal (Birds Hill), who built it about 1960. They now own a cottage in Ontario.

We've added indoor plumbing and, in 1987, a bigger living room and fireplace.

We've enjoyed every minute of our time spent there, and hope to keep enjoying it for many more years.

Our son, born in 1967, knows all the hiking and canoe routes around.

In the spring, I love to hear the frogs and the red wing blackbirds. In the summer, the hummingbirds are wonderful to watch. One built a nest in a tree near our dock one summer and gave us many hours

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Joe and Kathy Bobychuks' cottage at Caddy Lake.

of enjoyment. In the fall, we saved the nest to show people.

In the winter of 1987, we saw a cougar walking along the shoreline, a beautiful sight.

I love the wild flowers, especially the pink and yellow ladyslippers that I understand are quite rare.

We've had lots of good times, picking fiddleheads and blueberries and the different kinds of mushrooms that grow around the area.

Fishing off the dock was excellent when we first bought, but now fish are scarce. I still buy a fishing licence every year and I enjoy casting off the dock. It took many hours of practice before I learned to cast.

Owning a cottage calls for a lot of hard work. It isn't all fun, especially if you want to keep it looking nice and neat. But if people enjoy nature and the wilds, it's well worth the work and the money.

All the additions and the boat house were built by my husband and myself. We put in many hours of hard work, but enjoyed every minute of it.



Sunset on Caddy Lake.



Larson Shanks, 1951.

CADDY LAKE THE EARLY HISTORY OF LOT 5

By G.L. Shanks

Caddy Lake became accessible to auto travel about 1932 when the road to Kenora (then Highway No. 1) was completed with a mainly gravel surface. Some hardy souls got access via the C.P.R. main line. No station was close, so only two camps were built prior to 1931. Before this date the land was federally administered.

Some of the surveyed area was open to homesteading and these acreages were cleared by Mr. Drew and Mr. Milne and by a blind pensioner, Mr. Hicks, on behalf of a Mr. Elders, a C.P.R. official. Drew and Milne were telephone employees without enough spare time to fulfill their homestead duties and get a title or patent. Elder had his land farmed and by bringing in some cattle and erecting two barns was able finally to "patent" the land. (When I first saw this property in 1937 there were only two horses left of the livestock. I understand that, when the provincial government took over, Drew and Milne surrendered their rights to the homesteaded land and received a large building lot instead.) At the time, the nearest highway point was in the village of Whitemouth. Drew and Milne got their goods unloaded at the C.P.R. section house about one mile east of the tunnel (at the north end of the lake) and by building a framework to slide on the rails, they moved their outfit to the tunnel and there unloaded it into the boat and finished the trip by water. While no information is available, it seems likely they had the boat also unloaded at the section house. They built a log cabin with vertical logs, a building which became the kitchen. Break-ins were common, so the Drews had a hidden room

in the attic and, being telephone men, they also installed a burglar alarm.

Mr. Elder was able to arrange delivery of materials and livestock by rail to a crossing west of the tunnel, which likely still exists. When I first saw the buildings, one barn was full of hay and a one-cylinder gasoline engine sat in a shed but there was neither a circular saw nor a grain crusher in sight - the most likely use for it. Mr. Hicks had a good garden and a rootcellar near the house in a sloping bank.

Elder's homestead was located so only a small beach was available to the occupants. After the highway was completed to Kenora, Elder had a rough road brushed out. Much later, the Forestry Department cleared this and gravelled it to serve a block of cottages on the west side of the lake.

The numbered lots including Lot 5 were surveyed and allocated to the applicants. Just when or why C.O. Barker applied for Lot 5 is not known. He was the last of the early applicants to erect a cottage. Most of the cottages were erected between 1934 and 1936. A large raft was available at the terminus of the road to the lake and this was apparently used to ferry building materials to the various sites. I am told that eventually a cottager appropriated this raft to build his own dock. Barker's cottage was completed in 1936 in time to be used on his honeymoon, the bride being Jean Cameron, daughter of Duncan Cameron who was manager of the D.C. Adams Coal Company. In 1937, when I first saw Lot 5, there were indications that a sleigh had brought in the logs over the snow and ice. However, as the stone fireplace was built on concrete footings and the floor timbers were supported on concrete pads, it seemed likely that the building was built during the early summer or at least completed then.

The Shanks rented the Barker cabin in July 1937, the rent being \$50.00 for the month. We got the key



Julie, Neal, Lisa and Barbara Paddon.



Mike, Julie and Lisa Paddon and 'Buffie' skinning logs for the cottage.

and instructions from Mrs. Cameron who lived in the Albany Apartments in Winnipeg. Among other information, she gave us a detailed map showing how to get drinking water from the Drews' spring. On the point of Lot 5 was a large stone, on which was painted in blue and white a large "B". Later by some judicious repainting this "B" became an "S" and still later an "H". Perhaps it will next be a "P" (the first initial of the surname of all the owners).

Barker, a bush-flyer, may have chosen the lot from the air. Twice during the period we rented it, he flew in and landed near the ice-house. Once he flew up and down the lake apparently sizing up the whole development.

Only one of the original group of cottages was accessible by auto (Finlays), all the others being reached by boat from the dock. Boats (at least two) and engines were essential. The Barker cottage was equipped with a worn-out canvas canoe, a very leaky 14-foot punt, (only 42 inches wide) and a mahogany Sea-Sled. The Sea-Sled was available in 1937, then shipped to Long Lac that fall. It was not until the acquisition of the "Wm. Penn" in 1939 that Lot 5 was adequately served with a boat.

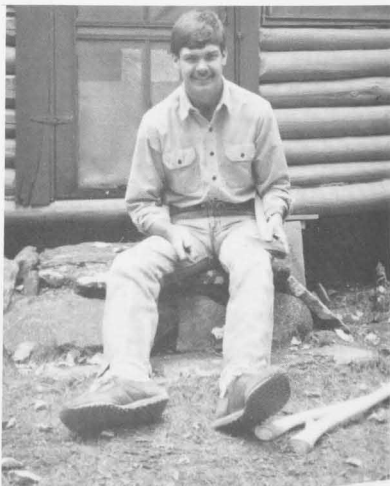
In 1937, there were no tourist cabins at the dock, nor any store. The postmaster and storekeeper at West Hawk, Nellis by name, came twice a week to the Caddy Lake dock bringing our mail and whatever groceries we had ordered from him the previous trip. He was suppose to arrive at 2 p.m. but was nearly always late, so we all visited and got to know our fellow campers. There were no 2-car families in those days, so Sunday night most of the

men returned to the city leaving their families without transportation. We stayed at the lake during the week.

J.E. Yates, a wood-turning teacher at Kelvin School, Mr. MacDonnel, a labour union official, the Lockes and their friends, the Pringles, the Stovels - who lived on the island, as did the C.W. Davidsons of the Northwest Laundry Company were the people we met there in 1937. The Luptons and the Finlays, (who had the only two-storey cabin), were not at the lake. On the farm of Mr. Elder was a Mr. Steinman who leased a cabin site on the high rocks. He was known as the "brew-master" because he worked at Drewrys. He never came to the dock to my knowledge. This cabin was the first to be destroyed by fire, perhaps the only one.

Boats were of real interest as storms seemed to be frequent. We were the only cottagers without an engine. The Davidsons and Stovels had boats salvaged from Lake Winnipeg. Luptons had a factory-built boat, 'The Mohawk', which was quite small and usually only carried two people.

When one depends on a boat for access to a cabin, all details about it are important. The first thing was the storage of the boat. The punt was usually left upside down on the shore. The oars were left at the garage at Rennie. So, as we came to the lake, we stopped at Danyluk's garage and tied the oars to the car fenders. On our way home to Winnipeg, we returned them. This was the routine for two years. Afterwards, they were left with the tourist camp operator 'Diss'. Later, when we had an outboard



Neal Paddon sharpening axes.



Mike, Sheila, Lisa Paddon on canoe trip.

motor, it went home to Winnipeg in the car trunk each trip.

Lot 5 is a peninsula with a northern shore, a southern shore and a small cove on the east. All three shores are rocky and moored boats are likely to be damaged in any kind of storm. Barker had built two log cribs on the north side but floating ice had partially wrecked these and one was lying on its side. They were six feet high and only four feet square. On the south side was a partial dock and a poor set of steps leading from the water's edge to the level ground surrounding the cottage. We soon found out that the south shore was the safest and later built two cribs there. However poor logs were used and the ice soon wrecked them. The WM. PENN was anchored in McGillivray Creek behind the beaver dam. Once we tried driving in poplar stakes as a place to moor the boat only to find the beavers chewed them off. Some birch logs proved more satisfactory and less palatable.

When we landed the first time, we found a staircase with steps of small poles filled in with gravel. Later, I built steps of flagstones and in 1955, the present steps were made in my basement and taken to the lake in F. Horne's station wagon.

The point was chiefly wooded with young poplars in front and good-sized ones at the back of the lot. There were only three spruce trees in front. After 1939, we transplanted some 20 spruce, each about five feet high. They did well and some are now over 30 feet in height. A scythe with two blades controlled the grass. After 1953, the Hornes got a gasoline mower.

Externally, the cottage is essentially the same today as it was in 1937, except that a bathroom has been added. There were wooden steps at the front and back doors. These were nailed to the logs of

the walls which in time caused decay. The ice-house is without the lean-to which housed firewood and stored the sawdust from the ice-house.

Firewood was scarce at first and usually wet. We even brought dry poles from the west shore. The front door opened on to a veranda about 7x24 feet. There was an old-fashioned sofa and a Toronto couch. There were two read easy chairs (one rocker) and two twisted fibre chairs with a matching table. A toolbox bearing the initials 'D.C.' (Duncan Cameron) was usually on the veranda but was also stored in the living room for the winter. The veranda was screened including the door and there were shutters of 1x8 shiplap. Two French doors opened from the veranda into the living room which was approximately 14x14 feet with a large stone fireplace. This smoked regularly for the Shanks but I'm told that it works well since the kitchen stove was disconnected from the chimney. The living room had two French windows, a door into each of the bedrooms and also a door into the kitchen. There was a day (twin) bed in the northeast corner. This was prone to collapse, so two poles were added to give stability to the legs. A chesterfield fitted the space between the two bedroom doors and is still in use. Above it was a fine large British Ensign which the Barkers retained when they sold the cottage. Mrs. L. Hallman (sister of Mrs. G.L. Shanks) made a panel of printed material to take its place but this is no longer in use. Beside the fireplace is an old phonograph and some disc records. I made the mistake of repairing it and suffered a steady diet of "When the red, red robin comes bob, bob, bobbing along" for years. There was a set of brass fireplace tools, and shelves near the kitchen door. These were demolished about 1940 to make space for a bunk bed, which was torn out in 1954. The living room floor had two bear rugs, one white and one black. The white was shedding hair, so was discarded. The black one is there in pieces. After the purchase of the cottage by G.L. Shanks, a chest of drawers and a bookcase were added to the living room. There was also an easy chair. An organ was added by the Hornes (obtained from the Royal Alexandra Hotel). The bedrooms were about 12x12' and had logs supporting the bedsprings. They had little furniture and in 1940 a set of neater log bedsteads was made. Chests of drawers and clothes closets were added by Mrs. Horne. There was a medicine chest in the front bedroom.

Each room had at least one coal-oil lamp and the living room also had a pressure gasoline Coleman lamp. The Coleman soon gave trouble and needed a new generator. After 1953, a 6-volt electrical generator was installed, giving considerably better light and also emergency light late in the evening from the battery.

The kitchen, like the veranda, was a log lean-to. The windows had screens and shutters. This proved to be cold most mornings so one shutter was replaced with a glazed sash. Crude shelves covered one wall except for the space taken by the ice-box. The cast-iron stove was in poor condition. The wood stove and kerosene ice-box were replaced by propane units in 1953. There was not a sink or counter, so a unit was made in the basement of 848 North Drive and taken to Caddy via trailer.

We soon found that camping at Caddy without a power boat left much to be desired. We camped for a month in 1937 without an engine and never managed a trip to the tunnel or the south island. In 1938, a Thor 4 H.P., 2 cylinder outboard was purchased. It served very well but, as the sea sled was gone, the punt (14 feet) gave poor service. After two years, the Thor was sold and a 5 H.P. Johnson twin purchased. This on the Wm. Penn gave good service until 1953 when the camp was sold to F. Horne for \$1,600.

After the purchase of the camp in 1939, a number of improvements were made. Undoubtedly, the untimely death of Mrs. Shanks in 1943 caused a stop of all but essential improvements, the main item being a new roof in 1950. When the platform at the back door rotted out, it was replaced with a concrete step. It was a lot of work carrying the sand and cement.

A trailer bed, about 6x12', with large tires was purchased second-hand for \$25. It was repaired and taken to the home of Pender Shanks near Rivers. He had won a 16x60' cedar boat in a raffle and had donated it to us. It had a 4-cylinder Star motor. This was removed on its arrival at 848 North Drive in Winnipeg and the hull was adapted to the new 5 H.P. Johnson. In June 1939, the trailer finally took off for Caddy Lake, loaded with the boat, the new chest of drawers (made in the basement of 848), a bookcase, a new spring and mattress, counter top of birch plank and a sink, a power drag saw, pump and pipe, 40-gallon range boiler and second-hand lumber for a dock.

The trailer was returned to Winnipeg and sold for \$25.

Neighbors helped to unload the boat which was christened the "WM. PENN" in honor of the donor, William Pender Shanks. It remained in service until after the sale of the cottage in 1953. When launched, it proved to be quite leaky because it had been in storage for over six years. To get it in and out of the water, a simple marine railway was built, using a windlass, a 4-wheel dolly and a plank runway. This apparatus was built on a rocky outcrop on the northeast side of the point. Later, someone stole two of the 8-inch diameter wheels. Now it has a mismatched set, however it is no longer in use.

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Water was carried in buckets for a long time. The kitchen hand-operated pump was bolted to a big rock in front of the icehouse and a 40-gallon range boiler was raised on a stand made of four logs so that it was level with the kitchen roof. A pipe led from the bottom of the tank to the new sink and counter. The logs rotted in 1950. Using angle iron from bed rails being thrown out after the flood in Wildwood, a metal stand on a concrete footing was installed and is still in use. A vent hole was necessary in the top of the 40-gallon tank. When the pump filled the tank, a spray of water went up like a fountain. After 1953, the worn-out hand pump was replaced with a gear pump driven by a 1-horse gasoline engine.

Of all the trailer load, the box-spring proved the hardest to transport from the boat to the house and was torn in handling. The power drag-saw, made from scrap parts, oscillated a crosscut saw blade using a one H.P. gasoline engine. It worked well until recently when the wood frame rotted. It will likely be replaced with a chain saw.

There were not any really good places for swimming, so a float on three drums was built near the big rock with the various initials. It was held in place by guy wires and pulled ashore each fall.

For a small lake, Caddy has an unusual variety of points of interest. The oldest perhaps was the Native Sons of Canada site, known to some as Green Bay and is the site of a tourist camp. Then there are the Girl Guide buildings. There are long and short canoe trips — up the creek to the falls at West Hawk Lake or up the McGillivray Creek, past the beaver colony to the old highway. Tramping trips, both long and short, were available. Perhaps the most interesting walk is to the 1930-1932 relief camp where single men on relief built an emergency landing field. The field is mostly sand, once covered with jack pine. At one time, there were two complete Diesel lighting units but during the war (about 1940) they were salvaged for use elsewhere. From the highway to McGillivray Lake is a pleasant trip. A visit to Bear Lake is most interesting but sometimes the swamp is too wet to cross. For the most energetic, there is the canoe trip to Sailing Lake and the navigation of the two tunnels. Certainly Caddy Lake is an interesting place.

**CADDY LAKE
PADDON - BARKER
LOT 5 ISOLATED
1970 TO PRESENT**

Also see:

Professor Lawson SHANKS 1939-1953

Frank and Sybil HORNE 1953-1970

Report on DIG 1970 (August)

The above cottage was passed on to us from Mrs. Sybil Horne in 1970. The family then consisted of Michael and Barbara (Horne) Paddon, Neal, Julia and Lisa. Barbara unfortunately passed away in 1974. Michael married Sheila Fleming in the fall of 1975.

The log cottage is the original structure with a few minor repairs which sometimes seemed quite major. No electricity or telephone makes for a nice, quiet, secluded atmosphere. We are trying to maintain the antiquity of our retreat.

Many happy times have been enjoyed with family and friends.

Canoe trips have been taken up through South Cross to the top of North Cross for overnight camping where deer are seen at the water's edge and sometimes bear. Many hikes have been taken up the "Mountain" behind our cottage to pick blueberries or just to explore.

Good feelings come with hearing the call of the loon as well as watching the hummingbirds and other birds. Squirrels and chipmunks are interesting to observe gathering hazelnuts, pinecones and mushrooms. The ducks come daily for their feed of bread or cornflakes.

The annual slipping of some member of the family off the rocks and into the water has caused considerable excitement. Julia, at age four, accidentally found she could fly into the water with her umbrella, necessitating an unscheduled dip for her father.

Neal practised surgical technique (amid many near faints) in removing a fishhook from his hand. Mother poured the antiseptic.

Lisa, our fisherman, always could find the pickerel and the perch.

Michael and Sheila found, to our consternation, that our boat could disappear at two o'clock in the morning on a moonlit night to be found later at the government pier. Lucky we had a canoe.

On one occasion, we found that squirrels thought a winter in our cottage would be great. They had stuffed dried mushrooms, cones, etc. in toes of rubber boots and most every receptacle they could find.

Our annual exploration for Indian artifacts has yielded a few arrowheads.

**CADDY LAKE
ISOLATED LOT 15
TANGLEWOOD
THE BARKWELLS**

Isolated Lot 15 on Caddy Lake has been known as Tanglewood since the small three-room cabin was erected on it in 1946. Anyone who hikes through uncharted woodland will understand from whence the name came. Dead fall of ash, oak, birch, willow, poplar, balsam, spruce and cedar accumulated over the decades to produce nothing less than tangle wood.

The Barkwells discovered Tanglewood by accident. We had our tickets in March 1961 for the family admission to the Calgary Stampede in July. Betty suffered a back strain in April and it became apparent we wouldn't enjoy a camping trip to Calgary that year. Leaving Betty in bed, Stuart bundled five of our six children into the station wagon, with a list of "cottages for let" ads, headed for the Whiteshell.

After viewing a number of sites for rent or sale, he headed for Green Bay Cabins to borrow the key for one cottage - for inspection.

Our children had never seen a hill of rock more than 15 feet high before, so we hadn't turned off 44 very far along 312 before they started shouting, "Stop, Dad we want to climb that mountain". That was just the start. When we got the key from Herman Lerch, he told us the Palmers had left Lot 15 the summer before for the east and were interested in selling the cabin. By then, a lean-to kitchen had been added. Herman suggested we take a look at it and if we thought Betty would be interested in looking at it, we could rent it for the Victoria weekend, and, if we were interested in buying, it wouldn't cost us anything for the weekend rent.

With the five children listening to that sales pitch, we knew we would have to have a good reason not to accept. "Buy it, Buy it" they shouted, and we did.

When Betty visited Tanglewood on the long weekend in May 1961, there were six "salesmen", all trying to emphasize what features of the lake, the 'mountains', the trees, and the lot interested them the most. And Betty wasn't the only one attracted by the big stone fireplace, even though we noticed it seemed to be leaning on the cottage.

The first night Betty and Stuart (my wife and I) lay on a lumpy mattress with a sagging spring, and discussed the possibility of financing a cottage that would cost us more than \$3,000. It was then we discovered water marks on each side of some of the ceiling rafters. The next morning, we found rust stains under metal chairs in the dining area, which confirmed that the roof did leak. The first rain didn't fall that year until July when we not

only realized that the roof leaked but that the roof was a sieve. Herman supplied enough shingles to permit the Barkwell boys to put on a new roof.

The first summer was one of endless discoveries. Janet and her five brothers have now reminisced about features and events of Caddy Lake for almost 30 years but the most important one was the first - 1961.

Herman had talked us into buying an 'old green boat' for only \$25. It might need a little caulking, he warned. He was right, but it took more than a little.

We remember the long weekend in May because of the excitement of children who visualize the thrill of summer at a cottage in the Whiteshell, compared with the alternative prospect of nine hot weeks in Winnipeg. They started making lists of features, activities, privileges and even inventory of assets within the cottage and underneath; every last fish hook and teaspoon was counted. Betty used just one argument: "This could save my sanity in the summer," and it did.

A canoe was bought in 1962 and the boys took swimming lessons, provided by the Red Cross at Green Bay and the government beach across the lake. The canoe was the incentive for taking the lessons because its use was regulated by the swimming badge earned.

Flames in the fireplace were the incentive for cutting firewood. (Fortunately, the kitchen had a combination electric and wood-burning stove.)

Fishing and exploring the tunnels blasted out of shoreline rock between the Cross Lakes were the incentive for achieving competence in handling the canoe and erecting tents and building safe campfires.

The Girl Guide Camp around the corner was incentive for boys to explore Caddy Lake shorelines for more than blueberries.

As the years went by, a larger motorboat was purchased. It provided incentives for Bronze Medallion (Red Cross Swimming Awards) and 'across the lake swims' as well as water-ski lessons.

Overnight camping, fishing, photographing scenery and wildlife added to the pleasure of all the family. Janet became a close friend to Anna Lerch's children, Deseri and Tim, and a number of the boys had part-time jobs at Green Bay Cabins.

By the time I retired from G.E. we had decided we would be wintering in warmer climes and would sell the home in Winnipeg. Tanglewood was not insulated for even the weather we would experience from April to October so another cottage was found on West Hawk Lake in 1980 for the summer months of retirement. Tanglewood was retained for use by most of our children, for vacations, weekends and for short periods on many occasions as a retreat. Gradually it became run down and we feared the

leaning fireplace would cause structural collapse.

We found it would cost more to tear it down than the salvaged lumber was worth and the most practical method of making way for a new cottage was to "Raze by Fire". In November 1985, our carpenter Trevor Down, the volunteer fire chief Pat Mason and the park ranger supervised the burning of the old cottage. The fire brigade got practice and the fire engine got tested.

Early in 1986, Trevor started construction, after we had cleared 16 large poplar trees which would have severely endangered the safety of the new building. We all gained invaluable experience in cottage design and construction and we are forever grateful for the management Trevor provided in the building of "his" first cottage. We are glad we didn't rush it because there were other contracts also in progress and we had time in the two summers to assure ourselves that we were choosing the best designs, material and application.

1988 saw its formal initiation in two memorable events, Betty's family reunion and the wedding of our youngest son, Robert Allen, and Nancy Marchell Geisbrecht. We are sure Tanglewood will host many more enjoyable occasions because it is now designated "The Family Cottage".

CADDY LAKE ISLAND NO. 1

By Lieutenant-General Richard Stovel

A reminiscent story about Caddy Lake:

We lived in Winnipeg and spent our summers at Whytewold Beach on Lake Winnipeg. This was in the late 1920s and early 1930s. The lake level was always unpredictable and the high winds equally erratic at the south end of Lake Winnipeg. My father Carl, and mother Pearl, wanted a more settled lake, a safer place for my brother, sister and myself.

Mr. Gordon Hall who ran a hardware store at Headingly, Manitoba, knew about Caddy Lake — we do not know when or how. He was a friend of Mr. C.W. Davidson, who was president of Northwest Laundry and other cleaning establishments in Winnipeg. Mr. Davidson put his bid in for Lots 2 and 3 on Island No. 1, Caddy Lake (then called Cross Lake). Mr. Hall in the meantime, had obtained Lot 1 on the north tip of the island. Each lot was about an acre in size. Unlike mainland property, the acreage is measured from the high-water mark.

On the lake at that time, 1932, there were about three or four other cottages — a Mr. Allan Findlay, the Milnes, and the Steinmans at the north end of the lake. Mr. Stienman was brewmaster for Drewrys Brewing Company of Winnipeg.



May 1938 — left to right - Art Tooley, Richard Stovel, (the author) Dan Tees, (now a doctor in Winnipeg) and Bill Arnold (killed in World War 2 in the R.C.A.F.), all about 17 years of age. Photographed by Richard's dad, Carl, after an eight hour - seven flat tires - drive from Winnipeg to Caddy Lake in their 1926-\$40. four-door Model 'T' car. The car had to be towed back to the city.

Mr. Davidson took Lot 2 in the middle of the island. He offered Lot 3 to his brother Bert who declined. My father, a close friend of Mr. "Bud" Davidson, quickly grabbed Lot 3 on the south end of the island.

My brother John was 13, I was 11 and my sister Margaret was nine.

Remember those were Depression years. A group of Finnish carpenters, headed by Mr. Eric Ericson, offered to build cottages on the island for free board, the charges for labour. That makes me recall my father's comment while our cottage was being built, "Boy, they certainly eat a lot".

And so, in 1932, the Hall cabin, a one-room and kitchen was built, as was the Davidson cottage later that fall and winter. No power, just axes and saws. The spruce trees, by direction of the Manitoba Government Department of Mines and Natural Resources, came from five miles away, floated across the lake and stripped of their bark on the island. The Manitoba "Tax" was eight cents per log, not to exceed 40 feet in length or eight inches in diameter. The Stovel cottage was built in 1933. Cost, excluding the "free" board: for Halls, \$800.; Davidsons, \$1,600; the Stovels' four-bedroom 40x40' cot-

tage, \$1,500. But remember those were 1930s prices when milk cost nine cents a quart.

Speaking of milk, there was no store on Caddy Lake. The method of getting milk, eggs and butter was to go to the main dock and wait for Mr. Nellis to come, (in his old truck) from West Hawk Lake. The Nellis family ran the only store at West Hawk Lake, on the Trans-Canada Highway, now 44. There was no road to Falcon Lake from Winnipeg at that time. The Nellis' truck was really old and unreliable. We would row or paddle over to the dock from the island, three-quarters of a mile, and wait and wait and wait, sometimes up to three hours. By then, the chances of getting fresh milk were slim.

Mail came by Moore's Bus which we met on the highway two or three times a week. The then Trans-Canada Highway was unpaved, made more of mud than gravel, a permanent 'washboard' from Lockport to Caddy Lake. Waiting for the late Moore's bus one day about 5, a car came around the curve, hit the gravel on the shoulder and rolled over, stopping a few feet in front of our parked car.

The car was on its side and we were able to open the door on the drivers side. A man's head appeared covered with red. He ranted and raved about the inefficiency of the Department of Highways and how it did not maintain the Trans-Canada Highway properly. We kept saying, "The lady in the other seat — you are standing on her! how is she?" His reply, "Just fine". He proceeded to dam the government. When we extracted the red soaked lady from the car, presumably the man's wife, she was distressed that she had lost her shoe. We took them both to the lake and did our best to clean them up. The red was not blood — the car was filled with a load of strawberries. We never did find the lady's shoe.

Newcomers to the lake were the Yates family. Mr. Yates was the head of the Manual Training Department at Kelvin High School, and a superb carpenter. With the help of his "summer students" including Ross McDiarmid, son of the Minister of Mines and Natural Resources, their cottage was completed by 1935, a real masterpiece. Subsequently purchased by Dr. Schultz, a professor at the University of Manitoba, it was nestled on the only sand beach on the southern end of Caddy Lake.

I mention the Yates family because a young lady stayed with the Yates family each summer and paddled two or three times a week to the main dock to await Mr. Nellis and his milk truck. My brother, more than two years older than I was, enjoyed the company of the Yates daughter Gwen. Her girlfriend was Helen Goven. By now we had a lifeboat off Lake Winnipeg, a \$20. purchase. We later found it to be of teak construction. We had also acquired a Johnson 10 horsepower engine, again for \$20.



Fifty-six years after meeting at Caddy Lake, Helen and Richard Stovel relax at 'The Point' on the north end of the island.

second-hand. It had been lying on the bottom of the Red River for two years, it was reliable in every respect, but not speedy enough for my brother and myself.

The ritual about going to Ingolf for the Saturday night dance was to get into our lifeboat about 2 p.m. and head for the main dock at Caddy Lake. There we would take out the needle valve so no one could make off with our engine. We would drive to West Hawk Lake in as many cars as needed to accommodate up to 18 teenagers. At West Hawk Lake, we would line up for space on a very posh boat compared to ours for the trip across West Hawk to Long Pine Portage. Next came a $\frac{3}{4}$ mile portage to Long Pine Lake. By now, in the fall, it was dark. Three Peterborough outboard motorboats, each equipped with the reliable Johnson 10s, took us to Ingolf Inn.

The dance in the old dance hall which subsequently burned down (replaced by the Whistle Stop) started at 9 and ended at 3. As far as we can remember, it was "dry" at least as far as our group was concerned. At 2 we reversed course and returned to Caddy Lake by 5. Once when I dropped the needle valve in the lake on our departure, with great confidence I reached under the water and retrieved it almost immediately. What luck!

Back on this island, my mother would have a full breakfast ready, and so to bed till noon. You must realize by now there was no Highway 312 to Ingolf then.

My date was Helen Goven, whom I married in 1941 and who has stayed with me ever since, despite her 18-hour day of working to maintain our Caddy Lake complex. Our eldest son also met his

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Adolph Zimmerman, Jackie Davidson and Richard Stovel in front of Stovels' fireplace.

wife at Caddy Lake - she was only two at the time.

Referring back to Ingolf. A charming lady, Mrs. Knudson, the proprietor at Ingolf. It was through Mrs. Knudson that we had our 20 tons of ice put up each winter. Her men would come to Caddy, scrape the ice so it would be thicker, then come back a week or so later to cut the ice in 200-pound blocks, haul it up 32 feet to our ice house by horse team, pack it in sawdust and return to Ingolf. The price \$20 for twenty tons.

It was also with the help of Mrs. Knudson (and her horses) that heavy items for our cottage were sent by CPR to Ingolf, unloaded and loaded on to a sleigh and taken to the cottage in midwinter. One item was a second-hand refrigerator which held 400 pounds of ice. We still have the old refrigerator, used as a storage cabinet in the original ice house building. Dad must have had one top price for everything because, once again, the refrigerator cost \$20.

I mentioned that Mr. Allan Findlay had been one of the first cottagers on the then Cross Lake. His brother Jim, a graduate engineer, could be described as a bit of a hermit. His home throughout the winter was at the end of Sailing Lake at the falls. During the winter and the spring, he trapped and fished and generally lived off the land. We often stayed at his home, sleeping on the floor and listening attentively to his stories of wildlife. I understand his house is still there.

In the summer, Mr. Jim Findlay would accept work at Caddy Lake whether to build a dock or, as subsequently happened to build "John's Cabin", named after my brother. Once, I overheard my

father asking him to do some work. His reply, "I can't. I've already earned \$660. this year". That was the income tax exemption at the time and there was no way he would take more. He was a very honourable and proud man but he disliked the government.

He used to paddle up to his "homestead" at the end of Sailing Lake on numerous occasions during the summer. One fall, he found that, to control the level of the water, particularly in Caddy Lake, a dam had been installed along his route. It was very small and insignificant, but large enough to annoy Jim. He bought some dynamite and blew it up. In court, he pleaded not guilty because a government agency had built a dam on "his" navigation stream.

It was with Arthur Tooley of Winnipeg, a lifetime friend, in a canvas canoe that my brother and I went on a 150-mile canoe trip. From Caddy Lake up through Sailing Lake, Little Whiteshell and Big Whiteshell, Crowduck, the Winnipeg River to Minaki, Kenora, Shoal Lake, High Lake, Falcon Lake, West Hawk Lake and home. If it had not been for my adventurous brother, I knew I would have stayed at home. On the three-mile portage between Shoal Lake and High Lake, we got lost and my mother's cooking and clean sheets came uppermost to my mind. I was an old fifteen at the time.

At Caddy Lake from 11 years on, my mother would force or "encourage" me to pay an annual visit to "The Point" Lot No. 1 to pay my respects to the Luptons, father and mother of Leslie Hall, Mr. Gordon Hall's wife. Each time I looked around, I realized that some day this magnificent point with its spectacular view and privacy would have to be ours. No one else in our family seemed to care because there was plenty to handle on our lot at the south end of the island.

With the passing of Mr. Lupton and Mrs. Hall, I offered the price that coincided with the insurance coverage. They accepted it so quickly that I have often wondered if I could have offered less. While the cottage was in terrible shape, I have never had any regrets and because of the work done by the late Dave Boutillier (Green Bay Cabins) we should really call The Point after him. We will always be indebted to him for the renovations he made, despite his very busy program at Green Bay.

Except for extended periods during World War II, Caddy Lake has been the annual meeting place for all the members of our family. Having moved 32 times in 36 years of Royal Canadian Air Force duty, we could not have kept our sanity or our ties with our four children without Caddy Lake. To this day "the kids" (two over 40) still come every year, some to advise their father on what to do and what not to do. To Helen and me, this has brought great joy. We realize to own a cottage, open and close it in a three-month period, does not make sense to

a lot of people. It would be much cheaper, much more practical to rent. Caddy Lake is much more meaningful than that.

Do you socialize at the lake? I can answer this with a short story. A few years ago when I was in my oldest work clothes (my wife says I still have them), I was unsuccessfully working on our pump by the shore. A boat came by, powered by a low horsepower engine - not noisy enough to hide every word being spoken in the boat. One comment went like this: "There is some Wing Commander lives on this island". (Incidentally, I was an Air Vice-Marshal or Major-General at the time.) He went on to say, "Nobody ever sees him; he's a snob." If the definition of being a snob is for us to do nothing else but see our family and our close friends, so be it!

This rambling epistle must come to an end. Many other thoughts will occur to me. For example, does anyone know that there was an emergency landing field at Caddy Lake, north of the Milne cottage? Perhaps no one ever used it except me. I landed there in a Harvard Trainer during the war. As far as I am aware, no Trans-Canada Airlines DC 3s ever had to use this emergency strip.

Today, the island at Caddy Lake is occupied by the Stovel family and by one of the original founder's granddaughters, Jacki Davidson, who took over the cottage from her father. Caddy Lake has cast a haunting spell over her throughout her lifetime.

My brother John, who passed away when he was 48, following the affliction of a rare paralysis, wrote his thesis for Harvard University. It took him ten years and most of it was conceived and written in "John's Cabin". In the prologue to this complex book, written about the balance of trade between Canada and the United States from the beginning to 1955, he, as an economist, wrote what would be the perfect toast and which would really describe our feelings about our 55 years on this beautiful lake. His special remark, which can be seen in every library in the world simply states:

To Caddy Lake — and to all those who have enjoyed its pleasures.

Addendum

(The "Knob" is directly opposite the island on the northeast shore.)

Mr. Ed. Lock and his wife, close friends of the Stovels and Davidsons, followed suit at Caddy Lake in 1934 or 1935. They tried unsuccessfully to obtain a lease on the "Knob" property as we called it. They were told no one would ever be on that shore which was reserved for a park. This caused them to take the sand beach and point across from the south end of the island, a beautiful point, bought in due course by the Lount family. In later years, the Girl Guide Camp was given a lease on the

"Knob" and is still there today - without their tents as they had for many years. It is always a pleasure to watch the Guides taking a test by swimming to the tip of our island and returning to their dock.

As to the Davidson-Stovel relationship throughout the years, it has really been a MYOB (mind your own business) thing. Bud Davidson and Dad got along very well on a handshake basis. Auntie Mac, a World War I nurse was a hard worker and a direct speaking lady. Not everybody's cup-of-tea, she was remarkably kind to me and I loved her. Their son Jim, helped us many times to improve our side of the island.

If there was ever a problem, it involved the Davidson dogs — Trixie, Chubby, Judy, Tan, Keko, Sloughfoot, Ginger, Toby, and the last Keegan, all wonderful, lovable dogs but, as we all know, their calling cards were always left on our property. This was the only irritant between the Stovels and Davidsons.

My brother and I were sawing wood manually with a cross-cut saw. Jim Davidson, seven years my junior, put his hand into the saw and we almost cut it off. We were very upset but Auntie Mac bunched his hand together and said it would be all right tomorrow. I have never forgotten the scene. Had we had liability insurance then, as people have today, who knows, Jim could be a wealthy man!

P.S. Stovel's cottage was the fourth on the lake.

Now there are between 140 and 150 cottages on Caddy Lake.

Selecting and placing The Stones for the footpaths (still in progress from the family cottage to the point).

Chopping out the 200-pound blocks of ice buried under the clean smelling sawdust in the icehouse, and from there wheeled up in the barrow, washed and dumped into the giant icebox in the kitchen.

Sawing wood and gathering up logs and kindling for the fireplace and the kitchen stove.

Cleaning the lamp chimneys and filling the coal-oil lamps, being careful not to touch the flimsy mantles.

Smelling and tasting Grandma's 5-pointed star cookies fresh from the oven, and being banished from the kitchen whenever a cake was baking, for fear we would jar the oven and cause the cake to fall.

Making ice cream in the hand-turned freezer with each person taking a turn in order to be a part of this special occasion.

Doing the wash in the cookhouse with everyone taking a turn manipulating the handle and hanging everything on the line with a prayer that there be no rain.

Pumping the water 930 strokes every evening from the lake to the 110-gallon watertank outside the back door — a great muscle-building exercise, surpass-

ing the need for steroids!

Digging holes for the outdoor biffies - with a can of Lysol always at hand.

Swimming out to the raft, anchored about 50 yards from shore and floated on barrels and showing off our various dives — jackknives, backflips, and somersaults.

Going on the hated blueberry expeditions armed with an assortment of pails and swathed in mosquito netting — but happily culminating in a delicious desert of pie, muffins or a dish of blueberries covered with thick farm cream.

Enjoying dancing the schottisches on the open veranda or admiring Uncle Carl's tap dancing.

Learning the fundamentals of bridge and playing on into the wee hours of the morning, a pleasure still going on.

Remembering the day John and I (at age 14) hoisted the sail on the canoe and sailed 16 miles up the lake to Jim Findlay's cabin, stayed too long and had to paddle all the way back because the wind died. (Then we thought it was 16 miles long.)

Sharing many unforgettable times with so many friends, many now passed away, more still to continue to enjoy the wonders of Caddy Lake.

**CADDY LAKE
ISLAND NO. 1
PROSPECT LODGE
By James A.W. Davidson**

Our family's original trip down to Caddy Lake was taken with Mr. Gordon Hall, a very good friend of my father's, who had heard that the road, now Highway 44, had been pushed through to West Hawk Lake. Dad and Mr. Hall went down in August of 1932 and walked in to the lake. They had a swim, liked the lake, and went to the Manitoba Department of Mines and Resources. The Federal government had just recently given rights to crown land to the province. Island No. 1 had originally been surveyed into six lots. Dad and Mr. Hall offered to have three cabins up by the fall of 1933 if they would re-survey the island to three lots instead of six. The Hall and Davidson cabins were started almost immediately.

The Davidson family's Northwest Laundry was located next to the CNR station and there were a tremendous number of people immigrating to the west. Three young men came in one day looking for work. They were from Finland and my father asked them if they knew how to build log cabins. They said it was part of their upbringing. They were hired and with their families, were sent down to Caddy about the end of August 1932. They tented on the island and went across to the south shore and cut



1932, Prospect Lodge, the Davidsons.

the logs for the Davidson and Hall cabins.

These logs were then pulled by hand down to the water where they were roped together into a raft. They had a 14-foot flat bottom boat and a 5-horse engine and waited until the wind was in the right direction and took the logs over to the island where they were brought up and peeled. The two cabins were basically finished in late October. In early November Dad and Mr. Hall went back down to Caddy. They had to break ice to get to the island and take the three Finlanders and their families out. In 1933, the same families went back and continued to build the Stovel cabin and additions to the Halls and Davidsons.

My association with Caddy Lake goes back to the late fall of 1932 when I was taken down as a four-year-old. The Davidson cabin on the island had been reasonably well finished by that time but everyone camped in two large tents, just outside of what is now our cabin. The Stovels had been fortunate enough to bring all their materials for their cabin by winter sleigh road from Ingolf in 1932-1933. The Davidson and Hall materials were brought in by hand and carried down from Highway 44 to the lake shore and brought across in the same 14-foot boat. There is still in my possession the original bill from Brown and Rutherford Lumber for all the fir flooring, roof shiplap, sash and door, and hardware, etc. It amounts to \$1200.00. That would not build a decent dock today.

By 1935, the MacDonnells, Locks, and the Yates came down along with Mr. Barker who built on the second point north of what is now the original Caddy Lake Landing. Mr. Barker owned a plane and this was quite an exciting thing to young teenagers in 1933.

The wives of about eight campers spent the sum-

mer down at Caddy completely isolated. The nearest telephone was a radio telephone at the West Hawk Lake Ranger Station. As far as groceries were concerned, the storekeeper at West Hawk Lake, Mr. Nellis, used to bring his truck down every Tuesday and Thursday morning. You could pick up fresh milk, bread and chocolate bars, etc. from the truck. On Tuesday, Mr. Nellis would take special orders for anything they needed for the following Thursday. Other than that, the rest of the groceries, to keep the camps running, were brought in by the husbands who arrived on Saturday, about noon hour. Saturday at noon hour was Message Time when everyone found out when and who weekend guests would be.

When the war started, there was gas rationing, and Mr. Nellis could not make his twice weekly grocery trips. As I was the oldest boy, I pedalled my bike to West Hawk Lake with a carrier on the front and back. I would load up with milk and bread for as many people as I could and would pedal back downhill to Caddy Lake. This was kept up until the end of the war.

Any account of my early days at Caddy Lake would not be complete without a note about Jim Findlay. Jim was the brother of Allan Findlay, one of the first cabin builders on the lake, and one of the engineers who put Highway 44 through in 1932-1933. Jim was a World War One Veteran and had filed two homesteads, Mallard Lake Falls and what is now known as the "High Portage". Jim became quite a thorn in the sides of the Parks Department. When a water control dam was built at the Sailing Lake Falls, Jim removed it. He was charged but won the case because the government had failed to get a permit to block a navigable stream.

My father would go down to Caddy Lake about



Jim Davidson



Putting up ice for summer refrigeration.

the last weekend of October with basic groceries. Jim would meet us there with two canoes, load up the groceries and head off up Caddy Lake on a Sunday afternoon. We would head back to Winnipeg having turned the boat over for the winter. Dad would always say to Jim, "Well, we'll see you on the first Saturday in spring after ice-out." Sure enough when we would arrive back at Caddy Lake the following spring, on the first Saturday after ice-out, Jim Finlay without fail would be sitting on his overturned canoe waiting for us. Jim came out once during the winter from his winter home at Mallard Lake. He caught the CNR local at the second tunnel to go to town for supplies and return.

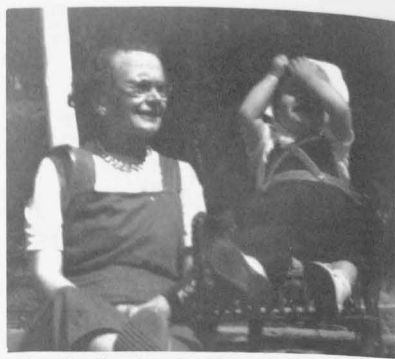
Jim took many of us on canoe trips in the 1930s. Our mothers wouldn't think twice about us being gone for a week or more at a time.

Jim could always tell when dinner was ready at Caddy Lake. Every Saturday night and every Sunday noon, he would turn up at either Stovels or Davidsons for a meal. This was not begrudged by either family as he did so many things for all of us. During the war with all the other boys in the services, if we hadn't had somebody like Jim Findlay around, I don't know what we would have done. Jim could fix anything.

By Jacki Davidson

The island on Caddy Lake has been a big part of my life since I was born. There are only two families now that the Stovels bought the old Hall/Lupton cottage at the point. I took over our cabin in 1976 from my grandmother, Mac Davidson. Since then I have managed to spend at least six months a year at the lake, first working at the Weigh Scales at the Manitoba/Ontario border; and until recently at the Falcon Beach Riding Stables.

So many things have changed on the island over the years. We now park and boat over from the



Grandmother Mac Davidson and Jacki. My first summer at the lake "Oh my gad! the upkeep of this place."

Lounts (years ago we parked at the Caddy Lake government dock) - Block 6. Come to think of it, our boats haven't changed much since the 1930s.

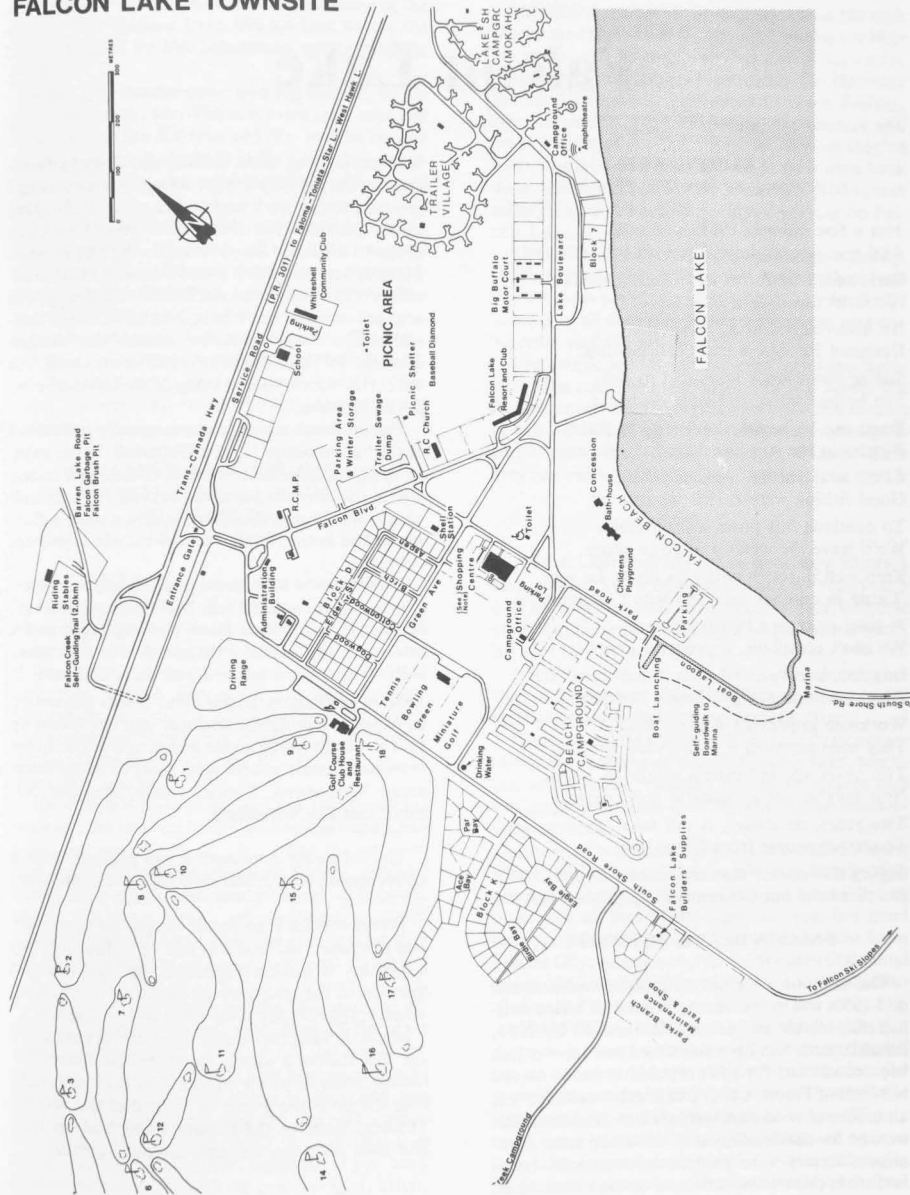
While I was growing up we had a small generator for electricity and cold running water. We still have lots of kerosene lamps and candle holders for when the power goes out. I remember my mother, Bette Hastings, fussing over the propane refrigerators and combine wood/propane stoves. Now we have as many conveniences as the city; indoor plumbing, hot water, appliances, telephone and television. The cabin itself still had as much charm and history as when my grandfather had it built. I've had to do some structural repairs to keep it sound, but I've tried not to change the character of the log structure during the renovations.

My experiences growing up on the island have become an integral part of my memories. With six Lount children, four Stovels, and my sister Trish and I; we were never without a gang to hang around with. Everyone still comes down for holidays in the summer from wherever they may be living. There are still six hour suppers around the Stovel's big dining room table, just like our parents and grandparents had. Now however, we dance to the stereo instead of the old Victrola. All the cabins on the island are full of memorabilia and we have at least one annual hat and costume party.

There were always plenty of dogs on the island too. The Stovels had wire-haired terriers, and we raised Chesapeake Bay Retrievers. One of my first memories is my dad training our dog Judy to ride around the lake on a surfboard.

I hope that future generations on the island feel the same bond that I have with the lake. Watching the sun set, hearing the loons call, feeding the ducks, I suppose it's the same as my grandfather felt when he decided to build his family a cabin here.

FALCON LAKE TOWNSITE



Falcon Lake

FALCON LAKE

A Poem By Steven B. Bewsky

Just a few minutes I'd like to take,
And give you an interview with Falcon Lake.
Surrounded by forest and Game Preserve,
A tourist resort as it may serve.
An undeveloped area, so sublime,
Designed for sports and great pastime.
Sparse tiny islands from end to end,
Sun bathed water and skies do blend.
Boats can be heard, don't stop to listen,
Ripples in the sun like diamonds glisten.
Clean as a whistle, clear as a bell,
Good fishing waters, that we can tell.
To continue this poem a little more,
We'll leave the water and go to shore.
Keep well in touch with this place, be wise,
'Cause in another year you won't recognize.
A lake, unknown two years ago,
We can't complain, is progress slow?
Imagine, two years of labour and this place
Developed and equipt like St. Boniface.
Workmen improving it every hour,
They even supplied it with hydro power.
Two years ago not even a visitor by horse,
Now they've got a beautiful golf course.
Two years, no longer, it will take,
To attract people from Clear Lake.
Saying this phrase may make me nervous,
But thanks to our Government and Forest Service.

FALCON BEACH TOWNSITE

The creation of Falcon Beach townsite in the mid-1950s was to provide the Whiteshell with a commercial, service and recreational center. By 1954, suitable plans had been submitted and surveys had been conducted for the proposed townsite on the west end of Falcon Lake. The beach was improved, a number of roadways were cleared, and contracts were let for the installation of water and sewer operations. Streets were graded and eventually hard-surfaced, sidewalks, curbs and gutters were built. Cottage subdivisions were laid out and extensive

landscaping was done. Dining and sleeping facilities for the park staff were set up as were a campground, trailer park and picnic area. A shopping center provided the visitor with everything from drugs to a beauty salon to hardware and lumber. Many sports and game attractions were made available within a few years. An RCMP detachment was engaged to patrol the area and the services of a medical doctor were provided during the summer months. By 1960, the Whiteshell visitor could find within the forest reserve many of the services he enjoyed at home.

Falcon Beach townsite was eventually established as the "game center" of the Whiteshell. In the spring of 1956, the construction of an 18-hole golf course within the townsite got underway. By 1958, the golf course was in operation, and within a year, a clubhouse had been erected, soon to include a beverage room.

Construction of a games area in the townsite began in 1959 as asphalt was laid for six double tennis courts. In 1963 a lawn bowling green and a miniature golf course were added. The first riding stable concession was granted on a trial basis in 1962 in the Falcon Beach area. It was patronized to capacity during the summer and the following year a second riding stable was in operation. In the seventies, tennis courts were built in other resort areas: West Hawk, Toniata Beach, Brereton, Nutimik and Big Whiteshell.

The following information was gathered from a conversation with J. Barnard and A. Zimmerman.

Before Mo-Ka-Hon Beach was part of the present day townsite, this land was part of a Hudson's Bay Company $\frac{1}{4}$ section (Hudson's Bay land was land granted to the company by the King of England, when England took over what is now Canada.)

Mr. E.J. Thomas bought some of this land years ago and started a tourist camp and cut timber for lumber, some of which was taken by team and sleigh over the ice in the winter to be used at and around Toniata. Some of the Balsam siding was cut here and used on many cottages around Toniata.

When the first Trans-Canada Highway was built Mr. Thomas started a concession at Toniata in partnership with Mr. and Mrs. Steadman. Some of the cabins were skidded from Mo-Ka-Han across the ice to Toniata by Mr. Steadman with a team of horses.

When Mr. Iwacha came into the picture, which isn't quite clear, Mr. Thomas eventually sold out his interest at Mo-Ka-Han and Mr. Iwacha carried on till sometime in the early 1950s when the government bought him out and he and his wife moved to St. Vital.

The following information was gleaned from the pioneer history of Glenn, East Braintree and McMunn book — Edwin Forest Davis, who resided at Mile 83 on the greater Winnipeg Water District (GWWD) railway and worked at Indian Bay, helped in making the first trail from East Braintree to Falcon Lake. It was known as the "Nault Road". Mr. Nault had one of the first cabins at Mo-Ka-Han beach, this was years before the development of the townsite.

FALCON LAKE RESORT: FROM BUSH TO BOOM

By Johnny Esaw
July 16, 1960

FALCON LAKE. Now you're a ranger! Not a New York, Texas or Winnipeg Ranger, but a Manitoba Ranger in the service of the Mines and Natural Resources department.

Your name is Don McKinnon, you are 36, and while most rangers went west, you were sent east to cut a dream park out of virgin land and water. The dream had been toyed around with by provincial legislators for years; now it's 1955 and time to swing into action.

The design is clear in the mind of the consulting engineer, the late Jim Smart who blueprinted Clear Lake, but now it's up to you, Chief Ranger Don McKinnon, to transform the lines, figures, dots and dashes from paper into sandy beach, wide-paved streets, a business area, a nifty golf course, paved tennis courts, and a vast camping area to cope with the fast swinging trend to the tent and trailer.

It was a hot trip to Falcon that summer of '55. You left the cooler climes of Flin Flon and you arrived to find water on one side, trees on the other and only survey pegs to go by. While this would dismay most people it doesn't bother you, even though the job looms large. The vision is there and you come by it honestly, from your dad, the park warden at Riding Mountain from 1932 to 1959. But it is a long way from Grandview, especially if you have to carve your way through the heavy poplar, birch, spruce and pine that tower above.

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THERE'S A SENSE of urgency about the task for the new highway is on the move, people are buying boats, motors, tents, trailers and lining up for the lots that are being made available. The highways are getting crowded and Manitobans are finding, after travelling to resorts around the country and on both sides of the line, that after all what they've been searching for is right here at their own back door, the Whiteshell Forest Preserve, 1,100 square miles of land, lakes and beauty, centering on Falcon Lake.

The bulldozers start scraping and timber toppling; beaches are cleared, sand hauled, townsite buildings and cottages are going up by the hundreds. Radio contact to all the other Rangers keeps the network together and the vision becomes real.

The people keep coming in ever increasing numbers. The campers are changing too. Whereas the big limousines with high powered boats and motors in tow would pull up and look for the most expensive accommodation, now they want to know where they can pitch a tent, and ask in a southern drawl.

* * * *

THE CARD on your office door says Hours 8 to 5, but you know that this is just a formality. It's a 24 hour day for three months of the year, and that on quick calculation is almost a normal year's work, isn't it?

But there you are to care for, guard, direct, protect, and yes, even play chauffeur to an expectant mother and a father too nervous to drive.

It's all in a day's work, that ranges from supervising the building of roads, fighting fires, teaching water safety, rescuing lost berry pickers and tracking down bears that become a little mischievous at times.

Tourists are a quizzical lot. They want to know where the deepest part of the lake is, where the fish are biting, how to plant a tree and what kind to plant. It's all part of the game and you feel good because, yesterday, along comes this canoeist from Kansas City, who has toured the Western States and much of Canada and says "This is the most beautiful area I've seen."

YOU FEEL GOOD because you think back over the past five years when you started carving the golf course out of solid bush and timber. You clear the sawmill and make fairway number 14, part of the 6,800 yard lay-out that has bowed to par 72 only twice, once to slender Harry Critchley and once to little Glen Harvey. And pro Al Gledhill, tallying in his plush new pro shop, tells you that last year's total of 12,000 will be beaten by 50 per cent this year.

"Eighteen thousand is our objective," says Big Al and soon we'll beat the boys at Clear Lake course."

It's an unofficial contest, of course, because they've got federal money while you, with the help of conservation officer Doug Drysdale who had greens-keeping experience at Niakwa, St. Boniface and Pine Falls, plus mechanic Lyle Moffat, a whizz with a welding torch, and the architectural help of Norman Woods, are building a tournament lay-out at about \$10,000 per fairway.

Fifty per cent is a popular figure around your office. Every increase is by about that much. The population at Falcon Lake increased by 50 per cent the second year over the first, and here it is, three days from July 19, the official second anniversary, and you can tell the folks at head office you'll set another record this year. You only have 15 families to keep you company here as year-round residents, but by now half a million people will have been here. Your best day topped 20 thousand people and you are glad to see that more and more of these people are right from our home province.

* * * *

EVERYTHING is here. You even added those hotplate kitchenettes. There aren't many in the whole of Canada, but you've got them right here. And how about those 3300 camping permits issued last year, including 2800 tents and nearly 500 trailers! You wonder if the rest of the province knows these people move in for as little as 50 cents a day.

You feel a little bit lucky that only one person has drowned at Falcon. Maybe it is as much luck as good management, but it doesn't hurt to keep repeating to the public your very strong views on water safety. Why only three or four years ago, a guy with a 10-horse motor was a big wheel, but now size and speed and water skiing is the thing.

You know that the RCMP marine division is going to have to get more boats to take care of only 25 per cent of the boaters. These 25 per cent are show-offs and you wish they'd stay away from the swimming buoys. Unfortunately the 75 per cent who are experienced on the water don't realize how little the remaining 25 per cent actually know about water safety. The regulations and enforcement of such may be aggravating to many, but the Canada Shipping Act is going to need enforcing even more stringently for the safety of all.

FALCON SPREADS WELCOME MAT

Official Opening Saturday
July 22, 1958

Saturday, July 19, is "O" Day at Manitoban's smart new summer playground at Falcon Beach as

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Premier Duff Roblin officially opens the 400-acre resort and the first nine holes of the golf course are opened for general play.

In the presence of invited guests from tourist and golfing associations, the premier will raise a Union Jack on a new flag standard near the waterfront. The ceremony takes place at 1:30 p.m. daylight time on a grassed traffic island at the junction of Falcon and Lake boulevards.

The ultra-modern resort, designed to serve as a major drawing card for the entire Whiteshell, will be as well the Manitoba terminal of the famed Mississippi Parkway. For that reason, Parkway officials from the U.S. are among the invited guests for the occasion.

Minister of mines and natural resources, Hon. Gurney Evans, will turn the sod for the new golf clubhouse at 3 p.m. And to the president of the Manitoba Golf Association, J.A. Swanson, will go the honor of driving the first ball off No. 1 tee, officially opening the course. After the ceremony, the course will be thrown open for general play.

While the first nine holes only will be played at the outset, 16 holes have been completed and all 18 will be in use by late summer. The "19th hole" — the clubhouse — is expected to be completed by next June.

For the invited guests there will be a government-sponsored luncheon at Falcon Motel, a formal tour of the resort, and a round of golf on the new course.

The beach itself has been in the development stage for four years, ever since the routing of the Trans-Canada highway past Falcon Lake created the need and offered the opportunity for an ultra-modern type of resort similar to those in the major national parks.

Under the province's forestry branch, headed by J.G. Somers, the big project got under way. Assisting as consultant was the late Jim Smart following his retirement as federal director of national parks. Mr. Smart had been mainly responsible for development of Wasagaming in Riding Mountain National Park and a number of eastern national resorts.

The Falcon Beach resort has been designed to accommodate 20,000 visitors daily. Present facilities have served 10,000 daily, and future expansion will provide for the rest by 1960. The resort will serve all kinds and types of recreational needs for the people of Manitoba and visitors.

A long beach, picnic areas, tent and trailer parks, motels and cottages, paved streets and sidewalks and a complete water and sewer system serve the area. Bathing pavilions, beach concessions, kitchenettes and a modern shopping centre, all in keeping with the motif of the resort have been included. Future development will include an outdoor amphitheatre,

ball park, tennis courts and roller skating arena.

And in the lake itself, a further removal program is being carried out to reduce the number of non-game species and to provide more living space for sport fish.

THE INSIDE STORY OF THE FALCON LAKE AMBULANCE

From the Whiteshell Echo, Spring 1987

The ambulance service located at Falcon Lake is unique in the province of Manitoba for many little known reasons. Firstly, this ambulance service is owned and operated by the Department of Natural Resources and was initiated due to the high incidents of accidents and illnesses that occurred in the southern portion of Whiteshell Provincial Park. From a slightly modified van staffed by volunteer park employees, the service grew and improved over a very short time period to reach the high level of emergency care currently in place.

Ambulance personnel, whether volunteer or employees, are responsible for all the emergency care of a patient from the time they first arrive until the patient is delivered to the hospital. No longer is the "scoop and run" action acceptable to patient care. Attendants are expected to appraise the extent of injury with a high degree of accuracy, and safely move the patient, minimizing morbidity and mortality. Responsibilities include proper immobilization techniques; extrication from motor vehicles; sign and symptom assessment; safe and efficient vehicle operation; communication between the emergency, RCMP, dispatchers and hospitals; patient care on route; and the accurate recording of events on reports for records to medical and other authorities. The ambulance service is now considered to be an extension of the emergency department, being as important in the field as physicians are in the emergency department.

First Aid and C.P.R.

Since the ongoing delivery of emergency services is such an important one, the ambulance attendants must be highly trained to meet the constantly changing standards of competence and efficiency. A combination of constant on-going training and job related experience are required to upgrade previously learned basic skills. These skills are taught in certified first aid and cardiopulmonary resuscitation (C.P.R.) courses. These two courses involve approximately 30 hours of theoretical and practical work, with an evaluation based on a practical and written exam. The current push by the province of Manitoba is to certify ambulance attendants as first responders, a course above and beyond first aid that requires over 100 hours of theoretical and practical

work and two working shifts in a hospital and highly active ambulance service.

Summer Ambulance Service

A unique function of the Falcon Lake Ambulance Service becomes readily apparent in the summer months. In July and August, two doctors are based in their office at the Falcon Shopping Centre. In addition to their regular working hours, one doctor is on call 24 hours a day for ambulance calls and attends all responses by the ambulance service. This allows us to attain a paramedic type of response in a rural community setting.

Another unique feature is the winter and summer search and rescue response within Whiteshell Provincial Park itself. Should a snowmobiler be injured on the trail, a back-packer be lost in the wilderness zone, or most any other outdoor related injury occur, the Falcon Lake Ambulance staff will often respond by helicopter or snowmobile with the district's staff ranger. A limited amount of equipment and specialized training is available for such purposes.

Territory covered by the Falcon Ambulance includes Falcon Lake, West Hawk Lake, Caddy Lake, East Braintree and Prawd. The ambulance is contacted by phoning 349-2323, or, if the ambulance is on the road, contact Zenith 50,000 (Falcon Lake RCMP) and they will contact the ambulance by radio.

Increasing Costs

As health care costs increase, so does the cost of pre-hospital emergency care. An ambulance trip to the nearest hospital (Lake of the Woods District Hospital) from Falcon Lake, will cost approximately \$130.00, and a trip from Falcon Lake to Winnipeg is now in the neighborhood of \$240.00, depending on where the patient is picked up. These prices compare in scale to most rural ambulance services in the province of Manitoba and reflect the high cost of vehicle maintenance, medical supplies and equipment. It is highly recommended that every individual subscribe to some type of insurance plan that will pay for ambulance coverage and costs incurred above and beyond standard Manitoba Health coverage. This protection of a few dollars a month not only eases the pain of a high ambulance bill, but in a lot of instances, may also discourage a patient from getting to the hospital himself. This type of action often aggravates the illness or injury, whereas the ambulance and crew are set up to stabilize the patient throughout the entire trip.

It should also be noted that some ambulance calls can be from two to three hours long, depending on where the patient is picked up! Once loaded, transportation from Falcon Lake to Lake of the Woods

Hospital is approximately 45 minutes (therefore early detection of a problem is imperative!)

There are few jobs that are as frustrating, physically and emotionally draining, and even at times as terrifying as providing emergency care. It takes all the inner resources one has to deal with in a serious motor vehicle accident at 3 o'clock in the morning after you've been awakened from a solid sleep.

On the other hand, few jobs offer such rewards as watching a man play golf a few weeks after having a serious stroke, hearing of a boy walking from the hospital free from the effects of a suspected spinal injury, and participating in the delivery of a child.

Stephen Mackay
Supervisor
Falcon Lake Ambulance

BIG BUFFALO RESORT - A BRIEF HISTORY By Frank Hanel

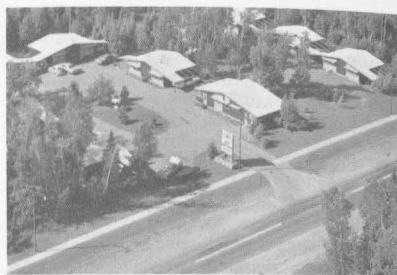
The Big Buffalo Resort, in the townsite of Falcon Lake, was built by Selwyn "Smitty" Smith in 1958. Ten cottages were built in that year and six more several years later. Smitty operated the marina which was located at the east end of the main beach. Many users were American guests who delighted in having Mamie smoke their fish. Mamie was from Kenora and was a housekeeper at the Big Buffalo.

1958 was about the time that most of the commercial development took place at Falcon Lake. Laurie Hamin was renting a site at West Hawk Lake and noticed there was a drug store going in. He successfully tendered for it and also ran the tennis courts. One of the drugstore clerks went to the courts every hour or so to collect fees. At the time, Parks never had the manpower to look after the courts.

In the next year or so, Pat Marks opened the Falcon's Nest Restaurant, and the beauty shop and liquor store were all established in the same building as Laurie's drugstore. After the completion of that building, a ShopEasy and laundromat were constructed adjacent to it.

The doctor's office is next the beauty shop now, but Dr. Jake Dyck opened the first practice in the area in the kitchen of the curling rink.

Laurie, Mert Firth, who subsequently bought the Falcon's Nest Restaurant, and Jerome Van Welleghen, who had the area milk franchise, along with about seven others, formed the Falcon Lake Businessman's Association in 1959. When the toll gate at the entrance to Falcon Lake went into ef-



Big Buffalo Motel

fect that year, they were concerned that people would be deterred from entering for prescriptions, groceries, and so on. Members of the association met with the provincial minister and were successful in having two-hour passes instituted, a practice that remains in effect today.

By the early 1960s, Mike Manchulenko had built the El'Nor Hotel and Martin Bucek had put up the Falcon Motel on the highway.

Smitty operated the Big Buffalo until 1966 when it was purchased by Alfredo and Marie Gusberti. Alfredo remembers the resort as being quiet and peaceful and attracting many families. The Gusberti's had five or six children who helped out; two six- and seven- old children were bed-making experts who later worked at the Middlechurch Home. The nurses claimed they had never seen anyone make beds so well! It was about this time that a Winnipeg man claimed to have been burned by a flying saucer just outside Falcon Lake. This produced considerable excitement and publicity for years later.

The Gusberti's sold out in 1974 to George Popowich who sold to John Gunter in 1976. John remembers the night lightning blazed a hole through the roof, down the wall, and out through the floor. The holidayers in the cottage were frightened out of their wits but were otherwise unhurt. Those folks returned in future years but chose to stay in other cottages.

Frank and Donna Hanel purchased the Big Buffalo in 1986 from John Gunter and lived on-site all year with Donna's mom, Anona McKenzie. Over the years, the Big Buffalo has undergone continual upgrading, such as the replacement of propane with electric appliances and the addition of air conditioning. But, as in those early days, the summers continue to see cottages full with moms and dads and kids enjoying the peace, beauty, and tranquility of Falcon Lake.

FALCON LAKE PHARMACY MARKS 30 YEARS OF SERVICE

Perhaps one of the busiest places during the summer months in the Falcon Lake area is the Falcon Drug Store operated by Laurie Hamin. For the past 30 years Laurie has offered a great variety of services to cottagers and tourists alike.

His store is a hub of activity from the May long weekend until the September long weekend. Whatever you may need, be it a souvenir of the area, sun tan lotion for the beach, medical supplies for bumps and bruises, prescription service for more serious ailments, games or books for rainy days or a variety of candies and snacks, Laurie has it!

In 1958 Laurie and his wife Terrie obtained a lot at Star Lake with the intention of building a family cottage. He happened to notice some construction taking place in the Falcon Lake townsite and, upon inquiry, discovered that space was available for a drug store. He was the successful bidder and opened his drug store in May 1958. During the first six years, Mr. Hamin operated the drug store at Falcon in the summer, and worked for Red River Co-op as a pharmacist during the winter.

Since then he has kept up the hectic 12 hour - 7 day per week pace during the summer and has spent his winters as a relief pharmacist at drug stores throughout the province. Laurie says this has given him the opportunity to enjoy the wonderful holiday area of the Whiteshell in the summer and also to travel the length and breadth of the province during the off-season.

During the past 30 years the Falcon Drug Store has been the home of the post office (from 1959 to 1967) and since 1970 has been the Liquor Control Agency for the Falcon area.

Falcon Lake has had the services of medical doctors during July and August since 1958. Working in cooperation with the doctors, Mr. Hamin has filled literally thousands of prescriptions. During the first year he filled 75 prescriptions; this year he filled over 750. Most prescriptions are for standard summer ailments — sore throats, ear aches and infected eyes.

The Falcon Drug Store, has been a family venture, and Hamin's wife Terrie and their children have all worked in the store over the years. Laurie and Terrie have four children — Tracey, a chiropractor; Kim, a National Theatre School graduate, now at the Banff School of Fine Arts; Ken, a dentist; and Todd, a recent graduate of the University of Manitoba, who is currently working at the store.

The Falcon Lake Drug Store has provided summer employment for countless students. Kareen McConnell, a current employee, is a second year

University of Manitoba student. She enjoys her summer job, and meets many interesting people while being able to earn her university tuition and spend her summers at the lake.

Mr. Hamin is always on hand with a friendly "hello", especially to his regular customers from the past 30 years. The Falcon Lake Drug Store is perhaps best known for its red and black licorice, which is sold by the hundreds of cases annually!

Congratulations to Laurie Hamin for his 30 years of service to the Falcon Lake community.

Editor's Note: Before the liquor store was moved to the drug store it was located next door and was open for two months, July and August.

On the other side of the drug store the Royal Bank had an outlet that was open two days a week in July and August for a few years. These two rooms in the mall are now occupied by the Doctor's office, which first operated out of the school for the two summer months and the hair salon which was first located where the present post office is.

THE EL'NOR MOTEL (now the Falcon Lake Resort Hotel) By Irene Manchulenko

The El'nor Motel, built in 1957, with 20 units and a coffee shop was one of the first commercial establishments in the townsite. It was designed by Roy M. Lev of Winnipeg and the contractor was John Benstead of Winnipeg. It was named the El'nor Motel after the original owner's (Mike Manchulenko) daughter Eleanor.

The official opening was June 27, 1958. At this time it was only a summer operation closing for the winter months.

In 1959 the upper level was added, consisting of a licensed dining room and a cocktail lounge. A banquet room to accommodate 300 people was also added.

A fire September 30, 1965 gutted the main two-storey section of the motel and some of the motel units. A motorist passing on the Trans-Canada highway noticed the fire and alerted local residents, who in turn got the forest fire fighting equipment and



1958 El'nor Motel



1966 El'nor Motel after it was rebuilt

saved the outside units. All the units were vacant on that Wednesday night as all were booked for a convention at 9:30 the next morning. Mike and Irene (the Manchulenkos) were very grateful for all the help they received that night, without it nothing would have been saved.

In 1966, the structure was rebuilt plus another group of units at the back, a heated swimming pool and saunas. The dining room now has a panoramic view of the lake and surrounding area to make a very relaxing atmosphere.

June 26, 1975, Mike and Irene sold the El'nor to Mr. Charles Edwin Sameluk and Mr. Robert Bergman May of Winnipeg, Manitoba, after operating it for 20 years.

The new owners in turn sold it to a firm that converted one wing into time-share units and renamed it Falcon Resort and Club.

In December, 1989, Douglas and Zelma Hay, the present owners bought the business from Mr. Massey. They have converted the banquet room into a popular beverage room with a coffee shop adjacent.

The hotel plays an important part of the structure of the community and much credit goes to Mike for his foresight.

To this day, many people refer to this place as the El'nor. It was known the world over as the El'nor — as once a world convention was held here with people attending from many different

countries.

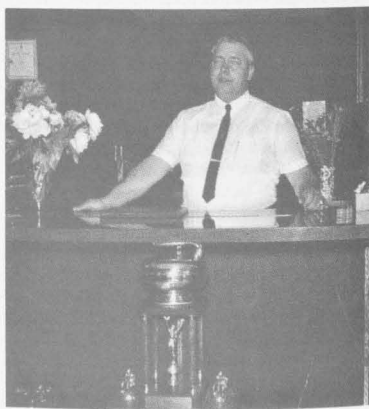
In the early 1940s, Mike got his first timber sale in the Whiteshell, on the south shore of Falcon Lake, where he was cutting pulpwood, telephone poles and lumber.

Mike and I moved from Dufrost, Manitoba to live in Falcon Lake permanently in the early 1950s. We lived in a house trailer off the Barren Lake road where Mike had his maintenance yard, equipment, lumber and garden. We then built our cottage on the north shore in 1953 and moved in.

After the El'nor Motel was built we realized the value of having a place to go and get away from the stress of the business and relax. It was here we would come when we closed the motel and no matter what the hour, if the lake was calm when we got home we would go for a boat ride to the end of the lake to relax before retiring for the night. To be close to nature, whether it was sitting in the boat watching and listening to the loons or sitting on the deck feeding small animals and birds is the height of relaxing for us.



Mike and Irene Manchulenko



Mike Manchulenko with trophy he donated for seasonal curling to community club.

Now Eleanor and Nestor and their children Dana and Michael like to get away from the hectic city life and come to the lake for a relaxing weekend whenever possible.

Some of the other ventures Mike was involved with in the development of the townsite are: The Shell Service Station, which he operated for about four years in the early 1960s and then sold to Paul Lacombe. He leased the food concession at the ski run in May, 1961 and operated it for five years then Gordon Reid took over. In May, 1973 he took over the operation of the Golf Course Restaurant and kept it till 1984 when he sold it to Donna and Jim Yoemans.

During the development of the townsite Mike often used his big equipment for such things as clearing and enlarging the beach and other areas in preparation for the next step.

When the community club was under construction Mike and some of his men could often be found there with their hammers lending a hand. When the curling started Mike had a rink entered and often participated in the bonspiels. He also put up the trophy for the season curling league which was presented to the rink with the most wins in the winter season of curling.

One funny memory I have, took place one day while we were still living in the trailer, when a bear came snooping around the trailer. Eleanor and I were petrified, and when we got the chance we ran for the big pulp-truck in the yard and started toward where Mike was working in the bush. We met him part way there, and he had a good laugh for here was Eleanor, not yet old enough to have a licence, wheeling this big truck down a bush road.

Those were our golden years. Mike passed away November 2, 1990.

FALCON BUILDERS SUPPLY

The Falcon Builders Supply was built by C.T. Loewen of Steinbach and Pete Koop was their manager when it opened.

Mike Gagawchuk then bought and operated it for 10 years (1967-77) while also doing carpentry in the area.

He sold to J.D. Murray (Robbie) Robinson in 1977, who operated the business until May 1991 when it was sold to Bill Sheddon.

The Gagawchuks now live at Prawda, Manitoba.

FALCON LAKE GOLF COURSE

Architect - Norman H. Woods of Langley, B.C.
Construction Supervisor and Golf Course Superintendent - D.H. Drysdale

1955 — survey of site, construction commenced May 20, 1956.

1956 — commenced fairway marking and clearing, rough grade work and drainage. Commenced finished grading on first nine holes.

1957 — completed rough grading, hauling of soil rough area clearing and drainage works. Installed irrigation system. Completed final grading and design work. Seeded first nine holes. Manufacture of golf course signs and furnishings. Completed landscape grooming of first nine holes.

1958 — first nine holes for play were opened.



The beach at Falcon townsite that Mike Manchulenko used his big equipment to help develop. The boat docks have been removed. El'nor Motel near top of picture at left.

Completed seeding of second nine holes. Completed landscape grooming of total course area. Commenced construction of clubhouse and pro-complex.

1959 — opened completed 18 holes to regular play. Opened clubhouse and pro-shop to public use. Total acreage cleared and seeded was 109 acres. Process not previously used in Manitoba was pioneered on the Falcon Beach Golf Course construction. Namely the use of local peat moss and sand mixture for all seed bed, preparation including tees and greens. This being necessitated due to lack of normal top soil in the area. The golf course construction and the bringing of same to maturity was done so in record time. Construction at the time was done within the Department of Mines and Resources Forest Service.

Al Gledhill was hired as the first Professional Golf Pro. He left in 1966.

Bud Edwards was hired as replacement and is still in this position.

Course Records from White Tees Todd Fanning 65.

Course Records from Blue Tees Bud Edwards 68. Golf Course play has grown from a modest 12,000 to 15,000 rounds per year to over 30,000 in 1987.

Many improvements have been made over the last few years including enlargement of teeing areas and creek beds making the areas between #7 and #12 golf holes very scenic with the small lake now coming into play on both holes.

A pond was built into the creek flowing across #14 which has enhanced the playing conditions of that hole.

Extensive work has been put into the greens in the last year because of heavy traffic. Hopefully this will eliminate problems in the spring.

Cart paths for traffic flow are on every hole. They are mainly by Tees and Greens where play is more concentrated.

The Golf Course has full service Pro Shop for the golfers, i.e. golf cars, carts, rental clubs, merchandise for all your golfing needs.

Restaurant and lounge which caters to golf tournaments and the needs of the casual golfer.

FALCON MOTEL

By Steve Bucek

My father, Martin Bucek and his partner, Bill Kyliuk poured the foundation for the Falcon Motel sometime in 1957. My mother Anna, brother Jim and myself joined him in residence at the motel in 1958. Our first day of business was May 15th of that year. We started out with just eight units. The peak months were June, July and August and they brought campers, fishermen, golfers and tourists. A look at prices back then will tell you how far in-

flation has come over the years! You could get a room for \$8.00 a couple, a cup of coffee was just 10 cents, 15 cents for two slices of toast with jam, a beer was just 40 cents and a T-bone steak with all the fixins' was only \$2.75!

We had a few regular staff who stayed with us for years. We also hired university students, and the odd person who was just passing through and needed some cash to move on. One of these included a musician-dishwasher Neil Young.

We wore a lot of hats back then. In the earlier years we were the telephone exchange for the area. Waitresses were also telephone operators. My mother worked long hours in the restaurant and front desk, my father was sometimes a short order cook, most of the time a bartender, and part of the time the head bouncer.

For the first couple of summers the local RCMP detachment was manned by a young motorcycle officer who stayed at our motel. He chased after girls and would show off for them by chasing after speeders.

Business in the beginning wasn't well and the winters were especially slow. Dad picked up the tender to bus the local school children and that took up some of the slack. The route was from Falcon Lake up the service road passed West Hawk and beyond to the fish hatchery. During those long rides the school children would occasionally break out into song . . . with my father's prompting of course.

One winter my father and Don McKinnon and a few other friends went to Rennie and discovered curling. They thought that this would be a great pastime if it was closer to home. The other locals were enthusiastic too! A permit from the government allowed them to clear the timbers and on the site they built a three rink clubhouse. This is what really brought the small communities of the surrounding area together for bonspiels, dances, parties, Boy Scout meetings, and Christmas concerts. (It was also where all of our friends made a special farewell to us as we moved out west.) It was especially exciting for everyone when the town was charged with bonspiel fever, and that's how the "Falcon Motel Trophy" came to be.

Business eventually improved. A ski slope opened up at the east end of the lake (I broke my leg the first season) and soon the motel was booked up on weekends with skiers and ski-dooers as well as curlers for bonspiels. The TransCanada Pipeline added a pumping station to their system locally and it was during this time that the motel was filled with the pipeline's construction team. The boom brought the addition of six more units and a beer vendor, the Falcon Motel became the Falcon Motor Hotel.

I remember that every Christmas we would erect a towering tree with lights on the lot in front of the



Anna and Martin Bucek



Falcon Motel

Motel. Ib Jensen welded together a huge star for the top of the tree. At night it would be seen shining from far down the stretch of the Trans-Canada, but there was one catch . . . it was the Star of David and we didn't realize this until sometime later. One particular tree was instrumental in a practical joke that my father played on a local Forestry Convention. He duped the delegates into thinking that the tree was alive, and asked them to explain why it was losing its needles. They em-"barked" on the "needleless" task of preparing a report on the matter for Don McKinnon.

The one-room schoolhouse which eventually became a two-room school is held in my mind as a very special place and time. Today, not too many people my age can say that their first years of school were spent in a classroom with eight grades. Schooling after the eighth grade meant earlier mornings and longer bus rides to Whitemouth, or as in my case rooming and boarding in the city and commuting home on the Eagle Bus for the weekends. This weekly separation and the prospect of the same situation for my brother, prompted us to consider moving to a larger centre, preferably one with a milder climate.

In May of 1968 we sold the Falcon Motor Hotel to Jim Bell. We moved to Osoyoos, British Columbia where we renovated and remodelled Foley's Lakemount Motel and renamed it . . . The Falcon Motel.

We have many fond memories of those ten years in the Whiteshell and the friends we left behind.

Martin and Anna Bucek have retired and are still living in Osoyoos, B.C.

Jim Bucek is a supervisor for Oil Pressure Sur-

veys Corporation in Calgary, Alberta.

Steve Bucek and his wife Kim are expecting their first child in 1991. Steve is a recording engineer producer for British Columbia Television in Vancouver, B.C.

Editor's Note: The curling trophies that the Falcon and El'nor Motels sponsored have been retired in recent years.

In June 1968 Mr. Bucek sold to Mr. Jim Bell. In going into the hotel trade Mr. Bell closed off a ten year career in government services, mostly with the Department of Mines and Natural Resources division.

In his time Mr. Bell had been a Chief Conservation Officer and in his last position with the government, as Park Superintendent for Falcon Lake and the south half of the Whiteshell.

Mr. Bell sold to a syndicate who had managers living here and managing the business, two of whom were Duncan and Dianne Jamison. When they left the operation they lived for awhile at Falcon and worked in the area, before moving to Thunder Bay, Ontario.

The last family to operate the Falcon Motor Hotel was Pat and Roger Fisette, and family. While they had it there was a bad fire (January 8, 1981). To date nothing has been developed on this site. The story and picture of the fire follows.

The following are a few price comparisons, the first from the Falcon Motor Hotel, menu of about 1978 and the second list of prices are from the Falcon Hotel's 1991 menu. Grilled cheese sandwich .80 — \$2.70; Cheeseburger .80 — \$2.95; Chips with gravy .45 — \$1.25 + .80; Hot beef sandwich \$2.10 — \$5.95; New York sirloin 8 oz. \$4.85 — \$12.95 and coffee .20 — .80.



Grant and Roger Fiset in front of the ruins of their motor hotel complex in Falcon Lake left by Thursday night's fire.

Falcon Motor Hotel heavily damaged in evening fire

The Falcon motor Hotel in Falcon Lake was heavily damaged by fire Thursday night which completely destroyed the restaurant, beverage room, living quarters for the owners and two of the 14 motel units.

Owner-operator Roger Fiset said while he had no estimate of damage, he felt the cost of replacing the main portion of the building and burned motel units could reach \$300,000.

There were no injuries in the fire which broke out about 9:30 p.m.

The fire broke out about 9:30 p.m. and did not result in any injuries although six motel guests were forced from their rooms. Members of the Fiset family were unable to remove

any furniture or belongings from their living quarters, leaving the building with only the clothes they were wearing.

Fiset said the fire may have started from an electrical malfunction in the restaurant kitchen. He said more than a dozen volunteers helped fight the fire and remove furnishings from most of the motel units.

(Water to fight the blaze was obtained from a fire hydrant on the yard but no pumper unit was available to firefighters since the community had no organized fire department.)

The owner said a call for help was made to Steinbach but he was told no equipment could be dispatched. However, three Steinbach

firemen drove to the site to assist volunteers from the community.

Fiset, who bought the complex 18 months ago from Tri-Star Inns of Winnipeg, said he hopes to rebuild as soon as possible. He said the building and contents were covered by insurance.

His son Grant noted the family recently spent \$25,000 upgrading the electrical, heating and air-conditioning systems throughout the building.

Fiset added he wished to express his appreciation to the 20-odd volunteers assisting in the firefighting efforts and in attempts to remove as much motel furniture as possible.

THE FALCON NEST and the Beach Concession

The first operators of this establishment as near as I can find out were Mr and Mrs (Mert and Gert.) Firth. They ran the operations for many years with their son Bob, helping out and gradually taking over the operation.

Bob, with the help of his partner Lorna McTavich operated it until 1990 when it was taken over by Noreen and Bert Vinet and Lorraine and Gene Bazalo.

Bob Firth also had another operation out of a trailer near the lumber yard where he had a Beer Vendor and sold frozen food produces and later started Turtle Beach wear.

FALCON LAKE HARDWARE

This establishment was first operated by John Ennis along with a plumbing business that he established when development started in the townsite. Ron and Brenda Davies took over these businesses in 1972, Ron to do the plumbing and Brenda to operate the hardware store and propane. January 1973 Brenda became postmistress for Falcon Beach as well. (At this time the post office was part of the same location as the hardware store). Brenda gave up the post office in 1979 and they sold the hardware operation in the fall of 1989 to Paul and Marg Duncan who operate it along with the propane refill and their service station.

FALCON BEACH POST OFFICE, MAN. R0E 0N0

The Falcon Beach Post Office opened as a summer operation in 1959 and operated as thus until 1967, with the permanent residents picking up their mail at the Whiteshell P.O. in the winter months.

In 1967 Mr. Ennis and Mr. Hukans and some of the other residents fought and got a year round post office at Falcon Beach. Mr. Ennis was the first postmaster assisted by his wife Chrissie. The post office was located in the Ennis residence for a time before moving to its present location (which was formerly the location of the Beauty Salon) and Mrs. Ennis was the postmistress.

While Mrs. Ennis had the post office at this location she was also managing the hardware store with a connecting door between the two places.

Then the Ennis's sold and left the area. Brenda Davies took over in January 1973 as the next postmistress for six years.

On October 1, 1979 Carole Krysko took over as postmistress. In the interim between when Brenda Davies left and Carole took over, a period of a few

months Carole Krysko filled in. On her official first day of work the mail never arrived. She waited and waited, only to learn later on in the day that the mail truck had burned on No. 1 Highway just east of Winnipeg.

FALCON LAKE SERVICE — 1958-1991

The Falcon Lake Service Station was built and opened in 1958, as a North Star (gas) Service Station. A few years later Shell Canada Ltd. took over the operation. This operated as a leased operation until 1986 when Shell sold the garage and business to the present owners Paul and Marg. (Margaret) Duncan.

The following is a list of all the lease operators. The first was Mr. Iwacha then Mike Senchuk for a year, followed by Mike Manchulenko for a few years, then Paul Lacombe for a short time who was followed by Alphonse Michaud.

In 1967 Tony Procviet took over the operation and ran it for a few years on his own before taking Eddie Smorong in as a partner. In 1976 Barry Procviet bought out his brother's share, and Toni and his wife Grace and their three daughters left Falcon a few years later, moving back to Elma, Manitoba where Toni was raised. The next change in partners came when Paul Vinet bought out Eddie Smorong's share. Eddie went back to work for Natural Resources, later moving to Kenora, Ontario with his wife Edna and their children Dawn and Matthew. In time, Barry Procviet bought out Paul Vinet's share and Paul went on to join the Winnipeg Police Force while Barry operated the garage on his own, until 1983 when Brian and Al Gougall took over the lease and Barry went to work for Parks. The last leasees were Brent and Calvin Winters who operated it for about one season.

At this point Shell Canada Ltd. sold the garage and business to Paul and Marg Duncan who operate it as a private business with assistance from sons Cameron and Burton and a qualified staff.

HISTORY OF OUR SKI CLUB AND ORGANIZATION OF THE PROJECT

By Sandra Fisette

When the Falcon Townsite was designed, the golf course and the ski hills were also designed and developed. For many years the Parks branch and the Walkers took care of all the needs. When the original equipment and design became inadequate money was no longer available for continuing this operation in the same manner. The following story tells what happened next.

1978-80 - This winter was my first experience at



Cutting ribbon at Ski Run March 3, 1990, Dave Walker and Gord Hood.

the Falcon Ski Hill. We arrived at the hill with our kids Keith 5, and Jodi 3, ready to learn to ski. Waiting to welcome us and help, both in getting us into ski equipment and teaching us to ski were Dave and Sandy Walker and the Tod family. At that time Dave was renting equipment, giving lessons, promoting the hill, running the Nancy Greene League and at that time Bantam League as well and Sandy Walker was the secretary and treasurer. I was impressed by the warmth and friendliness of the Walkers and the other people in the ski club at that time. Our family really wanted to learn to ski and join in.

The first years continued in this way, Dave and Sandy ran everything and the rest of us just enjoyed



Left to right: Sandy and Dave Walker, Sandra Fiset, past president, Gord Hood, vice president.



First official ride up ski bar lift, Matthew Boutilier and Jonathon Bilenduke of the Falcon Ski Club.

participating and the use of our great facilities, that were never overcrowded. Then we started hearing rumors of possible closure due to high expenses and lack of people using the hill. By this time Dave and Sandy started getting help from local club members, who had by now formed an active club with an executive. This left Dave to run the ski programs for the kids, Sandy to do all the race paperwork and the banking in Winnipeg. We started to try to let Manitobans know that facilities we had here and encourage them to come out and use them.

January 21, 1986, our Ski Club executive which included Barbara Linklater president, Barbara Hamilton and myself met with the local Park authorities at the ski hill. We were informed of budget cuts and that the ski area may close. They sympathized, as they could see the value of the facility, but their hands were tied. We decided we would have to lobby the Director of Parks and the minister of Mines and Natural Resources if we wanted to keep this facility open.

We dug in our heels and made the commitment not to let this facility be closed down.

After many meetings around Barb Linklater's table our committee of Barb Hamilton, Dave Walker, Barb Linklater and myself plus Jim Walker, President of Biathlon, Guy Magnusson, representative of Telemarketing Association and Cathy McKnight, representative for Free Style Association. The latter three organizations had pledged support and drafted a presentation stating:

—that other organizations had to be invited to make use of the area, not only Apline Skiers, ie
Free Style Skiing
Telemarketing
Cross Country Ski Clubs
Biathlon Club

We would advertise the Ski Hill to the limit of

our budget, i.e.; a display at St. Vital Mall staffed by local skiers.

February 2, 1986 we met with Nick Carter Department of Mines and Natural Resources, Mr. Potten, Director of Parks and Bill Regehr, Minister of Business Development Tourism and presented our brief.

This was just the beginning of many meetings of which some were not very promising and others offered some encouragement. Then we started looking into the cost of installing a T-Bar and how we could we finance it, what grants were available and where to turn for backing. A very positive letter of support came from the Falcon-West Hawk Business Association stating the need for this facility in the area.

The struggle continued to get a commitment to get the facility open, then to find a T-Bar and always to find ways of making money to pay our bills.

Finally we purchased the T-Bar from Minaki and awaited approval on the grant application from Community Places Program to assist us in the installation costs. With help from Helmut Pankratz, our M.L.A. we got the approval for funding.

That's all behind us now and thanks to people like the Walters, Tods, Karol Fedoryshyn, Barb Hamilton, Craig Christie, Bob Gawne, Jane Young, Gord Hood, Alec and Theresa Young and the McFadyens and everyone else that put in so much time and effort, we have an expanded facility now worth preserving and promoting.

My sincere hope is that all the work and time put into this project is never forgotten and that ski clubs will continue to work together to make Falcon Ski area strong and never in danger of closure again.

FALCON LAKE HAS A T-BAR

By Dave Walker

(T-Bar Coordinator, Falcon Ski Club)

The newly installed T-Bar at the Falcon Ski area is turning smoothly to the delight of the many workers, both volunteer and contracted, who made this dream come true.

In 1982 I discussed with senior parks branch officials the possibility of upgrading the lifts at Falcon. The purchase of a nearly-new T-Bar was almost complete when budget cuts or other changes, cancelled the project.

Increased ski club interest resulted in discussions with the Ontario officials at Minaki in 1984/85. In August 1987, the Falcon Ski Club, headed by Barb Hamilton, purchased the idle equipment at Minaki.

The club raised funds through many community projects that summer, but was unsuccessful in receiving a grant to assist its project.

Using what funds were available, the club hired

the Thompsons to dismantle the lift and move it to Falcon Lake. This was completed by November 1987, but again, unsuccessful grant applications resulted in a delay until March 1989, when community places gave the club a grant of 49 per cent of the estimated total cost of \$64,000, for installation of the T-Bar.

With myself as project coordinator, Jane Young as secretary, Alec Young as general contractor and C.B. Thompson as mechanical contractor, work began. At the end of the ski season last March, Subterranean drove the piles for the base of the lift. Now there was no turning back!

With the plans provided by parks and E&C, surveying and concrete framing began. Later that summer saw steady activity at the ski area. Volunteers assisted the contractors. Wet conditions and the temporary absence of a coordinator slowed the process, but work didn't stop. The Tod's, Jock, Joan, John and Tom were always willing to keep things going when interest or progress lagged.

Many other local people, too many to mention by name, worked at fundraisers, such as Owlidays, Fall Suppers, Bingos, Dinners and Socials. Workers showed up at work bees in September and October to clean up and do leveling or to assist wiring the safety circuit and installing the Ts.

Many thanks to all who gave their time and effort to complete this very ambitious project for the community.

Now, skiers with fancy ski clothes or weak arms will be able to get to the top in comfort. Snow conditions should not deteriorate on the lift, and the Falcon Ski area will have a better image.

With normal snow conditions, the residents of East Manitoba and visitors from Winnipeg should have a pleasant experience.

Our young skiers in the Nancy Greene League (13 and under) will benefit from the experience of riding a T-Bar and the biathlon and cross-country skiers will have a better area to share with the downhill skiers.

A new clubhouse, donated by Sandra and Grant Fisette and remodelled by Bob Gawne and his volunteers gives the ski club a home for many of its activities, meetings and race headquarters.

SKI SLOPES - POWER TOBOGGAN RENTALS

The first power toboggan rentals at the Ski Slopes were operated by Al Leoppy. This was in the late 1960s. Ib Jensen then had the rentals for five or six years in the early 1970s, then it ceased as a rental operation as more people got their own machines.

SKI SLOPES - LUNCH COUNTER

This was first operated by Gordon Hamilton then by Mike Manchulenko and then by Ellie Zimmerman for a number of years. In later years a number of people have taken turns operating this concession.

FALCON LAKE YACHT CLUB The Year and Name of Commodore By Ted Law

1964-65 — John Higham
1966 — Don Marshall
1967 — Dr. Polson
1968 — Art Flexman
1969 — Joe Van Harrewyn
1970-71 — Paul Kettner
1972 — Kas Kadelein
1973 — Rene Scorpionian

1974 — Reg Friend
1975 — Franck Pellerin
1976 — Fred McElhose
1977 — Eric Marshall
1978 — Dr. Ron Bradford
1979 — Chris Chapman
1980 — Laurie Prokopanko
1981-88 — Dave McBride
1982 — Bill Panting
1983-87 — Dod Biddell
1984 — Ted Law
1985 — Penny Kelly
1986 — Dick Shore
1988-90 — Steve Pellerin
Note: Steve learned to sail at the Falcon Yacht Club.
1964 — the Yacht Club started
1980 — new clubhouse was built

FALCON YACHT CLUB FROM RECORDS By P. Kettner

Beginnings

Our Club had its early beginnings in 1963 when a dozen or so keen sailors from Falcon Lake got together and obtained a charter to form the Falcon Yacht Club.

The Club, in the early days, had no land, but members would gather at Faloma Beach to hold races from the public dock on weekends.

In 1965, the Club leased land from the Provincial Government on the bay next to Faloma Beach, and so began the slow but steady growth of our Club, from the purchase and erection of an old steel building in 1968, the introduction in 1972 of a Learn-To-Sail program, to the present and recently completed new clubhouse on the cliff, providing a

panoramic view of the lake.

From the modest early beginning, we have made steady progress by following the original purpose of providing low cost, organized sailing to all those interested in friendly but competitive racing. In other words, we try to follow the philosophy which caused the F.Y.C. to be founded and which remains its guiding principle: Give competitive racing top priority, but have fun too.

YACHT CLUB PREPARING TO HOST 1983 SAILING CHAMPIONSHIPS

If all goes according to plan, the Western Intermediate Sailing Championships for 16 and under will be held at Falcon Yacht Club this summer, on the weekend of August 20 to 21. The club executive is already busy making plans for the influx of young sailors from across Western Canada.

This is Manitoba's year to host the annual event and the responsibility was assumed by Falcon Y.C. at the Manitoba Sailing Association annual general meeting last October.

On January 31, the club brought a detailed proposal to the Club Council meeting and the only major hurdle to be overcome is the borrowing of matched boats.

The Western Intermediate matches crews of young sailors 16 and under from the four western provinces in a weekend regatta, providing good competition and travel experience for the young sailors, along with a lot of fun for both the competitors and the organizers.

Members of the club plan to meet the competitors on their arrival in Winnipeg, and drive them to Falcon Lake.

Billeting will be arranged at members' cottages on the Friday and Saturday nights, along with breakfast the next morning. Club members will provide lunch on the two racing days and dinner at the clubhouse on the two evenings. That's a lot of volunteer work on the part of club members, even before the racing begins.

From 10 to 12 double handed crews are expected for the regatta including some strong Manitoba contenders. The Canadian Yachting Association stipulates, the event is to be sailed in sloop-rigged boats, without use of spinnaker or trapeze, and it appears that either Albacores or Laser II's will be used.

The club has asked for M.S.A. assistance in resolving this question by early March.

Falcon has also applied to use the M.S.A. racing package, while providing its own committee and crash boats. Club members will form their own race committee for the event, while requesting assistance from other clubs in forming a jury.

All in all, the members of the F.Y.A. are devoted-

ing a great deal of time and energy to ensuring that the regatta is a success. The competition among as many as 24 sailors is sure to result in an interesting championship and the question now is: who will be Manitoba's representative. The M.S.A. will soon be announcing the qualifying regatta to select the two or three young crews to represent this province. Interested sailors should stay tuned!

FALCON YACHT CLUB CELEBRATES 25 YEARS

Falcon Lake provides an ideal setting for sailing. The lake is large enough to allow steady breezes to blow over plenty of open water, yet small enough that you're always close to home.

Falcon Yacht Club, located on the north shore of Falcon Lake at Faloma, is one of the local sailing clubs which offers, for a reasonable membership fee, an excellent program of sailing and social events. The summer of '88 marks the 25th anniversary of the Falcon Yacht Club.

Established in 1963, F.Y.C. has provided 25 years of enjoyment for casual and serious sailor alike, as well as turning several energetic youngsters on school vacation into seasoned mariners through its junior sailing program. During the late afternoon of any summer weekend the grass leading down to Faloma Bay is covered with the colourful sails of Laser, Fireballs, Y Flyers, Hobbie Crafts, etc., waiting for tired sailors to reluctantly stow them away for another day.

One important aspect of club sailing is its race program, which is not as onerous as it might sound. Not only do novices get to compare their developing skills against others of the same calibre (as well as pro against pro!), but sailing dinghies belong to "classes" which, when used with a handicapping system, enable boats with a slower design to win races when sailed with faster crafts. Falcon Yacht Club has a very popular race program and events take place every Saturday and Sunday afternoon during the season. Race clinics enable rookies to learn from the more accomplished veterans (most of whom are well-known on the provincial and national sailing scenes).

When the 19th hole beckons, après sail activities include several social functions, typically shorts and T-shirt affairs, held in the clubhouse above the beach where there is a gorgeous view of the lake.

SIXTEEN YEARS IN THE REAL ESTATE BUSINESS IN THE WEST HAWK - FALCON AREA By Betty Smith

I bought my cottage in September 1960, just for a place for relaxation. I was working in a drug store then and I would take July and August off work and come to the lake with my children, Sharon 14 and Ed 15 years old.

It wasn't long before Ed started to work down here in the summers. His first job was working for Al Gledhill at the golf course, which was for two summers. When the Parks installed booths at the Parks entrance gates, he was one of the first to work at the gate, selling and checking passes.

Sharon worked at the Games Center and the Golf Course Restaurant when she was old enough.

They're both grown up, Ed lives in Australia. He was home for Thanksgiving in 1990 and back to Falcon Lake. He thinks there is no place like this, and he travels all over the world.

Sharon and her husband Allen and their children live in Winnipeg and they are often at the lake. My grandson Jason Borle, who was 16 in 1990 started working at the Falcon Marina in the summer. The cycle is starting over in the next generation of our family, so grandma will be looking for work for Jodie (granddaughter) soon.

I got my Real Estate license in 1971. In 1974 I sold my first cottage (I thought this was great, work at the lake and the idea of selling cottages was born), it was on a back lot in Block 13. There was no running water. It sold for \$11,300. Today that cottage would sell for about \$40,000. A comparable cottage on a lakefront lot sold for \$31,000 then, and at today's prices it would bring in the range of \$100,000.

Those were good prices for cottages in those days. It was also all people could afford. Now a fairly level lakefront lot with a sandy beach or shallow at the water edge and a road to the back of the lot is worth \$100,000 with no buildings on it.

Cottages are changing from the standard 20'x24' built in the '60s and '70s with a combination kitchen-living room at the front and small bedrooms at the back, to cottages nearly twice that size. I was measuring one recently at Barren Lake and broke my 50 foot tape and I wasn't at the end of the building. Now the cottages are fully insulated, with full plumbing and many modern conveniences. Gone are the days when people want to do a lot of work at their cottages, they want their time at the lake for relaxing.

Now you find many cottages have patios and decks, or screened and glassed-in sunrooms added for greater comfort while enjoying the summer.

Many people who own or are looking for cottages now want them fully winterized so they can use them the year round.

Real estate in the resort areas is very seasonal with a busy time in April, May and June, as people are looking for something for their holidays. One month, not too many years ago I had a very busy August, you just can't second guess these things. My busiest year was 1980 according to my records, and I was still working in the city at that time.

There has also been a few times when I've had winter sales at the lake. I'll never forget once, there must have been three feet of snow. I had showed cottages 13 times that day. Those cottages were all closed for the winter and I'd break a trail with snow up to my hips. Some of the cottages had shifted and I needed screwdrivers or whatever I could find to open the doors that were stuck. Then you would get inside where it was colder than it was outside. I would be dressed for the occasion, but sometimes my clients weren't. I remember one lady came from the city in high heel shoes and no pantyhose on. I don't know what she thought she was walking into.

Most of the cottages I sell are to people to use in the summer and some weekends in the winter. With businesses it's different, most of those people live in the area year round, and take part in the community as much as possible, especially in their off season.

The summer cottage real estate has been an interesting business and experience. In the 16 years I've been selling here, I have sold the same cottage on Caddy Lake three times. I've done the same with one on West Hawk and Falcon, and I've sold several twice over. I have also sold cottages to different members of the same family. In one instance I sold two sisters and a brother all cottages. Families usually want to be on the same lake, which is sometimes hard to accommodate. Referral business has been really good for me and it also means satisfied customers.

It is now the end of another season, and as I sit checking my records and reminiscing some interesting data shows up. I sold a cottage on a back lot in 1980 for \$34,000. Then I sold it again in '82 for \$36,500 and in '88 I sold it again, this time for \$50,000. The only alterations that had taken place were a shower had been installed and a dock had been built at the waterfront.

One lot with a sandy beach sold for \$13,000 in '74 and the purchaser had to bring in fill to raise the ground level one foot before he could build. That lot today would bring \$100,000.

This business is the same as others, there are always the funny(?) things you remember. Like the time I had an appraisal to do at McKenzie Beach,

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West Hawk Lake. The owners told me where to find the key so during the week I went down to the cottage, but I couldn't find the key, so I did the outside measurements and the other outside work and went back home. A day or so later, after finding out where else to look for the key I went back, found the key and proceeded in making notes as I went. When I got to the kitchen I was stopped in my tracks. There in front of me, was the fridge face down on the floor, and the outside wall was ripped off and the cupboards all a mess. I took off - like I was shot out of a cannon! I went to the Parks Office and the ranger came back with me. It was bear damage, there was food and stuff scattered over the grounds around the cottage. I phoned the owner, who came out that evening. The bears were there when he arrived, a mother and her cub. When he saw them he went out one door and they went out the other and up a tree at the back of the lot.

The size of animals has nothing to do with my fear of them - I am petrified of mice. A good portion of the cottages I sell have mice in them. One day a customer said, "Look at that cute little mouse", and I almost ended up in his arms. Another time I stopped to welcome the new owners to a cottage I had just sold them. We were sitting having a drink when a mouse came out from under the fireplace. I ended up sitting on the kitchen counter for the rest of my stay.

I love my cottage and Falcon Lake. When I was working in the city and too busy to get to the lake, oh how I missed it. When I starting selling more cottages I thought it was great, till I got so busy that I couldn't get to the water one summer.

My only regrets are I wish I had had more time to visit the people I sold cottages to to see how they were doing, and to see if they were enjoying their vacation homes.

FALCON LAKE REHABILITATION CAMP

By Ken Brook

In a trailer park about one mile west of Falcon Lake townsite are the remains of a past. No, not prehistoric, for only a decade has passed since the excavation was dug into the side of a small knoll, it turned out to be a root cellar, an underground vault where meat and vegetables could be stored in large quantities. That is all that remains of the Falcon Lake Rehabilitation Camp, a camp that would house inmates from the Headingly Correctional Institution, who would under supervision do manual work in the provincial parks.

Sterling Lyon was attorney-general of Manitoba when in September 1960 the residents of Falcon Lake were surprised and a little apprehensive to hear a camp was to be erected in their vicinity. Their con-

cern was to be expected and even the organizers were a little apprehensive that it would be accepted. It was. Late in September, Walter Danyluk, Director of Parks, W. (Bill) Kitchen, director of corrections, and myself surveyed the site and with full approval of the Parks staff decided that a start would be made immediately to construct a building to house six staff and about 30 men.

Plans were hurriedly drawn up by the assistant supervisor Joe Leveque. Today those plans would have ended up in the waste paper basket, as totally absurd. With Joe in charge of six men, a building was soon erected, an H type hut eighty feet long with two 60 foot extensions, one at each end. The men's quarters were at one end while the extreme end housed the kitchen and dining room. In between were the staff quarters, stores, laundry room and office.

The weather did not cooperate on October 6, 1960, we had almost eight inches of snow. By the end of October the rest of the staff had arrived from Oxbow Beach, now known as Norquay Beach. Oxbow had been our initial project that had proved to the public that inmates could be used for special types of work without problems. Norquay is about six miles east of Portage la Prairie on Highway #1. Halloween was celebrated in camp upon their arrival. Several items had to be covered before we could tackle the Parks program in earnest, such as a septic field, well, toolshed and garage to house our government vehicles.

Don McKinnon, who was in charge of Parks staff at Falcon Lake, coordinated all our work projects and with his cooperation we were soon cleaning excess growth along the highways and byways, Faloma Beach, Toniata Beach and Barren Lake. While engaged in these projects, we became acquainted with residents of the area. First, the postmaster and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Ennis, wonderful people who assisted us in many ways. Then there was Ed Schindler, Toniata Camp, Gordon Hamilton of Penguin Camp, Mike Manchulenko, of the El'nor Motel and Tony Prociw, Falcon Garage. All the Mines and Natural Resources staff were very helpful and our work was clearly set out in detail, so that very little friction was encountered. Work progressed on the clearing of the new ski runs, boundary lines, and camping sites under the watchful eye of Johnny Evanochko, an ideal man for the job.

Tree planting, my favorite program, supervised by John Bissinger, park forester, turned out to be an immediate success. Hundreds of thousands of trees were planted all over the Whiteshell. Areas such as the campsite were planted with red pine. Spruce and jack pine were planted in rows along Highway 44 near Bear Lake campsite, also at Mud Lake,

Faloma Beach on Falcon Lake, at Star Lake, Peniac Bay and at Nutimik Lake in the northern part of the Whiteshell, well over 40 large areas in all told. A small nursery for trees was started in the golf course area of which we were very proud. Our work expanded rapidly and we were soon under the guidance of Ed Polkowski, the head ranger at West Hawk Lake. Speaking of West Hawk Lake we must not forget the weigh scales at the underpass and the herd of deer that were fed there daily by the staff that worked there. These deer would go on from here to many other businesses at West Hawk where they also got handouts. At times there were herds of 25 to 40 deer seen feeding in and around West Hawk in the winter and early spring of the year. It was a welcome sight to all who passed through.

Our next area was the fish hatchery, where staff assisted in many ways. It was here we became acquainted with Gerry Malaher's project in the Caddy Lake, McGillivray Falls, White Pine and Mantario hiking trails. It was a pleasure to work under his supervision. Advancing westward along #44, we soon arrived at Rennie headquarters of the Whiteshell and source of all our major work projects. Harry Laws, park supervisor, was always co-operative and along with Cal Ritchey, chief ranger, made it possible for the camp to operate without interruption for many years. Fire fighting under the direction of Cal, was one of our responsibilities, and many an inmate suffered days of sore feet and scorched flesh. The availability and promptness of our crews to respond were outstanding during the worst fire seasons. During peak periods, our inmate population mushroomed to 50. Search and rescue required trained and semi-trained personnel who could organize at any given moment. The camp organization fit perfectly into this type of emergency and so the camp once more proved its value in the Whiteshell, although results were not always of the best.

Falcon Lake residents allowed us one afternoon of curling a week for the camp residents, for which they were very thankful, as were the staff who were always invited to take part in Curling Bonspiels. We organized the First Falcon Boy Scout Troop which included Wolf cubs, and many an interesting meeting was held in the Curling Rink. We received assistance from a young lady who took over the responsibility of the Wolf Cub Pack. Due to increased pressure of camp organization, we had to cease this operation.

Many a traveller on the Trans-Canada Highway has photographed the totem pole which stood at the entrance to the camp. Hewn from a large spruce, it was crowned by a falcon. Below, residents, staff and departmental heads were represented in the usual manner fashioned by the Indians.

The camp was closed in the fall of 1969 and the staff were transferred to the Bannock Point Camp.

Mr. Brook was the supervisor of the Falcon Lake Rehabilitation Camp.

FUN AND PROFIT IN OWNING A RANCH **August, 1966**

As he completes his sixth year as owner and operator of Marlandway Ranch at Falcon Lake, Rudy Schmidt finds himself with a galloping success on his hands.

Cordial, hard working Rudy opens his riding stable early each June and closes down in mid-September after providing about 18 hours of fun and recreation a day for Whiteshell holidayers.

Starting his business on a shoestring in 1960, Mr. Schmidt has seen his assets grow from six riding horses to a total of 20, now stabled in large new quarters just off No. 1 Highway East, across from the entrance to Falcon Lake.

"I've always preferred working outdoors and I love animals, so opening a riding ranch seemed a good way to make a living and enjoy myself," he commented in a recent interview.

His original request to operate within the provincial park was met with a non-committal "try it and see how you make out" acceptance of forestry officials.

The steady growth and ever-increasing popularity of the ranch have proven it to be a profitable idea. Now there's talk of providing assistance which will allow him to build a small coffee shop with a screened-in veranda on the premises where parents can wait for their children to return from hour long rides.

Last winter the forestry department also lengthened the trail to a two mile length by clearing brush. A small pond has been stocked with domestic ducks and ducklings and Rudy hopes to keep baby goats and perhaps lambs or calves "to make a sort of miniature farm."

Recording the day's business has proved to Mr. Schmidt "the hotter the weather, the more people ride." Ninety degree weather brings more than 100 people a day out to ride the trails, with groups divided into non-riders and experienced riders. One guide will take eight to 10 non-riders out on a slow paced trip, while the experienced group trot and gallop along sandy hills and trails.

Morning breakfasts and midnight barbecues are provided daily, and are usually booked up in advance by enthusiastic teenagers.

One hour's ride costs \$2, breakfast or midnight barbecue roast on the trail costs \$4, with guides Randy Thiessen and Jim Chamick doing the cooking.

Named after Rudy's two children, seven year old Marlene, and five year old Dwayne, Marlandway Ranch provides fun for the Schmidt family too.

During the summer the four Schmidt's live in a trailer not far from the stable yard. Winters are spent at the Covered Wagon Trailer Park in Fort Garry, while Mr. Schmidt drives a fuel truck to rural points each weekday.

Although he admits the hours are long, Rudy loves his work at the Ranch. "Part of the pleasure comes in the people you meet each day," he explains. "We've had football players, and exchange students from Quebec; members of church groups and people from business firms down on a company picnic."

"Each year a man from New York stops over to spend the day riding with us as a break in his annual trip to Alaska," he continues. "We've even had a paraplegic who finds he can become a sports participant rather than a spectator when he rides in a special saddle."

"Anyway you look at it, its a great way to make a living," he concludes.

FALCON BEACH RIDING STABLES

By Carole Krysko

In the spring of 1975 we bought Marlandway Ranch from Rudy Schmidt. We changed the name to Falcon Beach Riding Stables.

We started out inexperienced, learning the hard way that 60 per cent of the tack had to be replaced, non-existent veterinary supplies had to be purchased and horseshoeing equipment was urgently needed. Two horses had to be shipped immediately, by order of the government veterinary department. One was suffering from the heaves as well as being pregnant, and the other was infected with swamp fever. We were left with 16 horses and two ponies.

We were unable to get the lease because the provincial government had turned over our 12 acres to the Trans-Canada Pipeline's for easement. When we fought the government bureaucracy, we were told by a government lawyer that we could never "win." Our lawyer approached the Trans-Canada pipelines legal department in the hope we could get restitution. The pipeline informed the government that we were welcome to use their easement for our riding stable operation. We were then told by one of the bureaucrats that we certainly could have a 10-year lease even 20 if we wanted it! We spent most of our years in the business constantly bickering over the lease.

It was so discouraging, and we were glad to have it behind us.

We had many good times with our family, staff

and customers and the animals, also many, many bad times. Knowing what we know, if we had to do it over again, we would probably turn away from it all.

THE FALCON BEACH RIDING STABLES STORY

By Marg and Murray Imrie

The riding stables were purchased from Henry and Carole Krysko in 1978 by Murray Imrie and Jeff Konchak. The operation at that time consisted of sixteen horses, a barn, corrals, a house trailer office, a small staff bunkhouse, a 1938 Fordson Major tractor and a home-built horse trailer.

After an initial phase-in period where Henry provided lessons on horseshoeing and general operations, Murray and Jeff ran the stables with the help of local children such as the Jamesons, Houstons and Neilsons. Sometimes to the consternation of their parents, these children loved to spend every waking minute at the stables, guiding rides and playing with the horses and animals. Phone calls at supertime or evening would send them reluctantly trudging for home.

Murray and Marg purchased Jeff's share in the spring of 1981. That same spring, with the help of friends, they started to build a 24 by 32 foot log house. The logs were felled on the property, and Murray skidded them out with Butch and Geo, two of the horses at the stables. The logs were moved across the creek by hand. Anyone who stopped to observe was soon pressed into service for this back-breaking work. The Fordson Major tractor also helped move the logs into position near the building site. The logs were then slabbed on two sides with a chainsaw before being placed on the house.

While still holding full-time jobs, Marg and Murray with the help of many friends, were able to run the stables that summer, and complete the log house to a point where they were able to move in September of the same year.

The following spring, Marg and Murray were married in the same log house by local minister Lorne Curwen. There was a party that evening and the following day, everyone saddled up for a ride. The weather was sunny and about 50°F but the snow off the beaten path in the bush was still deep and up to the horses bellies.

In September 6, 1983, our son Devin Imrie was born after a race to the Winnipeg hospital.

In the spring of 1984, the overnight horseback trips that Marg and Murray had been planning and promoting for two years got off to a rocky start. Arrangements had been made and written permission was received to use the ski chalet for the rides in the off season. When Murray went down to the

Parks office to get the final permit two weeks before the first groups were due to arrive, the local ranger said that the ski chalet had been leased out to Ed Schreyer for 25 years and it was no longer available. To make matters worse, parks head office denied ever having given permission for the chalet and had conveniently lost all five copies of the documents.

When the stables produced the written permission, Parks agreed that they had made a serious mistake and gave us assistance in hastily preparing a new site at High Lake just as the first group was scheduled to arrive.

In 1985, after a number of years of repairing and building outside in the winter, a large storage and work shed was built. It housed the equipment for the overnight rides as well as the tractors and haying equipment.

On Valentine's Day, 1986, Megan was born in Kenora.

Tragically, about ten days later, the shed burnt down. The fire appeared to be the result of an electrical short in a radial arm saw. All of the equipment in and around the shed was lost. The list included two tractors, a round baler, snowmobiles, boats, canoes, chainsaws and the horse trailer.

Fortunately, insurance covered most of the loss and the shed was rebuilt the same year by contractor Jeff Konchak. In the fall, a benefit shed party was organized, complete with live band. People brought extra tools to help replace those that were lost in the fire.

Riding horses at the stables increased in number from sixteen to thirty to accommodate the demand by schools to take classes of thirty students for lessons, and various types of rides.

In the fall of 1986, excavation started for a new log house. The Imrie's moved in the fall of 1987 and continued the finishing work.

In the spring of 1988, the old log home was renovated, a screened-in porch added and it opened as "The Gift Horse," a unique shop offering hand-crafted goods, art, woolens and many other interesting items.

Two days after Christmas, 1988 Gillian was born.

The stables has a philosophy which encourages the interaction of people and animals in a natural setting. Farm animals such as sheep, pigs, chickens, ducks and geese are allowed to roam at large. In order for people to pet or feed these animals, they must learn to gain the confidence of the animal before it will allow one to approach. They must also learn to respect the territories of each animal or bird or deal with the aggressive or protective nature of some of these animals. This is a sharp contrast from restraining animals in pens and forcing them to accept our behaviour.

Since many people do not have a chance to deal with animals close up, the walk from their car can be a life-time experience. They may be approached by a 500-pound pig coming to say hello or an over protective gander seeing how quickly he can put some loud talking youths back in their car.

The present day stables is a top-notch western facility. Guided trail rides take people through beautiful rugged Canadian Shield trails both winter and summer. Riders do not require previous experience and are grouped with people with similar riding skill. The rides are a thrill to people with any level of experience and are a highlight to a summer vacation.

Rides are taken year round with group sleigh rides, romantic open cutter for couples and bare-back trail rides in the winter. Bear, moose, deer, wolves or their tracks, along with many others are sighted during the appropriate time of year. Overnight rides feature homemade muffins and fruit salad and steaks cooked over an open fire.

The lifestyle is wholesome and labour intensive with long hours required to care for the animals and visitors. A large garden and surplus farm animals provide much of the food for the family and staff. The Imrie children grow up around nature with a realistic perspective of sustainable husbandry practises and invaluable animal experience. Even Gillian, the year and one half toddler knows where to stand and move so as not to be trampled by various animals rushing to be fed.

Strong family ties help with the daily activities. Grandparents provide an invaluable service looking after kids and other chores. Grandpa, Tom Miller and grandma, the late Martie Miller in particular have spent many hours with such tasks and provided an experience rewarding to all.

Marg and Murray are now moving to meet the challenges of the 90s.

THAT'S NOT THE KNOT!

Saturday, October 5, 1985, low, ragged overcast sky hung over Falcon Lake. Intermittent drizzle fell during the morning, as the staff of the Falcon Lake Riding Stables prepared to celebrate the close of another tourist season by taking an overnight trail ride to the remote High Lake campsite.

Camping supplies and food for the trip were assembled on the floor of the shed out of the rain. For this final trip of the year, an aircraft, instead of pack horses, would move the gear to High Lake. This would allow the riders to move at a more leisurely pace. Pete Rutherford had volunteered to help load the plane for the various trips to High Lake. Together with Murray Imrie, owner of the stables, they drove to the south shore of Falcon Lake to prepare the float-equipped Cessna 170.

During the second trip, the stage was set for events later that night. A strong wind had come up from the north. Whitecaps were forming when the Cessna landed and taxied to the dock on the south side of the lake. To counteract the strong wind, Murray kept additional power on the plane until close to the dock. When the engine was shut off, the plane drifted to the dock and toward shore. Murray clambered out of the plane and fastened the rope to the front of the float, then threw the other end to Pete. While Murray held the plane away from the dock, Pete moved backward, pulling the front of the float to swing the plane into position along the dock.

The aircraft was moving into position nicely when, with a resounding splash, Pete disappeared into the 35°F water. Concentrating on moving the aircraft, he had inadvertently stepped off the end of the dock. Pete broke water a few minutes later with eyes considerably larger than when he went in. With help from Murray, he climbed quickly onto



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the dock.
Steve Malcom, returning from a clean-up at High Lake, had by this time climbed out of the plane and was taking in the affair with a slight smile. He had expressed interest in meeting Pete but had only a glimpse of him for a moment before Pete's dip in the drink. Pete's feet were no sooner on the dock when he broke the ice of the awkward moment by extending his dripping hand and saying, "Hi Steve, I'm Pete." With the heater on high, Pete was driven to the stables for a change of dry clothes.

The next leg of the trip went without incident. Three hours later after negotiating creeks and mud holes, corduroy roads and rocky gullies, the ten riders arrived on the high bedrock outcrop overlooking High Lake.

Supper that night beside the fire was homemade stew, salad, baked potatoes and garlic bread. While it was cooking the hostess served smoked oysters, cheese and crackers. The final course to the campfire meal was hot chocolate, campfire coffee and toasted cinnamon buns.

Dawn Smorong and Carol Bazelo, who weren't about to go to bed at any regular hour, were nominated for first watch on the horses. Their job was to settle any fights among the horses. With their well established pecking order, the horses sometimes took strong exception to being tied next to another horse who was not in his or her social group. After everyone was in bed, occasional disturbances would break out among the horses. Dawn, Carol and their friend Deb were heard discussing and adjusting the social structure of the horses into what they thought was a more compatible group. Some horses had to be hobbled and left to graze around the tents, while others had to be tied to a line strung between the trees.

The night passed quietly until about 3 a.m. when Murray heard the scrambling of the hobbled horse up to smooth rock that led out of camp. When Clyde saw Murray's light, he spooked and moved up the trail as fast as his hobbled feet would allow him. Murray soon caught him but had difficult removing the hobbles because of Clyde's excited state.

Clyde's persistent whinnies and attempts to move up the trail made Murray realize that other horses must be loose and on the way home. Jacki Davidson appeared out of the darkness and took Clyde back to camp. Murray soon overtook Juno who was also heading home with hobbles.

After rousing Carol and Dawn, Jacki came back up the trail to retrieve Juno. Murray heard the other horses ahead and ran down the trail as fast as he could, pausing occasionally to listen, then moving off again at a run when he heard the clamour of hooves on rocks.

Half a mile down the trail he caught up to

Flicka and Barney walking with their leadshanks trailing behind them. The story was now becoming clear. The three years of instructions on knots to tie horses had not been a total success. Incredible versions of bowlines and half-hitches were still being attempted and with only limited success.

Flicka and Barney realized they were free and took off at a gallop through a bog of knee-deep water which Murray had previously thought impenetrable for horses. The horses could not be stopped on foot.

Half way back to camp, Murray saw a light moving through the trees. He was surprised to see Dawn on Juno and Carol on Beajo, both riding bareback in their long underwear. After making sure that the girls would stay on the trail of the horses until they caught them, he continued to the camp.

Things were taking a turn for the better. Kelly Detchfield, foreman at the stables had instructed the girls to follow the trail out on horseback. That meant they would be close behind the runaway horses with a reasonable chance to catch them.

At camp Marg had a fire going and coffee on. Kelly was trying to convince the remaining horses to stay in camp, and wait for the planned departure at 10 a.m.

Murray asked Kelly to saddle Bullet while he went to the tent to put on more clothes. He couldn't see himself riding through Falcon townsite at dawn in his underwear, following two loose horses and two girls in their underwear. It might be difficult to explain.

When he returned, Diamond was saddled. Kelly had picked the horse causing the most trouble. Diamond was not known for his sure footedness but, realizing there was no time to spare, Murray mounted Diamond and set off to catch the girls. Instead of taking the trail out of camp the horses took a shortcut up the smooth rock. He slowed for a moment at the top and it seemed they might slide back down the rock. Somehow, his hooves found the grip they needed and he was over the top and into a gallop. Diamond followed the twists and turns of the trail at a reckless pace. He charged down the poplar gully, jumped the fallen trees and clambered up the rocky slope on the far side. Murray checked him back at the little bog. Diamond lunged from the muck to the side of another smooth rock. His feet slipped and his hooves sent sparks flying as he struggled to keep his footing. When they reached the creek, Diamond slid to a stop, then leaped across in what seemed like a bigger than necessary jump. When the open meadows of the ski slopes appeared, visibility improved.

No horses or girls were in sight. Murray loosened the reins and Diamond raced to the top at a fast gallop. Murray stopped at the main road to adjust

the stirrups and check the tracks to make sure the other horses were still ahead of him. Flicka's tracks were there in the gravel heading home. Diamond was not pleased with the delay and they were soon off at a gallop. A short time later, Murray heard the girls. Carol called out that they had the runaways in tow.

After an all-out race with Barney, Dawn learned that Juno was not the fastest horse in the stables. She could not overtake Barney and Flicka. She and Carol decided to turn off the flashlights so the horses wouldn't be spooked, then proceeded slowly to outmanoeuvre the loose horses. When they caught up to the runaways, they were grazing. It was possible to move in beside them and pick up the haltershanks. From then on it was back to camp to get some sleep and relate the stories of the night's events.

You can bet knot-tying was at the top of the list for the next year's training session!

TRANS-CANADA PIPELINES

In the late 1950s with the expansion of distribution of natural gas to eastern Canada a location just north of Falcon townsite was chosen for a pumping station.

When this operation first started it employed three men who lived in houses right at the site, plus several more that lived in the area.

This operation brought more pupils for the school as whole families lived here. It also meant more jobs for some of the residents. As time went on the plant was turned into an automatic operation and many of the families were moved to other locations with the company, leaving only work for one man and maybe at times two.

In 1989 expansion at the plant brought a lot of work to the area, and a big upgrading to the plant. A loop line from the pumping station east to the Ontario border was also built at the time.

HISTORY: WHITESHELL COMMUNITY CLUB

On October 29, 1958 a meeting was held at Falcon Beach School at which a large number of local residents decided to form a Community Club. A motion was made by Gordon Hamilton to call it "Whiteshell Community Club."

The following people formed the first executive:

President — Walter Melynk
Secretary — Ella Schindler
Treasurer — Sam Yanich
Entertainment — Elsie McKinnon
Jack Tod
Martin Bucek
Maude Hamilton

This Club took over from the "Tea Time Ladies Club" that was formed in the fall of 1951 and each fall until 1958 to organize winter get-togethers for children and grownups, farewells, showers, etc. social evenings, the children's Christmas Concert and other activities.

In January 1959 discussions started on the feasibility of building a curling rink with club rooms attached. In February 1959 the go ahead was given for construction. The task of raising the necessary funds then began and by the time it was cold enough to make ice, the curling rink was ready with temporary club rooms attached. All this was built by volunteer labour.

Regular curling began in December 1959 with



These two pictures show the laying of the pipe on the loop line in 1989.

opening ceremonies January 14, 1960. I'll attempt to give you some price comparisons. Curling rocks then cost \$32.50 a pair. These same rocks are about \$800.00 a pair now.

Curling fees then were, men \$12.50 and ladies \$7.50. For the season of 1985-86 the fees were \$85.00.

Memberships for the Community Club were \$5.00 a family when it started. Now the memberships are \$50.00.

The first bonspiels were held in 1960, a Men's January 29, 30 and 31 and a Cottage Owner's Mixed February 19, 20 and 21. The first Ladies Bonspiel was held February 25 and 26, 1960. The Mixed Bonspiels became so popular that in 1966 another one was added and now there is The Falcon Mixed, The Camper's Mixed, The Men's and Ladies' Bonspiel.

In September 1960 a proposed layout for the new club rooms were drawn up and these club rooms are still in operation today.

The main fund-raiser has been the Summer Weekly Bingo. These started in July 1962 under the leadership of Alf Gretzinger, and still continue every Wednesday night during July and August.

Another fund-raiser is the Snowmobile Poker Derby. It started February 1975. The first year it was a one day event with a dance at night. The next year the activities were expanded for a whole weekend and was called "Beaver Days." For a few years there was the crowning of the "Beaver Days Queen" at the Saturday night dance. This honour was bestowed to the girl who had raised the most money by selling tickets for raffles or skate-a-thons, bazaars, or teas.

In October 1963 the Community Club and Curling Club amalgamated and have operated as a joint venture ever since. It was in the fall of 1963 under the direction of Doug Drysdale that a float was built depicting the many different sports available in the Park and was entered in the Kenora Santa Claus Parade. On the float and leading the float were the local baton twirlers who were coached by Grace Proceviat. Some of the girls involved were Barbara Hamilton, Donna McKinnon, Kathleen Stem, Lori Ziemanski, Christine Podolchuk, Susan Leoppy, Barbara Zimmerman, Donna Krysko, Lea and Lyn Pretzell, and Audrey Zimmerman.

The float won the 1st Prize Shield which hung for many years in the Community Club.

Some other important dates are September 1968 when they decided to put in artificial ice. The estimated cost for this was \$15,000 (for which more fund-raising projects were needed). On March 15, 1978 the Club became incorporated.

Like all Community Clubs, Whiteshell is the center of a lot of the community activities such as the Falcon Beach School Christmas Concert, in-

struction classes, wedding socials/receptions and bazaars. For a few years the United Church Services were held there, before a church was built in the area.

Over the years there have been a lot of changes and improvements made and a lot of this is done by volunteer help. Now there is a need for large banquet and conference rooms so projects are being planned. Watch for notices of events.

The information for this article was gathered by Ella Schindler, Vera Mayers, Gail Harbottle, story by Olive Zimmerman.

TEA-TIME LADIES CLUB

The first club to organize in the West Hawk-Falcon area started in the winter of 1951-52. Its main function was to provide some entertainment in the district. We held card parties, hard-time dances, box socials and Christmas parties for the children. We also organized bridal showers and farewell parties, and any other activity that was needed.

This club reorganized every fall and was active all winter, and every winter until the community club was built at Falcon when any and all assets were turned over to help refurbish this community project.

Some of the first members were Mrs. Janet Blackwell, Vicki Yanich, Doris Bellemere, Olive Zimmerman, Margaret Ealing, Maude Hamilton, Ella Schindler, Mabel Good and Marg Emes. This was an open club to all the ladies in the community and over its short lifetime we had new immigrant ladies join us and also wives of seasonal workers in the area. Everyone had something to offer, sometimes it was a new form of entertainment and sometimes it was a new recipe.

The following story, from the Whiteshell Echo, tells of part of one of the first Christmas concerts staged in the area.



Asta Todd (Ingolf) Maude Hamilton, Elsie McKinnon and Edna Harbottle. One of the many local rinks that curled annually at Kenora, Ontario.

One of the first concerts was held at what is now known as the Nite Hawk Cafe. In those days it was known as Jack's Dance Hall. Jack and his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Nicholson were year round residents. As there were not enough children to provide an entire evening of entertainment, the ladies decided to present a Dialogue or One Act Play.

The title of the play was "Please Sit Down to Supper." The cast and plot of the play included a husband, his wife and the hired man who were in the act of enjoying a dinner of venison steaks, just a little out of season, when much to their shock and surprise the Game Warden walks in. Ella Schindler directed the play. Doris Bellemere (Mr. and Mrs. Bellemere operated what is now known as Keystone Motel and Cabins) played the wife. Vicki Yanich (Mrs. Sam Yaanich of Sam's Garage) played the husband. Marj Emes (her husband was Forest Ranger, Game Warden and timber cruiser for this area) played the Game Warden. Olive Zimmermann (yours truly) played the hired hand. Rehearsals went normally with a lot of ad libbing. They did not prepare us for the night of the concert.

First, Ella arrived with real food - yes - right down to venison steaks and gravy!

About half way through the play, a youngster who was sitting on the edge of the platform hollered out "When is this !!!!!** play going to end?" The audience roared! I can't recall how the husband and wife left the table and the stage but I do remember that I had to get rid of the venison steak and the dinner plate before the Game Warden spotted them. There was no way I could eat the steaks fast enough so I stood up (I was wearing a pair of Adolph's bush coveralls) and I stuffed the delicious steaks, dinner plate, gravy and all into the pocket of those old work overalls. The audience burst into laughter! My final line was "Those Game Wardens sure are queer — ain't they?"

The curtain came down. Off stage the rest of the cast including Ella were doubled over in laughter. I don't know who laughed the longest and loudest — the audience or us.

There have been concerts every year since that one. They have been held in a school room, the store at Star Lake, Penguin Lodge on PR 301, the Forestry kitchen at West Hawk, the first school and the present school. After the club rooms were built at the curling rink the Concert has always been staged there.

Another Christmas activity that started 16 or 17 years ago was that of carolling. The young people would congregate after supper on Christmas Eve and walk from house to house at West Hawk Lake. When power toboggans became available the carollers would include Falcon Lake in this very popular holiday tradition. At times their means of

travel was a sleigh pulled by either horses or a tractor. The number of participants has increased over the years.

My records show that the first Christmas Eve service was held at the West Hawk United Church in 1977. Before we had our own full-time minister, a guest minister would drive out from Steinbach, Oakbank or Keewatin to officiate at the service. This annual event still takes place.

WHITESHELL CURLERS OPEN FINE NEW RINK January, 1960 By Scotty Harper

Falcon Lake, Man. (Staff) — They didn't have a curling rink so the gents of the Whiteshell Community Club had to do something about it. They got busy last fall and built one of the nicest, three-sheet curling emporiums you could wish to see anywhere.

And here's one for the book! They hardly spent a nickel, outside of the material for the electric wiring and the 57 laminated rafters strung over the curling surface. Of course, the gents of this widespread area, which is a popular summer rendezvous for thousands of Winnipeg citizens, had to spend a little do-rae-me, which they raised in the usual procedure.

In the early spring of last year the 25 men in the Whiteshell area went out and cut the lumber, under the capable supervision of Chief Forester Jim Sommers. Jim, it needn't be said, is an ardent curler, "though I'm not a very good one," he admitted with a grin.

But sometimes it wasn't easy getting at the tall timbers so they had to build roads to haul out the lumber. But what's building a road in the life of these progressive residents?

So they hauled out the lumber for their rink. But it was in the raw. The lumber had to be cut to a size, trimmed and planed. And they did this job themselves. "Do it yourself" is a continent-wide expression among amateur artisans, and we can say that about the Whiteshell folks. Incidentally, the area contains about 30 families.

After these hardworking gents had cut and trimmed the lumber, the next operation was to build a rink. "And we only started about last October, when you city fellows start curling, to build our modest rink," said Gordon Hamilton, secretary of the curling club.

"We don't like that word 'modest' Gordon. You fellows have built a rink which everybody should be proud of," we told him and his three colleagues,

president Don McKinnon, Lyle Moffat and Ed Schindler. Had the rink been built by contractors it would have cost well over \$40,000.

The clubrooms are just a "get by" for this summer. They intend to tear down the temporary building and erect nice clubrooms with upstairs accommodation and locker rooms in the basement. You can't beat these Whiteshell fellows. They're going to do the job themselves.

A small community you say? Yes, but they're gentlemen with big hearts, so it's congratulations all around for the residents of the Whiteshell, who have done a great job in building a curling rink which will be a great asset to everybody in the scattered area.

Of course, when any community builds a new rink they have to celebrate the occasion. So it was an informal affair in the Falcon Lake Motel Thursday night, for the dinner which was followed by a few friendly games at the rink.

President Don McKinnon said a few words about the new rink and how it all came about, and Hon. C.H. Whitney, minister of mines and natural resources, paid a fine compliment to Whiteshell residents.

"You gentlemen have done a wonderful job," said Mr. Whitney, who was accompanied by deputy minister S.W. Schortinghuis. And of course the friendly neighbors of the Whiteshell area, Ed Malkowski and Steve Lycar from Rennie and Whitemouth, were there to add their congratulations. Gordon McTavish brought greetings from the Manitoba Curling Association and Scotty Harper spoke for the press.

The highlight of the night was the presentation of a fine curling trophy and prizes set up for annual competition by Mike Manchulenko.

In the friendly curling matches Gordon McTavish skipped the MCA rink of Jack Beech, Earl Jenkins and Earl Sherman, while Lorne Leech of the Whiteshell Echo and St. Vital Lance and Ken Thompson made up another rink.

The rink is known as the Whiteshell Community Curling Club. Elden Leoppy is president of the community club, with Sam Yanich and Ella Schindler, treasurer and secretary. Gordon Hamilton is secretary of the curling club.

BONSPIELITIS

By Olive Zimmerman

Some people get the curling bug,
Others ski for their arthritis,
But I enrolled in something new
I called it Bonspielitis
Many with brooms in hand do go
To the curling rink nearby
While I sit home with our wee ones
And sing them a lullaby.
When early one frosty evening
Some neighbor folks dropped in,
To ask if I wouldn't join them
In a mixed bonspiel about to begin.
I said I would be delighted
To give those gray rocks a spin,
So early the next morning
It was only a mere 20 below
And me clad in six layers of woollies,
I gave that gray rock a throw.
The first two games were quite even,
We had a loss and a win to show
But late that very same evening
When I'd lost my get-up-and-go
We tackled our third opponent
And dropped to the thirds with a blow.
Now a sorry sight was I next morning
When 8:30 we appeared on the ice,
For I had some mighty stiff muscles
And my throat was gripped in a vice.
But our spirits lifted as we proceeded,
And it was all tied up coming home
Then with their last rock they succeeded,
And we quietly took our brooms and went HOME.





A weiner roast at Lakeside Cabins.



This was the first time most of these students (from other counties) had ever ridden a power toboggan, made a snowman, had a snowball fight or walked on ice.



A wedding at West Hawk United Church.



A bridal shower at Birchwood Hall, West Hawk United Church.



Owlidays fun



Baby Jesus' Birthday, West Hawk Lake United Church.



"Pot of Gold" hunt at High Lake cross-country ski shack March 17, 1991.



Trying the new T-bar ski slopes, Falcon Lake.



Overnight trip at causeway on Falcon Lake.



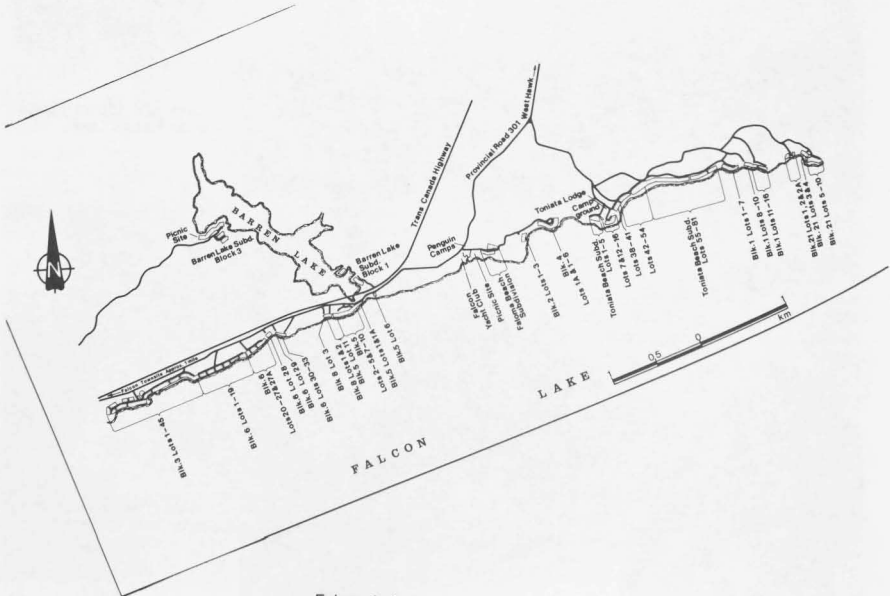
Nancy Greene ski race, Falcon Lake 1991.



Toniata Beach, Falcon Lake 1940

FALCON LAKE SUBDIVISIONS

NORTH SHORE



Falcon Lake north shore map

TONIATA AREA

Serving the public in a tourist area has sure had its rewards. There are the memories people share with one another, the trials and problems endured together and the relaxing atmosphere all around when people are away from the strain of everyday work.

These stories were shared by the campers around Toniata campgrounds. The first one happened one day when two campers saw smoke coming out of every door, window and crack of a nearby cottage up on the hill. They ran up the hill and went through every room in the cottage looking for the owner who was nowhere to be found. They then removed an empty frying pan, the source of the smoke, that was on a hot plate element that was turned on high. They turned off the power and went looking for the owner. They had a good idea where to look, as the owner had a garden some distance off in the bush that he spent a lot of time in. That was where they found him, working away among his flowers. He had completely forgotten he had started his supper.

Another time, this gentleman burned out the clutch in his little car and asked a fellow to give him a tow to the city. The man had a new car so he said he would prefer to push him. When they got to the cloverleaf at the Falcon entrance, instead of going under the highway, they went directly onto the highway. The gate attendant called out, "You can't go on the highway there." The fellow in the broken down car yelled back, "I'm Mr. so and so. I'll do it if I want to," and he did.

These are some of the memories that still bring smiles when told in the campgrounds.

EARLY DAYS OF TONIATA

By Myrtle Bashford

Curiosity brought us to it!!! My husband was hearing so many fish stories about that end of Falcon Lake - even by casting off the harbour! So we decided to make our Sunday drive out there in the summer of '34 or '35. We set off down to 'The Locks' then No. 1, now No. 44, through Beausejour, Garson (the stone quarry), Tyndall, Whitemouth (big hill and bridge), Rennie (Forestry headquarters) to Sam's Garage, where we turned off the highway on to a narrow trail till we came to a sign saying 'Toniata'. We looked at each other with a silent, "Shall we?" This trail through the woods was rocks

and ruts. We could walk but we had two little girls, seven and three years old. It wasn't all bad and we found that at least four other families had done it, as there were four tents along the shore in the shade of a row of handsome trees. They all came out to greet us and showed that they were enjoying life with nature.

Someone made coffee on a big black woodstove under a shelter. We ate our lunch and talked to strangers as though we had known them all our lives.

Next weekend, when we came down on Saturday and stayed until Sunday evening, there were five tents along the shore. Everything was shared. A heavy cast-iron frying pan that was left at the stove was excellent for frying bacon and eggs, par excellent for frying fish. Someone had left an iron rack toaster, someone else a large kettle and a coffee pot. Close by was a stool that held a hand wash basin and soap dish. A wire was hung from branch to branch for a towel. A pail of water sat on the stool, also, and a mirror was tacked to a tree.

We spent many a weekend there and my husband caught many fish. Next year, a big wind blew a tree down, luckily lengthwise with the lake. The Forestry thought it unsafe, cut all the trees down and ordered us to move to the center of the grounds in full blaze of the sun.

When the road had some work done on it trailers began to come in. They were placed against the hill so there were two distinct sections. They had their own little stoves and more equipment and didn't need the help of the tenters.

Poison ivy grew on the hill, as some found out to their sorrow.

Drinking water came from a pump on the grounds and an artesian well at West Hawk Lake.

Over the hills there were quantities of blueberries and raspberries. People made a day's excursion to pick pails of them, then spent days canning them on the woodstove. Some, of course, were saved for pies baked in the oven. At certain seasons there were plenty of pincherries and chokecherries. (We always had pincherry jelly for Christmas.) We had big bonfires with a sing-song, maybe also a corn roast. Each year the road was improved and more trailers and more tents arrived until it was a thriving community.

We had trips around the countryside and saw that West Hawk was progressing and had more trees and shade, so we decided to leave Toniata and lease in West Hawk.



Mrs. Carriere with one of her hobbies, growing cactus plants

Unique Hobbies Shorten Winter For Falcon Lake Woman

(From The Catillon News, Steinbach)

"I always find that the winters are too short," says Mrs. Alf Carriere who with her husband lives on Toniata Beach at Falcon Lake. To many this would seem a strange statement, coming from someone living so close to a lovely lake, but when Mrs. Carriere begins talking about her button collection, her salt and pepper shaker collection and her diary, the statement soon begins to make sense.

The Carriers look after the tenting site at Toniata and consequently they are very busy when everybody else is soaking up sun and fun at the beach.

But when fall comes with its long evenings and extra leisure, Mrs. Carriere ("Dolly" to her friends), finds time to catalogue buttons that have been brought by camper friends from previous years, re-arrange the hundreds of sets of salt and pepper shakers in a special china cabinet kept in the Carriere home especially for this purpose.

Her button collection reaches well over the 5,000 mark. Every

one of these is sewn on to a jacket that was slated to go to a masquerade dance many years ago, but Dolly didn't get it finished in time for the dance and afterwards it became so heavy, (twenty pounds) that it was too uncomfortable to wear. Among the buttons that have accumulated are some from the year 1700, made of brass with a small velvet insert, where milady of the day wore her perfume. Others are military buttons from many parts of the world and then, of course, hundreds upon hundreds of everyday buttons.

In the course of her button collecting, Mrs. Carriere has discovered that she is not alone in the field and that there is actually a large club in the States engaged in this unique and interesting hobby.

Salt and pepper shakers seem to come in all shapes, sizes and forms. Some are cute, some are works of art, some ridiculous and others are practical, but if she

gets them free, Mrs. Carriere collects them — after thirty years, she has 292 different sets.

"At first I also kept the plain utility kinds but that wasn't much fun. Now I keep them only if they are old and interesting for some other reason."

The oldest pair in her collection dates back to the early 1800's.

In summer Mrs. Carriere has another hobby that is squeezed in between keeping track of tent and trailer holidayers. Profusely displayed outside of the 20 x 18 cottage that serves as office and residence for the couple is a splendid array of cactus plants. The bulk of these plants are kept in an old boat from the beach still bearing its number, 13 — on the side. "We're not superstitious," says Dolly.

Asked whether she had any particular method for cacti, Mrs. Carriere says no, except that she begins moving them out early in spring on warm days.

"It's a lot of work, moving those plants around," says her husband, Alf. "When we move to our winter quarters on West Hawk Lake, I have to make about three to four trips for the cactus plants alone."

Of the forty varieties, there is one that was picked up on the shores of Falcon Lake, others have been given by friends. Some of them bloom once a month for 24 hours, others never do.

And if this isn't enough to keep a charming lady busy, she keeps a diary.

Two times a day since she was four years old (kept for her by her sister) all in thick scribbles with hard bindings. She has over 20 of these scribbles by now and it has made her the family historian. If a date is in dispute or has been forgotten, the family knows whom to consult.

Mrs. Carriere grew up in Norwood, and at one time played the guitar and sang in Andy Desjarlis' orchestra, well known radio performer.

Mr. Carriere hails from La Broquelee district and has many friends and relatives in this area.

Bugs, Spider Webs Used

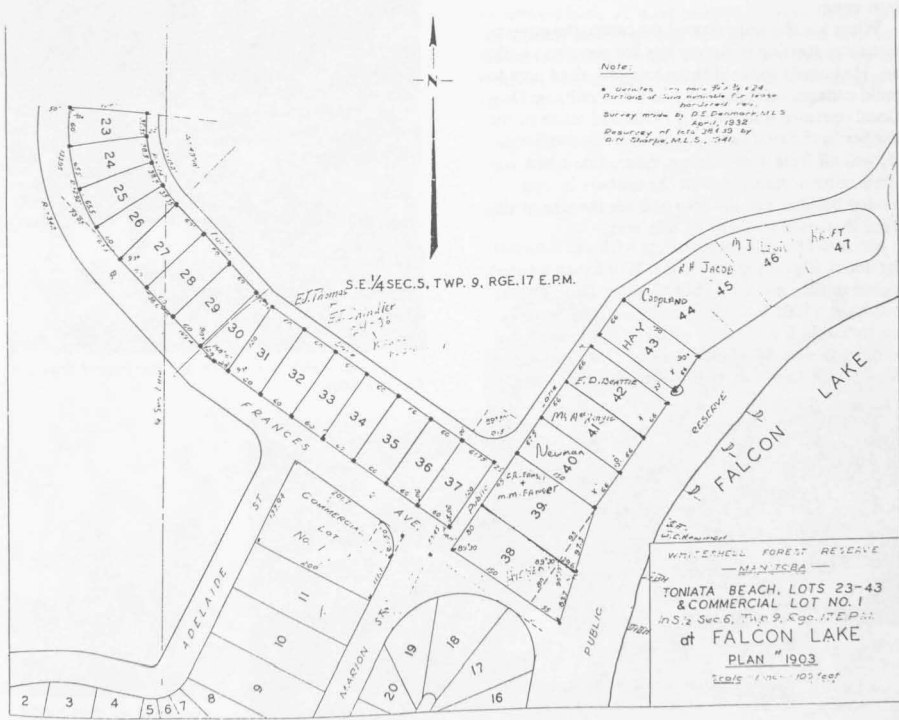
TONIATA LODGE

Toniata Camp was built about 1935 by E.J. Thomas. From then until the camp was sold in April 1963 he owned the larger percentage of the camp. He always had working partners who lived on the site and operated the business while he continued with his job in St Boniface as Crown prosecutor.

The first partners he had were Mr and Mrs Bill Steadman. They lived at the camp, maintained it and ran it. Margaret Reid, who worked for Mrs Steadman, said you might have to do anything at the camp in those days. She can remember helping to shingle No. 1 cabin roof with shingles that had

been made right there. They also made bread and sold it to the cottagers, as well as serve it to their customers who could eat in the lodge as it had dining room facilities for their own guests. Many of their customers were American fishermen and they all liked to eat there. The laundry was done by hand or a hand washing machine and dried outside, then ironed. In wet weather, drying lines were strung inside.

Mr. Thomas came to the lake on Friday evenings and went back to the city Sunday nights. Most of the time he rode the bus. He loved this country so much that he often came out in the winter, always bringing supplies with him in a shopping bag or a



Map Toniata Beach with streets (roads) named



1965 July, new store at Toniaata

gunny sack.

When he came out to the camp in the winter in the early days, someone would have to meet him at Sam's Garage with a team of horses and a sleigh (this was at nine o'clock at night) to take him to the camp, then drove him back to catch the bus on Sunday evening. This was a long cold trip along a bush trail. There were times he walked all the way into camp.

When Mr. Thomas started the camp, the government was starting to survey lots for people to build on. He bought some of these lots and hired men to build cottages on them. He had a saw mill and Dick Good operated it in the mid 1930s and much of the lumber in the first cottages, in and around Toniaata, was all from local timber. Sometime when you are driving around, look at the timbers in some of the log buildings in the area and see the size of the trees that used to grow in this area.

Mr. and Mrs. Steadsman were with Mr. Thomas for about 10 years more or less. When they wanted a change they got a lot (Block 1 Lot 1) on Falcon and built a half log siding cottage. They were going to live in it and build cottages in the area, but took a job with Mr. MacKenzie at C.B.C. camp at West Hawk Lake, so they sold their cottage to Dr.



Original ice-house and storage shed with staff sleeping quarters.

and Mrs. White, who later sold it to Mr. and Mrs. G.B. Scrivener.

The next working partners were Ed and Ella Schindler who arrived in May 1946, and the story of that period is contributed by the Schindlers.



1946 - Ed Schindler and staff (Ralph and Erwin) at Toniaata camp.



1946 - Learning the business, Ed Schindler and helpers delivering ice to cabins.



After many coats of linseed oil, the cabins had turned black, a paint job brought renewed life to them.

The camp was sold in 1963 when the Schindlers moved to their new home in Falcon townsite. Mr. Thomas continued to come to the summer cottage he had built years earlier and where he and his wife and their two sons, David and Ted, had stayed.



Ella Schindler on sleigh, daughter Merna is musher.



About 1947 - this hay was cut at the Lily Pond, and before there was a truck at camp big enough to haul it, the hay was brought to camp with horses and wagon.



Heading from Shoal Lake to Camp Lake.

Mr. Thomas was a great lover of nature and wrote poems about the beauty of Falcon Lake. He cleared a small patch of land and planted different kinds of fruit trees. For years he knocked at doors with an armful of the nicest crispest rhubarb. He could grow the largest dahlias I ever saw. As the years advanced on him, we used to store his root bulbs for the winter. In the spring, he would tell me how to divide them. He couldn't see well enough to do it himself, but he knew how many eyes he wanted on each tuber.



Mr. Steadman at Toniata 1936-37



The Falcon Lake (Toniata) gang 1938, note the tennis court in background.

Cottage owners still comment on Mr. Thomas' yellow tea roses or fruit trees. He spent long hours moving rocks, bringing soil from places like East Braintree in pails and tubs and carrying water by the pailful up hill. Often he went to his little garden to pick something for his lunch, only to find a squirrel or gopher had beaten him to it.

Several owners succeeded the original owners. The first were Mr. and Mrs. Smith and their daughter and son-in-law. Then there were the Fedoryshyns who had a partner when they took over for a year or so. They sold to the Mandzuiks, Joan and Andy, who sold to the present owners, the Bartel Brothers who have turned the camp into a condo-like establishment.

With each set of new owners there were changes and upgrading. Schindlers wrote about the coming of electricity, the building of the store and two more cabins. The Smiths removed four cabins and replaced them with two double housekeeping units with bathrooms. Fedoryshyns did a lot of remodeling to the main lodge, moving the kitchen to the



Cook house, Toniata campgrounds 1950



Falcon Lake gang about 1938 at Toniata dock.



Toniata campgrounds 1954. Note: tents on one side, trailers on the other.

sunroom so you could see the store and keep an eye on things out front while working in the house. They also installed a bathroom in the lodge. The Mandzuiks did a lot of modernizing to the cabins with carpet, windows and bathrooms. Living quarters were made in the part of the store that had been the restaurant.

The days are gone when people only want a roof over their head and a bed to sleep in when they come to the lake. Now they want all the luxuries of home. As with many others, the small cabins of yesteryear are now comfortable larger cabins to accent today's livingstyle.

EDITOR'S NOTE

We have no records of all the people who worked in the development of the camps in the Whiteshell, but in the spring of 1937 Nik Feilberg of East Braintree took a job of getting out building logs for a man (E.J. Thomas) who was starting a summer resort at the lake some twenty miles away (Toniata Lodge, on Falcon Lake). The distance was so far in those days that you went and would stay till the job was done.

This was not the very beginning of Toniata as some stories tell of activities there at the camp a few years earlier.

AT FALCON LAKE

East from the gates of the city,
A span of a hundred miles,
It lies asleep in the virgin hills
Asleep with emerald isles,

On a silver bosom cradled,
That mirrors the sky's deep blue,
And granite cliffs that were old and grey
When man and his dreams were new.

A wind-swept, sun-drenched eyrie
I shall seek on a rock I know,
The green of the pines above me,
The green of the grass below:

And there I shall idly ponder,
Ponder the long day through—
And fast as they fall asunder,
My dream castles build anew.

Tribes of forgotten red men
Shall people the lake once more;
Their birch canoes on its waters,
Their camp fires on its shore.

Till night and a silver stairway
That leads to a crescent moon,
And argent headlands that echo
That lonely cry of the loon.

And so shall slumber woo me,
And a whispering poplar tree,
My tent high-pillared with star tipped spruce
The sky for a canopy.

East of the gates of the city
Grey granite and ancient trees,
And rocky leagues of pine-ribbed shore
And dawn, and a balsam breeze.

That fondles the jade-green tresses
The shimmering birch-tree wears,
And day-and-night-long caresses
My Falcon Lake chaumiere.

This poem was written by E.J. Thomas, a former owner of Toniata Lodge at Falcon Lake.

TONIATA SUBDIVISION

The first surveying done around Falcon Lake was around Toniata and Faloma Beaches on the north shore. The only access to the lake was from Highway No. 44 at West Hawk Lake. At that time the blocks were given names, not numbers, and the names were taken from beaches in the vicinity. Some

of the roads were given names too. The road between the campground and Lots 1 to 11 was named Adelaine Street. Frances Street is the road in front of Toniata cabins. Marion Street goes up the hill behind the store.

During my research I could not find who built most of the cottages, whether it was the owner or hired carpenters, but it is noted that many of them had the same log siding when they were new. The road to these cabins was named Adelaine Street. Early maps of the area have all the streets named.

With the help of Judy Buchanan (Bennett) and a few other oldtimers I have put together the following history of some of the first cottages, with stories from some of the present owners.

Lot 1 — The cottage was built for Mr. and Mrs. Paschall in 1934. The second owner was a family by the name of Lee who worked for Eaton's. Who else owned this cottage isn't known, but the present owners are Lois and Cecil Burns.

WONDERFUL "SOMMER-TIMES" IN THE WHITESHELL

By Elmer E. Sommer

My first recollection of any involvement by the Sommer family with the area known as the Whiteshell Provincial Park dates back 50 years to the summer of 1938 when it was still officially the Whiteshell Forest Reserve.

As a lad of 14, I accompanied my parents and my 10-year-old sister on one of our Sunday excursions to an indeterminate destination. We set out from our home in Morris and drove in a northeasterly direction, intersecting at Ste Anne with the Old Dawson Trail. We proceeded eastward on this trail to Hadashville. Up to that point it was not too bad a road. Thinking that we would in due course connect up with P.T.H. 1, now known as P.T.H. 44, somewhere in Eastern Manitoba, we continued on along the Dawson Trail which before very long de-



1947 - Typical flat-bottomed fishing boat.



1956 - New boat 'Aqualle' Linda and Helen on dock, Eleanor and daughter in boat.

teriorated into very little more than two ruts through the bush. It eventually reached the state where we could no longer turn around, so we were forced to continue slowly and painfully forward until finally we emerged into a clearing on the shore of Falcon Lake at a point either at or near the location of the present day Falcon Beach townsite. The trail appeared to terminate there and though we were but four or five miles as the crow flies from P.T.H. 1, there was no possible way to get by car to connect up with it from where we were.

It was then late in the afternoon and we were left with no alternative but to turn around and retrace our route back down that wilderness trail for it seemed like fifty miles all the way to Hadashville before we came to a connecting road that took us over to P.T.H. 1 and a relatively smooth road home.

In retrospect, it is a little frightening to speculate on the very serious predicament that we would have found ourselves in had we had any car trouble way out there in the wilderness, far from any assistance.

My next, and more intimate, encounter with the Whiteshell occurred two years later in July of 1940 when I accompanied my parents and sister on a short holiday trip.

We proceeded down P.T.H. 1 to Rennie and then north on a winding road past Brereton, Red Rock and Jessica Lakes to White Lake. I recall this road being so narrow and winding that, if upon rounding one of the many curves, one met an oncoming vehicle, one vehicle had to back up to the nearest wide spot in the road to enable the other one to get by.

At White Lake we overnighted for several nights in the cabins, then operated by Mr. and Mrs. C.W. Cucksey. It was at this time that I received my indoctrination into the sport of fishing. From that time on, I was the one who was thoroughly hooked.

At that time, the road for all intents and purposes ended at White Lake, but there was a rudimentary

trail leading north to the shore of Green Lake, which by boat crossover and a short portage, gave access to Big Whiteshell Lake. I recall that we set out on this trail one afternoon in the 1940 Mercury sedan that my father was driving and after winding around and over rocks and stumps for several miles and practically wrecking the underside of the car due to its relatively low ground clearance, we realized that further progress was foolhardy. So, with great difficulty, we got ourselves turned around and headed back for White Lake. It was not until a few years later, after the trail had been improved somewhat, that we did get to Green Lake and over to Big Whiteshell Lake.

We travelled to White Lake once or twice each year during the early 1940's and were constantly en-



1947 - Eleanor Linklater (Sommer) proudly displaying the fish she caught in Falcon Lake.



1947 - Emilie Sommer feeding deer at 'Buff Bungalow'.

thrilled by the tremendous fishing. I remember one day in late October, 1942, standing on the shore of White Lake and casting my lure. It was cold and blustery, half raining and half snowing, but with every cast I hooked a fish, mostly northern pike, but also quite a few walleye. I finally had to give up because my hands got too cold.

By this time our family, along with the family of my uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Ed Schwark, also of Morris, was completely enamored of the Whiteshell. In the summer of 1944, while I was home on furlough from the army, the Sommer and Schwark families took a short holiday trip to Falcon Lake, where we camped for a few days in the campground at Toniata Beach.

During a visit to the local store, operated, if I recall correctly, by the Schindler family, my father and uncle became aware that the summer cottage located on Lot 1, the first one up the hill from the public dock and beach, was up for sale. This cottage, quite possibly the first private summer home on Falcon Lake, had been built back in 1931 by the manager of the Hudson's Bay Co. store in Winnipeg (so we were told) and now for family reasons was up for sale.

After inspecting the premises and receiving considerable encouragement from the other members of the Sommer and Schwark families, my father and uncle purchased the cottage in partnership and we became the proud owners of our first summer residence. The building was of bungalow style, built of logs and painted a buff color, and so was promptly christened Buff Bungalow.

Back in those days, Falcon was still somewhat off the beaten track, with the main centre of activity in that part of the Whiteshell being located at West

Hawk Lake, which was right on P.T.H. 1.

Consequently, for the first decade of our residence at Falcon, we practically had the place to ourselves. Ours was one of only about two dozen cottages on the lake and on any given weekend one would have been hard pressed to encounter more than half a dozen other boats on the lake. It was truly almost an unspoiled virgin paradise in those days. Fishing was perhaps not as spectacular as in the northern lakes such as White and Big Whiteshell, but was satisfactory, and for just pure enjoyment of natural beauty the east end of the lake was unsurpassed.

The amount of time that I was able to spend at the cottage was unfortunately limited by the fact that home was 155 miles away in Morris, where I operated an auto dealership and garage in partnership with my father. I recall many instances of working until 11:30 p.m. on a Saturday night, going home and sleeping until 4 a.m., getting up and jumping in the car, driving the 155 miles to the lake via Winnipeg, Lockport, Beausejour, Whitemouth and Renne to Sam's Corner at Penniac Bay, West Hawk Lake and then south on the road through the bush to Toniata Beach. Arriving at the cottage about 8:30 a.m., one would spend most of the day on the lake fishing, with departure for the return trip to Morris occurring between 7:30 and 8 p.m. so as to be back home for work again on Monday morning. Long weekends were a bonus because then one had two days to spend at the lake.

Shortly after meeting my wife-to-be, Eleanor, in early 1947, I had the pleasure of introducing her to the beauties of the Whiteshell and the joys of cottage life by inviting her to a family outing at Buff Bungalow on the Victoria Day weekend. She immediately became an avid "Whiteshell fan" and has remained so to this day. During the years following our marriage in 1948 and the arrival of our five children, there were many occasions when we engaged in the Sunday morning ritual of all piling into



1947 - Toniata Beach, Sommer and Schwark Families.

our car or station wagon at 4 a.m. along with our supplies and taking off for a day at the cottage, returning home in the evening bone tired, but happy.

Another incident I recall rather vividly occurred late in the fall sometime in the latter 1940's. My parents and I were at Buff Bungalow, probably for the purpose of closing it for the winter, when we were contacted for our assistance in a very serious situation. There had been a crew of men at work on the south shore of the lake clearing bush for development purposes. One of the workers had been struck by a falling tree and was in desperate need of medical attention. My father had a large and very stable flat-bottomed boat that he had built himself, which was equipped with the 9.7 H.P. Evinrude that we had purchased as our first outboard motor in 1944.

The weather that day was terrible, cold with a blustery north wind that made the lake fairly rough, especially towards the south side, all in all conditions that were not at all favorable for venturing forth onto the lake. However, in view of the seriousness of the situation, we set out and worked our way over to the south shore, loaded the poor fellow, who was comatose and obviously in very bad shape, into the boat and eventually got him back to the north shore. There he was loaded into a waiting vehicle and transported to the hospital in Kenora. Unfortunately, his injuries were so severe that he did not survive, but at least we felt that we had done what we could to give him a chance.

Although we did not foresee it at the time, in the early 1950's events were unfolding that would soon shatter the peace and quiet of our idyllic Falcon Lake paradise. The building of the current P.T.H. 1 along the north shore of the lake and the subsequent opening up of the south shore unleashed a flood of development and traffic that soon badly eroded our sense of privacy. The campground in the hollow below our cottage became increasingly crowded and noisy, to the extent that my father began seriously looking around for another location in the Whiteshell that would offer more peace and quiet. In the summer of 1956, Parks Branch opened up for cottage development the subdivision known as Block 2 on Eleanor Lake. My father put in bids on several lots that he thought had potential and was awarded the opportunity to lease Lot 11 in the twelve lot Block. Subsequently, in the fall of that year, he and my mother set up camp in a small trailer on the site, and he, singlehandedly with just my mother's assistance, began clearing the lot and then started and completed construction of a three bedroom summer home on the site.

We officially inaugurated the occupation of the premises with a family gathering of my parents, my family and my sister's family on the Victoria Day

long weekend in 1957.

In 1963, with the arrival of several more grandchildren in the intervening years, my father felt that the cottage was now too small, so he built an addition housing two more bedrooms. Another facet of our Whiteshell experience dealt with the love of our family for boating. In the winter of 1955-56, using our garage building in Morris as our construction site, my father and I built an 18 foot cabin cruiser. I recall making a special trip to Minneapolis in January of 1956 to obtain and bring back the necessary materials to cover the marine plywood hull with a skin of fibreglass mat and resin. At that time this process was so new that these materials were not yet available in Manitoba. We equipped this boat with twin 35 H.P. Evinrude outboard motors and had a special trailer built for transporting it. We named her "Aquabelle", had her registered as No. 5F-2026, and our family launched her at Faloma Beach on Falcon Lake on Mother's Day, 1956. She became a familiar sight as our family cruised the length and breadth of the lake until we transferred our base of operations to our Eleanor Lake cottage. From that base, she explored that stretch of the Winnipeg River ranging from near Pinawa upstream to Sturgeon Falls, and was the vehicle for many happy family excursions and fishing trips, as well as acting as the tow boat for our waterskiing children and their friends.

For a number of years after 1957, my parents divided their time between the cottage at Falcon in which they still had a half-interest, and their new place on the Winnipeg River at Eleanor Lake. However, with the sudden passing of my aunt in the spring of 1963, my uncle lost interest in the Falcon Lake property, and since our family really did not need two cottages at that time, Buff Bungalow was put up for sale and sold in the fall of 1963 to a Winnipeg family named Burns.

While having to give up our intimate relationship with beautiful Falcon Lake was an emotional and heart-wrenching experience, especially for our children, it did, nevertheless afford us the opportunity to devote ourselves wholeheartedly to the development and enjoyment of our new place on the shore of Eleanor Lake.

Over the ensuing years, it has been an intensely interesting and rewarding experience to participate in the transformation of a piece of lakefront property from a tangle of underbrush, rocks and weeds into a cottage site with rolling lawns, gentle sloping sand beach and burgeoning evergreens. Certainly, it has required a lot of hard work and much tender loving care, but the end result is more than adequate compensation. My father, who was a dedicated workaholic, left his imprint on this property and we regard it as a tangible reminder of his love

and devotion to his family. We felt it only appropriate to give our summer retreat the name of Sommer Haven.

It was quite obvious that my parents both derived a great deal of pleasure and satisfaction from the time that they spent at their cottages. My father was also an ardent fisherman, and from his bases at both Falcon and Eleanor Lakes, he mounted frequent fishing expeditions to other lakes such as High, Big Whiteshell, Lone Island and Horseshoe as well as on the Whiteshell and Rennie Rivers.

On the Winnipeg River, which ran right past his doorstep at Sommer Haven, he was particularly fascinated by and became quite adept at the catching of goldeye and mooneye and he would invariably return to base with limit catches. He was also very much at home in the woods and as an avid berry and mushroom picker would range far and wide in search of prime specimens. He truly loved the great outdoors and for the thirty years between 1940 and his passing in 1970 he made the Whiteshell his prime staging area.

Our children also have spent many enjoyable hours during their years of growing up engaged in swimming, boating, water skiing and exploring, using our cottages as a base of operations. They have developed a fondness for the area to the extent that one of our daughters and her husband in 1987 purchased the cottage located on the little island situated in Nutimik Lake just opposite the mouth of the Whiteshell River. If anything, they have an even greater degree of enthusiasm for the Whiteshell and cottage life than my wife and I have.

While I have seen a great number of changes in the Whiteshell during the 50 years that I have known it, such as the provision of electricity and telephone service to cottages, the extension and improvement of road systems, the proliferation of subdivisions and cottages, as well as much increased tourist and campground traffic, the fact remains that the area is still basically an unspoiled wilderness setting of unsurpassed natural beauty. My wife and I both consider ourselves privileged and are very grateful to have had the opportunity to avail ourselves of its pleasures for such a long period of time. One of our fondest hopes is that we may continue to enjoy the Whiteshell for many years to come.

TONIATA LOT 1 - 1941-1990

By Lois Burns

In 1941, the first year after I married Cecil Burns, I was to become aware of a very beautiful spot in Manitoba called Toniata, an Indian name.

As we first came in sight of Falcon Lake at Toniata, I saw a beautiful spot for camping. About two acres of enticing, tall swaying grass at one end and

tapering from there to a more exposed or cleared area approaching the lake, very suitable for pitching a tent.

The lake was shallow enough and protected in a small bay to make it ideal for launching and anchoring fishing boats. This Toniata bay was also suitable for the poorest and youngest swimmers.

Mr. E.J. Thomas was a Crown Prosecutor in St. Boniface at this time. He saw the beauty and prospects of Toniata and had a house built with an area in it for a small store. This in time was followed by a bigger house and a barn (where the gas pipeline now is) to house the horse and sleigh run by Bob Saunders for Mr. Thomas.

In the winter, Bill Steadman would hitch up the horse to the sleigh every Friday and drive to the main road to pick up Mr. Thomas.

The daily work at this time was to cut and put ice into the ice-house behind the store. Ice was delivered to a few of the cottages that were here, as well as supplying it to their own camp. I can remember going many times to get ice for our ice-box.

As cottages were built, many American fishermen came to Toniata, some for many years. Fishing was very good at Falcon Lake. It was also profitable for the good fishermen. There were no limits as to how many fish you could catch and keep. The good fishing continued on into the late fifties, and up to the seventies.

Proof of this are the 12 trophies on our cottage mantel, four more our grandsons have plus numerous Master Angler Awards which Cecil earned after the limits were introduced.

Just this week in July of 1988, Toniata Lodge received a letter from Chicago asking if there were cabins for rent and boats in High Lake. The writer had been coming for 20 years, he said.

In 1946 when the men came back from overseas we became acquainted with Ed and Ella Schindler and family. They came here as partners of Mr. Thomas.

Many children and adults, too, will recall the many Saturday nights when Alan Beaven showed Forestry educational pictures just off the steps of the store.

Ed Schindler was never too busy to answer any questions put to him by the children. He also kept a wary eye and ear on the renters of the cottages, many times joining them till the wee hours of the morning.

There are many spots from which to view the beauty of Falcon Lake around Toniata. The road behind the store leads up to some of the best. Mr. Thomas was aware of this when he picked his lot, No. 13 for their cottage. Some of the others being "Journey's End" known to us Aunt Lou's now the Merkeleys. Then there were the Bells, Rattrays and

ANGLER

"I hereby swear that the following statements are true: that in taking this fish I complied with the rules."

Kind of Fish Brook Trout Weight 6.16 lb/kg Length 24 in/cm Girth 16 in/cm
 Fish Kept ☒ Released ☐ This is my first entry ☒ Yes ☐ No If no please include I.D.# 7
 Name of Water Camp Lake Date Caught: Month June Day 19 Year 88 Line Test ...

We, the undersigned, witnessed the weighing or measuring of the fish described above and verified the weight and measurements given.

(Two witnesses required.) Edna Harbottle
 Name EDNA HARBOTTLE Angler Master Todd Burns AGE 74
 Address WEST HAWK LAKE, MAN. Mr./Mrs./Miss ... (Full first name and surname)
 Phone 1-349-2214 (Home) Home Address 391 Campbell St.
 City or Town Winnipeg Province or State MAN.
 Name Jim Burns Address 42-5th Ave S.W. Postal or Zip Code R3N 1B6
 Phone 557-5386 (Home) (Business) Phone 489-7426 (Home) (Business)

ONLY FULLY COMPLETED APPLICATIONS WILL BE ACCEPTED (PLEASE PRINT)

SEND ENTRIES TO:
 Travel Manitoba
 7-155 Carlton St.,
 Winnipeg, Manitoba,
 R3C 0H8

April 1988
 M2-2107
 Manitoba
 Fisheries

Ruth Young, later many others, ourselves included being blessed by the height to enjoy the views. The Greggs, being our neighbors, have been here for many years, and their third generation is here now.

There are many campers at Toniata who continue to come for years and from these early forties good friends were made, many fish stories told and competitions engaged in.

Much later, the Government took over opening up and enlarging this site, along with many more in the Whiteshell.

Boats have become bigger and motors fiercer. Even spear-fishing is allowed. So the Toniata of today is not the relaxing, peaceful area it used to be.

Many fishermen go out, but not as many are successful as in the early days of Toniata. It gives me a thrill to enclose a copy of a Master Angler Award showing Cecil has a young grandson (Norm's youngest son Todd) following his grandfather's footsteps in casting a line. On June 19, 1988 Todd, age 7, caught his first award fish; a 6½ pound brown trout. His older brother Timothy now has to show his prowess and beat the two of them.

In closing, I must say many, many happy summers have been spent at Toniata by Cecil and I, and with much luck we hope to continue to do so at Lot 1, Toniata.

Lot 2 — Was first owned by Mr. and Mrs. Anderson. Mrs. Anderson was a Paschall. A daughter Carol, who lives in Winnipeg, phoned to this area recently to see if the cottage was still there.

Lot 3 — This cottage was first owned by Mr. Clancy who worked for Eaton's. It was sold to Mr. McFetridge who in turn sold it to Mr. Flannigan.

Lot 4 — The first owners of this cottage were Mr. and Mrs. Hull. Mr. Hull was an Eaton employee and Mrs. Hull was a Paschall. In more recent years this cottage belonged to the Dejong family. Now it is owned by Conlans.

Lot 5 — Charlie Hinds, who worked for Eaton's, first owned this cottage. Then it was owned by Mr. Rodgers and it is now owned by the Warms family.

It is noted that these cottages were owned by one family or men who worked together in Winnipeg.

The road to these cottages was called Marion Street.

There are some lots in this area that are undeveloped. In May of 1932 they were surveyed Lots 6 to 10. These cottages were built on a very high rock outcrop and have magnificent views of the lake. Depending at which one you were at, you could see sunrises, sunsets, sailboat racing, people fishing miles away, the mist rising, the eagles soaring near their nest or have endless views for artists to sketch or paint.

Lot 6 had a cottage built on it for Harold Anderson about 1938. This cottage was rented every summer until about 1950 when Mr. and Mrs. Young bought it and with their two sons John and Fred spent nearly every summer here even when they lived in Florida. About 1980, Ruth Young sold it to her nephew.

The cottage on the next lot was built for Mr. E.J. Thomas by a fellow named Mike.

BLEST SHIP OF MEMORY

By E.J. Thomas

*"Oft in the stilly night
ere slumber's chain has bound me
Fond memory brings the light
of other days — around me"*
—Thomas Moore

Sail down the river of my dreams,
Blest ship of Memory!
Where on the far Horizon gleams,
The open boundless Sea;
There by some shimmering coral Shore;
Some sheltering palm-fringed lea,
To dear dear days, that are no more,
Sail, Ship of Memory.

Sail, down the river of my dreams,
Blest Ship of Memory,
The longer missed, the dearer seems,
The joys that used to be;
A loved-one's kiss; A baby's smile;
Prayers lisped at Mother's knee;
Lie anchored by some far-off Isle,
Blest Ship of Memory.

Sail down the river of my dreams,
Magic enchanted Barque;
As fades the Day's last lingering Beams
As early falls the Dark;
Heaven, and Home, and long-lost Friend,
Thou knowest where they be;
Bear, bear me on: to Journey's End,
Blest Ship of Memory.

A NEW YEAR WASSAIL

By E.J. Thomas

O! Friendship is a shelt'ring tree
Whose roots through years strike deeper,
A Resting-Place for you and me
As braes beyond grow steeper.

Fill brimming up yon wassail cup
A New Year's Troth be plighted:
Friends still are we, Friends still shall be
Till Journey's End is sighted.

AN HISTORIC SIGHT*

"Arma virumque cano"

By E.J. Thomas

This is the pebble David took
Long years ago, from Kedron's brook;
He tucked it deftly in his sling
And twirled it round his head, and *Ping*
With cool and calculating eye
He loosed the cord, and let it fly;
And fly it did with might and main
And conked Goliath, on the brain,
Or where, at least, his brain would be
Had he had brains, like you and me.

"How does that feel? you heathen cad!"
Exclaimed the simple shepherd-lad.
The Philistine just folded up—
"You win, my boy, game, match and cup!"
And that my friend was the last clause
That ever cluttered up his jaws
As, down he sank into the clay
A flabby feast, for birds of prey,

Unwept, un-honoured, un-reprieved,
(Save what these verses have achieved.)

A tidy sum we had to pay
To find this pebble, where it lay
A hundred yards from Kedron's flood,
Half-hidden in the sand and mud,
With bits of skull; and tufts of hair
Still clinging to it, here and there.

Disturbed from its prolonged repose
Behold it! right before your nose!

Now if you doubt this tale and scoff
Don't pocket it; and mosey off;
For others—just as smart as you—
May well believe, the tale is true.

**Lines for a 9 ft. granite boulder at Toniata Beach,
Falcon Lake, Manitoba to be erected—perhaps—
by the authorities, in an endeavor to off-set a bit
the statue of Josiah Flintabbatty Flonatin at Flin
Flon and Paul Bunyan's Blue Ox at Bemidji, Min-
nesota.*

FALCON LAKE SUBDIVISION CONT.

The fireplace was built by Dick Good. This cottage was built about 1936-37 and had many years of use by the Thomases and their two sons Ted and David. In recent years it has undergone major alterations which have only enhanced the views from this location. Werners, the present owners, are enjoying all this beauty now.

Lot 14 — Mr. and Mrs. Wilson Rattray are the original owners of this cottage which was built in the 1930s. It is still in the family and in constant use all summer.

Lot 15 — People by the name of Ellice had this cottage built in the 1930s. Across the front the house were all windows. This was Mr. Ellice's studio where he did a lot of his drawings and layouts for Eaton's catalogue. Mr. and Mrs. Black bought it from them and in recent years it has passed on to a daughter.

Lot 16 — This cottage, known as Journey's End, was built at the end of a dead end road. It was built for Mrs. Lou Toombs by Mr. and Mrs. Steadman in the 1930s. It was her summer home, and a summer home for many of her family, first her own generation of relatives, then nieces and nephews and now it has passed on to the next generation, 2 great-nephews, Garth and Tex Merkeley and their families.



Audrey Merkeley, 1988 at Journey's End.

LOT 16 TONIATA JOURNEY'S END CABIN By Norman Merkeley

Journey's End Cabin was owned by Louella Kinneer Toombs, known to all as "Aunt Lou". It was built in the early 1930s on the top of the rock bluff

behind Toniata Lodge, and faces east with a view down the lake.

My earliest recollections of Falcon Lake were going there by car in the late 1920s via the old Dawson Trail through Lorette, Richer and Hadashville to Mokohan Beach on the north shore of Falcon Lake. This was for a day of picnicking and swimming on this beautiful sandy beach. At this time, the property was owned by the Hudson's Bay Company.

When the old No. 1 Highway (now No. 44) was built through Lockport, Beausejour, Rennie to West Hawk, and the service road to Falcon Lake, we used to fish every May 24 weekend at High Lake at the east end of Falcon. I remember staying overnight at Toniata Lodge when it was under construction and before the roof was on. The lodge and the adjoining tourist cabins were being built by E.J. Thomas and "Pop" Steadman.

Sitting in the backyard in Winnipeg with Aunt Lou and brother Garth, I was reading the Free Press and came across an ad—"Will build a cabin at Falcon Lake for loan of \$1,000." This was in the early 1930s when cash was hard to obtain. The ad had been put in the paper by E.J. Thomas. "E.J.", the original developer and entrepreneur on Falcon Lake, was building lodge, store and cabins at Toniata Beach. Lou loaned him the money.

We designed the cabin to be built on top of the rock bluff behind the store. It was built of half-logs primarily by Pop Steadman (a partner of E.J.). Dick Good was a helper in the project. The cabin was built to Lou's specifications and was probably the fourth cabin built on the lake. My brother Garth and I built the screened front porch and bunkbeds in two of the bedrooms. Lou used to go to the lake in early May and stay until late September each year.

One year, Lou, E.J. and I went to the lake in early May on Moore's bus which only went as far as Rennie. Frank Rogers was the driver. From Rennie we went in E.J.'s Packard car. At the crest of hills E.J. would turn off the motor and coast down to save gas.

In early 1943 we went by bus and got off at Sam's Garage, run by Sam Yanich, one of the pioneers in the area. We were picked up by E.J.'s Packard to drive to the lake. Partway there, we stalled. I put a stick in the topless gas tank and it was bone dry. This driver couldn't understand it because he had put a gallon in before leaving the lake.

Now Lou's cabin was built with a kitchen, combined living room and raised dining area and three bedrooms. A large stone fireplace graced one end of the living room. We used to visit mostly weekends, except for two weeks in early May.

For several years, Lou had a pet deer. Laddie was a big white-tailed buck, blind in one eye. He arrived each evening to be fed potato peelings by hand. He

stood on his hind legs to reach the elevated back porch. In the mornings he would eat from a plate on the round table in the front yard while we had breakfast.

"Tugboat," Lou's 1928 Model A Ford with a rumble seat, was used to drive around Falcon to pick up water in a large milk can at the dock on Toniata Beach and for the odd excursion to Kenora after the road was built.

For many years, Lou resisted having electricity installed in the cabin, so evenings were spent by candlelight or Coleman lanterns.

Other Falcon Lake pioneers were Ed and Ella Schindler who ran Toniata Lodge store and cabins, and were partners with E.J.

E.J. also had a cabin near Lou's. He was the Crown Prosecutor for St. Boniface for many years. E.J. was an eccentric, an avid collector of "useful junk" from several secondhand stores in Winnipeg. A noted poet, he used to give Lou a poem every birthday.

Among the many happy memories of Journey's End and its hospitality are barbecuing steaks over coals on the large kitchen wood stove and the roast beef done in the oven of this stove, none better! This was really living! The odd time when we visited and Lou was away there was always a hand-written work list on the kitchen wall with the last words - "And don't burn the cabin down."

The cottage has always been called Journey's End and still is.

The next group of lots on the survey map were 23 to 37. Of these 24 to 36 are known as Toniata camp and the lot at each end of this group is undeveloped. The road in front of these cottages is named Frances Street.

Lots 38-39, although surveyed in 1932, were not built on. They were resurveyed in 1940 and built on then.

Lot 39 — This cottage was built for the McVey family. The next owners were Shaws. One of the Shaw daughters married a Fancet and the cottage is now owned by M.M. and E.R. Fancet.

Lot 40 — The Newman family had this lot from the time these lots were opened up or shortly thereafter. They built a double-decker boathouse on it and that was all. They had an isolated lot about 1 1/2 to 2 miles beyond the end of the road on the north shore of Falcon. When they acquired the lot, the road probably only went as far as Lot 58 Toniata Block. So they would park their car at the boat house and load everything into the boat and go to the cottage. When I say everything, this would be material to build the cottage, then the furnishings, icebox, beds, mattresses, bedding, table and chairs. Most difficult of all was the wood stove. These stoves could weigh up to 500 pounds or more and

every cabin had one for cooking and warmth. Some stoves had a reservoir on the side for hot or warm water. Above the main part of the stove was the warming oven, where the emery paper for cleaning and polishing were kept. This was also a good place to store things in the winter to keep them safe from the mice.

When they came to the lake and the weather prevented them getting to the cottage, they could wait inside till daylight to load up the boat. There was (and may still be) no hydro at the cottage, so they had to get ice for the icebox and coal-oil for the lamps, as well as food and other necessities and get it and the family to the cottage. A few years ago, Park regulations started to require a cottage to be built on a lot. It was at this point that Jim McKenzie acquired the lot and built a cottage on it.

Lot 41 — Mr. and Mrs. McKenzie got this lot and built on it in 1933. Mr. McKenzie was an Eaton employee too. They used the cottage continually. This is where their young family learned to love the wilderness with all its serenity, raging storms and inquisitive wildlife. When the family grew and multiplied, Jim bought the cottage next door and Ken built a fly-in camp at Crow Duck Lake in the north-end of the Whiteshell.

Lot 42 and 43 — The McDonald and Bennett cottage story will follow. As far back as 1932, the surveyors had the foresight to see the need of right-of-ways every so often between some lots. Without the protection of these buffer zones, there would be little privacy today.

**TONIATA - LOT 42-43
BEATTIE 42 - HAY 43
(Illustrated on front cover)**

The first two cottages are at Lot 42 and 43 Toniata on Falcon Lake and they are still in the same families. These cottages were bought for around \$800.00. The first by Mr. and Mrs. Grant McDonald in 1935,



1939 - Florence McDonald and Mrs. Bennett.



Mr. Bennett and daughters Margaret and Judy.

is now owned by their niece Evelyn Beattie and her family. Mr. and Mrs. Tom Bennett came down on the May long weekend in 1936 looking for a place to spend their summer holidays and bought the cottage next door. It was then passed to their daughter Judy Buchanan, more recently bought by Ted Hay.

These cottages are built of logs which were cut between Indian Bay and Shoal Lake and Falcon and brought across the lake by horses in the winter. They were built by Mr. Nelson and Mr. Westerlund who first built a small cabin which later became the garage at McDonald's. Then, they built the main cottages and these cottages have been so well maintained that they have the same appearance today as when they were built. They have seen many changes: from coal oil and gas lamps to electric lights, from large cook stoves to small annex heaters besides electric ranges in the kitchen, from ice boxes to keep the perishables in, to refrigerators and from Quebec and propane heaters to electric baseboard heaters as supplement heat with the big wood screened in fireplaces.



1963 - Mrs. Bennett and Evie Beatty (neighbor Lot 42).



Margaret, Helen and David Aikenhead and Judy Bennett (now Buchanan) children of cottage owners on the north shore in the 1940s.

The screen in front verandas and eating kitchens have had cottage style windows or heavy plastic installed for use earlier in the spring and later in the fall.

The lots these cottages were built on were heavy wooded rocky lots, now the lots are cleared, old trees cut down and young trees planted in some cases with fruit trees like apple and butternut. The underbrush was cleared and grass is growing, stones have been dug up and used to build rock gardens or retaining walls that really blend with the setting. Log boat-houses were built later and a small building or lean-to near the garage where ice was packed in sawdust in the winter for use in the ice boxes in the summer.

One of the first jobs the families had to do when they bought the cottages was to chink between all the logs with oakum to keep out small rodents and insects.



Bennett cottage with water barrel for gravity flows water to the tap in the kitchen.



Mrs. Bennett, age 90, at their cottage 1981. Note: 1991 Mrs. Bennett now lives in a nursing home in Lac du Bonnet where she celebrated her 100th birthday last December.

Another characteristic of these cottages is some of the furniture which is made from diamond willow gathered around here and skillfully fashioned into unique pieces of furniture, then varnished to bring out the natural grain and color of the wood.

There are always things that are remembered about any place, one thing the Bennetts remember is the bad hail storm the July long weekend when they moved into the cottage, because, they had to have the roof reshingled that same summer. The McDonalds have records of the hummingbirds at their cottage as far back as 1939.

After nearly fifty summers at Lot 43 Toniata Mrs. Bennett and her daughter Judy Buchanan sold to the Ted Hay family.

TONIATA BLOCK LOT 44 By Sandra Coopland-Sadler

The Coopland-Sadler cottage was originally built by the Francis Family in the 1930s and sold to the Thompsons in 1963. They, in turn, sold to Ashley and Sandra Coopland and their four children in 1971.

After almost 20 years of cottage life, we have enjoyed many memorable moments. Such as moonlight sailing with bats hovering around our sails, watching thunder storms from the front window with all four children peering out at the lightning while the family dog hid quivering in someone's sleeping bag, laying on the dock on a cold August night to watch the meteor showers. Late night swimming followed by a cup of hot chocolate. Catching crayfish with a piece of bacon tied to a rock with a string, and watching the bears in the evening as they came into the yard to eat acorns and crabapples.

During the many summers at the cottage the children learned to sail and participate in the Learn-to-Sail Program at the Falcon Lake Yacht Club. As each child became old enough to learn to sail they began to take sailing lessons. To cater to our novice sailors, we built a sailboat in the basement of our Winnipeg home and, needless to say, the boat could not be removed from the house without much sawing of the ceiling and the basement stairs. This boat, a mirror dingy with red sails, was initially sailed by Craig (the eldest) who along with Jonathon Davis and his mirror dingy (also home-made by the Davis family) entered the club races. Soon Craig moved on to a bigger sailboat, the Y-Flyer, and Graeme took over the mirror dingy. Graeme became a fanatic sailor. With daily trips to Faloma to buy supplies of bread and milk, we had to be extremely careful not to capsize on the way home.



Coopland-Sadler cottage inside and out.



In 1974, Angela Davis (now of the Aikinson cottage) and I were coordinators of the Learn-to-Sail program and Jonathan Davis and Craig Coopland were the program instructors. We decided to allow adults into the Learn-to-Sail Program. This proved to be very interesting and not without problems. Most adult novice sailors feared the capsizing drill during class practice. One well-known professor adamantly refused to capsize his boat. Another man cut the essential sheets (ropes) for the mainsail and used it to hold up his jeans!! Within a year or so, along came Ted Law and some of his sons to take lessons. The boys did very well and so did Ted after much capsizing! There were always students who would carry on sailing down the lake and then were unable to return the boat to the club. This happened to Jonathon Kroft and Rowan Davis who on separate occasions had to be rescued from someone's dock while worried relatives paced back and forth at Faloma Beach.

Art Flexman, one of the founding members of the Falcon Yacht Club, was very involved with the junior sailors. He would joke and play pranks on unsuspecting individuals and he would liven up the ground activities after the Commodore's Cup Race.

Over the years, Falcon Lake has turned out a number of good sailors. Karen Law, Colette Pellerin, Deisre Coopland, Rowan Davis are some of the notable female sailors. Graeme and Ian Coopland competed against other teams from other provinces, so did Steve Pellerin, Craig Law and Mike Davis. These sailors got their first experiences in the junior sailing races which were held every Sunday morning for many years at Faloma.

Now, the mirror dingy has many leaks in the hull and patches on the sails, but it still cruises Falcon Lake with me at the helm.

GOLDEN MEMORIES OF 50 YEARS AT FALCON LAKE 1936-1986

This year marks 50 years that Roy Jacob has been spending at least part of his summer at Toniata on Falcon Lake.

The only summer he didn't come to the cottage was in 1969. That year they had bought a home in Houston, Texas where they now live. The move from St. Paul, Minn. with a young family was all Mrs. Jacob could handle in one summer so they rented a cabin in the woods and roughed it nearer home.

Roy's father, Dr. Jacob was practicing dentistry in a small town in northern Minnesota when he heard of an opening in Winnipeg and moved his family and business to Manitoba. Dr. Jacob was always an ardent fisherman so it wasn't long before he was looking for good fishing lakes in Manito-

ba. When he found Falcon Lake many thoughts must have been going through his mind. One thing he did was to take a pole to check for sharp drop offs going out into the water from the shoreline as he had 2 young sons. When he started the cottage it was going to be a fishing cabin with just one big room. Before the cottage was finished 2 partitions were added to make one main room and 2 bedrooms. Later that summer Dr. Jacob's father came to the cottage and said they had to have a back porch, so that was added also.

The next construction that was done was a small shed in the spring of 1937 to hold things like tools, oars, and their 1 horsepower outboard motor. Later that summer Dick Good built them a "change room" near the lake to change in and out of bathing suits because in those years people didn't sit around all day in bathing suits, but would put them on, go into the water for as long or short a period of time they wanted, then would get dressed before sitting to relax. That was L-O-N-G before ladies and gentlemen would ever think of sitting in scimpy bathing suits and drying off and tanning by the hour.

This "change room" was well used as it also served as an extra bedroom. During the war years an L shape patio was added to this building. Sam Yanich did this job. He also dug out the earth from under this building and framed in a place to store a boat.

In about 1938-39 a man by the name of Alex Buddock who did odd jobs in the area was hired by Dr. Jacob to build a fireplace. The stone was hauled from the stone quarry on No. 44 highway between West Hawk Lake and the Fish Hatchery road. Some things haven't changed. I imagine many of you have come to your cottage and found the construction not as far advanced as you thought it would be. So imagine the surprise and dismay when they arrived for a weekend and found a big hole in the outside wall where they thought the fireplace would already be.

Dr. Jacob was furious but for Roy and his brother Bernie it was an adventure for they all moved beds and bedding to the "change house" by the lake and everyone slept there. Mr. Buddock did many odd jobs at the Jacob cottage. One was transplanting small pine trees that barely came up to Roy's knees. These are now stately trees protecting their cottage from sun and storm. Mr. Buddock could be found at the Jacob cottage even when he wasn't working, and he would do things like take everyone berry picking (he even got them lost one time—for you see he had a crush on the girl who worked for Mrs. Jacob—a few years later the two were married).

Roy's recollections go right back to when the cottage was being built and he would stand between

the 2x4's and watch the Jim Francis (now Coopland) cottage being built. He also remembers a big pine tree just over the property line on the Francis' lot. Both he and his father liked and admired this tree that was full grown. It seemed ironic to him that with us getting wind and storms at all times of the year, that tree should be blown down onto their lot in a storm one summer while they were at the cottage. He also remembers the hustle and bustle every weekend to get everything ready for the trip to the lake. In those days the only way to get here was by the present No. 44 highway through Lockport, Beausejour, and Whitemouth with something different to see around every bend in the road. In some places it was trees and rocks, some places there were farms and animals, but the most welcome sight was the sign saying "SAM'S GARAGE", as that meant they were nearly at their cottage.

As a teenager he remembers sitting by the fireplace on cool summer evenings when everything was quiet and peaceful and not being able to visualize a war with bombing and shooting going on somewhere else, when it was so peaceful here. He was at the cottage on VJ night August 14, 1945 and can remember having the radio at the dock and waiting patiently for 6 p.m. when Churchill, Roosevelt and Stalin were to make a very important announcement—it was to declare that World War II had ended!

Mrs. Jacob and the boys would spend the summer at the cottage, Dr. Jacob and their grandmother would join them on weekends, bringing groceries and other supplies with them. One time his grandmother arrived on the bus with a great big pail of corn, it seemed to Roy his grandmother could pick the best corn. It was always the sweetest and tenderest corn he had ever eaten.

Times have changed—Roy's dad was a great fisherman and taught the boys how to bait a hook with a minnow, drop it into the water till it touched the bottom, then lift the line 2 inches and wait. In those days it wasn't long before you had a bite and then a fish. In fact, still fishing from the shore was often the best way to catch the most fish.

As Roy and Fradie's children were growing up they didn't spend as much time fishing. They were more involved at the Yacht Club, learning to sail, and now spend their leisure time wind surfing.

One year their son Maury came to the cottage in June to do some work. As a diversion he took a few days off work and accompanied the teachers and students as a chaperone from Falcon Beach School on their canoe trip to Caddy Lake. He also acquired a cute little pup, which immediately attached itself to Roy when he arrived. That was fine while they were at the cottage but when it was time to leave Maury wouldn't part with the dog, and by then the

rest of the family agreed. So they had to get it inoculated and for 9 years now 'Canuck' has made the trip from Houston, Texas to Falcon Lake, Manitoba.

Of the four Jacobs who came to Falcon in 1936 only Roy is still living. His mother died in 1959, his dad in 1965, and his brother in 1978. The summer of 1987 Fradie spent 6 weeks at the cottage. Their daughter Rachel who is married and lives in Syracuse, New York and their son David from Houston were with them at the beginning of their holidays and their son and daughter-in-law Maury and Maryann from College Station, Texas spent 2 weeks at the end of the summer here. This constitutes the second and third generation of a family who are carrying on a tradition which started 50 years ago.

TONIATA LOT 46

This cottage was built for Mr. Thomas by Dick Good about 1936. Mr. Thomas sold it to people by the name of Wright. It is now owned by Miss Lewis, but we don't know if there was other owners between the Wrights and Miss Lewis.

TONIATA LOT 47

Dick Good built this cottage for E.J. Thomas. When the present owners wanted to know when it was built, Adolph Zimmerman said it was the first job he worked on when he came to this area. He remembered putting the date in the cement at the top of the fireplace chimney. When someone was on the roof one time, they indeed found the date, 1936. The first owners were people by the name of Dyers. The next people who owned this cottage were Flanigan. They rented it for a few years till it was bought by Richard Kroft. Soon after Richard and Helaine moved to Ottawa, so they rented it. On their return to Winnipeg, they had the cottage torn down and built a new larger one with the same fireplace in the focal point in the living room again. They have done a lot of upgrading and Helaine has developed the grounds with many small plots for flowers and shrubs. Although not a winterized cottage it was insulated so when their children were growing up they could spend winter holidays in it.

TONIATA LOT 48
THE ASPER FAMILY
By Babs Asper

The Best Years of Our Lives

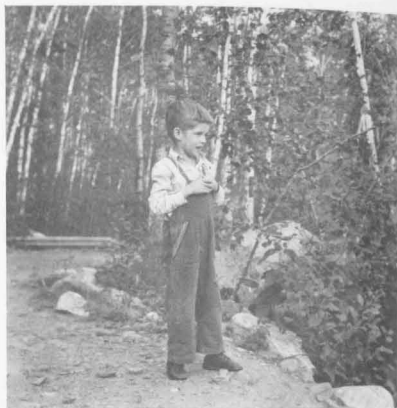
We bought our cottage in the fall of 1961, from Dick Good, who had built it in 1936. It was their home and thus was winterized when we bought it. It is indicative of the attachment to Falcon Lake, that in 55 years, we are only the second owners. We renovated modestly shortly after we bought the cottage. Fixing the basement, which Dick had used as his workshop while building cottages nearby. We changed the heating from coal to electricity. In 1983, when we did extensive renovations we put in a year round water system; prior to that, in the winter, we use to chop a hole in the ice, and pump the water into a holding tank in the basement. Sometimes the system worked, and sometimes not. For the first 18 years, while the children were growing up we spent every Christmas holiday and many winter weekends at the cottage. We all remember the winter 'bathroom trips' to the El'nor.

Winters at Falcon Lake

Our first experience there was New Year's Eve, 1961, and it was perhaps our most memorable. We arrived at the cottage with Dee and Harold Buckwald on a VERY cold December 29. It was cold outside and colder inside. So cold infact that a glass of water sitting on the kitchen counter froze before we got the fires going. We dragged our supplies to the cottage on a toboggan and Dee and I unpacked them while Harold and Izzy got a fire going in the coal burning furnace. Several hours later, we were still freezing, and Izzy went down to feel the pipes. They were very hot, causing him to burn his hand badly. He quickly ran outside and buried it in the snow to relieve the pain. We realized then we hadn't opened the heating vents to the main floor. Tired, we went to bed in our snowmobile suits, covered with blankets, to wake several hours later in a sweat when the cottage warmed up. The only other problem we had that weekend was with Harold, who was in charge of the liquid refreshments, forgot about breakfast, and only brought wine. It then became a problem to choose which wine to have with Cornflakes. The best part of the weekend was New Year's Day, which was bright and clear and crisp. When we looked out our kitchen window about a dozen deer were in the yard.

In the early years there was always deer around, winter and summer. We have pictures of the children feeding them.

We love it at the cottage in the winter. When the children were small, the toboggan run was down our driveway. As they grew, it became the 'big-hill' 190



1939 - Norman Good

down by Flexmans. In those days there were few people out in the winter, and the road was not plowed beyond our cottage. New Year's Eve we would get together with the Kroft families, or other friends for a festive dinner, followed by a 'hockey' game on the rink the children had cleared on the lake. It was not your usual hockey, because some wore skates and some wore boots. Some had hockey sticks, and some used brooms, rakes, shovels or whatever was at hand. It wasn't the NHL, but it sure was fun! At midnight, we would go for a long walk on the lake, and the memories of the big white lake, the spectacular midnight sky, and the quiet will stay with us forever.


Summers at Falcon Lake

When we bought the cottage, our son David was four and a half, our daughter Gail was three, Leonard born in 1964, and came to the lake when he was six weeks old. In those days we came out on July 1, and with rare exception, stayed right through till Labour Day. We never wanted to leave to go back to the city. The drive to Winnipeg for the first few years was not as easy as today, as there was only a two-lane highway, often construction and at least one fatal accident every summer.

As long as the weather was good, there was always lots to keep the children happy. It was the rainy spells that were the problem.

We remember the excursions to Ingolf or the Fish Hatchery or even Kenora, after all other amusements failed. I still have a drawer somewhere with miles of paper chains the children made on those days.

For many years the Red Cross had swimming lessons at Toniata, where the children were able to earn



their badges. Our children David and Gail were in classes with Wayne and Audrey Zimmerman, and Olive and I will never forget one particular test day. Falcon Lake was like the Atlantic Ocean, with waves rolling over the dock at Toniata, and it was so cold that some of the parents were wearing parkas. The instructor said it was the only time the test could be scheduled, it was now or never. After all that hard work, the children wanted their badges, so into the freezing, raging water they went. Miraculously, they all did what was required, and they all passed their test. Hot drinks were supplied to the instructor who had many hours of testing to do that day. I can't remember the instructor's name, but she was good, and the next summer, at age 10, our son David, swam across the lake.

In the 30 years we have been there, we have seen many changes at the lake. In the old days, there were no phones in the cottages, and no doctor at the townsite. If you wanted to talk to someone you had to go and see them. The nearest public phone was at Toniata, which in those days was a mini townsite for us. If anyone had to be reached in an emergency, the call would go to the lodge, and they would send a messenger out. There were people living at the lodge year round then. In the summer there was a store with a full line of groceries, and at one point a small restaurant. We could pick up our mail there, buy stamps and mail a letter. Above all, they had the best penny candy! While our children were too small to swim off the dock they spent many happy days at Toniata Beach, which at times seemed as large as Falcon Beach to them. The final closing of the Toniata store was a source of regret to us, because it had been a focal point for our area of the north shore. Another loss was the closing of the bakery at Penniac Bay. We would go there regularly for delicious home baked cinnamon buns and fresh fruit pies.

During the early 1970s, a lot of Manitoba's political business was conducted from that mosquito infested phone booth at Toniata. Izzy became leader of the Liberal Party in 1970, and shortly thereafter, Sidney Spivak, who rented a cottage in Block 21, became leader of the Conservative Party. Many were the time when one was in the booth talking while the other was getting eaten alive outside waiting. I suspect it became a game as to who could keep the other waiting longer. Finally, Izzy, couldn't stand the mosquitoes any more, and we had the first private phone line in our block installed, about 1973. Much later, we all got party lines. I think I preferred it without phones!

Animal Life

Over the years, we have had many encounters with wild life around the cottage. One evening a family

of skunks blocked our way up from the dock, and kept us sitting down by the water where it was cold for two hours. Another time a beaver chewed off the leg of our dock. In the late 1960s hundreds of bats settled in the attic of our cottage. What a job to get rid of them! Then there were the bears that scavenged our garbage before we had garbage cages. One summer one was so regular, that you could set your clock by him. Finally, one night the bear walked into a huge trap set behind our cottage. What a noise, when the door came down, and then the bear set up a huge furor - thrashing around in the trap, and roaring at the indignity of it all. Nearby cottagers came out in their pajamas to see the sight. We all have mixed feelings about him being caught, but were relieved to learn he would just have his bottom painted, and taken to a less populated area.

Our dog Tuffy, loved it at the lake both summer and winter, and fittingly, he died there at the age of 18, in the summer of 1984.

In 1990 we welcomed the next generation of our family to the lake, with the arrival of our first two grandchildren.

In conclusion I'd like to say that we have had many wonderful associations over the years at the lake, but we would be remiss if we didn't single out Olive and Adolph Zimmerman. Between them, they have been our advisors and support system for 35 years. I know that Adolph often wanted to laugh at the crazy messes we sometimes got into, but he was always there to help out, with his poker face, and a twinkle in his eyes. Thank you Adolph and Olive.

TONIATA LOT 52 MURRAY AND MURIEL SMITH

Built by Dick Good during the Second World War, this cottage features a peeled balsam log exterior and a fine fireplace of local stone. Since original construction, it has been changed only by the addition of electric wiring (necessitated by lack of ice for the old ice-box) and a large open deck (necessitated by the arrival of six grandchildren).

After visits to the Toniata cottage of Essie and Jim Francis (now Coopland's) in the late 1930s and rental of the cottage where Richard and Hilaine Kroft have recently built a new one, Murray's parents Rhodes and Luella Smith bought Lot 52 in 1946. This was primarily his mother's initiative. She loved Falcon Lake and, even after moving to Ottawa, returned every summer to relax and swim.

Friends in those early days were the families Francis, Kennedy, Holmes, McLennon, McDonald, Bennette and (Mrs.) Lou Toombs up on the hill. The family swam, played elementary tennis and read.

When Luella Smith died in 1963, the cottage was

passed to Murray and Muriel Smith, who have enjoyed it with their growing family of Marta, Elaine, Carolyn and Cathy until today when in turn their young children are learning to swim and boat off the small dock.

All four girls are serious swimmers, Marta being particularly successful in competition. This interest was partly sparked by parental advice that they could paddle or row with a life-jacket in the boat but not on the body once they had swam across the lake. Marta started this procession by swimming across with her mother Muriel and a friend, Nancy Hall. The others followed, Carolyn doing it almost all on her back just after her seventh birthday.

The girls also sailed a Flying Juni-ro with the Falcon Lake Yacht Club for a couple of years, this interest being fostered by the enthusiasm of Art Flexman. Recently Murray, Marta and her husband Brian O'Leary have put in many miles jogging on the local roads, where Murray and Brian also cycle.

Lot 52 is truly a family establishment. The Smiths have enjoyed it over 40 years and expect to for many more. It has always been a place for time together, time that is often scarce in the modern urban life of a very busy home. As such, it holds a very special place in the hearts of those who have grown old with with it.

TONIATA LOT 54
MEMORIES 1940 — 1989 T.R. EDWARDS
By Reg Edwards Junior

When asked by Olive Zimmerman and Anne Cott to recount memories of the Edwards family over the 49 years we have been cottagers at Falcon Lake, I didn't know where to begin or what would be of interest. However, rather than editorializing the article I decided to write some of the incidents in point form and let someone else decide if the information was relevant or not. Here goes!

(1) The Edwards family (senior) contracted with E.J. Thomas to construct a cottage on Lot 54, Toniata Beach, over the summer of 1940. Dick Good was the carpenter and he built the half log cottage from balsam brought over from the south shore and milled in E.J. Thomas's old saw mill. I believe Adolph Zimmerman was involved in the building: I can recall the noise up on the roof as Adolph scrambled across the poplar shakes with his size 12 to 14 boots! If I recall correctly, the Edwards cottage was about the 16th cottage built on the lake excluding the rental units at Toniata and Faloma.

(2) Fishing in those days was fabulous. The Americans knew all about it as they would come down the old Trans-Canada Highway (now No. 44) and turn in at Sam's Corner by the dozens. It was quite common to see them pull three-foot-plus jack

fish out of the lake. As they cleaned them, they would find a respectable-size pickerel swallowed whole inside the jack fish.

(3) In the summers of 1941 and 1942, E.J. Thomas, who owned and operated the store at Toniata, offered Edwards Junior a job, supposedly as Boat Boy to keep the rather decrepit boats bailed out. Soon it became apparent that the job was the above, plus working in the store and tending an old white horse kept in a barn beside the saw mill. The last job included cleaning out the barn, walking the horse down to the shale beach for water and picking up after the horse if he escaped into the tent grounds.

(4) Edwards Junior managed to get work with the Forestry Department in the summers of 1943 and 1944. The main job included looking after Toniata Beach campgrounds. A busy weekend would have about eight to 10 campers setting up tents. At the same time Edwards Junior worked with Adolph Zimmerman who had just returned from overseas. He taught me how to use a buck saw without struggling with your partner!

One job I didn't care for had to do with removing rocks from the gravel road to West Hawk. This entailed walking the road from Falcon to West Hawk with a pitch fork to remove the rocks. I still think of that job when driving over the hardtop highway.

(5) E.J. Thomas had an old Buick, about 1927 vintage, which he parked on the hill in front of the store, facing down toward the loop to the beach. It was parked this way because the poor old Buick lacked compression in several cylinders. In order for it to get up the hill to West Hawk Lake, the driver (and passengers) started off downhill toward the lake, with the hope that when they reached the upward hill there was enough momentum to get over the top. Many times the old Buick would roll backwards to the store and the process would begin all over again.

(6) People I recall from those days included the Shaws, McKenzies (Dimmer and family), MacDonalds (I looked after Grant and Florence MacDonalds' flower gardens), McLennens, Goods, Smiths, Kennedys, Holmes family, Watsons, Thomases, Toombs, Bennetts, Reids, Andersons and McEwans.

(7) In the mid 1960s we (the Edwards Junior) took over the cottage from the Edwards Senior and added comforts that were not even thought of in the old days. Things like electricity, indoor plumbing, T.V. I don't say it made cottaging any better but somehow it seemed necessary. Thank goodness we still only get one channel (CBC) on the T.V. which means our children (all since grown up and moved away from Winnipeg) and our grandchildren

still enjoy getting together for a week or two in the summer and playing cards or some of those other old games that are still in the cupboard.

Finally, one wonders with the family spread out from Vancouver to Toronto if we should continue to hold on to the cottage which means painting, repairing pumps and docks etc. each year. BUT with so much of what we see at the cottage being the result of blood, sweat and tears of our parents and ourselves, how can one ever think of disposing of it as long as we have our health and the fantastic view from Lot 54, Toniata Beach.

I'm Red Edward Junior of this story. We are now four generations of the Edwards enjoying the cottage at Lot 54.

TONIATA LOT 55

The sign at the bottom of the steps that lead up to this cottage Said Coleman and Flexman for years. The Colemans didn't use the cottage much, but Mr. and Mrs. Flexman and their daughter Sandra and her family have been constant visitors to Falcon Lake. Mr. Flexman is well known for his love of the outdoors, and also for the time he spent helping the young sailors at the Yacht Club.

The next three cottages were at what was known as the end of the road, years ago. These cottages were all built in the late 1930s and early 1940s. The first owners were Mr. and Mrs. Jack Holmes, then Mr. and Mrs. A.W. (Shorty) Kennedy and next Dr. and Mrs. Rennie. It is just in recent years that these cottages have new owners.

This is just a little history of the earliest cottages, from here on the history will be in cottage owners' stories.

TONIATA LOT 64 BILL AND BEA MILNE

In 1965, we bought our cottage on the north shore of Falcon Lake, Lot 64, Toniata. A family by the name of Strong were the previous owners, and they were moving to Alberta. We had just sold our summer home at Victoria Beach, because we wanted to relocate on lakefront property. After looking at several cottages on the south shore of Falcon and also at West Hawk, we were walking down the road from Toniata, when we saw a sign on a tree, "For Sale — Lot 64." We found a cottage, about 30 feet above lake level, the lot dropping in terraces down



Lot 64 Toniata, cottage owners identify their cottages at both the road and lakefront so guests can find them.

to the lake, where there was a boat house. The lot was well treed. The cottage of log siding exterior, had a beautiful view of the lake from the large living room window. We fell in love with the location and quickly closed the deal to become the new owners.

At that time, our two sons David and Robert were teenagers, and they were really enthused about the cottage, with its ready access to the lake, and the potential of swimming, boating and water skiing. We bought a Peterborough boat with a 45-HP, which was big in those days. So many hours of fun were spent water skiing, swimming and enjoying the long summer days. Dave had a large fiberglass canoe, and I suppose he paddled the entire lake with his friends. Bill helped Robert build a hydroplane and equipped it with a 9-HP motor. Occasionally, Bill and I took our Peterborough to the east of the lake, where the water was crystal clear, and the fishing excellent. At that end, there were no cottages, the rock formation rose steeply from the water and bird song broke the stillness while the odd hawk soared overhead. One year we discovered an eagle nest, about 40 feet up on a cliff. We frequently found beaver dams. At this east end, there was a portage into High Lake which our sons explored with the canoe. In the vicinity of High Lake, a UFO was sighted by a Winnipeg man, I believe in the late 1960s.

Each summer, we had a project. The first one involved building new docks. Then, we modernized the cottage, putting in a septic system, a full bathroom, and added two large bedrooms. We built a brick wood-burning fireplace, insulated and lined the cottage with knotty pine, replaced the windows, brought down new appliances and carpeted the cottage throughout.

The lot needed attention at this point, so we had a private road put in, to the first terrace, close to the back of the cottage, making about a five-foot drop. Dave rock cribbed this first terrace the width of the lot, collecting stones from the bay at Tonia-ta, or from the highway and the quarry. With the aid of a cement mixer, we put in concrete steps off this carport to the level ground. A patio was made close to the steps of the cottage, with once again a walled terrace, and in the summer we grew flow-ers around the patio. To give us easy access to the lake, we built steps from the patio right down to the docks.

Sometimes in the evening, Bill and I would sit on the deck of the boat house, and a beaver would quietly swim across the lake, to nibble at the saplings growing at the edge of the bank. When he was sat-isfied, he would swim quietly back across the lake in the moonlight.

Our neighbors then at Lot 65 were Dorothy and Bob Watson. Bob passed away some years ago, and the cottage is owned by Michele and Angie Fiori-no, good neighbors who put in many hours enhanc-ing their cottage. On the other side, Lot 63, the owners were Dr. George Brass and his wife Jean. A Scot, George usually donned his kilt before he barbecued Saturday night. Occasionally on a sum-mer evening, the drone of a bagpipe could be heard, drifting on the breeze from the vicinity of the Ken-ney and Rennie cottages, down by Tonia-ta.

We frequently saw mergansers swimming by just at dusk with the mother in the lead and the little ones following in single file, close to the shore, to spend the night under a dock.

Sometimes we went down to the cottage with our family in the winter, bringing snowshoes and tobog-gans. With the incline of the lot, one could tobog-gan right down to the lake. Bill and the boys would clear a small rink on the frozen lake, and we'd have a broomball game which was fun, winding up with mugs of hot chocolate in the cottage. As the years passed, there was always a new project for the sum-mer, repairing the docks, painting and so forth. As our grandchildren grew, they also took part in our activities, spending many happy hours there.

Eventually, we sold the cottage, to give us more leisure time at home. The current owners are Denise and Bill Dobbelaire. We have many happy memories of our 16 years at Falcon Lake, and we hope the present owners are enjoying it as much as we did.

PENGUIN CAMP

Marjorie and Eric Law started to build the camp in 1940, and for six weeks they lived in a tent. Mar-jorie's grandmother owned a log cabin at Lot 40 Faloma which had been built by Mr. Westlander and Marjorie had spent summer holidays there.

Marjorie and Eric were newlyweds when they came here. Relatives gave them furniture they wer-en't using to help with the furnishing of their home. Marjorie's grandmother gave her three penguins or-naments (a papa, a mama and a baby), the smallest of which Mrs. Law still has. So when it came to choosing a name for the camp, they decided on Pen-guin in recognition of the gift from grandmother Munroe.

While the war was on, Eric was overseas in the army and Marj. operated the camp on her own, liv-ing in the city in the winter and at the camp all sum-mer. In September, 1944, after she had moved back to Winnipeg, their son Robert was born (Decem-ber 2). Marjorie got a phone call from Cal. Ritch-ie, the Forest Ranger in charge of the area, telling her the camp had been broken into, and he thought she should come out.

With her grandmother, Mrs. Munroe, who want-ed to check on her own cabin, and Mr. and Mrs. Bester, they came out and met with Mr. Scully of the R.C.M.P. and Cal Ritchie to see what was miss-ing. The thieves had taken two boats, the bath tub, all her clothing, their wedding presents, even her cookbooks.

Everyone has a bear story — Marjorie's hap-pened one evening in May 1945 while she was writ-ing a letter to her husband overseas. She heard scratching at the screen door which went on and on. So she got up to investigate and saw a bear outside the door. She grabbed some pots and banged them together to scare it away. As Marjorie tells the sto-ry, "I had presence of mind enough to pick up some pick-erel fillets off the table at the back door, and



Eric and Marjorie Law's home, the lodge that burnt to the ground February 1951.

story. In the evening, Cal Ritchie appeared and wanted to know which way the bear had gone. When he saw the bear, he gave it such a talking down, or something, that it never came back again. That story is true but Marjorie says it was told so many times





Eric Law's rental boats. Ron Greenway now lives in Winnipeg. Marlys Green (now Robinson) lives at Campbell River, B.C.

that you could hardly recognize it.

Penguin Camp, in those days, was at the end of the trail. The main and only highway was the present No. 44, to get to the camp, from it you took a road built and maintained by the Forestry at Sam's Garage. That road is the present 301, it has been rebuilt and hard-surfaced and many of the sharp curves have been removed, but there are still beaver dams and houses along the way and wildlife and many plants can be found by the way-side.

About 1945-1946, the Forestry built a telephone line to link some of the camps and campgrounds in case of fire or illness. This line went to Penguin Camp and Toniata at Falcon Lake, to some of the businesses at West Hawk Lake and to the Ranger's office which was also his home. It was not only an emergency line, it was also a communication line among the residents.

After Eric came back from overseas, he built two more cabins. The Laws operated the camp until the spring of 1948 when Eric got a job with Indian Affairs at The Pas. He took off alone to his new job returning later that spring saying he wasn't going back there without his family, but he did, and



1940 - Laws' cabins



1973 - Fred Partridge, Judy and Bob Partridge, John Linklator accepting award for most improved camp.

Marjorie contacted her brother, Gordon Hamilton, who had a job in Calgary, Alberta that he didn't like. They made an agreement and Marjorie packed up her things and left on May 14, 1948.

While they were at the camp, they made some life long friendships with residents, the Steadsmans at Toniata, Mr. and Mrs. Pat Fitzmaurice and the Ritcheys of the Forest Service and Charlie Watson from the Fish Hatchery.

Shortly after Gordon took over the business, Maude Aplan, who was originally from Souris, Man. but was working in Winnipeg, came to Falcon for a holiday. You know the story of boy meets girl. They were married and had three children Bill born in 1951, Bob in 1953, and Barbara born in 1955.

When they were first married, they lived in the lodge. In February 1951, a fire burned the main building to the ground and they lost everything but the clothes on their back. The community and a large number of the cottage owners came to their aid both with money and material. The men from the area went in the bush and cut and milled logs for a new home for them. This is the present store and living quarters.

Happy, Gordon and Maude's old dog raced over to Schindlers (who were living at Toniata then) when the fire started. He barked and raced around outside, so Ed went outside to look around figuring Maude and Gordon were on their way over for a visit. When he saw no one, he returned to the house. The dog fussed for quite a while but they couldn't figure out what he wanted until sometime later when they learned about the fire. Then they knew what the dog was trying to tell them.

When the road was first built into the camp, it took off from the present 301 about where the pipeline crosses. It went down toward the creek, crossed the creek and came up by the cottages then owned



The Partridges, right to left: Bob and Judy, Vicki and Gordon, Chris and Gary, 1989.

by Firth, Brown and Tozeland, went down around the beach and dock and ended there.

About 1948, a fire break road was made from East Braintree to connect with the service road (301). This was when the road was relocated passed the present store. A culvert was put in and a grade built by the present marina. This work was contracted to an outfit from Portage la Prairie.

In those days a campground was located at Faloma Beach with a cook shack up among the jack pine. Camping stopped there in the 1950s. Now there is a nice public beach that is great for children, and there is room for games such as playing catch with frizbees, balls or other such games.

The present lodge was built in 1956 using the fireplace in the original lodge. A few years later, four model units were added to the motel, and in 1959 three larger cabins were built. People were beginning to want bathrooms, more bedrooms and more room to move around in the cabins. Gone were the days when a roof over their heads was enough.

Gordon died in May 1968. Maude sold the camp to Bob and Judy Partridge, Fred Partridge and Johnny Linklator in 1971. Fred left the partnership, and when Johnny married the camp was operated by the two couples. The Linklaters sold their partnership in 1989. In the fall of 1990 Bill and Doreen Gallinger bought the store and marina part of the business and Bob and Judy Partridge retained the motel and cabin part of the business.

In the past 20 years there has been many changes and a lot of remodelling done to the camp, from bedrooms altered and bathrooms added carpet laid, showers installed, decks and patios built and the living quarters and store rebuilt and modernized. At the marina a large cement dock was built and the channel was all dredged to allow the boats to come right to the marina for gas, oil and supplies.

One memory that stays with Bob Partridge is when

he painted the shower floor in a motel unit with 24-hour drying paint. He figured it would be dry in lots of time for the next customer, a girl coming for a wedding the following weekend. On the Friday of the weekend the customer decided to have a shower before a party that night. But when she stepped into the shower her feet stuck to the bottom and when she lifted them up they were all black. Bob was called for a solution. When he arrived at the party that night and at the wedding next day everyone but Bob thought it was the funniest thing of the weekend.

Information for this story was from Marjorie Law, Maude Hamilton and Bob Partridge. Story by Olive Zimmerman.

THE HAMILTONS GORDON, MAUDE, BILL, BOB & BARBARA

Gordon Hamilton came to Falcon Lake in 1948 to take over the camp that his sister Marjorie Law and husband Eric had started.

February 1951 fire that started in the basement of the lodge, their living quarters, completely destroyed the building. They lost everything and car-



Maude and Gordon Hamilton about 1950.



1956 or 57 - The results of a bad windstorm.

ried no insurance. Friends and neighbors came to their aid. Walter McDonald gave them his log cabin to live in. Stan Crook notified cottage owners of the tragedy requesting any help of any kind. Neighbors Ed Schinlder, Sam Yanich, Frank Reichert, Adolph Zimmerman, Buster Bellemere, Mr. MacKenzie, Pete Hector, Dick Good, Bill Blackwell, George Watkinson, Charlie Watson, Bruce Emes the Forest Ranger and othes all pitched in. Logs were cut and sawed at Dick Goods' saw mill and eventually a new house with store attached was ready to move into.



Bill, Bob, Barbara Hamilton, December 1957.



Barbara Hamilton feeding an orphan fawn that was raised from birth at camp.

December 1951 William Bruce (Bill) was born. During the winter of 1952 - boarded men on the survey crew for the new Trans-Canada Highway. Len Charleston was the engineer in charge.

September 1953 Robert John (Bob) was born.

In 1954 there were trailers for a work crew on the highway located at Penguin Camp.

September 1955 Barbara Gay was born, a start was made on rebuilding the lodge at its former location.

1956 - had a lunch counter in the store and boarded the hydro crew from April till July, 17 men.

During this time the Manitoba Tourist Association was formed, meetings were being held to form a school in the area, a curling rink was in the planning, a few years later the church was started. Gordon held offices on all these organizations.

May 10, 1968 Gordon passed away of a heart attack.

1971 - sold Penguin Camp and moved to Souris, Man.

As the children grew up they spent their summers back in the area working at various jobs.

Bill now lives at Souris and works at the cheese factory.

Bob is married and has two children and lives at Whitecourt, Alta., where he works for the Department of Highways checking weights.

Barbara and her husband Craig Christie live at Falcon with their family. They have a carpentry business.

FALOMA BEACH LOT 36 By Marlys (Green) Robinson

I was there between nineteen forty and forty-seven,
Summers when I was nine to sixteen and eleven.
Drove East from the "Peg" on a paved two-lane
road
Through Beausejour, Whitemouth with our vaca-
tion load.
The turn-off, a log building, the gas station and
store.
"Sam's Corner?" I don't remember for sure
anymore.

Up and down a couple of hills and gullies steep.
Towering trees with low bushes at their feet
Edged the two-wheel track shared with deer and
bear.
When we were on foot we could expect a sudden
scare!
The road branched off to the left, to Toniata
Beach.
Aside a grassy field, the Ranger we may reach.

Now, Faloma, a log cabin, on the left then Whites',
Then some lots west, a road led to the beach site.
On the right and above was Eric and Margery Law's
home,
Behind, up the hill were cabins, guests to loan.
We learned of Falcon Lake through Eric's brother
Gil,
He worked with my Dad, I can see them all still.



1940 - Marlys Green

Five cabins were at Faloma, soon one or two more,
We built of B.C. cedar thirty by twenty-four,
Second lot east from the road to the boat dock.
Varnished half-log walls, doors with heavy lock.
Multi-paned windows opened to catch the cooling
breeze.
"Green Thumbs" still there after forty falls of
leaves.

On sand hill at the top of the road to the beach,
Guest kids and I built towns till out of reach.
Left of the beach we had fun on the rocks,
Fishing and falling from the wharf and getting
wet socks.
Played in Eric's wooden boats. Hear the screeches?
I remember two pests, mosquitoes and leeches!

The meadow and more trees beyond the sand hill
lay.
"It is through this place" that I heard Eric say,
"That I am going to take the road." There we
never play!
No camping, only renters and owners come and stay.
You could see way off to the far side of the lake.
I was happy. The quiet, the calmness was there
to take.



The area behind the beach at Faloma was a wood-
ed meadow.

Here comes Eric's Mom in her varnished motor boat.
 She'll tie up at the dock and shed her heavy coat.
 She comes along from the East end of the lake
 To visit, to shop and back to her cabin to take.
 Nearby the deer eat our flowers and lick the salt
 block,
 And stand by watching and licking their lips, to
 mock.

In May eighty-seven, I came the old road for old
 times' sake.
 Found a townsite, beach, six hundred cabins, a
 new entrance to Falcon Lake.
 At Faloma Beach the road to the beach moved
 west, the meadow clear
 Through it now the road comes from the new
 highway near.
 Yet nothing had really changed here. Our cabin
 and the others still stand.
 I cried. Forty years ago I had spent my summers
 here on this land.



George Green girl?, Marlys Green (now Robinson).
 Note: dock was parallel to the big rock at Faloma
 Beach, and the water was so high there was no beach.



1940-47 - Original road to beach, Mrs. Andrews.



Frank Johnson, Eric Law, Marlys Green, George
 Green and Mrs. Law Sr.



Cabin built by Myrtle and George Green about 1941,
 first rented then bought by Doug Osborne family be-
 tween 1948-51. 1989 - Cottage was sold to Sharon Epp
 and family. Sharon grew up spending her summers at
 her parents cottage at Faloma.



Wharf (now called a dock) at Mrs. Law's cabin, east
 end of Falcon Lake. A long boat ride from Faloma
 Beach then. George Green, Mrs. Andrews and daugh-
 ter Mrs. Law Sr. and Marlys Green.

FALOMA BEACH LOT 38 THE SPOONERS

By Georgina Spooner

In the summer of 1953, George and Bessie Spooner and daughters Margaret McDowall and Georgina and granddaughter Lynella McDowell were spending a week on Faloma Beach at Penguin Camp.

One day, George and Lynella went for a walk to have an inner tube repaired and came across a brand new cottage set back in the bush but on the lakefront. Margaret McDowall got the key to it from Gordon Hamilton and the Spooners all trooped down to see the cottage. A month later, George had purchased the cottage. After much clearing of bush, there was also a beautiful view of the lake.

George Spooner, a locomotive engineer with the CPR was nearing retirement and the cottage proved to be the ideal spot for him. We were at the cottage from May till the end of October. Son-in-law Lionel McDowall trucked down most of the furniture, cupboards dining-room suite, etc. We all had a share in furnishing the cottage.

As it became known that all eight owners of cottages in the bay were members of the Masmic fraternity, they named it "King Solomon's Cove."

Memories bring back the many happy hours our family spent in the cottage, such as Rummoli games played until one or two in the morning.

George and Bessie Spooner have passed on but Margaret and Georgina have the cottage. Renovations were done this summer and a bathroom added.

It is hoped that the cottage will remain in the family for many generations. We have a beautiful spot and it is so peaceful and relaxing to be down at the cottage for a few weeks.

Editor's Note — The contract work for the renovations was done by Barbara Hamilton and her husband. Barbara is the daughter of Gordon Hamilton who gave the Spooners the key to the cottage when they were staying at Penguin Cabins.

FALOMA LOT 41 EARLY DAYS AT FALCON LAKE

By Jack Tozeland

My first experience in the wilderness reserve of Eastern Manitoba, later to be called Whiteshell Provincial Park was a fishing expedition on a holiday weekend in 1935. Four of us young fellows decided to fish in High Lake.

After work on Friday we picked up our gear, and headed out on the old No. 1 Trans-Canada Highway making a dash for the Whitemouth bridge,

which was the end of the hard-top. We had been told that from there on was gravel and plenty of dust. Everyone wanted to be first on the gravel.

We eventually arrived at West Hawk Restaurant to pick up a guide and went back to Toniata to rent a flat bottom boat and motor. The road into Toniata was a two-wheel track with long grass in the middle. Passing areas were few and far apart. We brought down our food supply in a home-made ice box with a compartment for about 10 pounds of block ice. It was a heavy load. I know, because I lugged it over the portage.

We arrived at the portage just as the twilight dissolved. Many of you know the old portage started at the large flat rock on the water's edge on the southeast corner of the bay. When you looked up, it seemed as if you were going up about 200 feet. To make it more enjoyable we were besieged by clouds of ravenous mosquitoes. One of our groups had a bottle of tar-base anti-mosquito gunk which was just the thing. With blackened faces, we started up, carrying boat, motor, tent and iron poles, sleeping bags, food, etc. etc. It was tough going and when we got over the big climb we rested. We started a slow descent and came across a swampy area. A few five- or six-inch logs had been thrown lengthwise across the area. One of my feet slipped off and I went in well over my shoes but slogged along hoping to see the lake soon. We still had some way to go. Finally, we arrived looking like hobos. Our faces were streaked with sweat.

To make matters worse, there was no large, dry open space to put up our 10x10-foot umbrella tent. Just off the shore was a small island with a few trees, so we decided to go there. We loaded up and pushed off. It was now about 11 and dark. We found a large enough spot to pull up the boat and space for the tent. Some of us put up the tent and others got out the food. We had a hurried midnight feast and fell into our sleeping rolls. It did not take long to go to sleep.

When we got up in the morning, we found one of the tent pegs was driven between a crack in the rock just about six inches from a deep drop-off in the lake. It was lucky no one was a sleepwalker.

Our trip was a success. We stayed two days and all had at least one trout to take home.

That was the beginning of my love of the area. There were many times on long weekends and holidays for fishing. My dad and a chum or two would camp at Toniata or Faloma. The campground at this time was on the knoll at the end of the Faloma road. The Partridges now have their home and store on this knoll.

One evening when we were across from Faloma Beach on the south shore, we heard what sounded like a titanic struggle of two animals fighting a lit-

tle way back in the woods. We stopped the boat and listened. There were pauses in the struggle when the combatants seemed to stand-off, panting and then renew their struggle. Our thoughts were that a deer was fighting to defend herself, and or her fawn. Shortly after we heard the heavier animal lumbering off. This was in the days before the south shore was developed.

In 1949 we bought a cottage in the small bay just east of Faloma Beach. There were only six cottages on the Faloma road at this time and the area was a forest of jack pines. Penguin Camp had four cabins and the Hamiltons lived in the lodge which later burned. Bear and deer were often seen around. The Gordon Hamiltons found a new fawn and fed it by a baby bottle. It became a special friend to all and would come and knock on the back door of our cottage with her hoof when she wanted a hand-out. She would bring her twin fawn and her buck to the edge of our entrance way and would turn and seem to tell them to wait for her and then she would come down to the cottage for her treat.

In early June 1954, the day the Time Building burned in Winnipeg, there was a terrific storm following a week of rain. The wind from the southeast was of hurricane strength. We lost 29 large jack pines on our property. These trees just seemed to fall over, roots and all, because the ground was so saturated from the rain. The view from a boat out of the lake was nothing but a jungle of roots. No cottages were visible. One good result was that we had years of firewood.

The Forestry put through a road (now known as No. 301) from Sam's Corner on the old No. 4 to the new town site, opening up all this new area to cottages and to the south shore. Every day the sound of chain saws and hammering would be heard from first light to dark. About this time the new Trans-Canada Highway came directly here from Winnipeg and people flocked into the area.

THE WHITESHELL PROVINCIAL PARK — 1961 FALOMA SUBDIVISION

"Early waterfront cottage owners in the small bay just east of the Beach"

- Lot 35 Mr. Len Bester built in 1941
- Lot 36 Mrs. Green built in 1941 bought by Mr. Doug Osborne in 1950
- Lot 37 Mr. Goodman - built in 1952 bought by Mr. J. Hemmingway in 1952, bought by Mrs. Mrs. Hewitt in 1965
- Lot 38 Mr. Goodman - built in 1952 bought by Mrs. S. Spooner in 1953
- Lot 39 Mr. Frith Crown Lands Lots 39-40-41-42 in 1933

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Lots 39 and 42 were both built of natural logs, by R. Westlander.

Lot 40 Mr. Wm. Brown built in 1949 bought by Mr. M. Battie in 1974.

Lot 41 Mr. White built in 1945 bought by J.H. Tozeland in 1949

Lot 42 Mr. Westlander built in 1933 bought by Mr. Frith Sr. in 1933, bought by Mrs. Black, bought by Mrs. Munroe, bought by W. MacDonald in 1947.

Penguin Camp - Built and operated by Mr. E. Law Started in 1937, bought by Mr. G. Hamilton in 1948

The original store and residence burnt down the winter of 1950 and rebuilt on the hill beyond the original site. Bought by Mr. R. Partridge and J. Linklater in 1971. Now owned by Bob and Judy Partridge.

* My grateful and sincere thanks to Mr. Len Bester and Mr. Don Frith for letting me pick their memories on these earlier years at Falcon Lake.

FALOMA LOT 42 By Walter McDonald

An invitation has been extended to me to contribute an article covering the early history of Penguin Camp and our association as a cottage owner adjacent to the camp. It is my pleasure to comply, as far as memory serves, and to comment on the family joys that have been ours over the many years from owning a cottage at Falcon Lake.

For the past 42 happy summers spent at our log cottage at Lot 42, Faloma Beach Subdivision, Falcon Lake, Man., the following lines of R. Hodgson well interpret the regret when each summer vacation ended and the time came to leave.

"Time you old gypsy man will you not stay,
Put up your caravan just for one day."

Looking back into the shadow of past years, one cannot help but realize what an important segment of our lives and that of our families was spent there surrounded by towering jack pine, birch and spruce trees bordering the deep blue waters of the lake.

The association of the writer and his brother, John R. McDonald, M.D., with Falcon Lake can be traced to the two brothers marrying the two daughters of Angus M. McKay, of Hawthorne Avenue, North Kildonan. The two sisters were close friends of Marjorie Hamilton, daughter of William R. Hamilton, also of North Kildonan, who married Eric Law, the original owner of the campsite, now known as Penguin Camp.

Eric Law, in anticipation of his marriage to Mar-

jorie, began building his residence at the campsite in 1937. This building became known as "the lodge." It was his prospective father-in-law, Mr. Hamilton, who in 1937 discovered the spring in the bed of the creek bordering the campsite to the west. The spring now services all the cottages of the camp with pure drinking water. By 1940 Eric had completed the construction of four two-bedroom cottages. These are still in use. They are located to the north of the present lodge and motel units. It was the association of the two McDonald brothers and their wives with Marjorie Law that the initial summer visit to Falcon Lake first occurred. It was the beginning of what was to become an annual event, first as a casual camper and after 1947 as a cottage owner.

Eric Law was originally attracted to the possibility of establishing a successful camp venture at Falcon Lake through his brother Gil Law. One of the original cottage owners on the lake, Gil built a log cottage at the most easterly end of the lake with the only access by boat from Toniata Beach.

In 1933, the waterfront area bordering the small lane immediately to the east of Faloma Beach first interested Mr. R. Westlander, to erect two log cottages, one on Lot 39 and the other on Lot 42. These were followed in succession by others: Lot 35 Len D. Bester in 1941, Lot 36 Mrs. Green in 1941, Lot 37 Mr. Goodman in 1952, Lot 38 Mr. Goodman in 1952, Lot 40 William Brown in 1949 and Lot 41 Mr. White in 1945.

These cottages have had several ownership changes.

Lot 35 L.D. Bester sold in 1988 to Albert Rice. Lot 36 Mrs. Green sold in 1950 to Douglas Osborne. On his death it was transferred to Grant Osborne Trust. In 1988 S. Epp bought the cottage. Lot 37 Mr. Goodman sold in 1952 to James Hemmingway. On his death it was sold to Mrs. Hewitt. Lot 38 Mr. Goodman sold in 1952 to Mrs. S. Spooner and in 1953 sold to M.C. McDowell. Lot 39 Mr. Westlander sold in 1933 to Mrs. Frith. On her death it was transferred to her son, Donald H. Frith. Later sold to B. and J. Lindsay, Edina, Minn. U.S.A. Lot 40 William Brown sold to M. Batte in 1974. Re-sold in 1987. Lot 41 Mr. White sold to J.H. Tozeland in 1949. On his death it was transferred to his son, J.J. Tozeland and his son's wife, Jean. Lot 42 Mr. Westlander sold in 1933 to Mrs. Black who in turn sold it to Mrs. Elizabeth Munroe. Mrs. Munroe sold to Walter McDonald in 1947.

Prior to the construction of the paved Trans-Canada Highway in the early 1950s from Winnipeg east to Kenora, access to Falcon Lake was via PTH No. 44 east of Lockport and passing through Beausejour, Whitemouth and Rennie to the gravel road junction where Sam's Garage was located one

mile west of West Hawk Lake. This road travelled in a southerly direction to Toniata Beach, which in those early years was witnessing an outburst of cottage development. The road continued on for approximately one mile to Falcon Lake and Penguin Camp.

In the summer of 1941 we first rented two cottages for our two families from Eric Law. The attraction was two-fold. Firstly, from our association with Eric and Marjorie Law and secondly, for the excellent fishing opportunity at Falcon Lake. It was not long after that we decided owning a cottage there would be an attractive place to spend our summers. In 1947 when Mrs. Munroe offered her log cottage on Lot 42 to us we were delighted to accept.

The ownership of Penguin Camp changed hands in 1945. Eric Law had joined the armed forces and Mrs. Law felt the responsibility too great for herself. Her brother, Gordon Hamilton, assumed ownership. Gordon set up a small store for campers in the lower part of the lodge.

In the winter of 1950-1951, the lodge was burned to the ground in a fire caused by an overheated stove. The Hamilton family escaped unharmed. I invited them to move into our cottage for the duration of winter and early spring until such time as suitable arrangements might be made to occupy one of their own. They gladly accepted. Gordon rebuilt the lodge as it now stands. Noting the highway development of the Trans-Canada Highway and the development of Falcon Lake town site, his residence with store facilities was built on the west side of the creek bordering the campsite. He realized that these developments would make the store facilities available to a much greater number of campers. Penguin Camp continued to be operated by himself and his wife Maude until his death. It was subsequently sold in 1971 to Robert Partridge and John Linklater.

With the new Trans-Canada Highway providing a shorter and more direct link to Falcon Lake, the development of the town site and installation of hydro electricity throughout the area, there was a tremendous surge of interest to build cottages on both the north and south shores of the lake. For those campers with cottages there was the additional pleasure of being able to use electric lights, electric appliances, and electric pumps to pump water from the lake for household and sanitary facilities.

From the time our cottage was purchased in 1947 it became the focal point each summer for my brother and myself with our wives and families. With the passage of the years the families of our children in their turn continue to enjoy the summers spent there. Regularly each summer there is a steady stream of occupants, all family, eagerly looking forward to when they might arrive and sorry when the

time comes to leave. The cottage has been the mechanism through which our eight children have for a part of each year grown up together. Now, the Falcon Lake cottage becomes an important part of the lives of their children with their families.

The original investment to purchase the cottage has long ago placed into insignificance when measured against the many to whom it has brought so much happiness. Furthermore, it has been the means of bonding the families together. On more than one occasion I have seen a grandchild, now grown to adulthood, shed tears when the holiday ended and the time had come to leave.

This abbreviated account of the early beginnings of Penguin Camp and associated cottage owners may bring back nostalgic memories to those few who can recall events of those early days. I am sure they could fill in the gaps I have omitted to make a more complete story than I have been able to describe. Owning a cottage at this lovely location has brought great personal joy to us. That joy has been greatly added to our wonderful neighbors. Each Penguin Camp owner from Eric Law to the Partridge and Linklater families is a friend. Each in their turn makes one realize that life would be much poorer without having known them.

TOWNSITE WHITESHELL MEMORIES

By Jim Grose

My first contact with the Whiteshell was on a camping trip our family took to Falcon Lake in 1939. We drove to Toniata and travelled in a Peter-



Mr. Grose and son Jim at Falcon 1939

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1939 Tent used by Mr. Grose and son.

borough boat to the south end of the lake, where friends, the Afflecks, had a cabin. Our family camped in our tent beside the cabin, which was located quite close to the site of the former marina.

There are two things that stand out about that time. There was a large meadow along the south shore and one could hear wolves almost every night. Also, there were many natural springs along the shore, and the Afflecks had built a rock enclosure, sinking a wooden box with a hinged top into this, to make a refrigerator, which worked very well. (No running to the store every day.)

We have camped many times in the Beach campground with my family and have enjoyed the lake as it is today, but I treasure having known the lake as it was then.

TOWNSITE THE ENNIS'

Mr. and Mrs. Ennis originally came from England. Through Mr. Ennis' work they had lived in different parts of the world including Africa before coming to Falcon.

Mr. and Mrs. Ennis arrived in this area with the opening of the townsite at Falcon Beach.

Mr. Ennis established one of the first plumbing businesses in the area. He also took over the Falcon Beach post office when Mr. Hamin gave it up, and operated it out of his home with the help of his wife, later moving to its present location and operating it in conjunction with the hardware store.

He sold his business to Ron Davies and moved to the west coast. Mr. Ennis has passed away and Mrs. Ennis has moved to live with their daughter.

TOWNSITE BLOCK K LOT 1 THE SCHINDLERS

By Ella Schindler

The Schindlers, Ed, my husband, Myrna, our oldest daughter and I arrived at Toniata Beach, Falcon Lake, April 18, 1946. We had purchased an



Edwin J. Schindler

interest in the camp with Mr. E.J. Thomas, the Crown prosecutor for St. Boniface who was instrumental in developing Toniata since 1935. It was a beautiful day with the temperatures in the 80°F. The road from the now No. 44 Highway into Toniata, a distance of three and a half miles, was a narrow windy trail not wide enough to pass another vehicle. This was the only access to Falcon Lake at the time. (The new No. 1 Highway was not open until 1956.) That spring the ice went off the lake April 28, one of the earliest dates for it to clear of ice.

At the time, there were only 38 private cottages on all Falcon Lake (compared to about 800 now). Most of these were around Toniata and Faloma beaches.

Ed had come back from the war in the late summer of 1945 after six years in the army, four overseas. He had not seen his daughter Myrna until she was nearly four years old. He left for overseas in September of 41 and she was born in December. Our second daughter was born in Kenora in May 1946.

The first spring was very busy, getting things back in shape as everything got run down during the war years and the camp usually opened for business around May 24. There were 10 cabins, 15 boats and a store to be stocked. The summer proved to be just as busy as did every summer from then on till we sold.

In those days Falcon was noted as a great walleye (pickerel) fishing lake. Americans swarmed up here every spring to catch their limit. Lake trout were caught in High Lake and rainbow trout in Camp Lake. Camp Lake was eradicated of course fish and restocked with rainbow trout in 1952.

Boats from Toniata Camp were at all these lakes and Ed ran a service to each from the camp.

Most businesses closed after Labour Day for the winter. Camp owners found plenty to do during the winter months. Ed had a registered trap line since shortly after he arrived and spent much time on it during the winter. Also in those days, ice had to be cut in the lakes and stored for summer use. This was sawed in about two and a half-foot square blocks



Ella Schindler and daughters Myrna, Edna and Janis.

in the lake, hauled to ice-houses and packed tightly together. Then sawdust was hauled and packed well all around the ice, so it would last all summer. Getting out wood to last all summer was another big winter job.

Over the years, Ed and I put many improvements into the camp. Three new cabins were built, a large store, ice-house, garage, laundry house and also many new and large fishing boats were added to the equipment, along with about 10 outboard motors.

In those days, there was no electricity and irons were operated by gas. The sheets, pillowcases and towels were all cotton and everything had to be ironed. It was an exciting time when electricity came to the area in the late 50s.

After 17 prosperous years, the Schindlers decided to sell the camp. In April 1963, Toniata Camp was sold and we, Ed, Edna, baby Janice and I moved to our new home in the Falcon townsite.

After moving to Falcon, Ed worked with Parks at Falcon Beach, Fisheries, the Hadashville Conservation Camp and then as a Highway Inspector for the department of Highways at the Flagstation at West Hawk Lake until his retirement in 1977.

Our daughter Myrna lives in Ottawa with her husband Vince, son Mark, and daughter Caroline. Our second daughter Edna lives in Kenora with her husband Eddie and their children Dawn and Matt.

Janice married Darryl Kinley, on October 1, 1988 and they live in Falcon. Janice works at the Fish Hatchery at West Hawk Lake, and Darryl works for the Parks at West Hawk Lake and has taken over Ed's trap line, after being his helper for a few years.

We have seen many changes since we arrived in 1946. Many community activities started since we arrived. The Community Club which is part of our Curling Rink was built, the church at West Hawk was built, and the Winfal Seniors was formed. We participated in many of the activities.

Ed passed away on February 19, 1988.

FALCON NATURALIST HONORED POSTHUMOUSLY WITH AWARD

The late Ed Schindler of Falcon Lake, Man. was one of nineteen Manitobans honored with a Wildlife Conservation Award, presented November 28, 1988 at the Legislative Building. The awards, presented by Minister of Natural Resources Jack Penner, recognized outstanding contribution to wildlife conservation in Manitoba.

Initiated in 1983, the Wildlife Conservation Awards program consists of four distinct categories, each of which acknowledges a different set of accomplishments.

The *Professional Wildlife Conservation Award* recognizes individuals and organizations who through their profession have made a significant and everlasting contribution to public understanding and appreciation of wildlife. The *Wildlife Cooperators' Award* recognizes the dedicated service of individuals or organizations in managing wildlife and maintaining wildlife habitat. The *Wildlife Youth-Project Award* is targeted at young Manitobans who make a useful contribution to public understanding of the value of wildlife.

Avid naturalist

The Cooperators Awards was given posthumously to Mr. Ed Schindler. An avid naturalist, hunter and trapper, Mr. Schindler lived and worked in the Whiteshell area most of his life. It's here that he discovered a new species of honeysuckle that subsequently was named after him. He collected numerous species of plants, not previously known to occur in Manitoba, and donated them to the Manitoba Museum of Man and Nature. He helped preserve the only known stand of large tooth aspen in southeastern Manitoba and helped reintroduce beaver to sparsely populated areas.

He was also the president and an active member of the Whiteshell local fur council for a number of years. A valuable asset to parks branch staff in developing theme studies for the park, he worked as an interpreter at the Manitoba Forestry Association.

tion's conservation school at Hadashville. Mr. Schindler also discovered significant archeological sites along the shoreline of Falcon Lake.

Speaking of naturalists, our own Ed Schindler has a species of Honeysuckle named after him. The *Loni Cera Schindler* is a type of honeysuckle common to Eastern Canada. In his book, *A Flora of Western Canada*, botanist Bernard Boivin (chief botanist for the department of agriculture in Ottawa) identifies this species and names it after Ed Schindler.

Ed and his wife Ella had been in the area for 40 years as of 1986.

TOWNSITE 6 ELDER WALTER AND DORIS DOWBENKO

In May 1961 we bought the cottage at Falcon Lake. There have been many changes over the years. The government pair where we fished is gone. As well, the Falcon Motel burned down.

We have had many friends and family visit during the years. And many a fish story was told on fishing weekends. One of our favorite spots on the south shore was called "the point." We also enjoyed the beach and boating. Berry picking was a must, as well as mushroom picking.

We have two sons. Larry, the elder worked for Henry Krysko in construction. He is now part-owner of Manufacturing Distribution sales of heating products in Winnipeg. Roy worked as a guide at Falcon Beach Riding Stables. While furthering his education he worked five summers for the Department of Natural Resources at West Hawk Lake. He now holds the position of agronomist with Sherritt Gordon in Saskatoon.

We are now in our retiring years, still enjoying our summers at Falcon.



Mr. Dowbenko, Larry Dowbenko and cousin Larry. One of their fishing days at Falcon Lake, 1969.



Ray and his horse at Falcon Stables. He was able to get his horse to do a few dance steps.



Ray caught this jack fish at the north end of Falcon Lake. Uncle John helped him land it.

TOWNSITE EILEEN TESSLER

The rumblings of a provincial park were being developed in early 1956.

Bernard Remis became aware of the Government of Manitoba wishing to develop a park in the Whiteshell. He called friends and acquaintances with young families to attend a meeting. The meeting was to discuss what young families would need and also what would be desirable in a summer resort close to Winnipeg. There was a great deal of discussion and an enthusiastic group confirmed they were truly interested. When plans were set up, they would weight the pros and cons and bid on the lots listed. This was a "blind bid" for rocky and un-leveled ground. However, the net result was accepted and building went ahead.

A magnificent golf course was laid out. Streets for the Townsite began to take shape. This phase took place in 1956 and 1957.

Most people who bid for a specific lot got what they wanted. In many instances, trees and rocks — of all sizes — had to be removed, but, by and large, everyone was quite satisfied.

The meetings arranged by Mr. Remis were to discuss: a) what lay ahead, and also b) who wanted to bid on neighboring lots, c) the amenities the park would offer, d) codes by which the park would be maintained and used. By the end of 1956, most interested families were sincere in their bidding. The next step was to arrange and to go ahead and settle in, in 1957, which came to pass for most.

Four parallel streets cut out through the bush. Each were named after prevalent trees on the street. The names from east to west are Aspen, Birch, Cottonwood and Dogwood and then you have the South Shore Drive.

The original settlers in the Townsite were: A. Simkin and family, I. Simkin and family, S. Bechuk and family, D. Korn and family, Schwartz and family on Birch Street; J. Brownstone and family, M. Singer and family, B. Remis and family, M. Apter and family, B. Steinberg and family on Cottonwood Street; J. Simkin and family, B. Rosner and family, M. Shapiro and family, H. Shacter and family and B. Atrikov and family on Dogwood Street.

From 1956 to 1988 there have been considerable changes. Children have grown up and had children of their own — it seems the second generation is moving along quickly also, and their children are pushing into their teens. Some cottages are four-generation households.

There is an all-year resident on Cottonwood, Mrs. Kumhyr. She is a widow now, a remarkable woman of 91 who has been a permanent resident for many years. She relates many tales of interest.

RCMP quarters are in Falcon Lake Townsite. There is a public school for children in the Townsite as well as children bused from the surrounding area.

Summer amenities in the park include: boating, water skiing, golf, tennis, lawn bowling, miniature golf, picnic grounds, baseball diamond, fishing, cycling and once a week bingo.

In the winter there is a curling rink, a ski lift for downhill skiing, cross-country skiing, skating on the lake and ice fishing.

Many cottagers enjoy Christmas at Falcon Lake. The natural beauty as well as the privacy adds to the holiday.

TOWNSITE BLOCK K LOT 12 CLARKE AND DORIS BAKER

The Bakers, with three sons ready for skiing, sailing and golfing, chose Falcon Lake for a cottage in February 1962.

We purchased a place on Block 3, Lot 15. All our hopes were realized with that decision. In the early years, having acquired an unfinished building, the boys were very involved in developing our spot.

In the years following our sons married. Later, the grandchildren enriched our lives there.

One exciting moment comes to mind when our Y-Flyer turned turtle and we lost our tiller. We learned then how deep the water in front of our dock was.

Now, two of those sons are in the area. Bob's family are on Star Lake with special interest in barefoot skiing! Allen's purchased our place and are especially interested in sailing in their Laser One and Laser Two.

We, with no intention of leaving our happy life at Falcon, are living on Fairway Crescent, Lot 12. There we are enjoying all the activities attractive to seniors.

Son Bob's story appears in the Star Lake stories.

TOWNSITE BIRDIE BAY LOT 61

Mrs. Benstead's story as
told to Olive Zimmerman

Summer residents often ask people who live here the year round: What do you do with your time?

The days are often not long enough for some. One lady who fits into this category is Mrs. Benstead.

Before I tell you how she spends her time, I'll go back to her beginnings.

Celestine Managhan was born 30 miles from Ottawa. In 1916 she moved with her family to Primate, Sask., where her father took a homestead. In 1918 she married William Edward Benstead and they moved to Evesham, Sask., where they lived all their
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Celestine and William Benstead.

married lives. They had two daughters, Bernice who is married and lives near Senlac, Sask., on a farm, and Vera who lives on the south shore of Falcon Lake.

In 1961 Mrs. Benstead left Saskatchewan to come to Falcon to help Vera. She was away from here in 1963-1970 when she worked as a dining-room supervisor at Indian residential schools in Birtle and The Pas. When she visited her daughter and her family, she found the climate eased a respiratory problem, so in 1972 when she decided to retire she bought an unfinished house in the Falcon Townsite, finished it herself and has since lived there.

This lady has a great gift for handicrafts and always has more than one on the go. She started making quilts during the First World War for the Red Cross under the guidance of her mother.

This is how she describes making quilts. Quilts are made of three parts, the back or underside, the lining or filling, and the top. These are placed together, then firmly stitched (quilted), sometimes in intricate patterns, sometimes by outlining the design on the top. The purpose is always the same, to keep the lining in place through years of laundering and use.

Mrs. Benstead said you need little equipment except quilting frames. These are four boards, which for smaller quilts can be one by three boards, 12 to 15 inches longer than the size of the quilt. Larger quilts need a stronger frame to carry the weight of the quilt, so a two by two is a better choice. Then you need four clamps. Real quilting clamps are hard to find but good wood-press clamps are quite adequate.

The back of the quilt is usually of a material to compliment the top both in color and texture. It can be of a number of different materials. A personal preference is cotton flannelette, which has a cozy feeling. It is easy to quilt through. It also clings to the other bedding, so is less apt to slide off the bed at night.

This is the first piece of quilt to go on the frame. It is attached to the frame with any raw seams facing up. To attach it to the frames you need pins or tacks, or sewn with big stitches to the frame.

Then comes the lining, commonly known as the "bat." Years ago if you bought a bat, it would be a very expensive wool or a cotton substance that tended to mat after a few washings.

Mrs. Benstead's family had their own sheep. The process of getting the wool off the sheep and ready for the quilts or yarn was a long one, requiring skill and patience.

First, they would herd the sheep through a stream to clean the wool which was sheared or clipped from the sheep. The next step was to card it to remove bits of twigs and matted pieces and to make it all nice and fluffy. Some wool would be put away for spinning, some would be used for lining quilts.

Nowadays polyester or terylene bats made of bonded synthetic materials are used. They launder and wear well, are light in weight and very warm. Whichever kind you use, the bat is placed on top of the quilt back already in the frame. It is centered and smoothed out, ready for the top piece.

The top of the quilt, the last to be put in place, is the one that takes time to assemble. It is made of many small pieces sewn together to form a design. This takes hours of work, tracing and cutting hundreds of these pieces, then pinning and sewing them. Next, you press them all. When the top is assembled into one piece, it is placed on top of the bat. Years ago these tops were made of material that was left over from other sewing. They can be made of almost any material but usually only one kind of material goes into a top. To show off the design, stripes of contrasting material are placed between design blocks. Or plain-colored blocks are placed between design blocks.

Now the hand-stitching or 'quilting' starts. Tiny stitches, 10 to 12 to an inch, are placed either to outline the design pattern of the quilt or form a pattern of their own. Whatever way it is done, it takes hours of quilting to gather the three layers together through the whole quilt.

Years ago most quilting was done as 'quilting-bees.' Groups of ladies would get together for the day in a hall, church basement or someone's home if she had a room large enough to set up the frames and also allow room for the ladies to sit around the

edge to quilt.

Mrs. Benstead often has a quilt in the frame and she works away at it whenever she has an hour to spare.

Mrs. Benstead has made many different quilt patterns. Some has ended up as wedding presents for grandchildren. In recent years, many have been donated to the local church and community organizations. One year, four of these quilts went for the main prize in a curling bonspiel. Another time she was involved in the making of another curling bonspiel prize that consisted of two of these hand-made quilts and two hand-made afghans. She took the leftover material from the choir gowns to make a bow-tie pattern quilt which was raffled off by the Birchwood Ladies' Club. They realized enough money to buy the club a new fridge.

When I visited her she was making the double-wedding ring quilt pattern for a granddaughter. Each grandchild has received a hand-made quilt for their wedding gift. She wants to make the Bethlehem Star pattern someday, this will be a real challenge as it has many tiny pieces.

When I asked her which one she liked doing best she didn't know, but she really enjoyed doing the Valley Forge designed by Martha Washington.

Other creations, of Mrs. Benstead's are noticeable in her home. There are braided rugs on the floor, crocheted doilies on the furniture, a huge knitted bedspread (the blocks were done mostly while baby-sitting), bead-work ornaments and Christmas decorations. If you stayed for tea or were invited for a meal you would be served all things she had made from scratch, as we say, not from a package. The jams, pickles and vegetables would no doubt be from her garden that she had preserved in season.

She keeps her own home and garden, mows her own grass and tends her own flower beds. She also helps at many community things. This is a woman who never has to worry about what to do with her time.

TOWNSITE 51 COTTONWOOD ST. SIDNEY AND ADELE STANDIL

Our cottage is at 51 Cottonwood, Falcon Lake. After spending many summers at various beaches along Lake Winnipeg, we decided to purchase a cottage at Falcon Lake.

Our family at the time (1967) consisted of four children, Lynda (15), Alan (12), Arthur (9) and Fred (5). When we told our children about the purchase, our daughter groaned and our sons shouted, "hooray!"

The tennis courts, golf course and of course the beach, have given us many enjoyable summer holidays. Lynda became Falcon's biggest fan!

Each year we have tried to improve the cottage, painting inside and out, adding a screened-in porch and a few of the amenities such as a washer and dryer.

In 1982 with the arrival of our first grandchild we extended the size of our place to make room for three generations.

All our family enjoy cottage life, so our place is well used every summer. Falcon Lake has proven to be a wonderful choice to relax and enjoy Manitoba's fine summers.

TOWNSITE 24 ASPEN THE ZIEMANSKI FAMILY

By Eva Ziemanski

The Ziemanski Family's first contact with West Hawk Lake was in 1952 when John was hired by the Fisheries Branch to work at the Whiteshell Trout Hatchery and drive the distribution truck. Little did he know he would still be there almost 40 years later. Lori and I came in 1957. Soon Greg joined us and while the three of us enjoyed the lake and the holiday atmosphere, John worked at raising fish, usually at the West Hawk Rearing site.

We lived at Kenwin Camp and C.B.C. Cabins until 1961 when we moved to the hatchery. Our family was complete when Jeff and then Dawn arrived. And we were "Hatchery People" until the kids left home and we - just the two of us again - moved to Falcon Lake.

John is still at the hatchery, as superintendent. I work for Agriculture Canada. Lori (Jim Blaney) lives near Whitemouth with sons Jordan and Clayton. Greg (Pam Durston), Jeff and Dawn all live



The Ziemanski family: Jeff, Lori, Johnny and Eva, Dawn and Greg.

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in Winnipeg. "The Lake" still draws them and they come back whenever they can.

We had a lot of good times and some not so good. Usually the not so good involved wild trips to the city . . . with Greg and his ruptured appendix . . . with Jeff and the same problem . . . with Lori and a temperature of 106°F . . . with me trying to beat the stork. Thank God all these trips ended happily.

The good times often involved curling. Winning the club championship. The boys in the School Boys' Spiel and winning. (Greg the Haddon Hall and Jeff the Free Press.) Then both boys getting a zone spot. There was ice fishing. (We chopped a hole in the ice, built a snow shelter, lit a fire, ate our lunch — never caught a fish). The Hatchery birthday parties. The picnics. Working together to start the church. Canoeing down the Hatchery Creek.

And we have our share of wildlife stories. The bear that tried to climb through the window at Kenwin. The moose we found sleeping on our door step at C.B.C. Cabins. The cougar we saw that two-year-old Greg called a "cow."

All in all, I think we'll stay right where we are.

TOWNSITE 66 ELDER ST. THE SCHADEMOSE FAMILY

By B. Schademose

The Schademose family lived at the fish hatchery at the north end of West Hawk Lake. Baldur came to West Hawk Lake in 1951 as an employee of the Game and Fisheries Branch of the Manitoba Department of Natural Resources. The Whiteshell Trout Hatchery became his new headquarters in the fall of that year but work stations continued to be anywhere in the province the director of the Branch deemed they should be. One of those stations was the Crescent Beach rearing site. While working at Crescent Beach in 1952 I met Blanche.

Blanche first came to West Hawk in 1951 as a



The Schademose family: Susan, Leanne and Alan, Blanche and Balder, Dana, Sandra.



Gladys and George Watkinson.

student to work for Frank and Adele Reichert at the Trans-Canada Restaurant. She returned to work at the Trans-Canada Restaurant in 1952. In October she went to work Buster and Doris Bellemere at Backwood Cabins (now Keystone Cabins and Motel). They had the post office and gas pumps.

Blanche and I were married in 1953, moved to the fish hatchery and lived happily ever after. Our children Alan, Susan, Sandra and Dana were all raised there among the rocks, pines and the beautiful creek that runs beside the buildings and fish rearing tanks.

Charlie Watson, George and Gladys Watkinson were living at the hatchery when we were married. We became very good friends. George and Gladys became like grandparents to our children. They retired to Stonewall in 1967. Our close association with them continues to this day.

Our children attended Falcon Beach School, Whitemouth Collegiate and Steinbach Regional High School. Alan became a member of the RCMP. He served in northern Saskatchewan and is now stationed in Winnipeg. He married Leanne Stephen. They have two children Robbie and Kristen. Susan has a Bachelor of Education degree and became a teacher. She married Larry Morran. They have three children, Jeff, Lisa and Brent. They live at Gillam, Man., where Larry works for Manitoba Hydro. Sandra has a Business Administration degree and is a sales account manager for KLM in Toronto. She married Tony Duma in September 1990. Dana graduated from the University of Manitoba in May 1990 with a Bachelor of Arts in Economics. She works in the summer for the Parks Branch at West Hawk Lake in the summer.

I became closely associated with the school, the community club and the church until increased work related responsibilities caused me to be away from the community more often and for greater lengths of time. I became a Senior Hatchery Superintendent for the province of Manitoba in 1973. In 1981 I became Chief of Fish Culture and relocated to Winnipeg. Meanwhile Blanche had accepted employment as a Primary Products Inspector with Agriculture Canada stationed at West Hawk Lake.

So we bought a house in Block D and Blanche reluctantly moved from the hatchery to Falcon Lake Townsite. She worked part-time in Falcon Beach Post Office during a lay-off, but, is back again with Agriculture Canada.

TOWNSITE 48 GREEN AVE.

MRS. M. KUMHYR

This story is from a taped interview with Mrs. M. Kumhyr when she was almost 90 years old.

When I first came to Falcon it was summertime. The road wasn't finished all the way, so we walked about a mile on a part that was corduroy. We went to a little store at Mokahan Beach. We got our lunch and a rug and we went to the beach. I remember I said to my sister-in-law, "I wish I could live in my old age here — so I got my wish, so I can't complain now."

My husband, Mike, came to Falcon two years before me, and he came home every night after work. At that time, we lived at Whitemouth.

When the streets were laid out and the lots surveyed, my husband got one lot. There weren't so many trees then, lots of brush and lots of mice. The McKinnon children use to play in the grass and catch the mice. This was all a sand ridge.

We had a lot of lumber on the farm when we sold it and the new owners didn't want to buy it so we brought it here for our home. John Laba built our home. We finished the house ourselves. A lot of time I was the carpenter, sawing the lumber and nailing it on the walls on the inside and the outside and putting in the insulation.

I came to Falcon in 1956 and for many years I worked doing an assortment of jobs. I worked in the kitchen of the golf course. In the beginning, I worked for two and a half weeks by myself. I didn't know much about mixing drinks, so I told the boys to help themselves. They were mostly from the states then. I told them all I know is "Red Cap." For seven years, I cleaned the RCMP office and the Parks Administrative office. I cleaned lots of cottages, mostly on the south shore of Falcon and I babysat. There was lots to do. We made our garden and kept our own grounds.

When Mike came, he worked for the Parks. At first, Don McKinnon was in charge, he was the head ranger. Later, Mike worked for Doug Drysdale, he was in charge of the golf course. I remember when Doug was first here, Dale (his wife) was nursing at Ste. Anne Hospital and she would stay with me for the weekend. There weren't many people here then and there weren't many places to stay. Lyle (Moffet), worked with Don, lived in a trailer, and there were a few more.

One night, there were paved streets then, and Don

McKinnon came to our door and told us to come outdoors. There were six or eight people out there already. It was getting dark and we watched the northern lights maybe 20 minutes. Then someone said, "Someone is sawing the center pole (in the northern lights) right down the center," and it looked like one-half fell one way and the other half went the other way and that was the end of the northern lights that night. In the beginning it was a lot of fun.

TOWNSITE 54 COTTONWOOD THE RUSSELL FAMILY

By Gladys Russell

Our first encounter with the Whiteshell area was in the '50s. My husband and I along with another couple used to camp at Toniata Beach. We would rent a rowboat, row to the other side of the lake and always have our limit of pickerel.

Then we decided to explore northern Manitoba. Such a beautiful province for camping, fishing and enjoying nature.

When the Falcon Lake campsite was developed, this became our weekend outing. By now, we had three children and our motor boat. This campsite was so popular that we would put our tent up on Thursday night and drive back to the city. This was the only way we could be guaranteed a camping spot for the weekend.

It was at this point we decided it would be so nice to purchase a cottage somewhere a the lake.

We seriously started to look at cottages in 1982, then we found what suited us in the Townsite.

Our family is spread around now. Our son from the Toronto area visits every year with his wife and three children. Our son in Texas visits with his wife and two children, and our daughter and husband from Winnipeg visit with their two children.

So, we now have another generation enjoying the serenity and pleasure of the Whiteshell.

TOWNSITE THE PODOLCHUK FAMILY

By Karen Kodolchuk

There have been three generations of Podolchuks living and working in the Falcon and West Hawk areas. My father and his father have spent many hours of hard work in the development of the lakes we now enjoy.

During the years of 1945 to 1955 my grandfather, Nicholas Podolchuk worked building cottages. In this 10-year period he built three cottages on West Hawk and one on Caddy Lake.

He was proud to tell stories of the building of Premier Garson's cottage in 1945. He talked of work

done by himself, his son Harry, and his father Pete. He recalled how horses were used to haul the logs and material for the cottage. Progress was slow, so the men would camp on the job site, work for the summer, return home for the winter, and when spring arrived again, return to work. (Today this cottage is owned by Jessimans.)

In 1955, Nicholas started working in Falcon for the Department of Natural Resources. A carpenter by trade, who also had a talent for stone masonry. Some of his stone work still stands today, The Whiteshell Provincial Park signs stone structure at the Park boundary on Highway 307 was made by his hands, as well as the stone walls on the kitchen shelters in the beach campgrounds in Falcon.

During the 15 years in Falcon, Nicholas also completed carpentry work for cottage owners on South Shore Road. In 1970, Nicholas retired and returned to Elma, Man.

My father, Harry Podolchuk has also assisted in the development of the area. In 1955 he began working as an equipment operator, developing the Falcon Townsite, golf course and south shore road. He also helped with the building of the Whiteshell Community Club. He remembers how logs were cut from Caddy Lake to be used for lumber in the construction of the Club. Gravel was hauled by truckload from Steinbach.

During April of 1970, Harry was transferred to West Hawk as maintenance foreman. At this time snowmobile trails were being brushed. Harvey Zimmerman and Harry blazed and brushed the first trail to Rennie. The trail they blazed followed the Trans-Canada Highway to Blueberry Hill, continued west on the Trans-Canada pipeline to the Whiteshell Esso. From there the trail went north to Rennie. This trail no longer exists, it has since been rerouted to the present Rennie trail. During this part of the '70s, there was a trail from West Hawk to Rennie. This trail crossed Caddy, South Cross, went over the CNR tracks at Opher, across North Cross Lake, Pintail and Teal Lakes, then along the hydro line to Brereton Lake, then south to Rennie. This is no longer a designated trail, but those of us who are lucky enough to find this trail can still see the old markers guiding your way! One of the trails, blazed by these men that is still used today is the Star Lake trail which joins Falcon, Barren, Edgar and Star Lakes.

Myself and my brother Harold, being avid snowmobilers take pride in knowing our father was part of the development of trails we and many others enjoy using so much! This trail work done by Harry is only a small part of his contribution in the area.

Harry and his wife Catherine live in Falcon Lake. Harry still works in West Hawk as the senior main-

tenance foreman. Catherine has worked for many of the local businesses over the years and works for Natural Resources during the summer months, and works at Tall Pine Lodges during the winter months. Their oldest daughter, Christine, lives in Ottawa, and works for the Canadian Armed Forces as a Warrent Officer. Karen (that's me) works in West Hawk for Natural Resources, and son Harold lives in Falcon and is an apprentice carpenter.

FALCON LAKE BLOCK 1 LOT 1

This cottage was built about 1938 by Mr. and Mrs. Steedsman. It was to be their home as they were leaving Toniata Camp. A job offer came up to help Mr. MacKenzie at West Hawk Lake so they sold it to Dr. and Mrs. White.

When they found there was no road for most of the way from Toniata on, the Steedsman's had to lay a corduroy road so they could get their material for building to the lot. Before that road was regravelled a few years ago you could see some of the ends of the logs that were used in the corduroy.

One of the heaviest things that had to be taken to most of the older cabins was a cook stove. When it was time to take the one to the Steedsman cabin three young fellows were going to do the job. Two of these boys were farm boys and the other one was from the city, he was the one that was sent to tie the boat securely to the dock at both the front and back end, while the other two stronger fellows got the stove on the deck. When these two fellows, one on each side of the stove stepped down into the boat it slid away from the dock and the stove ended up in the lake. Can't you just imagine what they thought of the boatman.



Graham and Eleanor Scrivener

THE SCRIVENERS

1949 - 1986

We are finally saying farewell to our cottage (at Falcon Lake) after many happy years. We have many fond memories we will always treasure.

In the spring of '49 a visit from Shorty Kennedy made us aware of a cottage for sale. After much deliberation, we decided to pay a visit to Lot 1, Block 1, there to be met by Dr. White and his wife. We fell in love with the cottage which was duly purchased and took possession on June 30.

We will always remember walking into the cottage, noting there were 110 fishing lures on one wall. May 1 add, it took one summer for the boys, with help from Mom and Dad, to go through them . . . ouch!

I wish to remind you, that at that time there were two ways to get to the cottage, one by boat and the other by walking along the waterfront. Luckily, we had privileges at two docks, belonging to the Kennedys and the Holmes cottages. We also had a small Peterborough boat with a 2 1/4 hp motor (which came with the camp).

The day we took possession of the cottage we walked to the camp, picked up the boat, drove back to the docks to pick up our baggage, which was immense, then journeyed back to the camp to unload.

Each season, before roads, Graham, my husband, and the boys set out with saw, clippers and pruning shears to clear a path along the waterfront. Everyone enjoyed our path. This was, of course, prior to boat houses and cottages being put up as the years progressed.

To continue . . . on the day we took over our cottage, it was pouring rain. Jack and Betty Holmes (God bless them) got out their boat to help transport sheets, pots and pans, etc. We unpacked, lit the kitchen stove, and then the sun came out so we all went for a swim. Our docks at that time were two planks wide. Consequently, if you stepped back suddenly, you ended up in the water. We arrived back from our swim to find the cottage full of smoke. We hadn't adjusted the damper on the stove.

I came down when school was out and stayed all summer with the boys. Our food was brought each weekend by my husband, with much assistance from the Schindlers.

We found 13 games in the cottage which provided many happy evenings. We toasted marshmallows in the fireplace. In those early years, our only heat was the fireplace and the kitchen stove.

Fish caught by the boys had to be cleaned and put away before the night ended. The boys fished many, many hours a day.

When we closed our cottage each weekend prior to summer holidays, the order of the day was all

lamps filled and chimneys cleaned, woodbox filled, fires loaded, everything ready for our return.

How times changed when the roads were cut in. No more walking in. Then came electricity which meant no more lamp chimneys to polish, no more hot stoves. Electricity did not give us as much light as the Coleman and other lights had.

Olive and Adolph Zimmerman saw us through many of our problems. To them, we are forever grateful. They in turn have become good friends. Our neighbors were the very best anyone could ask for. There were many acts of kindness paid us.

The merchants of Falcon Lake and West Hawk will be remembered for their courtesy.

We are going to miss our cottage but somehow as we get older it is time to say goodbye to it and the totem pole, which we purchased in 1967, the Canadian Centennial year.

FALCON LAKE BLOCK 1 LOT 4

DON'T WASTE THOSE NORTHERNS

By John Rizok

The following method of filleting northerns is fast and will leave a completely boneless one-piece fillet. The steps are as follows:

Place the fillet with the tail-end facing away from you and the inside up. Now, look for the centre line running down the fillet and the line of "white specks" running parallel to the centre line about $\frac{1}{4}$ inch in: these white specks are the tips of the Y-bones' prongs. Hold the knife almost horizontally parallel to the fillet just above the speck line and cut into it narrowly missing the Y-bone prongs. Cut deeper until you hit the junction of the prongs and then continue the slice along to about two to four inches from the tail-end of the fillet — the exact distance varies with the size of the fish.

The second cut is done by inserting the blade into the first incision, giving it a half-twist so that the blade slides along top of the bone towards the thick part of the fillet. Peel the meat up as you cut, stopping immediately when you expose the total shank of the Y-bone. Continue down the fillet, section by section, stopping only when you get two to four inches from the tail (the Y-bones in this section being nothing more than white gristle and so poses no threat if eaten). Once this cut is finished, flap over this layer of meat, exposing both the prong and the shank of the Y-bones.

You're now ready to start the third cut. Find the centre line and slice below it, just missing it from the belly side of the fillet. With the blade held at an angle that allows it to scrape the bottom of the

Y-bone, carefully slice down until this cut meets the previously mentioned second cut — thus freeing completely one section of Y-bones. Hold this freed section up, and continue to lift and cut the entire row of Y-bones free.

When completed, the fillet will be 100 percent boneless, and — once the top layer is flipped back — will be of uniform thickness for easy cooking.

Another hint. Before you start cleaning and filleting a northern, wrap it up in newspapers for 5 to 10 minutes to utterly soak up the fish slime.

Mr. John Rizok has volunteered to demonstrate his skill at filleting Jackfish at any Fishing Derby, Sports Day, or other special summer event in the Whiteshell. He can be reached at Winnipeg 452-5992 or 1-349-8411. Anyone who has been in the audience at his demonstrations in the Convention Centre will agree that it is very informative.

FALCON LAKE BLOCK 1 LOT 5

By Pat Evans

While deciding what to write, I'm watching TV and, if I get tired of the TV I'll put on cassettes and listen to music while I ponder memories of Falcon. I might even go to the fridge and get myself a nice cold drink. I was able to have a shower this morning instead of jumping into the lake. It's early May and the ice hasn't been long off the lake. Getting electricity sure has been wonderful.

My mind wonders back 35 years. I remember when we got our lot and my husband and I came down to see where we would place the cottage. My heart sank when all I could see was bush. How could we ever get anything built among all that bush? Finally, it was all cleared and we were ready for the footings. The easiest way was to mix the cement over at West Hawk and after the forms were set, to bring them over to Toniata Beach. The fellows (Ken Ferguson, Harold Biddulph and B.E. (hubby)) borrowed an old scow from the Catholic brothers' retreat and started to haul the blocks from Toniata to our lots. This included the blocks or footings for the cottages in lot 3 and 4 and ours, as they were starting to build too. By the time they reached here the scow was about to sink because it wasn't completely waterproof. This was only the beginning. Everything had to be brought by scow and carried up to the building site or carried from the end of the road one half to three quarters of a mile from the building lots. Everyone from the youngest to the oldest was recruited for this work.

After weekends of work we got the cottage boxed in, the shiplap was on the roof and half was shingled. We decided to bring down the beds so we could stay overnight. That night it rained, so one half of

the cottage was dry but the other was soaking wet. It was like getting out of bed and into a shower.

We worked hard but also had some good times. At nights, we met at the Biddulphs along with the Fergusons for coffee. The place was always full of grown-ups, children, dogs and cats (ours and theirs). We would discuss what we had done over the weekend and what we would be doing the next weekend.

While building our cottage we stayed at Toniata or sometimes at Laws cottage on Law's Bay at the eastern end of Falcon. One day we worked so late that before we could get to Laws cabin it rained. Danny Biddulph put his wet shoes in the oven to dry. When he remembered them, they were so turned up at the toes he couldn't put them on.

Another time it rained we had no shelter and I got soaked. When I got home and took off my red slacks I was a lovely shade of red from the waist down.

We had Coleman stove, an icebox and two Coleman gas lamps. In those days, we thought that was really great. The ice was brought from Toniata by boat but by the time we got it into the icebox it didn't weigh the 25 pounds we started off with.

The cottages on this block were started before electricity came to the area. Every piece of lumber was cut with a handsaw, a time-consuming task in itself. After everything was completed, the road was extended to the back of the cottages and electricity came.

All in all, we loved it. It was work well done. I still keep our little house out back. Who knows, maybe someday we may need it.

One night after dinner Doris Ferguson and her dog, Betty Biddulph and her daughter and myself headed for Toniata in the boat. After getting what we wanted from the store we got into the boat and pushed off. We couldn't start the motor and left the boat at D. Shaw's dock. We headed for the road with the dog in the lead. He met a skunk and you know what happened. The dog got the worst of it, but as we walked through the grass we got some too. On the road we met Mr. and Mrs. Scrivener who offered to take us home in their car. We all piled in, smell and all, except the dog. He had to run behind.

We humans all had a good wash and were able to get the smell off us. Have you ever tried to get a big Labrador dog clean on one can of tomato juice? It doesn't work. Every time the poor dog got wet it brought the smell back again.

Our son, Keith, spent all his summers at Falcon Lake from the age of 12 until he married and left for Edmonton, where he is Director of Parks and Recreation. He learned his love of nature at Falcon. He still spends his holidays here, along with

his wife, Maria and daughters Rea-Anne, Christel and Chelsea.

His greatest thrill when he was young was, when he was allowed to take the small boat and motor out on the lake by himself. He still enjoys it, although the boat is bigger now.

**FALCON LAKE
BLOCK 1 LOT 7
The Story of Our Cottage
By Doris and Paul Martin**

It was 1954 when we made a start on our summer cottage. We thought having our own place in this beautiful area would mean countless hours of rest and relaxation, doing nothing more strenuous than swimming, fishing or sun bathing. It didn't take long to discover that relaxation takes many different forms, that learning to use a hammer and saw or pour a concrete footing can also be satisfying recreation.

Prior to 1954, we had spent several holidays at Falcon, renting cabins at Toniata from Col. Thomas and later Ed Schindler and Mo-Ka-Han (part of a government campground today). In 1954, we decided to apply for a cottage lot. My husband felt we could build a modest cottage adequate for our family for about \$2,500. The ranger at West Hawk Lake, Ed Polkowski, when accepting our application said there would probably be a two year wait. Six weeks later on a rainy September long weekend we were in the area again. On the spur of the moment we decided to drop in on the ranger. When he said he had just surveyed four lots in Block 1 and we could choose one, we couldn't believe our good fortune. He probably thought a couple with two young children who would come down in cold, pouring rain deserved a reward. We promptly went to see the lots. There was only one cabin in Block 1 at that time, and it was on what was called an isolated lot. It had been there for several years and was made of natural logs. We had often used it as a landmark while canoeing in earlier years.

The road did not go to Block 1, so it meant driving to the end of the road, climbing down to the lakeshore and walking along a bush trail. It was raining hard and by the time we reached the lots, we were soaked through, but too happy to notice. So began many years of hard work and happiness.

The next and following weekends that autumn were spent clearing the property of heavy brush and small poplars. Thanksgiving was spent outside with our friends, the Mussells, Lot 6. Four adults, five children, two dogs and several Canada jays sat on logs around a piece of plywood enjoying a cold turkey dinner.

During the winter we built an 8x12 foot pre-fab bunkhouse in our basement. It was complete with large windows, two wall beds, fold down table, Quebec heater and small oil stove. Once assembled on the lot, it provided a snug, comfortable home for the next two years while we built the cottage. There was no electricity till 1959, so all building was done with hand tools. Lumber and other supplies were either carried from the end of the road and over the hill or taken in our 12-foot boat from Toniata. We usually came down Friday night after work. So many times we left the Toniata dock in the dark, carrying, in relays, lumber, supplies and children and the dog. Coleman lanterns supplied light, cook stoves for cooking and heat and pure drinking water came from a spring up the lake by pailfuls. Baths were taken in the lake and depending on the time of the year could be pretty brisk affairs. Ice was purchased by the block from Toniata. Our young sons had other less desirable chores but were always happy to take the boat, get the ice, then drop in at the Schindlers store.

By today's standards, those beginning years were hard, but all of us were young with young families and it was a happy learning experience. Weekends and summer holidays found the families in Block 1 busily building their dream cabins, while learning to appreciate the unspoiled outdoors and wildlife. Most of us had salt licks so adult deer and their fawns were regular visitors. Fish were plentiful. It wasn't too difficult to catch enough fresh pickerel for a meal. On hot calm days our sons would bait a hook with bacon, then sit really still in the boat and watch the small mouth bass swim up to investigate.

By 1959 the powerline was brought in. In the early 1970s, a road finally came in, some of the cottagers giving up part of their property for the road. Today, we all have the comforts of the city, but can still enjoy the natural scenery very much as it was in the 1950s. Perhaps there are more varieties of birds now, especially hummingbirds — or could it be we all have more time to enjoy them.

FALCON LAKE BLOCK 1 LOT 6

Merv and Mabel Mussell

Today, as I look around our cabin on the north shore of Falcon Lake, and see what surrounds me . . . chesterfields, a shower, fridge, electric stove, I find it difficult to recall 34 years ago when we first came to Falcon Lake. (Story was written 1988)

It was the long weekend in September 1954, a cold and rainy weekend, when friends Paul and Doris

Martin phoned us from the lake to tell us a few more lots had opened up on the north shore, four to be exact, and if we were interested to come down and put our name in for one of the lots. They had put their name down with the Park Ranger at West Hawk Lake and were definitely interested in one of the lots.

We cashed a cheque with our favourite, friendly drugstore (Orlikow Drugs) to pay for the weekend and were on our way. The Park Ranger at West Hawk Lake told us where the lots were located. We drove as far as the service road went, packed our Hillman which had trouble making some of the hills, then walked about a half-mile along the shore to the lots. We chose one but could hardly tell what it was like because of the underbrush. We knew it wasn't too steep and the lake in front looked to be sandy and not too deep. We went back to West Hawk Lake and paid \$15. for the first year's lease.

All lumber for the cottages in this block was either brought in by boat or by road as far as the road went, then carried in. We didn't have a boat, so all our lumber had to be carried in. The first thing we had to do after coming down for a weekend was carry lumber. Our three boys, ages 10, eight and five, helped before they could play up on the cliff or whatever. There was an abandoned gold mine behind the Martins' property and that is where our three boys spent many hours.

The first year we cleared the land and decided where to put up the cabin. Meals were cooked on a two-burner Coleman stove. Food was kept in ice-boxes. Ed Schindler at Toniata had the icehouse and the only grocery store for quite a few miles.

There was lots of hard work but lots of fun too. The first time we were invited to a Happy Hour at Burgesses, Lot 9, the invitation was written on birch bark.

Martins, next door, had built a bunkhouse (12x8 feet) and lived in it while they built their cottage. We lived in a tent while we built ours. We spent most evenings in the bunkhouse (four adults, five children and two dogs) playing cards by lamp light and talking about plans for our cabins. After the Martins cabin was livable they loaned us the bunkhouse. It was like living in a castle after living in the tent.

Deer would come every day to drink at the lake. Bears were often seen, also weasel, porcupine, ducks, heron, mink, skunk and foxes. Over by the sand pits we often saw wolves. A favorite pastime in the evening was to drive over to the garbage dump and watch the bears feed or to drive across the lake to see the bald eagles and their babies in their huge nest.

We got our drinking water from a spring that drained into Falcon Lake on Scriveners lot. It was clear and cold and tasted really good.

FALCON LAKE BLOCK 1 LOT 8

The Steeves - Jack, Doreen, John, Jayne and Jim

A chance remark, "If you ever want to sell this cottage, please call us," started our ongoing love affair with Falcon Lake. We purchased the cottage in 1966 from Charles and Ena Goulding (my second cousin) who had started the clearing of the land in 1954 and obtained their first lease in 1959 when the cottage was finished.

We were all invited to the cottage for the day and thought it was one of the most beautiful places we had ever seen in Manitoba. The terrain differed from the flat prairie around Winnipeg and we were all hungry for water and hills.

Over the years, we have added, built, rebuilt and modernized our cottage to the point that upon retirement it has become our prime residence. We escape south for months in our motor home but are eager to return to the Whiteshell.

Wherever we roam during the winter, we have yet to find a spot where we can sit and watch the lake and its tranquil surroundings. We remember all our good friends in the Whiteshell where friendships are genuine and warm. We can recall berry picking times, gatherings, sharing waterfront problems and building woods.

With our kids' great love of the water and all water sports, this was the ideal place to bring our children every summer and as many weekends as was possible. They grew up learning to respect the water and to love nature.

We also had the odd encounter with bears in our yard. They were promptly dispatched by our dogs. Skunks have been an ongoing cross to bear. One incident, forever in our memories, was when our collies went tearing through our yard into our neighbor's, straight toward Bill, who was digging up dandelions. The poor man thought the dog had gone crazy. He turned as the dog veered around him and saw a huge bear standing on its hind legs. In an instant, the bear was up a tree and a grateful Bill was patting good old Nicky.

The fall of 1988 we bid goodbye to Falcon Lake, to the friends we had made there, and the cottage that holds so many memories for all our family. We now call Keledin, in the Okanagan Valley of B.C. home.

FALCON LAKE BLOCK 1 LOT 10

Mary and George Crayston and Family

In 1954, my brother Jack and I saw an ad in the Free Press announcing the opening up of Whiteshell cottage lots. We received permits to occupy Lots 10



At the Crayston cottage - David, Joan, George and Mary Crayston, Bill, Barbara and Mel Clisby.

and 11 in Block 1 on the north shore of Falcon Lake on October 1, 1954. Total cost \$15. for each lot.

After clearing the lot we brought in lumber on a barge pulled by Jack's boat (no roads to the lots in those years). As the barge neared the shore, it began to fill with water and started to sink. Our food was on top of the lumber.

However our good friends, Mary and Bill Clisby, were there and Bill quickly waded into the lake and rescued the film cans containing our pies as well as the rest of the food.

Many friends from Winnipeg came to help - by car, by foot, by boat, and one family in their float plane. They all seemed to enjoy the adventure of the construction of the cottage. We gratefully thanked them for their sore aching limbs. They helped us shingle the roof, and tile the floor, and, the first winter, even helped remove the snow off the roof.

For a swim, when the children were young, we would walk the shoreline to the sandy beach at Pakaska. In those years, the children imagined themselves as great adventurers. They wandered the bush and discovered what they called Like-a-Canyon (the gravel pit).

We rebuilt the docks about every two or three years as the ice and storms took their toll. Then, happily, we had a road, a boathouse and a metal ramp and dock.

The family is spread out now. Dave and Linda and Mary are in Calgary, and Joan, Rod, Dirk and Scott are in St. Catharines, but still find their way "home to the lake" to all the beautiful scenery and all the good times together.

**FALCON LAKE
BLOCK 3 LOT 8
Margaret Cowell**

In 1952, we went tenting at West Hawk Lake campground with our 12-year-old son, eight-year-old daughter and a three-year-old baby boy.

We graduated to a 14-foot Dew-drop trailer. We tried Toniata campground but like West Hawk better. There were more people and was more activity.

In 1957 we drove to West Bend, Wisconsin, to pick up a 24 foot Mallard trailer. Now we were camping in style (our own bathroom). Falcon Lake Trailer Park, beside the shopping mall, which had just opened. We had the first lot in the second row, right beside the park entrance. The first row is now the roadway to the boat launching at the lagoon.

From trailering at Falcon Lake we bought a cottage at Block 10, Lot 7, Caddy Lake. Ours was the last cottage before a natural wilderness.

Our youngest son made friends with a beautiful buck (four or five points on his antlers). He would come and eat out of Greg's hand. One day, he had a female and twins with him.

One morning, after a severe thunderstorm, there was an eery greenish daylight. It seemed as if we were under water. Out of the kitchen window were 12 large (two feet in length) woodpeckers flying around. They flew around from tree to tree but made no sound. I wonder if anyone else has ever seen these large woodpeckers?

In 1965, we bought our cottage at Block 3, Lot 8 at Falcon Lake.

Our cottage was built around 1952 by Dr. Paul L'Heureux, Medical Director, St. Boniface Hospital, and his wife, Blanche. It was then sold to Mr. Charles Clifford Howell on June 13, 1959.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Nichells and his wife Lois Kaye had the cottage from June 6, 1964 to September 3, 1965. They moved to Calgary.

We, Thomas and myself, Ann Margaret Cowell, have had this cottage from August 18, 1965.

**FALCON LAKE
BLOCK 3 LOT 11
Dr. L. Rubin**

Where have the years gone? We have spent thirty-six summers at Falcon Lake. I can't believe it has been that long. We bought our lot in 1954 and Dick Good built us a shell in 1955. My wife and I finished the interior (we were young and strong then). There was no townsite, no golf course, no electricity, and of course, no running water. We worked till late at

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night by the light of Coleman lamps. No power tools, so every board had to be sawed by hand. The woodstove in the kitchen was cozy. I felt bad when the power arrived and we replaced it with an electric range. Every evening about six the deer strolled by our front door on their way down to the lake to drink - a pretty sight. The highlight of the day was the trip to Gordon Hamilton's store at Faloma to get the paper and pick up a block of ice at the icehouse. Our daughter, thirteen days old, was brought out here almost directly from the hospital. Her bottle was heated during the night with a can of Sterno.

Our three children spent their summers at the lake. They played and later worked there. They grew to love the lake, just as we do and return frequently from faraway places. Our daughter met her husband there. They are both working for Parks and they are still at the lake. We had great neighbors. John Higham was the organizer and first commodore of the Falcon Yacht Club. The Griends, Gulds and the Puttaerts, all nice people. Lots of wildlife. Over the years we've seen deer, bears galore, fox, otter, mink, turtles, martens, eagles, all sorts of birds. The cottage has been enlarged and modernized. Our eldest son was quite annoyed when we put in a flush toilet. He complained that when he was little he had to use the back house; now that he was older, a teenager no less, he didn't have to go outside!

We've lavished a lot of love on the lake and it has returned it in kind. Now that the children are all grown and gone it's quieter, except when the grandchildren come, then it's noisier than ever. Falcon Lake still draws us like a magnet - we are happy to arrive and sad when we have to leave. The stillness, the cry of the loon, the freshness and scent of the air, the beauty of the place will keep us coming back as long as we are able.

**FALCON LAKE
BLOCK 3 LOT 15
The Allen Baker Family**

The Allen Baker family purchased and moved into the senior (M.C.) Baker's cottage Easter weekend of 1984. Allen and Rochelle and their three boys have enjoyed several summers of sailing, swimming, golfing and landscaping. We also enjoy the panoramic view from the north shore.

Brian (now 18) has worked at Penguin Camp the past two summers. David (16) has provided a lawn service to Falcon residents the past two summers. Craig (13) has delivered the Free Press to Blocks 3 and 6 and thus met many of our summer neighbors.

All the boys are involved with the Provincial Sailing Club whenever possible.

The cottage has undergone a major change this

past year with natural cedar siding replacing the former red and white exterior.

We hope to enjoy many more years of cottage life at "15".

FALCON LAKE

BLOCK 3 LOT 17

Lee, R.E. II, Pat, Cynthia and Susan

The cottage on Block 3 Lot 17 was built in 1951 for R.E. Lee I by his son R.E. Lee II. In 1957, R.E. Lee II and his wife Pat bought the cottage. The earlier years were spent keeping four children and various friends happy for two months of the summer. The children enjoyed the family cottage so much they spent their summers during high school and university working at the shopping centre, drug store, campground office and park patrol. The family is now grown and continues to spend holidays and weekends at the lake with their spouses and children.

Many family dinners are spent remembering the boulder that came through the roof and floor of the cottage, bears in the backyard and the pickerel that jumped onto the dock and was caught by R.E. II throwing a towel over it.

We hope that many more enjoyable years will be spent relaxing on the dock, swimming and visiting the friends we have made over the years.

When the present Trans-Canada Highway was being built, there were lots of rock drilling and rock blasting going on near our cottage. After a while, you got used to the noise. Such was the case when we offered the cottage to my husband's brother and his wife for a week, and we went back to the city.

One night while they were sitting, eating their supper, one of the charges went off and, lo and behold, if one of the pieces of rock didn't come right through the roof and continued through the floor. The repair patches remain today to remind us of the incident.

Our daughter, who lives in Sicily, thinks that coming home in the summertime to Manitoba naturally means coming to the cottage at Falcon Lake.

FALCON LAKE

BLOCK 4 LOT 2

L&J Finnen

We started cottaging at West Hawk Lake in 1963 and 1964 when we rented a cabin belonging to Lee and Marie Herron. The cabin was just off the little island near Miller Beach. We "got the bug," so in 1965 we looked for our own cottage, finally purchasing a "basic" cabin from Ed Friesen at Lot 2 Block 4 Falcon Lake. The 20x24 foot building was just west of Toniata Beach. There was no access

road, so we went by footpath or boat for the first years.

We doubled the size of the cabin the next year and have since added a large deck.

It has indeed become "the Finnen's Cottage." There is so much family work in it, even the gaining of a road at the top of the hill.

We have also added removable docks. We couldn't keep the original in place because of ice.

The whole family has learned to love the place. There are four generations of Finns to enjoy it, my parents, Cliff and Clara, Joey, my wife and I, son Rob and his wife Sharon and their children Holly and Jim. Our daughter Lynn and her family come from Vancouver whenever possible as they love it too.

There has been lots of waterskiing, swimming and snorkeling over the years. Now Holly and Jim are pressuring for waterski lessons; it is about time for they are aged 12 and nine.

The cottage is fully "modern" and overlooks the lake and bays to both east and west. The Ben Loewen's are our neighbors to the east and the Fainman's to the west. This is a place for rest and sheer enjoyment for all ages.

FALCON LAKE

BLOCK 5 LOT 6

The Grants

In August, 1954 the Grants - Glenn, Margaret, Allen and Rosemary (the two older boys, Ian and Forbes, were at Camp Manitou) spent two weeks camping at Toniata.

We rented a canoe to paddle around the lake. About the second day we were discussing the merits of different cottage locations even though we were told that all lakefront spaces had been allotted. We paddled by a place where two deer were grazing near the water, then we went around by road to find the spot. While I stayed with the children, Glenn made his way through the wild raspberries and other brush. He came back rather in awe, saying, "There is a little meadow down there."

We went to the Park Office in Rennie and parked on the edge of a large lawn. Glenn went into the office and came out a short time later. As he came toward us he seemed to be sleepwalking. He came to my window and said incredulously, "I got it."

Next spring we came down the first possible weekend and started construction. Meanwhile, picture the six of us sleeping in a 9x9 tent in a wind-storm! The flies were terrible, so I made a dining-cooking tent out of old net curtains, some very fancy ones. Soon the floor was laid and we moved the tents onto it. The children were in the canvas one, Glenn and I were in the net one without

a floor. When the mosquitoes came up through the knotholes in the wooden floor, we stuffed our socks into them.

Another spring and Glenn had the frame and roof up. One morning it was raining and I was stirring the porridge in what was to be the kitchen. I thought, "This is heaven." It's raining and the porridge and I aren't getting wet! The aluminum roof roared when it rained, a great source of amusement.

Construction proceeded slowly. We seemed to have about \$100 each year that could be spared for the cottage. The original 20x24 foot cottage, believe it or not, was divided into three bedrooms and a bathroom on one-half, living room, dining room and kitchen on the other. Each advance in the construction brought such joy - steps instead of walking a plank, running water, even electricity.

Friends came to visit and often brought something they weren't using; a bed, dishes, table and chairs. We remember each of them when we reminisce about how it used to be.

About 1973, in anticipation of retirement, Glenn stripped the old cottage to the frame and, with the help of our good friend, Jeff Konchuk, put on new siding, insulation, panelling and a new roof. He added two bedrooms and a bathroom, front and back porches, and completely new wiring.

In 1975, Glenn retired and we sold our house in Winnipeg and moved to the cottage to spend our summers there and to go to a gentler climate for the winters.

The years have passed with so many good times at the cottage. The children growing up with their friends around, a wedding, the grandchildren as babies and now growing up, the many friends who visited. Sad times, too, Glenn passed away in 1983. He will always be dear in our memories.

**FALCON LAKE
BLOCK 6 LOT 2
D.C. Hay Cottage**

In the summer of 1950 my husband, Blair D. Hay, was told by a friend that the government was opening some lots on the north side of Falcon Lake. In August we met with the Forest Ranger and he showed us some lots and we decided on Lot 2, Block 6. It had several nice large birch trees on it, some poplars and a lot of dense smaller growth. There was a large rock at the back and on the slope towards where the cottage was to be built there was grass, some small bushes and an oak tree at the east side.

Next April we started clearing and from then on we were there nearly every weekend working on the building. My husband's brother-in-law, Harry Palmer, had drawn up the blueprints and was of great help to us in erecting the cottage. Other rela-

tives and good friends were also very helpful. Later that summer Mr. and Mrs. Palmer built their own cottage on Lot 7, Block 3, not far from us.

The waterfront had a lot of stones but no really large rocks and the water grew deeper gradually which suited us as our children were still quite young. Our daughter Carol was nine and our son Donald was only five. We had to cut a path through the bush to get down to the water.

Neighbors to the west, on Lot 1, were the Hugh Hannesson family and to the east were Leonard and Doris Wilson on Lot 3.

The first few years we saw chipmunks, red squirrels, ground squirrels, rabbits, skunks, porcupines, mink, black bears and various species of birds. One bird I had never seen before was a pileated woodpecker. There was a large variety of flowers. The Palmers found wake-robins and lady's slippers on their place and it was at their cottage I first saw a flying squirrel.

When the Trans-Canada Highway was under construction near Falcon Lake, we would watch the big machines working. When they were blasting rock, cottage owners were asked to leave for safety. One time, Len Simpson was out fishing when a piece of rock fell into the water alongside his boat.

When the polio epidemic raged in 1953, I stayed with Carol and Donald at the cottage for 10 weeks straight. School opening delayed until the middle of September. In the summer of 1956, we got electricity which was a big improvement over having to get ice for the old icebox. Our boathouse was built in 1957 and, in 1965, living quarters were built on top of it.

The large rock at the back has an almost perpendicular drop on the west side. My husband decided to clear for a roadway so we could drive the car down to the cottage. Luckily, there was room for a driveway at the edge of our lot. It was hard work because some of the rock had to be chipped away. In 1961, with the help of the Hannesson boys, it was cemented and how nice it was not to have to carry things up and down.

My husband was always working at something but he enjoyed the place as we all did. He passed away in June 1972.

In 1983, I turned the cottage over to my son and now, he, his wife Elayne, and their two sons, Stephen and Tyler, are making good use of it. I still go to the cottage a few weekends each summer.

**FALCON LAKE
BLOCK 6, LOT 18
North Shore**

By Mrs. Christina Tibbs

We purchased the cottage at Falcon Lake August 1, 1961. Originally, the cottage was built for Howard and Winnifred Brown in 1950 and we bought it from them.

We have had many happy years at Falcon with relatives and friends.

My husband, Fred Tibbs, passed away October 8, 1980.

**FALCON LAKE
BLOCK 6, LOT 28
MEMORIES OF FALCON LAKE IN
THE 'GOOD OLD DAYS'**

By Dianne Beaven

Following many years in the late 1930s and throughout the 1940s of renting cabins at Faloma Beach from Maude and Gordon Hamilton, at Toniata Beach from Ella and Ed Schindler, and at West Hawk Lake, my parents, Iva and Alan Beaven, decided they would like to build their own cottage on Falcon Lake. After looking at several of the available sites which were being offered by the Forest Service, they chose Block 6, Lot 28, and became one of the first families to occupy that particular stretch of the north shore. One of the more onerous requirements was the construction of a road to access the cottage, but the resultant private entrance has been an advantage since that time. The cottage was completed in 1950, having been constructed almost entirely by Jack Netterfield and Peter Bergen, assisted by Dad and my brother, Barry. There was only one calamity when Barry was hit on the head by a falling tree while clearing the cottage site. Some say he has never been the same since!!!

In those "early days" there was no electricity or



1949 - Penguin Camp, Dianne Beaven, age 2, Duchess, Bus (from U.S.) Barry Beaven.



1949 - Paul Wilson, Dianne Beaven.

telephone and we still have reminders of the coal oil lamps, iceboxes and firewood for the kitchen stove that were considered a way of cottage life. Fortunately we installed indoor plumbing, though our water supply was pumped from the lake to a holding tank behind the cottage.

After driving for three to four hours from Winnipeg along the old No. 1 Highway through Renne, we would stop at Hamiltons' for ice which was dug out of the sawdust in their old icehouse, often by or with the help of the customer. Most of our other supplies were brought from the city, and in fact in later years, but still before electricity, we hauled ice from Winnipeg in a cooler. There were small stores at West Hawk Lake, Toniata and Faloma but stocks were limited. Even after we had electricity there were some major problems. I remember Gordon Hamilton banging on our door about 3 a.m.



Site of Beaven cottage, Dianne Beaven with tent in background.



Successful fishing expedition, Ed Polkowski and Barry Beaven.

to ask if Dad had a portable generator to borrow. The power had gone off and there was major concern for a polio victim in an iron lung who was holidaying at Faloma.

The original Beaven cottage has changed considerably from the basic plan. A large veranda was added by Dick Good who for years, before he moved to British Columbia, was the local building contractor. Dick was famous for his promises, and it was actually five years before he started the veranda he had been promising Mom. Dick was involved in the construction of and renovations to many of the earlier cottages on Falcon. Other additions to our cottage included a wing for Dad's retreat and another outdoor veranda area. As well, of course, the wood stove gave way to an electric range, the kerosene lamps to electric lights, and the good old icebox to a refrigerator. The telephone was a later addition. Some would say these were mixed blessings but certainly the overall comfort level has improved. For all those who miss cutting kindling and igniting the stove to cook breakfast in the early morning, I am afraid all is lost.

Everytime we drove in or out the service road from the highway, we saw cars which had not managed to manoeuvre the somewhat tricky turns in loose gravel and had landed in the ditch, often with their occupants unhurt but dazed, just sitting wondering what had gone wrong. In those days, we often as not saw deer along the road as well, in the days before hunting was allowed and the poor creatures had to retreat back into the bush. As a child I remember having 'contests' to see who could spot the most deer on an evening. Many deer had been tamed and a stop at Vicki and Sam Yanick's service station at the turnoff to Falcon usually meant seeing several of them around the salt-lick and many

more interested spectators watching them with delight. At Faloma, a fawn named Bambi became a favorite until it was killed by a reckless driver.

A trip to Kenora, Ontario, was almost a day's expedition on a rather torturous road (now somewhat improved) but was always enjoyable until you arrived in town and tried to find a parking space! At one time this trip provided an opportunity to spirit back a case of Ontario beer which was considered superior to Manitoba beer and was not then available in our province. The illegality of this operation was not a serious inhibitor as the reward was considered to justify the possible risk.

Fishing for pike and pickerel in Falcon Lake was much more rewarding in those days, too, and usually the somewhat arduous trip to Camp or High Lake resulted in a good catch of rainbow and lake trout, respectively. We were always pretty confident of hooking a pike or pickerel at the point near the big pine tree on the south shore of Falcon or even right out in front of our cottage. Now we still bring in a few, but they are much smaller and more scarce.

A memorable fishing trip to High Lake resulted in Dad and Barry being stranded. They had set out at dawn and beached their boat at the portage entrance. When they returned several hours later, the high waves on Falcon had swamped the boat and made it impossible to launch. After waiting several hours for the water to calm, they started walking. They clambered over rocks until they reached sanctuary at Margie and Stuart Parker's cottage near Toniata. In the meantime, an anxious family back at the Beaven cottage headed for help to Gordon Hamilton who immediately began to organize a search and rescue party. Just as the group was ready to depart, Dad and Barry appeared, tapped Gordon on the shoulder and asked if they could join. He said, sure - then suddenly realized that the objects of the search were indeed safely home.

Dad was involved for years in the Whiteshell District Association and served a term as president. At that time the officers were most concerned with road improvements and their efforts eventually resulted in the north shore service road being paved. Dad, as Manager of the Forestry Association, also presented outdoor education programs at the various summer resorts throughout the Whiteshell, and was assisted at times by Barry and other family members. During the war, a program was presented on the roadway at Brereton Lake for German Prisoners of War on one side of the road and the cottagers and tourists on the other. This program was arranged by Cal Ritchey, the longtime head ranger at Rennie. There was nothing like spending an evening under the stars, swatting mosquitoes and watching films on nature. Many a time we took refuge in one or other of the vehicles parked near-

by to escape the pesky bugs. Reaching or returning from these programs was sometimes the most exciting part. Like the night that Dad and Cal Ritchey had a fox rush from the ditch and try to attack the tires of their moving truck. When they got out to search for the creature, they could not find a trace. I can remember driving home from some of the more distant points and seeing hundreds and hundreds of frogs crossing the road in what looked like a mass migration. It was not too pleasant an experience, because you knew that not all could escape the tires and it must have looked like a massacre in the morning.

Our family has always had pets, and one member of our household menagerie, a cat named Figaro, was born at West Hawk Lake as part of a litter raised by Betty Polkowski, wife of Ed Polkowski who was for many years the Forest Ranger at West Hawk. Figaro was with us for almost 20 years.

We also recall, with some affection, the beautiful young buck deer which came every evening for many weeks to sleep just outside our bedroom windows - and with less affection, the ruffed grouse, whose most outstanding feature was the loud hollow "drumming" sound made by the cock's wings against the log on which it perched. This drumming generally began just about bedtime or early in the morning and was not very conducive to sleep! A snapping turtle used to sun himself on the flat rock in our bay, and watch for unsuspecting swimmers who might decide to rest on that particular rock. A few toes were nearly nipped!

A duck came down our chimney while the cottage was empty and created havoc inside before dying in the middle of one of the beds. And there was the red squirrel who would rush from the bushes, run up Dad's leg and perch on his head, waiting for a treat. When the squirrel was not immediately acknowledged with food, he would approach the back door and wait for the first opportunity to enter the kitchen and serve himself.

In the early days we saw some humongous hairy spiders and slimy-looking little salamanders which we tried to adopt. And of course, over the years we have laughed many times at the antics of the chipmunks, and on rare occasions, an otter playing just off the dock. We always wait to count how many young the merganser will have when she passes (I think the highest number we reached was 35), and we anxiously await the return of the loons and a short while later their appearance with one or two young. A rather frightening experience to witness was the attack on a group of mergansers by one of the loons who made a spectacular dive under our dock. Fortunately the mergansers were too fast and escaped unscathed.

We looked forward to visits from Ella and Ed Schindler because they always had "good stories", and we always saved our worse-for-wear plant specimens so Ed could identify them for us. Sometimes right in the middle of a conversation, Ed would interrupt to draw our attention to the song of a bird. For several years, Ed Schindler worked as an instructor at the Sandilands Forest Centre, and later made generous contributions of time and materials to the site. He could keep a group spellbound on the nature trails with his wealth of information. Right until the year before his death, he arranged to guide a group of seniors from Falcon through the centre. Ed was a self-taught naturalist in the most complimentary sense.

We still cherish our time at the cottage, although so many things have changed and not always for the best. Now we seem to know fewer people because so many have moved or passed away. Dad died in October 1988, but even during his last summer and even though he was quite ill, he enjoyed the time we spent at Falcon. He never lost his enthusiasm even after 38 years of being a cottager there.

The lake is busier, wildlife is noticeable by its absence, many of the trees are dying or being cleared away, and the pace of life has certainly increased, but the air is still fresh, the water is relatively clear, the night sky is captivating, and there's no better place on earth, in my estimation, on a beautiful sunny summer day, or a crisp autumn evening.

**FALCON LAKE
BLOCK 6, LOT 31
Barnard, Warren, Jocelyn
daughters, Lois and Alison
By Jocelyn Barnard**

In late 1963, the Barnard family purchased the cottage at Block 6, Lot 31, Falcon Lake, from the Chandlers. Warren Barnard met Jocelyn Burgess of Block 6, Lot 33 and they were married June 17, 1966.

Warren and Jocelyn later purchased the cottage, and Warren's sister Barbara and mother Olive moved to Falcon townsite, then Block 3 and subsequently to Block 13, Lot 85.

We have two daughters, Lois, born in 1968 and Alison, born in 1971. Trips to the lake became a part of our children's lives when they were only weeks old. For many years they thought that life-jackets were part of their clothing because whenever they went out to play, they always had their life jackets on!

As a family, our love for the lake grew and we spent just about every weekend from the beginning of April until the end of October at our cottage.

We appreciate and enjoy the help of the trades people — Ron and Brenda Davies, Lorne Persoage, Bob Gawne, Alec and Theresa Young, Carole Krysko and Barb Hamilton and Craig Christie. We will never forget Bill Winslow, who operated Butch's Septic Service, and he will never forget our cottage. In 1975 his whole truck, full to capacity, went over a cliff and into our back yard!! Thank heaven for a clump of birch trees that stopped the vehicle and kept 1,000 gallons of sewage from cascading through the cottage. A crane from Kenora got the truck out of our yard and insurance provided us with a new staircase.

In 1984 Carole Krysko, the friendly Falcon Beach Post Office person received a request from a stamp collector in Paris, France, for a Falcon Lake cancellation. As I am a stamp collector, she gave me the inquiry to pursue. After five years of exchanging stamps and letters, 16-year-old Arnaud Migoux came to visit our family during the summer of 1989. He improved his English, learned to water ski, went on a wilderness canoe trip and became like a son to our family - another special memory of Falcon Lake.

Both our daughters have worked for Frank and Donna Hanel at the Big Buffalo Resort and both are employed during the summers with Parks Branch.

Lois followed in the footsteps of her parents and found "the love of her life" at Falcon Lake. On July 21, 1989, she married Stephen MacKay, the ambulance supervisor at Falcon Lake. Lois has completed her Bachelor of Physical Education and is at the University of Manitoba working on her Bachelor of Education. Alison is taking her Bachelor of Physical Education, also at University of Manitoba.

Warren became a volunteer director of the Whiteshell District Association in 1982 and served as its president from 1988-1990. As president, he worked very hard and succeeded in getting cottagers of the Whiteshell a fair agreement with Parks Branch with regards to disposal of sewage and grey water.

Both Warren and I have been involved with the Manitoba Biathlon facility at Falcon Lake and were volunteer officials for the Canadian Championships held at Falcon Lake in March 1990.

As Warren and I look toward our retirement on the horizon, we anticipate spending many months each year as residents of Falcon Lake.

FALCON LAKE BLOCK 6, LOT 33

By Jocelyn Barnard (nee Burgess)

In the early 1950s, we camped as a family at

Toniata. Then in 1954, my father, Clifford, obtained a lease on a lot at Block 1, Lot 9, Falcon Lake. At that time there was no road into the property and we parked the car near W.A. (Shorty) Kennedy's cottage in the Toniata block and walked along the lakeshore trail to the lot.

We tented on the lot for one year, complete with snow at Thanksgiving. The material for the cottage was barged in early in the spring of 1956.

In 1956, I was hospitalized for curvature of the spine, subsequently had two spinal fusions and was in bed for one year. My father thought the cottage location would be inaccessible for me and began looking for a better location. In late 1956, he obtained a lease on a lot in a newly opened area, Block 6, Lot 33.

In 1957, there was a hum of activity as Mike and Irene Manchulenko - Lot 29, Dr. Bern and Terri Derbach - Lot 30, the Chandlers - Lot 31, Angus and Blue Murray - Lot 32 and Lois and Clifford Burgess - Lot 33, began construction.

My parents, my sister, Gerri and I spent many enjoyable years at our cottage. My father and his friends carried an old boat into High Lake and we often hiked in there for picnics.

My father died in 1986. My mother, age 81, spends almost six months of the year at her cottage and takes pride in her lovely flower garden.

My sister is married to Garry Abbott and lives in Winnipeg with her two children, Kristopher and Keith. Kristopher has been a beach patrol at Falcon in 1988, 1989 and 1990.

I married Warren Barnard and our family history is found elsewhere in this book.

FALCON LAKE BLOCK 7, LOT 5 By G. Starkey

I believe you would like information on why I bought my cottage in 1979. I spent two years in Manitoba, from 1948, then went back to England till I retired at 65.

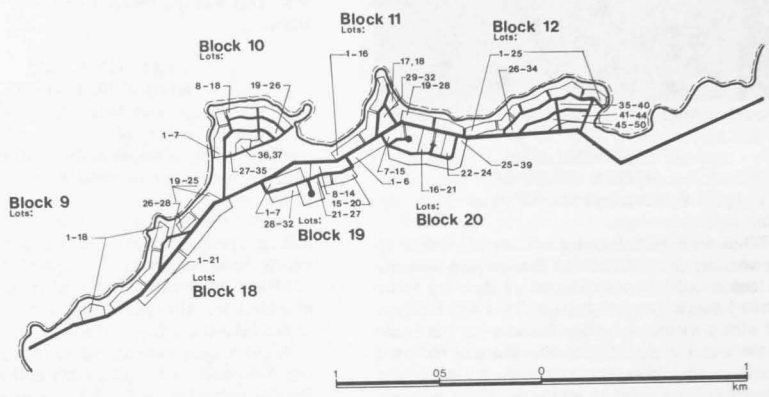
I decided to return to Canada because my son Mike and my sister and family were in Winnipeg. Mike told me this cottage on the waterfront was for sale. It was very run down but in a beautiful spot.

We have worked hard weekends through the winter and also full-time in the summer for the last nine years, making my cottage very comfortable.

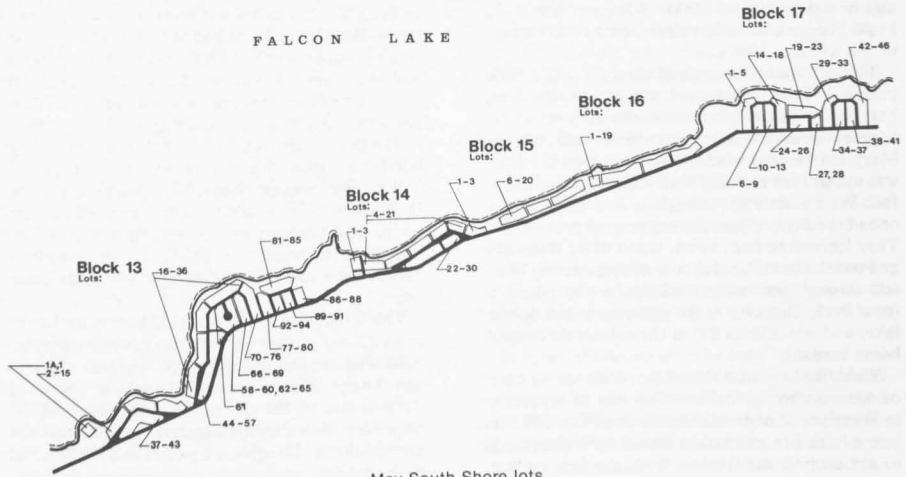
It sure is a wonderful place to retire and get peace and quiet, and thanks to our neighbors, we really have enjoyed our stay at the cottage with sailing, fishing and swimming in the summer, and cross-country skiing and snowmobiling in the winter with friends and Mike, our grandson, in the winter.

SOUTH SHORE

FALCON LAKE



FALCON LAKE



May South Shore lots



Fourth cottage built on South Shore Road Falcon.

FALCON LAKE BLOCK 9, LOT 4

By Fred and Mary Parker

While we were holidaying at Lakeside Cabins in the summer of 1952, Adolph Zimmerman took me to look at a lot he had secured on the soon to be opened south shore of Falcon. This was a choice lot with a natural sand beach and a big flat stone at the water edge. The lot was flat and the road would eventually come right to the lot edge. But when Adolph started to build, there was no road and he took the lumber in by boat from Toniata Beach.

The following winter we drove out to visit the Zimmermans and Adolph took me to see the cottage he was erecting on the lot. When we came back, I told Mary we were the proud owners of a cottage in the wilds.

The first summer we lived there, it was a little primitive for city guys - with lots of animals, deer, bear, beaver, skunks and mosquitoes. Some of the happiest times of our lives have been at the cottage. Mary and the boys would go down as soon as school was out in June and stay until school opened in the fall. We couldn't get enough of it. I think it was one of the finest places for our boys to grow up in. They learned to fish, swim, scuba dive, water ski and run the boat. Murray, our oldest son, put himself through university working for the Forestry (now Parks Branch), at the golf course and on the lake, and was able to live at the cottage on mom's home cooking.

We'd like to share a few of the memories we have of our summers at Falcon. One was of returning to Winnipeg at night via the new highway. We ran into a bush fire and had to detour to Whitemouth to get around the flames. With the help of wet towels, we were able to get through the smoke.

Another time on our way to Falcon on No. 1 Highway before it was hard-topped, it had been raining hard and we got stuck in the middle of the

road, just east of Hadashville. I had to walk a mile to get a farmer with a tractor to pull us out.

Everyone has a fish story in their memories so in closing, I will share one of mine. I was fishing along the south shore and had hooked a really big jack fish. A storm blew up and before I could land the fish, I was blown clear across the lake because I was too stubborn to cut the line and let the fish go. P.S. This was the fourth cabin built on the south shore.

FALCON LAKE BLOCK 10, LOT 22

By Joe and Nell Smerchanski

After renting cottages at different beaches every summer, we thought it would be nice to have a place of our own.

In 1954 we heard the south shore at Falcon Lake had cottage lots available. We decided on a second-tier lot, safer for our young children. We chose Lot 22, Block 10, because it was high on the hill with nice birch tree clumps. In front it had a public lane to the lake for a future dock.

We were quite excited and anxious to start building. We packed a big picnic lunch and in our 1953 Pontiac arrived at the south shore three hours later. There was no Trans-Canada Highway then. There was no road to Block 10, only a path through the thick brush.

After lunch we started to clear the lot for the building site. It was fun and everyone enjoyed themselves. Building material had to be hauled across the lake by boat on a raft. With the help of brother Steve and Mike Memryk we carried some of the material on our shoulders. It wasn't easy building back then but with determination, nothing was impossible.

The three-bedroom 20x24' shell was finished by late fall of 1954. We celebrated with a big party.

With five children, Sonia, Bill, Cynthia and twins Dianne and Delores, additions and renovations were ongoing. A big family room with fireplace was added, then the screened veranda. Luxuries such as hydro, running water and indoor plumbing came later.

The family cottage holds fond memories for all of us. Growing up at Falcon Lake meant swimming, fishing and enjoying nature. As teenagers, the kids had the opportunity for summer jobs at The Nest, the golf course, the Gates, the post office and the drug store. Now they are all married and we have ten grandchildren. Daughters Cynthia and Delores had their wedding celebrations at the cottage. With son Bill playing the accordion, there were dancing and singing till the early hours of the morning.

For 35 years, it has been wonderful spending every summer at the lake. We have many nice neigh-

bors and made lasting friendships.

Now in our retired years, we have travelled to Florida, Mexico, Texas and Hawaii but our favorite spot is the cottage at Falcon Lake. Our favorite pastime is flower gardening and fishing. As pioneers of Block 10, we hope our grandchildren can enjoy Falcon Lake as much as we have and still do now.

FALCON LAKE BLOCK 11, LOT 22

By Louise Mallot

Original owner and builder: Mr. McGrath of Winnipeg in 1954, when Falcon was just being developed. No south shore road, all supplies brought over from Faloma by boat. We think two additions were added to the original cottage.

1972 — Marcel and Louise Mallot bought the cottage from Mr. and Mrs. McGrath. McGraths had no children of their own and were happy to turn the cottage over to a family with four little children: two boys, one-year-old and seven-years-old and two girls, three-years-old and five-years-old.

I have since spent the summers at the cottage with the children who were fortunate enough to obtain work at the local business establishments: The Nest, the Shell Station, the marina. Our youngest is now 19 and worked at The Nest again this past summer (1990).

1981 — We did major renovations to the cottage. Had a contractor do the framing and outside cedar work and we slowly picked away at the inside, finally finishing the summer of 1989. We put on a final big "push" and had all the walls and ceilings completed in cedar. Also put in a "hot tub", a gift from the family for our 25th wedding anniversary.

1989 — August 29th, our cottage burned to the ground. Our youngest son phoned us with the terrible news. Fortunately they had noticed smoke coming from the ceiling around the fireplace just before going to bed. No lives were lost and for that we thank God. After we recovered from the shock, we regrouped and started plans to rebuild.

We were most thankful to the volunteer fire department who responded as quickly as possible, saving most of our trees and further spreading of the fire to our neighbors.

1990 — March 4th we started building a new cottage, same layout as the other one. We moved in June 27th. I enjoyed a relaxing summer at Falcon: golfing, enjoying our company, lots of cards, games and family fun.

FALCON LAKE BLOCK 11, LOT 23 S.S.

By Margaret and Don McGeary

July 1953, after many months of waiting for a survey, we finally paid our first-year lease fee of \$15 and had a permit to build at Lot 23, Block 11, on the south shore. Late that month as we were clearing brush on the lot, the road builders behind us set off a blast. Flying rocks narrowly missed us. There were hundreds of them. At that time, we had to cross the lake from Mo-Ka-han Camp, a distance of about three miles.

August 1953, we arranged with John Iwaka to put up the frame and outside walls of the cottage. Supplies to be taken across the lake on the ice.

May 1, 1954, Jim was born on March 3, the fifth child. Garth is 13, Wayne, 10, Wendy, 5, Hugh, 2.

The walls and doors are all completed so Dan and I spent four days at the cottage putting down linoleum and setting up a stove. There were no partitions inside but we laid out a plan for the bedrooms.

May 24, 1954, our first stay at the cottage with all the children and my mother. Some weekend, it started to snow and we headed home. The road was via West Hawk and it was 134 miles.

June 25, 1954, Margaret and children moved to the cottage for the summer. On Dan's days off and during the evenings, the interior was worked on and during the days we were clearing the lot. By August, we had four bedrooms with built-in bunks in two of them and a living room and kitchen. August was very cold and windy, so we moved back to the city. With only outside walls it was cold.

1955, we built a dock, bought a 14-foot Peterborough with a 15 h.p. motor and continued the inside work. Garth also started his sailboat. With no power, putting screws into oak was no easy task. We also built a stone fireplace outside.

1956, power is now available so the cottage is wired for 100 volts and we have lights and refrigeration. No longer do we need to cross the lake every three days for ice.

1957, Garth gets his first job at the O.K. Economy Store. It was a busy summer with still more building (interior lining), lots of waterskiing and lots of company.

1959, we always seem to be busy with golf and skiing. A new dock was needed after the ice claimed our first effort. Garth, now 18, has finally launched his sailboat. The August 1st weekend was beautiful and he and his friends spent hours sailing. About 4 o'clock on Sunday, a violent storm hit and the boat was blown onto the rocks. It needed a whole new bottom.

1960s, Garth worked at the O.K. the first year but from then on he worked out of Winnipeg on

Engineering jobs. In 1963 he graduated from the University of Manitoba with a B.Sc. in Mechanical Engineering. His first job was in Hamilton and that fall he entered the University of Waterloo to take his masters.

Wendy, now 15, worked at the Falcon P.O. and in 1965 Hugh, now 14, got a job at the drugstore. He was to work there for the next seven summers. We put in 220-volt power and put on a new roof.

1968, we started to build an indoor fireplace and by now we have our fourth dock, and a larger boat. Wendy was married and in her last year at University of Manitoba.

1969, the fireplace is complete and, at Christmas, Garth came home and we all spent the holidays at the cottage. The ski hill took a lot of our time, but with insulation, a fireplace and electric heat, we could keep the cottage livable (not warm).

1970-1975, many changes are taking place.

Wendy graduates and moves to Ontario. Hugh graduates and gets married. Jim works for the Forestry and attends University of Winnipeg. In 1975, we moved to Ontario and Jim lived at the cottage that winter and worked for the Forestry. Garth is married in June of 1975.

1976, Jim is married and working in Winnipeg but spends most weekends at the cottage. We spent a month there.

1980, Dan retired in 1979, so we spent at least three months at the cottage. Jim and Elaine spent weekends and holidays with us. We bought a new boat and built a concrete dock.

1981, we put a deck around two sides of the cottage and patio doors at the front.

1984, Jim transferred to Regina, so now all the family except Wayne has left Winnipeg. Wayne never liked the cottage life. Hugh is in the Yukon, Wendy and Garth in Toronto. We decided to sell.

After 30 years, this was a big decision but the time had come when it was too far away for everyone and too much work for us.

What wonderful years! We worked and played together and acquired a healthy respect for nature.

FALCON LAKE BLOCK 12, LOT 3 THE GROSS FAMILY

By Ruth

In 1953, we came over by boat and had to go through dense forest.

We had no electricity, so our cottage was built by the old handsaw and many tedious hours of work. That same year, our son Terry came down with polio.

By the next spring we were able to come to the



A picture taken of Gross family and others for promoting tourism in Manitoba.

lake and camp.

We have spent many great summers here and our children are excellent swimmers.

We've had many narrow escapes with death. Our doctor said one day, this place will be the death of you all.

While taking supplies to the lot, Harry had the boat motor flip up and cut his forehead and eye. He was taken to the Kenora Hospital for 24 stitches but you would never know it now (well healed). Harry was nearly electricuted after we had electricity. There was a short in his drill and he couldn't leave go of it. Terry pulled out the plug.

We had bears visit us occasionally. Once, when we were building kitchen cupboards and had no place to put a plastic barrel of apples, we left them outside overnight. A bear found it but didn't eat them all. We put back what was left and closed the barrel with a hose holder on top. In the afternoon, we heard a loud noise. It was the bear trying to get at the apples. He was sitting on his rear, looking at the plastic barrel and wondering how he got in so easily the night before. We made a lot of noise and he went away. He came back in 15 minutes and tried again. We took the apples inside.

Friends from Texas had complained, on their first visit, they had seen all kinds of birds and animals but no bears. Before they left, one walked right by our window while we were having dinner. Our dog, Cisoer, had a run-in with a skunk, but only once. He never went after them again. A dog belonging to our neighbors, the Harrises, was attacked by a porcupine. Bill came over for help but had to go to Kenora for a vet to remove all the quills from his mouth (he lived).

One evening around 10 p.m. we heard, "HELP! HELP!" A girl was in the water with her canoe. We brought her in and gave her dry clothes and drove her and the boat home. That was many years ago and I've forgotten her name. She was from the north shore.

When our son went to secure his boat as a storm came up, he slipped on the porch and broke his leg.

We put a splint on it and drove to Winnipeg to get it set. Our daughter Barbara broke her leg at the riding stables a couple of years later. Rudi Schmidts was the owner then. We took her to Winnipeg too, to have it set. She always rode the same horse but someone else wanted it, so she took another and he threw her. She had to have a steel plate put in.

As a hobby before coming to Falcon Lake, I built boats. During the big flood in Winnipeg, I had just finished a 14-foot rowboat, which after the flood, I put up for sale. Mr. E.J Thomas came over to see it. I wanted \$55. He offered \$50. which I took but then he asked what about the oars and lifejackets. I said not included. Finally, he wanted to know if I would deliver the boat to Falcon Lake.

After selling that boat, I built a 12-foot runabout, then a 10½-foot speedboat and, finally, a 16-foot sailboat that I finished in 1959 and brought out to the lake in 1960. At the time, there were only McKillops, Stan Battley and ourselves with sailboats on the lake.

One day while my son and I were sailing in July, the Forestry boat came alongside and asked permission for pictures to be taken. I said OK and returned to our dock. In their boat there were the Ranger and three other men, one of whom was Mr. Kaysh of Ottawa taking publicity pictures for the Canadian and Manitoba governments. I had to sign a release for the pictures, then we went out in the boat with a couple of young people and they took pictures and movies for nearly two hours.

Back on the dock they noticed I had ski equipment, so they wanted to come back later in the week. My daughter Barbara was to do the skiing and Terry to drive the boat. On the morning Mr. Kaysh and staff came back by car, he asked if he could set up his equipment on top of my double-decker boat-house. Then he got a stepladder, climbed on top of that and took his pictures. Barbara was feeling ill so Ruth, my wife, and one of the forestry men did the skiing. They sent me 12 pictures of same. Over the years, the pictures were in Whiteshell brochures, in Aeroline boat advertising and some of the magazines in the U.S., advertising our lakes and recreation facilities.

Another year, Barbara and a girlfriend were fishing on the dock. They tried to push Terry in the water. Barbara was pushed and got caught on a hook on the dock. It was a hook to hold the boat. It had opened and we couldn't get her off it. Finally we got help and got her off. We had to drive into Winnipeg. She still has a terrible scar.

On May 17, 1976, Harry bought a new Laser sailboat, a much lighter boat than we had before. I went sailing with him and it went beautifully until we were on our way home. We lost control of the boat and the wind was so strong, we couldn't get the boat

upright. A boat picked me up. Wib Speirs rescued Harry and had to tow the boat in. The water was icy cold and I shook for the rest of the evening. After that Harry had to go sailing with other people.

We've had many happy times at Falcon Lake, more good than bad. Harry has enjoyed fishing and has caught enough for us to eat many times.

We are now retired and spend our summers at the lake. Our children and grandchildren come and we enjoy that. We spend our winters in McAllen, Texas, so we have the best of two worlds.

FALCON LAKE BLOCK 12, LOT 4 THE SPEIRS

J. Wilbur (Wib), Hilda, Murray,
Brenda and Orville

In 1953, Harry Gross came to Wib who was shingling his new garage, and told Wib he was going to Falcon Lake to pick out a lot being surveyed there. Wib asked Harry to pick out a lot for him. The next weekend, Wib and Harry were out to Falcon Lake, clearing their side-by-side lots. Many family members and friends came out to help clear. They fished, too; the fishing was good.

We had to take our own boat or rent a boat from Penguin Cabins or at the Falcon Lake store at Mokahon. We got ice from Mokahon for 25 cents a block.

We usually went to Falcon Lake for the day, had our lunch and went swimming at Sherman's Beach. If we stayed longer at Falcon, we rented at the CBC Cabins on West Hawk Lake.

After the lot was partly cleared, a floor and a tent was put down. When Earl Sherman started his cottage and Lorne Leach his, we were all good neighbors borrowing an extra hammer or saw if we had extra help down.

We had quite a time using candles and all kinds of lamps. I received two beautiful silver Aladdin lamps from Stonewall. Our stove was a pot-bellied model which cost \$3.95. It gave great heat. Grandmother Speirs made us some heavy blankets. Mosquitoes were terrible but the fishing great!

In August 1952, the Speirs, the Grosses, Aunt Lily and Nana Compton were picnicking at Sherman's Beach. Harry Gross had a terrible accident bringing lumber across the lake. He put the motor in reverse and the motor flipped up and cut Harry at the eye. Such screaming for Wib who was working on his lot. I gave Harry one of Brenda's diapers to wrap around his head. Two fishermen who heard our cries took Harry to the doctor's cottage on the north shore. The doctor said to go to Kenora. They drove Harry to the hospital, waited and brought him

back to us. The intern did a beautiful job on Harry's eyelid.

Norm Murphy and his bride stayed in our cabin and he did a lot of roofing. After a few cabins were up on the south shore, Penguin Camp had a delivery service by boat of milk, bread and butter and orders. We appreciated that because we were staying down all summer and Murray was too young to go for supplies. Wib and Murray had great times with the boat when gas was cheap. Waterskiing was just starting. Murray, Brenda and Orville and friends had wonderful times every summer.

Our first spring job was to repair the dock that the ice had broken up. We had lots of deer and each spring a block of salt was put out, its cost shared by Grosses and the Speirs. The water was tested by Earl Sherman each time he went to Winnipeg.

It was great when the road and electricity came in.

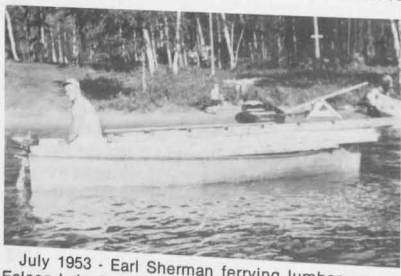
We are still working on the cottage. We have joined the Winfal seniors and enjoy our summers at Falcon Lake.

FALCON LAKE BLOCK 11, LOT 19 THE SHERMANS

Our cottage was the first built on the south shore of Falcon Lake! It is now Lot 19 in Block 11, but its location was initially spotted from a Trans-Canada Airlines aircraft and confirmed by boat in the fall of 1952.

Having previously been disappointed in his quest for a lot on the north shore, Earl was very determined when the opening of Falcon's south shore was announced. We immediately arranged with John Iwacha, who had a small camp at Mokehan Beach, to rent a cottage (yet to be built) for July the following year, 1953.

Earl began his campaign. He inundated Mr. Polkowski, the Ranger at West Hawk Lake, with constant telephone calls and visits. In fact, the Ranger was once heard to remark; "That Sherman is here so often, it wouldn't surprise me one bit to



July 1953 - Earl Sherman ferrying lumber across Falcon Lake before the South Shore road was built.



1953 - Building the Biffy, first things first.

go out some morning and find him camped in the back of my truck!"

Earl certainly was keeping close tabs on the surveyor's progress since presentation of the surveyor's stake would guarantee a permit to build. He was actually present when Block 11, Lot 19, was finally surveyed, and received his building permit on July 11, 1953.

We were settled in a rented cabin at Mokehan Beach, (John Iwacha had built three cabins for rent and a small grocery store by then) and on July 12, 1953, we began clearing the trees and brush from our lot. As the road to the south shore was not yet built, everything had to be taken across the lake by boat. Earl had an 11-foot plywood craft with a seven h.p. motor. With this, he transported the footings, lumber and eventually even the kitchen stove. Most of the lumber we used was purchased from John Iwacha at Mokehan. In the evening, Earl would load the wood on a homemade trailer, then drive to the beach and unload it. The next morning, he would load it on the boat, ferry it across the lake, then unload it and carry it up to the building site. What a project! Master carpenter Ken McKillop and Earl worked together and made rapid progress despite these difficulties. On August 25, 1953, with our three children, Pat, Fred and Kim (ages 7½, 5½ and 1½ respectfully), we slept in the cottage. There were no partitions and we slept in sleeping bags on the floor



1954 - Our cottage with homemade water-skis by the front window.

but it was a wonderful experience!

The following year, the fireplace was built and the cottage completed. From then on, we spent every summer at Falcon Lake. We moved out as soon as school closed and stayed until it reopened in September, with Earl commuting into Winnipeg to work.

Clearing for the south shore access road began in 1953. Unfortunately, the bulldozer came too far on to our property before making the turn. As a consequence, most of the fir trees in our backyard were replaced and transplanted by Earl. The road was completed only as far as our place by the next year (1954) and many people went on by boat from our sandy beach. In fact, it was referred to as Sherman's Beach in those first years.

Earl and Bill Dunlop were the first to waterski on our side of the lake. They used a 25 h.p. motor and homemade skis. They had to read a book of instructions to figure out how to do it! Once they had learned, however, they taught many others to ski.

Earl was called to help fight fires, once in Block 12 and once in Block 13 when, sadly, two cottages burned down.

We remember the lovely fresh water from the spring on the main south shore road years ago. The Forestry Department put a box over it with a tap so we could have easy access to the water. Unfortunately, it became contaminated when Block 19 was opened. The hole was filled with cement and forgotten. We recently noticed that once again, water is seeping out of the ground and trickling down the road.

We also remember the steady growth of the townsite and the summer jobs our children had throughout their teenage years. Pat worked for the Firths in the concession on the beach and in the restaurant, and both Fred and Kim worked on the golf course for several years.

We remember the enthusiasm with which we



1982 - Our retirement home

planned and built the addition to our cottage in 1976 after Earl retired. Falcon Lake is now our home. Even though we go away for the winter months, we return every spring to make more memories. Our greatest joy in recent years has been sharing the "Falcon Lake experience" with our six grandchildren. We have spent the summer months in Block 11 for the past 36 years and it is certainly where our hearts are.

FALCON LAKE BLOCK 12, LOT 21

By W.A. Kyle

We had been having some trouble trying to rent a cottage for a couple of weeks each year (who wants to rent to a couple with seven children and another on the way), so my husband Bill and I decided to look for a place of our own. When we found a lakefront cottage at Falcon Lake, we wondered if we could afford \$4,500. but went ahead and moved in on August 1, 1961.

It was your regular 20x24' (two bedrooms, living room and kitchen), so needless to say we were crowded. The following year we added a three-bedroom wing and every year or so improvements or expansions so that now, 27 years later, it's just about the way we want it. This year we're finally going to put up a boathouse.

We've had some wonderful times at our cottage and the children have never been reluctant to spend summers there. All except one got summer jobs in the townsite at the restaurant, grocery store, lumberyard or hotel and had lots of friends to chum with. As youngsters they loved to take a ride out to the garbage dump to see the bears. With no TV or radio or telephone, we spent most evenings around the table playing games. (We must have played every card game known to man.)

For the first dozen years or so, the garbage was picked up twice a week from the back of your lot. Naturally, that attracted lots of bears and skunks which was a nuisance, but when a bear broke into our cottage veranda, it was scary.



Kyle family reunion, summer of 1986.

I remember the many fun parties and sing-songs we had with the Teilletts, the Primmets and the Eagletons, the bridge games with Eileen Chester, Bea Kaye and Sylvia Eagleton and get-togethers with friends and neighbors. But the best time was our family reunion when all the children and grandchildren and in-laws were there. We hope to have many more of those.

**FALCON LAKE
BLOCK 12, LOT 24
SMITH/MITCHELL**

By Marlene Mitchell

My parents, Stan and Ida Smith, leased two lots on the south shore of Falcon Lake in the early 1950s. Soon after, my dad sold the lease for one lot to the McKillop family, who are still there today.

My dad and his friend, Ted Armstrong, began to build the cottage in 1954.

My first recollection of Falcon Lake was the spring of 1954, my 17th year. I recall how excited I was about the prospect of having a cottage, where I would spend all my summers. Little did I realize what it took for a cottage to materialize.

There was no road into the cottage. You parked on the main road and, with your arms piled high, made as many trips as necessary to bring supplies through the woods to your lot. There was no electricity and no bathroom. We did have water, lots of it, right out front, namely the lake. Pail after pail was hauled up to the cottage. Back then, our family drank the water right from the lake.

We were able to move into the cottage the summer of 1955. There were four walls and not much else. There were no screens on the windows. Our choice at the time was to suffocate with the heat or open the windows, inviting in hundreds of mosquitoes. At night, we went to bed with the sheets drawn over our heads, trying not to listen to that awful sound, waiting for them to land.

It seemed like a long trip from Winnipeg to Falcon Lake back then. It was well over two hours, travelling on the old No. 1 Highway. Every weekend

we headed down to the lake, pulling a small trailer loaded with supplies. Anything we no longer needed in our city home, or that our friends or relatives didn't need, came to the cottage.

One trip down, pulling our trailer with supplies and furniture, a car passed us, travelling west. A cigarette must have been tossed out the window, because the next minute, I was screaming, "the trailer's on fire!". We stopped quickly and my dad pulled burning items from the trailer and somehow was able to extinguish the flames.

Oil lamps, a woodstove, even irons, came from my relatives. When we stayed for any length of time, my mother, always particular, heated the irons on the stove and pressed our clothes.

A backhouse was built and for some reason my dad didn't put a roof on it for a long time. He referred to it as the "Theatre Under the Stars". We had chamber pots under the beds to use when it got too dark outside.

Eventually the cottage took shape with partitions and designated areas. The next few years were spent making the place a comfortable retreat and having all my friends spend time there. The boys chopped down trees and the girls sunbathed. The big challenge was to swim out to a nearby island with a rowboat alongside for safety.

I remember going by boat with my parents to visit some friends and fellow educators of my dad's to their religious retreat at the east end of the lake.

I left Manitoba with my husband in 1959 and have returned to the cottage almost every summer. Our daughter, Karen, was four months old when she first came to Falcon. Her brother, Dean, followed. They come to the lake every summer now from the States, where they live, bringing their American friends with them.

My parents are gone now and in May 1989, my husband, now retired, and I, have moved back to Manitoba and are making the cottage our summer residence.

The old Smith sign was taken down and stored away and in July 1989, the new "Greig and Marlene Mitchell" sign went up.

FALCON LAKE BLOCK 12, LOT 25

By Donna Meder (McKillop) and
K.A. McKillop

The history of the McKillops — Ken, Bertha, Donna and Wayne, and their eventual families at Block 12, Lot 25, Falcon Lake?! Where to begin? The years melt into one another and events are remembered when one is asked, "Do you remember when . . . ?" and answer "Do I ever! But do you remember . . . ?"

The cottage was begun as a family venture in 1954 and continues as a place for families (Wayne's in Ontario, Donna's in Winnipeg and Halifax) to gather today - in summer and winter. Granny and Gramps and Falcon Lake are synonymous with happy memories for the four grandchildren - Grant and Susan Meder, Debbie and Kevin McKillop. These memories are all the more to be cherished because Granny, Bertha, died in July 1989. She loved the shared family activities at the lake and could always be counted on for a special love, fun, and 'Kid's cake'.

In the fall of 1953 a tangled slash of wind fallen trees, uprooted tree stumps, pea vine so thick it almost defied penetration, not to mention the bush growth of poplar, spruce, green ash, and birch greeted the family as they surveyed Lot 25 for future development. The lot was on a point known as Fisherman's Bay, and on it grew a very tall spruce tree which marked the area for miles around. Ken never saw this tree standing, but attests to its immensity because the wind had blown it diagonally across all the previously fallen debris! It towered high above the forest and its stump diameter was 28 inches. The upturned roots stood 11 feet high. Our work was cut out for us! Ken did not own a chainsaw and had to use a one-man cross-cut saw to cut it into manageable pieces and then wench them out of the way with block and tackle plus man and child power!

Summer 1954 saw two tents erected by the waterfront (the only clear area on the lot). Bertha cooked meals on a camp stove in the 'living' tent, Donna and Wayne provided clean-up service to the 'sleeping' tent with its little wood heater, and Ken built several cottages for others on the south shore. Work on clearing a site for our cottage was mixed with lake fun . . . especially since we all had public school holidays. The footings and subfloor were built that fall on a very cold October weekend. Locally milled lumber purchased from John Iwacha at Mokahon Beach (now part of Falcon's campground) was hauled to the end of the south shore road (end of Block 11) and then wrenched with block and tackle from tree to tree along the proposed

Block 12 road to the lot. What couldn't be hauled in had to be carried, and the ground wasn't too sure at the best of times. The lumber then had to be piled with spaces between layers so it would season over the winter. Some fun! Even school looked good after that! Ken also helped others freight lumber in John Iwacha's large metal boat that summer.

The winter of 1954-1955 saw feverish activity in Ken and Bertha's basement as windows, doors, cupboards, biffy were prebuilt to save on building time and allow the use of electric tools. There was no hydro at the lake! Ken remembers others doing the same. One Sunday morning, as the congregation was leaving Ft. Garry United Church, a trailer loaded for the lake went by. It was loaded and on the back of the load was a biffy, laying on its side facing the church. It was a 'two-holer'!

1954 Easter weekend saw the four-wheel trailer loaded with these items headed for the lake, where warm weather permitted the shell to be built and closed in that week. We all had the opportunity to hammer nails . . . despite the occasional 'soft nails' which tended not to drive straight! There was time to try one's skill on the ice flows by the shore, so it was double fun! Bertha's oatmeal cookies, pies and meals are fondly remembered. A cookstove, wood heater, kitchen cupboards, icebox, and beds completed the cottage for that summer. Our partitions were bats of insulation. When one wanted to change clothing one called 'blinkers-on!' and eyes were shut. The summer was spent clearing the lot, replenishing supplies and ice blocks (cut out of the lake) from Iwacha's store at Mokahon Beach. Our light was a gas lantern hanging from the rafters. It was early to bed and early to rise.

As Bertha, Wayne and Donna were clearing brush one day, Bertha's head and Donna's brush axe collided! Ken was building at another lot and so as not to alarm him, the bleeding was stopped, and no mention was made of the small gash. Success was with us till midway through the noon meal when Bertha's hair turned red! Other cottagers said there was a doctor building on the north shore so off we went to get Bertha's head mended. Dr. R. Polson (now deceased), in his lake finery . . . overall saturated the wound by tying strands of hair across it. This was the beginning of a long professional friendship. He always kidded Bertha about the savages on the south shore! You can be sure this savage was reminded of the need to be careful every time Bertha's 'red' white hair was seen!

Lumber was again piled over the winter. This time it was Iwacha's local knotty pine and poplar for the interior. Even a newspaper clipping from Bertha's brother, relating how all the knots had fallen out of some chap's 'knotty' pine walls during a severe thunderstorm didn't deter us! The winter was spent

building a boat - the 'Sea-breeze', and waterskis. The new outboard motor was given TLC whilst we waited for spring to arrive.

Thus the years passed. The new highway was built - shaking and rattling the cottage with every dynamite blast, but such a direct route! Sailing the DONA-WANE, helping to haul in Bertha's huge fish catches, getting firewood and making new cottage-friends with each activity are all part of the memories.

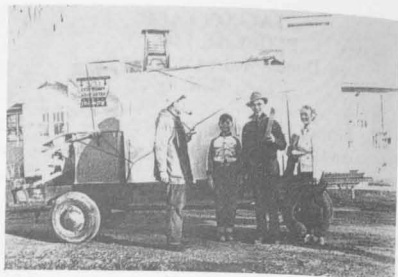
The grandchildren, playing in the water or leaves, building forts, breaking three masts on Grampa's 'cat' fishing, boating, or playing on the snow-covered lake were and are the future McKillop cottage. Thanks, Mom and Dad, for having the dream of a family place.



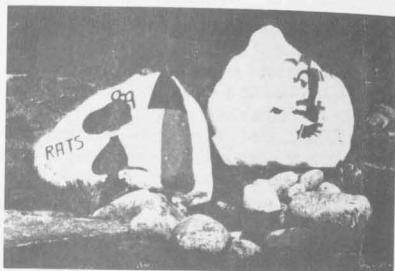
'Nature's Workbench'
Spring 1955
Easter



Summer 1956.



Spring 1955
"Changing of the Guard"



1990 - The Family Rocks.

FALCON LAKE
BLOCK 12, LOT 27
By Parrot Bill and Muriel

Bill and Muriel Parrot bought the cottage in Block 12, Lot 27, for their 30th wedding anniversary in 1958.

They called it Parrots Perch because there were painted parrots on the front windows when they purchased the cottage.



Bill and Muriel Parrot with oldest great-grandchild, Theresa (7 years). We bought this cottage for our 30th wedding anniversary. At the windows at each end you will see two "parrots".

There were quite a few wild animals in those days. A black bear tried to steal Bill's fish when he was filleting it. A bear surprised Muriel in the lane going down to the dock. Son-in-law Jack Bouma was out on the dock when a bear came on the dock to have a look at him. Near the fall one year, a lonesome bear cub came around to the cottage for three days to sit by Bill. Every year, we all enjoy the ducks and loons with their babies. There was a grouse who raised her family in the back of our lot, and chased everybody who came near. Squirrels and chipmunks were tame and would come right up to you.

This cottage has been used and enjoyed by five generations, both Bill and Muriel's mothers, Bill and Muriel, their children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren — and many many relatives and friends.

FALCON LAKE BLOCK 12, LOT 34

By Adeline Haiko

In the year 1950, we (Bill and Adeline Haiko) found the beach at Toniata, and camped there until 1980.

Our first-born, Gary, became quite a fisherman in his teens. He met his wife, Maryanne, the daughter of a fisherman (Pete Juskow), and they were married in 1974. They have three sons, Matthew, Kevin and Brett. They now spend their summers on the south shore of Falcon at the former Juskow cottage. They are all ardent fishermen and also do a lot of waterskiing. Gary earned his money during the summer, first at Toniata store selling ice and gas. Later he worked at the Riding Stables with Billy



Gary Haiko - 1964. A catch of pickerel off the dock at Toniata.



1986 - Gary Haiko's sons Matt and Kevin returning from High Lake.

Sparrow as a guide with Rudi Schmidt who was the owner.

Our youngest son Robert, his wife Joyce and their sons, Jonathon and Stephen, are still camping in the trailer at Toniata campgrounds.

FALCON LAKE BLOCK 13, LOT 16

A. Santos - the fish that didn't get away

This is about the big fish that didn't get away — on August 20, 1989, after the family of Mr. and Mrs. Santos went back to Winnipeg, Mr. Santos went down to his dock to do a little casting while his wife and granddaughter cleaned up the kitchen. He was using a 15 lb. test line and a "Gibb" lure and after a few casts he thought he'd hooked a log (this family are new at Falcon and didn't know what he might find at the bottom of the lake) when all of a sudden the "log" took off with the line. Then the fun began. Now for the statistics. The fish was 45 1/2 inches long — it came right up to granddaughter Melanie's bottom lip and weighed over 20 lbs. It was a jackfish (Northern Pike). By the time Mr. Santos finally got it out of the water, the local businesses were all closed for the day. They knew it was too risky to leave it in the water overnight because of predators, so they secured the canoe and put enough water in it to cover the fish and covered the canoe well. Come morning, they had it officially weighed and measured before heading for Winnipeg and a taxidermist to have it mounted. Congratulations, and welcome to Falcon Lake, folks!!!



Theresa Young, Mr. Santos, Melanie, Mrs. Santos, Eric and Ian Young and the big fish.

Mr. Santos and his fish.

FALCON LAKE BLOCK 13, LOT 58

By George Moody

We purchased the cottage at Block 13, Lot 58, at Falcon Lake from Rudersdorfers the fall of 1970 and sold it the summer of 1981 to Roy and Lillian Gorski. The cottage was built in 1957.

We bought at Falcon because of the quality of the water and the excellent highway to the lake.

It was fun to put the water in at springtime. Our



The Moody cottage

neighbors, Paul and Rollie Courteau and family, always gave us a boost from their system. They were always the first hooked up in our area.

We enjoyed fishing, swimming and long walks in particular. The wild animals were always fascinating. The bald eagles with their nest at the end of the lake were majestic.

We arrived at the cottage one Friday evening to find a bear cage trap parked on our lot! That night, the bear was caught and removed the next day by Parks Department personnel.

We enjoyed the cottage and will miss it.

FALCON LAKE BLOCK 13, LOT 59

By Rolande Courteau

It was May of 1959 when we were in the Falcon Lake area, riding around, looking at cottages for sale. One caught our eye and we bought it on our anniversary. It was a very special celebrations for our family.

As the years went by, our family grew up, never knowing what summers were like in the city. Swimming, fishing, boating and snorkeling took up a lot of their summers. And the cottage got a facelift from time to time.

We had many visitors, some invited, some not, like a few skunks and a very friendly cub that wouldn't shoo away. While doing brick work on the barbecue, I was dressed in dark clothing and bent over. The cub came up to me from behind, bawling, as if I was his Maw. It was a chase around the barbecue to avoid this lost child and trying to let it know I wasn't his Maw. He got into our car trunk while we were packing to go home later that day and helped himself to apples in a basket.

I always chuckle remembering the year we had so many frogs. One evening when rounding up the kids for bed, I collected clothes from the lines and tossed them on the kitchen counter. Returning to the kitchen after getting the younger one ready for bed, I spotted a frog swinging on the toaster cord that was hooked up to keep it out of the way. Here it was, swinging to and fro. I called the children to



Courteau's bear friend

see it. The frog jumped on one child's face, its front legs covering his eyes, the body over his nose and back legs on his cheeks. Poor lad, it took a moment to realize what had happened. Mom, to the rescue, took the frog outside.

One spring as we were outside doing repairs on the cottage, a chickadee landed on my husband's shoulder. We got some seeds and fed them from our hands. If we were not fast enough, they would sit on our heads and yell so we tried placing seeds in our lips and they would come and take them without worry. These wonderful little birds were so friendly that all we had to do was go out and call "chickadee" and they would come down from the trees to be fed. We managed to take many pictures of our little friends.

As long time residents, we met new neighbours, made friends and saw them leave for other places.

Home is where the heart is and we find ourselves at peace at our summer home.

FALCON LAKE, MANITOBA BLOCK 14, LOT 24

FISETTE-COLLETT FAMILY By Pat Fisette

In 1961, Ralph and Margaret Collett purchased our original cottage. It was nothing but a shell at that time.

I was married in 1962 to Roger Fisette. We all helped to clear the lot, landscape and build our summer home.

My brother, Garry, was quite young at that time but eventually had his share of fun and parties. Some of his guests are now prominent in government circles, Bill Blakie for one.

After his marriage, Garry bought a cottage at Crescent Beach in West Hawk Lake. He sold and moved to Thousand Oaks in California in 1978. He has recently purchased a cottage in Falcon Lake, formerly the Goulds place in Block 12. He and his children will be spending their summers here.

Debby Fisette was born in 1963, followed by



Pat and Roger Fisette on the houseboat in 1976, Falcon Lake.



Annual yard sale at Collett-Fisette cottage.

Grant in 1964, Cindy came along in 1969. We spent every summer here. The kids learned how to swim, water ski, snow ski, ride horses, etc. We all enjoyed the company of our neighbours, the Hughes, the Verwys, the Kasteliens, the Wolches, the Eagletons, etc.

We had many parties, dock parties, houseboat parties and yard parties. We had wonderful summers with our friends and have fond memories of all the years we spent there.

We purchased the "Falcon Motor Inn" and leased "The El'Nor" in 1979.

Many locals were employed in the hotels and have fond memories of humorous incidents and interesting customers.

Many young people from this area and summer kids had their first jobs at the Falcon Hotels. Debby, Grant and Cindy Fisette, as well as Scott Schortinhuis, Mike Schortinhuis, can all relate all the funny stories that went on at that time. Most of the kids started as dishwashers and cooks. Falcon Lake has seasoned some fine young people.

The "Falcon Motor Inn" was destroyed by fire on January 8, 1981.

We lived in the cottage in Block 14 after our home was destroyed.

Grant went to work at the mine, after completing high school. Debby had a beautiful little girl, Jennifer, June 20, 1981. Roger went to work in Alberta after our insurance company went bankrupt and we were unable to rebuild the hotel. I went back to Winnipeg and attended Red River Community College to receive my Chef's Certification in 1984. Cindy lived in Winnipeg with her nana and went to school in St. James for a couple of years.

Grant has since married Sandy Boutellier and is enjoying his life at Green Bay Resort in Caddy Lake every season. They reside in Falcon during the winter.

Debby moved to Kenora where she worked for "The Moorings" as manager in 1988. She then took a real estate course and worked for Sutcliffes for

a year. Debby moved to California in April 1990. She got married to a California boy in January 1991 in Malibu. She and Scott Whiteside reside in Thousand Oaks, California.

Cindy and Grant Mason reside in Falcon and intend to buy and make their home here. Cindy works at the Falcon golf course, pro shop in summer.

Roger lives in Winnipeg and works for "The Galleria" furniture store.

I have been working on the M.S. Kenora for 4½ years and live there during the summer and in Star Lake with Bud Edwards during the winter.

**FALCON LAKE
BLOCK 15, LOT 10
Falcon Lake Memoirs**

September 1965 to September 1990

By Lavana Gentray and Ed Sorokowski

We had our first taste of the Whiteshell before we were married. Every chance we had, we'd take a tent and spend time at Big Whiteshell Lake, fishing and camping. After Tony and Rio were born, carrying them in car-beds, we'd pitch our tent at Toniata Beach, near the launching dock. The tent was furnished as a small room and Ed would barbeque in front of the canopy. Sunday night we'd padlock the zipper and go to the city for a week and be back again Friday night to fish Lyons Lake and Falcon Lake. Those were the days of spontaneity, enthusiasm and love.

Two years we lived like that. One day we thought buying a cottage would give us greater stability. The children were three and four years old. We started by looking around the north shore. One late August day in 1965, we stopped at a ranch-red cottage. It was reasonably priced at \$9,000. Tony dropped a small flag into the water in front of the boathouse - it was a scorcher of a day - and I, Lavana, jumped in to retrieve it. The water was perfect! Everything else seemed perfect then, too. We bought the cottage from the Harrisons who were moving to Toronto. They told us it had been a front room, veranda, kitchen and bedroom when they won it on a Kiwanis Raffle ticket. They built three more bedrooms. The Harrisons had a list of about 20 items they ticked off before they left the cottage each time. We followed the list at first but then settled for just locking the door.

We have been here 25 years and it was the smartest thing we ever did for ourselves and our family. It's hard for us to believe so much time has passed when it seems like only a few years.

Ed was a high-powered salesman for Campbell and Lane Real Estate Company at the time. He would have burnt himself out a long time ago had we not had this retreat. Not only did he enjoy fish-



Lavana Gentray, Toni and Rio

ing, he perfected the skill to the maximum so that we nearly always had fish dinners all these years. He had the first inboard-outboard motorboat on the lake because of my fear of him not being able to ride out a sudden storm with his 14-foot aluminum boat.

First thing we had to do when we moved into the cottage was build a new dock. The wooden one was broken down and was replaced by a concrete one by Henry Krysko of Falcon Lake. Ed cleared land to make a garden. We moved in September and the beautiful autumn colors on trees and brush swept our hearts away in deep appreciation for our good fortune.

Winter came 25 times and each time it was a hurting experience to lock the door behind and walk away. On three occasions, we returned to climb to the roof and cut and shovel away the snow that had built up to a frightening depth, threatening a cave-in. We made a day of it a couple of times, and tried the ski slopes and sledding at the Ski Resort, but winter sports people we are not. We'd do some cross-country skiing in the city but felt it too long a trip to do any at Falcon Lake. One Christmas we came out for four days with Tony and his wife Darlene and enjoyed it. What a totally different way to spend the holidays. We had winterized the cottage and could have stayed indefinitely with the help of a snow plow from the Parks Branch. However, we always had to return to the city. The quietness and pristine beauty of untouched snow and wilderness when you are the only one around is unequal to any other experience.



Ed Sorokowski

Partridge would come up to the front lawn, deer would feed off the garden, much to our consternation. Bear, from time to time, would come to the front steps, fearlessly looking and not finching as we hollered at them. Sometimes, at first, they would paw through garbage at the back door, until we changed our ways. We have never seen a mother and a cub although neighboring cottagers have. Ground hogs built homes in the wood pile, dug up the lawn and hid. Squirrels chattered and begged, hummingbirds enchanted us with their whirring around the potted petunias planted in old washing machine tubs taken from the dump. Crows cawed and annoyed us in the morning. Ed remembers a big moose swimming in front of his boat one morning near one of the islands. We enjoyed all these lovely creatures that you would not see if you stayed in the city.

As soon as school was out, two cars would come east, loaded to the roof, to spend two months at the lake. Ed would go back to the city and try to return every weekend. I would bring my many projects with me and they would actually get completed in those days. The children would play, read, do chores and carry-on all summer long. Linda, our oldest daughter, would come from Vancouver with our grandson Michael and spend a month with us. How lucky we all were! Blessings!

A steady stream of guests came and went. Most brought their own food and would pitch in and help. Fishing, and sometimes blueberry picking, were the big attractions. We didn't party so that wasn't a problem. Not many came for swimming even though the dock offered easy access to the sandy bottom Ed had put down. The water was warm and clear. At first we invited everyone we knew and then some-



Toni and Rio at the cottage

times, even those we really did not know very well at all. They would stay a day, weekends and even a week at a time. Extra plates, like 24, were on hand for the unexpected and often got used. We loved it! Also, in our gratitude for having a nice cottage, we felt it had its obligations of sharing. We overdid it and then cooloff as time passed. The time came when we started asking folk to bring their own sheets, pillowcases and towels. Now we rarely have company and marvel that so much has changed for us.

The cottage was rented out once, in July 1970. Mr. and Mrs. Myles Robinson, of Metropolitan Homes fame, rented. Their youngest was an infant at that time. It was Myles who suggested moving the veranda out eight feet to add front room width. Jock Tod of West Hawk Lake did the work for us. Both Mr. and Mrs. Robinson have passed on. Shortly after renting our cottage, however they purchased Kernaghans cottage.

Tony and Rio learned water-skiing and had every opportunity with their patient dad who pulled them up and down the south shore. They would dress up in different costumes, one was a clown suit, and imitate skiers they'd seen in Tampa, Florida. They got really good at it, and were able to ski barefoot and turn round while in tow. In the end, it cost Tony a cartilage in his kneecap so all of that fun had its price.

Many an electric storm we've watched over the lake as it swept the expanse of Faloma and Tonia-ta and our cottage. Also, not a few times, we have made hurried searches for our youth, who took canoe or Scott-McCullough, (before a threatening sky), promised to be back soon, and didn't return. Excitement and losses were part of the quarter-century spent here. Thankfully, there were no serious losses.

Emergency trips to the Kenora hospital for childhood illnesses, accidental poisonings, minor health problems, but nothing that became a sad story.

Naturally, different family members and friends have gone on to the other side, family and relatives have moved away. Many dear faces we see no more. Our children are now 28, 29 and 43. We lost two dear grandchildren, Jade and Shylo, to divorce. They'd be 11 and five now. Linda's Michael is now 22 and sister Shawna is nine-years-old. We see them when Linda comes.

We are quieter now and spend more time alone. The family come when they haven't something else they'd rather do, which is more often the case. Rio has her own cottage and Tony has a Boler trailer.

We have two little yappy Shihtzu dogs and two orange cats. We don't know how we fell into the trap of pets. How often we'd criticize freely anyone we'd see sitting in a boat or car, talking to a dog like was a child and carrying on! We've gotten old . . .

Now we talk, as many before us, of what we'll do in the winter. Brant Realty in Transcona is still being worked by Ed and me. The young adults are suppose to take over one day. Looks like retirement might not be that close after all. Many of our good neighbors are still around us, nothing much has changed in all this time. I sit and read more and don't seem to get much done.

I don't think we'll ever sell the cottage. We'd like the children to think of it as theirs but they don't seem to want it now. In the meantime, it seems natural to come back here every spring to Block 15, Lot 10, South Shore.

BLOCK 15, LOT 20 WHY WE CAME TO THE WHITESHELL

By Joseph D. Campbell

The year was 1961. Sally and I with our daughters, Ellen and Janet, had migrated that year from the U.S.A. to Winnipeg via Agassiz, B.C. I joined the Faculty of Agriculture, University of Manitoba, as a horticulturist. My area of expertise was vegetable crops and plant nutrition. The winter climate did not attract us, but the many lakes of the province held a kind of lure to me.

Our first opportunity to explore a little of the Whiteshell came in the winter of 1962 when we came to the Falcon Lake Ski Resort. The girls enjoyed the toboggan run and we soon recognized the unusually beautiful area it was. During the summer of 1962 we rented a cabin at Toniata for a few weeks. To me, it was love at first sight. Sally and the girls, too, had thoroughly great experiences. Some of the highlights of that summer:

Feeding a tame deer that came daily to the store.

Portaging up to High Lake for a wonderful day of fishing.

Picking and eating blueberries.

240

Enjoying swimming and the sandy beaches. Finding and enjoying a delightful picnic spot on a high hill at Faloma, overlooking the lake.

Realizing how friendly everyone was.

Most of the people we met were, like ourselves, families there to make the most of the many special features and facilities.

The fine way the park was cared for and managed.

In subsequent summers, we explored other resort areas of Manitoba, all of which were good. But the joys experienced in 1962 kept me hoping that some day we might own a cottage in the Whiteshell.

In those days, professors were not on a high salary scale. Our chance came in 1967. That year, we were sent to Thailand for a two-year stint. We were able to save some money and this along with an insurance policy which became available made such a purchase possible.

In March 1970, I read an advertisement in the Free Press, "Cottage for Sale" on the South Shore (Block 15, Lot 20) of Falcon Lake. So anxious was I that I went out on Saturday during a snow storm to see it. This duly impressed the owner, Mr. Jack Warren, so that he said he would give us first choice. Once the family had seen it, they, too, were enthusiastic, so we purchased it. The Warrens were being transferred to B.C. and wanted a quick sale. It was fully furnished, consequently we were able to take advantage of it with a minimum of effort.

It is with reluctance and sadness that we are selling Camp-Bell which has meant so much to our family and especially me. Having been born and raised on a Saskatchewan farm, the city has not met all of my inner needs. Coming here acted as a safety valve. I could relax in the tranquil beauty of our cottage and surroundings.

A feature we have found to our liking is that each season provided us something special. In the late autumn, we liked the many hiking trails. Our number one choice is the Hunt Lake trail. In the winter, when the temperature was moderate, we learned to find pleasure on the cross-country ski trails, and our daughters enjoyed the downhill skiing.

Sally and I have become ardent bird watchers. To be able to feed and watch the many colorful birds, especially when they are going south or coming north to nest. The Whiteshell provides a great variety of flowers and plant life which we have also appreciated.

Camp-Bell today is a far cry from what it was when we purchased it. We have consistently upgraded it by renovation and new construction. One family that has assisted greatly is that of the Jock Tods of Penniac Bay, West Hawk. Through his family we gradually entered into the year-round life at the Whiteshell, and West Hawk United Church.

Our cottage changed hands September 30, 1985. The next spring we retired to Victoria. I am sure part of us will always remain in this beautiful part of our country.

FALCON LAKE BLOCK 17, LOT 1, SOUTH SHORE

By Iris and Dennis Scott

We bought Lot 13, Block 17, South Shore, Falcon Lake, from Ken and Val McLean in 1964. This was our first real estate purchase and as such, considered it our first "home". Our children, Kim and Mike were three and four years of age and Jim was born the following year. All three worked at the Falcon Shopping Centre in their teen years on weekends and during the summer months.

We have always felt fortunate to have moved into that particular bay. Everyone was so very friendly and the comradeship was great. The neighbours worked together and over the summer there was the parties celebrating anniversaries, birthdays, etc., games of 99, badminton, darts, and various water sport activities. In 1973, the bay organized an annual badminton tournament. Anyone age 12 years and older and staying in one of the host cottages over that weekend, was eligible. Two courts were set up on Edith and Harry Pike's lawn. A few years ago, three generations of the Pike family participated.

We again felt fortunate when, in 1984, we had the opportunity to buy Mae and Bruce Bodie's lakefront cottage in the same bay. As a result of extensions and renovations, our cottage was 'home' to all of us, so it was for this reason we moved our cottage to our lakefront lot and moved the Bodie cottage to Lot 13, now owned and enjoyed by Marge and Len Bakalinsky.

We now spend six months at Falcon during the spring and summer months, and it has truly taken on the role of 'HOME'. It is a beautiful lake and we only hope that everyone living or visiting will do their part to maintain this beauty.

FALCON LAKE BLOCK 17, LOT 19 THE POWELL FAMILY

In the summer of 1964, a friend let us use his cottage at Falcon Lake for a week. We enjoyed ourselves, so planned to rent a cottage the following summer. Rent of \$60. per week convinced us, it

would be better to buy a cottage and it would pay for itself in a few years. So, in May of 1965, we bought the cottage at Block 12, Lot 42. Then there were five of us, Art, Lee, Beth, Claire and Geoff. Two years later, Sandra arrived. We enjoyed five years on Block 12 but due to our love of sailing and swimming, began to yearn for lakefront property. We were fortunate to find Block 17, Lot 19, and moved to that location in the fall of 1970. Since 1965, the Powell family has spent two months every year (except 1967) at Falcon Lake.

Our purchase of a cottage was the best thing we could have done for our growing family. We have enjoyed water-skiing, canoeing, sailing and swimming. When we bought our 18-foot Solcat Catamaran, Art was told it could really "fly" and you could pull a water-skier with it. Lo and behold, one day when there was a pretty hefty wind, our son, Geoff, at 150 lbs. actually did water-ski behind the sailboat.

Cottaging has become a way of life for us. Our children all held summer jobs at Falcon. Beth worked at the drugstore; Claire, at Foodland; Geoff, at the Nest; and Sandra at the drugstore and at the Shell station. Geoff and Sandra were able to earn enough, with part-time jobs in the winter, to pay their tuition and expenses through university. Art and Lee, both retired, live at Falcon Lake from May through September. Lee works part-time for the doctors during July and August, and enjoys gardening and swimming. Art always is busy with some project - from cutting trees, building docks, extensions, or just moving rocks!

Beth, John and family now enjoy cottage life at Sandy Hook. Claire, Rick and Jessica are anxious to acquire a cottage of their own. Geoff and Sandra spend as much time as they can the lake with us.

The friendships developed by ourselves and our family during our summers at Falcon, are invaluable to us. The "Happy Hours" in Block 17, Bay 2, the "Bay Party" on the August long weekend with horseshoes and darts, the valued "toilet seat" trophy are all part of the many happy memories of our years at Falcon Lake. We look forward to many years of retirement with visits often from our family and friends, as we enjoy casual, relaxed entertaining which is part of cottage life!

FALCON LAKE BLOCK 17, LOT 22 By John McClure

After checking out cottages and cottage sites at Lake of the Woods and Lake Winnipeg, my wife Audrey, six-month-old son Johnnie and I took possession of a 520-square foot cottage shell in Block 17, Lot 22. The date was early July, 1957.

I had a choice of the cottages on Lots 22 and 23; the choice was easy because Lot 22 had 139'9" of lakefront and the cottage had a 16x7' screened porch. The cottage on Lot 23 was the same floor plan without a screened porch and the lot had no lake frontage at all.

The only clearing on Lot 22 was where the cottage stood and a small area to the west, I suppose where lumber and other material were stacked during the building.

The cottage had no ceiling and nothing on the inside of the wall studs except in the living room and the small kitchen which had cupboards only on the outside wall. The floor was 3/4" plywood with no covering and there was no electricity and, of course, no running water. We got our drinking water at the pump by a public beach.

We had a two-burner Coleman stove for cooking, a battery-powered radio and a lantern hung from the tie rod in the living room. However, before the summer was over, we had a contractor, Ted Zelmer, line all the walls and the ceiling, and tile the floors throughout. He also turned what was space for two clothes closets into a two-piece lavatory with a basin and a pail-a-day toilet placed over a metal septic tank.

We cleared a driveway of trees and brush so we could get our car right to the cottage door. We also cleared and widened a path through the brush and trees to the lakeshore.

In early 1958, the contractor came back again and built our two-storey boathouse and laid a dock on the rocks along the shoreline. To this he added a 4x16' finger, which was suspended on the dock and at the other end on a 4x4' crib which got carried away by the ice in the spring breakup. Eventually I anchored the finger to the main dock with large hinges and attached permanent legs to the other end. This allows me to raise the finger out of the water and rest it against the boathouse in the fall.

Andy Burton, who had moved in two lots away in 1956, was very helpful with suggestions. Until my dock was built, his was the last dock from the townsite on the south shore and boaters who had tried to go between those two small islands just off the last bay in Block 17 would wind up at Andy's dock, looking for shearpins which Andy supplied as long as he could and then he just supplied suitable nails.

Other neighbors in the early days were the Sam Simms family, Roy St. John's family, Harold Bytheway family, four bachelors in the cottage west of Simms and the Roy Esselmonts who are still our next-door neighbors.

The hydro power line was extended easterly along the south shore in early 1959. Our cottage and boathouse were wired up one Saturday night between 10:30 p.m. and 1:30 a.m.

I think it was in the summer of 1959 that we had a 70 m.p.h. wind hit us from the northwest. We knew, by the radio broadcasts, that the winds were coming and there would probably be considerable damage.

Trees came down everywhere, 14 in Esselmonts' yard and eight in mine. Of course, the hydro power was knocked out. I had gone to the boathouse to get the Coleman stove and lamp and, between leaving the boathouse and getting into the cottage, the boathouse was blown over.

Knowing there would be a great demand on the area contractors, I wasted no time getting over to West Hawk Lake to hire Jock Tod to reset my boathouse. He was on the job the next day with his two men crew and I was back in business in three days.

The hydro power was out for three days. I later hired Jock Todd to add two rooms to my cottage in 1963. This extension of 200 square feet consisted of an enlargement of the living room and a utility room to house a shower stall, the hot water tank, laundry facilities, storage space and a second refrigerator was done at a cost of less than \$1,500. It also included relining the original living room space with vertical knotty pine planking and doubling the amount of kitchen cupboards and counter space. I doubt very much that to do the same amount of work today could be done for less than \$8,000.

In the late 1950s, when lakefront lots cost about \$150. to \$200. and back tier lots \$35. and building costs were less than \$10. a square foot, acquiring a cottage made an excellent investment.

The McClure family has enjoyed the park facilities of the ski hill where we all learned to ski, the golf course which in the early days was only nine holes, the miniature golf and, of course, boating and water-skiing on the lake. Most of all we enjoy our many neighbors and the friends we have made at Falcon Lake.

FALCON LAKE BLOCK 20, LOT 3

GORDON AND VERA (nee Benstead) MAYERS

Gordon and Vera Mayers first came to this area in April 1957 and worked for Gordon Hamilton at Penguin Camp for the summer. That winter they worked at Joe's Esso at the junction of No. 1 and 11 Highways.

The next summer they returned and Gordon started working for the Parks, first looking after the campgrounds at Toniata, then moving to the campground office at the main beach in the townsite in 1963.

In 1966 they moved to their present location on the south shore where they bought a cottage, built



Vera and Gordon Mayers, Shirley and Dale.

on to it, landscaped the grounds and now have a comfortable home with lovely grounds and a garden.

Gordon continued working for the Parks in different jobs but most of his work was in the building and carpentry. Vera started working at the El-nor when they lived in the campgrounds and although she has not worked there continually, she is working there now and she is also the custodian at Falcon Beach School. Gordon died in June 1980.

Their two children were born while they lived here. Son Dale is a transport truck driver in Winnipeg. Daughter Shirley works for National Bank in Winnipeg.

Vera does a lot of handiwork. She sewed and knitted a lot of the clothes for the family. She makes and sells a large variety of Indian beadwork and also makes a lot of quilts, both by herself and with her mother.

FALCON LAKE LAWS CABIN

Before the new highway came through the Whiteshell, everyone came to Ingolf, Ontario by train and continued to their destination by canoe or boat and walking.

This was the route Gil Law first took to get to Falcon Lake. He and his friends would pack their knapsacks with bare essentials, like a few cooking utensils, some food, a hatchet, fishing lines and then pick up their canoe and paddles and go to the train station, for the first leg of their journey, to Ingolf, Ontario where they disembarked.

Then started the next leg of their adventure. They would paddle across Long Pine Lake, then the portage to West Hawk Lake, then hike through the bush to Lyons Lake on to Camp Lake, then into Falcon Lake where the fishing was really good. They had to reverse the trip when the weekend or holiday was over to get back to the city.

Mr. Law liked Falcon and he soon started to build



The Laws cottage built 60 years still retains many of its original features - a big screened front porch with homemade table and chairs which are made comfortable with handmade cushions.



This cottage is heated with the fireplace and gas lamps provide light when needed. Adolph Zimmerman and Ted Law reminiscing.

a cabin in a sheltered bay. Along with family and friends, trees were cut near by and dragged to the lot for construction. As much as possible, they used on-site material because everything else had to be brought in on their backs or tied to a pole and carried by two men.

The fireplace was built of stones from the shoreline of the lake. The furniture - table, chairs and beds were all fashioned out of logs they cut themselves. A log ice house was built and the men came out in the winter to cut ice to fill it for summer refrigeration.

The original cookstove (weighed 500 pounds) was brought out by truck or car to Falcon by the Dawson Trail which had a branch road to the west end of Falcon from East Braintree. At Falcon, every part



Cooking is done on the woodstove which is also a source of heat for early and late season fishing trips.

that was removable was had to be taken off, as two trips were needed to take the stove to the cabin at the opposite end of Falcon Lake.

This cabin still does not have road access, nor does it have electricity or telephone. A few modern conveniences have been installed, for example, a two-burner propane hot plate for cooking on the really hot days, and a propane fridge has replaced the old icebox. A bigger boat and motor (to take everyone from the car that is parked at a dock on the north shore) has replaced the canoe.

The cabin has retained much of its original charm, a hammock near the lake catches the cool breeze and you can relax and watch the bald eagle soaring near their nest. Then there is the screened-in veranda with a hand-made table, bench and chairs. In the main living room, comfortable hand-made chairs grace each side of the big fireplace and gas lamps hang from the ceiling for light when needed.

This cabin has had many guests during the 60 years it has stood on the point at the entrance to Law Bay, old friends, honeymooners, people building their own cottage and needing a roof over their heads when the weather turned wet and cold, fishermen out for a weekend of fishing and relaxing, to mention but a few.

Mr. and Mrs. Gil Law are now deceased, but their two children and the grandchildren still use the cabin every summer.

The first lease for this cabin was issued in 1929.

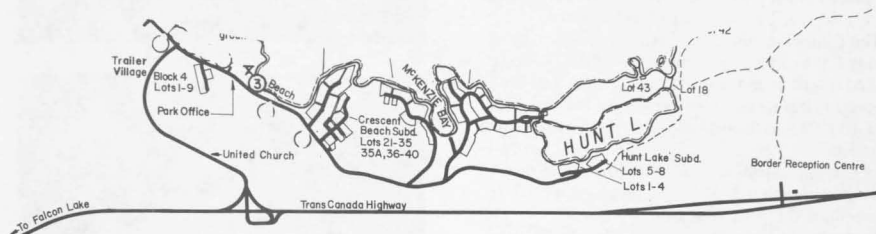


The picture on the side of the cupboard shows a catch of fish for the next meal. A 2-burner propane hot-plate on the end of the counter and a propane fridge (not shown in the picture) are recently installed conveniences.



Another new feature is the little red smoker which replaced homemade ones used for years. The fireplace built (by the family) of stones from the shoreline has withstood many a storm.

Hunt Lake



HUNT LAKE LOT 5

By Patricia Gregory

The cottage was built by the Stephenson family about 1953. Our family (myself, daughter Anna and son Gilbert) bought it in the fall of 1978. By that time, Mrs. Stephenson was a widow. She died very recently.

Our first summer was 1979. We had barely settled in for our vacation when Gilbert developed a nasty appendix. We drove through the early morning pockets of mist to arrive at Children's Hospital at 6:30 in the morning.

The following winter ('79-'80), we extended the cottage 10 feet closer to the lake and added a porch and deck, better to enjoy Paradise on earth. Hunt Lake is truly a gift to those of us who cottage there, almost remote, yet close to everything and NO MOTOR BOATS.

Anne spent the summer of 1980 working in the

Pine Cone with Blair Mahaffy of West Hawk.

Our dock was rebuilt by Andy Hallonquist of West Hawk. He guarantees the crib to last a lifetime.

For many years Bert Malchy was at Lot 4.

Brian Malchy lived at Hunt Lake for at least one summer and worked as a cook at the West Hawk Inn. Brian taught Gilbert to play cribbage and Gilbert spent the evenings at Lot 4 playing the game.

My best memory of Bert is watching him row his boat, backwards. You don't make much progress when the squared off stern goes first.

After Bert died the cottage was sold and the new owner removed the old cottage and started afresh. Lot 4 will have a brand new history but I'm sure Bert's spirit lingers.

Our stay at Hunt Lake has not been very eventful. The children were in their teens when we bought

the cottage and our family cycle has not yet reached the next generation stage so there are no learn-to-swim stories etc.

ALEC YOUNG GENERAL CARPENTRY CONTRACTOR

Alec came to West Hawk Lake in 1973, to work for the summer with his friend Wayne Sloboda, who was then in charge of the campground at Caddy Lake. Alec worked that summer as part of, and then head of the three-person West Hawk Park patrol (another member of the park patrol that summer was Bob Hamilton, brother of Barbara Hamilton-Christie). At this time Alec was a 22-year-old student of philosophy and religion at Brandon University. But there seemed to be a great need for builders in this area, - and possibly not so much of a need for more philosophers - so Alec decided not to finish his degree, but study carpentry instead.

The following summer he was in charge of the Caddy Lake campground himself (Wayne Sloboda looked after the canoe route, and was an assistant ranger I believe), and also started building in this area, so 1974 was the beginning of Alec Young Construction.

I (Theresa) also had a summer job in the parks that summer, and met Alec then, although we didn't marry until the following fall.

However, in the interim many adventures were had by us and the other park employees of 1974 and 1975 (Marg Irmie among them). I suppose nothing has changed much and the young people here today still feel as free and as faced with limitless opportunities for life as well as immediate fun and adventures, as we did - anyway I hope so. Although I think Alec had a great talent for adventures only surpassed by (and sometimes in conflict with) his talent for hard work.

In those days he had an old tugboat, called the Flying Dutchman, which he used to go for after-work cruises up the Caddy Lake canoe route and through the first tunnel. They were very popular trips - someone would bring a guitar and someone maybe a harmonica - and wine - and he would build a campfire and then watch the sunrise on the way home (in time for the unlucky ones who were on the morning shift to hopefully make it to work in time for 8 a.m.). Audrey Zimmerman, who was often part of the group, would often ask the rest of us back to her place, and her mother would make us all blueberry pancakes for breakfast.

On these cruises, generally everyone would sit on the top and sides of the old tugboat (often 12 or 14 people). Once, going through the tunnel, someone jumped off. That side of the boat rose, and everyone on the other side fell off. Then that side of the boat rose, and everyone on the first side fell off! The only ones that didn't get soaked at least up to their chests were Alec, who was steering, and one fellow whose name I can't recall who was in-

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Eric and Ian Young.



Alec Young and sons Eric and Ian, 1986.

side the cabin. After we had all dried off around a campfire and returned to the dock, that one dry fellow, clutching his sleeping bag, stepped directly from the boat into the lake.

On another cruise, Robin Tod launched all too completely into a discussion of what life was all about and how to improve the world, and didn't notice he was standing too close to the campfire until his jeans caught fire. Fortunately, many friends willingly threw him into the lake, and no lasting damage was done. However, I think that was one of the last cruises.

Alec and I married, and honeymooned in New Zealand and Vancouver, wondering if either of those places would be the perfect spot to start our life together. However we decided that no place we knew of was better than West Hawk Lake, so back we came, Alec to building full-time and me to working the West Hawk tower, parks gate, and shop painting at various times. In fact, I don't think there is a sign or a bathroom around here that I haven't painted.

After briefly owning an octagonal cottage at Star Lake, we bought the parcel of land on which our home and business are now situated, at the corner



Adolph Zimmerman, Lully Pubantz (Theresa's mother), Eric and Alec Young, Olive Zimmerman, Ian and Theresa Young, vacant chair is for Theresa's father, Arnold Pubantz.

ADOLPH AND OLIVE ZIMMERMAN

of P.R. 301 and the Toniata turnoff. Adolph Zimmerman had tipped us off that Ella and Ed Schindler owned part of a former gold mining claim that might be for sale, across the road from their place. After some hard bargaining on our part, during which we managed to actually get the price up! rather than down! (proving Ed and Ella were better negotiators than Alec and I) we became happy owners of a meadow and 10 acres of bush, part of the former Contact mineral claim.

Alec built our shop in 1979, and our house that winter. With the help of our talented crew, our business has grown and slowly some of the meadow and bush have been tamed into lawn and yard.

We have been told that the meadow on which we have built our house was used as a camp for the road gang that built Highway 301, and also that the miner who worked the contact claim had buried a horse in a well in our front yard! (Why, I don't know.). I do know there are one or two old mine holes in the back of our land but not too deep, so I guess the gold didn't amount to much. (Now if anyone wanted a source of iron ore around here, we could just offer the water from our well.) I also know that at one time Highway 301 ran over some of our property, but it was straightened out to its present course before 1955.

Alec and I think we are very fortunate to be able to work and live and raise our boys, Ian and Eric, in this beautiful area. The boys get a kick out of spotting deer in our yard - usually just heading into the bush after having dined on fresh lilac or apple tree sprouts. I'm a bit more leery of the occasional bears that poke their noses against our windows - one actually ate part of a window frame, trying to get inside. (I believe Alec chased him off with a chain saw.) And we also think that the people here are exceptional - we are fortunate in the great people we work with, and in our friends and very good neighbors.

In 1936 Adolph came to Falcon Lake to work for E.J. Thomas, owner of Toniata Cabins. One of his first jobs was to take fishermen to the far end of Falcon Lake. They would portage their equipment to High Lake where Mr. Thomas had fishing boats. The fishermen would spend the day fishing, coming back to the portage in the evening, nearly always with their limit, and to be picked up and brought back to camp.

When the first exploration drilling was done at Barren Lake (for gold) there was no road to that area so the equipment was brought to Toniata Beach. This would be about 1937-1938. Everything was loaded onto canoes, fishing boats and barges and freighted across the lake to where Barren Lake empties into Falcon. Here the equipment and some of the boats were portaged across land to Barren and hence on to the mining site. Much of this freighting work came Adolph's way.

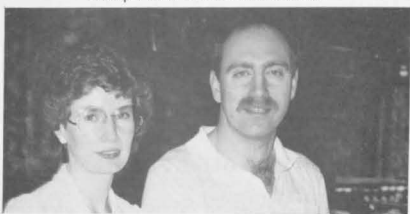
There were all the regular jobs to be done, too, at Toniata, like wood to be cut for the stoves for cooking and heating, ice to be hauled to the store and cabins for the ice-boxes. Boats had to be repaired, grounds to be maintained and garbage to be hauled. All these things took longer to do then because there wasn't a vehicle to jump into to get from one point to another. The wood was hauled with horses and wagon or sleighs. The water was often carried by hand from the lake because it was quicker than getting the horses ready to bring the barrellful.

Some surveying had been done in the area and, when lots were available, Mr. Thomas obtained, by whatever means it was done in those days, some building lots on the north shore near Toniata. So, when the employees weren't busy at the camp, they would clear lots and build cabins.

The first lot Adolph cleared was Lot 47 where



Adolph and Olive Zimmerman.



JoAnne and Wayne Zimmerman.



Sara, Katie and Erin, Wayne and JoAnne's daughters.



Audrey and Lewis McFarlane and children, Stacy and Greg.

Richard and Hellaine Kroft now have their cottage. A few years ago when they were trying to get some history on their cottage, Adolph remembered the date was marked in the cement on the top of the fireplace chimney. This was also the way we determined the year Adolph came to the area, 1936. From then till he joined the Army, Adolph spent his summers working at Falcon, going back to cut pulpwood with his father and brothers in the Whitemouth, Darwin area in the winter.

It wasn't all work at the camp. In the evenings, the men would often go fishing (around the dock where the boat launching dock is now) and never 248

failed to come back with their limit of pickerel.

During the war, Adolph served with the Army Signal Corps. When he was discharged, in 1944, the Forest Ranger at Rennie, Manitoba, Mr. Cal. Ritchey, offered him a summer job, and Adolph continued this work every summer until 1951. In the winters he did diamond drilling at Goldbeam at Star Lake and at Bissett in Manitoba and out of Red Lake, Balmertown and Kenora in Ontario.

In 1949, Adolph and Sam Yanich obtained a lease to build a camp at Lot 1 commercial, Miller Beach, West Hawk Lake. The story of Lakeside Cabins appears elsewhere in the book.

I guess this is about where I (Olive) enter the picture. I was born and raised in a little place called Desford (no longer in existence) in southwestern Manitoba. In 1950 I came out of a Home Economics school, broke; (Does that sound familiar?) and decided that if I was ever going to spend a summer at the lake, now was the time. From a newspaper ad I got a job at the Trans-Canada Restaurant at West Hawk Lake.

I wasn't there long, when Frank and Adele, the owners of the restaurant, went to Winnipeg for supplies and for Adele to visit the doctor — she was expecting in October. I was left in charge with a new helper who worked in the kitchen for the day, washing dishes and the like. All was quiet until early afternoon when the restaurant filled up and people wanted groceries in the store. It was bedlam, compounded by two teenagers mixing the salt and pepper in the shakers. I called out to their father from across the dining room asking if he would like bibs for his children. Shortly after, Adele and Frank arrived back with another girl to help for the weekend and things were operating smoothly. Later, Frank called me to the store and asked if I remembered a family that had sat at such and such a table. Here goes my job I thought! BUT no, he handed me the biggest tip I think I got there. Then he told me who the family was. Can you believe, the father was in the food-service business, too.

Adolph and I were married in 1951, and so it seems to me we both started out in new fields. Me to learn how to row a boat, mix gas for outboard motors, then learn to start the d — things so I could show renters how to operate them.

Adolph started working for the Fisheries, when needed, to man a new operation to eradicate rough fish from lakes before new species were introduced. In the fall of the year for several years, he worked for the Games Branch, patrolling the highways and byways for poachers.

At this time, many lake lots were being opened up for building and Adolph built cottages for people all around the area. When the south shore of Falcon was opened up for building, Adolph ob-

tained a lot on Block 9 - this cost \$10. at that time. It was the 4th cottage built on the south shore. Fred and Mary Parker bought the cottage in 1953. They had been regular customers at Lakeside Cabins since it opened.

In July 1957, Adolph started working at the Weigh Scales. His association really started at the scales with helping with the building of the first one that opened in 1953 where the present dumping station is located at West Hawk.

Our children were born while we lived at Lakeside Cabins, Wayne in June 1955, and Audrey in August 1957.

Wayne is married and lives in Victoria, B.C. with his wife JoAnne and their three daughters, Sara, Erin and Katie.

Audrey moved from Calgary to Victoria, B.C. in 1990 with her husband Lewis McFarlane and their children, Stacy and Greg.

Many changes have taken place over the last 40 years. A notable one for women was the introduction of perma-press bedding. When we had the camp, all sheets, pillow cases and towels had to be ironed to remove wrinkles. Laundry was a major concern to the camp operator, as everything had to be dried naturally, either out of doors or inside if the weather was wet. We are looking at 30 to 40 sheets after a weekend when the camp was full, besides all the other things to do. Then there was the ironing that women had to do with either the sad irons that were heated on the wood stove, no matter what the weather was like, or a gas iron that you had to keep putting air into to make it go.

I never had to worry about the drip pan under the iceboxes because Adolph had lines connected to all the iceboxes that led outside. But many people will remember how stinky those trays could get, especially if milk was spilt or the meat had dripped.

Heating and cooking with wood was never a problem for me. We still heat mostly with wood and until a few years ago, there was a small wood stove in our kitchen that always had a kettle of water on it.

In 1962, we sold Lakeside and moved to our present location, on P.R. 301, near the Toniata junction where we had a propane refill outlet. This was a different aspect of the tourist business as people seemed to run out of propane at meal time, through the night or some other irregular time, so no time was a good time to bake a cake, or make a meal. As for entertaining, well, as long as everyone went with the flow, it was all right. This was an interesting venture in many ways. We were kept abreast of where the fish were biting and who was catching them, who won the fishing derby at Ingolf, Ontario, and who was camping in new places or traded in their camping gear for cottage life. When Adolph retired, we gave up the propane business

and now, when we sit down for a meal, we sometimes stay sitting till we are finished, which was a rarity when we were in business.

Before I close the chapter on the propane, I would be remiss if I neglected to include this story.

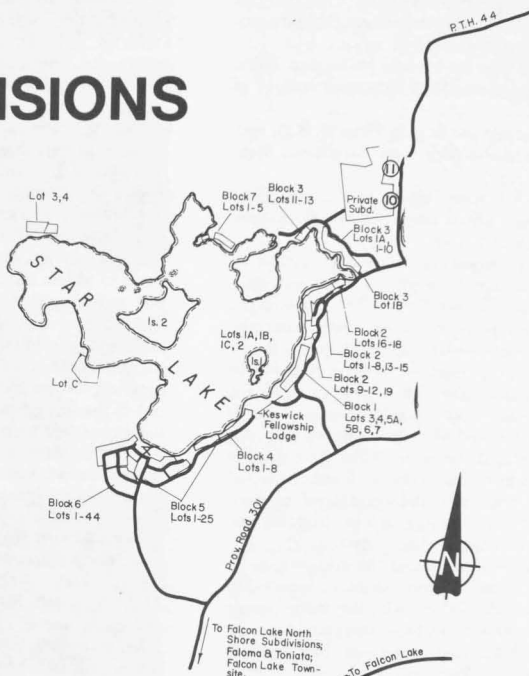
I once read that a lady who lived on the Alaska Highway hung empty plastic lemon and lime juice containers on her trees. Many people stopped to see what kind they were that would grow so far north. So I tried, too. I hung the lemons on a Siberian ash tree in our front yard and they were a continual laugh. I remember two older men who came for gas one day. While I was filling the tank, one fellow walked over and looked at the lemons. He came back saying something like my lemons were ripe early, so the second guy walked over to check. They went away laughing but returned with their wives to pull the same trick on them. Those lemons and limes hung there for four or five years, then one winter someone asked me to explain the lemons on a tree in Manitoba in the winter. I figured enough was enough and they just crumbled in my hands when I removed them.

With no commitments in Manitoba in the winter we now spend time nearer our children and their families, coming back early enough to greet everyone in the spring and for Adolph go get some cottages open for their owners to return, too.

In closing, I will tell one of our bear stories. It took place in September, 1963. During the evening I had finished some pickles and our daughter had done some baking. The one window open was over the greenhouse. We figured a bear was around because our dog barked off and on all evening. Adolph left for work at the West Hawk Weigh Scales at 11:30 p.m. Not long after, I heard the weirdest crunching sound. I ran to the open window at the other end of the house and shone the flashlight on a bear pulling the corrugated plastic roofing off the greenhouse. There was nothing to stop it from going right through the house. (Adolph had just made the door to go between the basement and the greenhouse and it was leaning against the opening.) I quickly phoned for Adolph to come home but before I hung up I heard the door fall over. Time seemed an eternity till the truck lights appeared. Adolph put the truck lights on the bear and all he could see were the shoulders and head coming out of the greenhouse. He came into the house for his gun and a flashlight and returned to the scene of the action, including a frantic dog. In a few minutes, it was all over but the dog sat watch the rest of the night. Adolph returned to his job and our daughter went back to her bed. I remember going back to the kitchen and realizing this had all happened in about 40 minutes. It hadn't been a long night's nightmare after all.

Star Lake

SUBDIVISIONS



GUIDES CATHOLIQUES DE SAINT-BONIFACE IN THE WHITESHELL

By Madeleine Bernier
former Diocesan Commissioner

July 1936

Captains, assistant captains and patrol leaders, numbering about 18, for Guides Catholiques de Saint-Boniface camped for the first time at Star Lake. They are part of the French-speaking movement, Guides Catholique of Canada. They used tents with no flooring - rubber mats and straw mattresses. The kitchen was a tent, and a picnic table and benches were used outdoors for meals. Provisions were brought in by row boat.

A rustic altar (using a house door) was erected between two trees by the lake, where mass was

offered every morning by the chaplain. Ducks, loons, other birds and mosquitoes accompanied the girls' hymn singing. The location was suggested to the chaplain, Rev. Fr. Léo Blais, by a forest ranger.

Every night, weather permitting, there was a camp fire, where typical Girl Guide entertainment unfurled — song, skits and games. Then a final evening prayer and song were offered.

Everyone marvelled at the sunsets and, in the daytime, the sunlight shining through the trees.

A program of activities included swimming and food preparation - and Girl Guide skills were required.

1937

The two companies in existence, Rose du Canada and Thereas de Lisieux, camp on the same site.

But after at least four days of rain, the camp folds. The inclined terrain above sends the water down on the camp. A new site must be found.

1938

The guides moved to Brereton Lake for one season of camping.

Subsequently, they camped on Lake Winnipeg.

Today, women who camped at Star Lake and Brereton Lake, remember being entranced by the beauty of nature, whether during the day or under a starry sky. They remember the silence and the peace emanating from the environment. All this, despite having to "rough" it quite a bit.

Unfortunately, the archives of the Guides Catholiques de Saint-Boniface were destroyed in the St. Boniface fire in 1968.

STAR LAKE POKER DERBY GETS BIG HAND

By Doreen Jenkins, 1989

Our 12th annual Poker Derby was again a tremendous success, with at least 500 people in attendance from all over. We had over 200 bags of candy prepared for our races and ran out before all the kids under 12 received a bag.

We held the Poker Derby portion of our Sports Day on Saturday as planned, but due to the inclement weather we made the smart decision to hold the races, etc. on Sunday, which proved to be a much nicer day. The winners of the Derby are:

1st prize - Ron Ledbrook
2nd prize - Jim McKinnon
3rd prize - Bud Jenkins
Low Hand - Ralph Lucas
5 Hidden Cards - Roland Champagne, Dave Tait,
Don Lewis, Gerri Dickenson, Tom Seepish

This year we were able to give the children more for winning in the races and we hope we can continue to do so. They each received an annual Poker Derby ribbon. There were lots and lots of small kids and this is what our annual event is all about.

The novelty races again proved to be a big hit. We had the wheelbarrow race this year instead of the bag race. We also had a different event for the small fry, the shoe throwing contest which proved to be very popular. (Some of these kids really have good aim).

We again had great participation in the egg throwing contest.

We only had six canoes in the race this year and the original champs of this event, Bill Wrubolowsky and Bob Manning, came in first, with last year's winners the Clarke Brothers coming in second. Next year we hope to have more canoeists participate because this is a spectator sport. Bob and Bill were

presented with the Star Lake Trophy, two Coors Sportshirts, two original plastic Molson's Cups and six cans of bubbly (compliments of Molson's) so it is well worth the hard work.

We had ten teams participate in the volleyball this year and the Molson's Twixters took first prize, coming from behind to defeat Vince Camela and his family and friends team of Star Lake. Their prize was 24 cans of beer, compliments of the Star Lake Sports day. Molson's kindly donated six very sharp white caps to the runners-up.

The tug-of-war contest only had four teams, due to the fact that some of the participants were occupied in the volleyball games. Winners were the Grant Dufos team who also won 12 cans of beer donated by Molson's.

We had a few more teams for horseshoes this year (10). The winners were Milt and Neil Nedohin, and the runners-up were Doris Nedohin and Rene Van-Raes. Each won cash prizes.

Face painting was another very popular event. Judy Miller set up a stand and painted many faces — from toddlers to a few in their mid-thirties. It was a lot of fun for all concerned and we hope that this can be repeated again next year. Thanks a million, Judy, from all of us.

Thank you to Allan Rosky for the professional job he did in painting the signs for both the hot dog and the face painting stands.

Thanks also to Ralph and Pat Lucas and their family for managing the hot dog stand all afternoon. We sold out around 3:00 p.m. I must say the "dogs" were excellent!

You may have noticed Terry Miller, our photographer, taking pictures of all the events. We will have copies and if you would like to see them they will be available at the Jenkins' cottage (Doreen and Bud). Thanks again, Terry.

THE STAR LAKE SKIERS

By Janet Baker, 1985

The Star Lake Skiers did well in the Manitoba Closed Water Ski Championships at Lac du Bonnet this year.

To prepare for this competition the skiers took part in a Junior Developmental week. Bob Baker drove his Ski Natique for the week and was very patient with all the skiers. Most important, though, was the "great" coaching from Keith Levin. Each day Keith was out at 9:00 a.m., teaching tricks and slalom.

Most of the skiers then entered in the B novice division of the Manitoba Closed Water Ski Championships. In the Boys B (13 and under) tricks, David Nedohin (10) and Donald Baker (9) tied for first. Sean Nedohin (12) came a close second. In the

Girls B, Janet Baker (13) came second. Nancy Baker (4) finished first in the Juvenile Girls tricks.

In the slalom skiing the Star Lake Skiers also did very well. David Nedohin finished third, followed by Sean Nedohin in fourth, and Donald Baker in fifth. In the Girls B, Janet Baker finished first, and Nancy Baker came first in Juvenile Girls.

Watch for the Star Lake Ski Club next year.

THE STAR LAKE SKIERS

By Janet Baker, 1985

The year started with Star Lake having a Junior Development Camp for one week in July. Mr. Nedohin and Dr. Baker were a great help by driving for the whole week. We must not forget the great coaching by Jim Schmidt. Thanks Jim! Also, thanks to Dr. Keith Levin, our president, for all his hours.

Sean Nedohin, 13, David Nedohin, 11, and Donald Baker, 10, went on to compete in the Manitoba Closed Provincial Competition. In the slalom event, Donald Baker placed second, Sean Nedohin placed third and David Nedohin sixth. In the tricks, David Nedohin came fourth, Donald Baker came fifth and Sean Nedohin came sixth. All of the boys were on the A side of the Junior Boys. Good work guys!

Sean, David and Donald not only ski but they also barefoot ski. The three boys first competed in the Provincials on the Red River against all ages which was a bit of a disadvantage to them but they didn't show it. Donald came out first followed by Sean in third and David fourth. The boys didn't stop there though. After a lot of practice, they went on to Edmonton and did even better! This time they were in the category of Junior Boys which is 13 and under. Donald came first, while Sean was second and David a close third. Congratulations guys!

Donald Baker kept on going and went on to the Nationals in Montreal. He was put in a category of 16 and under. Again Donald didn't let his age bother him. He came second over all and everybody was happy for him.

Sean, David and Donald owe many thanks to Neil Wilson for his GREAT barefoot coaching and to Jeff Petrovich for teaching them how to barefoot ski.

Skiing isn't the only thing that goes on in Star Lake. There is a lot of fishing. This year, Mr. and Mrs. Bob Tinkler from our lake caught a 16 pound jack fish on the lake. Congratulations!

Watch out next year for more of the Star Lake Skiers!

WINNIPEG MAN DIES KAYAKING IN B.C.

A Winnipeg man, described as an avid outdoorsman, was killed in a weekend kayaking accident off the west coast of Vancouver Island.

RCMP in Port Alberni, B.C., identified the victim as Peter James Rutherford, 25.

"He showed courage and valor while saving the life of his older brother," family friend Edna Lemoine said last night.

Rutherford and his brother, Thomas, 31, of Hornby Island, B.C., were out in separate kayaks near Barkley South on Saturday when they were swamped, police said.

Search officials said one of the kayaks sank immediately and the brothers clung to the remaining one.

Thomas Rutherford, who was a stronger swimmer, swam to shore with the kayak, emptied it and returned to rescue his brother, who was wearing a flotation vest.

However, he could not find his brother and then spent five hours paddling to a village in Torquart Bay where he alerted searchers.

Peter Rutherford's body was found Sunday about eight kilometres southwest of Barkley Sound.

The dead man, a carpentry student at Red River Community College, had just finished school last week and went to the West Coast to be with his brothers, Lemoine said.

"He was an avid outdoorsman and loved canoeing and aquatics," she said.

"He was an experienced boater and that's what makes it more upsetting."

She said Rutherford's family flew to Victoria Sunday to make funeral arrangements.

—Note: The Rutherfords have a cottage on Block 2 and were very involved with teaching water skiing in the 1970's.

STAR LAKE HERMIT LIVING THE GOOD LIFE

By Brian Cole

Winnipeg Free Press, 1979

STAR LAKE — All questions about the kindly old man who rides his bike in and around West Hawk Lake are greeted with a slight smile and a pause.

"You mean Pete the Hermit?" asks Victor Harbottle, a resort owner who has lived in the area for more than 20 years.

'Big-hearted'

"It's hard to say too much about him. He's just

a big-hearted guy."

Pete the Hermit (Peter Dyck) has been around the area for as long as most people can remember.

An elderly man who lives alone year-round in a small shack near one of the access roads to Star Lake, Pete has become a fixture if not a local legend.

More than once the old man with the frizzy grey hair and pale blue eyes has come into the store, bought some fruit, and given it away to strangers outside near the beach area, Harbottle said.

"I've known Pete for about 30 years," said Adele Reichert, another long-time resident of the area.

Of all the people in the area, Pete seems to have been around the longest. He won't say how old he is but Harbottle estimates he's at least 68.

Pete came to Manitoba from Ontario and took a job as a caretaker at a Star Lake gold mine, closed for the last 30 years. Now he leads a simple life living in a shack, which is heated by a wood stove and doesn't have electricity or running water.

When it comes to day-to-day activities, Pete just enjoys the quiet life of living in a forest full of animals.

The only excitement is provided by the annual visits from friends or family looking in to make sure he's healthy.

Canada pension is his only apparent means of support, but he's never short of cash when it's time to pay the grocery bill.

"He sure knows his Bible. He could write a Bible for sure," Mrs. Reichert said.

Anyone engaging old Pete in conversation can expect to hear his views on everything from politics to religion.

"I only know him (Prime Minister Joe Clark) on paper," Pete said, explaining he has read about the man but has never met him.

Pretty spot

"But there is not much difference between him and Trudeau (former Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau)."

Pete is located in what is easily one of the prettiest spots in the area. The trees are tall and the soil is good enough to support two city-sized vegetable gardens.

The land doesn't belong to Pete, nor does he lease it. But one park official said Pete has been there so long they really couldn't move him out even if they wanted to.

During the last few years, Pete has lived in one of several shacks on the land.

Buildings old

The buildings are old and they show it.

However, last spring, park officials placed a cottage on the lot that used to belong to a local church.

The new building itself is sturdy and clean. With a little work it could be made as comfortable as some of the cabins in the area.

But, Pete hasn't moved into the new building yet and maintains he will spend the summer in his old shack.

"I'm satisfied as long as I got a roof over my head," Pete said, adding that he doesn't plan to move. "If you had this you would never leave."

"The birds, the trees. You'd never find anything better," he said.

Pete says he's an individualist who doesn't really want anything from anybody. "I mind my own way, patch my own pants," he says with a laugh.

But it wasn't always just Pete.

"I had a girlfriend once," he said, reflecting on the past.

"But she wanted more (money) than I could make. What is that?"

Ask Pete if he's lonely, particularly in the winter, and he'll blow your eardrums away.

"Lonely. What can make you lonely?" he asked. "Only you can make you lonely."

WEST HAWK — FALCON LAKE NEWS By Olive Zimmerman, 1986

I feel the end to another chapter of a book has come, at least to many people who drive P.R. 301 between West Hawk and the Block 4, 5 and 6 road on Star Lake.

Some members of Mr. Peter Dyck's family thought he was getting too old to live in his little shack or cabin any longer, so first one member of his family then another came in the fall of 1985 and finally with much persuasion a very reluctant 'Pete Dyck' left what has been home for him for going on 40 years.

Old Pete 'The Hermit' as he was affectionately known was a caretaker at the mine near where he lived for years and years, and no matter what time of the year, he was often seen riding his bike or pushing it between West Hawk and his place. Years ago his dogs were with him but in later years you would see him either going for his mail and groceries or going home, and he nearly always had his bike.

His neighbors sort of kept an eye on him and they would take him a Christmas dinner or some other little thing, and he would always have a story on some philosophy. One such story comes to mind was the time Adolph took him some seed potatoes that we knew he was looking for. When Adolph got there, he told Adolph that he had saved all the bones from a bag of fish he had got in the winter to use as fertilizer as that was the best stuff to put in the ground to make potatoes grow. But something hap-

pened! The potatoes didn't grow.

In the early 1950s he often visited people and would entertain them with his violin music and singing. Now let me tell you it was enough to curl your hair and dogs and cats soon learned to make for the door when he lifted his bow to his fiddle.

I checked the other day with the Harbottle's and they said it took him quite awhile to adjust but he's quite happy now in a nursing home near his family, and he has gained some weight.

STAR LAKE LODGE

Anne Steinmann

The beginning of the story of the Star Lake cabins is found in Howard Curtis' story, Block 1, Lot 3, Star Lake.

Fifty years ago, the idea of a recreational adult camp with a Christian emphasis was conceived by Stan Steinmann, a teacher finishing his BA degree in Winnipeg. For 20 years, as he worked on Inter-Varsity Christian Fellowship staff, served with the R.C.A.F. in World War II and spent six years in Ethiopia as Director of Teacher Training for the Ethiopian Government, the idea remained a matter for prayerful fulfillment in the future.

Finally the time for action arrived. A fellow church member with whom Stan shared the idea suggested he look at a tourist camp in the Whiteshell on Star Lake. The next day, the Steinmann family drove down to the camp, and learned the names of the owners, Howard Curtis and Harry Ealing. As they entered the camp property, they were thrilled to see a deer licking a salt lick between the cabins.

Negotiations resulted in the purchase of the cabins on July 27, 1956, with a down payment of \$5,000., the remaining \$9,000. to be paid in annual installments of \$3,000. in the next three years. This was achieved by camp fees and donations from friends. The eight acres were leased on a 21-year basis from the Provincial Government. There were six cabins (including six tables, dressers, benches, and wood stoves), six rowboats, and a dock, one store with living quarters in the lodge. An incorporation certificate was issued to the Whiteshell Keswick Fellowship (the organization formed to operate the camp) by the Religious Societies Land Act on October 31, 1956. The first trustees were Hugh MacGillivray (businessman); Mary Shepherd (Superintendent of Nurses at the Winnipeg Municipal Hospital); Stan Steinmann (teacher); Marjorie Stevenson (Dietitian at Deer Lodge Hospital); and Reg Williams (businessman). Possession took effect on May 1, 1957. Subsequent offers to purchase the property in order to build a luxury hotel were refused in the following three years.

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The tables and benches were moved into the lodge, so campers could all eat together. Additional beds, dressers, bedside tables, bentwood chairs, and cutlery were gladly donated by the Municipal Hospital who was obtaining new furnishings. A truck garage on the site was purchased separately. Floored and partitioned, it was used for a store, storeroom and kitchen. A wooden ramp from the kitchen to the lodge facilitated serving food in the former store and living room in the lodge (capacity 48 people). Late in the summer of 1957 electricity was installed in all the buildings.

Originally, the camp was operated under the aegis of the Tourism Department of the Manitoba Government, and revenue was gained from tourists as well as campers registered for the programme. Through careful economy, and much sacrificial volunteer labor, the camp was never in the red, though financial reckoning was revealing at times; e.g. between November 1960 and April 1961, receipts exceeded disbursements by \$9.75. Such announcements were greeted with shouts of laughter, and hearty praise to God.

In March 1960, a voice teacher, George Dugard, donated his former one-room studio to be our Speaker's Cabin. In August of that year, a Steinbach church donated its old pews for an outdoor chapel. Since then, services have been held there on Sunday mornings in July and August, weather permitting. In 1961, weekend camping for Young People's groups was begun by Inter-Varsity Christian Fellowship, Inter-School Christian Fellowship and Christian Service Brigade. By 1964, every weekend was booked from May to September 18. Meanwhile, winter weekends were started, and by 1968, weekenders from January 1 to March 31 numbered 986.

As the camp grew, the need for more adequate facilities became apparent. In August 1966, the old lodge and the store building were moved to their present sites, and by December 1966, the new lodge (on plans finalized by Doug Corbett at a cost of \$12,000.) was built. In July 1967, the electrical work was completed, and the washrooms with showers in 1970. The larger kitchen and dining areas with office, store, utility and washroom space have been greatly valued and used. For some years before this, electric heaters had been established in the cabins for safer heating. For a number of years, every

weekend from January 1 to April 1 was booked by some group. In 1978, in addition to the Whiteshell Keswick Fellowship, the camp was used by 33 other groups or churches.

In 1973, along with applying for a new lease, the camp requested to be put under the Parks Board, and has so remained. Two new wells were drilled in 1977, and the bank loan agreement for building the new lodge was burned because it was all paid for.

In 1980, Cliff Derksen was installed as Camp-Host Director on a full-time basis. Prior to that, Stan Steinmann had served as Director, except for two years when his son Art took over that responsibility in Stan's absence. Cliff, his wife Wilma and their family were a great help in the years they served. The 25th anniversary was celebrated at the International Inn in Winnipeg during this time. Because our revenue was insufficient to maintain this service, we regretfully wished them well as they left to work with Camp Arnes.

Since then, responsibility for the camp programme, direction and maintenance has been shared by members of the Camp Council on a volunteer basis. Chairmen of the Council have been Stan Steinmann (1957-1972); Dick Earl (1972-1976); Ed Maguire (1976-1977 and 1978-1979); Dave Friesen (1977-1978); John Steinmann (1978-1982); Jack Klassen (1982-1986); and Alvin Suderman (1986-present).

Weekly speakers at the camp have been drawn from Anglican, Baptist, Christian Reformed, Lutheran, Mennonite, Presbyterian, United and non-denominational backgrounds. At least 50 speakers have ministered for a week at a time as well as on Sunday mornings, mostly with the sole remuneration of a camping holiday for themselves and their families. This spirit of personal sacrifice and commitment by many speakers, members of staff, and volunteers in work programmes alone has enabled the camp to function all these years.

In addition to the summer programme, the Whiteshell Keswick Fellowship sponsored public rallies in Winnipeg churches on four occasions during the winter months. Three of the speakers came from England — Ian Thomas, John Hunter from the Capernwray Fellowship, and the Rev. Arthur Matthews from Cheam Baptist Church. One speaker, the Rev. Paris Reidhead was from New York. Many lives have been touched for Christ as God's Word has been proclaimed.

Since 1984, changes have occurred in the camping programme. The winter camping programme has been discontinued because of the heating costs but may be resumed. The summer programme has consisted of several weekends and one full week with a speaker sponsored by the Whiteshell Keswick Fellowship. The rest of the time the camp is rented to

church, young people and family reunion groups, 4-H Clubs and occasional schools. Last year the kitchen was completely renovated and a new dock was built. This year, improvements are being made in the old lodge.

Through all the changes, our motto has remained, "To know Christ and to make Him (the unchanging One) Known. We thank Him for His faithfulness, provision and ongoing love for mankind."

STAR LAKE BLOCK 1, LOT 3 By Howard Curtis

In the late 1920s Charlie and Emma Curtis, with their sons George and Howard, spent weekends and holidays exploring different areas of the province, including the Whiteshell, which became a favorite. Road and trail conditions dictated speed, comfort and courtesy as their 1927 Chevrolet took them through Beausejour, past Whitemouth, over corduroy roads, along narrow trails, sandy or muddy; often they pulled off the road and signalled others to pass. At the ends of trails, the car was parked and they hiked in.

Fishing in the Whiteshell became a popular outing for the Curtis family. The mud road between Jessica and White Lakes was challenging, but that did not spoil their fishing from a canoe in both spots. Their trips took them to Star Lake, where a tent was pitched, and the two little boys could cast from a high rock; they could also slip off the rock into the water below, and did. The 1927 Chevie was later replaced by a 1932 or 1933 Studebaker Rockne, and the adventures continued at Star Lake, and at other lakes of the Whiteshell region. As they were "roughing it", they had to "make do" with simple meals cooked over a campfire: bacon, eggs and potatoes early in the trip, delicious fresh fried fish with potatoes often, and lots of bread with pork and beans as the reliable standby. Good drinking water was available in some of the lakes, at a spring just past Jessica Lake, and at a running spring just off the road at West Hawk, where the water tower now stands. The family became experienced campers when the boys were young. (A venturesome lady with a love of driving and camping, Emma drove with her boys to Glencoe, Ontario, and Kinistino, Saskatchewan, for family reunions in the late 1920s and early 1930s. Overnight they camped in empty schoolyards, or stayed at roadside cabins; most meals were made over a campfire.)

As the two boys grew older, love of fishing, camping, and the Whiteshell continued. In the late 1930s, a homemade trailer with a homemade tent, topped by a canvas-covered canoe, was hauled by a Model T off on fishing and camping trips. Friends such



Harry Ealing's tract-cat as it went through the ice on Falcon Lake. Lyle Moffat, Ed. Polkowski, ?, Harry Ealing, Steve Coma, David Ealing.

as Jack Scott, Ernie McColm, Neil McLaughlin, often joined George and Howard. Once at Caddy Lake the mosquitoes were so bad that the campers deserted the campsite to sleep at the top of the hill, where the wind offered some relief; but a thunderstorm drove them back to shelter: the homemade tent which folded out of the homemade trailer — an early version of today's camper trailer.

With family friends, in the late 1930s, the Curtis family enjoyed a brief holiday at the C.B.C. cabins at West Hawk Lake. Then trips to the Whiteshell were less frequent during the war.

In 1946 Howard Curtis and Harry Ealing headed for the Whiteshell. Because Harry had suggested they should build a family tourist camp, and Howard had said he knew a spot that would be ideal for families, the two went down "to look around", at the end of the trail going into Star Lake, in an area gently sloping toward a sandy beach, with the dramatic contrast of sheer rock along the shoreline, an island just off the shore, a sheltered bay. It was an ideal place for the two young men to build their family tourist camp.

As this was the period in which the Whiteshell Provincial Park was being opened, Harry and Howard made some enquiries which resulted in government encouragement. Mr. Sommers, an official involved in the opening of the provincial park, consulted with Harry and Howard at Star Lake. In effect, he said: "What do you want? Decide what you want, and we'll survey around the area you want to use." So they chose the land from the top of the hill, down along the sandy beach.

The first task was to rough in a road from the bottom of the hill into the site, later the government added gravel. Next, to clear the area for cabins, they

cut down the trees with a cross-cut hand saw. Through the week they worked at their city jobs, and on weekends they returned to Star Lake, to prepare the area for their tourist cabins. Because these were being built to last, sturdy cement pads that ran the full length of the cabins were poured. Cement was mixed in a gasoline cement mixer, and then it was pushed and pulled and shoved in wheelbarrows, through mud, to the various cabin locations.

When it was time to start building, Harry and Howard chose a prefabrication system. Outside Harry's home on Pilgrim Avenue in St. Vital, using no power tools, the two young men, in their free time after regular work hours, constructed three small cabins and two larger ones. Neighborhood patience was tried by the prolonged hammering and sawing, but the task was eventually done.

Moving the cabins from Pilgrim Avenue to Star Lake was an enormous task which could not have been accomplished without the help of many friends, including Roger Prefontaine, members of the Ealing and Ray families. Allan, the brother of Margaret Ealing, provided the transport, and many others were needed for "manpower" in the loading, unloading, and placement of the cabins; with the help of many friends it was done.

When it was time to furnish the cottages, again "homemade" was the decision: a chest of drawers, a table, a flat-bottomed boat and oars were made for each cabin.

When the store was being constructed, living quarters were included, as Harry Ealing and his wife Margaret, with their children, ran the camp through the summer. Eventually the grocery business expanded to include ice deliveries to local cottagers, and to others at nearby lakes. Farther along the shoreline Harry built two cabins, which he later sold. Although the Ealing family spent the winter at Star Lake for a couple of years, the Star Lake Cabins were mainly a summer business.

Towards the end of the 1950s, Harry Ealing and Howard Curtis decided it was time to sell the Star Lake Cabins. The new owner was Mr. Stan Steinman, who established the Star Lake Lodge.

Across the water from Star Lake Lodge, members of the Ray family still have a cabin on the island.

Next door to Star Lake Lodge is Howard's family cabin, built with the help of his father, Charlie Curtis, in 1948: next to it is the cabin originally built for Howard's aunt and uncle, Hettie and Sid Curtis. George and Dorothy Curtis are also Star Lake cottagers.

Somewhere in the bush around Star Lake is the cab of the old truck, which was an old truck when it was bought by Harry Ealing and Howard Curtis, around 1946, for about \$50.00.

STAR LAKE ISOLATED LOT 4

By Mrs. Margaret A. Carter

This is written from memory and from notes my father, Major W.H. Hunt, OBE Bsc. Eng., made from his diary. He was an excellent bushman, getting valuable experience while earning money for his university education by working on the HBC Railway survey (1908-1910). He never travelled without his compass and his axe.

He knew every inch of the terrain in the southeastern part of the province and was responsible for the district, east of the Red River and all of the roads therein, locating the original Trans-Canada Highway, now known as No. 44, to Falcon Lake, to Ingolf, the road to the northern part of the Whiteshell, in fact having responsibility for all of the roads in the Whiteshell to Ingolf, at a time when money was very scarce and the least expensive routes were chosen. He was also responsible for the Falcon Lake Townsite and the golf course, built in the fifties.

Hunt Lake was named after him. Later Lyons was named after M.A. Lyons, the chief engineer, while MacGillivray Lake was named after Mr. Archie McGillivray, the deputy minister of Public Works at that time, as was McGillivray Blvd. in Fort Garry.

The total cost of the forty miles of road, through muskeg, over, under and through rock, cost only one-tenth per mile of what the later version of the Trans-Canada Highway that was opened in 1950s.

In about 1924, my father, who was district engineer for the Good Roads Department of the Manitoba Government, undertook a survey for the government to locate the least expensive route to connect the existing road east to Whitemouth with the road west from Kenora and Keewatin to the Ontario boundary. The survey was completed in less than two years, on January 31, 1926, at a cost of \$4,405.89, out of an allotment of \$5,000. On July 1, 1932, the highway was officially opened at a ceremony at the Manitoba/Ontario boundary. Information is on the plaque inside the Information Centre at the boundary.

In the winter of 1924, my father decided he would file for a homestead on land at the west end of Star Lake after having travelled through the area on foot, during the survey. Later he commissioned Gus Lindquist, John Brees and Tom Hicks, all year 'round residents of the area, to cut logs for a cabin. The logs were subsequently cut, notched and erected. For several years the structure stood without a roof, without all but three windows and a doorway.

Dad took Mother and his brother Ernest for their first visit to Star Lake in 1928, travelling by canoe from Ingolf, where the families were holidaying, across Long Pine Lake, a mile and a half portage

to West Hawk Lake, then along the west side of West Hawk to Penniac Bay, portaged around the falls on Star Creek, and thence to the western corner of Star Lake. They had never seen such fishing! When they reached the cabin there was a dead deer inside the four walls. Mother agreed that if a back door and a screened veranda were added, she would happily spend summers in this wilderness, so many miles from the rail line. The highway would be coming through soon and only a little more than a mile away, by land or water.

As soon as school was out in 1930, the entire Hunt family, Mother, Father, two boys, two girls, hired girl and an Airedale dog made their way from Winnipeg via Whitemouth, Ingolf and thence to what was to become the Lone Star Cabin at the southwest corner of Star Lake, the first summer cottage on Star Lake.

In the following years, the whole 40 acres of land was fenced with barbed wire. A field behind the cabin was cleared and ploughed by a team of horses that came in by the trail around the west side of the lake. Two horses were kept in a tent for transportation and going to the store at West Hawk Lake, just west of Crescent Beach. The Nellis family opened their store at the top of the hill in 1931. The village of West Hawk Lake was in its infancy. Mr. McKenzie had begun to build his cabins above where Gus Lindquist had had his shack. Sam Yanich was no longer Sabbo, the boatman for the government launch on West Hawk Lake, but had built his garage just west of the Nellis store. He later married and built another service station at the junction of the highway and the Falcon Lake Road. About the same time the Trans-Canada Restaurant appeared, owned and operated by Katie Budzinski and her two daughters, the forerunners of Frank and Adele Reichert.

For fresh milk, a pair of goats was acquired. They did not need as much feed as a cow. For several years, there were kids. The large island in the middle of the lake was named Goat Island. "Billy" was kept there in the summer, his odour was most offensive. Chickens and geese were also kept but never eaten by the family — who could eat a family pet?

One wonders how Mother managed in those early years, miles from the closest civilization, with no means of communication, no refrigeration, never knowing when Father with provisions would arrive. But she loved it! Along with the hardships were many happy times, and lots of company. A sense of humour went a long way to make up for the inadequacies of the camp.

The cottage was only 20x20'. Mother's boast was that she could sleep 14. The overload slept in a 12x18' tent that Dad had camped in as a boy before the turn of the century, near Georgeville, on the shores of Lake Memphremagog in the Eastern

Townships.

When the family made its first annual trek to Penniac Mine in 1931, everything was just the way it had been when the mine ceased operation in about 1913. There were three bunk houses, a chemist's shack, a blacksmith's shack and the mill complete with its little railway for transporting the ore from the shaft to the mill. There was also a cart, similar to a Red River cart, used to transport the ore to the lake front where it was loaded on a barge.

When the Whiteshell Forest Reserve came into existence, the homestead was cancelled. We did not live on the land a full six months of each year. In any case, Father became an amateur prospector and spent many hours during the remainder of his life searching for gold and other marketable minerals. The "glory holes" back in the bush are mute testimony to his expertise with dynamite.

Year-round local residents were Gus Lindquist, the prospector who lived for some time in the log cabin of Mr. MacPherson, the auctioneer. He had built well back from the lake, behind the present site of the University Geology buildings. In the early forties, Katherine (Hunt) and her husband Scotty purchased the MacPherson cabin. Unfortunately a year or two later, we went down in the spring to discover that not only had the large pine trees on the way to the mine been cut, but the log cabin had been burned to the ground. They never did rebuild.

"Ambitious Joe" was the boat builder, who rented boats from a dock near the portage, just after that road was opened. I can still smell the fish left on the shore to rot in the sun by his customers.) His successor was Nels Larson, who lived in a shack in the bay, past Normans'.

At the other end of the lake, at the meadow where Bill and Ruth Crocker built in the fifties, was the log cabin left from Penniac mine days. In my time, it was first lived in by "Shorty" who shot himself in a hotel room in Winnipeg, on a May 24 long weekend, sometime in the early forties. The cabin was later taken over by the Letains - Charlie, a Belgian, his wife Annie, a Cockney, and their daughter.

In 1932, Bill and Sis Norman, an English couple living in Winnipeg with one daughter Iris (Birch), built just west of the old portage established by the Penniac Mine. Perhaps it was the following year that Ed and Anne Dowton, another English couple, contracted with John Blees to build them a log cottage on the eastern side of the lake, about a quarter-mile from the portage.

Next came the Townsends, a little farther south along the shore than the Dowtons. Friends of the Normans, the Cochranes and Dab Balfour, originally from South Africa, built in 1939 on a lot almost next door to the Norman cottage. Their cottage was almost duplicated by other friends from

Fort Garry, the Basfords, in 1940. About the same time, the Cockshuts built just south of the point across from the Normans.

During this era, a fair bit of visiting went on between the different camps. On one occasion, a group of us attended the Saturday night dance at Ingolf. It was a long trip home in a terrible thunderstorm. We didn't usually stay out until three a.m.! For a few years there were even winter get-togethers in Winnipeg. Everyone knew everyone else. If there was a boat coming into "our end of the lake", the people in it were coming to see us!

Building on the lake came to a halt during the Second World War. After the war, the subdivision of lots began. "The old order changeth yielding place to new."

In the late thirties, a camp was planned by an American-based service club on the east side of the lake. It never materialized but later a tourist camp was built and run by Harry Ealing and his wife, just down the hill from the proposed camp, after the road was built connecting Star Lake to the Falcon Lake Road. This became the Keswick Camp in the fifties.

By 1950, the Hunt log cabin was getting too small for the ever-expanding extended family - ten grandchildren at that time. Eventually there were 14. (There are now 21 great-grandchildren, and there will be more!)

Dr. Douglas and his wife Eloise bought a cottage at Keewatin in 1953. John and Margaret Carter built a cottage next door, across the creek from the log cabin in 1954. In 1977, they moved to Kenora. Dave and Carol and their family bought their cottage, while Katherine and Scotty (Albert Scott) and their family have maintained the original log cabin.

In all the years, only once did someone arrive by land. He was trying to walk around the lake, by following the shoreline, an impossibility because of Dead Man's Swamp. He was promptly escorted by Father back to where he had come from!

Dad spent a good part of his last summer in the log cabin at Star Lake. He died in January 1976 at the age of 93. Mother was there for all but her last summer, when she fell and broke her hip. Although she did walk again, she died in April 1980, just three months before her 95th birthday.

They were a most unusual couple. Tales still abound, but there is no doubt that they have left a legacy in the eastern part of the province, and especially in the Whiteshell.

STAR LAKE MORE ON HUNT FAMILY STORY

By Katherine Scott (Hunt)

August 1928 — Family vacations at Ingolf, Ontario.

Grandad, Pearl and Uncle Ernest went from Ingolf, Ontario, by canoe, via Long Pine Lake, made a 3/4-mile portage across to West Hawk Lake then up Star Creek to Star Lake, across the lake to the location of the cabin. At this time, Pearl was three months pregnant and the cabin partly built.

1929 — The family vacationed at Matlock Beach, Lake Winnipeg.

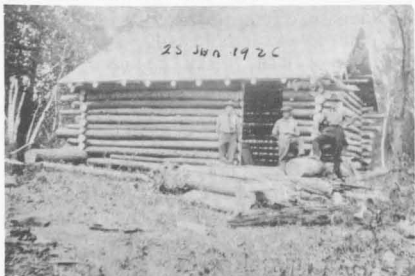
1930 — Family vacationed at Ingolf.

In July or August, Grandad, Grandad's mother, Catherine Hunt, and children Katherine and Douglas went to Star Lake. This time they crossed Long Pine Lake by motor launch operated by a Mrs. Knudson. Then they would walk the portage to West Hawk where Sam Yanich operated a freighting service on West Hawk Lake. When they got to this side, they would portage to Star Lake and cross it by canoe to the cabin. This canoe is owned by Katherine Scott, one of the children who made that trip in 1930. When they arrived at the cabin on the west side of the lake, it was still only partially built. There were no doors or windows and there was a dead deer inside the cabin. A look was all some members of the family wanted, so they all returned to Ingolf the same day. They returned when the doors and windows had been installed and the cottage was livable, and members of the family have been returning every year since.

It is noted in diaries that fishing was excellent in those days. Everytime you put a line in, you caught a fish.

1937 — Scotty (Albert Scott) first visited Star Lake that summer, and I am still coming every year for part of the summer and enjoying Star Lake's quietness and beauty. At first I visited at the Hunt cottage, then for awhile after Kay and I were married, we had our own cottage.

During that summer, Doug Hunt took a Rover



June 26, 1926, unidentified workers at Hunts' cabin at Star Lake.



In front of partially constructed cabin. Mr. W.H. Hunt left of doorway - other two persons unknown.



W.H. Hunt at front of canoe. Ernest Hunt (brother of W.H.) at rear of canoe, at the start of portage from Long Pine Lake to West Hawk Lake. This would be about 1926, the year construction of the cabin started.

Group to Star Lake. They camped in tents on the west shore near the Hunt cabin. Those in the group were Jim Richmond, Wes Woolston, Elmer Walsh and Bill Jacitson (he was later killed overseas). Their transportation from West Hawk Lake by the Star Lake portage was by rowboat, a distance of 1 1/2-2 miles. The hornets were so bad that summer they were eating the Rovers' fish on the campfire.

The water of the lake was low, giving wide sandy beaches on the west side of Star Lake.

Because of the heat, blueberries were plentiful. This is something that hasn't changed in over 50 years.

1938 — Romance was in the air and Scotty was again back at Star Lake. When it was time to go back to Winnipeg, Mr. Hunt and Kay paddled with me to the portage where the car was parked.

At the portage, bicycle racers who were going from Winnipeg to Kenora were swimming and diving in the lake with nothing on. Mr. Hunt tried to shield his daughter from the embarrassing sight of these nude bodies. No privacy in those days either!!!

This was before insect repellant. The mosquitoes and flies were every bit as bad then or worse than today. Beds were fixed up with bars above the center of the bed, then cheese cloth was draped over to try and keep the insects off you while you slept. This was not very effective and made it hot for sleeping.

In 1947 we bought what was known as the MacPhersons' cabin. Mr. MacPherson was a Winnipeg auctioneer who had built one of the first cabins on the west shore of Star Lake where the University Geology buildings are now.

Before we bought the cabin Gus Lindquist spent



Douglas Hunt on log (son of W.H. and Mrs. Hunt and brother of my wife).



August 6, 1928, W.H. and Pearl Hunt in doorway of their cabin.



August 1932, W.H. Hunt with daughter Katherine (now Scott) and son Douglas. This picture was taken by Catherine Hunt Sr., W.H. Hunt's mother.

his winters in the cabin.

We spent our summers from 1947 to 1953 there. One of the major jobs I did was clearing all the underbush around the cabin and in the area to open it up just a little bit. The winter of 1953-1954 the cabin burned to the ground, probably while it was occupied by a prospector, fisherman or hunter. At that time we could not afford insurance, so it was a complete loss. We don't even have a picture to remind us of those summers.

When we purchased the MacPherson cabin, Charlie Litain and his daughter lived year-round on the "meadow" that is at the end of Block 4, 5, 6 road just behind the present beach and dock.

While we were there, Harry and Margaret Ealing and family lived year-round on the east shore and operated a tourist camp with a store (where Keswik Camp is located) where we could buy groceries, ice and other essentials.

Sam Yanich, who operated a garage where Keystone Cabins are when he first came to this area, had by now moved to the garage at the junction of what was known as No. 1 Highway and the Falcon

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Lake Road. That location is now the junction of No. 44 and 301 Highway and had been named "Sam's Corner".

After our cabin burned down, we spent our summers at the Hunt cabin. We (Katherine and Albert Scott), (daughter and son-in-law of the original owners) and now the owners of the cabin. Over the years we have upgraded and improved the cabin. We have no electricity and no running water and this is the way our family likes it.

Katherine Scott (nee Hunt) passed away May 16, 1991 in Winnipeg. She was cremated and her ashes spread on the meadow at Star Lake which her dad had cleared to grow crops for his animals. This was on his homestead.

STAR LAKE REMINISCENCE

By Betty Jane Wylie

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(Editor's Note: Is in the Block 1, 2, or 3 area)

My father, Jack McKenty, bought his cottage on Star Lake in the Whiteshell in the spring of 1955 after a heart attack had put an end to his driving trips. He was supposed to stay put and take it easy, so he found a summer home to pour his energy into. I don't know who had built the tiny place: two bedrooms, living room, kitchen, and an outhouse, no power, no water, zip. But it was love at first sight, first for him and then that summer for us — my husband and I and our year-old daughter. It was right on the lake, on the little bay that drains down at the end through swampy land and under the highway and into West Hawk Lake. A footpath meandered along the shoreline from the cottage down to a small beaver pond at the end of the bay, with a little footbridge over it leading to the road. A tiny waterfall from the bay into the pond indicated the run-off. The dam was at the other end of the pond. The bay itself offered a small natural harbour on our side of the entrance to it — a low rock promontory in the lee of which my father moored his beloved motor boat, beside his new, foolishly expensive, anchored dock that heaved in the winter ice.

I think Jack had power installed in the cottage before the flag pole, but the running water had to wait. Visiting friends used to sit on the dock and look over at the rock, letting their eyes run up, up, up the height of that steel flagpole set on the very tip of the point. Heads tilted back, they would gaze in awe at the outside Union Jack flying in the wind and listen to the steel lanyard ringing against the pole. Finally, against their will, these friends (anyone who came) would turn and ask, "All right, how



Inga and Jack McKenty - note the siren on the front of boat, in front of windshield.

did you get it up?"

Dr. McKenty was a general practitioner with resources. He did a lot of Workmen's Compensation, including for Dominion Bridge and he knew the foreman there. He ordered and paid for the steel pole, cast in three separate pieces, with screw threads (I suppose), to be forged and delivered to Star Lake. Then it had to be raised. The foreman came and studied the lake, the bay, the thrust of the little point. Then he spent a weekend (free room and board and all the Canadian Club he could drink, plus time-and-a-half), walking around the bay and drilling little holes in the rock, into which he plugged and cemented small steel rings. (You can still find them if you know what you're looking for.) He measured and ordered the steel guy wires. Then, on an agreed-upon weekend, the foreman and an appropriate number of forest rangers convened by my father, with who knows what powers of persuasion, took their stations around the bay, positioned at each ring. I did not witness the raising of the flagpole but it must have been quite a sight. I'm not good at engineering, but I gather that the pole, once assembled, was hoisted up and pulled into place by the sheer muscle of those men hauling on the guy wires. The foreman was on the spot, a natural declivity where the base of the pole was centered, and everyone held the thing in place while he poured cement into the hole and anchored the pole. I don't know who held it steady while the concrete set, or how the time was passed. It must have cost a lot of beer. Even more costly, however, was the gold leaf paint lovingly applied by my father to the ball on the topmost tip of the pole.

I bought my father a yachting cap and a little tin trumpet to toot for the raising and lowering of the flag, which was done each day (almost) at daybreak and (precisely) at sundown. I also bought him other flags, of which more anon.

"Do you realize," my mother said to my father at the end of that first summer "that we could have had running water for less than the price of that flagpole?" I think he was truly astonished. It had never occurred to him where the water came from for washing and shaving. Drinking water came in a covered container he filled at a local spring a mile or



McKenty cottage at Star Lake.



Jack McKenty on left with a friend.

so away, and carried home in the car. Who needed anything more? Mother, intent on sparing her husband, who had already had one heart attack, had simply hauled the utility water up from the lake in pail after hand-dipped pail. The next summer she got her water.

As I said, I used to give my dad flags, but his favourite was always the Union Jack, even more than the Canadian Ensign, though he flew that too. He was dying during the fall of 1966, when the House debate was going on about Pearson's new flag, the Canadian Maple Leaf that was ready to fly for Centennial Year. I used to visit my father in his bedroom where he held court and said goodbye to people during his illness, and I would help him write letters and make notes of some of his stories that I wanted to remember. I wrote several letters on his behalf to his M.P., in which he fought to save the Canadian Ensign, resisting to the end that barbarous red maple leaf. No one said he was right, but he had a fierce, total conviction of his beliefs.

Jack McKenty taught me about elves. "Every lake should have an elf," he said. By this he meant someone to help. Actually, he had a battalion of elves, all overpaid and all conscienceless about cheating him. For a free two-week holiday for wife and family, food and booze included, plus several dollars above the going wage, an elf was persuaded to slap paint on the cottage, neglecting the back wall which didn't show. For too much an hour another elf con-

descended to throw landfill (garbage picked up for an exorbitant fee from other cottagers happy to have someone haul it away) into a hollow just below the cottage, turning it, I must admit, into a pleasant flat piece of lawn where my children were able to play in later years. Forest rangers were among the most loyal of his elves, as it turned out.

Jack himself was not a handyman, though he learned in those last years to putter. (Some of his puttering was exasperating. He decided that our blackened barbecue was an eyesore and carefully painted it with some aluminum paint left over from painting the flagpole. It took us a long time to scrape it off.) He was also a formal man, even at the lake. So he had little paths cut through the rocks and pine needles, outlining a route down to the water — not bad, but then he outlined the paths with rocks which he painted white and filled in the way with sharp white gravel. It never occurred to him that anyone would go anywhere barefoot, even to the dock to swim. It took years to get those stones covered over with moss and pine needles.

Jack did not always endear himself to the cottagers at Star Lake. In the first place, there was the siren. My father loved his motor boat; he fitted it with every gadget he could find, including a siren, a loud one. A creature of habit, my father would make his rounds of the lake before sundown every night (that is, before he lowered the flag). Rounding into the first big bay, he would push his siren. Going into what we called Dark Bay, he would push his siren once on entering, and again on leaving, and in the main bay leading to the government dock where my children were to take Red Cross swimming lessons in later years, Jack would sound the siren three times on the way around. Sundown, of course, was children's bedtime at the lake. I'm sure there were a lot of groans and curses hurled at that siren as it roused the kids for one more assault on the day before they settled and parents collapsed. Fortunately, Jack went to the lake only on weekends. I found out about his nightly siren attack only after we began to spend our summers at the lake. "Oh, yes," neighboring cottagers would say, "you're the siren's daughter." Not Lorelei, but the siren's daughter.

Then there was the Battle of the Beaver Dam. Jack's dock was built during a high water period of the lake. Other, longer-term cottagers' docks were washed over with water in the ensuing high-water years and they tried to lower the level of the lake. To do this, they smashed the beaver dam at the end of our bay. My father would go and rebuild the dam; more frequently, the forest rangers enlisted by my father would go and rebuild the dam. This carried on as a cold war — a water war — over two entire summers. Hand-to-hand battle never broke

out because there was a drought and the water level lowered tempers.

We loved the place, too, but we were outgrowing it. We had three more children after the perfect little girl we brought down to see the place one summer afternoon — ending by staying for the long weekend. We were actually negotiating the purchase of an island in a lake just the other side of the Ontario border when we arrived for what we thought might be our last summer using the Star Lake cottage. My father was way ahead of us. As a total surprise for us he had added on: a huge bed-sitting room and a complete indoor bathroom, plus two propane-fuelled space heaters, one in the new bedroom, one in the living room, so that our babies shouldn't be cold. After that, we never thought of going anywhere else. My father explained: "I love this place so much," he said, "that anyone who uses it as you have, I want to love it too. This is for you and your family."

We were at the lake in mid-August of 1966 when we learned that my father was dying. He missed one weekend, a rarity. He was having tests, he said. Without a phone, we had to go to the nearest gas station to use a public pay phone. I remember standing there feeling a cold clutch of fear when he told me the tests were "just to rule out the possibility of cancer". The following week I stood in that phone booth again listening in stunned silence to my mother as she told me that Jack McKenty had, at best, about four months left to live. We packed up right away, and closed the cottage, hoping, but not believing, that we might be able to have one more Thanksgiving all together at the lake. Blinded with tears, I put things away, sorted and tidied and packed. We hauled up the boat, stored the water skis and inflatable rafts and toys and the (new, unpainted) barbecue in Tuckaway House, an exquisite storage shed my father had someone build (no mail order utility sheds for him). It was my first experience of saying goodbye to/for someone who was dying and the pain of it was staggering.

I dwell on this because of what happened the next year. We had been too busy that spring to manage any weekends so that when we came to the lake it was for the summer — for the first time with no prospect of seeing my parents every weekend. My father had died on his birthday, December 6, 1966, and mother was loath to come without him. (She did come once, but it was unfortunate.) I had expected more pain when I returned to this place so beloved by that stubborn, funny, loving man, my father, but I found such was not the case. I had said all my goodbyes. What Star Lake gave me then, instead of pain, was the comfort of happy memories, and its continuing, soothing beauty.

I live now year-round in a cottage on a lake. When

I went hunting for it I had a certain kind of shoreline in mind, a cozy one, with the opposite shore within comfortable swimming distance. I knew I didn't want any gravel paths or lawns to cut; I knew I wanted a fireplace. I knew I wanted a dock that wouldn't heave in the winter ice. Of course, I had to have an elf — to plow my drive in the winter and see to my pipes and clear out my dead trees — all the things that elves do for one. I wanted birch trees and pines and tamarack, I wanted clear, fairly deep water, I wanted loons. I couldn't reproduce the clink of the steel lanyard on the flagpole, but in many other ways, I have the pleasure of déjà vu. My husband is gone now. No father, no husband here. But I feel them with me, especially when I hear the cry of the loons across the water. I've said all my good-byes. My memories remain intact. And I love this place so much that anyone who will use it, I will love too, and welcome, like my children and my grandchildren.

My older son John helped me buy the place, checking out the construction and the wiring, and so on. Most of the family came on the first Victoria Day weekend I was here and the menfolk were making lists of chores to be done, baby-proofing to be effected, when John said, "Gee, it's nice to have a cottage in the family again!" Star Lake is still with us, only in a different place.

STAR LAKE BLOCK 1, LOT 4

By Joan Grenon

The Navajo-red cottage nestled between a collection of poplar, maple and evergreens to the back and birch and balsam on the lakeside was originally owned by a member of the Curtis family, as was much of the land along this shore. The Curtises were followed by the Jack Weir family who named their summer retreat WEIR HERE. Here the Weirs (Jack Weir was the Provincial Horticulturist) added a collection of books on Manitoba plant life, two cotoneaster shrubs, a boat/house and an extension with indoor plumbing. At least one of the early owners must also have done a lot of entertaining. When purchased in 1979 by John and Joan Grenon, the current occupants, the cottage possessed what must have been the best collection of can openers, coffee pots and cutlery on the lake.

The Grenons put their stamp on the property by painting the cedar lawn furniture yellow, enlarging the screened veranda and adding a deck. After some years of soul-searching they also abandoned the wood burning cook stove which, along with the view (there is an island in front and the sunsets are magnificent) had originally attracted us to the cottage. Once the stove was gone the ancient chimney could be removed and a row of kitchen cupboards added.



Grampa Mees at our cottage 'Sunnyside'.



Our waterfront and boat house at Star Lake.

This was desirable since the number of hungry mouths created by four-generation gatherings which include nine Grenon offspring, six spouses and an ever growing collection of grandchildren (eight to date) demanded a good food preparation area.

In the past ten years a floating dock has been added to accommodate sunbathers and the boat has been upgraded to handle water skiers who are growing in girth, as well as in proficiency.

At one time the plan was to hang a large representation of a frog and name the property Grenon's Grenouillère (translation "frogger"), thought particularly appropriate since John was a French teacher. However, the pattern for the sign was lost, John has now retired and a number of the young Grenons who were doing the jumping around when the cottage was purchased are now becoming the parents of the next generation. Indeed, some have landed in distant prairie cities but they do heed the annual migration pull to the cottage. The current weather-beaten sign reads simply GRENON. The sign is occasionally pushed over by zealous road maintenance people but it always gets righted. The message is obvious: at the cottage we will survive.

Grenon children in order of age with married name and location in brackets: Shelley (Lachuck-Regina), John-Paul (Calgary), Jim (Calgary), Cathy (Christie), Tony (Calgary), Patti, Michelle (Deal-ly), Bernie, Gerry.

STAR LAKE THE NORMANS COTTAGE

My father, William Norman, had our cottage built in 1930. He and my mother just wanted a spot in the country to spend summers and weekends.

They were getting tired of camping and Star Lake was the perfect spot. At that time, there were only two other cottages on the lake — the Downtons had a lovely log cabin on the east side further down, and across the lake on the west side the Hunts had a cabin, which I believe had been for hunting, then was turned into a summer cottage.

I was 11 years old when we got the cottage, called Sunnyside, and had many happy summers there, a wonderful place for kids and teenagers. We spent our days swimming and paddling around the lake in the canoe, going for long hikes around the lake, up to West Hawk and occasionally over to Falcon for a picnic.

There was nothing there at the time. We had the whole of Falcon Lake to ourselves. Many mornings we'd get up early to pick blueberries for breakfast and lots of pies, of course.

No other cottages were built near us for seven or eight years, then a few built west of us.

STAR LAKE BLOCK 1, LOT 7

By Ann Downton (first owner)

It would be 1931 or 1932 when we built our cottage. It was the second cottage on Star Lake, and it is now owned by K. Peters.

We came from Winnipeg by way of Beausejour, Whitemouth and Rennie as far as Penniac Bay on West Hawk Lake where the road ended. From this point to the cottage we would walk along the portage to Star Lake. The portage was where the Block 1, 2, 3 road now is. Some people paddled their canoes on the creek that connects the two lakes, but we always used the trail or portage that the prospectors made years before we arrived.

Our cottage was built by a craftsman, Mr. John Blies. He was from Norway where he had learned his trade of building with logs. My husband contacted Mr. Blies in Winnipeg. He bought a team of work horses at Whitemouth and drove them to Star Lake. He also brought some men to work for him and a Norwegian lady to do the cooking. They set up camp at our lot which consisted of a tent for Mr. Blies and the men and one for the cook and a cook tent and they lived in these tents all winter while the men went into the bush near Falcon Lake and cut and skidded out all the logs for the cabin. They also gathered blasted rock from the area for the fireplace that Mr. Blies built in the cottage.

Right from the beginning I loved the cottage and the lake and I would come down every chance I got. Sometimes I would come down by myself and spend my time drawing and painting. I found lots of scenes to reproduce on canvas. When I sold my cottage I took some of these pictures to my present home

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in Victoria, B.C., where I can look at them every day. When my husband went fishing, I would take my paints and sketch while he fished, sometimes in the boat and sometimes from the shore of one of the islands.

When we first started coming to the cottage we only had one car in the family, so if I was going to stay at the cottage, I would have no means of getting around except to walk. One day I had walked to West Hawk Lake for some very basic things like coal oil tea, coffee or maybe it was for a block of ice. Anyway, I spotted Barney, the horse. Mr. Nellis used to haul wood out of the bush, ice from the lake to the ice house and water from the well at the far side of Crescent Beach. After a bit of sweet talk, I persuaded Mr. Nellis to let me rent Barney for the summer.

I had to build a corral before the weekend when my husband would be back at the lake. I dragged together some fallen trees and somehow attached them to trees with bits of wire and some strong cord and by the time my husband arrived, Barney was at home in his new surroundings. My husband wasn't too impressed. He wanted to know what that was out there? I told him it was a horse. "I know that", he said, "but what is it doing there?" I told him the whole story and I kept Barney and spent a lovely summer exploring the area. I would ride to visit my only neighbors, the Hunts, who lived further along the lake.

Another summer I recovered a chesterfield and chair I was very fond of. I always had things to do at the cottage. Sometimes it was work because a log cabin must be kept in good repair or it would soon go to ruin. Sometimes it was a hobby or sometimes it was a book to read. I was never bored or lonesome.

In the early 1940s, we would spend Christmas Day with my mother. Then we would load up the car with our turkey and all the trimmings, and have our dinner all over again at the cottage, spend a few days, visit with Sam and Vicki and come back to the city, hoping the snow would all be gone by Easter for our next trip.

In those days the roads weren't opened in the winter, so we left our car at Sam's Garage and walked the rest of the way in the off season.

Big changes came to the Whiteshell while we were there, such as the surveying and opening up of cottage lots on all the lakes and roads being built to all these blocks over what seemed impossible terrain in some cases.

When electricity arrived, some people only wanted it for a few things like refrigeration and maybe an easier way to get water to the cottage. My husband was very firm about one thing. We were not getting rid of the wood stove. He wanted all the meals

cooked on the wood stove because food tasted better cooked over wood. Many old timers would agree with him. As long as we had the cottage, we kept the wood stove.

I'm sure everyone has a bear story. Mine happened one evening in the fall. I had brought two pails of acorns to the lake for the squirrels. I took them out of the car and set them to the side while I unpacked the car. Instinct made me look back down the road on one of my trips to the car. A big brown bear was heading right for the acorns. When he got there he started shovelling them into his mouth with his paw. I watched for a while, then I crept back to the cottage to make my standby lunch, bacon and eggs. The aroma reached the bear and he started coming toward the cottage. I banged two pans together but the bear kept coming closer. I remembered someone telling me to cup my hands around my mouth and make a SSSSHHHH SSSHHH sound. I did this and the bear looked up at me, turned and ran away. We were never bothered by him again.

Another scary experience happened late in the season when a girlfriend and I came to the cottage early in the day. Our husbands were to join us in the early evening after work. They didn't come and it got late, so we went to bed. We heard voices coming closer and closer but they weren't our husbands' voices. I went to the door and said, "Who are you, and what do you want?" It was Sam from the garage and a friend to tell us the men had had car trouble at Whitemouth and would be delayed. Sam's friend had never seen a real log cabin and wondered if they could come in. So after we had dressed, I unlocked the door, made coffee, showed them around and had a bite to eat. They went on their way just as the men arrived.

We kept the cottage while my husband worked in Edmonton. After we moved back to Winnipeg there was a road to the door, we got a lot of use out of it and I kept it for a few years after my husband died. After I moved to Victoria, I found I couldn't keep the cottage so I sold it for something in the range of \$9,000. Isn't that a scanty price for what cottages sell for today?

I must mention that after Mr. Blies finished our cottage he went on to West Hawk Lake and built the Ranger's house (now administrative building) and the campground office and what later became known as Sam's Garage. He also built some cottages on Crescent Beach at West Hawk Lake.

STAR LAKE BLOCK 2, LOT 2, MCGIBBINS A FOUR GENERATION SUMMER COTTAGE

In the fall of 1950, Mr. and Mrs. Archie McGib-

bins purchased the lease of Block 2, Lot 2, Star Lake. In the spring of 1951, their cottage was built by Buster Bellemere of West Hawk Lake.

The cottage has been used continually for four generations of their family, making it the cottage longest in the same family on our Block.

The Normans', Saunders', Dowtons', Curtis', Major Hunt's, the Davis' and Keswick Camp (which was then called Star Lake Lodge) were about the only cottages in 1951 that we are aware of. In the next few years, Buster Bellemere also built the Alex Hunt, Brad Papworth, Bill Shields and Inglis family cottages. The Hunts, Papworth (daughter Mitchell) and Shields are still at Star Lake.

Archie McGibbins retired from the Royal Bank in 1950 and had planned to spend many years at his retirement cottage at Star Lake. Unfortunately, in 1953 he passed away. His wife continued to spend about three months each year at the cottage, visited by their only child, Bob and wife Judy, and their four children, Maureen, Margo, Joan and Greg. Now the grandchildren are annual visitors at the cottage.

In the early days, the south end of Star Lake laid no claim to cottages, sandy beaches, docks or boats. It was pasture land well used by a farmer for his herd of cows. The public beach was located at what is now Keswick Camp, where the Red Cross swimming lessons were held. The camp operated a store which was used by the few cottagers.

It was several years before we were serviced by electricity, and the favourite occupation was chopping wood for the cook stove.

Animals abounded at that time and the deer were daily visitors at the salt blocks in front of our cottage.

STAR LAKE BLOCK 2, LOT 7 By Doris Nedohin

A night to remember at Star Lake.

On a very hot, humid evening in the late 1970s there was an experience so vivid in my memory, one that was terrifying and never to be forgotten.

The cottage windows and doors, except the screen doors, were all open to any breeze that might come our way. After the usual enjoyable day in the water, my grandchildren, Dana and David, plus Missy the dog were sleeping soundly. My daughter, Barbara, and I chose some reading material and retired hopefully for a good night's rest but shortly realized this was not to be!

Around midnight we were aroused by a noise at the back door. I thought this was strange because the possibility of anyone reaching the cottage after dark over the rough stony pathway, would be too

great a challenge. They would most likely fall and break a leg in the attempt.

We both jumped from our beds and slowly and cautiously made our way to the door only to discover the blind had sprung to the top and the screen had been pushed in! After switching on the yard light, we were paralyzed by seeing a huge bear sitting, and looking at us, in the kiddies sandbox. We realized how close we had come to having this visitor in the cottage. Probably the noise of the blind going up scared him.

We were shaking so badly we could hardly communicate. We closed all windows and doors and pushed a massive oak table against one door and another large barricade at the other. We each grabbed the lifter and poker from the stove and along with two large pots, took up vigil, and made "music" for the rest of the night. The bear took off only to return a couple of hours later. On the second visit we gave him a blast from an air horn at high speed.

The next day we ordered double-doors for the entrances. And to this day, I cannot retire and leave open our large window, the one I feel could easily accommodate Mr. Bear!!

**STAR LAKE
BLOCK 3, LOT 4**
By Diane Letwin

We had been looking for a cottage for quite some time when I saw the ad for one at Star Lake.

We were especially interested in the Whiteshell because my dad had worked on the original Trans-Canada Highway (now No. 44). When we drove to Kenora to visit friends, he would recall the many spots where the crew would set up camp and the various stories associated with the site. His ability to recognize places after many years was amazing.

When I was a youngster, we stopped many times to have a swim in West Hawk Lake. We were attracted to the Penniac Bay area. Maybe we knew that area would some day be home.

Unfortunately, we lost my Dad before our dream to own a cottage was realized. When Mom and I found our way to Block 3 we were amazed at the row of cars that proceeded us. The real estate gentleman was very nice and most attentive. It was as if he knew we meant business. While mother waited in the cottage with his wife, I looked around the grounds and had my first meeting with Mr. Bill Davis, our next door neighbor-to-be.

The cottage was older and in need of considerable work but it was well designed, had a lot of windows and a lot of light.

When I came through the back door, Mom was sitting at the table. She just seemed to belong there.



Irene Letwin - known as "Ma Letwin" to her Star Lake friends.

Doris Litler, Ina Wright, and Ma Letwin, enjoying the warm water of Star Lake.

That particular spot became her chair for many years to come whether it was playing cards, meal time or watching TV.

Even when we added the dinette and the table in the living room was replaced with a sofa bed, that spot remained Mom's.

We took possession July 25, 1972. Mr. Cromack, the previous owner, who had retired to B.C. wrote us a very nice letter to greet us.

As is usual with a new home, we scrubbed and cleaned and made room for our possessions.

In those days, garbage was picked up from your lot so we had quite a collection for the fellows.

When Mom and I finally settled down to rest, it was quite dark. For reasons unknown, our pup, Mr. Chips, began to bark fiercely at the door. Although I'm not a coward, I wasn't prepared to go out and investigate.

The next morning, I discovered one of our garbage cans had been dragged into the bush behind us. Because of the size and weight of the can it had to be an inquisitive bear. The only thing that I could think of that attracted him (or her) was some old spices I had thrown out.

That summer, whenever Mr. Chips and I walked in the bush behind us, I would have to pick up some item that Mr. Bruin lost as he dragged his treasures.

From then on we were cautious not to put out anything that the bears might find tempting and until the year of the fire on the south side of the lake, we didn't see much of them. That year was very dry and the poor things must have been desperate for food. They didn't really bother us but the garbage cans were frequently checked.

It took me a while to discover where my dog disappeared soon after we arrived each weekend. The Davis' used to invite him in for "Tea". No wonder he had a weight problem. He really missed them when they moved as we all did.

As years went by, we became close friends with Gordon and Ina Wright next door. When we burned the midnight oil, it was either a really serious game of canasta or blind 31.

Even after the Wrights sold their cottage, we got together several times a summer, for a visit and cards.

We made many changes to the cottage and the yard. As years went by, the old poplars were replaced with my precious evergreens. Mom used to laugh at the way I talked to the trees I planted.

I have many beautiful memories of these years.

In 1986, Mom was not very strong, so our trips became less frequent. When we did come, she still liked to look after her flowers. She loved to look for four-leaf clovers and probably holds a record of finding more than anyone else in the Whiteshell.

I lost Mom in 1987 and my trips down became less frequent. It was hard to adjust to not having her there.

I hoped to see more of Star Lake in 1990. I'm thankful to Steve Coma for keeping an eye on the place when I wasn't there. He was a great help.

Buddy introduced us to the world of show dogs. He will always be our special "Champion".

I guess many people may know me as the person who has been walking her dog for many years. I've done this morning and night all the years I've been at Star Lake.

In 1989 I acquired my second pup, a female German Shepherd that I intend to show as well. Her call name is "STAR" — no kidding.

If I can keep up with them, I'll be the woman walking two dogs in the future.

God willing, I intend to make Star Lake my retirement home.

The lake world is so much more relaxed than the city with its constant hustle and bustle. Everyone is friendlier — maybe because they take time to be.

I didn't realize when I sat down to write this I would have so much to say. I hope these ramblings express a bit of how I feel about this special place.

THE TINKLERS AT STAR LAKE

LOT 3, BLOCK 4

1955-1989

By Evelyn and Bob Tinkler

August 20, 1989

It all started in early 1955. After being frequent guests at a friend's cottage at Lake Brereton, we decided "lake life" was for us.

We learned sections along the south shore of Falcon Lake were being opened up, so investigated possibilities there. In the meantime, a chap who worked with Bob said he and his brother had a lot at Star Lake and that we could have it for the taxes since they had no plans to develop it. We rushed down to check it out. It was in Block 4, not cleared and had no road access. However, we were young and ambitious and hastened to make plans for its development.

development.

At that time, Keswick was known as Star Lake Lodge and owned by Harry Ealing who had cabins and flat-bottomed boats for rent. From that location we could walk over the hill to our property during favourable weather or rent one of Harry's cabins when it rained. Bob managed to find an old plywood boat for \$10. which he made seaworthy. He would walk the hill and row back for the family, Evelyn and two young daughters, Marilyn and Catherine.

The first order of business was to clear the lot, this being accomplished with a good old-fashioned swede-saw and help from brother Ed. We camped overnight in a tent in the early days. Each Friday night, Bob loaded the trailer with lumber, etc. ready to head for the lake at the crack of dawn Saturday. Upon arriving, he would rent two of Harry's flat-bottomed boats, lash them together, (at 50 cents per day), load the lumber and paddle around the point to our makeshift dock. In 1956, we had progressed to preparing forms for concrete footings. This, of course, required gravel, cement and water. The water was no problem but the gravel had to be trailered in from the pit and loaded into 5-gallon pails and rowed around to the dock as did numerous bags of cement. This was the easy part. Hauling it up the steep bank to the building site was tougher. However, we managed and also managed to lose 25 pounds of girth that summer.

Three other cottages were in close proximity, one owned by Lou Robertson, one by Bob Melville and the other, just built, purchased by Ed Reeks. Both the Melvilles and the Reeks were very kind to Bob during construction by providing a warm, dry place to bunk once the tent phase had passed. After the floor structure was complete, we pitched the tent on the floor which made it somewhat more comfortable for the family. In those days, there was no power, so all cutting etc. was done by hand, as it had been by our neighbours when they built.

Many funny incidents occurred during these days, not to mention the battle of the bugs. Finally, the walls were up and the roof on. This provided protection from rain but we suffered the flying pests until the windows were in place. When we first moved in some furniture, only a rough floor was in place with plenty of cracks. To reduce the draft, we laid a tarpaulin on the floor. This was O.K. until the wind got up, billowed the tarp and tipped the chairs over. At times our neighbours must have felt for us as they would wander over with a treat for the girls and a nightcap for Mom and Dad.

Many times, while sitting outside by our borrowed tent, Ed and I were visited by deer, mainly at meal-times, when they heard the tinkle of our coffee spoons. Our young gals were most impressed with

nature and the wildlife, in particular, the deer which they often fed by hand.

During 1957 we were more or less closed in and impervious to rain and insects but still had a great deal of furniture and material to bring in by boat. We soon were faced with the opportunity to clear a right-of-way through the bush in order to attract a power line. This we did and felt that a major victory had been won. Still no road!!! I don't remember the exact date that a road was put in to a point about 1,000 feet from our lot. And, wouldn't you know, all the furniture etc. was in place except a fridge which we acquired for \$75 and carried through the bush the 1,000 feet to the cottage. A couple of years later, they extended the road to our four cottages and we were in heaven.

As time went on, progress was slow since we would buy a board, nail it on then wait until we could afford another board and so on. Eventually some interior panelling was installed and the hanging blankets which had provided meager privacy up until then were retired.

In those days we could troll along the shore in front of the cottage and catch as many 4-pound pickerel as we could use. This has sure changed, thanks to the many poachers who dropped their boats into Star Lake and diminished the fish population significantly. It hasn't recovered to this date.

Earlier I mentioned that only four cottages comprised Block 4. There was nothing in Blocks 5 and 6. In fact, Block 6 was a meadow where horses at the Star Lake Gold Mine grazed, and it was not unusual to see deer or moose in the area. As there was no garbage pick-up, we washed, then burned in the cook stove all food tins to ensure they remained odour free in order to avoid attracting skunks or bears. Bears were not at all uncommon in the area. Most people hauled their refuse to the dump. After the road was built, we were treated to garbage pick-up at the rear of our driveway for the staggering sum of \$5. per year.

Significant changes have taken place! I'm certain we all agree and have great difficulty in rationalizing the justification for the high rates now in effect, particularly when they refer to certain 'services' which are hard to identify.

In early 1960, No. 3 daughter Bev arrived and our family of five, with still austere facilities, continued to enjoy primitive lake life. Just about this time, since we still employed the outdoor "biffy" as part of the whole scene Evelyn had an experience which resulted in expedited upgrading of the outdoor facility. When she opened the screen door of the veranda to toss out a basin of water, an uninvited visitor was within range and a good target for a free face wash. It is difficult to judge whether Ev or the bear was the more surprised but it resulted in very clear

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orders for Bob to get on with installing a flushomatic successor to the outdoor job.

During the times when Marie Reeks and Ev were down alone with the children, some comfort was achieved by a "crank" telephone system which Bob installed between the two cottages. The idea grew and before too long this system was extended to five cottages and is still in place today, even though we have all enjoyed commercial telephone service in recent years.

As time passed, more improvements were in evidence. These included a glassed-in veranda, a front deck, electric heat to replace the cook stove and oil space heater, concrete steps to the dock, a fireplace and, within the last few years, a garage with workshop and storage. Of course, there were many interim steps to all of these becoming in place but, to make a long story short, Lot 3, Block 4 has provided an exciting place to raise three daughters and provide many happy years, 34 to date, for the Tinkler family. The girls became excellent swimmers and lifeguards and were capable of driving a boat pulling skiers, to father's satisfaction, and showed no inclination to join the 7-11 or Mac's crowd of hangouts.

We would be very remiss if we failed to comment on how fortunate we have been to have terrific neighbours extending in both directions from our cottage. We all respect one another's privacy while remaining just a shout away from lending anyone a helping hand.

As of this date, the girls, husbands and grandkids line up to come to the cottage, and there is evidence that this enthusiasm will extend the saga of the Tinklers at Star Lake for many years to come.

STAR LAKE BLOCK 4, LOT 5 THE GRIMES FAMILY

We, the Grimes family, bought our cottage at Star Lake in 1972 from Mr. Gordon Mussell. We had rented for two years from Mr. Hazell at Caddy Lake, so we knew we liked the Whiteshell. It was a great event in our lives when we moved into our own little place.

At that time, we had four children between the ages of 10 and 15 years. The children and I spent the whole summer, from the last day of school to Labour Day at the lake; Dad came down for the weekends and his holidays. Every couple of years we would loose a child to the work force. The last year, I had one child with me, and my husband had three with him in the city!

People used to say, "What do you do all summer? Don't you get bored?" Never! There was reading, writing letters, knitting, sunning, walking,

visiting with neighbors, and just plain doing nothing. Our children were very fortunate for the first three or four years we were at Star Lake. Eddie Rutherford and his brothers from the island ran

a water ski school. It was a marvelous thing for the young people. The Rutherford boys were good teachers, very patient.

After about a year at Star Lake, our little place became too small. So each year we have added on a bit and now we have a very comfortable place with four bedrooms, lots of decks, and indoor plumbing - a must! Lots of bunk beds, too, because we always have a lot of company, our friends and our children's friends.

We have been blessed with very good neighbors. We have lots of gatherings, buffet suppers, cribbage tournaments, whist drives, and, in the last few years, bridal showers and weddings. Before some of us got too old, we used to have a winter curling evening at the Granite Curling Club in Winnipeg. We called it the Star Lake Monster Bonspiel. It was for adults and children, hence the "Monster". We went to someone's house for chili afterwards. We also play our fair share of charades, Romoli and Trivial Pursuit.

We look forward each year to the Poker Derby and races, etc. that go on at the main beach. That's a great day, thanks to the hard work of a lot of people.

My husband Doug and I are getting close to retirement and look forward to spending more time at Star Lake. The children are all grown up and some are married, but they still love to come to the lake, and we love to have them. But, boy, is it nice and quiet when they leave! Here's to good lake time in the 1990s!

THE MERRITTS LOT 8, BLOCK 4, STAR LAKE

By Wilma Merritt

Our "love affair" with the Whiteshell began in 1957 when we spent a day with my sister and brother-in-law, Jean and Jim McNeice, at their trailer at West Hawk Lake. We enjoyed a swim at Miller's Beach and climbed the Scenic Beauty Walk high above the lake.

The following spring, Mr. Jim Cook, who had a cottage on Block 6 at Star, told Elmer there were four lots up for bids along the south shore. On a whim, one Sunday we packed a picnic lunch, loaded the children - Glenn, 6; Lorraine, 4; and Carroll, 1 in the car and headed for Star Lake. At that time, the road from Falcon to Star was gravel and seemed endless.

Although we had not seriously considered build-

ing a cottage up until then, when we saw Lot 8 with a gently sloping sandy beach, safe for the children, we decided to put in a bid - never dreaming we would actually get it. Within a few weeks Elmer got a call at the office advising him the lot was ours. I think we were in a state of shock.

We drew up our plans in accordance with the rules and regulations, had the materials delivered and started construction. Started that is, with clearing the underbrush and felling a tree or two necessary for space for the cottage. Carroll, the baby, lay on a blanket on the ground, but fortunately it was sunny with not too many mosquitoes and other predators. One older family member predicted dire consequences for an infant sleeping under those conditions, but none developed.

The Merritt family, Jim McNeice and city neighbours offered their help. By the time Elmer's holidays came around, the foundation, floor and frame were up. Thanks to the kindness of Bob and Evelyn Tinkler of Lot 3, Elmer was able to spend the first week of his holidays putting in windows and doors so we could spend the balance of his holidays in our cottage - sleeping on air mattresses, cooking on a Coleman stove and lighting with a lantern.

Building the outhouse was, of course, an important priority at the start. While digging the pit, Elmer uncovered a huge rock which seemed immovable. He thought he'd have to start digging again elsewhere, but Bob Tinkler brought over Mr. Robertson, who lived on Lot 1 at the time, and the three men managed to dislodge it.

During that first summer, Block 4 was a beehive of activity, with the Mussells on Lot 5, the Davies on Lot 6 and the Buchannons on Lot 7 and ourselves all rushing to make their cottages livable. The following year the Davies sold their cottage to Jack and Muriel Beech who are still there, as is Edna Buchannon.

Life was rough at the beginning. We washed diapers in a pail, since this was long before the days of disposable diapers. We heated water on the stove, and inherited an old ice box, which we kept cold with ice bought from Mr. Harbottle at West Hawk. One time, in our haste to get back to the cottage with our block of ice, we left our dog Bonnie, a blond cocker, at the ice house. When we arrived home and found we didn't have her, we rushed back to find her making her way along the highway towards Star.

By the summer of 1960 our youngest son Brian made his debut at the cottage, and for many summers after that, the family spent several weeks at the cottage each summer, with Elmer coming down on weekends and for his annual holidays. With four young active children, no car during the week, no phone, no running hot water, and having to use an

old wringer washer, I'm sometimes amazed how we managed. Fortunately, Keswick, accessible either by boat or along the path over the hill at the end of the road, had a store where we could get bread and milk, and a phone in case of emergency.

Our four children have many memories of the lake. Elmer often took them into the woods where they discovered an abandoned sawmill building — long since demolished — which became a landmark for them.

When our daughter Carroll was four years old, she lost a small heart-shaped ring on the sandy lake bottom close to shore. She'd only had it about a month and was heartbroken, but I never gave up looking for it whenever I was swimming. I picked up many shiny things from the lake bottom, but was disappointed to find they were not the ring. Three years later my diligence paid off for lo and behold, after many false hopes, I found the ring near the dock. She still wears it now, although only on her little finger.

Elmer loves to pick berries, but because the children were not enthused, he usually went alone and I had to stay with the children. One day, when he had been gone a couple of hours, he heard a rustling in the bush and expected to see a wild animal. He was surprised and relieved to find it was only our faithful dog Bonnie who had tracked him down.

Over the years two dogs and three cats have been part of our life at the lake. Our last dog Casey, who died recently at age 13, became a familiar sight on the road while taking his daily walk. He would sit patiently at the back of the cottage waiting to go. No day was complete without it. Our 21-year-old cat has lived to see another summer, sleeping in her favorite chair in the sunshine on the porch.

What would a cottage be without a boat? Our first boat was a wooden rowboat, and the six of us would climb in and row around the lake. Our first motor was a 7 1/2 h.p. Over the years, our water transport gradually upgraded with newer boats and more powerful motors, especially when the boys discovered water skiing. As they grew, they needed more horsepower to pull them. We often think longingly of the days when a 40 h.p. was considered a big motor. When we first built, not many people had anything but fishing boats and the lake was much more peaceful.

The wildlife has been one of our greatest pleasures. During the first year, the children fed crackers to deer on the road behind us — an opportunity which we haven't had again. Three years ago, a skunk decided to breathe his last in our front yard, and simply rolled over and died, leaving a nasty reminder every time it rained. Two years ago a beaver felled one of the trees in our front yard under cover of darkness. All that summer we'd hear

the slap of their tails late at night as they worked. We have a photo of the boys with three turtles they had found which, of course, they released. Late one fall, we saw a fox cross our lot, the first one we've seen so close.

We've taken many pictures of loons and ducks over the years. The loons have always been our favorite, and each summer we look forward to watching them and their chicks — worrying that one of them will be hit by the power boats whizzing across the lake.

We've been fortunate never to have had a bear at our cottage, but have seen many of them elsewhere. Last summer we were walking on one of the roads through the woods and came upon a very large bear crossing the road at close range. He seemed to be as surprised to see us as we were him. We hurriedly turned and retraced our steps.

Our grandchildren have joined the clan and are creating their own memories of hot summer days spent almost entirely in the water, of catching their first fish, of feeding the family of ducks off the dock and of playing games inside on rainy days. Over the years, we have added on to the cottage twice to accommodate our growing family.

The Whiteshell has been bountiful to us in many ways: providing fruit — blueberries and wild raspberries — for our freezer; wildflowers for the grandchildren to give grandma; a most interesting rock we treasure; wood for a cosy fire on a chilly day and more than 30 years of family memories.

**STAR LAKE
BLOCK 4, LOT 1
MACGILLIVRAY CABIN**
By Joan MacGillivray

In 1965, Hugh A. MacGillivray realized a boyhood dream when he and his wife, Joan, purchased a cottage from Marjorie Stevenson. The cottage would now become the focus of summer vacations for the MacGillivray clan consisting of their five children, Karen, Lois, Merrill, Hugh John and Donald. A place to build an inheritance of family pictures indestructably etched in each of their minds. Memories of the smell of bread baking on the cumbersome black wood stove, the delight of indoor plumbing after enduring the "outhouse", late nights of games, popcorn, reading stories, listening to grown-up talk, outdoor water fun, and, of course, chasing chipmunks, collecting frogs, feeding deer and watching for those dreaded bears! Memories, all different but wrapped together in love and a strong family loyalty.

Another generation is beginning to invade the brown log cabin. The walls are again ringing with

the sounds of childish talk and laughter. New memories are being created as "Grandma Mac" has opened wide her doors allowing the past to flow into the future. Karen, married to Rick Clark (Spanish, English teacher in Orange City, Iowa), has four children: Coralie 12, Crystal and Melissa 10, and Richard 2. Lois is married to Gord Monteath (Manager of the Commerce Bank in Thompson, Manitoba). They have three girls: Amber 8, Stacy 7, and Julie 4. Merrill is a fifth grade teacher at Montrose Elementary School in Winnipeg. Hugh John (product manager for Hoechst) and his wife Wendy live in Regina with their children: Ashleigh 2 and Hugh 9 months. Donald (employed by Rowntree as a candy salesman and coaching the St. James Junior Hockey Team) and his wife Leslie (a teacher at Lord Selkirk) live in Winnipeg.

Many friends have been part of the memory-making and there has always been room for one more though not always a bed!

Hugh MacGillivray (1926-1976) wanted a place of refuge for his family; a place that allowed his wife and children to experience the joy of family, the fun of friendships and the beauty of God's creation. His foresight has been a rich inheritance for his family.

STAR LAKE BLOCK 5, LOT 16 By Madeline Petrovich

Many years ago, back in 1956, my husband and I heard of lake lots for sale at Star Lake. We took a drive and looked around at different lots and finally decided to put a bid on Lot 16, Block 5. Our bid was \$36. We were notified it was ours.

At this time, my dad owned a service station at Talbot and Grey Street in Winnipeg. There was a large parking area my husband decided to build our cottage on and then have it moved out to Star Lake (my dad was also a house mover) and when the cottage was built, we moved it to the lake which was really a big production at the time.

Before it got to the lake, our friends gathered out there and cleaned the loarea of brush and placed the cement blocks wherever needed. This was around the first of July and the bugs and mosquitoes almost ate everyone alive. However, they did get the cottage on its footings. The cottage was furnished inside. I went around to all kinds of sales and picked up all kinds of goods, which included a beautiful oak dining room suite with four beautiful chairs along with a captain's chair. We surely enjoyed ourselves at our second home.

In 1962 our son Jeffery was born and was practically raised in the water. He certainly turned out to be a water baby. He is the second-best barefoot

skier across Canada. March 1973, young boys broke into our cottage, found matches, lit a dresser cover on fire and panicked which resulted in our cottage burning to the ground, also the barbecue house, boat, trailer and motor. A very very devastating time for our family. We were all heartbroken. However, no lives were lost and we just turned around and rebuilt with much help from neighbors and friends. Some furniture in our cottage was given to us by friends at the lake and from my friends where I live in the city.

We have enjoyed many years at Star Lake and my husband enjoyed it to no end. Unfortunately, my husband, Ed, took ill in 1983-1984 and cancer took his life on December 15, 1986. I still go to the lake every summer and spend as much time as possible there. My son helps me to keep up with the cottage and the grounds.

BLOCK 5, LOT 20 STAR LAKE By Adele Blondeau

Lot 20, Block 5, Star Lake, was originally developed by the Harvey family in 1957 when a small cottage was built among the trees. The property was held by yearly permit until 1966 when a 21-year lease was obtained from the Province of Manitoba. The lease was assigned to the Lawlers in 1967. Dr. Lawler, we are told, was a physician at Children's Hospital in Winnipeg. Four years later in 1971, the lease was transferred to the Sailors who held it for seven years. Ernest Sailor, a foreman for CN in Transcona, made major improvements to the property:

- A storage shed was built in 1971.
- In 1972 and 1973, an addition to the cottage was built and the existing cottage was insulated and up-



"Chalet Blondeau" 1983, Block 5, Lot 20, Star Lake.



Blondeau Family - 1988 in front of cottage, Paul (16), Adele, Lise (15), Andre, Gisele (12) and Julie (13).

graded.

— A boat house and dock were built in 1973.

— A concrete driveway and sidewalks were poured in 1974.

After looking at cottages for sale at Falcon and West Hawk Lakes in early fall 1978 and not finding anything to our liking, we were introduced by a real estate agent to Lot 20, Block 5 at Star Lake. Although the trees had already lost some of their bright green summer splendour, we were mesmerized by the multicolors of the fall landscape and the beauty of this small and picturesque blue lake. A waterfront lot with a cottage overlooking the lake, a handy boat house on the lake and a large dock suitable to accommodate small gatherings of family and friends . . . just what we were looking for. The lake is well sheltered and ideal for waterskiing, an ideal summer spot for a family with four children ages two to six.

Our children have grown to their present age of 14 to 17 and we all still enjoy weekends and holidays at our favourite lake and cottage.

STAR LAKE BLOCK 5, LOT 23 OUR STAR LAKE COTTAGE

By Bobby Anderson

It was the mid fifties when we heard the great news that we had won the bid for Lot 23, Block 5, Star Lake.

There wasn't a road past our lot as yet; a large flat rock about 100 yards away marked the end of the road, and we parked our car on it during the first pioneering weeks.

The cottage site we chose is about 25 feet above lake level, with a nice flat area in front, then a fairly steep drop of moss-covered rocks down to the lake.

Due to a fire which had swept through years earlier, there were no evergreens. Each year we transplanted baby spruce trees to our lot.

We worked weekends and vacations, and our cottage gradually took shape. One end rests on bedrock, and it was at that end we decided to build

a fireplace. Just at that time, No. 1 Highway was being built, and as the blasting took place, all sorts of small rocks were thrown up, many faced with quartz. We made numerous trips out to collect truckfuls of those rocks and, late one fall, our fireplace was completed.

With a young family, we saw the need for some protection against the sharp drop down to the lake. This inspired a rock wall about three feet high that runs across the plateau area in front of the cottage.

In 1964, my husband accepted employment with the Rockefeller Foundation, and we packed up for our move to India. Many decisions had to be made but the best one was to keep the cottage.

Each year on home leave, our cottage provided a blissful haven. My husband Glen would arrive in July for a month and all of us returned to India together.

Two memorable events took place in 1971. One was that we moved from India to Mexico. The other was that my husband and I celebrated our 25th anniversary. The Anderson clan presented a 'money-tree' in the form of a tiny spruce with 25 silver dollars hung individually among its branches. We planted it at the back of our cottage.

Over the years we developed a small garden, built a small rock wall and fence around it, and hauled in lots of soil for it. Fortunately or otherwise, the money tree is in the middle of the garden and about 25 feet tall. As it grows, the garden space shrinks. However, as the years pass, so does my passion for gardening.

In 1980, we had a wonderful Christmas vacation at our cottage. We kept the fireplace burning and bright, were out with the family on the toboggan and busy during the daylight hours, and enjoyed family games and popcorn in the evenings. My husband's work involved a great deal of world travel and, as he left at the end of the vacation, he remarked that this had been his best Christmas, ever. Mercifully unknown to us, it was also to be his last for he died five weeks later. Another of his last remarks was that, of all the many countries and places he had seen and visited, he loved our cottage at Star Lake best of all.

His death added a deeper dimension to our feelings about the cottage. A small flower bed that we worked on together became a small memorial garden to my husband. Being at the cottage, somehow aided in the healing process for us, as we recalled the happiness and contentment he'd known there.

Since then, cottage repairs and upkeep have been attended to, and some improvements made: the dock has been rebuilt, the cottage roof has been reshingled and new windows have replaced the old, single-paned casement windows.

One by one, my family has left the nest and, with

responsibilities lessening, it's been possible for me to spend much more time at the cottage. With a good supply of oil paints and canvases, I've spent many happy hours daubing away at anticipated masterpieces. The fact that they never turned out quite that way is no deterrent; it's still fun trying.

During the summer, most or all of my family join me when possible.

Last summer I heard an amusing anecdote relating to the general exodus of Winnipeggers on long weekends, all of them "off to the lake".

A newcomer in town added quite innocently, "Where is this lake that everyone is going to?"

For me, the answer is simple. There is only one lake in Manitoba: STAR LAKE.

STAR LAKE HISTORY BLOCK 5, LOT 24

THE BAKERS

By Bob Baker

We purchased Block 5, Lot 24 on Star Lake in the fall of 1972. The children, three girls, Brenda, Nancy and Janet, were five years, three and one at the time. Over the years we've added many comforts including a three-bedroom cabin. Son Donald was born in 1975.

Our most memorable experience was late one night when a garbage-hungry black bear tried to help himself to the garbage stored in our breezeway — behind screen doors. Fortunately, the lights scared him off as Judy was alone with the children.

The use of our place continues to be a focus for our family. The girls have all worked summers for Pat and Bev Mason at Major's Service Centre who have treated them as family. Donald is coming to the age of needing to work but it will be more difficult as he will be continuing to represent the province at Barefoot competitions which take place many weekends over the summer. He has successfully taught skiing skills to youngsters as well.

Our lives have been greatly enriched by the friendships and mutual love of the lake with all of our neighbors. We hope to have Bakers at Block 5, Lot 24 for many years.

STAR LAKE BLOCK 6, LOT 2 COTTAGE OF LEN AND VERA CLUETT

Our love story started in May 1961. We read a "FOR SALE" ad in the Winnipeg Free Press. "Cottage started - owner transferred to Vancouver." We drove to Star Lake, a place we had never heard of. We liked what we saw and bought it!

Star Lake is a beautiful spot in the Whiteshell (a little bit of heaven) 90 miles from Winnipeg. It's

called Star Lake because it has five points. They say if you fly over by plane, it looks like a star. There are cottages on four points and a University site on the fifth where they study soil, rocks and plants.

Star Lake is a small, quiet lake; small enough to actually warm up nicely for swimming and yet big enough for boating and water skiing.

What we bought was just a shell, with one layer of cedar siding, a roof and sub-floor. There were openings for doors and windows and millions of mosquitoes. They were so bad that we had to put a tent up in the living room. That way we were able to sleep over.

We really roughed it for four years. We had no electricity (that was by choice). Our neighbours, the Gemmels, kindly said we could plug into their electricity but we thought we would like to pioneer and do it the hard way — and believe me WE DID! As I said, the openings for the doors and windows were cut and windows had been ordered but when the windows arrived, the openings were not big enough. Len had to enlarge every one and he did it with hammer and chisel and, believe me, that was work. I am sure nobody but Len would have the patience to stay with it - but he did and one by one the windows all went in. Each one was a thrill and to be able to open and close a door was wonderful.

We used coal oil lamps for four years. My only means of cooking was a Primus stove, the kind you put alcohol into. You light it with a match and pump it. I was able to cook real nice meals on that. We'd just go down weekends except for holidays. Often I would cook the meat at home and reheat it down there. I had a set of three pots - each one a triangle and put together on a tray they formed a circle. I could cook a different vegetable in each pot at one time. It worked just fine and we had quite a bit of company then. They were quite surprised when they saw how the dinner had been cooked.

Once the doors and windows were in, Len was able to work inside. The first thing he did was put up the metalbestos chimney so we could put up our Quebec heater. That was another thrill. Now we had heat and hot water. It was lovely to hear that kettle boiling. Now I had another stove so we could make toast on top and there is nothing nicer. Next came the partitions - it was beginning to look and feel like a cottage.

The next big job was to get a real floor down and tiles. Len did his own wiring for the electricity and this was done by hand tools too. I can remember the two of us under the cottage using a brace and bit to make the holes for the wire. Some days we worked from 8 a.m. until 10 p.m. They say if you want to enjoy something, do it yourself and preferably the hard way . . . I guess that is why we enjoy our cottage so much.

The "BIG DAY" finally arrived. The hydro inspectors came to check the wiring and they gave Len highest marks. They didn't change a thing. Before they left, they turned on the power. That was just wonderful. All at once we had electric lights, electric kettle, electric fry pan, baseboard heaters and that night we read in bed with the electric blanket on. That was a first and I felt like a Queen!! Then came the big appliances and today we even have a microwave. I guess you could say we have come full circle. Roughing it for four years was fun, but after four years, it was a nice change to have all the conveniences. That four years helped us to appreciate everything. Our thrills came one at a time and we remember each one vividly.

What we like best about Star Lake is its natural beauty, no matter where you look. It is non-commercial. There are no stores, no cement sidewalks, no paved roads, no street lights. The closest thing to commercialism is the pay phone down at the front. That is about the only place we can spend money.

One of my favourite spots is what I call "The Flats". I don't know what anybody else calls it. It is across from our cottage. You have to go up a slope to a very flat area. It is beautiful. It is very peaceful and natural - quite untouched - nature at its best. There is a lot of moss on the rock which is lovely to walk on. Some of it is soft and some of it is quite crisp but both nice. There are a lot of wild flowers, berries and birds and lots of little animals. If you are lucky you may even see the odd deer or bear. If you are not feeling good when you go up there, you are sure to feel better by the time you come down. You can walk on either side of the rock. On one side you are looking down at the University Road which is quite a drop or on the other side you are looking down at our cottages - beautiful everywhere.

We used to have a lot of tame deer. They would come right into our yards and we could feed them by hand. We could look right into their beautiful big brown eyes. One year they had open season for the hunters and they shot over 100 of our deer. It was dreadful. Those deer trusted man, now we hardly ever see a deer nor do they ever come into our yards anymore. We used to see a lot of bear too. When we used to put our garbage out front the bears caught on and knew when garbage night was, just as well as we did. We have often seen them stand up on their hind feet and just swat the garbage can over with their front paws, picking out what they liked best. Sometimes they would pick up a bag in their teeth and carry it away up onto the Flat. We don't see too many bears either now that we have the garbage cages and that is really better and safer. I'd like to tell you about an exciting evening I had

when I was alone at the cottage. I heard a scratching noise and it seemed to be coming from the Quebec heater. I opened the lid and something crawled out. At first it looked like a very large spider but then it stretched out a wing and lo and behold it was a bat. A first for me. My first thought was, "Bats can't see in the light," so I hastily turned on the lights and ran to get a sealer. I knew I couldn't let him fly because we didn't have a ceiling yet and I sure didn't want him up in the rafters. I couldn't see me sleeping in the same cottage with him. I put the sealer close to him and I pushed him in with the lid. That was a big relief. Now I got a real good look at him and he looked quite nice with a rather cute face. His wings were lovely - sort of transparent and scalloped along the bottom. He seemed quite unhappy. I put some masking tape across the top of the jar so he could breathe and he really tried to push past it so I put another piece the other way and he hooked onto that and just hung there. I was quite impressed with him so I thought I would share him. I walked down to the Stevens' and Betty was there. She had never seen one before. She liked him too, so we walked down the front with him and showed him to some boys. They'd never seen a bat either. I didn't like to keep him too long because I didn't know what to feed him. I took him back home and took the tape off the top and laid the sealer on the road. He slowly crawled out. When he realized he was free he stretched his wings and flew away. He flew so nicely - he just seemed to soar. That was my first and last encounter with a bat.

We had another pleasant experience with a family of birds. They built a nest on the beam of our cottage under our back porch. Every time we walked past the porch, the mother bird would fly off the nest. We decided to go around the other side of the cottage so we wouldn't disturb her. After a period of time the little birds got bigger and looked as though they were too big for the nest, so I thought I would like to get a picture of them. When the flash went off, everyone of them flew off. They had never flown in their lives but they flew beautifully in all directions. I am quite sure that the parents were surprised when they discovered an empty nest. The picture turned out quite good (providing I am there to explain it to you). We enjoyed them while they were there but it was nice to be able to use our regular route to the backyard again.

One morning when I looked out the front window I saw a very nice dog lying beside our station wagon. I went out and spoke to him. I thought he was just visiting at one of the cottages, but he didn't move. I wondered if he was hurt but I felt him all over and he seemed to be fine so I went in and had breakfast. Next time I looked out he had gotten a little closer to the cottage so I made him a piece

of toast and peanut butter. He enjoyed that. In fact I think he decided to adopt us right then and there. He just stayed there. We went berry picking in the afternoon. We just drove away and returned two hours later. He was sitting on the front steps and was so pleased to see us. We didn't know what to do with him so we walked him around and asked if anyone knew anything about him. No one did. He ran in and out of everyone's yard but always came back to us. He stayed out front until midnight. The mosquitoes were very bad so we took him in for the night. Next day we put a notice on the Ranger's bulletin board - with no results. On Sunday we took him home. We put it on the radio and in the paper. We got one response but he wasn't their dog. The Pound and Humane Society both said they would take him for 6 days and if he wasn't claimed they would put him to sleep. Well, he was too nice for that so we kept him. We have had him now for about 12 years. We thought we were lucky he chose our place and we also thought he was lucky that we didn't mind (even though we hadn't planned on another dog). So we called him "Lucky" and he has been a real joy.



Len and Lucky on our dock, 1989.

We have a confession to make about the second year we were there, we started looking for some nice trees to plant in our front yard but I was having trouble finding something I liked. One day, we had a couple of friends visiting and we went out tree hunting. I found three nice little trees. We dug them up and put them in the back of the car. We were just about to leave when the Forest Ranger drove up. He said, "Do you people have fire arms?" We said, "No." He said, "Well, what are you doing here?" We said, "We're getting trees!" He said, "Oh, are you. Do you know this is a plantation?" We were shocked. I said, "I thought this was just a sandpit". He said, "It is a sandpit but it's also a plantation. Where are the trees?" We showed him and he said, "Well seeing as how they're dug up, you might as well take them. But, I want you to look after them, these are special trees."

We gave them tender, loving care. Today they are big beautiful trees.

We've always been thankful to that Ranger.



Brad building the new dock. Gerr and he bought and built it. Then told us it was our Christmas present from them all.

This is a different story about trees. When our three grandsons were young, I took them into the woods and they each picked out their own tree. We dug them up and lugged them home and planted them in the front yard. They were about a foot and a bit then. Now they are way beyond the hydro wires. Time sure flies . . . like the trees, the boys grew up too . . . but it is nice to think back. These trees were quite legal.

Another point of interest for Star Lake is the Gold Mine. Years ago it was an active gold mine. When we used to go berry picking, we could see the old shaft and sluice and the remains of small buildings. The mine was closed in the 1940s when they could not get materials or manpower.

In 1973, interest was renewed. By 1976, a private company was formed called Whiteshell Ventures Ltd. and exploration resumed. People have staked claims which have closed off a lot of our berry picking areas. Some days we hear a lot of blasting. I am sorry to say we don't have mineral rights to our property but we do have all the other good things.

I can think of a couple of interesting deadlines we remember well. One was quite early in our cottage experience. We were expecting company and Len was working on the "biffy". In fact, he was cutting the holes for the two-seater when the company arrived. My nephew's first words as he stepped out of the car were, "Where's the 'john'?" I had to say that Len was still working on it. So he jumped back in the car and drove back to Sam's Garage and used their facilities. Poor Gram had to wait until the first hole was cut.

Another deadline was on Thanksgiving Day. We had been out to a banquet on the Saturday and someone jokingly said, "Oh we will all go to Vera



Len and Vera Cluetts' cottage, 1989. Note: Deck trimmed with horseshoes.



Al, Gerr, Len and Patch, in the beginning.

and Len's cottage for breakfast." We took them up on that but suggested we make it for lunch. Well — we went home that night about midnight and took a turkey out of the freezer and did a quick thaw on it. This was before microwave. We used running water and worked on it for a while. Then we went to bed but set the alarm for 3 a.m. When we got up it was still partially frozen — but — we put it in the oven for a couple of hours, got up again, got the giblets out and put the stuffing in and put it back in the oven for a few more hours. We left for the cottage quite early as we knew we had another deadline there — our electric stove was sitting in the living room. Len had just finished putting in the wiring



Corn roast Star Lake chief cook and bottle washer, Howard Welsh.



Our music men at the corn roast, Alan Rosky and Bud Jenkins.

the weekend before but hadn't got the stove hooked up. We walked into the cottage and started right in, getting the stove into the kitchen. Len had it working in short time. The turkey went into the oven again and I started dinner. Our company arrived and 11 of us sat down to turkey dinner and I am happy to say that all went well.

Along with all their niceties, Starlakers are a sociable bunch. We get together once a year for a corn roast and barbecue.

Howard and Dot Welsh are the instigators of this event. They get the corn and it is the best corn in town and they never run out. Howard mans the fire and cooking pot. He looks great in his apron and chef's hat. Dot looks after the other details and they do a super job. A few take their barbecues and everyone takes their own favourite picnic. It is a wonderful evening. The Rosses have been very



Craig's bird, Brad's slippers and Steve's bird feeder.

generous letting us hold this annual event on their property. Last year we even had live music to enjoy and dance to in Ross' big garage, Lot 41, Block 6.

I hope we have many more years down at Star Lake, our favourite spot in Manitoba.

Our family lives in Calgary, so they don't get here too often. When they do, they always leave their mark.

One morning in 1975 my daughter Geraldine and oldest grandson Brad got up very early, about 5 a.m., unknown to us.

When we woke up about 8 a.m. there was an odd smell and a funny sound coming from the front bedroom. We knew something was going on, but we just lay there. Finally, they invited us into the room. What a surprise!!! They had painted the end wall (two coats). There was a lovely crocheted bedthrow on the bed in white, pink and purple, just beautiful. My daughter had made it. Our grandson had made Len and me a pair of slippers each, mine with a big pompon on them. They were too nice to wear, so they have been ornaments on our dresser ever since.

Our second grandson made us a bird feeder out of popsicle sticks. Our third grandson made us a bird on a stand out of feathers, it stands on the dresser with the slippers. They made all these things at home and brought them from Calgary, along with the paint, roller and tray. This was all done for our anniversary and my birthday and it's still giving us pleasure.

A few years later the same two, Geraldine and Brad, built us a very nice dock. We are not on the waterfront so it was started in our front yard and hauled down to the water in the station wagon and finished there. It was made in two sections and has styrofoam underneath.

The private docks are on one side of the beach. So we had to tow it from the public dock over to our spot. Brad drove the boat. Len held the towing cord, which wasn't easy and almost pulled him out of the boat twice. But they got it to our spot and secured it. They bought all the lumber, hardware, foam and everything. They wouldn't let us do a thing. When it was finished, they told us it was our Christmas present.

This is the way it's been since we got the cottage. My son-in-law has been finding such "goodies" for us as a mounted deer head, moose antlers, an old time wash basin and jug, coal-oil lamps, horseshoes and etc., etc. It all adds to the fun of having a cottage. A lot of people, family and friends, have contributed to our cottage. It's fun to sit and look around and put names to the different objects, and know someone cared enough.

STAR LAKE BLOCK 6, LOT 6

By John, Mary and son Terry Prychitko

Star Lake, Block 6, Lot 6, was leased in 1959. Started building the cottage in 1960. They camped in a tent during building operations.

In 1967 an addition was added, one more bedroom and breezeway. The garage was built in 1972 by the whole family.

In 1977 Max and Doreen Prychitko and their children, Sharon and Cordell, took over the cottage. During that time we insulated the cottage for winter use. We enjoyed snowmobiling, skiing, snowshoeing and ice fishing. In the summer many outdoor activities are enjoyed.

My parents enjoyed many hours of berry picking and mushroom picking. We all enjoy the wild animals and birds.

STAR LAKE BLOCK 6, LOT 12

By Mr. and Mrs. C. Goetz

In the fall of 1966, the cottage at Star Lake, Block 6, Lot 12, was sold to Edward and Juliana Goetz.

Much time was enjoyed swimming, water skiing and fishing in the summer. In the winter, there was snowmobiling along the scenic trails with daughter Marlene and son-in-law Tom McDougall and family, and son Clarence and wife R. Esther Goetz.

Later, the McDougalls branched out on their own to Bersford Lake. In October 1985, the cottage was purchased by son Clarence and wife R. Esther.



The Goetz's cottage, Block 6, Lot 12.

STAR LAKE BLOCK 6, LOT 22

By Mrs. Martha Bonic

Most of the construction on our cottage at Star Lake, Block 6, Lot 22, was done in 1958. Access to the lot was impossible due to the thick brush and trees, so first a path had to be cut.

Deer were plentiful and an extra loaf of bread was brought along to feed them. Of course, in a year or two when the area was more settled, they did not come around.



Undeveloped beach at Star Lake, to the left the first dock was built. Christine and Marina Bonic in picture.



Feeding the deer — The Bonic family: Marina, Christine and John.

Pete "The Hermit" was a familiar sight because he was always available for help. He had lunch at our place many times. Sam from "Sam's Garage" also was a great help in transporting people to and from the bus, etc.

Our neighbors were Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Langlois, Mr. and Mrs. Westlake, Mr. and Mrs. R. Stanish and Mr. and Mrs. Casey Grocholski.

STAR LAKE BLOCK 6, LOT 28

By Jean Turner

Inhabited by John and Jean Turner and their sons Larry and Bob. We had accompanied friends to their cottage on Falcon Lake for numerous weekends and enjoyed the area so much that when lots became available on Star Lake in the spring of 1955, we decided to bid on a lot. We were unsuccessful in our bid that year but bid again in the spring of 1956. We were successful this time in obtaining Lot 28, Block 6, Star Lake.

During the summer of 1956, we rented a trailer at Toniata campground for our holidays and went over each day to clear our lot and prepare for building our cottage the following year. In the summer of 1957 we again stayed at Toniata, going over each day to build the cottage. There was no electricity and all work had to be done by hand. With perseverance and lots of help from good friends, the frame work was up and roof on in August 1957. From then on we were able to stay in the cottage and all weekends and holidays were spent working on completing the cottage.

Larry and Bob were seven and four years old



Larry and Bob Turner, feeding the deer, 1957.



Bob and deer getting acquainted in 1958.



Larry Turner with catch of the day, off the end of the dock, 1959.

respectively when we obtained the lot, so they grew up at the lake taking part in the Red Cross swimming classes, water skiing, fishing and making many friends.

The first few years, the deer would come right up to the cottage and we would put out a block of salt for them.

Over the years, there have been many improvements and changes made to our cottage and John was never happier than when he was at the cottage with a Skil-saw and a new idea to change something. Electricity was brought to Star Lake in 1958 and with it many improvements were added to make living easier.

John suffered a fatal heart attack in February of 1984 and left a large void in our lives. Now my grandchildren - Jay, Amanda and Jamie of Calgary (Larry's family) enjoy spending time at the cottage each summer and we all have special memories of our summers at Star Lake.

**STAR LAKE
BLOCK 6, LOT 29
CROCKER**

Bill and Ruth Crocker first visited Star Lake at the cottage of their good friends, Jim and Hazel MacDuff. When lots became available in about 1956, they leased Lot 29, Block 6: "Crocker's Corner".

Originally there was an old settler's place on the site but the roof and two walls had fallen in. The settler had cleared two or three acres south of the beach for crops or hay.

The floor of the Crocker place was built the first year, but it did not get a roof for three years. At this time, the beach was poplar and willow bush. The ditch beside the road was used as a sandbox by the children, and the only swimming available was at the mouth of the ditch. It was a happy occasion when the beach was developed.

Several additions have been made to the original cottage. It was struck by lightning once - to the horror of Ruth and her husband who experienced tickling feet as the electricity ran through the metal fireplace.

The cottage is still owned by Mrs. Ruth Crocker. The four Crocker children - Chuck, Linda, Bill and Rosanne - still enjoy time at Star Lake, along with Ruth and Bill's grandchildren.



The Crocker family in 1959.



The Crocker family in 1961.



The Crocker family in 1963.



A winter scene at "Crocker Corner".

**STAR LAKE
BLOCK 6, LOT 31
THE "BUD AND DOREEN JENKINS"
HISTORY
1959-1990**

By Bud and Doreen
Debbie, Allen and Jennifer
Glenn, Cynthia and Ashley
Jeffrey

In June of 1959, we purchased our cottage at Block 6, Lot 31 (size 24x30') from Walter Warren. It was just a shell with one bedroom partitioned off that was 8x8'. It also was built with a carport, something you don't really need at the lake.

The first project, even before moving in the furniture, was to build a fireplace. This was done on a weekend in early July by some of our brick layer friends. There was some amusement to this project in that our front room flooring was of odds and ends of hardwood flooring, Walter Warren, a carpenter, used up leftovers of homes he had built previously. The boys mixed the cement right in the cottage, and they were diligently working to finish the fireplace and have a fire in it that evening, when the cement mixer tipped the opposite way and they had wall to wall cement. After a few laughs and I am sure some loud swearing, they scooped all the cement and placed it where it was suppose to go. They did have a beautiful fire in our new fireplace that evening, after much hard work and digging.

In early July, we moved in with our little girl Debbie who was three years old and we did a lot of work our first year. We literally had to use a very large scythe to find the front door. The building had been vacant since 1958 and no one had cut the grass on the very large lakefront lot. We did the usual things that summer to make the place livable, put up a second wall to make the third bedroom, dug a "biffy" hole at the back, and built an outdoor toilet, and thoroughly enjoyed the fact that we had our own cottage. Prior to this, we used to spend our summer weekends at Bud's parents' cottage in Block 3.

The following summer I convinced Bud that we needed a screened porch more than a carport. This is where we eat most of our meals and have lots of

fun and games.

In 1961, after the birth of our daughter Cindy, I started spending two summer months at the cottage. This was easier than coming down each and every weekend, carrying cribs, highchairs, playpens, all the things you need for young children. Besides, it was healthy for the children to be there all summer. The girls fed the deer that wandered through our lot on a daily basis to lick the block of salt we placed in our yard. We also had lots and lots of skunks, ground hogs, squirrels, etc. that the girls learned to love and respect.

There were many mothers who spent all summer at Star Lake, and therefore the kids (our Jeffrey came along in 1963) had lots of friends. They have kept these friendships over the thirty years we have had our cottage.

The children learned how to swim (and are good swimmers) by taking Red Cross lessons held at the main beach for many years. Some cool mornings, around 8 a.m., they thought their mothers were the cruelest people around, but, once they got down to the dock and saw their friends waiting for their lesson, they forgot the chilly weather.

I was never very brave about staying at the cottage with three young children, but I enjoyed the friendships of all the mothers there. We even had a hairdresser for many summers and had to make our usual appointment with her because she was so busy (Jean Lindop). In July 1973, around 2 a.m., Cindy heard a strange noise on our patio and woke me to check what it was. Because a light was shining brightly on the patio, I thought a human being was breaking in. It took my strength to look out the kitchen door into the patio. Cindy, her girlfriend Cheryl and Jeff behind me, crying loudly, "What is it Mom?"

To my horror, the largest black bear I had ever seen was pacing back and forth in front of the chesterfield, from the open fridge door, to the screened door. I could see he had already devoured a pound of butter, one dozen eggs (he had lifted the egg tray from the door and placed it on the cement floor, not breaking one of them). He lifted a two-quart jar of dill pickles from door of fridge, laid it down on the cement floor, his paw loosened the lid and drank all the liquid. Then he left on the floor a very large "calling card" that I had to literally shovel up the next day.

The kids banged lids together, cried, screamed, jumped up and down, but it had no effect on him. He left by cutting the screen with his paw, when he had enough to eat. I had visions of the bear being there all night because my fridge was full of frozen meat (I wasn't aware that they didn't eat frozen meat) plus many vegetables, Christmas cake in a tin and cookies. I stood behind the patio door with a

large butcher knife in my hand. I don't know what I thought I would do with it, but it gave me some sense of protection. If he had struck the door with his paw, it would have splintered. With his pacing back and forth on the patio, he had both doors out of the cottage covered, so I couldn't get the kids out.

Upon leaving, he picked up a large bag of garbage from our ditch and tucked it under his arm (in those days, garbage was left at the front of the lot for pick-up). I immediately got the kids into the car and went to look for help from the forestry guys. My neighbor, Bill Miller, could hear all the ruckus, so his lights were on and we stopped and picked him up. The West Hawk Forestry office was closed, so we drove to Falcon Lake and they reached the West Hawk guys. I then stayed the night with the Millers. The West Hawk guys came within half-hour and asked me several questions, one of which was, "Mrs. Jenkins, did the bear have a tag in his ear?" I didn't have a clue what this meant, and replied, "I was too darn scared to check his ears!" We were all nervous for some time and had a hard time sleeping soundly for the rest of the summer. Bears were plentiful that summer. The following week a large one jumped three feet into the Bergman veranda and scared Mrs. Bergman.

When the kids were quite young, Denis Bergman used to arrive early every Friday night via his small plane. The kids would wait for him to land, all hustle down to the main dock, each had to help carry up his groceries, and then he would give them a ride.

In the early 1960s, we would have a corn roast on the beach for everyone who wanted to attend. One person picked up the corn and the other families would bring their own supplies. Some of the cottage owners brought musical instruments, Jack Beech - clarinet, Irene Chivers and friends of theirs - guitars, even had Lou Tremere bring his piano down one year (he was the piano player from the old Metropolitan Theatre for many years), Mr. Payne with his banjo and a lot of good voices.

Our three kids had turns at being the "Free Press" carrier.

Eileen Bergman, Willow Rutherford and I organized the Star Lake Ski School for about four years. Our kids learned how to water ski, with qualified teachers. Many have won awards at other lakes and sports days and have gone on to become very good skiers. We had 75 to 100 kids participating in the program. Rutherfords and Bergmans supplied the boats, we managed to pay the teachers a few dollars. Mr. Praull built us a ski jump, which we paid him partially for, then sold it back to him a few years later.

In 1977, Bud and I organized a sports day. This has been going on every year and getting bigger and bigger. We hold it the holiday Saturday or Sunday

(weather permitting) of the August long weekend. First we have a Boat Poker Derby, we sell cards at the registration desk (which for the past five years has been the Van Raes) and then you pick up a card at four other docks. People at Star Lake have been just great at doing this job for us, handing out cards, and participating in this annual event. We usually sell three decks. Molson's Brewery has sponsored our sports day for the past 13 years.

We now have a committee that plans this great day. We have kids races, horseshoe and volleyball tournaments.

In 1972, we added four bedrooms to our cottage. Debbie, Cindy and Jeff have always had a friend or two they wanted to bring down. Enlarging the cottage meant we could have an indoor bathroom with a shower and a hot water tank. It was like living in the Holiday Inn.

When we were installing the holding tank, Cindy was the only one small enough to crawl under the cottage for at least ten feet to try and join some of the pipes. When I think of it now, I realize she could have got stuck under there.

This spring we again added to our cottage. We took out the original bathroom and added a new area with tub and shower, and also added a storage area which in time I hope will house a washer and dryer. We put in two large picture windows on the back of the cottage for a park-like view.

Debbie, Cindy and Jeff keep coming down to the cottage for their annual holidays and weekends. Allen and Glen are enjoying it as well. Granddaughters Jennifer and Ashley both really enjoy the lake. The swings, teeter-totters that the Parks have supplied us with are well used by the girls.

I hope someone will start up another ski school plus hold swimming lessons at our lake, so our granddaughters can also enjoy these very important things.

STAR LAKE BLOCK 6, LOT 35

By Eric and Hazel Payne

In the late summer of 1957, we rented a cottage at Faloma Beach on Falcon Lake. Our friends, the McKays, had a cottage on Star Lake and we went to visit them. They took us across to the south end of Star Lake to Block 6 which they heard was just opening up lots for cottagers. At the time the shore line was solid willows and other trees which made it impossible to land on shore. We finally went up a ditch full of water and the children found a spot of sand on which to play. Later, the Parks bulldozed the trees away along the south shore and brought in 50 to 60 loads of sand and even more over the years to make the beach at Block 6. We looked over



80th birthday of mother and father Payne, July 1984. Joyce, Frances, Ferne, Roy, Bea (Bernice) and Joan.

Block 6 and picked out Lot 35.

When we returned to Winnipeg I went to the Forestry and registered our choice. We built the foundation soon after with plans to build a 24x24' cottage in 1958. It was some years later when we added a 8-foot glassed-in porch.

I remember Dennis Bergman, who jointly owned an airplane with another man, flying me into Beauchemin Lake for a day's fishing. I caught a 7-pound jackfish and before I landed it, the jackfish had broken my fiberglass rod in three places. I was so proud of my catch I wanted to take it home. Dennis said, "You can't take that dirty old thing in my airplane". I said (something I won't tell). Finally he found a garbage bag and we put the fish in it and took it home where I got a picture of that fish and me.

I always enjoyed waterskiing. Even years ago when I was 80, I was going for a ski. I yelled "Go" I guess instead of "Hit-it" and I was up and going. My son-in-law said to the driver, "He said, 'WHOA', and so the driver stopped the boat and naturally I went into the water.

I take care of a rocky area out behind our lot. Over the years I've planted seeds in any soil that I could find and so I have a nice rock garden. When the army worms came through, they ruined the vegetation and my garden hasn't been as good ever since.

Some people have bear stories but I have tree stories. There was a huge tree about 18 inches at the butt near the path we took to the lake. A beaver decided to cut it down.

Another big tree was also in the way. I asked the Parks if I could take it down. They looked at it and noticed that the tree was on Crown land and it had to be left alone. One very windy day it was blown down and into the bush.

There were other obstacles in our way like the big boulder in the front yard. I had someone remove it to make it easier to cut the grass.

STAR LAKE - ISLAND 2
The Krueger's
Dr. Karl H. Krueger

In August 1955 - less than a year after we had moved to Steinbach, Eva and I decided to take a short vacation at Toniata Beach. With us were Christiane, Stephan and Evelyn, who was two months old.

While exploring the Whiteshell Forest one afternoon, we came to Star Lake and were delighted by a beautiful peaceful surrounding and atmosphere. We drove around with the boat and stopped at the large island. At that time we had already fallen in love with the lake. A dream had started, which ended with a small cottage the next summer. It was to become a resort for relaxation, also appreciated in a busy medical practice.

In August 1959 Ralph was born, after Eva had still been swimming at the cottage the previous day. The same year we built a guest cabin together with friends, Vera and Walter Willborn. They moved 10 years later with their four children to a small island on Lake of the Woods.

In 1961 the cottage was enlarged and now offered more space for family and friends.

Birgit, our last child, was born in 1965. For her and the other four the lake was and remains an essential part of their childhood. The memories with lively participation in all sportive and social activities will stay. With Willborns we were all one happy family and had memorable years, filled with countless joyful hours.

In 1990 the island was abandoned for the first time. Eva had surgery for a cerebral tumor in August 1988. She was doing quite well for 1½ years, but did not recover from another operation. After

several weeks at the Steinbach Hospital she deceased in September 1990.

There was such a close association with the island, that she will remain a part, be included in many ways and remembered as a caring loving and beloved human being.

RALPH KRUEGER

For a decade of baby boomers in the 70s, Star Lake was a warm and wonderful place to grow up. Like a small town, Star Lake had a strong sense of community with its centerpiece being the Star Lake Water Ski Club.

Run for most of the 70s by the Rutherford's, Bergmann's and Krueger's, few who joined will ever forget the joy this club brought to the lake. All the spills from sailing off of the jump or trying to make one more slalom buoy, brought us together on the main beach day after day.

In those days, the only engine on the lake with over 80 horsepower was the club's ski boat-something the poor lake could only dream about today. It was a lake known only by insiders, one of the best kept secrets in the Whiteshell. Skiing was not Star Lake's only claim to fame in those days though. The summertime "bashes" were famous throughout the Whiteshell and "the warmest water in the Whiteshell" was always good for a late night skinny dip.

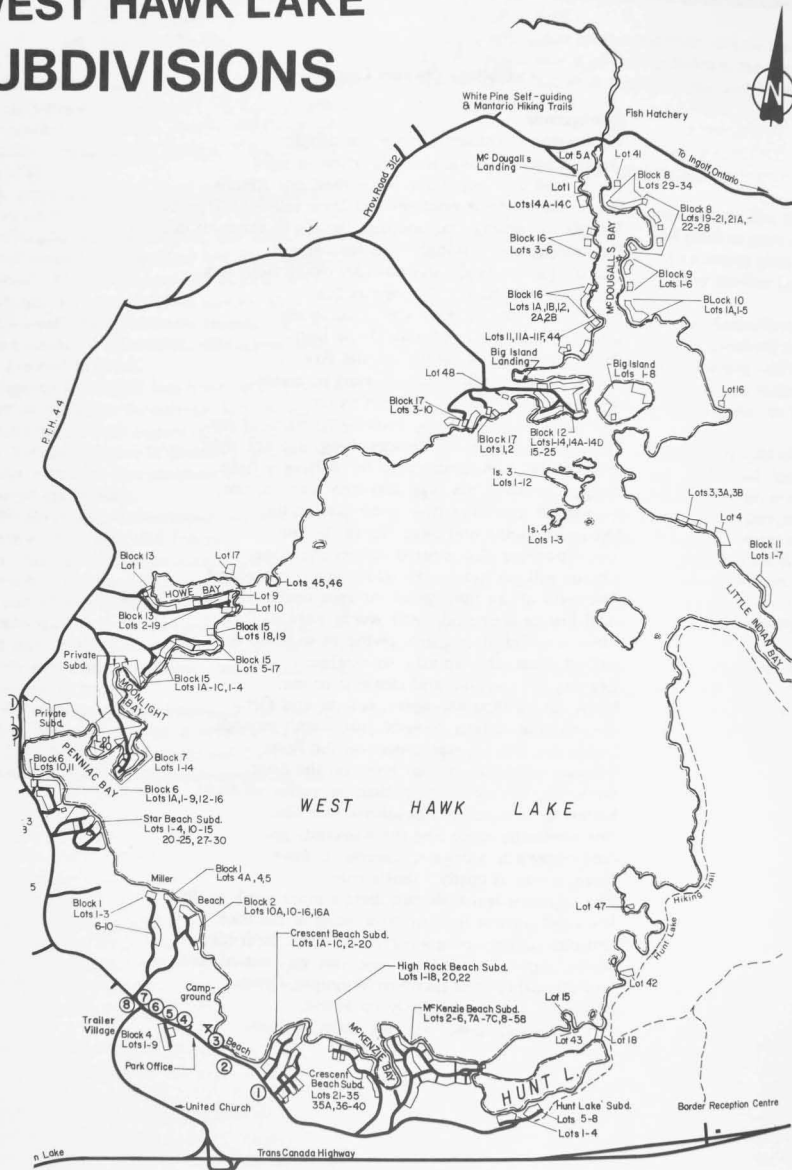
People change and move on as the years pass and nothing ever really stays the same. But for its children of the 70s, Star Lake remains a constant source of strength. Its beauty, charm and peacefulness puts harmony in the hearts of anyone who was lucky enough to have grown up on its shores.

Cottage Owners Lament

Anonymous

We bought a cottage! Oh what a delight
Good times and laughter, relaxation in sight.
We invited our neighbors, we invited our friends,
Our relatives, their relatives and their relatives' friends.
There's swimming and boating, there's so much to do.
Go tanning! Go fishing! or in the canoe.
There's games inside and outside, oh glorious sun,
Oh glorious cottage, oh glorious fun.
It's all so exciting, there's no time to eat.
Get out of the city, get out of the heat.
Everyone's ready to leave around five . . .
The weekend begins, they all start to arrive.
The beer bottles open, the BBQ's on.
The folks all seem happy looking forward to fun.
When somebody's kid decides things are not right
And creates some excitement by starting a fight.
The grown folks get high and they start in, too,
Forgetting just what they came here to do.
Oh yes, to relax and have fun in the sun.
The dissension that started affects everyone.
Things will get better, the whole summer's ahead.
They will all do their share, at least that's what some said,
And just as they said, their words were so true —
They sure did their share, giving us more to do.
Isn't it great, they're now so carefree -
Leaving the cooking and cleaning to me.
Some forgot their shampoo, sun oil and Off -
And the liquor they brought just wasn't enough.
Lights are left on, wet towels on the floor,
Beds are unmade, clothes hung on the door.
Doors are left open, then, then we suffer all night
Listening to buzzing mosquitoes that bite.
The weekends come and the weekends go.
And owning a cottage is starting to show.
Being a host is costly - that's true,
The expenses run high and there's more work to do.
We won't give it up - we love being at the lake.
But one summer of nonsense is all that we'll take.
We'll enjoy what we have, and just stay out of reach -
And the others can travel to Winnipeg Beach.
Not all of our guests apply up above,
For most that come over, we really do love.

WEST HAWK LAKE SUBDIVISIONS



Map of sub-divisions of West Hawk Lake.

West Hawk

BACKWOOD CABINS now KEYSTONE MOTEL AND CABINS

This business was started by Pete Huminuik when the highway went through in the early 1930s and was operated by Sam Yanich as a garage until 1938-1939 when Sam moved to the junction of 44 and 301 Highways.

During the war years, the Huminuik family spent the summers here. Raymond, a son, sold gas, etc.

In 1949, Buster and Doris Bellemere bought the business. Buster built the first cabins at this location. Buster would get a permit to cut pulpwood in the winter to supplement their income, and he would hire men to work for him. One of these was Jack Tod who later moved here with his family.

The Whiteshell post office was located here for awhile when the Bellemeres operated the business.

The main log building burned down while the Bellemeres owned it and was replaced with a larger building on the same location.

They sold in the late 1950s to Peter and Kay Stem who, with their two daughters Kathy and Kim, operated the business until 1971 when they sold and moved to Whitemouth, Manitoba. The family later moved to Winnipeg. While they were living at West Hawk Lake Mr. Stem worked at the Weigh Scales

here, when they moved he commuted for some years from Whitemouth.

Freda, Gunther and daughter Susie Bauknecht took over this business from Stems. They made many improvements. A modern motel was built and all the cabins were replaced with larger modern ones.



Backwood Cabins, 1950, now Keystone Motel and Cabins.



Frieda and Susie Bauknaecht.

An outdoor swimming pool was installed and the living quarters and store were enlarged and modernized, giving the store a shopping center effect, renaming it Keystone Motel and Cabins.

On August 1, 1986, they sold and, along with Freda's mother moved to Port Alberni, B.C. where they bought a home and a motel.

The business is now owned by June and Al Wagner who redesigned the main building and have opened one part of the store as a gift and craft shop, something the area needed.

PINE CONE BAR WEST HAWK LAKE 1963-1968

By Olive Colbert

As a licensed practical nurse, I had a yen to do something different. In the late winter of 1963, I saw an ad in the Free Press stating the Pine Cone was for sale. It had been vacant for quite awhile and was not well equipped. In the back part was a big cooler, an electric stove, a sink and a cold water tap. In the front, there was an ice cream freezer, a soft ice cream machine, a large old soda fountain, an ice cream freezer that didn't work, two or three small tables, a drink cooler and a milk shake machine.

I struggled through the first season with three electric frying pans and two kitchen deep fryers for cooking hot dogs, hamburgers and chips and warming buns. A friend in Winnipeg said to use peanut oil for deep frying so I got a 5-gallon can from Cana-

APRIL 13 1965

West Hawk Lake Project May Help First Men On Moon

SCIENTIFIC drilling project now underway at West Hawk Lake in Manitoba may help man to land on the moon. The tests — conducted by the federal department of mines and technical surveys — are designed to help scientists learn more about meteorite craters.

The man in-charge of the project — Dr. Ian Halliday — says the study of meteorite craters on the earth is vital in preparations now being made for a moon landing, where craters could provide a major problem to astronauts.

The West Hawk project — in the heart of Manitoba's vacationland — is one of ten similar undertakings being conducted by the federal department across Canada.

THE DRILLING is a result of three years of preliminary work in which scientists became convinced that West Hawk Lake was in fact caused by a meteorite many years ago. The evidence: West Hawk is nearly circular in nature, is quite deep (more than 350 feet) and has rock at its bottom which has less density than the rock surrounding the lake.

Dr. Halliday estimates that West Hawk was created by the impact of a meteorite weighing somewhere in the neighborhood of a million tons and travelling about 10 miles a second. This speed is just about twice that achieved by astronauts in their earth-orbit flights, but just over the speed needed to escape earth's gravity.

Although the meteorite would weigh a million tons, it would measure only about 75 feet in diameter, because of its high density. The lake — a crater two miles across — would be created by the tremendous shock wave set up when the meteorite hit. This wave would not be unlike those created by nuclear tests.

DR. HALLIDAY and his crew do not expect to find the meteorite at the bottom of the lake. It would have been shattered by the impact. What

It's an old meteorite crater, scientists say, and the moon's surface is full of them

by CHARLES WILLIAMS

they do expect to find are pieces of meteorite and also pieces of rock that was hit and actually changed by the force of the blow.

This work is quite different from that which Dr. Halliday and his co-worker, Art Griffen, are used to. As members of the Stellar Physics division of the federal mines department, they spend a lot of their time photographing meteorites from the observatories in eastern Canada and in Edmonton.

THE WEST HAWK project has provided Dr. Halliday with his first chance to get a first hand look at underground meteorite investigation. So far the drillers — under Fred Erickson of Canadian Longyear — have probed some 700 feet. This includes the 350 feet of water, and another 170 feet of mud at the bottom of the lake.

The drillers expect to get down to the 3,000 foot level before they are through, bringing up cores of rock which can be compared for composition and density with nearby rock.

The Canadian west contains some of the oldest rock in the world, and must therefore contain some of the oldest meteorite craters in the world. Dr. Halliday says the earth is hit by a "sizeable" meteorite every 10,000 years. Three quarters of these fall in the oceans, simply because three quarters of the earth's surface is covered by water.



Dr. Ian Halliday and the drilling rig set up on the ice of West Hawk Lake.

THE LAST "big" meteorite to fall on land hit Siberia in 1947, when a 100-ton mass of rock plowed into the earth, levelling trees for more than 50 miles and digging a crater several hundred feet deep.

earth is bound to help astro- nauts, because the moon's surface has many more me- teorite craters than earth. The moon has no atmosphere to slow down the bombardment, so the craters will be deeper. But they will be similar in many other respects, and these similarities may spell the difference between success and failure for the first moon landings. Some of this information could come from West Hawk Lake, right here in Manitoba.

This was first printed in Winnipeg Free Press



Here's what the scientists are seeking — a core of rock taken from the bottom of West Hawk Lake.

West Hawk Lake, a crater lake, is the last to lose its ice. In the final stages of breakup, the small porous chunks of ice are like glass crystal when removed from the cold water. When the wind is high there are still no waves, but the pieces of ice continuously collide, making a giant wind chime out of the lake's surface. The lake's voice announces that there are patches of open water. During the days of calm which follow, the lakes re-acquaint themselves with the sky and shoreline reflections.

da Packers and was in business. I used McCain's frozen potato chips that came in 20-lb. cases. I just cooked what was ordered and kept the rest frozen.

The soft ice cream machine didn't work very well because the water pressure wasn't good. A good flow was necessary to keep the machine freezing. The Parks soon put in a new larger line from the water tank to supply the Shell Station and us. Peter Stem had been wanting a better supply for a long time. He wondered how I got it so quickly. I don't really know.

My daughter, Marlene, was with me all summer. On weekends my husband and son, Jim Colbert, came from Winnipeg to help us.

The weekend after Labour Day, my husband came and Saturday morning, we started to tear out the old soda fountains and freezers. A gas line broke and fumes drove us out of the building. Lyle Moffet and Harvey Zimmerman came along with gas masks and closed off the broken pipes. It was late afternoon before we could get back to work. We did a lot of painting that year, too.

Another disaster that year happened the first day, late in June, when Marlene and I drove down to open up. My Morris car conked out at Falcon Lake. We managed to coast to the garage where a kind person loaded us up and drove us to West Hawk. I have no idea who it was.

The second summer we installed new cupboards and counters. We bought a new deepfreeze and a second-hand deep-fryer. We insulated the two bedrooms, put on wall board and installed two windows. Each summer we set up a two-room tent for extra sleeping space.

The first year we closed about 11:00 each evening except on weekends when we stayed open longer. The second year we found we were missing a lot of business at midnight, so we stayed open until 1 a.m. On weekends if the weather was good, we would still be going at 4 a.m. There were a lot of hungry people around the lakes and no other place was open after midnight.

In 1967, the Pan-American Games bicycle races were held at West Hawk Lake. It was Sunday the long weekend in August. We thought we had a grand stand seat because the races started at Crescent Beach, came up the hill and across to No. 1 Highway, east on No. 1 to 44 and then back to Crescent Beach. The cyclists travelled this course 15 to 16 times to make the required distance. We were busy from 8 a.m. until 10 p.m., so hardly saw anything.

C.B.C. cabins opened their lunch counter around 5 or 6 a.m. and closed at 6 p.m. We closed around 10 p.m. because we were all so tired.

The weather was perfect and many people came from all around the lakes, intending to watch awhile and leave. The weather was so good and the race

so interesting, they stayed most of the day. Needless to say, lots of food, ice cream and drinks were sold. Extra supplies were brought in from the dairy depots at Falcon Lake and Kenora.

Many are the good memories of the six summers spent at West Hawk Lake and the Whiteshell. I even dished out the occasional aspirin and heated baby bottles. One night, a girl from Winnipeg slept on the floor. She had come with someone in a U-drive. The driver and car disappeared and she had nowhere to stay.

About seven years after I left West Hawk Lake, I was working in St. Boniface Hospital. An employee looked at me and said, "Oh, the ice cream lady".

Another time, in an elevator, a student doctor said, "Hi Ma". He had worked on the toll gate. Other people called me "Ma", too.

I like to get back to the lake whenever possible and visit the friends I made when I was there or just enjoy the beauty.

P.S. Each October, I would go back to hospital work, then quit before May 24.

WEST HAWK LAKE CRESCENT BEACH CABINS

C.B.C. cabins and store were started about 1932 and were the second tourist cabins in the West Hawk area. They were started by Hector MacKenzie, a Winnipeg businessman who worked in the Grain Exchange. Before he started the cabins, he had a cabin of his own at Lot 8 Crescent Beach Subdivision.

Mr. MacKenzie never stayed to operate the business. He hired a carpenter who, in turn, employed men from the relief camp to do the building. Help was always hired for the store and cabin work too.

One couple who worked for Mr. MacKenzie was Mr. and Mrs. Steadman. They had worked at Toniata camp at Falcon Lake previously. They could do anything. At Toniata, Mrs. Steadman shingled a cabin with the help of an other girl who was working there at the time. At Crescent Beach, they built one of the first cottages on McKenzie Beach, along with the other chores that went along with running a camp.

Another couple who worked for Mr. MacKenzie were Mr. and Mrs. Blackwell. They came in 1949 and left in 1958. The number of cottages both at the camp and private ones were increasing and one big job was putting up ice in the winter. Mr. Blackwell was sort of in charge of the biggest operation in the area. Ice would be cut and hauled to ice houses at the Trans-Canada Restaurant, Sam's Garage and C.B.C. as well, a big ice house in the bush was filled, also some ice houses at private cottages. If the ice flooded or was not suitable at Falcon, ice was hauled

from West Hawk to fill the ice houses at Toniata and Penguin camps. Otherwise the equipment was moved to Falcon and ice cut there. This cold job was done after New Year's. One year, Mr. Blackwell misjudged where the hole in the ice was, backed up and fell into it and luckily had someone there to pull him out.

Mrs. Richardson came every summer for years, starting sometime in the late 1940s and every year thereafter till the Harbottles bought the camp.

Mr. MacKenzie died January 25, 1955. Mrs. Richardson and Mr. and Mrs. Blackwell managed the business for the next owners till 1958, when Milne and Edna Harbottle bought the business and moved to West Hawk Lake.

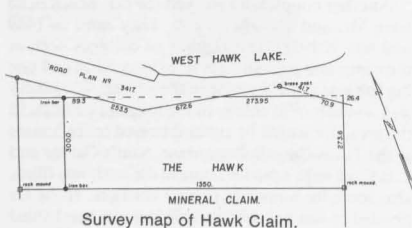
NEW YEAR'S DINNER

For several years during the early 1940s, 'Mac' MacKenzie, the owner of CBC Cabins at West Hawk Lake, hosted a large dinner on New Year's day. Between 25 and 30 local people would enjoy a huge turkey dinner and after the meal, the ladies would clean up while the men went down to the lake.

An area of snow would be cleared from the ice in front of the present beach area and a few large blocks of ice would be cut. This ritual was the start of a major task of putting up over 50 tons of ice for the coming season. Buried in sawdust in ice houses, it would serve the local residents, businesses and cottage owners for all the coming summer.



George and Gladys Watkinson, Bill Blackwell, Adolph Zimmerman, Janet Blackwell.



Survey map of Hawk Claim.

REGISTERED AS C.B.C. CAMP

By Edna Harbottle

One of the first people we came to know was Mr. Erics. He opened Gibson Bowling Alleys in the city but always took time out to enjoy many holidays at the lake. On one of his visits he told us the story of HAWK - incidentally the man the lake was named after. Hawk had requested that upon his death that he be buried on the shore of West Hawk Lake. His wish was consequently carried out - but in 1930 Hawk's body was moved unto the property of C.B.C. Camp when the No. 4 Highway was built.

As far as I know, Hector McKenzie built C.B.C. camp and a mining syndicate bought the camp after he died. In 1958 we bought the camp and moved to West Hawk Lake with our two sons, Robert and Garry. At the time the C.B.C. consisted of a store, garage, 25 non-modern cabins, an ice house, and several boats. MacKenzie had built a dock which was later taken over by the forestry, but MacKenzie and later ourselves had full use of the dock. The boats, being a mainstay for the resort, were rented out to the public for fishing and joy riding.

When we first came to the camp we had only seasonal access to fresh water so our first priority was to put in a waterline which we did in 1959 with the help of Mike Manchulenko digging the trench and Harry Podulchuk as the drag line operator. In the summer months, we had to deliver ice to the cabins' ice boxes every other day. This meant that much of the winter was spent cutting ice on West Hawk Lake as well as cutting firewood for year round use. In order to meet demands of the camp, we worked from 7:00 a.m. to midnight every day. We rented smaller cabins out at \$4.00 a night and \$6.00 a night for the larger ones. In September of 1959, Milne became the postmaster of the Whiteshell post office which supplemented our income and helped to enable us to make our payments. We held the postmaster position until 1979 when he retired, and following that Edna filled the position until 1985 when she reached age 65.



CBC winter scene.



Edna and Milne Harbottle.

In 1967, we built a modern six unit motel with the help of John Ennis doing the plumbing and Mickey Kojomia the electrical work. In 1968, we added a fully-modern cottage and modernized four more cottages. By the early 1960s Milne had built a take-out-cafe which we operated for about five years, but it was simply too hectic to maintain during the expanded renovations.

We still had the cafe when the PAN-AM-GAMES came to Winnipeg in July of 1967. The cyclist competitions were held at West Hawk Lake. Representation from Quebec, Venezuela, Columbia, Equador, Argentina and Canada. I remember this because we fed the Canadian cyclists at breakfast and they consequently took first place. The week



Presentation of cycling awards, PanAm Games 1967, at main beach, West Hawk Lake.

leading up to the games were the busiest we ever enjoyed and we housed many of the officials and competitors. The closing celebrations were very memorable and we enjoyed ourselves immensely.

During the mid 1960s while we were building up the camp, we presented Mr. Finley and Mr. McCallum (syndicate) with the need for a church at West Hawk Lake. Mr. McCallum, who was truly a super person, agreed to the idea and along with Roy Finley and Don Patterson donated one acre of land for the site of the West Hawk Lake United Church, and for ten years following, Milne and Edna provided a cottage for the student ministers at our camp.



Winter customers.



Crescent Beach (main beach), West Hawk Lake.



Sam Yanich's truck. This is what happened when he went in to get his mail.



Mr. and Mrs. Leece. This is how they travelled across Canada.

C.B.C. staff over the years:

Students:

Rose Anne Love	Susan Schaldemose
Wendy Westgate	Rob Davidson
Heather Hodgkinson	Fraser Ogston
Marie Pash	Brian Curtis
Tina Amerongen	Lorne Harbottle
Jane Clarke	Shawn Harbottle
Jean Tod	Suzanne Harbottle
Carol Robertson	Heather Johnson
Barbara Bracken	Cindy Berg
Kathy Essenchuk	Phyllis Bremner
Erwin Thiessen	Debbie Konawalchuk
Cathy Johnson	Scott Konawalchuk
Gail Foster	Lynn Foster
Raymonde Reimer	Sheri Harbottle
Gail Berg	
Garry Harbottle	Elders:
Bob Harbottle	Mary Richardson
Louise Hodgkinson	Jean Humpage
Barbara Allen	Viv Harbottle
Garry Simonson	Ann Davis
Gail Humpage	Eva Tourand
Graham Curtis	Louise Young
Kevin Harbottle	Phil Clarke
Darrel Kinley	Gordon Clarke
Randel Kinley	Jim Clarke

Victor Milne Harbottle:

Milne was born 18th July, 1914 at Napinka, Manitoba. He was educated at Purple Hill and Napinka schools. In 1940, he enlisted with the Lord Strathcona Horse as their carpenter, ended up finger printing and photographer for Canadian Bureau of Identification.

In 1941, he married Edna Clarke. Two children were born of this marriage, Robert and Garry Harbottle.

Robert Harbottle:

Bob was born in 1942 in Winnipeg. He received his schooling in Winnipeg and his B.S. at the University of North Dakota. At present time he is an industrial arts teacher in Winnipeg. Bob married

Wendy Westgate and they have three sons — Kevin, Shawn and Lorne.

Kevin - educated in Winnipeg. Graduated from the University of Manitoba this past spring, 1990, with a Bachelor of Arts degree. He is now employed with Trans-Canada Pipeline working on construction. **Shawn** - is currently taking education at the University of Manitoba with hopes of becoming an industrial arts teacher. He works for the Fisheries Department in the Whiteshell during the summer months, and loves to snowmobile in the winter. **Lorne** - Graduated from High School this past June 1990 and is currently working for Trans-Canada Pipeline. He plans to take a trip to California in January and hopes to go into Physical Education at the University of Manitoba.

Garry Harbottle:

Garry was born in February, 1945 in Winnipeg. He got his education in Winnipeg, Falcon and Whitemouth schools. He helped operate the tourist camp at West Hawk Lake and later became employed with the Trans-Canada Pipeline. He holds the following certificates: Fundamentals of Metals for Pipeliners, Basic Instrumentation 7 Gas Compressor, Electrical Maintenance Years 1, 2, 3 and Gas Technology Division. Technician at Station No. 45 at Falcon Lake. Garry married Gail Berg in 1968 and they have two daughters - Suzanne and Sheri.

Suzanne - Educated at Falcon Lake, Steinbach, and now taking law in her 4th year at the University of Manitoba. During the summer is employed by the Parks one season, and presently with Trans-Canada Pipeline.

Sheri - Educated at Falcon Lake, Ajax, Ontario and presently at Steinbach. Sheri excels in all her work and sports, and will be taking part in the CANADA GAMES in P.E.I. - 1991 as a Junior Biathlon Competitor.



Harbottle family - Back row: Garry, Gail, Milne, Edna, Kevin, Bob, Wendy, Janet (friend) Front row: Cheri, Darcy (friend), Lorne, Shaun.

WEST HAWK LAKE, 1946 **JACK'S DANCE HALL** **NOW NITE HAWK CAFE**

By Jack Nicholson

As hostilities ceased in Europe in 1945, my mind, like that of every other serviceman, turned to thoughts of what I would do upon my return to civilian life. Before the war, I had always said I would build a dance hall at West Hawk Lake but it seemed a boyhood fantasy. However, in 1946, this dream became a reality, as Jack's was constructed to provide dancing and movies to cabin owners and campers from Rennie to Kenora. Fast-food service, french fries, hot dogs, coffee were available. Jack's Place became a popular stop for Kenora cabin owners as they travelled on No. 1 Highway (now Highway 44). I would imagine a whole generation will remember Jack's Place. I still meet happy couples who met at the dance hall.

We have seen many changes in our resort since those early days. Our year-round population included Bob Tully - a talented carpenter and handyman, Stan and Gertie Crook - Stan was our postmaster, Pete Dyck acted for a short while as caretaker for the Star Lake Mine properties, Gus Lindquist - a highly respected Swedish gentleman, Frank and Adele Reichert owned the Trans-Canada Restaurant, Ed and Ella Schindler from Toniata, Sam and Vicki Yanich, who supplied limited automobile services, and a great deal to the welfare and prestige of our community. There was also a year-round Forest ranger with a limited staff.

Excitement was in the air at West Hawk Lake then. Plans were afoot for a resort to be built by owners of mining claims on the north shore of Penniac Bay. This project, along the lines of the boardwalk in Atlantic City, was to be called Pixieland. The thousand of patrons they hoped to attract would arrive from Ingolf via a spur railroad line included in the plan. Portions of the project remain including Jock Tod's former dwelling, the proposed dance hall, now a bunkhouse for area workers. Bob Tully, who was hired as foreman, built a home on land overlooking Penniac Bay. This was as far as Mr. Daniel and his associate proceeded.

As the years passed, I acquired the position of postmaster and justice of the peace for the area. I established a grocery store to serve the growing number of summer residents and the winter residents employed in the construction of the new Trans-Canada Highway.

I met a very lovely girl, Jean Brown, who became my wife in 1956. Our family consists of daughters Jeanine and Jennifer and a son John, all of Winnipeg.

The decision to sell my business at West Hawk



Dance Hall, 1950.



Art Briggs looking for entertainment.

Lake was a difficult one but a position in an entirely different field arose and proved to be the magnet to move to Winnipeg. We had always had our cottage at Penniac Bay and, having retired now, I spend most of my summers in the area I love so much.

The Nickolsons sold the business to Mr. Laferriers who first operated it himself, then rented it to Ellie Zimmerman in 1969.

In March 1970, Harvey and Ellie Zimmerman bought the business, sold their home on Block 4, West Hawk Lake, and moved to their present location which is known as the Nite Hawk Cafe.

Harvey and Ellie came from farms near Whitemouth. Harvey to work for the Forestry in 1955 and Ellie in 1956 to work at the Trans-Canada Restaurant. Ellie continued to work there after she was married whenever she was needed until she had her own business.

They have completely renovated the business and now have a restaurant and take-out order service. Their place is well known for Ellie's home-cooking, in particular her homemade chips and borscht.

Before Harvey had completed their first home on Block 4 West Hawk, he won a cottage with a \$1. raffle ticket at Beausejour. He had it dismantled and rebuilt on Block 4, just 2 lots over from where they were living.

Their family of Barbara, Donald, Brian and Sharon were all born and raised here. Barbara now lives at Elma, Manitoba and has three daughters who often come to West Hawk to help grandma in the summer. Donald lives at Falcon and works for

the Parks, he is married and has three sons, Brian lives and works in Winnipeg, Sharon is married and lives at West Hawk Lake and helps operate the Nite Hawk Cafe.

**JENSEN MARINA LTD. CELEBRATES
20 YEARS IN BUSINESS
AT WEST HAWK LAKE**
By Olive Zimmerman
from Whiteshell Echo

1984 marks 20 years in the marina business for Ib Jensen at his present location. Ib first came to West Hawk in 1960 and rented a small building from Newton Major (where the present Major Service is located). He started repairing boats and motors, plus doing the occasional welding job when called for. In 1964 he bought the land where he is presently located and started building a workshop and business which at first was mostly repairs. He then expanded to sales of O.M.C. and added storage sheds. He can now handle about 100 units for winter storage.

Last fall he increased his main building to give him another service bay. Through the years Ib has done other jobs to help build up his business to its present size. For about 10 years he operated the Marina at West Hawk and had the Power Toboggan Rentals at Falcon Ski Slopes.

When he could, Ib employed people living in the area. Years ago when most boats were made of wood, he employed Bob Tulley who was a 'Boat-Rite', to do repairs on wooden vessels. Three resident boys that spent their summers working and learning about boat and motor repairs were Wayne Zimmerman, Colin Moffatt and Donald Zimmerman. Ib now employs one boat rigger and one motor mechanic for about nine months of the year.

There is a saying that says — "Behind every successful man is a good wife", and in Ib's case, Brenda is always there to go for repairs or scrub a boat, make a coffee or encourage a sale a little. For future expansion help, he has two sons he'll soon be able to put to work. Karl is in grade 2 and Paul is in grade 1 at Falcon Beach School.

When I asked Ib what he would do different if he had it to do all over again, his comment was — "to start out twice as large".

November 1, 1987 Jensen's Marina was sold to the Heard Brothers who renamed the business West Hawk Marina. The Jensens moved to Victoria, B.C.

**KATIE'S TEA ROOM
TRANS-CANADA RESTAURANT
WEST HAWK INN**
By O. Zimmerman

The original building, as near as can be learned, was built about 1930, by a university student who

FORM F22
386-1-77

DEPARTMENT OF MINES AND NATURAL RESOURCES

PERMIT No 2244

ORIGINAL 1158

PERMIT

THIS IS TO CERTIFY that Mrs. Kate Budzinski
of the West Hawk Lake P.O. having paid the following:

Permit Fee: \$1.00	Chase	Total \$100.00
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Is hereby authorized under the Forest Act and Regulations thereunder also special conditions endorsed on the back of or attached to this permit to—
Whiteshell Forest Reserve
Commercial Lot 2, West Hawk Lake
"Subject to the rights of the owners of any mining claims which may be affected."

Ranger Koons to supervise.

THIS PERMIT IS NOT TRANSFERABLE AND EXPIRES April 30 1988

Dated at Winnipeg this 9th day of June 1988.

H. L. Stevenson,
Permitted Forester.

HELP TO PREVENT FOREST FIRES

Department of Mines and Natural Resources Permit, 1935, Katie's Tea Room \$100.

went on to be a druggist.

The next owner was Katie Budzinski. Katie was a hard worker, who had worked for a farm family named Regale near Beausejour, Manitoba before buying a tea room at Whitemouth, Manitoba. While she had this restaurant in Whitemouth, she cooked for the crew that was building the highway (present Highway 44). It was here that her husband left her and four of five children. One child, a son, went out to play one day and was never seen again.

As the highway progressed east, Katie followed and bought the restaurant at West Hawk Lake in either 1933 or 1934. At that time, it was just the dining room and the room right behind it. A big cook stove also served to heat the dining room and bedrooms at the side. A reservoir attached to the stove was the source of hot water. When the table clothes or other things needed ironing, the sad-irons were moved to a hot spot on the top of the stove that had been wiped clean with crumpled paper so that there was no grease or anything else to stick to the irons and hence to the clean clothes. Nearer the back of the stove, the coffee pot was always hot enough for serving, and the kettle was always full nearby so a quick pot of tea could be made. The water was all hauled from a well at Crescent Beach which was quite a job because it was all uphill.

While Katie owned the restaurant, she saved a lot of invoices and other papers in a box that was put in the attic of the building. These papers remained

FORM 229

DEPARTMENT OF MINES AND NATURAL RESOURCES

ORIGINAL PERMIT N° 1231

2654

PERMIT

THIS IS TO CERTIFY THAT Gustaf Lindquist
of the West Hawk Lake P.O. having paid the following:

Permit Fee \$1.00	Dues	Total \$1.00
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In hereby authorized under the Forest Act and Regulations thereunder also special conditions endorsed on the back of or attached to this permit to—

Whiteshell Forest Reserve
Occupy miner's cabin on N.W. 18-9-17 E. "Not within
300 feet of Lake front."

"Subject to the rights of owners of any mining claims
which may be affected."

Ranger Schortinghuis to supervise.

THIS PERMIT IS NOT TRANSFERABLE AND EXPIRES April 30 1938
Dated at Winnipeg this 4th day of June 1938

H. I. Stevenson.
Provincial Forester.

Gus' cabin, \$1.00.

there untouched until the present owners, Duke and JoAnne Daquay, took over in 1979. There were letters telling of cold winters and some of hard times and lonesomeness for family far away and not enough money to go for a visit.

There were maps of the area showing where all the mining claims were and the names of each claim. There were receipts from the Whiteshell P.O. and permits from the Department of Mines and Natural Resources for a year's fee for \$1. There were also a great number of invoices from G. McLean Company Limited which showed the prices at wholesale in 1938. I have added the price in 1990 just for a comparison.

Gus Lindquist, a prospector, lived in a small cabin near Crescent Beach, before the highway came through. This cabin was right on the land where the highway went through and had to be removed. He later built a cabin behind the dance hall and lived there for years. There is more on the story of Gus and his cabin in Dr. MacCharles' story going back to early days at West Hawk Lake.

Old-timers spoke of Gus' work at the tea room and the invoices show that he could have had a more vested interest in the business than was previously known, as the bills from the wholesale show both his name and Katie. The food supplied for the mine, that was in operation at that time, was purchased through the Tea Room and billed to both Messrs. Linquist and Budzinski at West Hawk Lake. Some of the earliest bills showed they were shipped to Ren- nie and had to be picked up there. Later ones were

G. McLEAN COMPANY LIMITED

WHOLESALE GROCERS

DEPT. PASSED ON - TUESDAY OCT. 26/38

WINNIPEG N° 347 Z

Nov. 26/38.

DEBIT

DEBIT SPECIAL ACCOUNT OF Messrs. Linquist & Budzinski,
West Hawk Lake, Man.

FOR PROMPT CASH

W.D.S.	Ship to Dave Robinson, West Hawk Lake, via Sudbom Kirkland	W.D.		
1/2	Dos. tins Green Gage Plum, Mass Best 2e	1.05	.53	
1/4	Dos. tins Bartlett Pears, 2's, Aylmer,	1.85	.92	1/75
1/3	Dos. Spinach, 2's, -ibby's,	2.40	.80	
1/12	Dos. Libby's Dills, 2's,	2.55	.21	
1	Gallon Sweet Mixed Pickles, Raymore, Glass,	1.15		3 75
1/12	Dos. H.P. Sauce,	3.45	.29	
1/12	Dos. Libby's Catsup, Bottles, 12-oz.	1.70	.14	
1/6	Wafers Winder Shaker Salt, Round, 2's	.82	.14	
1	x 40 Bulk Salt, Table,		.18	
1/2	Dos. Broders Pans, 2's, No. 5,	1.15	.35	19 2 50
2	Lbs. Tcing Sugar, White,	7.90	.16	36 1 50
1/12	Dos. Family Size Fletchers Casteria,		.24	Net
1/12	Dos. Phillips Milk of Magnesia, Large Bottle, 4.00		.60	
20	Bars Sunlight Laundry Soap,	8.25	1.84	
4	Only Bars Lifebuoy Soap, 1/3 Dos.	.87	.29	
1	Only Small Jar French Mustard, 6-oz.	1.00	.08	
1/12	Dos. Wagauff's Orange Marmalade, 4 tin,		.41	7 50
1/12	Dos. Servu Peanut Butter, 4 tin, Smith's Pure,		.39	7 50
1/12	Dos. Strawberry Jam, 4 tin,		.58	1 50
1	x 100 Tin Manitoba Honey, Forward		.75	
			9.55	

G. McLEAN COMPANY LIMITED

WHOLESALE GROCERS

DEPT. PASSED ON - TUESDAY OCT. 26/38

WINNIPEG N° 3402 Y

October 29, 1938

DEBIT

DEBIT SPECIAL ACCOUNT OF Messrs. Linquist & Budzinski
West Hawk Lake, Man.
via Ren- nie, Man.

FOR PROMPT CASH

W.D.S.	Ship to Dave Robinson, West Hawk Lake, via Sudbom Kirkland	W.D.		
600	Sweet Caporal Cigs. 25's (2)			
600	" " 10's (2)			
300	Turret Cigs. 25's			
600	Players Cigs. Med. 25's (2)	2650	2.48	22.48
300	Millbank Cigs. 25's			
250	Buckingham Cigs. 25's			
2	dos. Ogden's Pine Out Tob. 10¢			
2	dos. Turret Pine Out Tob. 10¢	6 @	1.00	6.00
2	dos. Sweet Vagoral Pine Out Tob. 10¢			
2	rolls Copen. Snuff		1.02	2.04
12	pkgs. Red Bird matches ea 3		10.90	2.73
1/2	Dos. Matarine Vouth Paste		2.30	1.15
1	dos. Burgess Unicelle #2		1.00	1.11
1/12	Dos. Cystex 75¢ large		6.48	.54
1/12	Dos. Aronised Teat		10.80	.90
				26.08
	To amount Frt. Prepaid			1.58
				27.66
	Frt. allee. on Tob. & Cigs. 21 @ 11¢			.02
				\$28.48

G. McLean's wholesale invoices.



Gus' cabin, West Hawk Lake, early 1930s.



Gus' cabin (NEAR).



Early 1930's. Note barrel (wooden) to catch water off the roof.



For many years the Trans-Canada Restaurant was a bus stop for Moore's Buses. Frank Rogers drove this route for years, he did so many other little extras, like drop orders for supplies off at wholesales or places of businesses, and many times he took letters to the city because even then it was faster than mail service.



Trans-Canada Restaurant with Birchwood Inn addition.

shipped by Moore's Bus. Other material saved was a 1930 Manitoba promotional brochure for the tourist industry showing what we know as the Whiteshell Park in Manitoba is all part and parcel of Minaki and the Lake of the Woods on the Winnipeg River.

There were pictures taken around West Hawk of Gus' cabin and people that no one knows, so names can't be included.

As years went by, Katie spoke to her daughters of wanting to leave West Hawk. A daughter Margaret worked at Stevenson Airfield, now Winnipeg International Airport, the same place Frank Riechert did during the war. This was the beginning of Adele and Frank's association with the restaurant at West Hawk Lake.

On Friday, July 25, 1943, the Riecherts took over the restaurant. The first summer, Adele and an elderly lady ran the business and Frank continued to work in Winnipeg. Adele had been here in 1935 on a holiday in Kenora (when the highway was just a rough and dusty gravel road) and in 1939 she spent a holiday with Sam and Vicki Yanich at West Hawk Lake.

Not long after, Frank and Adele took over the business. They renamed it the Trans-Canada Restaurant and enlarged the building by adding the store which later housed the laundromat, and is now the extension to the enlarged dining room. Then they added the kitchen and the last major addition they did was in 1957 when the Birchwood Beverage Room was built.

By 1950, which was before electricity came to the area, they had purchased a large propane cooking range with a grill and installed propane lights in the dining room as a back-up if the Delco lighting plant failed. The Delco plant also supplied power for a big walk-in fridge in the back shed. Before this source of power became available, the only means of keeping perishables was with ice which had been cut and stored during the winter. With proper care, this ice would last all summer of the following year.

Early in the spring of 1950, Frank Rodgers, the Moore's bus driver, arrived with a fawn whose



Deer - often 20 or more travelled from one business to another for handouts.

mother had been killed on the highway. He wanted to know if Frank and Adele would raise it. The fawn became a pet to staff and customers. He would even come into the dining room for treats. He encouraged lots of ice cream sales because people would buy a cone to feed the deer and take pictures. This went on until the poor little deer suffered a common child's ailment, constipation. From then on his treats were closely monitored.

Another memorable incident in the summer of 1950 was the railroad strike. No passenger trains were running and the Trans-Canada Restaurant was the first 20-minute stop for buses after they left Winnipeg. At the height of the season, up to seven buses full of people stopped at one time. Beforehand, the kitchen staff would make a variety of sandwiches. Pies were cut and put on plates. Lots of coffee was made and the kettle full of hot water for quick cups of tea. Extra girls were on duty in the dining room and three people worked in the store. Everyone in the store stayed in one place, one serving ice cream and frozen treats and collecting for them. The second sold chocolate bars and cigarettes and collected for them and the third person looked after the dining receipts. One of the arriving times for buses was about 7 p.m. These buses were going to Winnipeg. On Sunday nights, cottagers stopped in their cars for the famous Sunday chicken dinners. Add five to seven buses loaded in the restaurant and let me tell you, there were sighs of relief when those buses left. Many of you old-timers will remember that was the summer that Adele was expecting a baby (Paul).

In the spring of 1953 or 1954, a semi-truck was parked in front of the restaurant without the wheels cranked to the left or right. While the driver was eating, the brakes let go and the truck crashed through the wall of the store, coming to a stop by the counter.

Then there was the summer day one of the boys got sprayed by a skunk as he left Pat's Inn (our outdoor biffy). He came running into the restaurant hollering, "Mommie, mommie, smell me!" and all



Pat's Inn.



Ice-auger used for making holes for ice fishing.



Winter - Divers warming up and relaxing.

the customers left.

Other memories of our days at West Hawk were the February Ice Fishing Derby on West Hawk Lake. The men from the Rehab Camp at Falcon would drill about 2000 holes in the ice in preparation for the event. Then on the Saturday and Sunday, fishermen would flock to the lake, some would set up tents, some would drive their cars and trucks onto the ice, and others would light fires near the holes where they were fishing. This was always a fun weekend in the middle of the winter.

Another weekend event in February was when a diving club from Winnipeg came to West Hawk Lake to practice and test their members. After hours and for meals, many of them would meet at the restaurant to socialize. This meant a lot of work for us as we had few or no staff but it was also a time

of fun and comradeship.

Another memory that comes to mind was in the winter, about 1973, when we had a heavy snow storm and there was a group of men drilling in the middle of West Hawk, hoping to be able to study or collect data on the meteorite that is alleged to have formed West Hawk Lake. Their camp was in the middle of the lake and during one night, the weight of the snow caused the ice to start sinking, making slush all around the camp. The next morning I went out by power-toboggan and rescued the bunch of pretty frightened men.

Both Ronnie and Paul were raised at West Hawk Lake. Ronnie went to school first in Whitemouth, then Winnipeg and finally got his law degree in North Dakota and now practices in Dickenson, N.D. Paul got some of his education at home and some at schools in Winnipeg. He still lives at West Hawk and works for the Parks Department.

On April 1, 1979, the Trans-Canada Restaurant was sold. Frank moved to Winnipeg and Adele kept her home at West Hawk and for several winters she went to B.C., always returning in the spring, in time to welcome her friends back to the lake for another summer. Adele passed away February 1990.

The new owners, Duke and JoAnne Duquay, changed the name of the business to West Hawk Inn. They made the store into a laundromat, and later into part of the enlarged dining room, when they made the restaurant into a self-serve cafeteria. A 4-unit motel was also built in the 1980s. Before these units were built, the pub at West Hawk was the last drinking establishment in Manitoba not to have sleeping accommodations as part of the business. The last additions made here were the addition of a dance floor and an outdoor eating area.

Memories that the patrons of this era will be the Christmas in July evening finale and the New Year's Eve party on a sweltering hot August weekend. Tragedy will be part of the memories that live on with Duke and JoAnne no matter whether they stay at West Hawk or somewhere else as their son Mario was one of the victims of the Hinton, Alberta train crash in 1987.

Another memory that will be remembered by Duke, JoAnne and daughter Susan will be the summer of 1990. That was the year Susan graduated and got her first permanent job in Winnipeg and it was also the summer that Duke had serious surgery and was house-ridden for most of the summer.

KENWIN CAMP NOW TALLPINE LODGES

Built by Mr. Huminuk about 1935, Kenwin cabins were the third tourist camp to open in the West Hawk Lake area. The first was the Nellis

camp, now called West Hawk Resort. The second one, Mr. MacKenzie's Crescent Beach Cabins (C.B.C.).

The second owners of Kenwin were the Cooper brothers. After they sold the camp, each built a cottage on West Hawk Lake, one on Crescent Beach subdivision and the other further around the lake, toward Hunt Lake.

When the TransCanada Pipeline went through this area in 1956-1957, Kenwin was completely occupied by construction workers and became very neglected.

In the spring of 1958, Harvey and Nelda Hewitt bought the camp, their story follows.

KENWIN CAMP 1958-1966 By Nelda Hewitt

In the spring of 1958, Harvey and I bought Kenwin Cabins (now Tallpine Lodges) from the Cooper brothers.

It is hard to realize how primitive cabins were less than 30 years ago.

Kenwin was badly run down, after having been rented to a construction gang. The first thing we had to do was put new roofs and chimneys on all and replace all the mattresses.

Electricity had come through only a couple of years previously, so the cabins were still equipped with wood stoves and ice-boxes. Mr. Blackwell delivered ice from the ice-house at C.B.C. We put in electric refrigerators the next spring.

There was no running water. The renters had to carry water from the Fish Hatchery pumphouse at the edge of our property. (At that time the fish rearing station was at the beach.) Adolph Zimmerman helped Harvey put in a well on the hill, so we were able to pipe water to all the cabins by gravity flow.

We were still using outdoor 'biffies' when we sold to Helen and Gus Yakiwichuk in 1966.

Bears and skunks were bothersome in our days. Garbage cages have certainly done a lot to eliminate the problem.

In our years at the cabins, only once did we have



Kenwin Camp, summer 1959.

anything stolen. One midnight, Harvey heard a noise in Cabin 4. He went over and found a couple had moved in. They said they would come over in the morning and sign in, but by morning, they were gone and so were the blankets, sheets, pillows and some kitchenware.

The first spring we were there, before we had any renters, we saw smoke coming from Cabin No. 1. Harvey found two boys and a girl of 15 stranded. They had become separated from their friends because they ran through a roadblock during a fire hazard. They had run out of gas and had no money. Harvey moved the boys into the cabin next to ours and brought the girl over to our place. She sulked all evening and made a fuss about being taken from the boys, and refused to phone home to let her parents know where she was. Harvey warmed up the cottage for the boys and took them some bread and cheese and jam. The next morning he bought them enough gas to get them to Winnipeg.

August long weekend was always a panic. So many people could not find accommodation and would come coaxing to put up a tent or sleep in our veranda. One time, a bad rain and thunderstorm came up. A young couple was sleeping in their car at the edge of our property when the young woman began to have a baby. Mr. Harbottle rushed

them to Whitemouth just in time for the delivery.

We learned early to cater mostly to families and enjoyed the association with our clientel.

Thanks to Bel Tod and Nancy McKinnon for the help they gave us on Saturdays.

When we sold and moved to Faloma Beach on Falcon Beach, Gus and Helen carried on from where we left off in modernizing the cabins till they sold to Nyn and Don Draper in 1977.

Since the Drapers bought this camp, they have renamed it (now Tallpine Lodges) and either removed and built larger cabins or extensively remodelled the cabins till today they have a resort that caters to honeymoon couples. The cabins now feature such up-to-date things as, saunas, microwave ovens, V.C.R.s, heart-shaped hot tubs and all other amenities for the comfort and relaxation people seek nowadays, and they now operate on a year-round basis.

TALLPINE LODGES

This semi-circle of cabins doesn't look like much when you drive in. Fifteen chocolate-brown cabins and a woodshed in a little clearing in the woods. It's what's inside that counts. There's just about



Don, Michell and Nyn Draper and Licorice.

every aid to romance you can imagine - fireplaces, saunas, waterbeds, showers, tubs, TVs with a movie channel, video machines and free popcorn. And honeymooners who stay three or more days — okay Olympians, you know who you are — get the loan of a video camera.

But the piece de resistance for chilly off-season Canadian weather is the private whirlpool in each deluxe cabin — a two-person heart-shaped model or four-person black and white marble job big enough for the backstroke. All tubs open off the bedrooms, and are nestled beside picture windows looking out into the woods.

Even the coldest heart has to warm up when presented with a bottle of champagne, bubble bath foaming as the tub fills up with hot water, and a fire crackling in the fireplace.

Lots To Tell Them In Gary But It's Not Fish Stories

The outdoor editor of the Gary (Indiana) Post-Tribune was all ready to tell his readers of the fine fishing in Manitoba's Whiteshell area . . . But after Monday night's fierce gale, fishing took secondary place.

Jack Parry was in the Whiteshell with Bert Fraser of the provincial government's travel and publicity bureau, photographer Dick Cannon and Ed Shindler, operator of Toniata Lodge on Falcon Lake,

when the rain and high winds drove them ashore at a lonely point on High Lake.

Here, they spent a stormy Monday night, crouched in the lee of a spruce shelter they had built. "We couldn't go to sleep," recounted Mr. Fraser. "Trees were being uprooted all around us . . . It was a case of standing guard all night."

At dawn, they found themselves without food. But there were fish, and one was baked over an open fire.

Later, they found an old mining shack.

There bush-wise Adolph Zimmerman, operator of Lakeside Cabins on West Hawk Lake, caught up with them — he was loaded with groceries. He had been hunting for them since they had failed to return Monday night. By Tuesday noon, he had them back in his cabins, and the quartet returned to Winnipeg Tuesday night.

Two other Americans had been stranded overnight on the "near" side of High Lake, and were able to get out Tuesday morning.

RCMP also reported 25 men from Steinbach were stranded — "but not missing" — on islands around Pointe du Bois. A few good boats were able to get out and back to the islands with food for them.



September 3, 1953, Mr. Ziegler with his morning catch, a lake trout.

This Lake Trout was caught by W.F. Ziegler, 934 Somerset, early Sunday morning — 6:55 was the time. Mr. Ziegler, out fishing on the last morning of his holidays, caught this 17 lb. beauty. It measures 33½ inches in length, and 19½ inches around the girth. He caught it with a plastic coated minnow, rigged to a ruby-eyed spoon with a copper line. Mr. Ziegler figures the fish was down 200 feet. He had 500 feet of line out. He brought him up to the boat after a 15 minute battle, and then gaffed him in.

Mr. Ziegler was out across from the Lakeside Cabins. He had previously been out every morning and had not caught one fish in all that time. Sunday morning he caught two trout. Mr. Ziegler works at the C.N.R. and is General Supt. of the Manitoba District.

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LAKESIDE CABINS 1950-1985

By Olive Zimmerman

In the fall of 1949, the road was built into Lakeside Cabins on West Hawk Lake under the direction of Mr. Cal Ritchie who was in charge of the Whiteshell Forest Service stationed at Rennie. He often comments on the number of wasps aroused while they made the turnaround loop.

By the spring of 1951, five cabins in a row along the lakeshore had electric lights, from a 32-volt Delco plant, and cold running water to kitchen sinks. The sinks had drains into small closed pits. The running water was a gravity flow system. We would pump it daily into a large tank and it was piped into all the cabins.

Electric lights and running water were something new in tourist camps then. When the camp inspector and health inspector came to do their inspections so an operator's licence could be issued, they were most impressed and said the cabins were the most modern in the Whiteshell.

On July 28, 1952, the government surveyors surveyed the boundaries. The property was then identified on maps as Block 1 commercial Millers Beach, West Hawk Lake.

In the spring of 1952, we dissolved the partnership with Sam and Vicki Yanick. In April 1955, Adolph bought a 110-watt diesel light plant which meant I could use a vacuum cleaner and electric iron. The electric iron was a big improvement over the sad-irons that had to be heated on the surface of wood stoves or the clumsy gas irons. All the bed linens and towels had to be ironed because it was before the days of permanent press fabrics. The vacuum was the answer to my dreams, especially in the spring when it could suck dust out of cracks and crevices that previously had to be dug out with an old ice pick or some such thing. The vacuum, with its long handle, meant I only had to climb half as high on a stepladder to get at the dust and cobwebs in the rafters.

May 19, 1956, we got our first television. This was a big event because we were beyond the fringe range for receiving the signal then. We got the correct antenna and it went up on a pole on top of a high rock at the back of the house with a great long lead-in. There was someone at the pole to turn it, someone at the TV set to tune it in, someone in between relaying instructions, and two or three more people lending advice or a helping hand. This first TV in the area was a whole new experiment.

Getting hot running water to the bath was another big event. Don't get the idea people weren't bathed. Bath night once meant heating water on a wood stove and bringing indoors a galvanized tub. Family members took turns bathing, then the tub



Lakeside Cabins, 1957, winter scene.



Happy fishermen, they had their limit of rainbow trout, pickerel, jack fish and lake trout.

had to be emptied and the water thrown outside. This was an ordeal in the winter in Manitoba.

When we moved into our house which had a basement, Adolph attached a copper line to the reservoir of our wood stove and put a tap at the bathtub. The tub drained into a septic tank and field. That was really great - a three-piece bathroom at last!

Weather played a major role in some events at Lakeside Cabins that have never been forgotten, like the weekend of May 10, 1953. At this time, there was no road into Block 7, so the owners of cottages there parked their cars at Lakeside and went by boat to their cottages. This particular Friday was warm and sunny. Mr. George Hare (who was no spring chicken) had brought his father and a few other people out for the weekend. Saturday, the weather changed. The temperature dropped and we had wind and snow and rain. It was no better by Sunday afternoon. Adolph went in the truck to the far side of Penniac Bay, then walked two to three miles to the cottage. He walked everyone to a dock where he put them in a boat and got them safely to the road and to their car. That same weekend, Dr. and Mrs. Ranosky and their three little ones were at their newly-purchased cottage on the same block. One of the daughters remembers how their dad stuffed the three kids under the bow of their big Peterborough boat and told them to stay there while they made

their way along the shoreline back to the road at Penniac Bay. There Mrs. Ranosky and the children waited while Dr. Ranosky walked to Lakeside Cabins to get the car.

Another date we'll always remember was June 8, 1954, the day the Time Building in Winnipeg burned down. Mr. Bert Fraser from the Manitoba Tourist Association was staying at Lakeside Cabins with a group of writers and photographers for a Chicago sports magazine. They were in Manitoba to get fishing stories. On this particular day, Ed Schindler from Toniata Lodge on Falcon had taken the group to High Lake for a day's fishing for lake trout. By the time they decided to start back, the wind had risen. High Lake was so rough that they had to stay where they were at the east end of the lake. They found an old mining shack which they used for shelter for the night. The next morning, Adolph Zimmerman and Norman Good took a large boat and went looking for them. The wind was still strong, but they got to the portage. They walked across the portage and took another boat and started searching along the shoreline. They finally found them and, by tying the two boats together, they were all able to get back to the portage. They all walked across to Falcon, packed their gear into the boats and, by following the shoreline closely, arrived back at the dock at Toniata Beach from where everyone headed for home. The sports writers had a fishing story with a new twist.

In the winter of 1955-1956, a record 94.6 inches of snow fell and keeping roads open was a major problem. Adolph made a V-plow and pulled it behind a 30 caterpillar tractor. As the snowbanks at the side of the road became higher, he would have to make higher edges on the V-plow.

There are also lasting memories about wildlife. One evening when it was really dark outside and several of us were standing outside talking, some things kept swooping all around us in the air. It turned out to be bats. Another time, a very cloudy day, I saw two bats on a log. I was told they are usually only seen in the daytime when mating. If that is so, they have a courting ritual of walking toward each other with wings spread, then backing away and forward again.

We had a bat in our basement and what a commotion that caused. In an attempt to chase it out of the basement, it was injured, so we killed it. It was interesting to examine the wing structure and feel the webbing, but I still think they are creepy little things.

I am sure everyone has a new skunk story to tell every year, from people who think they are cats, to someone coming face to face with one at the garbage can at night.

The skunk story I remember at Lakeside hap-

pened one Saturday morning when a number of people in the cabins were packing to go home. Their children were all outside playing when they found these cute little kittens (baby skunks) in a culvert. We could hear, "Mommy, Daddy, come and look" and "Get back to the cottage," and squeals and hollering. I don't remember if there was a big skunk around but there was a lot of excitement for a while.

Then there are the bear memories. One memory is from the spring of 1959. Our children, Wayne and Audrey, would be 3½ and 1½ years old, so when I would clean cabins, I would pack up goodies and toys and kids and go to work. This time, I needed something at the house so I ran back to get it. When I was returning to the cabin, our dog and a bear were at loggerheads between the kids and me. Did I move fast! I ran back and phoned our neighbor to go for Adolph. He came to our place first and the sound of the vehicle chased or scared the bear away. What was more important was the children had not come out of the cabin.

I remember the night they were trying out the new live bear trap. It was unloaded off a half-ton truck and left not too far from the house in the late afternoon. In the evening, the worst noise erupted. A bear in the cage was fighting mad, rocking the cage and growling and causing a real racket in the quiet of a spring evening.

The men had a real problem because they had to lift manually, the cage (with angry bear) into the box of a truck. There were four handles on the cage, but the bear could get its paws through the steel bars welded on both ends of the cage. When a paw came near a fellow's hand, he would let go of his handle. You can imagine how long it took to load that first caged bear.

Then there were other memories. Like the beautiful Sunday in early spring when a few families from Winnipeg had driven out to check their cottages or to reserve a cottage for their summer holidays. After this was done, everyone spent an hour or so tobogganning and sleigh riding down the hill (which was also the road). Then we went inside for a bite to eat and a warm drink and everyone got ready for home. Some of these people had summer tires on their cars and they couldn't get up the hill that was polished smooth from the toboggans. After spreading ashes and gravel, everyone got away.

We've lots of pictures and memories of outdoor trips we made. Like fishing trips to such places as Telford Pond for rainbow trout or to Granite Lake for pickerel, or following the ravens when the snow was still deep in the early spring to find their nest high on a rock ledge, or wiener roasts on the beach with everyone in camp joining in and ending with a lively sing-song. Then there were the times we'd stand on the dock and watch the wind take

the crumbling ice across the lake for the last time and pile it on some far shore sometimes to depths of eight to ten feet or more. It was frightening to see the wind move those tons of ice toward the dock where we were standing and being unable to do anything to defend your property against such a force. Then there were the times when the waves were so high and the wind was so strong that we'd crawl along the dock to untie the boats and beach them so they wouldn't get swamped.

In the spring of 1962 we sold Lakeside Cabins to Fred and Mary Parker of Winnipeg. Fred and Mary and sons, Murray and Rick, had spent their holidays at Lakeside Cabins in 1951 and 1952, then they bought the cabin that Adolph had built at Block 9, Lot 4, of Falcon Lake (one of the first cottages built on the south shore of Falcon). They sold the camp to Mr. and Mrs. Bremner after five years in the business and moved to Vancouver. The Manitoba Government bought out the Bremners in 1975 and operated the camp as a leased concession, managed by Freda and Ginter Baucknaut of Keystone Cabins until the fall of 1984. In the fall of 1985, the cabins were demolished and all the grounds levelled.

Information for the next chapter of this story came from the Parkers. They had spent their holidays at Lakeside 10 years earlier and had found it an ideal spot for family vacations with room for youngsters to run off their energy and privacy enough for relaxation.

They were looking for a change in their lives, but no one was more surprised than they were to find themselves resort owners.

Mary was the main operator of the cabins. Fred continued to work in Winnipeg, spending his weekends and holidays at Lakeside. His first job on weekends was to repair hot plates. There were always two or three elements or switches that needed attention and he soon became an expert at this.

Mary learned quickly how to handle many problems. One crisis happened after a storm blew down their powerline poles, pulling the wires off the wall where they were attached and fed into the breaker box.

On her way to find an electrician about 8 a.m., Mary found the road blocked with fallen trees and wires. Saws and axes were brought out and half the customers pitched in to clear the road to the highway.

Calls of help for electrical trouble were numerous that morning and Mary had to settle for the electrician's helper, an older man. He had only started to untangle the mess of wires when he fell off the ladder and broke his leg.

One cold and windy May long weekend, when the camp was full and everyone was busy, the Parkers

could see an unknown boat anchored 100 yards out from the dock. It was a cabin boat open at the back and anchored from the low stern into the wind. The waves came over the back and, with the weight of three fishermen, the boat soon swamped and sank. The three men were able to get out and cling to the boat until help came but when the boat sank, it flipped over, trapping a woman in the cabin. Before Fred and son Rick could get to the boat, tow it to shore and right it, the woman had drowned. This was a trauma that haunted them for months.

While Parkers were at Lakeside, they had many visits from furry four-legged friends and with the help of yard floodlights, they were able to observe the activities of some. One time, the live bear trap was set in the yard and they watched as a skunk confronted a bear, each attracted by the bait. They shuffled for position for quite some time until finally the skunk backed off and left the disputed territory to the bear who immediately walked into the trap.

The end of each tourist season has special memories. One season ended the same day as the first snowstorm of the year. The snow was so thick that it was impossible to see more than a few feet. You would not think it possible to get lost at Lakeside Cabins but that's what happened to Fred while he was draining toilets, tanks and waterlines. He couldn't tell which cabin was which or where he finished and what was left to do. He was taking so long that Mary became worried. She put a plastic bag over her head to keep the snow off her glasses and went searching for Fred. Together, they finished the job and none too soon because everything had started freezing as they watched.

By Phyllis Stein (Bremner)

June 15, 1966, Ernie and Rose Bremner purchased Lakeside Cabins from Mr. and Mrs. A.S. Parker and operated it until 1975.

Lakeside Cabins was a family resort. There were eight light-housekeeping cabins, ranging from 1 to 3 bedrooms, a small store, boats and motors for rental, a private beach and playground.

During the years, Lakeside went through many transitions. Starting with a facelift, all cabins were painted from desert brown to white with red trim. The underbrush along the lakeshore was cleared, giving a pleasant view for all. The beach was cleared and truckloads of sand brought in, leaving a nice sandy beach. A new and larger dock was built enabling more boats to tie up. All the cabins were rewired and electric stoves installed. The centre of Lakeside was full of trees. These were cleared, making a playground area. Many hours of badminton, volleyball, croquet and softball were enjoyed.

Many thanks go to our longtime friends, Edna and Milne Harbottle, owners and operators of Cres-

cent Beach Cabins. Their friendship, advice and support were invaluable.

All the changes in the appearance of Lakeside could not have been possible without the help of friends and family. Phil Clark, Rae Todd and Bill Whitwell were instrumental in the overall renovations. Many friends from Winnipeg helped at paint parties and lawn cutting.

Along with the hard work, a lot of fun took place. The clientele at Lakeside was all very nice and in most cases came back year after year, resulting in many friendships. One instance when the cottages were full and most had met each other in previous years, a new family booked in. They had come to Canada from Jamaica and, during their stay, their Canadian citizenship was received. All the cottages got together and threw a big party to celebrate and welcome them to Canada and presented them with the Canadian flag.

There were always lots of animal friends. At least once a year we would see a mother skunk and her family parade along the drive. Cute as they were, we kept our distance. The deer would come through the camp regularly and one in particular, nicknamed Petunia, could not resist the flower bed full of petunias, hence the name. We had heard of flying squirrels and we found out they did exist. When clearing the center we came upon a family. They glided to safety, but for us it was a first, to see a squirrel in flight. Then there were our bear friends. Many visits were made by them, mostly at night when we were asleep but we would always know when they had been at the garbage. One day, a mother came through the camp with her two cubs. Because this was a little out of the ordinary a lot of people gathered, making the mother nervous. She gave one howl which sent the two little ones up a tree. Everyone had to go to their cottages before the mother signalled her cubs to come down and then they made their exit.

Lakeside was sold to the Province of Manitoba in 1975 due to an illness in the family. The government tore down the cabins in the fall of 1985.

In closing here are some prices and dates just for the records: The hydro bill in 1969 - \$195.87; in 1974, \$224.75. Monthly service fees for the Manitoba Telephone System was \$2.60 plus 13¢ tax. In 1974, gasoline was 64.9 cents a gallon. Heating oil in 1969 cost 25 cents a gallon.

Our first hydro bill at Lakeside Cabins was for \$120.12 plus \$70. for connection, the discount on the power used was \$12.01 and for the connection was \$12. Making the total bill \$166.10 for the year.

WEST HAWK RESORT FORMERLY HOLIDAY RESORT

O.C. (Clem) Nellis and his wife and three chil-

dren came to West Hawk Lake in 1932 to camp on their holidays. They liked the area so much they decided to settle here. The first summer they camped where the store is located now and sold hot dogs, etc. This was the summer the highway opened, and when fall came, Mr. Nellis bought lumber in Beausejour and built a big building. This housed the first store, a restaurant, the first post office and living quarters for Clem, his wife Vera and their three children. The first school was held in this building and the first teacher was Alex Gibb and the students were the three Nellis children and Lillian Ritchey, daughter of Cal. and Vera Ritchey. Mr. Ritchey was the Forest Ranger for this area and lived at West Hawk. There were two other teachers in the 1930s, Charlette Green and another girl. Mr. Gibb was paid \$5.00 a month from Ritchies and \$10.00 a month plus room and board from the Nellises for teaching.

When the post office opened it was the first one in the area and the mail came into Ingolf, Ontario and was brought by boat across West Hawk Lake in the summer. Someone walked on snowshoes across the lake for it in the winter.

While the Nellises were there they built the first cabins and they named them Holiday Resort. The Nellises sold to Stan and Gertie Crook in 1940. They operated the business from then till 1953 when they sold and moved to Kenora, Ontario. They have since moved to Winnipeg, where they live now. They had one son. (The dates on the information I was given differ as to when the Crooks bought and sold. I could not verify them.)

The Crooks sold to Mr. and Mrs. Baudry from St. Boniface in 1957. While they owned it, they built a 4-unit motel and renamed it West Hawk Motel.

The next owners were Jean and Walter Jurevich from Beausejour who bought it in 1961, and sold it to Bert and Noreen Vinet on July 15, 1972. During the next 11 years, the Vinets, Bert, Noreen and three children, Paul, Brian and Debbie removed all the old cabins and replaced them with larger modern ones that could be used year round. They also rebuilt and enlarged the living quarters and store. Mr. Gus Anderson built them a large stone fireplace in their living room to add warmth and comfort.

On August 1, 1974 the first year-round liquor vendor was opened at one end of the store. The last building the Vinets built was a garage for storage.

On April 1, 1983 the Vinets sold and moved to a new home on the South Shore of Falcon Lake.

The new owners are Bill and Sherie Sheddons and their sons. They have renamed the business West Hawk Resort. They tore down the 4-unit motel and are replacing it with new modern cabins.

In the spring of 1990, the Sheddons sold the business and moved to Falcon where Bill operates the Golf Course restaurant and the Pizza Hut in part-

nership with Bob Partridge.

John and Carol Surowich and their family moved to West Hawk and bought the West Hawk Resort.

MAJOR SERVICE FORMERLY PIXIELAND SERVICE

This is one of the old establishments in the area. The original name comes from Pixieland Claim which was mined before the area was taken over by the government.

After mining ceased on the Pixieland Claim, Fred Larn, who had been mine timekeeper, bought the land in 1937. He wanted to develop a townsite on this land which included where the present West Hawk Marina (formerly Jensen Marina) is located, the area behind that where there are cabins now back to where Bob Tully's house was, and including the land where Bob Gawne's shop is, and Masons business (Major Service). When Jock Tod moved here, he and their family lived in this area. This portion of the property now belong to a son Ernie and is a bunkhouse for workers in the area.

The next owner we hear about was a Mr. Daniels. It was about this time that a service station and some small cabins were built where the present Major's Service is located.

From about 1950-1955, this business was operated by J. Yurkowski and his family or part of his family and was known as the Esso Hot Dog stand.



This is a picture of the first buildings of what we have all come to know as "Major's Service" at West Hawk Lake. Picture courtesy Nellie Major, Carman, Manitoba.

MAJOR'S SERVICE WEST HAWK LAKE By Nellie Major

This is the place we went on shares with Newt for a number of years. Later he said he had a buyer but instead we bought it out and Newt stayed and worked for us. His main job was selling gas. When we came, there was a lot of cleaning up to be done.



This was the store at Major's, December 1, 1961. Picture courtesy Nellie Major, Carman, Manitoba.

What we bought Vern Sr. and Nellie Major.

Old cars and garbage from the garage were hauled away.

There were two fires while we owned the store. The first one about two years after we got there and they thought it was started by old wiring. We had our own lighting plant then. This happened in the winter and we lived in a trailer the rest of the winter. In the spring we built a bigger place which had living quarters and a restaurant part. I did not care for the restaurant part. We were doing well in the store. Vern started to bake for the bush men, but at this time we only had a small stove. Later he got a double-decker propane stove with a large storage tank. Jock Tod dug the front basement and Bob Tully did the building with help from others.

This is the place we built (I believe it was in 1963). It had two furnaces. We only had this place a year or more when it blew up. I could smell gas so when I was going to Winnipeg, I stopped in at Beausejour to ask the men to check the furnace. They said they would be down in two or three days. That night it blew up. Vern had just got home from the hospital so he couldn't do much. He tried to get the cash register out but couldn't get to the drawer. In the bedroom he tried to get my mother up and of course she had to dress, then he took her over to Ib Jensen's who lived on the hill in a small building. She was almost overcome with smoke so they took her to Tods. Later, she went to Shirley's (family) in Tyn-dall where I met them. It was a sad sight.



Vern Sr., Nellie, Allen, Loretta, Milne Harbottle, new building.

After the fire we had to build again, but this time we got carpenters from Steinbach. It didn't take them long to do the building, what took time was blasting the rock to make a basement. I saw Mr. Tod get stuck a number of times. It was a cold job, having to put chains on the tractor in the cold water.

We opened this place on June 15, 1963. It had a store and living-quarters. Then Vern started baking a few loaves of bread for a druggist, Mr. La Clare, who thought the bread was great. We didn't think so, but that wasn't important. Other people wanted some, then he started baking butter tarts. The kitchen was too small, so we built a bake shop on to the back. This is the second place we built.



New store, 1963.

In 1964, Vern had a heart attack. He was in Carman hospital a month or more. Our son, young Vern, who was in the navy, managed to fly down to see him. While he was visiting, his dad and I took him to West Hawk Lake. He really liked it and said, "Don't sell this, I want it". Later, I talked to my husband and he said it might be all right although he knew he wouldn't be able to work hard again. (As it turned out, he worked harder than ever when the bread business became well-known.)

Young Vern made a second trip down and agreed to leave the navy. He got out as soon as he could and, when they sold their house and the kids were out of school, they came. We all lived together as we had bedrooms in the basement. Then we bought a trailer and set it up on the hill for ourselves.

The next spring we started to build on, and we did the baking as best we could with the equipment we had. Later, we heard of some bankrupt equipment, listed through the credit union in St. Claude.

The addition was as long as the store and quite wide. We were mixing the bread dough in a tub but we had to get a new tub every week or so. It wasn't long before the credit union had all the baking equipment for sale, so we bought the big oven that held over 100 loaves, the mixers and other equipment. The propane company moved all the equipment and set up the stove and things. After



Laura, Patricia and Allen Major, confirmation at West Hawk United Church.

everything had a good cleaning, we were soon in full swing. I think this was 1964.

We all had our work cut out for us. Newt looked after the gas pumps. Lauretta was the pie maker. Vern Sr. would mix the dough or pastry in a big mixer and she would make up to 100 pies in a day. Vern Sr. made about the same number of loaves of bread a day. Newt and I would help make the loaves at about 4 or 5 o'clock in the morning. Wendy had greased all the pans the evening before. Cathy looked after the store. Laura did odd jobs. Pat was too young to help but she was able to look after Allen later on.

Vern started making buns, cinnamon buns and tarts. In the winter, Vern would make pastry in the big mixers and Newt and I would cut out tart shells. By spring, we had a freezer full of tart shells but when the season started, they didn't last long.

We started to deliver our baking. I would take the van and trailer with bread and buns and pies (on order) and go from East Braintree to Sprague, then into the north end of the Whiteshell. I seldom had anything left. Three days a week I would deliver, the other two days, I would go to Winnipeg for supplies. As things grew we got a semi-trailer to haul our flour and groceries and also to bring in lumber. Vern Jr. was building up a good business in the lumberyard. He also did custom work for cottage owners with his gravel truck and caterpillar. That meant when Vern was out on a job, someone else looked after the lumberyard. When I was home, I would do it, otherwise, someone less took over.

There were many jobs to be done, a lot of hard work, particularly in the hot summer. The two oldest girls, Cathy and Wendy, would work in the store and operate the bread-slicing machine. At the height of the season there wasn't much time for relaxation and the young ones had few opportunities to relax on the beach. There were eight of us to feed and do washing and the like for, so there was quite a bit of behind the scene work that had to be kept up as well. I can still hear Vern hollering

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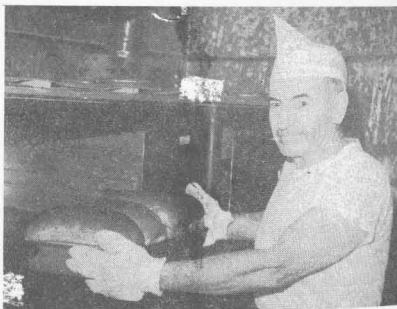
to the girls, "Get to work," when some customer was getting impatient. When the season was over, we missed the people. We would spend the winter making plans and improvements for the upcoming season.

The heavy work began to tell on us. I had three operations myself and Lauretta, who had five children, had begun to feel the strain. It was time to think of quitting. Vern Jr. put the place up for sale in 1967. We were there a while before it sold. When we did, my husband and I and Newt moved three miles east of Carman. My husband passed away there May 22, 1986, at the age of 75.

Newt, who lived with us and helped remodel our home at Carman, had failing health in later years and spent his last year or so in Boyne Lodge where he passed away January 28, 1985, at age 84.



When the bread was fresh out of the oven.



Vern Major Sr. with fresh baked bread. Picture courtesy Nellie Major.

Although I have no records of prices, here are what I remember - quite a difference to today. Bread sold for 25¢ a loaf the first year, then went up to 35¢ a loaf. Tarts were first 40¢ a dozen, then went up to 60¢ a dozen. Pies were 60¢, later 80¢ and buns were 40¢ a dozen at one time.

There was so much we missed when we left, like the customers and the noise from the highway.

After much hard work on our home at Carman, I had to sell it on May 6, 1989, and I now live in an apartment. I have to use a walker but I still have my car. Vern Jr. and Lauretta live in Sidney, B.C. Cathy and her family are in Edmonton. As I write



Tourist attraction.

(May 1990) Wendy and her husband and their two children live in Edmonton but they are to go to Germany (he is in the Air Force). Laura lives in Sidney and has two children. Pat lives in Prince George, B.C. and has two children. Allen, who was the baby when we were at West Hawk Lake, lives in Langley, B.C.

Majors sold in 1967 to Mr. and Mrs. Hodges and their two sons, Frank, wife Margeret and twin sons, and Len, wife Lynn and their son. Mr. Hodges Sr. was very good at finishing and refinishing furniture which he did for some cottage owners. Lynn, a hairdresser, operated a business in a room now part of the store. They discontinued the baking operation which was greatly missed in the area.

Hodges sold in 1980. Some of the family moved to Alberta and Len and his family moved to Winnipeg. The new owners were Mr. and Mrs. Burgess, who sold 18 months later to Pat and Bev Mason and sons, Kirk, David, Grant and Gordon.

Since 1982 when Pat and Bev moved to West Hawk Lake, they have completely renovated the store and the living quarters. May 1, 1986, the Whiteshell P.O. (West Hawk Lake) moved from C.B.C. store to Major's with Pat the new postmaster.

There are still gas pumps at this location but the garage has come and gone, so have the cabins, the lumberyard and the bake oven.

MAJOR SERVICE CENTER THE MASONS

March 1, 1982 we moved to West Hawk Lake. That means we sort of changed our way of living from shirt and tie and formal dresses, 9 to 5 - Monday to Friday jobs; to blue jeans and sweatshirt, and a cap for Pat seven days of the week. As for hours - that can best be described this way - we eat when



THE MASONS

Back row: Grant, Pat, David and daughter Erin. Front row: Kirk, Bev, Ledise, Gordon.

we're hungry or when the cook says "It's ready, go and eat". There's a saying that goes something like 'I eat when I'm hungry and drink when I'm dry' that's true around here, and we can add another line, 'we sleep when there's nobody around' and by then we are usually dog tired.

We've made a few changes, we added a table, chairs, wood stove and coffee pot just for convenience and to keep up with the local happenings.

On May 1, 1986 we sort of acquired the Whiteshell post office. It was on a temporary basis, now it has become a fixture.

We arrived with four teenage boys, Kirk the eldest, works for Parks Falcon. David, well he really flew the coop all the way to High Level, Alberta where he works for Inter-provincial pipelines and lives with his wife and our only granddaughter 1500 miles away. Grant decided plumbing was to be his future and works for Ron Davies at Falcon. Gordon, the youngest, attends classes at University of Manitoba and is very involved with the Triathlon Association and other things and tries to make financial ends meet by working for the Parks in the summer.

Here are some of the staff that have helped us out over the summers: Brenda Baker, Gordon Mason, Janet Baker, Michealanne Harman, Grant Mason, Donald Baker, Kirk Mason, Kevin Gawne, Janet Baker, Sean Nedohin, Wendy Fisher, David Mason, Nancy Baker, Russel Bell, Kelly Gawne, Greg Duncan.

Editor's note: This business retains an element of the past, especially in the fall and winter months. You can stop there for many of the things you need in everyday living and be warmed by the heat from a wood stove and enjoy a cup of coffee and catch up with the goings on in the community.

In closing I will tell of one memorable event that took place a few falls ago. Just before closing time one evening, a resident drove up to the gas pumps and connected the hose to his truck tank and set it to cut out when the tank was full and went into the

store, got his other things, paid for the gas, went out, got into his truck and drove away, without removing the hose from his truck. Calamity! The next morning the first customer wasn't impressed when he got sprayed with gas before the damage had been repaired, but it was funny to hear the whole story even if the smell of gas prevailed for awhile.

WEST HAWK LAKE SAM'S CORNER

By Olive Zimmerman
material from Vicki

In the summer of 1983, after talking with interested people, I started making some phone calls and writing some letters and in November 1983, a sign was erected, officially naming the junction of 301 and 44 Highway "Sam's Corner".

Sam Yanich was born in Yugoslavia. He came to this area in 1930 to work for A.N. Duff who had the contract to build the stretch of highway from the Lily Pond to the Ontario border. This was the first No. 1 Highway and the first Trans-Canada Highway.

Sam, the boatman for A.N. Duff, freighted everything from food to the dynamite for blasting the rock. He would freight the material across Long Pine Lake, then portage it to West Hawk Lake and across West Hawk to the point closest to where the work was going on.

After the highway was constructed, Sam bought the boat and stayed here. He lived in a tent about where the water tower is located at West Hawk Lake, then about 1934 to 1939, he rented the garage at what is now known as Keystone Resorts. He bought some row-boats to rent and continued to do freighting on West Hawk. He freighted for mining companies drilling at Star Lake. A lot of building material, groceries and all the people who worked in the area still came by train to Ingolf, Ontario, and had to get to this side of the lakes by boat because there was no road to the fish hatchery to Ingolf in those days. For a time the mail for the area came to Ingolf, where it was picked up and brought to West Hawk. For a time Sam did this.

In 1939, Sam moved to the little garage that became known as "Sam's Garage". This was a log building that was built by John Blies, a craftsman in the business of building with logs. This garage was operated for a very short time by someone else before Sam took it over. Soon after Sam took over this garage, he built a house and an ice house. This latter was for some place to store ice for their own use. He also had the garage enlarged, added gas pumps and did a general car service. (Vicki Yanich had come to Whitemouth to work for Katie and she

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Here are only three of the many deer hand-fed in the West Hawk area in the 1960s. Behind these three were often more waiting for their turn. This was part of a herd of between 20 to 30 that travelled from one place to the next in the winter, looking for hand-outs.



Fry's Corner - before Sam took over. It was a bus stop where people got off for Falcon Lake.



1932, West Hawk Lake. Sam Yanich's boat Sigma. A ride around the lake for the Dick family and friends.

came to West Hawk with her to work in the restaurant here when Katie started here.)

During the Second World War, Sam and Vicki operated the service station during the summer, and in the winter, went to Winnipeg where Sam worked for McDonald Aircraft.

Theirs was more than a garage. You could get coal oil for lamps and refrigerators, oil for heating, spark plugs for outboard motors, a screwdriver or wire for general repairs. Everyone always filled up their car tanks for the journey back to Winnipeg because it was the only service station for miles.

When Sam first came here, the only way people could get to this part of the Whiteshell was by rail to Ingolf, Ontario and then travel by boat, and yet,



This garage is now gone, as are B-A products, gas for 40.9¢ a gallon. The house remains.



Vicki Yanich beside sign commemorating her late husband, Sam, a long time resident of West Hawk Lake.

even before the highway came through in 1932 and 1933, there were about five cottages at Toniata, three at Faloma and maybe six or so at West Hawk Lake. About the same time as the highway went through, the Manitoba government took over the park from the federal government and development of the park started with the beginning of lots being surveyed and roads built. The road to Falcon was built from the highway at Sam's Garage making it an important intersection.

Vicki who was born near the Manitoba-Saskatchewan border, came to work for Katie Budzinski, first in Whitemouth, then at the Trans-Canada Restaurant in about 1938. It was here she met Sam and a few years later they were married. Sam died June 6, 1969. The government bought Vicki out that fall and she moved closer to her family, finally settling in Ancaster, Ontario.

Sam and Vicki will be remembered by many for friendly greetings. Even today, people will say, "Remember those glasses". There was always a candy behind the counter for the little ones, or they would hand the kids a peanut to feed the squirrels while the grown-ups were talking.

Before the days of hot and cold running water,

they would get in the old truck and take the staff and friends for a swim after the garage was closed for the night.

Before the days of telephones at all the cottages, the Forest Service had their own little phone system and some of the resort and businesses were connected to it. One of these phones was at Sam's Garage and, if people in the city had a message for someone at the cottage, it would come to Sam's and he would deliver it. People who got off the bus at Sam's Corner were taken to their cottages by Sam, who also picked them up in time to catch the bus to return to Winnipeg.

WEST HAWK UNITED CHURCH

The first church services in our area became known as All Peoples United Church Services. They were conducted by Rev. Bill Wells. His first services were held in the home of Carol and Henry Krysko, etc. Later, the services were held in the Community Club. In 1963 a meeting of All Peoples United Church was held in the Whiteshell Community Club to consider building a church in the Falcon-West Hawk area. A parcel of land was donated to the church by Finley McCallum, Roy Finley and Don Patterson in 1963. The site was at West Hawk Lake. The building decided on was estimated cost, approximately \$40,000. Members in our community offered to excavate and put in the basement, ready for the church to be put on top by contractors. Our church was built and opened in 1965 with Larry Manley as our student minister. The name All Peoples United Church was changed to West Hawk United Church in January 1966. The pews in the church were a token from Oak River Church. George Watkinson and Herman Lerch delivered the pews to our church. In 1966, Harbottles donated a small cottage to the church for the student minister to live in.

Our student ministers were: 1965 - Larley Manley, 1966 - Peter Douglas, 1967 - Harry Ouissoren, 1968 - H. Jones, 1970-1971 - Dal McCrindle, 1972 - Dennis Butcher, 1973 - Karen Toole, 1974 - Peter Mitchel, 1975 - Donna Stephenson, 1976 -



Mr. and Mrs. Finley McCullum and daughter Jean. Mr. McCullum was one of the men who donated the land for the United Church.

David Logan, 1977 - Bill Blakie, 1978 - Douglas Mott, 1979 - Don Fairweather, 1980 - Kim Wright, 1981 - Hillory Scrutton, 1982-1983-1984 - a full-time minister Lorne Curwen, 1985-1986 - Fraser Muldrew, 1986-1989 - David Clink, Rev. McNeill and Rev. Stewart took services for a couple of winter seasons.

Memorials received in memory of: Richard Johnson - Baptismal Table (from Pipe-Line) Font Bowl in Memorial fund, Bill Blackwell - Memorial fund, Vi Tod - Pulpit, Janet Blackwell - Memorial fund, Bonnie Ellert - Memorial fund, Wm. James Thorough - Hymn Books, Marion Bowen - Hymn Books, Keith Large - Hymn Books, Mr. Hewitt - Hymn Books, Gordon Mayers - Wine Goblet, W.J. Dennehy - Hymn Books.

Tokens presented to the Church: A small gold cross by Dal McCrindle, two pictures by Karen and Peter Mitchel, a picture by Donna Stephenson, a large cross by Edmund and Doreen Kessler.

The old pump organ was sold in 1980 and an electric organ purchased. The R.C. Chapel have rented our church for their services every summer. The Birchwood Ladies, a ladies club formed near the formation of the church have contributed both financially and physically to the finishing of the church and many improvements, their story follows.

BIRCHWOOD LADIES CLUB

By Olive Zimmerman

When the West Hawk United Church was built, the ladies of the congregation, headed by Vi. Tod (an elder of the church), held bake sales in the summer to raise money to equip the basement.

Then on June 3, 1969, a group of resident ladies of several religious denominations met at the church and formed the group now known as Birchwood Ladies Club. Meetings were to be the second Wednesday of the month in the church basement or a member's home. Efforts were directed mainly to raise money for finishing and improving facilities in the church basement.

There are 10-15 active members. However, we've had the support of almost everyone in the community at one time or another. Members organized

young people's coffee houses, skate-a-thons, Christmas pageants, Valentine and Halloween parties, social evenings of potluck suppers or card parties, bridal and baby showers, hampers of food, clothing or whatever, whenever the need arose.

When the building was new, moisture rotted the church floor. Our club helped to finance repairs, then bought and installed red wall-to-wall carpeting in 1971. Members and their families still laugh about this job. Some of our children pulled and pushed a lawn roller on the main part of the floor to work out any bubbles. Holes had to be cut to go around the upright posts. Others struggled to cover the raised front section, then it was into the vestibule and on and on till all was done.

The next project was reinsulating the basement ceiling and tiling it. We bought a dehumidifier to relieve the basement humidity. Getting a permanent water supply in November 1976, was accomplished with the help of the West Hawk Parks Branch. We were allowed to connect into their line at the West Hawk Water Tower and lay an all-season line along the road.

More recently, we have paid for insulating and lining the basement walls and bought all new dishes. We gave a large financial donation toward the new church entrance in 1979. We support local and international charities.

To raise money for these projects we held an annual Mother's Day Tea, published two cookbooks and catered to weddings. The last meant a lot of work and planning because these weddings were in the summer when most members were involved with the family business or other jobs. I'll tell you a wee bit about two weddings we catered at cottages. One was at a back lot on Crescent Beach at West Hawk.

From the car parking lot, we had to walk single file up a narrow rocky path, carrying coolers full of salads and desserts, roasters full of turkey and ham and bags of tea, coffee, buns, pickles, paper plates, etc. The car parking space was limited, so we met at one place and one of our husbands drove four of us and helped with the carrying of the food to the cottage. We had to be quick as we had to get there and all set up while the bridal party was at the church. There was a scurrying around arranging the tables. Someone was always needing something that none of us knew where to look for it and there was always the worry of not having enough food for everyone, then realizing we had a lot of leftovers to carry out.

The other, where we moved in lock, stock and barrel, so to speak, was at Block 1 Falcon. This time we could drive up but had to walk quietly to the cottage because the ceremony was held on the patio of the cottage. We were to be ready to serve in 45 minutes even though none of us had been in the

cottage. Again, because of the limited parking space, one of our husbands did the driving and helped carry in the food and carry out the leftovers.

In recognition of the Birchwood Ladies' contribution to the church, the church basement is known as **BIRCHWOOD HALL**.

Material for this story was researched by Blanche Schaldemose, Eva Zeimanski and Edna Harbottle.

WEIGH SCALES AT WEST HAWK LAKE

By Olive Zimmerman

The first Government Weigh Scales in this area opened in the fall of 1953, on what was then No. 1 Highway east (now Highway 44 east) at West Hawk Lake where the present Dumping Station is located. In 1957 the Trans-Canada Highway (No. 1 east) was opened for traffic. A flag-station was installed at the cloverleaf to West Hawk to reroute truck traffic to the Weigh Scales on Highway 44.

In 1973 the No. 1 Highway was twinned at the Manitoba-Ontario boundary to allow for a permanent scale to be built at that location. On August 2, 1974, the scale on Highway 44 and the flag-station were closed and the new scales commenced operation with weighing facilities for both east and west-bound truck traffic. This scale is still in operation.



Jane Young and Adolph Zimmerman at West Hawk weigh scales.

WHITESHELL COMMUNITY FIRE DEPARTMENT

Remember when all little boys wanted to be a fireman? Well, some people in our area are turning that dream into reality.



A fire that winter plus a few previous fires in our district prompted local area residents to form the First Whiteshell Community Fire Department. Under the guidance of former fire chief Coulter and some other City of Winnipeg firemen, two meetings were held and a fire truck purchased. The truck is a 1960 Ford with 35,000 miles on it. Its pumper has a 500-gallon tank.

This unit will service the area of West Hawk, Star, Caddy and Falcon Lakes, Ingolf, Ontario, and surrounding area. Volunteers will be trained by experienced personnel who have access to slides and films.

Labour and maintenance is all done by volunteers. Money was raised by donation and fund-raising to buy the truck, as well as new nozzles and hoses.

When there was word of a community fire department coming to the area, the responses from residents and cottage owners alike was all positive. People said things like "that's the best news we've had lately", "I think that's a great idea", and "how can I help" were echoed among the seniors, residents and cottage owners.

Volunteer fire personnel: Pat Mason (chief), Bob Partridge - assistant chief, Duke Daquay, Tom Tod, Lorne Persoage, Brian Vinet, Kirk Mason, Don Draper - secretary treasurer, Bert Duncan, Bill Sheddon, Scott Schortinhuis, Joan Robertson and Gordon Mason.

WEST HAWK YACHT CLUB

Sailing is an old means of water navigation. Many years ago it brought explorers and adventurers to our land. As times progressed the sailboat has become more a leisure boat and recreational craft with groups of people forming clubs to challenge one another in the skill of operating them.

The West Hawk Yacht Club, formed in the 1950s was a very active club for many years on the weekends and during the holiday season. Mr. Fleming who had a cottage on Star Beach Sub Division at West Hawk was one of the founding members and helped get the club operating.

In 1970 this club had 40 members and 15 associate members, with the Lasers dominating the courses



LEGEND

- A — PROVINCIAL CAMP GROUNDS
- B — CRESCENT BEACH
- C — MCKENZIE BEACH
- D — WEST HAWK YACHT CLUB
- E — McDUGALL'S LANDING
- F — JACKFISH BAY
- G — HOWE BAY
- H — MOONLIGHT BAY
- I — PENNIAC BAY
- J — SCENIC ROAD TO FALCON LAKE

West Hawk Yacht Club location.

then.

There were cups donated for club and open competitions, one by Desmarais and two by J.O. Blick - the CJOB and the WHYC trophies.

For a few years interest seemed to wane, then in 1981 some former members recruited some help and repair work was done to the railings and docks and a new metal mast replaced the old one so the flag could fly again. Wind surfers were a welcome addition to the club at this time.

THE WHITESHELL POST OFFICE AT WEST HAWK LAKE, MANITOBA R0E 2H0 by Olive Zimmerman

In 1930 Mr. and Mrs. O.C. (Clem) Nellis and their

three children came to West Hawk Lake to camp, liked it, and decided to stay, and built the first store at the location, now known as the West Hawk Resort, where they sold groceries, had a restaurant and started the first post office in the district. As this post office was to serve the people living at Star, Falcon, Caddy, and West Hawk Lake, it was named Whiteshell P.O. The Nellises sold to Stan and Ger-tie Crook in the late 1930s. They operated the busi-ness and P.O. until 1952 or 1953 when it moved to Backwood Cabins, now known as Keystone Cabins and Motel; and Buster and Doris Bellemere were the postmasters. Then about 1956 or 1957, it moved again, this time to Jack's Dance Hall, now the Nite Hawk Cafe and Jean and Jack Nicholson were the postmasters until 1958 when it moved back across

REMITTER'S RECEIPT
5841-00268

STAMP OF ISSUING OFFICE
WHITESHELL, MAN.
JUN 28 1939
MAN.

WHITESHELL, MAN.

DOLLARS	CENTS
266	
COMMISSION-DROIT	
08	

REÇU DE L'ENVOYEUR

REMITTER'S RECEIPT
5841-00406

STAMP OF ISSUING OFFICE
WHITESHELL, MAN.
JUN 28 1940
MAN.

WHITESHELL, MAN.

DOLLARS	CENTS
5	
COMMISSION-DROIT	
08	

REÇU DE L'ENVOYEUR

M 0-374289
Remitter's Receipt
Reçu de l'envoyeur

\$2.

REVENUE TAX PAID
TAXE DU REVENU PAYÉE

Purchaser keep this receipt. Please follow directions on the face of the Note, and write name and address of Payee on the back of this receipt which must be produced if enquiry is made regarding payment.

L'envoyeur garde ce reçu. Veuillez observer les instructions imprimées au recto du bon et inscrire le nom et l'adresse du bénéficiaire au verso de ce reçu qui doit être produit en cas d'enquête au sujet du paiement du bon.

ISSUING OFFICE STAMP HERE

WHITESHELL, MAN.
JUN 27 1940
TIMBRE DU BUREAU D'ÉMISSION

the highway again and Kay and Peter Stem at Keystone Cabins were the postmasters until September 1959 when it moved to its present location at C.B.C. Cabins and Motel. Milne Harbottle was postmaster for nearly 20 years and Edna was assistant. When he retired in 1979 Edna took over as postmistress with daughter-in-law Gail as assistant.

Over the past 25 years, the Harbottles have worked under three district supervisors, located at Steinbach. They have seen the 5¢ stamp for a regular letter go up to 32¢. Another change that took place was the opening of a post office at Falcon Beach townsite to serve the people of Falcon Lake.

On May 1, 1986, the Whiteshell P.O. moved to Major's store with Pat Mason as postmaster, assisted by his wife Bev and Joan Tod.

NOTE: The records will probably just show one name of each couple as postmaster but the P.O. in our area has always been in the main building of a family business where everyone learns to work everywhere so I included both names of the couples as so many of you will remember at least some of these names.

SUMMER FUN

By Dorothy Ernst

Summer, the time when lucky women like myself spend school vacation at the cottage. The city neighbours look on with envy as I pack up the car and say goodbye for two months. They glance at my husband with pity — the poor man having to fend for himself while I spend eight weeks in rest and relaxation.

However, things aren't always what they seem. I remember one particular week a few summers ago. The children were three and five — just the age when they must be constantly watched. We had spent a good week — the dog needed emergency surgery when she cut her foot, the battery on the car went dead — just a normal relaxing week.

Father had gone to the city Monday morning and was to return Friday night. We always looked forward to Fridays, the children, because Dad always came loaded down with new library books, fresh fruit and buns, and a few surprises. I looked forward to some adult company and conversation.

This particular Friday was no different. First, we tidied the cottage and took out the steaks from the freezer (Friday evening suppers were always special). Then I took the children surf-boarding and things went downhill from there. After the tears about "I want to go first", "He has my life jacket on" and "Who let out the dog" — her foot was bandaged and she couldn't go in the water — we were ready.

Off we headed out of our bay and when we were as far from the dock as I normally took them, we ran out of gas. Tears from the kids, frantic waving to passing boats to get their attention. After a rescue from a neighbour we returned home. I recalled the envy of my city friends and smiled.

Then out we go again for the second child's turn and this time I run the boat over a rock that I swear was never there before and manage to chew up the prop. Nothing like fun at the lake.

Suppertime is approaching and so I ready the barbecue. I plug in the electric starter and relax in the veranda, keeping an occasional eye on the dog outside, making sure she doesn't go in the water. Let her in and check on the coals. The dog has run by and pulled the electric starter out. It is now on the deck with several briquets and smoke is rapidly rising from the wooden deck. I call the children to quickly bring water and they each bring a juice glass full. I then remember the fire extinguisher and run to get it. The last fire we had (on another restless day), I had used water and was berated for not using the extinguisher. Proud that I remembered this time, I proceed to empty the extinguisher — foam is everywhere but no more smoke.

Honk, honk, honk — we hear Father's signal and down we go in the boat to get him. Unload the car, load up the boat, all the while the children are talking a mile a minute, telling Daddy about the week — the dog, the car, running out of gas, the prop, the fire. Father has had a hectic week as well and is looking forward to a nice relaxing supper.

At the cottage we carry everything up the hill and after pouring Dad a pre-dinner drink, I start supper. However, there are no steaks on the counter. While getting Dad, the dog has eaten our steaks. Father is naturally thrilled and says we should have barbecued dog instead. The two kids immediately burst into tears, we eat wieners instead and it flashes through my mind the envy of my friends. If they only knew, if they only knew.

WEST HAWK LAKE

L.S. 5, LOT 4

By Dr. MacCharles

Whiteshell Park has been developing over many years. Sixty-five years ago, it was just part of southeastern Manitoba that one got a glimpse when travelling by train.

One knew there were lovely forests, lakes, rivers and marshes, extending many miles east and west, north and south. One also knew the lakes and rivers had plenty fish and birds. The forests held many animals, including game animals.

The human population was unusually scanty and included many native people. Most of the common



Harry Kyle did a lot of building around West Hawk Lake in the 1930s and 1940s.

knowledge of that area was acquired during the building of the transcontinental Canadian Pacific Railway, completed in 1885.

From then on, there were always people living along the railway line. There were no roads, as we know roads today. There were tracks and trails galore but the country was not really opened up until after the 1930s Depression.

The Canadian National Railways crossed the C.P.R. track one mile west of Rennie. There were several stations on the C.N.R. line where Winnipeg families had summer homes.

The Winnipeg waterline railway from Shoal Lake, Ontario, was built in 1918 and some subsequent years. I think it still operates but in a minor role. In 1919 I worked as timekeeper on the waterline at Camp 55, a few miles east of Transcona. The contract firm was Carter Halls Aldinger, a highly respected group. I never was able to get down further than 55 until the highway was built many years later. My boss was in Winnipeg, Mr. John B. McLean of C.H.A.

Perhaps I should fill in the preceding years of my life to give background to my story. I was born in April 1894 and lived my infancy and youth in Manitoba. My father and mother came from Cape Breton, of Scottish parents. My father attended Dalhousie University from 1887 to 1890 and graduated in medicine in 1890 when he was 33 years old.

I started medicine in Winnipeg in 1913. World War I started August 4, 1914. I was working all summer on a farm and did not hear of the war till a week later because the telephones had not reached the farms.

When we got back to Medical School September 20, the whole medical student body held a meeting about joining the army. Everyone thought the war would be over by Christmas and we did not want to miss it. We could not enlist until December 4, 1914, from then on we were drilling. We landed in Liverpool on my 21st birthday, April 18, and in Le-

Havre, France on the 25th of April, 1915.

Two years later, Canada was running short of doctors so they sent us home to complete our courses.

I entered my third year when I got home and in 1918 got this job on the waterline back in eastern Manitoba.

My sister, Florence, married Henry C. Grant. He was a student at the University and later a Professor and Ph. D. employed by the World Health Association in Geneva. I have never known a finer person.

He and I knew a gentleman at the University who was an engineer. He also owned some property at Ingolf, Ontario, consisting of a large granite rock on the south side of Long Pine Lake with an inordinately large house on it. He had invited Henry and me to go to Ingolf with him, where we could go deer shooting (or at least hunting). The date - December 1, 1919.

We knew nothing about that part of the country except that there was lots of bush, and quite a lot of snow, and it could get quite cold. We took the train to Ingolf and walked to our friend's house. It was huge and about 40 feet above the lake level.

The next day Hank and I started south. It was cold but calm. We walked two plus miles slowly through the bush and suddenly came to a wire fence at least 15 feet high. We could not imagine why it was there but on moving on, found it was surrounding a garden to keep out the deer. Going further we came to a small cabin built into the side of a hill. We approached cautiously and finally knocked at the door. An elderly lady opened it and we told her we were hunting deer. She asked us in and we met her husband. An elderly man, unkept, bearded, he was suspicious of us. He had acquired a phobia that the police were going to put him in a poorhouse in Winnipeg. The old fellow had spent years working on the construction of the C.P.R. and had likely kept all his money with him.

Years later with three doctor friends, I visited him again. This time he was more suspicious. His wife had died and he had dug a grave right back of the house and put her in there.

She had done all the shopping. She had a row-boat so narrow that when she sat down on the one seat near the back, she overflowed on each side. She must have made hundreds of trips across the portage (about 1/4 mile) and rowed the boat down to the store at Ingolf, nearly another 1/2 a mile.

He finally did suffer the indignity of the police taking him to a St. Boniface old folks home.

Hank and I finished our conversation with the Corbets (the old couple) and walked back on the ice in the bay. A fair-size creek ran past the front of their cabin. This brought us out in front of the

portage from Ingolf where we could see beyond the big island on the left that the lake extended several miles so we could hardly recognize the other side. We were so surprised we said we must come back in the summer and investigate.

Closer to the huge granite rock at the end of the portage from Ingolf to West Hawk was a wee shack. It looked like a railway freight-car on a small scale. A little man lived there all alone and as far as we know he never left.

A few times we dropped in to see if he was still mobile and he was. Once I asked how he kept warm in the winter. "No problem," he said, "there is a secret passage out of this lake that no one knows but me. When it gets cold I get in that canoe and go down that passage, go past New York, see Liverpool on the left and go to Algiers". I asked him if he saw Gibraltar on the way. "No I never did see that place," he said.

After graduating in medicine in May 1920, I stayed two more years at the hospital. On May 31, 1922, I ended my internship and residency and went down to the C.P.R. Station to take the train to Regina. I had been appointed Medical Officer to Treaty Party No. 10, the largest tribe of all treaty parties. The western office dealing with the Indians was in Regina.

It was 1925 before we got back to explore West Hawk Lake. Henry and I again took the train to Ingolf, rented a canoe, which we carried across the 1/2 mile portage to West Hawk Lake. We started across the bay to the right of the big island, and found the main body of West Hawk Lake. We figured it must be three miles in diameter, maybe four. There were small islands on our right and one quite large island on our left, near the east side of the lake.

We headed for the big island. Its north shore and the west were sort of forbidding, so we landed on the southeast area. Looking straight north to the east shore of the lake there was a long sandy beach. On it a very large tree had fallen. It split into very big branches, one on top of the other. The upper one was arched upwards, and from where we were, it looked like a super large alligator so we named the spot Alligator Bay.

The beauty of the sand beach, the crystal clear water and another even better beach a couple of hundred yards on the right almost mesmerized us.

Right there we decided this was the perfect site for a summer camp. When we got home, we never stopped till we got all the information on it.

When the Hudson's Bay Company sold its territory to the Dominion Government, it kept two sections (square miles) in every township. Number 26 for certain and (I am guessing) either 17 or 19. This perfect beach was in section 26, and the owner was

a magistrate in East Kildonan who had spent a month in a tent on it every summer. He was giving it up for some reason. He had three sons, none of whom were interested in it.

We finally bought it from him for, I think, \$500. From then on we started exploring. I have to inject the story about another deer hunt?? that Hank and I took. We knew the C.P.R. came into Ingolf from the west, and reckoned it would be a good idea to go straight west on or south of the railway. We started early and found the going fairly easy. Several miles later we sighted a buck and after following his tracks in the snow for a mile or so without any luck, we sat down for a rest, a pretty short one. This also was in December when dark comes pretty early. We started walking straight north, figuring we would soon reach the tracks. We were wrong, the track had turned north, too, and we were paralleling it.

After a short while, we noticed black smoke in the sky to the northeast. It could only be from the train. Locomotives then were driven by steam generated by a coal fire and the smoke was black in huge quantities.

Hank suggested it would likely be a freight train as the freights outnumbered the passenger trains. We each carried besides our rifles a suitcase with food and ammunition. Hank was always full of ideas and he suggested we stand close to the track which was on a high road bed, and that we board the caboose, one by the front steps and one by the back steps. It would be at least five miles back to Ingolf and it was getting dark, so almost anything would be worth a try. We stood just to the right of the road bed, one some 40 feet ahead of the other. Soon we could hear the roar of the train. When the headlight appeared around a bit of a curve, we immediately realized it was the Toronto express and not a freight. Our reaction time was zero — it was easy to climb down the slanting edge of the roadbed. The speed of that train was 50 miles an hour.

At least, we knew that, if we followed the track, we would eventually come to Ingolf. When we got to Ingolf at 10, we were met at the station by a search party starting out to look for us. We were a bit weary and very hungry. After a real good dinner, we enjoyed a long satisfying sleep.

When we returned to the lake again, we met Mr. and Mrs. Harry Kyle, at Ingolf. They were living in what was really a series of shacks huddled together at or near the mouth of a tiny inlet on the south shore of Long Pine Lake, just beyond the Engineer's "Castle".

Mr. Kyle was a pleasant man and we always wondered how he made a living. He did some odd jobs and they took in campers. There was little attraction for campers, the lake was not clean, the accom-

modation left a lot to be desired, and the meals were worse than that.

We explored West Hawk and the more we looked, the better we liked it.

In the funnel-shaped approach to the outlet there were a few camps. All were owned by C.P.R. employees who could use their 'passes' to come and go. They did a lot of fishing and, I think, mostly on the weekends. They were a long way from the big part of the lake and I think they seldom ventured far from shelter.

Some time in those years 1925 on, two men had mining claims along the south shore of the big lake back from that beautiful big sand beach. They had a cabin of poplar logs with the bark left on. Their mining claim never amounted to anything. One owner was a big man living in Fort Garry, the other a Swede, Gus Lindquist. The Fort Garry man came down occasionally but Gus stayed there most of the time. In the early 1930s when the area was being surveyed for the first Trans-Canada Highway, Gus' cabin was on the right half of the planned road. The surveyors and their associates tried to get Gus to pull down his shack but he had other ideas. He tried to sell it to them for \$500., but they were not interested. Gus used to work for the surveyors occasionally and one day they sent him on a job across the Manitoba-Ontario boundary for the day. When he came back, his shack had been blown up and the ground levelled off. For months, Gus' shack had been sitting about six feet higher than the road grade.

I remember Mr. J.S. McDiarmid was the minister in charge of the arrangements and he used to come down and visit for days.

Gus abhorred him and one day he said, "If that so-and-so stays here much longer, he will have to pay a tax to get a pail of water out of the lake".

Gus had had a short-lived but strong desire to do something positive, so he built himself a log cabin near one end of the beautiful south beach. Believe it or not, it was nearly as good as the ones Mr. Harry Kyle built. Five of us, including Gus, were sitting in it one evening, watching the fire in the fireplace. He was smoking a cigarette. None of the rest of us relished the pollution of the wilderness air. Gus smoked the first cigarette pretty short and threw the live stub on the cabin floor. Nobody said a word, but when he did the same with the second cigarette, one of the fellows said, "Gus, you are going to set the cabin on fire". Gus' reply was "Well, it's my cabin and I can do what I like".

On occasions, we did some exploring around West Hawk Lake. There were three small lakes between West Hawk and Falcon Lakes. One was close to the southeast corner of West Hawk. The approach to it from the lake was rather precarious. Some large

trees and large rocks left a narrow channel of water and in this channel was a huge rock usually just under the surface. The surface of this rock was smooth but quite broad and a real risk to an outboard motor, or any propeller.

Also, the lakesides both north and west were forbidding for quite a distance, so if you wanted to get in or out on a day with a north or west wind of any strength, you might be in trouble.

The first of those three lakes from West Hawk Lake was just up a small rise from the shore. It was maybe 150 yards in diameter (Hunt Lake). Near its shore, at the top of the rise, was a beautiful place for a camp. Someone else thought so (Stuart Garson later Premier of Manitoba) and built a very good log cabin. The original road ran along the south side of this lake and the approach to the cabin was by boat only. Soon afterwards a road, best described as a bush road, was built close to the cabin. The other two small lakes were further apart, one just south of the first road (Lyons) and the other (Camp) nearer to Falcon Lake. I imagine the Indians knew of these lakes and probably followed them as a path between the two larger lakes.

In exploring behind what was temporarily known as Alligator Bay (now owned by John Bigelow) we found nailed up on a fairly high tree a sign identifying the section line in the municipality. There is another iron post just back of the beach marking the same line.

Further back and further west, we discovered some poplar log shacks. One was for a stable, the other for people. In the second, we found 1917 newspapers nailed to the wall. Not far away was a fair size pile of dirt and shale surrounding a circular hole in the ground about 15 feet wide. Dirty water filled it up to about five or six feet from the top - was it an old mine?

THE STORY OF THE BOOTH (nee MACCHARLES) PROPERTY IN INDIAN BAY, WEST HAWK LAKE

By Patricia Ruth Booth (nee MacCharles)

In approximately 1919 my father, Dr. M.R. MacCharles, and his brother-in-law, Henry Grant, were canoeing on West Hawk Lake and happened onto the property which is now known as the Booth Place. They were attracted to the lovely sandy beach and then explored around it. They checked and found that a magistrate from East Kildonan had purchased this piece of property from the Hudson's Bay Company. The magistrate's family was not interested in anything so isolated so he agreed to sell the property to my father for \$600.00.

A partnership of 12 men was formed and although we cannot remember all of the original

group they included, Dr. William Campbell, Dr. Eddie Alexander, Dr. Currie McMillan, Mr. Jimmie Hewitt, Dr. J.D. Adamson, Dr. H.D. Kitchen, and Mr. Bill Martin. In 1928 the main cabin was built by Harry Kyle from Ingolf, Ontario. He and two other men, took a team of horses over the ice and constructed a one-room cabin (which was later moved) and lived in that while they built the large cabin. The logs were cut on sight.

Originally it was planned that this would be a men's camp and a cook, Gus, was hired and spent three summers with them. He had been a cook on a dining car for the CP Railway. Then Olie Haavisto from Denmark was hired. He had been a cook in a bush camp and he stayed for five summers. After a few years, it became the custom for two families at a time to spend two weeks there. Over the years, all the partners except Bill Martin lost interest. He settled for a piece of the property as his share and that was later sold to others. As Dad remembers it, they paid \$300.00 for the building that is now the bunkhouse and it was going to be \$1200.00 for the big cabin but when they decided that they wanted it built up on the high rock where it now sits, the price was increased by \$100.00.

My father married my mother (Jennie) in 1924. I arrived in March 1925, followed by my sister Shirley in 1928 and my brother Roderick in 1933. We have a picture of me at Kyle's Long Pine Inn taken in August 1925.

Our family has spent each summer since 1928 at our cabin. Over the years we have had many friends and relatives, visitors from all over the world. We originally went by train to Ingolf, then down Long Pine Lake, across the portage, then across West Hawk Lake to our camp. Olie, a professional chef, met us at the portage at the West Hawk side with a Peterborough 14' boat with a 10 H.P. Johnson motor, and took us back to the camp. After lunch every day Olie would take all the kids in the boat while the parents rested and we would go back across the portage to pick up the groceries which had been left in the morning in a wooden box. They were delivered by the Knutsen's store and Olie would leave a note in the box with the order for the next day. As each group left, the bedding had to be washed to be ready for the next family's arrival. The gray flannel sheets we used in those days were double length and Olie tied a rope around the middle of them and towed them around Indian Bay to rinse them.

After the TransCanada Highway came through in 1932, we started travelling by car to West Hawk, first coming to the Government Dock at Crescent Beach. After a couple of years, it was decided to build a boathouse in Penniac Bay with a room on top for a place to wait, as Dad couldn't predict his

time of arrival. Because of the distance across the lake in all kinds of weather, an inboard boat was purchased that would withstand any kind of water. At my brother's request, it was called the Queen Mary II, after the ocean liner that was much in the news at that time. At the top of the hill, above the boathouse where we parked our car, there was a Relief Camp, where the men lived who were on relief and were working on the highway. They lived there year-round.

I married Dr. Denton Booth in 1946 and we spent part of our honeymoon at the Penniac Bay boathouse. I fondly recall our dinner in the TransCanada Restaurant with Del and Frank Reichert during our honeymoon. Frank introduced us to another honeymoon couple from Minnesota who stayed several days at West Hawk. Frank cooked us all a beautiful big T-bone steak dinner even though it was a meatless Tuesday, during the rationing days.

Our first child, Denton, was born in July of 1948 and was taken to the lake within his first ten days of life. We had a second son, Donald, in 1950, and two daughters, Marilyn in 1954 and Pamela in 1963.

The names of other families that I remember from the early days around the north end of the lake are the Wallestons, Kilverts, Mr. DeLewrey, Oelkers, Unkaufs, Shinbanes, Dorfman, MacDougalls, Wightmans, and Merritts at Howe Bay. There were many other families around Crescent Beach, High Rock Beach, and MacKenzie Beach who will likely appear elsewhere in this book.

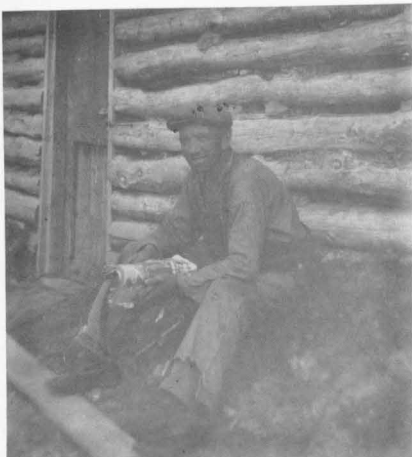
Over the years we have made many friends around West Hawk Lake, especially in the Indian Bay area. We are now in the fourth generation at our camp with seven grandchildren visiting every summer from as far away as BC and Southern Ontario.

WEST HAWK LAKE ISOLATED LOT 4 THE BIGLOW STORY

Harry and Marion Biglow first visited the Whiteshell in 1933, as part of a group of couples from the Briffon's Mens Club in Winnipeg. They visited Star Lake with the idea of establishing a group of cabins, but this never materialized.

After building a small house trailer (on a Model "T" Ford chassis!) in 1935, the trailer was kept at Sam's Souci on Lake Winnipeg for five years. In the fall of 1940 it was transferred to Hobin's Park at Beausejour, then on to West Hawk Lake in the spring of 1941. Harry was a friend of Hector MacKenzie, the owner of CBC Cabins, and the trailer stayed on the west side of the CBC property until 1945.

In 1945 the provincial government subdivided the



Ernest Zimmerman.

400 foot length of Rutherford property on Crescent Beach Road, and the Biglows built their cabin on lot C1, the furthest from the highway.

In 1950, Harry Biglow obtained the permit for Lot 4 Isolated at the mouth of Indian Bay, and in 1973 it was transferred to son John and his family.

Early recollections of John Biglow at West Hawk Lake.

Early 1940s — Ranger Cal Ritchie operated the mini "Cat" bulldozer while building the 'new' government pier. At that time there were beautiful birch trees along Crescent Beach that were both picturesque and provided much needed shade for the bathers.

That was about the same time Mr. MacKenzie was building on the west end of the CBC property. Each cabin that was built was given a name of a tree or Indian tribe or an animal and they were all called 'Lodges'. Remember Lynx Lodge, Fox, Irmine, Fisher, Sable, Moose, Caribou, or how about Spruce, Birch, Maple or Tamarac, or maybe it was Cree, Sioux or Ojibway you stayed in. Some of the people who worked at CBC cabins were Mr. and Mrs. Steedman. They came there after they left working at Toniata. Mr. Bill Steele, he helped Mr. MacKenzie shortly after he came. Mr. and Mrs. Blackwell came in 1940 and stayed until after Mr. MacKenzie died and the business changed hands. Going up the hill the Reicherts had taken over the operation of the Trans-Canada Restaurant about now, this would be around 1945. Stan and Gertie Crook had the store, post office and cabins at what is now West Hawk Resort. Ray Hominiak who built

the Kenwin Cabins, built the McColl Frontinac gas station, now known as Keystone Motel and Cabins and operated it until 1949 when it was bought by Buster and Doris Bellemeere, later Pete and Kay Stem bought it. Jack Nickolson and his parents had the dance hall operating about now. In behind the dance hall, Gus Lindquist had his cabin. Down the road at the junction to the road to Falcon Lake was Sam's Garage operated by Sam and Vicki. Their last name was Yanich but many people only knew them as Sam and Vicki. Then there was the Ealing at Star Lake, Harry and Margaret. At Falcon there was the Laws, then Gordon Hamilton and Maude and at Toniata, Ed and Ella Schindler. At times there were people working at the mine at Star Lake, and by now lots of cottagers and Bob Tully.

While we were around Crescent Beach, we met two more rangers, the first Bruce Emes. He was here about 1949 to 1951. He was followed by Ed Polkowski and his wife and family.

Then there was the other fellows that worked around here, "Pop" Colin Inkster, Art Briggs and Bob Dalby, the two Englishmen, Charlie "Little Bear" Klyne, Charlie "Big Bear" Watson, Alf "the Moose" Erb, Old Ernie who I just learned recently was an uncle of Adolph and Philip Zimmerman. I never even knew his last name in those days.

Events or things I remember were the arrival of the Lady of the Lake, 1947, and it being launched by Sam Yanich's Cadillac - truck - on Crescent Beach.

In 1948, we saw the arrival of Frank Brown's Shepherd "The Vixen" and his Chrysler Town and Country convertible, these were great things for us all to watch. Another boat I remember was the "Alta-girl", a Ford V8 powered inboard runabout originally owned by the Walmersleys of High Rock Beach.

Then there were all the kids: the Fleming sisters, the Lingwalls, Mark "Maestro" MacPherson, Jeff Austen, Scott Mahaffy, the Rosses, the Jentschs, Jim Gross, the Sticky 5, John Mahaffy, Rod McCharles, Dick and Norm Good, the Lowens, the Robsons.

1950-1955 — Klepitzville - a book would be incomplete without the mention of these names, these people either worked for the Forestry or were the children of cottage owners or some cases both, but, they are part of West Hawk history — George Wilson, Gus Yakiwchuk, Dave Goodwin, Cliff Leach, Herb Davis, Ailcan Harry Erickson, the Furch, the Hoeschen clan, Chuck and Joe Harris, the Miller family, George and Billy Huczek, and Neil Weir.

And a hundred more!!!

EARLY DAYS CLIFF LEACH

EDITOR'S NOTE — Although this story does not take place in the Whiteshell, I felt that was too good a story to be omitted.

In 1918, my father was appointed to the railway library committee. The committee rented a few cottages during the summer to employees of the company. These cottages were at Laclu, Ontario, a small lake about ten miles from Keewatin in the Lake of the Woods area of Ontario or about 120 miles east of Winnipeg. This rocky, wild country, with its myriad of lakes and creeks, had a profound effect on my father. He was determined that someday he would build a summer retreat of his own in this area. It would be no problem travelling back and forth on weekends, he reasoned, as each employee of the railway received a pass to travel, by train, for themselves and members of their family.

During many trips to Laclu, the train would stop at a little station called Ingolf, Ontario, to take on water or to discharge the odd fisherman. Ingolf is situated a few miles from the Manitoba border. While the train stopped, my father would gaze out of the coach window to admire the scenery. He saw a green meadow sloping to a lovely lake which sparkled like a jewel in the sun. Long Pine Lake was a beautiful body of water winding like a river for three miles through ancient granite, pine-topped hills and spruce valleys. He had heard there was fine fishing in this remote area and that it was possible to obtain property from the Ontario government at little cost.

My father and three other railway men, recent settlers from the British Isles, decided to build summer dwellings for their families in a cooperative way. They found a nice location, with flat pine-covered land, and a nice sandy beach, in a bay, at the eastern end of Long Pine Lake.

They endured the hardships of winter logging and trekking three miles down the lake during the cold winter weekends. They built a communal bunkhouse of logs, cut from fir trees nearby and heated their cabin with a large black tin stove. Bunks were made of smaller logs and were covered with mattresses of spruce boughs. Going into the spruce-filled swamps, ringing the south side of the bay, they cut down and hauled logs by horse and sleigh to their respective locations. These logs were peeled in the spring when their bark came off easily, and construction was carried out during the summer. The comfortable log structures they built are still standing and in fine shape after 50 years.

As soon as dad's cottage was partially livable, mother joined us and did the cooking, washing, baking blueberry pies and in her own way aided great-

ly in the building process. Those were hard working but good times.

In the warm summer evenings, the various building families would gather and light a fire on a rocky hill overlooking the bay. Dad would play his violin to accompany us in the songs we sang. Other families and musicians around the lake would occasionally join us.

The station at Ingolf was on a high rocky ridge, on the north shore of the bay, at the western end of the lake. Sloping down from this ridge to the lake was a green meadow, part of a small farm belonging to a Danish couple by the name of Knudson who lived a frugal life and were among the few original Danish and Norwegian settlers in this lovely region. Most were employed by the railway to service the rails or operate the station facilities.

Mrs. Knudson lived with her son and two daughters in a picturesque little whitewashed log cabin surrounded by birch trees at the edge of the lake. She was a pretty woman with delicate features and a slim body, somewhat out of keeping with the harsh life she led. Her husband had managed to provide for the family by doing a bit of prospecting and trapping. He was also a skilled taxidermist and stuffed game and fish for wealthy sportsmen holidaying in Kenora. He and a friend named Martin had discovered the Star Lake Gold Mine during the years immediately preceding the First World War. In addition, Knudson worked a small farm, with a few herd of cattle, near a waterfall at the northern tip of West Hawk Lake. He was a heavy drinker, and, when under the influence of liquor, was rather wild, with a touch of brutality to compound his personality.

Martin was a bachelor living a lonely life at the end of the portage from Long Pine to West Hawk Lake. He was a powerfully built man of mild disposition and often paid visits to the Knudson home. Being the opposite personality to Knudson, it often upset him greatly to see how callously Knudson treated his pretty wife and the children while under the influence of liquor.

The story goes that once while trying to protect Mrs. Knudson and the children, a shooting took place and Mr. Martin was killed.

The murder of Martin became a celebrated case in some newspapers. Knudson was acquitted under an agreement of self-defence. He was considered an undesirable immigrant and ordered to return to his native Denmark. Mrs. Knudson did not return with him. She had to sacrifice her small farm at West Hawk Lake to pay the lawyers for her husband's defense. She was left with her three small children on a small holding surrounding the station at Ingolf.

My father liked Mrs. Knudson, and he and his friends would buy eggs and milk from her. He sug-

gested she set up a small store to supply them with their needs, and pointed out that others would be following them to build summer homes. He also advised her how to get supplies from Kenora. More railway employees and their friends came to Ingolf to build. As the years went by, Ingolf became a popular summer cottage area. Mrs. Knudson prospered and finally built a larger store and lodge to cater to tourists.

Her old establishment was, and still is, the focal point for all the dances and social events at Ingolf.

Building at the lake proved to be a very wise move for my father. The railway laid off tradesmen when business slackened, and the subsequent lack of wages could have made life a real hardship (there was no unemployment insurance in those days). Dad found not only the fishing good at Ingolf but deer, moose and other small life abounded at the lake. Geese and ducks were plentiful in the many swamps. Getting food was no problem.

In the summer, just as darkness fell, my brother Norm and I, along with a few of the other boys, would go rabbit hunting, with our 22-rifles along a swampy section of a trail between Long Pine and Deer Lakes, a short distance from our cabin. Two boys would go off the trail to act as beaters, while Norm and I would kneel on the trail and fire at the dozens of bush rabbits crossing the trail clearing. We always enjoyed our rabbit pies and stews. Then there were the blueberries and various bush berries that could be eaten raw, or preserved, or baked in pies. Like the Indians, we would provide almost all our food needs from the land, and instead of the layoffs being a hardship, they were almost looked forward to.

The Whiteshell area of Manitoba must have been a mecca for the Indians in earlier days, before the white man's diseases had decimated them.

When I was a little boy, Indians would camp along the side of the railway tracks to pick blueberries for sale in the cities. We would occasionally enter their camp, and mother would buy the soft deerhide slippers, decorated with colorful beads, or their pretty miniature birch-bark canoes and baskets.

We also enjoyed hiking along the old Indian trails, which had been well worn by generations of Indians, trappers and explorers on their way from Lake Winnipeg to Kenora. To avoid the fast water on the Winnipeg River, they would take the quieter waters of the lakes, carrying their canoes and supplies over the short portages until they arrived at the Lake of the Woods.

On a canoe trip one summer, Lil and I discovered an old Indian campground. We were paddling along a narrow creek which wound through a forest of spruce trees, carpeted with swamp. Suddenly the lake opened on to a pretty little lake (now called

Mud Lake), well sheltered from the cold north winds. On a nearby shore we saw a large grassy clearing on which several wooden skeletons of old teepees glistened in the sun. This spot had probably been used for centuries as a stopping place for nomadic tribes.

About the year 1930, when we children were in our early teens, Dad took us to see the old Penniac gold mine which Messrs. Knudson and Martin discovered just before the First World War. He knew this mine was on the south shore of Star Lake, two portages from Long Pine Lake. Dad had built a metal bracket for our prospector canoe to hold a small Evinrude motor. This we used for the long day-trip.

The portage from Long Pine to West Hawk was about one mile. My brother and I carried the front end of the canoe, while Dad put his broad shoulders to the heavier end behind. It was not a light craft. At West Hawk Lake, we noticed a dugout made of large stones, where Indians probably sought shelter during their travels.

At the lake shore, we also noticed a large barge just underwater with a powerful single cylinder motor in the center. The boat and motor had sunk and were just left abandoned years ago. We headed across the bay to the larger part of the lake. When we arrived through the narrows channel, between the mainland and the island, we were astonished at the size of the waves. A strong south wind was blowing, so we kept near shore, and circled the west side of the lake for about three miles to what is known now as Penniac Bay. Here, we stopped beside a lovely little waterfall, the terminus of a creek flowing from Star Lake. We then portaged a short mile overland skirting the creek, to the north shore of Star Lake. Then we paddled a short distance up the lake. Dad pulled out a spool of fishing line with a red spinner. The line hadn't been in the water five minutes when he caught a fine pickerel. This was repeated again and again, and it became obvious we could have filled the canoe with fish.

Star Lake is about a mile long so we quickly reached the southern shores. Here, we found another boat and motor left in good shape but, sunk in the shallow water. We walked along what appeared to be an old trail or narrow road, overgrown. It was easy to discern human hands had cleared the woods, and left pines pleasantly lining our trail. About a mile along the trail, we spied the top of a mine building or breaker, perched on a large granite hill, and sloping down one side of the hill. As we got nearer, we saw rows of squat bunkhouses, and other buildings, lower down the valley. It was like the setting of a Hollywood movie.

Inside the low buildings we found the messhouse with cups, saucers and dishes lining the shelves. Tables, chairs, beds, springs and mattresses were in

excellent condition. A Cosmopolitan magazine dated 1914 lay open midst a pile of books. An old Edison phonograph was surrounded by cylinder records. In a small shack were hundreds of core files from diamond drilling. We noticed a small rock crusher, with chemicals and journals left just as they were when the mine was operating. A set of rails extended from the mine shaft, a large hole in the rock, to the top of the mining building. We could see how the ore was dumped, and washed, on the various sluices in the building, and had fun pushing the ore carts back and forth on the rails.

When Dad entered the power house, and examined the large compressor, he remarked how he could get the compressor going in a few weeks with proper tools. Dad, being a millwright, and compressors being his specialty, we believed him. For some time, we climbed around this fascinating spread, then had our lunch.

Looking at his watch, Dad signalled that it was time to return, so we began the long journey home. We remarked how everything was just left, and what a waste it was, but, Dad explained, this was typical of many mines. It just didn't pay to take out all the equipment when the minerals ran out or the stock price tumbled.

A few years ago, I took a nostalgic return to this area near the popular Star Lake summer resort. The only evidence of the mine was a few cores of diamond drillings scattered on the ground where the little shacks had been.

WEST HAWK LAKE LITTLE INDIAN BAY BLOCK 11, LOT 7

By C. Leach

One lovely summer day, when we were holidaying at Long Pine Lake, Lil and I went for a picnic at West Hawk Lake with Cliff, 8 and Alison, 2. We rented a small boat from Hector MacKenzie at the south end of West Hawk Lake, and attached our small outboard motor. I was anxious to take Lil and the kids across the lake, to a sandy beach I remembered swimming in when I was a boy. We headed northeast and, after travelling three miles, entered a narrow strait between a large island and the mainland. Once through the strait we were in Little Indian Bay. Turning right, we could see a yellow beach; it was like a tropical lagoon, with a crescent of soft fine sand. After beaching our boat we went for a swim. The water was so much clearer that any of the other Whiteshell lakes we were familiar with. We were entranced with the place. The sand beach

ended in a little harbour and a cedar-covered point faced west. The point itself was beautifully wooded, with cedar, pine and birch and the ground sloped gradually upward, ideal for a cottage.

There were two cabins in the entire bay and they had been there for years. On the next point was a large cabin, built by a group of doctors as a retreat. It was owned by Dr. MacCharles.

A few days later I said to Lil, "I'm going back to West Hawk to borrow a canoe at the fish hatchery. I'd like to take another look at that property. I'll also explore the sheltered north end of the lake".

At the hatchery, Mr. Watkinson, was pleased to loan me his canoe. We had developed a close relationship, from the many trips, hiking across the trail with our children to Long Pine Lake. I slowly paddled up the river-like portion of the lake from the extreme north end, where there was a public dock, McDougall's Landing. For a mile up the lake, I marked on my map the location of every sand beach. There was scarcely a cottage on the lake.

After traversing the north shore, I came out to the larger portion of the lake, through the narrows, studded with islands. The wind was blowing strong from the south, and I had great difficulty swinging around in the large troughs of the waves. I decided to make a more detailed survey of the more sheltered stretches. Later, the wind had died down, so I paddled to our beloved location. The retiring sun bathed the whole sandy beach, and point, in gold. I was once more enthralled, and walking over the point, determined, more than ever, to obtain the property. One thing was certain: I would need a large boat to traverse the waves.

Toward the end of my holiday, I visited the forestry office at West Hawk. When I pointed out the area I was interested in on the ranger's map, I was advised it had been a mining claim just released to the government a few months before. I was also advised that a Dr. Godwin, who owned a cottage on Crescent Beach was interested in the property.

In the meantime, I contacted Rudy and Holgar Sorenson, who lived on a farm at Bear Lake, near Caddy Lake and were expert loggers. They agreed to build my cabin of logs. During the winter, I approached the chief Forester in Winnipeg. I explained the pressure time to have logs cut in the winter, then deposited on the point in the spring, after the top snow on the lake had melted. Teams could draw the logs across the lake from the cutting area ten miles away at Falcon Lake. He was very sympathetic and, I felt, seemed to admire our desire to develop this isolated region. He told me to go ahead and build my cabin in the desired spot, and he would arrange for the survey in the spring.

I'd never built a good boat, only a simple flat-bottom, but going to our library, I found the plan

for a 16-foot cedar and oak craft, designed for an inboard motor, but could, with slight changes, be used with an outboard. I'll never forget how confused I was, trying to read the technical plans of building a boat with references to chines, gussets, etc. The frame was to be built of oak, covered with half-inch boards of cedar. I cleared the garage behind the house in Winnipeg, and set up a small wood-burning stove, for heat. Starting in November, I devoted all my spare time to building our boat, and it was April before I could open the doors to admire my handiwork properly. After varnishing the craft, I was reasonably pleased with my efforts. It was a nice design and, I felt, would carry my family safely across West Hawk in any kind of rough water.

In March, after a mild spell, Holgar and Rudy Sorenson deposited two huge piles of straight black spruce logs, averaging seven inches in width and 25 feet in length on either side of my point.

When the ice was gone out of the lake in 1949, we hauled our boat from Winnipeg to West Hawk Lake, by trailer. It was powered by a Johnson 10-horsepower motor, which was large in those days. I soon discovered that, although my boat sailed fine, on rough days I couldn't let the waves come directly from behind. The motor was not strong enough to push the heavy boat ahead of the large swells, so tacking was necessary. There were no stern wells in the back of boats in those days. On rough days, the spray across the prow caused discomfort. On board our boat, on our first trip, was an old army tent I had obtained from a fellow worker at the office. This was to be our lake home for the summer.

We built a wooden platform 10x12', the size of the tent. Around this platform and raised two feet high was a fence of two by fours, over which we stretched our tent. This gave us a good dry floor and raised the strength of our little dwelling place from any strong winds. Near by, we nailed thin logs to a bower of trees, as a support for the plywood roof over our cookstove and dining area. This roof was covered with heavy roofing paper.

Each morning that spring, we picked up Holger and Rudy Sorenson, and their two French-Canadian helpers from across the lake. We were amazed at how well these outdoor men could handle their knife, sharp axes and tools, and how adroitly they could fit the logs together. I skinned the bark from the logs. Lil, in her outdoor kitchen, prepared a good lunch for the men.

In a few weeks the log frame was finished. The main room measured 20x24' with a 12x12' kitchen. Many window spaces faced the lake. I hated to see the men go, especially when I was only charged a \$1. an hour for each man's heavy labour. I was simply too strapped, financially, to keep them any

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longer, and carried on with all the lumber work myself, with the aid of my family. Setting up the 2x6s to support the floor, covering the roof, and inserting the windows, soon made me realize how difficult working on a log cabin could be, compared to using lumber. To fit each window, each log had to be chipped at the end and flattened to neatly contain the wide window trim. We had no chain saws in those days, so cutting and chiselling was back breaking work.

Weekends that summer were spent hauling supplies and building our summer home. It was one of those cold, rainy, windy summers. Our tent was often soaked for days and the moisture in the air permeated the blankets and accentuated the nauseating smell of our coal-oil stove. By the first snowfall in late October, the roof was on and all the windows in. There was no floor in the 20x24' area, but there was one in the 12-foot kitchen. We boarded in the doorway and upper area, separating the kitchen from the living room, and moved our stove into the kitchen.

That summer was one of the most exciting of our lives. Occasionally, we went hiking or on exploration trips. The children felt a great dependence and bond between themselves and their struggling parents. My son, Cliff, although only nine years old, climbed the roof with me and laid the shingles like a veteran. I don't think this family bond has been broken in the intervening years.

We finished our cabin the following year, in 1950, I should say, we finished the first installation. Off and on, building and extending have gone on ever since.

It never occurred to us that our isolated bay would be found and wanted by others but in a few short years with shorter working hours and better roads, there was a boom of summer-home building. Boats and outboard motors were improving rapidly, so crossing rough water became no problem. Our bay was subdivided into large lots and in a few years the entire sandy beach was ringed with cottages. Along our eastern shore, the government did not allow any further building, so we retained a good deal of privacy. Our new neighbors were couples who loved the outdoors, and became delightful companions, particularly the Toshack, Bell and Ross families. We have had many years of pleasure, watching our families grow up. The children have all been good athletes, and the outdoor living and the interest in sports are reflected in their handsome faces and virile bodies.

When Cliff was going to university we built our fireplace in a square we had left on the floor between the sitting room and the kitchen. During the summer we gathered large stones from around the lakeshore. Cliff managed to obtain a number of

square stones, while working for Manitoba Hydro during his summer holidays. The stones we collected around the shore were mostly sandstone, and each required breaking with a sledge hammer. When this was done the broken faces bore no relation in appearance to the original dull weathered exterior. They not only sparkled more brightly but revealed a variety of colors. We laid them out in natural pairs to arrange artistically on the fireplace face.

We built a wooden frame, with spaced boards to support the heavy stones. To keep these stones apart, Alison and her mother would bring tray after tray of flat shimming stones, collected around the property. After many weekends, we took down the wooden frame to reveal a thing of beauty, perfectly square and with the colorful faces of the stones protruding from the mortar. Cliff wore out at least four pair of gloves, smoothing the white finishing mortar between the stones. We then cleaned and varnished the stone faces. For the final touches, we hauled large blocks of limestone, purchased in Winnipeg, to make our mantle and hearth.

During the early years, a number of pioneers were responsible for the development of Long Pine and West Hawk Lakes.

Harry Kyle was an early settler at Ingolf, Ontario on Long Pine Lake. During the winter, he was a printer in Winnipeg. He must have been good at his trade because he was always hired again after his summers at the lake.

He was a fine builder of log cabins and helped my father with equipment, material and knowledge. Two marvelous legacies of his skill remain at West Hawk. One is a two-storey log cabin with a huge fireplace built for Dr. MacCharles and a group of young doctors from Winnipeg. The other is the rambling cabin on Big Island, later owned by the Bowie family.

Harry also built the complex known as Long Pine Lodge. It is popular as a dining room, serving fine dinners to campers from all over the area.

The fine cabin Harry built on the north shore of Little Indian Bay finally became the property of Dr. MacCharles. Prior to the building of the highway, the MacCharles family journeyed to Ingolf by train, then across a short stretch of Long Pine Lake and finally across the mile portage to West Hawk Lake. The entire family had a deep affection for the lake country and the fine old cabin is well maintained by daughter, Pat Booth, and her husband, Dr. Denton Booth, and their family.

Dr. MacCharles had a boathouse built near Peniac Bay. From this harbour, the family would travel back and forth across the lake in their beautiful mahogany boat, The Lady of the Lake.

Jim Lance was another popular figure at Ingolf during the 1920s and 1930s. A good-looking

bachelor, he built fine rustic furniture of diamond willow for the affluent residences at Kenora, Ontario. He also built some fine log cabins, such as Mineral King on the north shore peninsula, near Big Island. The cabin was named after the Mineral King Mine on this beautiful property. The cabin and a similar one on a nearby island, were built with logs of giant white pine, which grew plentifully in the area.

Daily we would see Jim paddling on his search for diamond willow. The front end of his canoe would be high out of the water and Jim would appear to be seated on the surface of the lake as he sped along.

An old timer at the extreme north end of the lake was McDougall, after whom the public boat landing was named. When we were new arrivals, he was glad to let us harbour our new boat at his dock until we, together with Dr. Jack Grahame and family arranged to build a joint boathouse nearby.

Keith McDougall, a nephew, took over the old cabin, and was a familiar figure for many years among the sailing fraternity at the yacht club.

A good friend of McDougall was Colonel Samson, an ardent fisherman. The Bruce Samson family occupy the old family cottage, not far from the waterfall.

When the first TransCanada Highway was built (now Highway 44), many campers at Ingolf, who were not connected with the railway, were anxious to drive to West Hawk by road, then cross the lake and take the portage to Long Pine Lake.

The young people of Ingolf would, occasionally, challenge the road workers, who were billeted near the highway, to a game of baseball, played on a large clearing, at the West Hawk end of the trail to Ingolf. On Saturday nights, many couples from Ingolf made the lake trip to dances at the new hall, which later became the Trans-Canada Restaurant.

About this time, a middle-aged Scot Hector MacKenzie, began to journey to the lake. I knew Hector as an office clerk with the Saskatchewan Wheat Pool in Winnipeg. He was a bachelor, and had taken a course in geology at the University of Manitoba during the evenings.

He had a cabin built near the beach, and prospected the area for minerals. He obtained maps, which showed where mining claims had been made, and found about 40 acres of prime land near the highway and the lake had been staked by a United States corporation years before. When he wrote the company, as I recall, they had difficulty finding any record of the property, so were quite glad to get rid of it for a modest sum.

Although Hec never found gold, he recognized the golden opportunity of using this prime land as a tourist attraction, and had a store and small

tourist cabins built. He also rented boats and canoes. Thus the CBC Store and Cabins came into being.

When Hee died in the 1950s, he had no living relatives in Canada. After quite a search, a cousin was found in Scotland, who quickly sold the property.

The Harbottles acquired and expanded the CBC a few years later.

WEST HAWK LAKE FOR US ISLAND 3, LOT 9 1937-1989

By Anita Schmidt

My parents, Reginald and Alice Wightman, bought our summer home, a log cabin on West Hawk Lake in 1937. In those days, the lake had only a few cottages apart from the town. These were dotted miles apart along the shore line with one cottage on each of three islands in the north end of the lake. Most of the cabins were built of logs by local craftsmen. Usually the logs were shipped in from British Columbia on the Canadian Pacific Railway that ran through Rennie, Manitoba, and Ingolf, Ontario.

The original owner of our cabin, George Williams, built the cottage four years before Dad's purchase. Personal tragedy led him to return to his native England and sell his island retreat. The dreams Williams had when he built the cabin were left behind for our family's speculations.

In the centre of the living room stood an iron Huron stove with No. 96 on the door. Its pipes led to the chimney of the open fireplace which was built from local rock. A steady fire in such a stove would have provided sufficient heat for winter living. Other hints at cold weather plans were yards of dark green and red cloth, carefully rolled on an upper shelf along with a few other trinkets suggesting Christmas.

The bedroom housed two double beds and a single bed as well as a chest of drawers. The beds were mattresses perched on simple log frames with a tendency to collapse.

A large oak cupboard divided the centre room from the lean-to kitchen. The cupboard was stocked with hand-painted china. The dining room table, made from one huge piece of oak, comfortably seats 12.

The Morris chair with the wood sidearms that lift to reveal storage for space for pipe tobacco, and in our case, greeting cards from years of lake birthdays, sits beside the fireplace to this day. The Toronto couches are replaced by a chesterbed and wicker furniture.

The cookstove in the small kitchen threw its own share of heat. A small icebox stood in the corner. A separate log ice house, filled each winter with huge

blocks of lake ice, nestled by the shore line.

Although they were city dwellers by the time they bought the cottage, both my parents had grown up on the Prairies and lived in farm houses with amenities similar to those at the lake. They were not daunted by the coal oil lamps, the small outhouse over the hill or the icebox with its ever full drip pan. The first night in the cabin, Mom and Dad trapped 21 mice. My childhood memories include the drowned mice we used to find in the icebox drip pan most mornings.

Life on the island presented its own challenges for my mother who stayed at the lake for the summer with only the company of two youngsters and sometimes a women friend from the city. Our water transportation was not as sophisticated as we now enjoy. Before the Second World War, a large white flat-bottom boat plied the lake commercially. One could book a ride to the cottage and even arrange for milk and bread to be delivered midweek. This luxury ground to a halt following our second summer.

Dad bought an 18-foot Peterborough wooden boat and equipped it with a 10-horsepower outboard motor. Proudly he boasted it was the third largest boat on the lake, outranked by a superior inboard and a 14-horsepower outboard. With determination and unnatural strength for her slight frame, mother had to wrap the rope around the top of the motor, yank it smartly and pray it would spark and run. In later years, after the road to the fish hatchery opened, we kept our motor on the island at the end of each season and rowed 2 km. to the island on opening and closing days. Usually there were three of us in the canvas rowboat, mother, my brother and I as well as a large dog and a cat wrapped in a towel and howling. During the war years, the manpower willing to stock the ice house disappeared and we carried a lump of ice in a canvas sheet to provide refrigeration for our perishables. We continued to carry ice in every three days until Dad purchased a propane refrigerator in the mid-50's. Carrying a large tank of propane was no easier than hauling ice — it just lasted longer.

By the 1960s, we enjoyed the luxury of a small feeder road that brought us closer still to the island. By then we had a 1½ horsepower motor that we had to encourage by rowing while it ran. This mechanical aid, a post-war purchase, was my mother's pride. She had carried it home by herself after she bought it in Minneapolis while she and three bridge-playing friends were on a weekend spree. They travelled by bus and the motor outranked all the other shopping in awkwardness and weight.

Mother travelled the waters of West Hawk with a black inner tube around her waist. To this day she



Wightmans and Schmidt, 1937, West Hawk Lake.



Wightman-Schmidt cottage, 1988.

believes she would be safer thus protected, rather than wearing a government-regulated life jacket. One inner tube was considered sufficient protection for at least three people. We always felt that two could hang on to the person "wearing" the inner tube. It was essential that one person have the tube around his or her waist on wavy days so that the protection would not float away if the boat capsized. (It never did.)

The cottage and surrounding area have changed in the last 50 years. Still hanging on the wall is a map dated 1932. A small red dot locates the cabin on the map. This drawing of West Hawk, Falcon, Star and Caddy Lakes was put out by the Provincial Department of Mines and Natural Resources (Survey and Forestry Branch). Pasted on the back of the frame is a map put out by the Dominion of Canada Department of the Interior in 1929. Both identify what was called the Whiteshell Forest Reserve. (It is now called Whiteshell Provincial Park.)

In 1961 Dad and my father-in-law moved the log ice house, log by log, to build a second bedroom to accommodate the growing numbers of grandchildren. In 1966 the province brought electricity to the islands. Keeping food cold, always a problem, became easy. We retired the coal oil lamps to a shelf and still gratefully bring them down for fairly frequent power outages. We kept the cookstove for another five years before we gave in to the convenience of an electric stove. Everytime we lose the power during a thunder storm, we question the decision.

Early in the 1970s, my parents sold the cottage to my husband, Lawrence Schmidt and I. My



Reg and Alice Wightman with Clive and Anita enjoying the 'Peterborough', 1939. The lake has changed in 50 years, but then so have I.



Reg Wightman's youngest grandchild, Joan Schmidt, 1974, helps brighten and clean the interior logs, 1988.

brother and his family meanwhile had located in a mainland cottage on the same lake. My husband, who loves to renovate, removed the ice house bedroom and replaced it with a wing that includes a small bedroom, a master bedroom and a bathroom with running hot and cold water. We still duck out to the outhouse over the hill. Further changes include a front deck for sunning, a gazebo to shelter us from the insect life and a power boat. We really have gone soft.

Snapshots from the 1930s and 1940s show dramatic changes in foliage around the cabin. Rowboats and outboards on the lake are outnumbered by powerboats and windsurfers. Instead of being the only one on Island 3, we share the acreage with 10 other cabins. The outside logs, blackened with years of sun, have been painted in a shade as close to the original color as we could find. The inside logs were dark and dusty after 50 years of repeated oiling and quick dustings with oily rags. They are undergoing a facelift with paint remover and a sharp scraper. The original glory of the fresh logs again is being revealed.

The cottage, furnishings and undergrowth have changed since 1937. Some neighbors have come and gone. However, the water remains fresh and cold and the loons still cry out. We still take family photos on the rocks in front of the cottage where my parents sat for all our snapshots over 50 years ago.

WEST HAWK LAKE LOT 1, ISLAND 1

By Mildred Bowie

I will not go into the early history of the cottage as there are others much more qualified to do that. The present log cottage was built in 1928-1930 before there were any roads in the area. All the supplies were shipped by train to Ingolf, Ontario, transported across Long Pine Lake, then a mile portage to West Hawk Lake and across this lake to the site. We are situated on a sandbar at the south end of the channel going to McDougall's Landing. We're on a sandy point which is on the canoe route from the Lake of the Woods to Lake Winnipeg. This would have been an ideal campsite for travellers in the very early days. Indeed, the finding of the odd arrowhead on the sandbar over the years indicates that it was used by the Indians. There was a building on the property before the cottage was built but I don't know what it was used for, so won't speculate.

We bought the cottage in 1955 so this is our 36th year of occupancy. There have been a lot of changes over the years but ours was pretty well equipped before the advent of electricity. We had an old kerosene fridge so we were making ice when others were transporting it from the landing. Also, there was an old gasoline engine that pumped water up the hill to a holding tank, so we had running water. The old cookstove served our cooking needs admirably as well as giving welcome heat in the spring and fall.

One event in the early years when we were using McDougall's Landing stands out in my memory. We arrived with guests on a Friday night to be told that our island was on fire. No one seemed to know how bad it was because all you could see was smoke. However, when we arrived we found that there had been a shift in the wind so the fire was burning back on itself. That was the only thing that saved the cottage. It couldn't have come any closer. The forestry people arrived shortly after we did with their water pump. They worked well into the night and a heavy downpour aided them. I remember sending coffee up to them and one of the cups came back crazed with the heat of the fire. The top of the island was completely burned on our side and, even though it happened many years ago, hasn't recovered. We have birch but few evergreens. There was one nice side effect. One area produced an abun-

dance of stemless ladyslippers or moccasin flowers. Now that the trees have grown up somewhat, it is too shady for them and they have all died off.

In the early days, we always had deer on the island. A doe had her twin fawns on a hollow on top of the island. She used to stand by the back door, waiting for her crust of bread. They swam back and forth from the mainland and you would see them walking up the bank with their wet coats glistening in the sun, sometimes six of them, the buck, doe, the yearlings and the fawns. One picture that stays in my memory is a large buck standing on the rock above the garden, like a magnificent statue bathed in the red gold of the sunset. We had a salt lick on the hill above the cottage and in an evening you'd see six to eight deer around it.

After open season of hunting in the Whiteshell, our deer were no more. Instead, we had bear. One fall, a bear forced open the door to the kitchen and made the shambles of it. It proceeded to terrorize my son and daughter-in-law for two nights. When they bolted the door so it couldn't get back in, it chewed and clawed all the doors and stood on its hind legs and looked in the windows growling and roaring.

As with most people who bought or built cottages about that time we did, our children who loved the lake when growing up, now have children of their own. However, they are so scattered, the grandchildren in most cases don't have more than a couple of weeks at the lake in a summer. Our children were here from mid-June to Labour Day.

In the early years, Highway 312, off No. 44, was very unpredictable. I remember the part of the trail that went over what are now the gravel pits. You used to gun the motor to get up the hill, then dodge boulders or fallen logs down to McDougall's Landing. One year, 312 was so soft you had to have a tractor to pull you through. The worst time was when it was under water and no way of telling how deep it was. We came down Friday night as usual, looked at the lake for a while and decided to return to Winnipeg. We were all terribly disappointed until Bill remembered Adolph Zimmerman who was such a help to us early cottagers in so many ways. We drove to Lakeside Cabins and asked Adolph if he could possibly take us across. He said, "Sure," and piled us all into his boat: my husband and I, our four children, three cats and a motor. He got us safely across just before sunset.

Our cottage as I think I mentioned is situated on a sandbar. That is the first part of the lake to open in the spring so we would break ice that was usually cracked until we got to the open water. Until my husband died, we were always at the cottage a week or more before the lake properly broke up. We used to love to take the canoe out along the ice and listen to the lovely tinkle of the ice crystals that had broken

off as the breeze pushed them against the solid ice. Later, when the ice was gone, we'd paddle close to the shore of the outer islands, looking for the loons' nest and usually finding it. We loved the solitude of the lake at that time and again in the fall when the loons gather before migrating. The birch turned to gold and contrasted beautifully with the evergreens. If his life had to end, it was rather fitting that my husband should die in his beloved canoe.

Harry Kyle from Long Pine Lake built this cottage for Cory Kilvert, a bank manager.

Norman Merkeley, 1947, owned cottage for about one year.

WEST HAWK LAKE BIG ISLAND LOT 7

By Lionel Boutilier

I first learned of Manitoba's Whiteshell Forest Reserve as a student attending the Nova Scotia Land Survey School in Lawrencetown. Waiting in a barber shop there I read an article in the Readers Digest describing the area and, being somewhat of a naturalist, couldn't help having a strong desire to visit this beautiful country with its many lakes, large forests and an abundance of wildlife. Little did I realize then that within a year, I would find myself living and working there. What more could a young surveyor who loved the great outdoors wish for!

In January 1954, I was hired by the Manitoba Government, Department of Natural Resources, as an assistant land surveyor and in the spring of that year was posted to the Whiteshell to survey summer resort lots for the ever increasing demand of the public.

The Whiteshell was everything I dreamed of and more. For the next three years, I worked and lived in this area, surveying many of the cottage lots that exist today together with the Townsite of Falcon Lake, the golf course and many access roads. During this period, I had the opportunity to explore

much of the Whiteshell and met and worked with many of the Resources people.

During my first year, anyone wishing a cottage lot simply had to choose one, advice the Conservation Officer of its particular site, and it was theirs. Shortly thereafter the demand increased to the point where an interested party was forced to make a minimum bid of \$50. In the case of more than one bidder, the highest bidder became the owner. Within a few years, the surveying of cottage lots in the Whiteshell today was completed.

As a young single person working in the area, I wasn't interested in choosing a lot for myself. However, in the late 1960s, now married with a young family, we had an opportunity to rent and in 1970, purchased the same cottage situated on Big Island, West Hawk Lake. Since that time, we have rarely missed a summer weekend and what better place to spend holidays!

Now in early retirement, my wife and I look forward to spending more time there. Our family, grown from five in number to 12, including four grandsons, love to return from B.C. and Alberta, whenever possible and all of us enjoyed a wonderful reunion this past summer.

The Whiteshell is my second home in many ways and I feel so very content within its boundaries. I love to canoe the many waterways and hike the numerous trails. Enjoying the Whiteshell as we do, it is only natural that we trust the cottage owners and visitors to the Park will endeavor to environmentally protect this wonderful forest area.

WEST HAWK LAKE

By Marilyn Lukas (Oelkers)
as told to her by her father

George Oelkers, wife Tillie and children Brenda, John, and Marilyn

In the early twenties the only access to West Hawk Lake was on the train to Ingolf, Ontario, on Long Pine Lake. You had to have a boat at Pine Lake to row across to the portage to West Hawk Lake, about $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile.

Around the left side at West Hawk Lake, about this time my father bought a small two-room cabin from a prospector, Neill Martin, who was later murdered as he was pulling up his canoe at the portage. (Shot through the back.)

Over the hill to the east lived an old couple, Sam and Mary Corbett. At this time Sam had never seen a motor car. Mary supplied us with minnows from the creek that ran past their humble cabin. Before this time, Sam had built a small punt from boards hewn from a log with an ax. Mary used this small punt to cross Long Pine Lake where the post office and store were. Mary was buried behind their small log cabin. Sam later moved to Winnipeg.



Lionel and Shirley Boutilier and family.



Mineral King Camp Oelkers log cabin, 1939.

Living with Neill Martin was a prospector named Tommy Moore, who staked the claims for the Penniac Gold Mine on Star Lake. A gold brick was taken from the mine.

The ore from the mine was free milling. That is, the ore would be crushed into powder, put into a container with mercury in the bottom, the gold dust would float to the top.

About 1922 my father bought a chestnut canoe, 17 feet long, grey in color and weighed 80 lbs. It was called the Prospectors' Model. It was in this canoe my two older brothers, Henry and Gus, paddled to Penniac Bay and made a short portage into Star Lake, looking at what was left of the Penniac Gold Mine. In the ramshackle they found some letterheads on which was shown a spur track running from the main line of the CPR into the Penniac Gold Mine. This of course was not true. But probably used for promotion so people would invest money in the gold mine.

About 1905-1906 gold was found in the Kenora district. The result being the Lake of the Woods area was crawling with prospectors looking for a big strike.

In 1908, the Mineral King was the first claim staked in this territory. A claim is 1500 feet square. The Mineral King claim was patented. That is after doing a certain amount of assessment work, the owner of the claim gets a title to the property. The next of kin who had the title lived in Chicago. My father had difficulty in explaining that the claim was worthless, they assumed it was a gold mine.

Additional property was bought along side the



Bill Hill, Rudy Bieler, Dr. Charlie Kraemer, Julius Strowski, Henry Kendell, West Hawk Lake, 1940.



Prospectors boathouse, 1920.

claim so that we would have a sand beach in front of the log cabin, that was built in 1939 by Jim Lanz. The work was all done with handtools, the cabin measured 35 feet wide by 55 feet in length on the inside.

The idea of granting a patent was to encourage prospectors to look for minerals.

The Long Bay where McDougal's Landing is was called Trout Bay in the early days. Mr. Knudsen built some small camps there. Some of these camps belonged to McDougal, Sampson - a web pressman at the Tribune, the Grahams - he owned the Graham Cleaners on Colony Street across from "The Bay", his brother was Magistrate Graham. The Grahams had a son Jerry and a daughter Mary who became an accomplished violinist and teacher of the violin.

Dr. MacCharles is one of the "oldtimers" on West Hawk Lake. His log cabin is on the large beach in Indian Bay. He also had a very nice motor launch named "Lady of the Lake". One morning, Mrs. MacCharles went fishing. When she brought in the trout which was flopping around in the boat, she didn't want to take the hooks out so she cut her line and put on a new lure. I believe she caught two or three trout that evening.

When my father first acquired the prospectors cabin and chestnut canoe, I had a unique fishing experience. My brother Gus and his friend paddled the canoe into Knudsen Bay and as we rounded the point I had a strike but my line broke. We quickly turned around and went back to the cabin for



Prospectors cabin, 1920, bought by Gustar Oelkers.

another line, on the way back and rounding the same point I had another strike. This time I got the jack fish into the canoe with the old line caught in his jaw. I got the fish and my lure back.

At this time there were numerous people who had camps on the way to Kenora, so the CPR ran what they called a "Campers Special". One train left Friday at 5 o'clock with a dining car attached. This was for the more affluent people. Another train left Saturday at one o'clock. A return train left Kenora Sunday evening, returning people home.

In the early twenties and the May 24th weekend, we sometimes caught trout casting from our dock. My wife caught the only pickerel that I know of while trolling for trout.

In those days people had ice houses. We had an ice house too. In February we had people to saw the ice and fill the ice house, covered in sawdust, for \$28.00. This was before electric power was available and the fridges that we take for granted these days.

It was in the early thirties we would often see the "Lady of the Lake" crossing West Hawk Lake from Indian Bay to Penniac Bay to discharge or pick up guests from McCharles' log cabin.

Where the Mineral King log cabin stands, the entire area burnt out in 1888. At this time there was a small sawmill at the end of the bay where MacDougals Landing is and where a creek runs from West Hawk Lake into Caddy Lake. At the mill they were making ties for the railroad. At this time Caddy Lake was known as Cross Lake, a Long Narrow Lake.

Instead of going around the lake, they decided to build a causeway, referred to as the "dump". They dumped hundreds of cars of rock and boulders and for sometime they would find no bottom. It was said this cost a million dollars. They had to blast a tunnel through the rocks to connect North and South Cross Lake. The Grand Trunk Railroad had to repeat this operation further north. My two brothers went through the tunnel in our canoe. They could feel fish with their paddles but they would not bite. They went back to camp, made poles about 5 feet long with large treble hooks at the end. With these special poles, they hooked the fish into the canoe, so we had plenty of fish.

ISOLATED LOT 42

By Patricia McGarry

Our cottage was built in 1950 by Ralph Parliament. It is situated on the southeast shore of West Hawk Lake, accessible only by boat in summer and snowmobile in winter. The original three supporting beams were brought over the ice by horse and sleigh from the old Canada Packers building which

was being destroyed at the time. The second owner Art Cook sold it to us in 1966.

We were transported over the ice by snowmobile and toboggan in the middle of February when the temperature was -30F. It looked so beautiful with the trees laden with snow that we bought it on the spot. The inside just seemed made to order for our family of eight, with eight beds, a large round solid pine table and eight chairs. Anyway it was so cold inside the cottage, we would have paid any price just to get out of there.

The Yacht Club was built close by us in 1964. As a result power was installed to our side of the lake. Prior to this date propane was used for lights, stove, and fridge, with an oil burner for heat.

The fireplace was built by John Nelson and Gus Anderson of local granite. It was a work of art. Besides having a large grate and efficient flu, it had an attractive hearth and mantelpiece. These two Swedish gentlemen were master craftsmen of a bygone era, leaving behind them many fine examples of their work at West Hawk Lake for which they will always be remembered.

At approximately 5:30 a.m. on Wednesday, October 19th, 1990, flames were seen in the vicinity of our cottage. By the time the helicopter flew over at 7 a.m., nothing remained on Lot 42 isolated except a smouldering pile of ashes. The ensuing forest fire swept towards the back of the lot, hence saving the trees along the shoreline.

Although at the present time the area looks like a moonscape, we will rebuild, and I am sure future happy times will be had by all.

WEST HAWK LAKE MCKENZIE BEACH LOT 9

By Bernice Smith

This was the first lot built on in this block. The family hired a launch operated by Sam Yanich, to look for their lot. There was no road to that area then. No mention is made of how the material was brought to the lot.

This cottage was built in 1934, making it 50 years old next year, 1984. The annual rent paid to the Government then was \$10 and the total cost for material and labor was \$600.00.

The shell was built of B.C. cedar half logs; about three years later the fireplace of Manitoba granite was added with a cedar log mantelpiece. To do this, the wall was cut out and everything removed to bedrock and a solid granite base made. (All fires down here at this time seemed to have started from faulty constructed fireplaces.)

Original beds were cedar four-posters, great for holding cheese-cloth mosquito bars well above

sleepers.

In the days of the wood burning stoves, an extra layer of sheet iron was placed over the oven, and all refuse was burned there and the ashes raked out. The cans were flattened and given the same treatment. No smell, no animals attracted, no carrying of refuse to bear-proof cages a quarter of a mile away — AND NO CHARGE.

Improvements done over the years included:

1. An insulated Cathedral ceiling (of mahogany plywood cut in the Philippines, milled in Japan, and laid down in Western Canada, cheaper than B.C. fir plywood!)

2. A front deck 6x20 ft.

3. Electricity which came in 1959 — meant an electric pump for water to replace, first the hand pump at lake level, then a gasoline engine one. This also brought the addition of a bathroom and a three piece bathroom unit installed.

4. A cement back patio.

5. A propane heater at the opposite end of the living room (21x14 ft.) from the fireplace which heats the whole cottage comfortably when needed.

6. Carpeting throughout, except kitchen and bathroom.

The guest book through the years notes the many couples who spent their honeymoon here. (The widows still come to visit.) This cottage has been so well maintained it is hard to believe it is 50 years old.

Bernice Smith has passed away since this story was written and the cottage was passed on to her nephew Bob Morrison. This was in the late 1980s.

LOT 12
McKENZIE BEACH
WEST HAWK LAKE
By V. Daubaras

From my first view of Penniac Bay on the old Trans-Canada Highway, I fell in love with the West Hawk Lake area. So it was only natural that in 1959, when deciding to invest my savings in a cottage, this is where I first looked. The proprietor of Jack's Place showed me a cottage at McKenzie Beach which unfortunately was sold while I wavered in my decision. Luckily, Lot 12 was just put on the market when I returned to the lake the following week. I took possession on July 1 and the subsequent 30 years are so full of memories it is hard to know where to start.

Until his death in 1964, my father spent many hours adding finishing touches to the cottage. Fighting off mosquitoes, he added to the concrete steps at the front. He loved to fish and also pick mushrooms and the area which is now the trailer park used to yield baskets of tasty fungi, which my

mother would can for the winter months. My mother couldn't tolerate too much sun but enjoyed the backyard, taking delight in the friendly chipmunks who ate peanuts, etc. out of her pockets. Their tameness almost caused an accident when I felt one crawling on my leg while I was painting at the top of a ladder.

My aunt, on a visit from Lithuania in 1967, was appalled at the "wild natural" look of my yard which hid the beauty of the birch trees. With axe in hand and without my permission, she started to clear the underbrush. Pleased with the result, I finished the job.

Before moving to Vancouver, my brother Henry took many friends and neighbors water skiing from the public dock. This was allowed at that time. In the evenings, when the lake was still, he often took my mother and me for a ride around to the far side of the lake where we admired all the beautiful cottages.

There is no excuse for my forgetting my nephew David's age as he was born the year I purchased my cottage. He is now the father of two beautiful boys and recently brought his family from Calgary so they could enjoy the lake as he and his sister Lisa had done over the years. My brother Al was home on holidays from his job in Africa and we had a family reunion at West Hawk Lake.

In the early days, the Wicks family lived across the road, Mr. and Mrs. Andrews next to them and then Mrs. Thompson who lived in her boathouse while she rented her cottage. She never had a car but always managed to persuade someone to bring her down in the spring and back to Winnipeg in the fall. One year, when we offered a ride in the fall, we didn't know she meant her motor from her boat was to come along.

Next door lived Frank and Jean Artiss and they were wonderful neighbors who would walk down to the beach early on Sunday mornings to remove bits of broken glass which were left by party-goers from the night before. Mrs. Artiss complained about the cars which would drive right on to the beach to deposit their families and now we have the posts which separate the beach from the parking lot.

Mr. Jenkins lived down the hill and he did some concrete work for me, taking my old woodburning stove and some furniture in exchange for part payment for his labours. One winter, my father became stuck in the snow, just as we entered the McKenzie Beach road, and Mr. Jenkins came to the rescue of my mother and me while dad walked for help. (We never did make it to my cottage.) That was the winter Mr. Jenkins decided to live in his cottage year-round but it must have been too much for him because he sold it the next year and moved to White Rock, B.C. In recent years, other dear neighbors

were the Hedgecocks who warmly welcomed any and all my friends for a friendly game of Hearts.

When my father died, my godfather, Walter Stapon, who had a cottage at Falcon Lake, helped me with so many jobs — installing a Selkirk chimney, making shutters for my windows, devising the current method for collecting rainwater, etc. In spite of his age, he was very strong and always willing to help. (He died in February 1990 at the age of 89.)

Over the years, my square-dance friends often would spend a weekend at the cottage and sometimes 24 of us would enjoy the beauty of the area. The ladies occupied all available indoor space while the gentlemen were housed in tents in the backyard. (We were a singles club.) We limited our lively music to midnight so as not to disturb the neighbors but usually we were tired by that time from the energy expended at the beach and dancing.

Who can forget the excitement of seeing wildlife in your own yard or anywhere in the park? When the cages were set up to collect the garbage there were no longer too many incidents of bears coming into one's yard to explore the contents of your cans. My house guests were rather embarrassed once when they woke up to find their empty wine bottles strewn in the yard by the bear who was looking for edibles.

Neighbors come and go but the beauty of West Hawk never changes.

WEST HAWK LAKE McKENZIE BEACH

LOT 13

By Jean Artiss

Frank and I loved it at West Hawk Lake. Lot 13 was very lucky for us, then we thought we would like a lake view, so moved to one. The reason we came to West Hawk was to settle in a nice place. We had camped and travelled across Canada and U.S.A. to Florida, across to California and other areas, loved the camping then, when Frank was not too well, having a cottage to come to seemed the best choice. When Frank retired we thought we should move to the coast. At one time we were going to keep West Hawk and come back each summer. After we lived on Salt Spring Island we did not want to travel again.

Mr. Jenkins was a dear soul, always ready to give a helping hand. Mae and I and two of the grandsons visited Mr. Jenkins in White Rock, and took him out for lunch. He liked the climate but missed West Hawk very much. The Andrews have since passed away. They were oldtimers there for many years. Frank and I loved them, as we did the Daubus family. Those were wonderful years.

I remember a bear going by our place, No. 13.

Thank goodness our dog was in the cottage at the time.

I believe it was about 1960 when we came to West Hawk, moved to the coast in 1968 in June.

Frank Artiss passed away some years ago and Jean sold their beautiful property on Salt Spring Island and moved first to Victoria and then to Delta.

WEST HAWK LAKE

McKENZIE BEACH

LOT 21

By Leslie Jackson

My family began as campers and had an army tent of 20x24' with plywood walls, we even had steel double beds and a cookstove. Mom used to heat rock on the stove, wrap them in newspaper and cover the paper with a soft towel to warm my bed.

Ronnie Reichert was my best friend. He and Prince, his German Shepherd dog would go everywhere together. Prince died from porcupine quills in the mouth and there were several Princes after. His mother Del, used to make us chocolate sundaes, a treat, before the movie started. The movies would break down several times during the night, but they were outings I treasured. My grandmother, mother and I would walk back to McKenzie Beach after the movie by the light of the moon, or with no light at all. Our flashlight never seemed to work.

While we were still in the campgrounds, this would be in the 40s some time, my grandfather, grandmother, mother, sister Gail and myself went blueberry picking near Engineer Lake, Ontario. We lost grandfather. However many times we called, he never answered. It was three or four days before he was found. It rained nearly every night. Grandmother would cry most evenings, and the strain was evident on all our faces. When he was found by Adolph Zimmerman, he was mosquito bitten from one end to another. There was wood ticks under his arm that a doctor in Kenora had to remove. But he never ate one of his two pots of berries. My grandfather was a Scot, a baker in Winnipeg. He was going to bake tarts with those berries, and that was that. He did eat his humbugs and mints. He told us children that he shared his candy with a skunk, but we never knew if he was kidding. He was the one who told me how to catch a prairie chicken. You tie a piece of bread, he said, to a long piece of string, wait for the prairie chicken to eat it, and then lead it home.

My sister died at age 12 of pneumonia at Rennie on her way to hospital in Winnipeg and then we moved to McKenzie Beach Road.

My grandparents are gone now, along with my father. Mother died June 24th, 1985. She left a legacy for me and my young children, Rosebud, age 2½,

and Christopher, age 4, to follow. She left us a way of life unobtainable in Southern California where I have lived these past ten years. By herself, she wallpapered every room, put in carpeting, built a back addition and dining room, and over the thirty odd years at Lot 21, she built a series of rock gardens and lily pond. She and I planted trees when I was only ten years of age, and these spruce and balsam now stand over 30' high. Mom even built a fern grotto — she was forever digging, planting and fixing up. She died at age 70.

In her last years, Steve Coma and his wife would come over to play cards and enjoy a drink with Mother. We saw a lot of people come and go over the years, but she stood steadfast, and called our summer cottage by a favorite Gaelic name, "Macushla", which is . . . "my love".

WEST HAWK LAKE MCKENZIE BEACH LOT 27

By Ethel and Fred Hodgkinson

When Alex Gibb resigned mid-term as teacher, my sister took over. The Nellises, who ran the store, had two boys and a girl. Cal Ritchie and his wife Vera, had a daughter, Lily. My sister boarded with the Ritchies and taught at the store or the cabins, weather permitting. The summer of 1939 my parents, my sister and I visited the Ritchies one weekend. While there, I mentioned that one day, when I could afford it, I was going to buy a lot on Lake of the Woods. Mr. Ritchie suggested I lease a lot at West Hawk. We went down McKenzie Beach road to the waterfalls. Then we walked back along the shore of the lake looking at each lot. When we arrived at Lot 27, I decided that was the lot I wanted. I borrowed \$10. from my dad and paid the lease for one year.

In July 1940 Dad and I went down to start building the cabin. With the help of two forest men we put up the shell, 24x24'. I paid the men the going



Hodgkinson family, 1955.

330



Ethel Hodgkinson and daughter Heather, 1957.

wage, 25 cents an hour. Total cost was \$500.

The lot had poplar and birch trees but no evergreens. Mr. Ritchie suggested I cut down the poplars and plant small evergreens. It isn't often you grow your own firewood. Those little evergreens have grown into huge trees that make the lot too dark. We have cut some down and are now using them for firewood. In the early days — there were no chain saws — you could hire a man to cut down a tree for 25 cents.

When I built, there were only three cabins on McKenzie Beach Road, Bernice Smith, Lot 9, was the first. Then Marion Pulford, Lot 24, built next. Cliff O'Meara, Lot 23, was the third. In 1940 when I built, Bob and Lois McCullough, Lot 33, had a cabin built. For a few years there were only the five cabins. Now there are 60 cabins on McKenzie Beach subdivision. There were no lights, of course, and with so few cabins, there weren't any lights on the road. One dark night I was visiting Bob and Lois. Although a bear had been seen in the area, I neglected to take a flashlight. Walking back around midnight wondering whether the bear was around and hardly able to find the road was quite an experience.

At the time, the roads were just mere trails. Two cars meeting had difficulty passing each other. Raspberry bushes grew in abundance along the side of the road.

A lady, Katie, ran the restaurant. She sold home-



Ethel Hodgkinson and two daughters, 1958.

made blueberry pies for 25 cents each. Some evenings we would gather around the piano for a sing-song. Then, too, from time to time the cottage owners would gather in the park for a wiener roast.

In a few years more cabins went up in the subdivision, the Hiltons, Lot 34, Mr. Thompson, Lot 5, the Andrews, Lot 4, and the Wilsons, Lot 25, were among the early settlers. Mr. McKenzie built on Lot 29 but very soon sold to Mr. and Mrs. Batty. They have recently sold the place to their daughter, Janet Nicol. The family are long-time residents. Cliff O'Meara was the first of the five early settlers to sell, then Marion Pulford, Bernice Smith turned her cottage over to her nephew, Bob Morrison, just recently when her health made it impossible for her to keep the place. Now we are the longest time residents to the subdivision.

July 18, 1942, Ethel and I were married and spent our honeymoon at the cabin. In fact the cabin could be called honeymoon cabin. Besides us, Ethel's sister and her husband spent their honeymoon there. Later friends of ours, Grant and Enid Smith, also used the cabin for their honeymoon. In 1945 our twin daughters were born. When they were only three months old, we took them to the lake for the summer. They have been coming every summer since. Although they have cabins on Lake Winnipeg, West Hawk is still home for them.

We lived in the shell — no partitions and only a shiplap floor through which the wind blew. Summer by summer we did a little work on the cabin. In the 1950s we put an addition on the front of our cabin and built a two-storey boat house. Later we put another addition on the back of the cabin, giving us a large dining room, a laundry room with automatic washer and dryer and a bathroom with a shower. We now have four bedrooms.

In 1956, electricity came to McKenzie Beach. I had the job of collecting from the residents so that we could pay Mr. Tod to clear trees for the electric wires. We didn't want to waste anytime getting the electric lights.

In the early days the Falcon Lake townsite didn't exist. There was only a poor road and a trail to Toniata Beach. One evening I was driving along the two-rut trail when I saw a porcupine in one of the ruts going very slowly. I didn't dare run over it and had to drive slowly behind it until it left the road.

My daughters are now married and we have five grandchildren. They all enjoy spending time at Lot 27, McKenzie Beach. There are 11 of us who all get together. West Hawk is more home to us than any place we have lived. 1989 was my 50th summer spent at the lake. Because I was a school teacher, we were always able to spend two months each summer at our cabin. Now I'm retired, we spend four months every summer.



Annie and Harry Cox before 1950, in front of campground cookhouse, West Hawk Lake.

WEST HAWK LAKE MCKENZIE BEACH LOT 35

THE COX FAMILY
Written by daughter Dorothy
for her mother Anna Cox - age 92 (1988)

From the first year the West Hawk campgrounds were opened, my father, Harry Cox, would bring us in an old Ford car on the old No. 1 Highway.

Dad only had two weeks holiday in those days but he made the most of them by getting the car packed the night before and at the crack of dawn we were on our way.

We always managed to get our favorite camping spot, close to the cookhouse. It took almost two days to set up the mosquito netting eating area, attached to the tent. We met friends and we kids would gather round the cookhouse to see if we could get some handouts, like homemade scones.

On our journey out, Dad would always stop at Beausejour for homemade bread, and buy eggs and bacon. When we arrived at the campgrounds, Dad would dig a big hole in the ground and bury a large tin with a tight lid. This was our refrigeration system. One morning, Dad discovered a skunk had managed to get the lid off and was stealing our bacon. The skunk dropped the bacon but Dad threw it to him anyway. He wouldn't let us eat it after that.

The ranger said we should have tied it up in a tree. Skunks were a real nuisance in those days, always hanging around and even getting into the tents. The forestry staff controlled them by using exhaust traps attached to a truck.

I remember watching the unemployed men of the 1930s work camps, playing baseball in the campgrounds. We also spent time at the main dock on Crescent Beach or we would walk through the campgrounds to Miller Beach to see if there was anything going on at the small island we called Peanut Island. I had a small camera but one would not recognize my pictures of Crescent Beach area, taken long



Harry Cox Sr., before 1950. Note bathing suit.

before the removal of the birch and the construction of the sea wall. Penniac Bay was lined with a two-foot of flat stones along the road and it was very pretty to look across at West Hawk from the highway.

My girlfriend Nora and I had a "Gum-Tree" — each time we chewed gum, we would place it on the tree.

Nora's father, a Scout Master, loaned us one of the scout tents (no floor in the bottom). Dad wanted to put his box trailer inside the tent for us to sleep on, but we knew better and set our apple-box vanities and beds on the ground. Around midnight we woke up covered with ants. We woke up dad to put the trailer inside the tent.

We had to pick blueberries for Mom to preserve for the winter but we didn't like it. One day, we were walking near Caddy Lake and my brother Tom stepped on a hollow log. I was right behind him and hornets stung my legs badly, so I do not have happy memories of blueberry picking although we enjoyed the pies Mom made in the winter on those cold days.

Once when we were on our way home, Dad had a problem with the box trailer. He unhitched it and left Nora and me to stand guard while he went to the garage. The cars stopped and asked what we were selling.

Another time driving home, what looked like a new tire was on the road. When we stopped to pick it up, it slowly moved off the road into the bush. Some boys were playing by attaching a rope to the

tire. That was how they amused themselves in those days.

In the late 1940s we did not camp anymore because my mother couldn't stand the dampness. So we rented a cabin at the CBC cabins. Although we missed camping, we were never far away and spent most of our days walking up the scenic walk in the campgrounds or my brother Harry and I would walk to the Ontario-Manitoba border with our new friends, Pat and Jim Moffat.

My dad retired in 1952. That summer, my dad and mother worked for Mr. MacKenzie of the CBC. Dad just loved the work, driving the old truck and supplying ice and firewood to the rental cottages. He was working with Mr. Blackwell in those days. My mother did not like cleaning out the cottages but Mr. MacKenzie was good to them, giving them a nice cottage to stay in and also paid them well. My father was still a healthy man, able to work and was grateful to Mr. MacKenzie for this opportunity.

Dad cut and chopped wood and did cement work until the age of 70. He made cement steps to the lake. I still have dad's cement shovel.

We had nice neighbors, the Hiltons from Winnipeg on one side and the Kennedys from Kansas City, Missouri, on the other. Further toward Hunt Lake were the Summervilles, Funks and the Gibbs. Later the back lots were developed and along came the Atkinsons, Joyce and Les, Cavaghan, Coopers, Watts Forester, DeFehrs, Zajacs, Sheirs, Hills, Carmichaels and Hedgecocks. My daughter Carol, who spent the summer with my parents, quickly made friends with the children, Cathy and Judy Beamish, Janet Beatty, Dorothy, Frances and Marilyn



1954 - Harry Cox, Annie Cox, Dorothy and daughter Carole.



L. to R.: Son Tom, Annie and Harry Cox. In front: Son Harry and daughter Dorothy.

Defehr, Pat Summerville and Lynn Cooper. I quickly became friends with Jean and Kay Zajac.

Later on, my brother Tom built a small guest house on the lot for his family and my dad made a cement walk between the two cottages.

I used to come down Friday nights on the Eagle Bus and the driver, Wally, let me sit opposite him. This was when they were building the new Trans-Canada Highway and we would travel back and forth across the trails and I would throw the papers out the window to the work camps.

My daughter loved the small animals, so her grandfather built her a small cage that the ground squirrels and chipmunks could go in and out for food while she watched. But it wasn't long before the bear discovered this.

One time, Dad was standing on the walk when a bear came toward him. When he clapped his hands, the bear cut across to the neighbors', entered through a screen door and devoured a pie and cake on a counter. Charlie Hilton always wanted people to leave the bear alone. When he found a bear was in his cottage he took a canoe paddle to hammer on the cottage. Unfortunately, the bear got quite excited and made quite a mess on the floor.

Determined not to let the bears get the better of him, my dad built a huge strong top to put over the garbage cans. The next morning he found a bear just ripped it apart.

We had a near drowning one summer. Charlie Hilton and his friend Dave decided to go for a canoe ride when the lake was rough. We watched from shore and saw the canoe tip over. Some of us ran around to the Hunt Lake path and a rescue boat went out. Charlie had managed to swim to shore before the rescue boat found him. Both fellows were in pretty rough shape.

When I bought my first boat and motor, my brother used to pull me around the lake on a surf-board. I even managed to get Zajax's big labrador dog Jeffrey on the board. My dad loved the water and was a good swimmer and diver. He was in his

77s when he tried the board. After that, Jean and Kay Zajax taught us to water-ski and play tennis.

My daughter Carol took swimming lessons from the Red Cross and eventually got her life-saving badge.

A terrible storm one summer in the 1950's drove a path through my dad's lot. It knocked down all the poplar trees, several on the cottage and one landed on my dad's Hillman car, smashing in the roof and all the glass like an accordion. My brothers had to come and saw up the trees and get them out.

The cottage now is owned by my brother Harry Cox, who like his father is enjoying his retirement years at West Hawk Lake with his wife and family and with gardening and fishing as his hobbies.

* * *

We took over the family cottage in 1980, retiring in 1983 to enjoy it. The original cottage purchased from Sam Yanich, was 22x38'. We have built on to both ends, so we now have a cottage 22x62'. Since 1980 we have levelled more than 50 dumptruck loads of sand, gravel and earth, including a man-made beach on rocky shoreline.

In about 1932, father drove the family in a Ford to camp at West Hawk Lake. We travelled the last few miles to the camping spot over crushed stone.

The men working on the No. 1 Highway, now No. 44, were paid a \$1. a day plus their room and board. They ate in a huge white building in the present campgrounds.

The original store (where the present West Hawk Resort is now) was in a tent. Dad and a younger brother helped hold up the walls for the building now housing the liquor store.

A Saturday night treat from the Nellises was a toffee bar, but if you went there in the dark, a flashlight was required or you could get knocked down by a deer.

Perishable food was stored in a lard can dug deep into the sand outside the tent and covered with logs and rocks. I'll never forget my dad chasing out of the tent as a skunk had moved the logs and rocks, taken off the lid and stolen a slab of bacon.

Campers were far apart in those days and you had to shout to make them hear. Unlike today, nobody got excited when a bear and her cubs walked through the campgrounds down to Miller's Beach.

Two old gentlemen used to fish for trout and offered large amounts to all the campers. The fish were so big, we called them "cord-wood". People don't believe me when I tell them I saw a trout on a Model-T Ford, the tail on the back fender and the head was on the front fender with the body on the running board.

When we were very young we visited a Dr. Dodds at Falcon Lake. He dissected a frog and told us how everything functioned. The service road (301) did

not go all the way through in those days.

Today I miss the sight of a porcupine up a tree. It was common years ago.

The Gibb, Kennedy and Hilton families were all neighbors and their cottages were built before Dad's. A date on a support of the old Kennedy cottage appears to be 1949.

**WEST HAWK LAKE
BLOCK MCKENZIE BEACH
LOT 10
THE KINLEY FAMILY COTTAGE**

By Darrell Kinley
October 1989

Prior to 1947 the Kinley family vacationed at Gimli but were eager to move to a different area. In the spring of 1947 Jim and Helen Kinley finally succumbed to the enthusiastic talk of Mr. Thompson (Lot 5 McKenzie) about this place called West Hawk Lake. Mr. Thompson was a friend and workmate of Jim Kinley's in Winnipeg. The Kinleys obtained a lot on the south side of Penniac Bay. A lakefront opportunity presented itself about the same time. Alex Gibb (Lot 45, McKenzie Bh.) had two lots on McKenzie and Jim Kinley agreed to take the one Alex decided to give up, Lot 10, a large lot with a beautiful view of West Hawk. Alex claimed Lot 54 with a lakefront on both West Hawk and Hunt Lakes.

The first visit to Lot 10 was almost the last. The lot was thick bush and the weather cold and rainy. They got the car stuck on the sloppy, wet hill into the place but the Kinleys were helped out by Cliff O'Meara (Lot 23) and some friends. The next weekend was sunny and warm, so they decided to have another look at the lot on the way to visiting relatives in Keewatin. This time the love affair between the Kinleys and West Hawk Lake began.

Almost immediately, two "odd job" men from the area were hired to clear the 20x24' lot. George and Ted Lewis were retained to build the shell of the original cabin. In 1948 the knotty pine interior was completed by Jim and son Desmond. Also in the early years Norm Thompson cleared the bush down to the water giving us a great view of the lake. In 1948 Harry Ealing of Star Lake was hired to construct our present driveway closer to the cabin than the original driveway. 1949 saw the completion of the first addition to the cabin, a 12x10' kitchen built by Jim and Desmond.

Other cottages at our arrival to McKenzie Beach were those of Andrews (4), Thompson (5), Dinnen (8), Bernice Smith (9), George Lewis (17), Cliff O'Meara (23), Pulford (24), Wilson (25) and Alex Gibb (54). Bernice Smith had one of the earliest cottages, arriving in the early to mid 1930s.

In 1951, Desmond met his wife Muriel Richard-

son at Jack's Dance Hall. Muriel's family tented in the campground and one night while walking hand in hand, Des suddenly disappeared from her side. He had fallen into someone's cooler pit in the ground. No harm was done and the surprised couple had a good laugh. A few years later they were married and honeymooned at West Hawk.

Also in the late 1950s, hydro arrived at McKenzie Beach with cottagers splitting the capital cost of the project.

In the springs of 1959 and 1961, Darrell and Randall respectively became the newest additions to the Kinley clan camping at West Hawk. Desmond's sister Valerie married J.D. Lyon and their three children brought a total of five third-generation children to the cottage.

In the summer of 1964, a 20x10' two-bedroom addition was added to the place by Desmond (helped by Martin Jensen of Lot 11) to accommodate the increased family presence of the Kinleys and Lyons.

In August of 1966 Jim Kinley passed away at the Hunt Lake Park entrance gate, where he worked after retiring from his career in Winnipeg. Upon Jim's passing, ownership transferred to his wife Helen. In about 1980, when the government was thinking of instituting an inheritance tax, Helen transferred title to Desmond.

From the mid 1970s to 1987 the cottage and facilities were completely winterized. Most of the work was finished by Desmond and Darrell. Darrell lived at the cottage from 1981 to January 1987 when he bought his place in Falcon townsite. In January 1987, Desmond retired and moved to West Hawk, followed shortly by wife Muriel who retired a few months later. In November 1987, Desmond suffered a bad stroke and the dream of permanent residence had to be shelved by the end of 1987.

The first Christmas tree erected at Lot 10 was in December 1983. In December 1987, despite Desmond's illness, family Christmas was held for the first time at the lake.

In February 1983, the wheel came full circle when Darrell, like his father before him, met his future wife at the lake. Darrell met Janis Schindler of Falcon Lake at a dance on October 1, 1988. The couple was married at the West Hawk United Church by David Clink.

Through the course of these 40-plus years much family history has developed around West Hawk Lake and many of the family's fondest and happiest moments have been experienced here in childhood and adult life. The cottage has been and hopefully will continue to be a symbol of family unity and happiness. It is not uncommon to find three generations of the family enjoying times together at the cottage to this very day. Could a fourth generation be but a turn of the page away?

WEST HAWK LAKE HIGH ROCK BEACH CLOUD 9

By Pearl and Norris Belton

When the children were small we spent our holidays going to the east or west coast or to the United States. When the children were older, they wanted to be at home where friends were. No more exploring historical sites or visiting museums to advance their education, even if their father was a teacher.

I was all for a cottage and suggested the Whiteshell. We had been through it a number of times in the mid 1960s. We used to stop and have a lovely dinner at the El'nor motel restaurant on our way to Kenora. This met with approval from the rest of the family as long as it was either West Hawk or Falcon where the children had friends.

The evening before Mother's Day there was a cottage listed 'for sale' in the Free Press, "here's your Mother's Day present, if the cottage hasn't been sold", I said. We phoned the agent to hold it, and went to West Hawk next morning. We liked it, and have never regretted buying it.

I don't know who owned the cottage but, for years before we bought it, it had been rented to a family named Dolmage, and was often referred to as the Dolmage cottage when we first took it over.

The cottage with its beautiful lake view is surrounded with birch, spruce, cedar, black and white poplar and a huge Russian pine, which I hope is well rooted in or our cottage is in trouble.

Over the years, we've had a wonderful time in the Whiteshell. The children had a place to bring their friends, those that our son Roger taught windsurfing to and others, plus room for Darlene's friends as well, sometimes as many as 30 on a weekend. They enjoyed it and so did we.

Time changes many things, now it's quiet at the cottage on weekends with Roger and his wife and family coming for a few visits each summer. Darlene and her husband live in Toronto and have a cottage of their own out of Kingston, Ontario and it is almost an identical setting as we have here. She still enjoys a trip to the lake when she comes back to Winnipeg.

We've been fortunate with our neighbors, the Shepherds who bought the cottage, formerly owned by Florence Pierce. Miss Pierce was known for the amount of work she did around her cottage, even shimmying up the pole to trip the circuit breaker when the lights went out. We were very fortunate to have gotten to know Adolph and Olive Zimmerman, a wonderful couple and Adolph is one in a million. I don't know how we would have fared without his help.

One day we had a chance to see West Hawk Lake

from another perspective. My sister-in-law wanted to go around the lake, so we asked our son-in-law to take us in the boat. I don't know where we were in the lake, but there were no cottages and no boats. That's where our boat ran out of gas. The wind got up and the lake got choppy. Although there were oars, the boat was too heavy to move. Finally some nice people came along and towed us in.

One of the many things we like about West Hawk Lake is the call of the loons. Now and again we have a loon chorus which is unbelievable.

"I will arise and go now

And go to West Hawk Lake:

For I shall have some peace there -

For peace comes dropping slow,

Down from the veils of morning

To where the crickets (fireflies) glow

And the loons call, and the waves lap

And the chimney smoke builds slow."

(apologies to W.B. Yeats) N.B.

WEST HAWK LAKE HIGH ROCK BEACH LOT 13 THE HAMILLS

The Hamills bought Lot 13, in the fall of 1957. Bert and Lillian Hamill, the senior Hamills enjoyed the fall weather the most. Lillian said the area reminded her of the southern Quebec of her childhood. Bert was soon to retire from Winnipeg Transit where he had been a mechanic for many years. Bert was an excellent carpenter and enjoyed the garden and outdoors.

Son Doug Hamill and his wife Doris enjoyed many summers there, bringing up their three children. Doug is a capable builder and with his father and two growing sons, the cottage and boathouse took shape.

Daughter Janice and neighboring friends could be heard laughing and playing many a sunny day. Janice now lives in Whitehorse, Yukon, with her husband Ray Wotton who is with Yukon Parks. Tammy and Steven are their family and we look forward to their limited visits.

Don Hamill and wife Kathy find some time for the lake in their busy life. Kathy is with Hydro, Don with Colins Mechanical.

Roy and Irene Hamill with their daughter Angelo and son Matthew are able to spend summer days at the lake, as both are teachers in Winnipeg. Roy teaches automotive at Tec Voc. Irene is teaching at Aberdeen School. Our annual berrying expedition is a big event. Rainy days, Doris and Angela can be found painting.

Now that Doug is retired, we spend a good part of the summer at the cottage. Doug was with Provincial Highway, Midland division.

WEST HAWK LAKE HIGH ROCK BEACH

LOT 14 "EVEREST" THE ARMSTRONG FAMILY

In the spring of 1955, when my husband, Rev. Frank Armstrong, was the minister of St. James United Church in Winnipeg, we decided that we would like to buy a cottage in Whiteshell Park. Friends of ours, Mr. Mel Grose, Clerk of Session at St. James United, and Mrs. Grose, had owned a cottage at Crescent Beach at West Hawk Lake. They had since sold it, but still loved the area, and suggested that we look for a place there. So Frank and I, together with his sister, Mrs. Lamont, followed Highway No. 44 to West Hawk Lake. At a service station, we asked the man in charge if he knew of a cottage for sale. He said that due to a lack of funds, he was unable to finish a cottage he was building for himself on High Rock Beach, and would sell. So he took us there. We were able to look inside, and liked the plan very much. We asked him if he could add a washroom and a small screened porch at the back entrance, and he agreed to this. The location was High Rock Beach, Lot 14. We later named it Everest. We didn't intend to have a city lawn at the cottage. Apart from a few wild flowers beside the building, blueberry bushes covered the soil in the yard. At the rear of the cottage, a steep high hill reminded us of Everest. We realized that a road ran between our lot and the beach, but we didn't expect there would be heavy traffic. So we agreed to buy.

The builder was Mr. Bellemare but he said everyone called him "Buster". We set a time when the cottage would be finished, and arranged with Mr. and Mrs. Latter, friends of ours who had a small truck, to bring down furniture from Winnipeg. When we arrived, the cottage was not ready, so Buster put us up in a cottage where we waited.

At that time our family consisted of our daughter, Dorothy who was working on her education, and our son Douglas (Doug) also working on his education. Dorothy had received her B.A. in 1952, and Doug his in 1955. Both worked during the summer to help with finances. Francis Winston, our youngest was then 13. They all loved the lake, especially Winston, who used to count the days until school would be finished, and we could go to the cottage. He especially enjoyed chumming with Lorne Ericson who was around his age, and lived down the road.

Our first guest in the cottage before it was finished was Jim Grose. Out of discarded lumber, he made a table, which is used to this day on the patio where



Back row, l. to r.: Ian, Dorothy, Fraser and Mary. Front row: Kimberley, Emily, Frank and Lori. The Armstrongs.

we have our barbecue. Jim loved to swim, and used to swim to and from a nearby shore to a small rocky island with one small tree on it. We still call it "Jim's Island".

Frank, assisted by Doug and Winston, soon built a dock which was later enlarged. A few feet beyond it was a large rock on which ducks sunned themselves after feeding in the lake. All the cottagers took a great interest in these ducks that had been hatched in a near by swamp. Tourists sometimes threw stones at them and were soon informed that these were special ducks, and were not to be injured. Early in 1956, having had electricity installed in the cottage, we were able to dispense with our coal-oil lamps except in emergencies. It was now adequately furnished. A frequent visitor who graced our cottage was the beloved sister of Frank, known as "Auntie Doll" by all children who knew and loved her.

Our son, William Douglas, and Maryella Allen, one of the church choir girls, were married September 1, 1956 and spent part of their honeymoon in the cottage.

Buster had left a cut-off freighter canoe that leaked. We spent a good deal of time trying to make it sea-worthy and used it for a few years. Finally, Frank bought an aluminum boat, and later a canoe. The freighter canoe was retired to the dump in 1988.

In the summer of 1957, we rented the cottage to friends for a while. This marked the beginning of a series of renters which included Joyce and John Surgeoner, who played an important part of the life of the cottage.

Early in May, 1958, Winston with the owner of a truck took a heatilator fireplace to the cottage. Five days later, on May 15, he died in a tragic drowning accident in what is now called Bird's Hill Park. This was a devastating blow to all of us.

In 1959, Emily (Mrs. Frank Armstrong) became

seriously ill and convalesced at West Hawk. She was able to enjoy the first visit of a grandchild, Fraser Winston, son of Mary and Doug. This was during the first few weeks of his life. Soon others came along: Kimberley (1961), Lori (1962) and Ian (1963). They learned to love the lake as their parents and grandparents did.

There were many visitors, especially friends of the children which included fishing expeditions, swimming, sunning and skiing with the Zajac children. There were Scrabble nights and parties with popcorn. During the summer of 1979, Fraser, Kim, Lori and Ian and their friends Judy Bradley, Tim Edlund and Trent Worthington brought musical instruments from Edmonton. They practised at Everest and then presented excerpts from the religious musical 'Tell It Like It Is' to the congregation at West Hawk Lake United Church on August 19. It was great fun, and all, especially Don Fairweather (theological student), enjoyed the presentation.

Before West Hawk Church was built, Frank conducted morning services for the family in the cottage, either Church or Sunday School, depending on the age of those staying or visiting there. Young People's groups from both St. James and Kirkfield Park United Churches visited the cottage with Mary and Doug as their leaders.

Two of the more important visitors were biologists Dr. Charles Bird and his wife of Brandon, and Dr. Syd Radinovsky of Winnipeg. Dr. Bird caught an eight-pound lake trout, and Dr. Radinovsky barbecued it, making it the important part of a delicious meal. Syd and members of his family, and research teams, have visited with the Armstrongs on an average of once every two years since then.

We decided to enlarge the back shed, so in May of 1973 we asked Bert Vinet of West Hawk to begin operations. He with two helpers demolished the shed, and put down footings extending the room a few feet longer. Then they put on the walls and ceiling, adding three windows and a door. In June 1974, John Surgeoner and his father-in-law insulated and finished the walls and ceiling, installing wall registers. The room was heated electrically and we put in a sofa, table and chair. This was great for early spring and late fall.

Frank became seriously ill in 1984, and, while he still had vigour, decided he would like to go on a canoe trip. So Doug, Fraser and his wife Judy, and Frank packed food, pots and pans and sleeping bags. Then the four set off in Doug's station wagon with two tents and two canoes. They paddled from Caddy Lake to South Cross Lake and eventually North Cross Lake by way of the tunnels connecting the lakes. The canoeists portaged their boats and gear to Sailing Lake. They stayed the night on a point on the east shore of the lake. Frank caught

a fish there which the canoeists enjoyed for supper. Frank had long dreamed of an extensive trip up the Winnipeg River system, but was only able to manage an overnight.

In July, 1986, Frank's last fishing trip was in the canoe on Lyons Lake with Doug and Kim, his granddaughter who was pregnant with the first great-grandchild. Within the week Frank became gravely ill and died July 13, 1986, in Edmonton at the age of 86. The cottage is now under the care of Mary and Doug. Much physical work has been done recently, including installation of the government-required septic tank, new roof, new paint, and dock repairs. It has taken on new life, cared for in part by Joyce and John Surgeoner, and from continued visits by Emily and her children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren. These are Nicole and François, daughter and son of Kim and André Bugeaud, and Christophe, son of Lori and Michael Siewecke.

WEST HAWK LAKE HIGH ROCK BEACH LOT 22

By Ken, Pam, Jennifer and Whitney Campbell

"OLD SMOKEY"

Since visiting our friends' cottage in the early 1970s, the magic of West Hawk Lake has remained with us. Years later, when we were looking to buy, we looked in the Whiteshell and Ontario, but somehow our thoughts were always on West Hawk Lake. So, when Old Smokey on High Rock Beach became available, we were ecstatic. We picked up the key on Friday night and concluded the purchase on Saturday morning.

The Van Amstels had built the cottage in the mid 1960s. They had had their pick of locations on High Rock, settling on the Old Smokey location, a site offering an extraordinary, panoramic view of the lake and backing on the flat beach of High Rock.

Our thoughts are on West Hawk throughout the year, but the most exciting time is the first Friday night, after six months of fall and winter, when we pack up and head for the lake. Driving up the winding road, the magic of the woods, the scent of pine, envelop us. The next five months are the making of memories, swimming at McKenzie Beach, renewing acquaintances, exploring the woods looking for wild berries and sighting the many varieties of wild flowers, hiking on the nature trails, sitting out on the deck on a warm summer evening, looking at the stars and listening to the eerie call of the loon, getting up at five in the morning to watch the sunrise, waiting impatiently for the return of the little family of hummingbirds, exploring the lake in our old, red, wooden Peterborough boat, planning a special



A view from Campbells cottage.

evening out at Long Pine Lake, enjoying the food there while taking in the beautiful scenery and, finally, in the early autumn, taking a walk in the crisp air and burying ourselves in a mountain of fallen leaves. Closing up the cottage is a sad time for us. As we leave, we take a last backward look and all the memories of a summer gone bring with them a sadness.

Our cottage at West Hawk Lake is a special place for our family. We have many, many memories of the cottage and the lake, and hope to have many, many more.

**WEST HAWK LAKE
CRESCENT BEACH
LOT 38**

By F. and I. Koenig

We have been regular visitors to West Hawk Lake for the past 20 years. We appreciate the quiet and relaxing atmosphere of the park and the fact that the beaches are never overcrowded, even on the busiest weekends. There are many beautiful hiking trails and scenic walks in the area where you can pick blueberries and mushrooms.

West Hawk Lake is an enchanting place, so totally unexpected after the prairies and the city of Winnipeg.

We have recently purchased the cottage at 38 Crescent Beach and have added a screened porch and a large patio, and this is where we spend our summers swimming, sailing and going for walks. In the winter we come for some of the best cross-country skiing in Manitoba. This is just such a great place to spend a weekend with family or friends.

**WEST HAWK LAKE
CRESCENT BEACH SUB., LOT 29**

By Elmer Lawrenson

When I first came to West Hawk Lake in 1952 with my wife and son Fred, we camped in the campgrounds in a pup tent. In 1953, we rented a cabin from the Ealings at Keswick Camp at Star Lake.

Then we went to Laclu in Ontario for one year.

In 1956, I bought a house trailer from Mrs. Anderson who had camped at West Hawk for years

and so began our continuous association with West Hawk Lake, in the campgrounds first, then as a cottage owner on Crescent Beach Subdivision.

The fall of 1956 was the first year all the trailers had to be moved from the campgrounds. What a sight! Some trailers had sat in the same place so long that, when attempts were made to move them, some just fell to pieces. The boards had rotted. In those days the winter storage area was near where the West Hawk maintenance yard is and during the winter, we would check the trailers for break-ins and also to see how deep the snow was and if they should be shovelled off. One winter there was a record snowfall of about 100 inches. We came out to check the trailers and when Jack Mills and I were ready to start up the trail, he asked my wife (who was about five feet tall) if she was coming with us, and she replied "No".

While we were in the campgrounds, I belonged to the Whiteshell Campers Association and was chairman of the entertainment committee from 1957 to 1968. We met at Harry Bloms or the Mayers or other homes to organize get-togethers for winter and summer. At first in the winter, we would meet at the Vasa Lund Smorgasbord. When that got too small, we moved to the Debuke Clubhouse and on as our crowds increased. The largest attendance I remember was 560 people.

This entertainment was a variety of things. Once we had a Hard Time Dance and we had to explain to half the people what that was. The costumes were great. One lady had sewed hers out of men's ties — I nearly fined her for coming too dressed up. Since then I've learned we should have given her a prize for all the work she put into it.

At another one of these "dos" we had a "dressed goose" for a door prize, much to the surprise of the winner and everyone there, in walked the goose dressed in a hat, pants and jacket — not quite dressed for the oven.

That's a few of my memories of Winnipeg "dos". We also had sing-songs, wiener roasts and other entertainment at the lake, and for many years, we had the Annual Camper's Picnic at the West Hawk campgrounds.

On the business side of the association, I was involved with the establishing of permanent campgrounds at Dorothy, Falcon and West Hawk Lakes.

The biggest change over the years at West Hawk was the opening of Trailer Village, the permanent campgrounds in the summer of 1959 or 1960.

Those were great summers for our family and others with swimming lessons, fishing, hikes and get-togethers. I spent a lot of time fishing with some of the other GREAT fishermen of West Hawk. Names that come to mind are Tom Hedges, Joe Dooblie, Harry Deelie, Gordon Causett, Roy

Renyolds, Wilf Foster and Les Waddell (I hope your names are spelled correctly, gentlemen).

December 18, 1968, we bought our cottage from Mrs. Milne (our Christmas present). It was 22x24', fully furnished, for \$3,500. We now are cottage owners working at improving and upgrading as a pleasant pastime. One thing I really notice as the years pass is how prices are climbing. When we added our addition in 1983 of two bedrooms and a bathroom, it cost \$13,000.

It was also interesting to observe the wildlife working around the cottage. In the city you never thought of seeing anything bigger than a squirrel running around the ground, so to see a deer, fox or, bigger still, a bear was unheard of. It always caused you to stop and watch a while. One afternoon when we had the sub-floor down for the addition and had stopped for afternoon tea at the kitchen table, we heard this loud bump. Turning to the window, we saw a bear looking in the window. He had to somehow jump up four feet to get on to that sub-floor, but there he was, as big as life and twice as inquisitive. It's a wonder he didn't knock the addition to pieces that afternoon because he kept running under it when we tried to chase him away. Another time, when I learned begonias thrived on fish oil, I fed all my plants on one side and son Fred did the other side more generously just before we left for the city. When we returned the next weekend, Fred's well tended flowers, pots and earth were broken and scattered over the patio.

My next project is to build a boathouse. The 20x24' lot cost \$1,500 and materials for the 16x24' structure will be about \$3,500. This is to store a 15-foot sleeper boat I bought in 1965 for \$500. Its 40 hp Evinrude motor with electric start and generator cost \$700.

This is money well spent in my estimation because I enjoy my summers here and my son Fred, his wife Janet and my grandchildren Dorothy, born in 1970 and Charlie, born in 1974, spend as much time as they can at the cottage in the summer.

I am sure this cottage will be in the Lawrenson family for many years and have many more happy memories to tell.

**WEST HAWK LAKE
CRESCENT BEACH
LOT 21**

FIRST ROW - MOONLIGHT BAY, LOT 1
By Betty Duncan

The first memory I have of West Hawk Lake was the weekend of the cavalcade from Winnipeg to Kenora to commemorate the opening of the highway in 1932. When we arrived in our 1929 Studebaker at West Hawk Lake, it was raining heavily.



Betty (Burton) Duncan, West Hawk Lake.

We were turned back at the hill just past the main beach at Tallpine Lodges because the road had turned to mud. My dad, Dick Burton, mother Elsie, my brother Bernard and future sister-in-law Loine and myself camped at West Hawk Lake until the following morning.

Bernard remembers a certain 1929 Chevrolet car going backward up the hill.

My dad decided West Hawk Lake was a pretty nice place and consequently we camped for many years behind the Nellis' store (now West Hawk Resort) and swam at Miller's Beach.

To keep the perishables cool, we dug a hole in the ground in the shade of the trees, put a butter box in the hole and kept it well covered.

The Nellis boys would attract an audience



Rose Elsie Burton at the water pump at Crescent Beach, West Hawk Lake, 1943.



Working on second road at Crescent Beach. L. to R.: Bernard, Richard (Dick), Betty Duncan.

when they played catch outside their store. Every time they threw the ball a squirrel would run from one to the other, running right up their arm.

In 1942 when we built our cabin at Lot 22, Crescent Beach, Cal Ritchie was the ranger. Brown and Rutherford supplied and cut the cedar logs into siding from telephone poles left over from a contract. Our closest neighbors were MacKenzie and Mattson.

Mr. MacKenzie ran the Crescent Beach Cabins, (C.B.C. cabins as they have always been known as) and I remember the ice house full of ice packed in sawdust where everyone went for their block of ice for their ice box.

When Del and Frank took over the restaurant, my mother, brother's wife Loine and I would go there in the morning and talk to Del while she made her famous pies. Everyone enjoyed her chicken dinners.

The Saturday night attraction was the Dance Hall, where Jack Nickolson and his parents had dances and a small lunch counter.

The main beach was separated from the road by many trees which provided shade for those who wanted it. This was later changed. The trees were removed and a cement retainer wall was built, providing more parking for cars, and a lot more sunny beach. This was what the people were asking for.

In the first years we were at the lake, it was not unusual to hear wolves howling in the evening.

My dad fished West Hawk Lake for three years before catching a trout. Then he caught two, a 15½ and a 16½-pound, the same day near the Hunt Lake creek area.

In the early days at West Hawk Lake, the trout rearing tanks were near the main beach. These tanks were operated by Charlie Klyne who had a small cabin in the area. Running water from a spring behind Kinwin Cabins (Tallpine Lodges) was piped to the tanks.

My husband, Bert Duncan, and I liked to fish in Lyons Lake. To get there, we would walk to Hunt



Dick and son Bernard Duncan with a trout they caught in West Hawk Lake, 1943.

Lake, then cut across through the bush to Lyons Lake.

Our children, Bob, Dave and Paul, and our niece, Barbara, spent many happy times at West Hawk Lake. After the death of my father in 1973, we added to our cabin and improved the facilities with new bedrooms, using the space we gained for a larger kitchen and living area. The floors in that area were sanded with a sander we lugged all the way from the city.

In 1981, we sold our cottage to the Abrahams and we purchased Fred Bektors house on Moonlight Bay where we live year-round.

WEST HAWK LAKE CRESCENT BEACH SUB.

LOT 17

By Ray Ogston

Lars Mattson was born in Sweden and immigrated to Canada in his youth. He was a very successful plastering contractor in Winnipeg. He built a summer cottage on Crescent Beach Road in 1940 because the area reminded him of his homeland. He loved to fish. In his early years at West Hawk, he and his friends would camp on the Big Island, getting there from the main highway by rowboat.

The fishing was excellent in those days as illustrated in the enclosed photo.

Lars and his wife Rena were friends and customers of Sam Yanich who had the BA Oil Station on the main highway at the Star Lake Road (now Sam's Corner).

Lars was active in the Swedish community in Winnipeg and many of his Swedish friends built cottages at West Hawk. Among them were: The Lingwalls in Star Beach Sub-Division; the Car. Ehns, now occupied by son Feric and wife Marg Ehns; the Wally Larsons; the Neilsons, now occupied by son-in-law Bill Chandler; Eric Ericsons who are still enjoying the cottage; and the Suen Andersons.

Another good friend of Lars was John Neilson,



Mr. Mattson on right with white shirt. Note the rig of the day - shirt and ties.

a real craftsman who built summer homes in the West Hawk area as well as many beautiful stone fireplaces. Each stone in each fireplace had a meaning.

The Mattson cottage now is occupied by daughter Norma and son-in-law Ray Ogston. Their three daughters, Sandra, Jeannine and Donna, all reside in Winnipeg and one son Fraser lives in Brampton, Ontario. Thanks to the Red Cross Swimming at West Hawk, all are excellent swimmers.

Fraser Ogston worked summers for Milne and Edna Harbottle at the CBC store and Cabins and enjoyed it very much. Later, while attending university in Toronto, Fraser worked summers for the pipeline, living at the summer cottage. He and his wife Marilyn still love to visit West Hawk.

Donna Ogston, now Donna Narlos, is married to Brad Narlos and they have two children, Greg, 9, and Jenna, 5. This family continues to spend a great deal of time at the summer cottage built almost 50 years ago by Lars Mattson at 17 Crescent Beach Road.

From Newspaper clipping, May 31, 1949

Fishing in West Hawk Lake, Saturday and Sunday, Ernie Anderson, 430 Beverley Street and O. Eklund of 289 Enfield Crescent, had a nice catch of ten lake trout, averaging three pounds. L. Mattson, 226 Union Avenue, had, among others, a nice six-pound fish.

WEST HAWK LAKE CRESCENT BEACH ROAD LOT 9

MONTROSE COTTAGE DICK, ROBERTS, MILES

By Dorothy Dick

In July 1933, when our cottage was being built, there was only one established set-up on our road. (Other cottages were being built that year and nine were occupied by the end of the summer.) Mr. Rutherford of Brown and Rutherford Lumber Company owned a winterized log cabin on what now



1932 main beach, West Hawk Lake.

covers three lots. A couple of years later, the main lodge burned down and was never rebuilt. Several outbuildings were left intact and still exist on Lot 1, then a boat house, now a guest house; and Lot 3, the original guest house.

In 1932, David and Ethel Dick with two of their four children, Marjorie and David Junior, had driven to West Hawk Lake, talked to the surveyor, found their way through the bush (roads were not yet built) and picked out Lot 9.

Father contacted a local builder who had put up the log building, now the West Hawk Administration Offices. We think he also built the cottage next door, Lot 8, also of log construction. He was paid \$200 to build our cottage. But, by the next weekend, he had disappeared after handing over the job and \$100 to two young men who did it.

The two young carpenters from Winnipeg did the work under the supervision of their father. He, a master carpenter, came every weekend to give them their next week's instructions. Family members watched eagerly on weekends as the cottage became livable. We enjoyed five or six weeks in it that summer. A dock and a garage with sleeping quarters above were added in 1933. We named it Montrose Cottage, after our Winnipeg street.

At that time, the middle of the Great Depression,



West Hawk Lake falls at the outlet, near the present Hatchery bridge before dam was put in.



1936 - Dock near present boat launching, West Hawk Lake.

there were relief camps in the area for unemployed men. One was on the south side of the highway, opposite the stores and cafe. The men worked half-days and could take on other jobs the rest of the time. Dad employed a man to clear out the bush around our place. These men opened up and built the roads in the various subdivisions. Two other camps were in this area, Toniata at Falcon Lake and the other at Caddy Lake. The camps were set up by the Manitoba government for several years.

Our carpenters hired men from the camp to help carry the lumber and other supplies, including water from the lake, up to the cottage site which was quite a height from the lake. The terrain is rough and rocky.

We were lucky to have a water system the first or second summer. Hector McKenzie, our neighbor on Lot 8, found a second-hand gas engine and pump, pipes and storage tank for a water system. Dad paid for it and Hector (Mac) installed it. He was a good neighbor. The system was very welcome, even if someone had to go down the hill to the pump-house at the lake to start and stop the engine.

During the next few years when cottages were going up along our road, the chief form of entertainment was the Saturday night dance at Ingolf, Ontario. Sam Yanich ran a water taxi to the portage where Miss Ingolf met them on Long Pine Lake



Lookout at West Hawk campgrounds, 1933, Marjorie Dick (now Roberts).

and took them to Ingolf. One Saturday, our brother David took a lady friend to the dance in our new Peterborough 16-foot row-boat with a 5 h.p. out-board motor. The wind had come up on West Hawk and they did not arrive back at the cottage until early morning, much to the consternation of both families, who had been up all night.

Sam also took groups on sight-seeing tours and delivered messages with his boat for several years. One dark night he was lost on the lake. He finally found his way back when he saw our bonfire on the point where we were enjoying the wieners and marshmallows. In those days, bonfires were allowed if you got permission from the Forestry Office.

Some time later on another dark night, Sam ran his boat up on the rocks and it was destroyed. After that, he and his wife Vicki operated a garage at the junction of Highway 44 and the Falcon Lake Road.

In the 1930s for two summers, Professor Delury, a teacher of geology at the University of Manitoba, and his wife lived in our cabin, over the garage, as a headquarters while they went out on canoe trips to check student research groups.

One afternoon in the middle of the 1930s, a good-sized airplane landed on West Hawk Lake and taxied over to the government dock. Dad excitedly hurried over to pick up his friend, Gilbert Lapine, a prospector and a founder of Eldorado Uranium mining company. Dad was an unofficial agent in the Winnipeg area and had been instrumental, along with other friends, in grub-staking Gilbert's search for minerals in the Northwest Territories. The arrival of a large plane on the lake created great excitement.

The war years, 1939-1945, changed cottage life. Gasoline was rationed and regular weekend trips disappeared. Dad sold the sailboat because David Jr., the only one who could sail it, was in the air force.

After dad retired early in 1942, summers were spent at the cottage. One day, Dorothy got a call at work that dad was sick and a driver was needed to bring him home. (No ambulances around at that time.) Dorothy found a ride and we got him to the hospital in Winnipeg. It was a ruptured appendix and, fortunately, he made a quick recovery, then headed back for the cottage.

During this time, a second-hand bathtub was installed by father and a friend in what had been part of the large bedroom. We still use it in cool weather.

Grace Dick, the youngest of the four children, graduated from the University of Manitoba in 1944 and moved to Toronto to work. She was missed from the cottage where she had spent so many summers. She married in 1950, moving to Galt, now Cambridge, Ontario. She still claims visiting rights and we enjoy her visits. Brother David married in

1942 and, after his demobilization from the air force, they settled in Vancouver. Their family of three boys visited West Hawk in their younger years.

Marjorie married Clark Roberts in 1940. After the war, they lived on a farm near Portage la Prairie until 1965. Her four children, Leslie, Dick, Pat and Alan, all make good use of the cottage. Dick and his wife Jean have Lynsey and Adam. They come each summer from Vancouver. Pat and Andy Miles have Mathew and Mark, Alan and his wife Pat have Daniel, Amy and Pamela. These last two families live in Winnipeg and usually have their vacation at the cottage, plus some weekends. Marjorie's four children all made use of the Red Cross swimming lessons in their early years.

David Dick Sr. died in 1947 and Ethel Dick took over with the help of Dorothy.

Through the years, six couples have honeymooned at the cottage. During the 1950 Winnipeg flood, three families and three dogs, including husbands when they could come, made good use of Montrose Cottage. They arrived one dark night in early May to find the place had been broken into during the winter. Dishes and linen had been used, not the nicest way to find a cottage.

The next year, a new Kawantha Peterborough boat of cedar lap construction and a motor arrived and a boathouse built. The boat now is an heirloom with 38 summers of use and pleasure on the lake. It gets a fresh coat of varnish each spring before it goes into the water.

An improved toilet system was needed by 1955 to replace the outside privy which was down a bit of a hill. A utility room was built behind the cottage and an access door cut in the cottage wall. We now have a flush-o-matic and use a holding tank. The extra room has been very useful.

The biggest change came in 1956 with the arrival of electricity, making possible, some changes and additions to the cottage such as a new pump and water system and, of course, lights. Goodman and Kojima Electrical Contractors wired our cottage. Both these have cottages on West Hawk - one on Millers Beach and the other on Crescent Beach. In 1976, the old roof was removed for a new one. This was designed by Alan Roberts who also worked and directed his crew of family members.

Our mother, Ethel Dick, died in 1964. Marjorie and Dorothy took over joint ownership of the cottage. About this time, a handyman, Henry Chezick, was very helpful to us. Over two summers, he built steps of rock and concrete from the cottage to the dock. He also fixed a septic tank for us. His relatives lived in Whitemouth but he had a cabin near houses across the road from the stores. One Sunday I wrote him a cheque and he was very dubious about taking it. He was afraid it would not be ac-



Water-tank - serving Lot 8 and 9 - The Shieling and Montrose cottages, 1943.

cepted when written on a Sunday.

He was a willing worker. He helped us when we were changing from a big wood stove to an electric one. He was pleased to have the wood stove and helped to carry it down the hill to his truck.

Ernie Jentch, a carpenter who had a cottage at Star Lake, did a good job in renovating our kitchen area. Partitions were removed and a set of good cupboards installed. We have been pleased to have an efficient kitchen in which to work. The plumbing was installed by John Ennis from Falcon Lake.

In 1972, Pat and Andy Miles were married in the West Hawk United Church. We think it was the first wedding held there. Leslie was maid of honour and Dick and Alan were ushers. The Birchwood Ladies catered to a sit-down supper at the cottage (62 meals served) with Edna Harbottle acting as coordinator. They did a superb job. The next year, Alan married Pat Cook, the last honeymooners at the cottage.

From about 1967 to 1983, the Yacht Club was a favorite place. The sailing races every weekend, the occasional box-lunch socials at the clubhouse and the annual meeting dinners in Winnipeg were all good fun. We were all sorry when it faded from the scene and would welcome its renewal, though in a different location on the lake.

Our biggest continuing effort over the last 10 to 12 years has been endeavoring to get rid of the caraganas which have taken over sections of our lot and invading the rest. Without some control, it would take over the whole lot as it has done to others down the road. Cottagers, beware of this shrub! The first owner next door (Lot 10) planted a hedge in

1934 and each year since, it has continued to encroach on neighboring areas. With hard work we have succeeded in keeping it somewhat under control in our area. But it does not die easily!

There are now seven grandchildren, three sets of parents, an aunt, one great-aunt and one grandmother who are regular users of Montrose Cottage and who love it greatly.



Original campground sign, 1937.



1937 - Crescent Beach, West Hawk Lake. Note trees along the beach.

WEST HAWK LAKE CRESCENT BEACH LOT 3

By R.C. Robson

In 1930 we were camping on Long Pine Lake at Ingolf, Ontario, when my Dad heard lots at West Hawk lake would be up for lease. We portaged with a canoe and came across West Hawk where we decided on a lot on Crescent Beach. There were few cottages around the lake and only one on Crescent Beach Road.

We wanted a log cabin, so the wheels were put in motion. The logs were cut in 1931 and building started in 1932. The garage was built at the Agricultural College where my dad taught Engineering. This garage was brought down by truck and placed on our lot — 40 years later we received a letter from the government informing us we had not been given permission to put up this building and we must sub-

mit detailed drawings of the 'proposed structure' for approval. We forwarded these as requested and, in due course, received another letter from the government with its stamped approval and we could now proceed with the erection of said building.

Men were hired from Quebec to do the log work and they lived in the garage until the work was completed. There's not a nail in those logs. There are wooden dowel pins and they are in the same beautiful shape as when the cottage was built. My dad and friends completed the cottage on the inside.

When it was cold and before we had any heat, two tents were pitched in the soon-to-be living room. It was estimated 22 tons of local rock went into the building of the fireplace. It all came to a finish after much hard work and fun along the way with many hands pitching in to help.

There were many hair-raising experiences bringing furniture and supplies from Winnipeg on the old road through Beausejour and Rennie. On one of many memorable trips, we were bringing down my grandmother's piano on a trailer. The trailer hitch broke and trailer, piano plus other furniture headed for the ditch. Several people stopped to help us — wonder if that would happen today? Much of the travel was done while the ground was frozen so wheels didn't sink in the mud.

In the early Thirties, a relief camp of about 500 men was where CBC Cabins now stand. They worked in the bush and on the highway being blasted through to Kenora. One rock went through our roof and landed on a bed. I also recall the gold mine at Star Lake. When it closed, the men walked away, leaving everything as it was, even the beds made up. I suspect a few of the original cottages still have "souvenirs" of that mine.

Sam Yanich ran a boat service in The Sigma from West Hawk Lake to Ingolf. The young people would go over Saturday nights to attend the dances.

In those early days, a forest fire swept through the area and every able person was conscripted to fight the fire.

As our three children were growing up, we never suffered the "I don't want to go to the lake" syndrome. They worked at the lake each summer. My wife, the children and the dog moved to the lake the last day of school and they returned the day before school opened.

We have had four generations in our beloved old log cabin. My mother and father are both gone but memories of them linger. Many changes have taken place in the cottage and in the area. Progress was bound to come. Our peaceful, lovely birch-lined beach became a big man-made expanse of sand and concrete. The new Number 1 Highway came through so we no longer travelled via Beausejour. In 1956-1957, the power lines went in, so out went the

coal and wood stove, the ice box, the Coleman and coal oil lamps and the old Delco 32-volt lighting system. This old system lies deep in the centre of the lake, put there many years before people were environmentally conscious. The women in camp relished this "modern age" with the modern appliances that went with it. Gone were the days of standing over a hot stove and, when the babies were small, having a tub full of diapers on the stove.

To rinse these diapers, sheets and towels, Pop, as my dad was known to all around, would string the washing behind the 10 hp motor boat and "zoom" around the bay to rinse them. We didn't think this was at all strange but many onlookers did.

The cottage still is there to welcome back our families from various points in Canada and United States. Many happy busy summers have been spent at our "little corner of the world". So many stories to tell and so many memories to look back on . . .

WEST HAWK LAKE CRESCENT BEACH SUB-DIVISION LOT 5

By Elvin and Della Fast

The Whiteshell, from an early age, always held a certain mystique for me. As a lad of seven or eight, my dad allowed me to come along for the ride with him to his homemade drag-line. I spent a week with him. He was trying to carve a road from East Brainerd to West Hawk Lake. It is the present service road, much improved, of course.

Then came my selling days late in the 1950s. Unless you ate at the various general stores along the way, there was no real restaurant between Steinbach and West Hawk. So many a time I went the extra distance to sit down and enjoy a hot meal in the Trans-Canada Cafe.

What a picture of tranquility, an unattainable dream to live in that kind of a setting, where deer gathered unafraid in the front of the cafe for handouts.

In the fall of 1974, having noticed some cottages for sale in the Winnipeg Free Press, we decided to just take a look. We chose the Labour Day weekend. At best we were "window shopping". The last cottage we looked at was Dr. Goodwin's on West Hawk Lake, at Crescent Beach. At approximately 5 p.m. I knocked on the door, and a lady answered, looked at me, and her first words were, "are you lookers or buyers"? That required a quick straightforward answer, I gathered my composure and said, "I buy anything if the price is right". Unbeknown to us, Mrs. Goodwin confided they had 50 lookers that day, and were looking for a buyer.

Inviting us in, the Goodwins were entertaining

mutual friends, and that broke the ice for us to move from the status of window shopper to buyer.

After a bit of negotiating, bringing a family of five, now grown to 19 to see the place, I gave Dr. Goodwin \$1,000. He gave me the keys to the cottage and said, pay my brother in Winnipeg when the paperwork is done. We are on our way to Victoria.

It's been 15 good years now, we have enjoyed the old fashion commandere of our neighbors. In the spring and the late fall we are still able to capture the tranquility of those early days of the 1950s. What a lake! What a place! My childhood dreams a reality.

Unfortunately, the deer have all but disappeared from the town site area, but this is still a great place to get away to.

WEST HAWK LAKE CRESCENT BEACH SUB-DIVISION LOT 8 'THE SHIELING'

Thanks to Dorothy Dick and Marjorie Roberts (whose cottage is next to The Shielling) for this story of Hector MacKenzie.

Hector MacKenzie, a bachelor, had his log cabin built during the winter of 1932-1933. He employed the same builder who constructed the Parks Administration building and the campground office at West Hawk Lake. Hector must have spoken to him while he was building for the government in 1932. When we arrived in June, 1933 to get our place underway, Hector's place was completed.

Hector (usually called "Mac") always had his vacation in June, and he always had "troops" with him. I think some of his friends were unemployed and he helped them out by bringing them to "The Shielling". He had them working on finishing the cottage and cleaning the property. As long as Mac holidayed at the cottage, he had his friends there, too. Mac worked in Winnipeg for the Saskatchewan Wheat Pool, and boarded with the MacKay family in Winnipeg until his death January 25, 1955.

Jimmy MacKay, a son of that family, worked for Mac at times, and the other members were frequent visitors at the camp.

Mac loved his cottage which he named The Shielling, the Scotch term for a shelter for shepherds minding their sheep on the moors in Scotland. Mac was a scrounger who hunted out second-hand equipment from scrap yards and any place he could find things. By the second summer (1934), Mac had hunted out a gasoline-operated water-pump and pipes (all second-hand, of course) and installed the system into our cottage as well as his own. The holding tank was closer to us, and raised up high enough

from the ground so the water would flow into our cottage by gravity.

Mac's cottage was down hill from us — so he had good pressure too! We certainly enjoyed having the system, even though the pump was down at the lake, and it was a climb down to it and back up. The motor had to be cranked and tended to be balky at times — also there was no automatic shut-off. You stayed there till the tank was overflowing and you could shut it off or else you could climb up the hill to the cottage and go back when the tank was full. That second-hand pump served both camps for 24 years, from 1934-1958 when electric power came through, and we put in our own pressure system.

The mid 1930s were years of drought and depression. Saskatchewan had no grain and Mac's office in Winnipeg was down to two persons. In the summer of 1936, only one man was needed. Mac had the seniority but the other chap had a family, so Mac elected to step out. He came to the lake and visited Mom and Dad one evening. He was depressed and did not know what to do with himself. During the conversation, our father suggested that West Hawk had no tourist facilities. Mac picked up the suggestion and soon Crescent Beach Cabins were under way.

He decided the area across from the beach was a good site. He found the land was a registered mining claim and the search for the owner took him to the West Coast, only to find the owner had moved to Winnipeg!

After buying the land Hector built ten or more cabins in 1937. Some were very small ones, close to the Trans-Canada Highway. These have since been removed but several others are still in use, further up the hillside. Built at the same time as the cabins, the store has functioned every summer since. Housing for Mac and the staff was constructed behind and attached to the store. Several years later, Mac built himself a little cabin to the west of the store.

Also part of the complex was an ice house behind and west of the store. Ice was cut from the lake in the winter and sold to cottagers as well as stocking all the ice boxes in the store and cabins. Mr. and Mrs. Steadman were the handyman and store manager. We were lucky because Crescent Beach folk had ice delivered by Mr. Steadman. He even carried it up the hill to our ice box for us though he wasn't happy doing so.

Mac was called back to his old job two or three years later, but his weekends and holidays were all spent at West Hawk Lake. In later years, Crescent Beach Cabins became his home and the MacKays were frequent visitors. Jimmy worked for Mr. MacKenzie for several summers.

Wartime gas rationing meant Hector had

problems getting to the lake. Through the 1930s and the war years, there was bus transportation from Winnipeg to Kenora on the Trans-Canada (present No. 44 Highway). Hector bused it while the gas was rationed. It was a tight squeeze to get on the only bus at West Hawk Lake on a Sunday night when everyone was going back to the city. I once watched Hector getting on the bus — he pushed in until somehow the door got closed behind him! At that time, it was a three hour trip.

So far as I know, Mac never stayed in the Shieling again. He continued to rent it every summer for July and August and kept it maintained. He finally sold it to Dr. and Mrs. Tisdale in the 1950s. They had been renters several times and loved the cabin and the country around. Mac knew they would be good owners and would care for it the way he did.

The Tisdales, in turn, sold it to the Friesens.

FOOTNOTE: We should make note here that while Mr. MacKenzie owned the cabins, he employed Mr. and Mrs. Blackwell as caretakers, etc. in 1949. They stayed with him and were hired on after his death by the next owners, to maintain and operate the camp until 1958 when it was bought by the Harbottles. Mrs. Richardson was also employed by Mr. MacKenzie for the summer months for about the same time and she took care of the grocer ordering and the reservations among other duties.

Trout are on the surface in West Hawk Lake, H. MacKenzie of Crescent Beach Cabins reports. Slick Eel spinners baited with minnows should bring results. The largest trout recorded so far is a 14-pound, four-ounce fish caught by A. Bulman of 640 Young Street. (May 31, 1949)

**"HOUSE OF HERITAGE"
LOT 10, CRESCENT BEACH,
WEST HAWK LAKE**

By Lynda and Terry Sopka
Summer of 1990

In 1929, Frederick W. Rutherford decided to build himself a lake camp on West Hawk Lake. He was the first to build on this side of the lake. His intention was to have a lodge-type camp and use it to entertain family and business associates from his pulp and paper mill and lumber and hardware company "Brown and Rutherford". Fred's original site took up all the lots of today's Crescent Beach from 1A to Lot 3 inclusive. His main lodge was built on now 1B, the ice house on now 1A (presently D. Cale's guest home) and his cookhouse and guest house was located on 1C. Fred employed a crew of men to build his camp and clear the site. He brought in the lumber to Ingolf and barged it across West Hawk Lake. The original site was cleared and tents



Main lodge, Rutherford cottage.



Back view, Rutherford cottage.

were put up to house the work crews while the building went on. Each log was fitted on each other with care and hard work until the final result was achieved. Even the harsh winters did not stop them, as they travelled in with dog and sled. The cottage was a magnificent log building, something Fred Rutherford was truly proud of. It was built in the form of an "H" with awnings and flower boxes on the windows. The full-time gardener kept a rotation of blossoming flowers and manicured lawns. The exterior of the lodge was maintained with varnish and linseed oil. It was a picturesque setting! He employed a crew to run it, including cooks, gardeners, caretakers and other servants. Rumor has it that one weekend in the fall of 1932 when his staff was out partying instead of working, he caught them and gave them their notice in front of the other party guests. Later that night a "suspicious" fire burnt the main cottage down. Help was called on from



Fred Rutherford (middle) with cook and helper on right, Mr. Brown and brother (Rutherford) on left.



Dog team brought supplies across the lake from the station at Ingolf, Ontario.



Wash day at Rutherford cottage.

the Robson cottage, since built on Lot 3 but nothing could be salvaged except for some dishes and some Hudson Bay blankets. The beautiful lodge fell to cinders.

All during this time, Fred was engaged to a third cousin of his, Anne E. Oliver of Winnipeg. Anne and Fred planned to marry but Fred had an ill mother and they decided to marry after she died. Unfortunately, only three months after he buried his mom, he suffered a heart attack and died after being engaged for 25 years. Because of his deep love for Anne and the wonderful times they shared at West Hawk, he left his property to her.

When it came time for Miss Anne Oliver to rebuild, the lot was subdivided into three lots (1A, 1B and 1C). Anne picked the high spot (1C); the lot on which the guest house stood as the spot to rebuild her cottage. Her cottage was built in 1948 and she used it until she fell ill in 1969. Some may

remember her with her old black Pontiac she drove on the lake. Upon arrival, she always gave it a wash with a pail of West Hawk water.

Upon her death in 1970, the cottage became the property of Mary Bone, her niece. She enjoyed it every summer, bringing down her children and grandchildren to enjoy until her death in 1977.

The cottage is now owned by her daughter and husband, Lynda and Terry Sopka and their children Jaime-Lynn and Jason and two American Cockers, Ebony and Jibby.

The oddity of the dogs is that the cottage's first owner, Fred Rutherford, was also a lover of dogs and had two Springer Spaniels who always accompanied him on his lake visits.

If you drive past Lot 1C, Crescent Beach, you will see our lot sign "House of Heritage". It seems to fit, seeing it stems back to the first cottager of Crescent Beach.

WEST HAWK LAKE CRESCENT BEACH DRIVE LOT 1B

By Helen Routly

Lot 1B was part of a large parcel of lakefront property leased by Fred Rutherford of Brown and Rutherford Lumber Company, well known in Winnipeg where they had their docks and lumberyard on the Red River upstream from the old Louise Bridge.

When he was told it had to be divided, it was broken up into Lots A1, 1B and 1C. Mr. Rutherford gave one lot to his secretary, Miss Oliver, who chose Lot 1C. It was cleared in 1948 and Miss Oliver had the cottage built that year. She lived or spent summers there for years, eventually leaving the property to her niece, Mrs. Bone. The niece left the property to her daughter so now it is leased by Terry and Linda Sopka of Edmonton who spend holidays there each summer.

Lot 1B was leased in 1950 by W.H. MacPherson, well known auctioneer in Winnipeg. On his death it was inherited by a nephew who lived in Ottawa. Because of the distance he put it up for sale.

It appealed to the McLeans who took over the lease in 1970. George McLean had a wholesale grocery business in Winnipeg. He was survived by his wife Elaine who enjoyed the cottage until her last illness in 1986. On her death it was inherited by her sister Helen Routly, the present lessee.

Mrs. Routly first came to the cottage at Crescent Beach for a week in 1953 and spent it with her sister. After that she and her family spent weekends at the West Hawk campgrounds for years. When her sister Elaine's eyesight started to fail, Helen and Bill, her husband, started bringing Elaine to the cot-

tage and staying with her.

The lot was cleared in 1948 by Adolph Zimmerman and the cottage built by Ernie Jenstch.

I smile to myself now as I watch children of days gone by raising their own children on the beach.

WEST HAWK LAKE BLOCK 4, LOT 7

By Rose Coma

In 1952, Steve Coma came to West Hawk Lake from Winnipegosis, Manitoba to work at the Whiteshell Fish Hatchery. He was employed with the fisheries for four years when he decided, in 1956, to make a move and work for the Forestry Branch. He stayed with the Forestry Branch till 1967, when he started back again at the Fish Hatchery, where he still works. Being from the country, Steve felt comfortable in the West Hawk Lake area and built our home here in 1959.

Steve and I were married in 1963. I came from East Braintree, where my mother Mrs. Apolony and my brother still live.

I came here in the summer of 1955 and worked at the Trans-Canada Restaurant (now known as the West Hawk Inn). Shortly after I left and worked in Winnipeg and then in Calgary, Alberta. Eventually I returned to work at the Trans-Canada Restaurant again, where I worked for eight years for Frank and Adele Reichert. When Duke and JoAnne Daquay took over, I continued working for them, sometimes full-time, sometimes only part-time. I also worked at Tallpine Lodges and, in the summer for Natural Resources.

We raised three daughters and a son, all of which got their elementary schooling at Falcon Beach school and their high schooling at Steinbach where



October 8, 1988, Coma family - L. to R.: Perry, Diane, Sylvia, Dale and Angie, Rose and Steve.

they travelled each day by bus.

Diane, our oldest daughter, is married to Andy Hnatuik. They live in Winnipeg where Diane is employed with Westfair Foods and Andy is employed by the city of Winnipeg.

In her early teens, Diane worked for local businesses and the Department of Natural Resources. Diane achieved recognition in the West Hawk and Falcon Lake region when her community and relatives near and far supported her in 1978 to be crowned Prawda Carnival Queen.

Our second daughter, Angela, is married to Dale Hugherman and they reside in Winnipeg where Angie is employed with Eomcheq Services Limited. Dale is employed at Esdale Printing Company Ltd. In her early 20s, Angela spent her summers working for local businesses, and her last three summers at the lake, she worked for the Department of Natural Resources. In the winters, she did a lot of curling and won a few trophies with her teammates. She attended the University of Winnipeg and graduated with a Bachelor of Administrative Studies degree.

Sylvia, our youngest daughter, graduated from Steinbach Regional Secondary School in 1984. She continued on in her studies to receive her teaching degree from the University of Manitoba. In between studies, Sylvia would return home in the summer to work at local businesses and for the Natural Resources. She is presently living in Kenora where she is pursuing her career in teaching.

Perry, our son, is a student at the University of Manitoba where he is enrolled in the Faculty of Science. Like his sisters, Perry attended Falcon Beach School. In the 1983-1984 school year, he received the student of the year award. In his graduating year at Steinbach Regional Secondary School, he was voted valedictorian by his classmates and received the R.C.M.P. award. When summer comes, Perry is back home working at local businesses and now for three years for the Natural Resources.

Last but not least is Nanuk, our family dog. Nanuk is a half breed, part Siberian Husky and part Samoyed. He is the only member of our family still at home with us.

WEST HAWK LAKE THE EARLY DAYS

By Ronald Douglas Turner

I believe 1933 was the year I first laid eyes on this beautiful lake. 1933 seems correct because we travelled there in a brand new two-door Chevrolet, owned by my future father-in-law.

West Hawk campgrounds, trails and roads were all built by city relief workers. I suppose it was a joint effort between the province and city to pro-

vide work for unemployed single men. I don't think wages were anything to write home about, enough I suppose to buy tobacco, etc.

A friend found himself in the unfortunate position of having to accept welfare or relief as it was called then and chose to go to one of the work camps, West Hawk being one.

All the men were housed in tents, big tents containing bunkbeds and washing facilities. Those tents were heated by wood stoves. Try to imagine keeping warm in sub-zero temperatures with the only insulation being canvas! One of these camps was where the present Crescent Beach Cabins are located.

A fire watch was maintained and whoever was on duty also kept the wood stove burning.

I wish I could tell you how many men were stationed there. It was quite a few because there were many tents and cook shacks.

The "housing" facilities were all located on the south side of the then No. 1 Highway and over toward what is now the trailer park. All around was the virgin forest, or dense bush.

Early developers did many wonderful things, such as building a firetower 60 feet high for forest protection. They cleared land on the north and west sides which is now the park grounds. They hacked out walking trails, the most notable was one leading up to the summit of the highest point overlooking the lake.

This park is a tribute to those long-ago souls,

who through no fault of their own, chose to volunteer to live in isolation on the shores of West Hawk Lake. Of course, they didn't have much choice.

A real thrill was the day I was answering a call of nature in one of the outdoor biffies. I had the door propped open a wee bit and watched a white-tailed doe and her fawn, walk right to the biffy without a clue I was inside. Deer were so plentiful in the park and so tame one would think of them as pets.

In the early years of development, the West Hawk Lake campsite more or less operated on its own. By that I mean, there were no strict supervision, no big brother looking over your shoulder. If you wanted to pitch your tent down by the water, you could do so, any site you liked. On a busy weekend, you might have found a dozen tents. Sanitary facilities consisted of a couple of outdoor biffies at the highway site, and a couple more on the side that now accommodate trailers.

I don't think trailers had been invented then and, often, really screwball happenings occurred, like the time I pitched our tent on quite sloping ground toward the lake. The day was very warm with a few clouds around, not much wind, really a nice sum-

mer day. We had just finished lunch when the first rumblings of thunder were heard. We gathered up our belongings into the tent. The storm produced inches of rain (pre-metric) that turned into a flood heading right for our tent at the bottom of the hill. I swear that water was inches deep. It was around our tent but it was also right through it. Mom and the boys grabbed up clothing, bedding, anything lying on the floor of the tent.

In a 9x9' umbrella tent, the first thing you rub against is the walls of the tent. In those days, canvas wasn't waterproofed and if you rubbed against it, it caused the canvas to leak, and leak it did. Talk about drowned rats.

The sun came out, the sandy soil dried quickly, clothing and bedding were hung on makeshift lines and by dark all was right with the world. Yes, if you are asking the question, we moved the tent site to higher ground. Quickly.

Other highlights of our West Hawk Lake camping were: Spending a May 24 weekend tenting when a late snowstorm blanketed the ground, or a day visit when we heated our newborn son's bottle on the manifold of our car.

WEST HAWK LAKE BLOCK 1, LOT 1 THE WHITWELL CABIN STORY

By son-in-law Dave Wilkins

MEMORIES OF WEST HAWK

Some things never change, never wear out, never grow old. Memories are like that, for the Whitwell and Stevenson families, some of the more cherished memories are centered around their cottage hideaway.

Nestled in Manitoba's Whiteshell Provincial Park is a cottage with orange-red cedar siding, picture windows and a large front deck that affords a grand view of a lake below. Officially the place is recorded as Block 1, Lot 1, West Hawk Lake. However, for them it will always be simply, the cabin.

Bill and Jay Whitwell fell in love with West Hawk Lake while vacationing at Olive and Adolph Zimmerman's Lakeside Cabins in the early 1950s. "After several enjoyable summer vacations, we were hooked," recalls Bill. They asked Adolph if there was a cottage lot for sale nearby. He took them 300 yards east and pointed out the spot where the cabin now stands.

Jay's brother Morley and his wife Helen Stevenson were partners in the new cabin. In the fall of 1953 Bill and Morley cleared a spot and raised the cabin with help and advice from Adolph, and generous helpings of "tea and crumpets" served up by Olive. By the spring of the following year, the cabin



Whitwell and Stevenson cottage.

was ready for use.

The cabin, a standard Whiteshell design, was the minimum size of 480 square feet with a 1/3 pitch roof and open ceiling. The three bedrooms plus foldout bed in the living room slept eight.

On Friday evenings, the two men would stop at Devlin Lumber in Rennie and load Morley's truck with various building materials. They parked the truck at Lakeside and either carried the material through the bush or used a boat. That winter, they hauled heavier materials by truck over the ice.

Bill remembers in the spring of 1954, just before the ice break-up, Morley drove his new one-ton truck with materials over the ice to the cabin shoreline. As he was turning around to leave, the ice cracked loudly and the front end of the truck fell part-way through the ice. Adolph came to the rescue with his caterpillar tractor, pulling the truck free from its precarious perch. Morley wasted no time returning the truck to terra firma.

The first time the two families came to the cabin was certainly memorable. Jay says it was the May long weekend 37 years ago. The howling north wind slapped icy sheets of rain mixed with snow against the structure, she recalls with a slight shudder. The shiplap flooring had separated slightly and tiny slivers of light could be seen between some of the boards. Inside, the Stevensons with 13-year-old son Lynn, and the Whitwells with eight-year-old son Doug and five-month-old daughter Dale huddled around the cook stove.

Jay's face breaks into a wide grin as she remembers the cook stove, stuffed with wood, radiating its life-giving warmth that weekend, and for many more to come. The sounds of firewood, hissing and popping under the lapping flames, and the creaks and groans of the expanding metal, echoed in the stove pipe chimney which sneaked through the open ceiling.

The cook stove was the only source of heat until



Whitwell cottage - as the family grew, so did the cottage.

a fuel-oil furnace was added in 1958. The furnace was replaced by the more "clean" electric heat shortly after the hydro brought power to the cabin in 1959. A fireplace with a lake stone hearth was added later. But the old stove is still there and on nippy mornings, scrap paper, cardboard, and the odd piece of wood are lit, more for nostalgia than heat.

Bill remembers the coal-oil lamp which hung from the center crossbeam of the open ceiling, bathing everyone and everything in its soft light. The scorch marks on the crossbeam are a reminder of days gone by.

Another vivid memory he has is carrying a block of ice over from Lakeside at the start of a weekend. In the years before they had electricity at the cabin, food was kept cool in the icebox. Adolph charged 25 cents for a block of ice.

There was much work still to be done in the first few years. Varnished knotty pine boards were added to interior walls, the cedar siding went on, and a small deck added to the front.

Between the work, Bill and Morley found time to go fishing with Adolph. It was common then to catch 10 or 12 lake trout on a weekend. The water clarity and quality haven't changed much over the years, Bill says.

The cabin's first water supply system was installed in 1955. A gear pump near the shore drew water to a 45-gallon drum suspended on a platform behind the cabin. Water was gravity fed into the cabin. A pressure system was eventually installed.

The first boat, a homemade 12-foot plywood unit with 5-h.p. Elto motor, was soon replaced with one a little bigger, a few years later it was replaced with a bigger unit, until today we have a 15-foot fibreglass with a 55-h.p. motor. It is housed in a flat-roofed boathouse built in 1975.

Nobody who has visited the cabin can forget "The Hill". The cabin sits at the base of a small, but steep cliff. Until Bill bought his first four-wheel drive, cars were parked at the top of the hill. The rule, jokes Jay, was no food leftovers to carry up the hill at the end of a weekend.

In 1960, the Parks branch built a gravel road down the hill, but until a thin layer of blacktop was added in 1980, a car that came down the hill stayed there, as Doug discovered. The wheels of his small Datsun just spun at the bottom of the hill. Bill attached a cable to his car at the top of the hill and dragged Doug's car up the steep incline.

Perhaps Doug's most famous trademark, however, is his chair skiing or is it chair surfing? The technique goes something like this. In the water is set a piece of plywood, round at the front, and a chair floating on an inner tube. Then holding a ski rope and the board, Doug pulled himself onto his knees and then gingerly stood on the board, as the surfboard affair passed slowly by the chair, Doug deftly snatched it from the tube. Now was the hard part. As he tried to keep the board from turning upside down, he set the chair toward the rear of the board.

Observers on shore would watch as Doug tried unsuccessfully for two or three times to place the chair, tumbling ungainly off his perch into the water. But patience won out and eventually he would be firmly seated on the chair on the board. He made a few victory passes for the amazed onlookers.

Lynn and Doug enjoyed many summers together. They skied, swam and even went spear fishing together.

Dale too was always at the lake, and was an avid skier, at least until she tried to take a bite out of one of the skies and lost two front teeth.

Thanksgiving Day 1969 brings to mind a more chilling memory of the lake. At nine in the morning an explosion rocked the cabin next door. Bill remembers racing to the windows facing the adjacent cabin to see its end walls precariously dangling outward. The occupants rattled and dazed rushed



L. to R.: Jack Tipping, Bill Whitwell, Adolph Zimmerman, nice catch!

from the smoke filled cabin. Minutes later the cabin was totally engulfed in flames. The heat was intense, blistering the paint on the side of the Whitwell cabin.

A fireman from a nearby cottage saw the smoke and flames, and quickly rounded up a bucket brigade. Mrs. Joyce Tipping, our neighbor three cabins away, raced to town returning with the ranger and his small gasoline-powered water pump. Bill watered his roof with a garden hose until the flames took out the power lines feeding his pump motor. Everyone put up a valiant effort, but the fire won out. The cabin burned to the ground. But they stopped the flames from spreading to adjacent cabins and the forest. A leaky propane-powered tank caused the explosion and fire. The cabin was soon rebuilt by new owners, Ray and Joan Todd.

Many Thanksgiving dinners were held at the lake and often shared with friends including Joyce and Jack Tipping, and their sons Geoff and Cam and daughter Pam.

In 1975, Bill built an addition and connected it to the main cabin with a covered walkway. This new part is all insulated and has become Bill and Jay's hide-away.

Morley passed away in 1966 and the Whitwells bought out Helen's share. Today Bill (now retired) and Jay spend a great deal of time at the cottage. As for the children, Lynn (Stevenson) lives with his

family in Surrey, B.C. Doug Whitwell and wife Tannis live in Calgary, Alberta, with their four daughters: Leah 22, Marcy 20, Erin 18 and Brooke age 14. Dale and husband Dave Wilkins and their children, Shane 12 and nine-year-old Sarah, live in Winnipeg and all the families are at the lake as much as they can.

Many friends and relatives have come to stay at the cabin and have helped form some special memories. Jay's sister, Grace Stevenson, has been a lake "regular" for many years. Her bubbly laugh is contagious. The kids remember their long walks with auntie Grace which invariably led through the campground and into town. The kids often returned with bulging bags of candy.

The new generation is quickly growing up and their families may soon be making the trip to the lake. They'll have fun and capture memories that will last them a lifetime. Some things never change.

25th Anniversary — 1953-1978

Twenty-five years have come and gone
Since this lake we looked upon
Beautiful West Hawk, we built on your shore
Our cottages, our friendship, our memories
and more . . .

Adolph who to us building did teach
Suggested Lot 4 Block 1 Miller Beach
Not only did Olive look after Pam and Geoff
While we were working, she was the chef.

Up went the walls as fast as you please
Then came the rafters, with Adolph's expertise
"What's next, Adolph?" called Bill and Jack
"Let's have a beer and then hit the sack".

How many times did we build a dock?
We had good foundation — we built on the rock
But then would come a nice spring day
And the ice would take our dock away.

At Thanksgiving, our hammers and saws put away
We sat down to turkey prepared by Jay
With a sumptuous meal she did us regale
Amid decorations by Pam and by Dale.

Thanks to Red Cross the kids learned to swim
And Doug o'er the water with chair did he skim
The girls played with dolls, remember, Pam and
Dale?

And out on the lake is where Cam learned to sail.

Now 25 years later we're hammering, you bet,
Extending our cottages for grandchildren yet!
But now we'll raise our glasses and have a drink
or two

And to our friends who helped us, may we say
"Thank You".

This was composed by Mrs. Geoff Tipping in 1978 when we celebrated 25 years of both Jack and Joyce Tipping's and Bill and Jay Whitwell's cottages being built at West Hawk Lake.

WEST HAWK LAKE BLOCK 1, LOT 3

By Margaret Morrison

The fall of 1953 was an exciting time for the Morrison family. We had the opportunity to obtain a lot to build a cabin on one of the beauty spots on West Hawk. The lot was cleared that fall and Adolph Zimmerman built our cabin in the spring of 1954.

We spent our first night under the stars because the roof was not completed. The weather man did not cooperate. We were a bit wet in the morning.

For the first six years we had no access road. Adolph gave us permission to park at Lakeside Cabins. Most of the building material and furnishings had to be carried through the bush from Lakeside.

The first summer, our cabin was just one big room, with curtains separating the two bedrooms. We had an old wood stove and an antique icebox. Even under these primitive conditions, we had many happy times together.

The dock was always a big problem. Each spring we had to rebuild it because the ice break-up forced the dock to shift and twist out of place.

Each year a bit more work was done and by 1957 we had our beautiful cabin with running water and electricity.

May 5, 1958, Bob passed away.

Sandy, Pat and I decided not to sell the cabin. There were too many happy memories.

When the girls were married, they and their husbands used the cabin for their vacations.

In June 1975, Pat and Merv Johnson bought the cabin. Their three children enjoy the swimming, skiing and other activities at West Hawk.

In 1977, a deck was built on the north and west sides of the cabin. A year later the east end of the deck was made into a screened veranda.

In 1983 the interior of the cabin was changed from a two-bedroom to a three-bedroom and a washroom. The kitchen was brought to the front overlooking the lake. Doing dishes was now a joy!

I have always been very pleased that the cabin we worked so hard to have is still in the family.

WEST HAWK

STARR

BLOCK 2, LOT 10A, MILLERS

By Edward

We were among the first to settle in this area in 1954.

A charming young man had said to us that if we wanted to go to the most beautiful lake, go to West Hawk. We drove down the old highway and we happened to stop where the road and lake came together. We were impressed. There were no gravel roads leading from there around the lake, just trails. Later I investigated part of the lake and the park. The enormous poplar trees stand out in my memory. I slept down by the lake. We decided we'd like that spot but we found out that it was already taken. On further exploring we found a rock way up high that was flat on the top. I remember my wife asking me, "Do you think that you could climb up there?" I could and we decided to build on the top of the rock for its excellent view of the lake.

In the early days there were lots of deer, bear and wolves. The hill seemed to be a rendezvous for a doe and her fawn. Often we saw them and the doe would hide her little ones in the bush.

One day, my wife had cooked chicken legs and the aroma had floated through the bush. We sud-

denly heard a loud series of scratches and there was a big 400-lb. bear trying to get through the screen door. He got caught half-way through or he'd have been eating with us.

Another day, I came in from the lake and was climbing up the hill to the cottage. There resting under the cottage, which was about five feet in places, was a huge buck. He scrambled to his feet but his horns got caught. He pulled himself loose, then headed my way. He could have stabbed me with his horns but he just ran past me and into the woods.

My wife tells the story about the time her mother was visiting with us at the cottage. Two very big dogs came rushing into the house through one door and out the other. There were no dogs around, so they must have been timber wolves.

Just talking about the cottage and lake makes me smell the fir trees.

THE TRIBUNE, Thursday, August 15, 1968

FAIRYTALE COTTAGE GROWS UNDER CRAFTSMAN'S LOVING HANDS

By Helen Bateson

Tribune Staff Writer

One of the happiest, busiest, most energetic men in Winnipeg has to be 74-year-old John Neilson who is building the Hansel and Gretel fairytale cottage in Kildonan Park.

He stands barely five feet three inches tall and scampers youthfully up and down the scaffolding supporting the great stone chimney of the cottage which is due for completion by the end of September.

The cottage is the \$20,000 Centennial project of Metro Winnipeg's German-Canadian community. It is a gift from the children of German descent to all children of Metro Winnipeg.

The chimney rises from the centre of the circular cottage, which will also be built entirely of native Manitoba stone. Mr. Neilson is a perfectionist. He handpicks all the stones to be used in the building, having most of them brought in from West Hawk Lake where he has a cottage.

His hair has become sparse over the years, and he appears just a little stooped but his blue eyes sparkle as he says, in his rich, Swedish accent, "I am never going to retire."

He has been working with stone since he apprenticed to his father in Sweden at the age of 13. He continued his schooling and is also an architect he says, but could not stay cooped up in an office. So he has continued, as all true artists must, working with his hands to shape buildings of beauty out of the rugged stone.

Mr. Neilson came to Canada in 1930 but has made return trips back to his home in Sweden since then.

For the past 13 years he has wintered in Florida where his wife, whom he married six years ago, lives there year round. He explained that she is from Texas and found Canada too cold. His stone work is a feature of his Florida property, as it is in his West Hawk Lake cottages.

Mr. Neilson considers the Hansel and Gretel cottage one of his most important creations, and it is a real work of love. He handforged the iron doors and hinges for the oven where the Grimm fairytale has the wicked witch perish, and the other iron work of hinges on a door handles will be similarly hand-forged.

The inside wall of the cottage is stone-faced, six inches thick and the outer wall is 12 inches thick with insulation material between. The peaked roof will be made of logs and Mr. Neilson has already discarded one batch of logs because they were not straight enough. He has a pile now that meet his exacting specifications.

The fairytale cottage will tell its own stories to those who take the time to look carefully at the walls. In the jigsaw placing of the stones and the cement pointing, Mr. Neilson designs outlines of animals and of faces so that the visitors in the years to come will always be able to discover something new and interesting.

Mr. Neilson designed and built his own special wheelbarrow to move the huge pieces of rock. It is made of birchwood poles ("because birchwood is stronger"), a metal wheel and some pieces of 2x4's.

The cottage, designed by architect Peter Langes, will nestle among the trees of Kildonan Park immediately north of Rainbow Stage parking lot. It will be a round building, 26 feet in diameter, two storeys tall. Copies of Ludwig Emil Grimm's etching illustrating the first German edition of fairytales will be placed in the second floor.

WEST HAWK LAKE STAR SUB-DIVISION, LOT 30

By Dr. and Mrs. Schudermann

In the year 1953 we emigrated from Austria to Canada. We were a family of six. The eldest of our four children was 16, the youngest one was six years of age. I was already 47 years of age, and had escaped the war in Russia miraculously unscathed. My wife, of Dutch origin, and the children had experienced almost daily bombings in Vienna by American planes. As the outlook for our country was gloomy, (Germany was divided and Austria seemed to be heading for the same), we decided to immigrate. Canada offered the best chances. After



The two sides of a fireplace, built by Gus Anderson.

solving the priority problems of occupation, housing, schooling for the children, we were looking for a country home. We had one in Austria on a southern lake. The first summer at Sandy Beach on Lake Winnipeg was not quite what we expected. Boating and sailing were not up to our expectations.

A friend spoke to us about a cottage on West Hawk Lake in the Whiteshell. A Swedish fellow had built it and wanted to sell it now, he was getting old and wanted to spend the winters in Florida. But every time a deal was almost made, he backed out. The cottage was the work of a lifetime for him, and he had built his heart in it. He collected the wood for a number of cottages himself and also cut the logs himself. He had collected special stones from all over for his magnificent stonework. When we saw the cottages, we were very surprised and very impressed by the beautiful area. It was a whole



John Nelson and Gus Anderson.

camp. The lot was very large. On the south side a wall of solid rock is about 80 meters high. Nature had disintegrated the rock into thousands of tons of slabs. Boulders from the Ice Age were strewn around everywhere. Large trees such as pine, firs, spruce, birch and poplar were growing in abundance.

One large log cabin overlooks the lake, with a stone base, huge fireplace, full basement, terraces and stonepaths. Up on the road was a carport, built of stone pillars and logs. Adjacent to it was a one-room cottage with a large fireplace. There was a boat house with a large dock, a sauna bath house and an outdoor toilet. The lake water was clear and potable.

The area and cottages looked like paradise to us. The first remark I made was, "This is a perfect bomb shelter," (the horrible war experiences were still very much in my mind). All we would have to do, would be install a wood-burning stove and do some winterizing and we could have lived at West Hawk Lake year-round, far away from the dangerous city life.

We got along well with the Swedish fellow, and I offered him the lifetime use of the guest house he was living in. He agreed right away to this offer and gave me a hearty handshake. Everybody was happy. We worked for years by adding on to the carport, which was converted into a six-bed unit. Then we built another carport with a room with four bunkbeds behind it, and then we also made an addition to the main house.

Mr. John Neilson became attached to us. He was no longer a lonely man. He worked every summer with his friend, Gus Anderson, making improvements here and there. He worked until he passed away at the age of 84. After having been out at West Hawk Lake for 35 years, I am still busy improving the area. I planted more than 600 trees, and introduced tamaracks, larch and oak trees.

We are spending most of our summers at the cottage. It keeps us fit and certainly keeps the family together, which by now has spread all over the

world. We have one son in Portland, Oregon, one daughter in Boston, Mass., and one daughter in England.

Our relatives in Holland and Austria are frequent visitors to our cottage at West Hawk Lake. We are enjoying our grandchildren almost every summer out at the cottage. We also have regular picnics with our Austrian Club members and also artist painters and sports people.

Our wildlife is very impressive. When we built our dock, a herd of deer were waiting every day for us right next to us. We have beaver, marmots, badgers, bears, otters, duck and loons. The chipmunks come into our house to be fed.

West Hawk is a true paradise for us, which we would probably not enjoy anywhere else in the world. Fortunately, it has never been necessary to use it as a bomb shelter.

WEST HAWK LAKE JOHN NEILSON AND GUS ANDERSON

By Jock Tod

John Neilson and partner Gus Anderson came to Canada in 1928. To make money they worked at their trade in Winnipeg as stone masons.

They arrived in West Hawk Lake in 1934 and took a lot on Star Beach Subdivision, West Hawk Lake. There they built a log cabin, using poplar logs cut from their own lot. They first built the cabin with three fireplaces using local rock. They then drilled and blasted space for two rooms out under the cabin out of granite rock without damaging the structure above.

Over the years, they built four more cottages on their lots. They built a boathouse, sauna house plus a large fish pond, using local rocks and logs.

I was involved with their building, especially rock fireplaces, stairs and patios, both here and at surrounding lakes, plus at the Lake of the Woods in Ontario. I mostly helped truck gravel and selected stone to the sites for them.

John built a large patio for Dr. Schudermann, who purchased his house in about 1956. It's still there to view with no cracks or heaves.

They have built many fireplaces including one for me. These works of art will long be a reminder of the skills of early craftsmen in this area.

They also built the Hansel and Gretel House in East Kildonan Park in Winnipeg for the German Society.

John Neilson had two homes in Florida which he rented and used in the winter season. John's first wife died many years ago. He later married an American widow who came up here for one summer. After three years of marriage, she sued him for support and got the two Florida homes. This



The result of a labour of love by John Nelson and Gus Anderson.

was hard on John and he had to borrow \$12,000. to finish two cottages he and Gus had started. He finally sold both to pay off the loan. John finally sold everything and died a pauper.

WEST HAWK LAKE STAR SUB-DIVISION, LOT 23 THE DAISLEN

The Sprange cottage, the Daislen, was one of the first built at West Hawk Lake in 1934. It was located near Penniac Bay. The Lingwall and Collins cottages were built about the same time. One reason for choosing West Hawk Lake as a cottage site was its proximity to a quarry used to provide granite for the Sprange business, Memorial, Marble and Tile Company in Winnipeg.

Blasts from the quarry could be heard echoing around the lake at times.

The cottage was destroyed by a fire in 1948 while the owners, Daisy and Len Sprange, were on a trip to Kenora. They returned to find only the beautiful stone fireplace and the foundation standing. The existing cottage was rebuilt on the original foundation in the spring of 1949.

The cottage remained in the Sprange family, passed along to Len and Daisy's son Jack Sprange, then to his daughter Judy, who in time sold it to the Demontet family in 1986.

WEST HAWK LAKE STAR BEACH SUB-DIVISION ARTHUR AND KATE HANSON By J. Hanson

My parents, Arthur and Kate Hanson, were looking for a summer cottage in 1941*. They had a friend, Mr. Kane, who they visited.

To get to Mr. Kane's, they took the train to In-golf, Ontario and after a short portage, they came to Mr. Kane's cottage on the north shore of West Hawk Lake.

On a boat trip around the lake, they saw a miner's cottage that was abandoned. At that time, there was some prospecting going on around Penniac Bay. They liked the location and rented the lot from the government and took over the cabin.

This was not much of a dwelling as it consisted of a kitchen and two small bedrooms.

My father had a Mr. Beetham put on an addition in 1942*. He increased the size of the cottage by 25x25'. Another bedroom was later built in the corner of the living room. The foundation beams were made of local poplar and had to be replaced later. The living room had double casement windows on the lake side and also at the back of the building.

These were still cramped quarters for our family as there were six children.

Frances, the oldest, and her husband Ed Young and their two boys, Norman and Colin, lived in Winnipeg. Mabel, the next oldest, lived at home. Dorothy Watson lived in Montreal. Harold and Ethel lived in Moose Jaw. My wife and I lived in Pointe du Bois with our son Douglas. I had one younger brother who returned from overseas in 1945. He had four children. He was killed in an air crash while working for the Province of Manitoba in July 1952. I lost my wife in 1958 and in 1960 married Jean Williams.

Getting back to the cottage and its size, I must make mention of the fact that we had three or four Toronto couches to take care of the overflow, as my parents felt it was not complete without a house full of guests.



Kate and Arthur Hanson.

At that time, there were very few cottages on the lake. Dr. MacCharles had a boathouse that had rooms on top of it that wasn't too far away, nearer to Penniac Bay, in between there was the Warburtons, the Andersons, Dr. Collins and the Spranges and in 1947, the Browns arrived.

We found a journal that my mother kept all the years they were at the cottage. She listed the family, friends and co-workers of my dad's and Mabel's.

When my dad retired in 1941, he and my mother spent much of the time picking berries. In the journal that my mother kept, she listed what the weather was and where the best berry patches were located. She also listed how many jars of jam she made and how many jars of preserves she put down. She had great powers of persuasion and had her children and their friends all in the berry patch (much against their wishes).

N.B. Hanson's Creek is NOT named after our family. My father passed away suddenly in 1947.

My first visit to West Hawk Lake was in 1942*. I drove with my parents in a 1939* Studebaker. When we got to Whitemouth, the road was closed due to forest fires. Highway 44, as we now know it, was paved to Whitemouth and then a gravel road to the Manitoba border. At Whitemouth the RCMP stopped us and later we were permitted to go to the cottage. The trees were burning on both sides of the highway. At times you could hardly see the road for the smoke. The speed on the highway was hampered by the hills and curves in the road and the smoke.

During that year, we transplanted about 25 evergreen trees between the cottage and the lake. Far too many, as they all grew and obscured the view of the lake. There were many poplars that had to be removed and the wood was used in the cook stove.

Early on we bought a little red flat-bottomed boat which we used to row over to Crescent Beach for supplies at the C.B.C. store. Later we bought a Lar-

son air-cooled 2 h.p. motor. It pushed the boat along at five miles per hour, but it sure beat rowing.

In reading over Mother's Journal, she noted the amount of wildlife around the area. One day a partridge crashed into and broke a window. While mother was chasing it around with a broom (thinking of a partridge stew, it flew out the broken window). There was always a deer to be seen from the highway to the lake.

My mother was a remarkable woman. She had her last swim in West Hawk Lake when she was 88. That day she said, "I am getting too old for this". She passed away at the age of 103. She never got too old to enjoy the visits of her children and her grandchildren.

There comes a time when we have other commitments and the maintenance got a little beyond us. Mabel and mother sold the cottage to Mrs. Dorothy Barr.

We certainly enjoyed our days at West Hawk Lake.

Mabel died in 1982. My sister Frances Young and I are the last of our generation. I am in my 80th year and I am sure I have forgotten some things.

*The dates in this story we believe are 10 years out.

WEST HAWK LAKE STAR SUB-DIVISION

By Dorothy Barr

Memories from Dorothy's Log Book from 1963 to 1988

1963 was a lucky year for my daughter Carol and me. The Hansons advertisement in the paper and a trip to Penniac Bay were all we needed to fall in love with Lot 15, Star Sub-Division — "A little bit of Heaven".

What I bought was an old miner's shack used by a man who called it Hill 60. It was taken over by the government and eventually bought by Arthur Greenwood Hanson and his wife Kate in 1939 for \$775. Mr. Hanson died in 1947 and his daughter Mabel took over the cottage and had a living room and bedroom addition built for \$300.

Mrs. Kate Hanson, a beautiful person, continued to visit us, reciting many poems and religious quotes. Her 100th birthday was celebrated at West Hawk at her grandson Norman's cottage. Katie told us stories about chopping kindling wood and hiding it under her bed so no one else would use it.

We treasure things the Hansons left us with the cottage, such as the old streetcar bell, used for calling everyone to meals.

Operation Big Move took place on the 26th of July 1963 with the help of friends and neighbors from McKenzie Beach Road — some towing boats

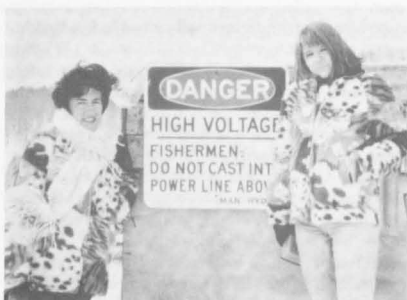


Kate Hanson and daughter Mabel Hanson, September 1963.

by water and others hauling by station wagon. Upon arrival I was met by Frank Brown who said, "Welcome, I'm your neighbor, if there's anything you need just call."

My brother Tom and his family came down to help me get organized and we had a party for those who helped. Tom has always played his accordion. My brother's two youngest children, having not used an outhouse before, after much effort, lifted the entire top instead of the single seat lid and came into the cabin asking, "what do we do now, we can't sit down?"

I soon was asked to parties and met the rest of my neighbors, the Andersons, Warburtons, Keepings, Normans, Myers and Morgans and I was made very welcome. My daughter Carol soon made life-long friends with Joan Keeping, Stacey Kippen, Bob Morgan and Raymond Myers.



March 20, 1965, Dorothy Gawryluk and daughter Carole, fifth annual Ice Fishing Derby at West Hawk Lake, sponsored by Winnipeg Game and Fish Association.



Dorothy's dream fireplace.

I called the cottage Tiger's Lair and everybody contributed mementoes. Tiger paws were painted everywhere and some of the neighbors even found some on their walks. Much fun was had by all.

We had an old Quebec heater and many guests enjoyed sawing and chopping wood and cooking breakfast of pancakes, bacon and eggs, and mounds of toast on the cook stove.

One couldn't miss the tiger-striped outhouse in the bush and many had a good laugh reading cartoon captions lining the inside walls. We even hung an old telephone out there and called it the Telephone Booth.

One friend arrived from Winnipeg wearing a 1915 vintage bathing suit and kindly donated it to the cottage collectibles.

At the back of the lot was a large area of old poplar trees which had been used by others as a dumping ground. After experiencing the storm on Dad's Lot 35, McKenzie Beach Road, which literally uprooted all the poplars and caused so much damage I had the area cleared by Jock Tod. Steve Coma cut up all the trees for firewood. It took 50 loads of fill to level the area which I have since seeded and am enjoying as a miniature park and golf greens.

We watched the sailing regatta on West Hawk Lake in September 1963, our first year in Star Sub-

Division. The weather was so beautiful that we were able to stay down until November 10.

March 14, 1964, my girlfriend Nora and I drove down for the Winnipeg Game and Fish Association's 4th Annual Ice Derby and Carnival. Indian ceremonial dancing, trap-shooting, jam-pail curling and Arctic Cat speeding all over the lake were a few of the activities.

I started collecting rocks in 1964 — granite, round field stones and flat rocks. The granite was intended for a fireplace and the other stones eventually became stone walls and paths. I guess I inherited this hobby of working with cement from my dad.

A guest wrote in my log book:

TO: Simon Legree of West Hawk
"Tate those rocks, lift them stones
Never mind them achin' bones!"

After a few hours on the rock piles, those were probably the thoughts of many friends.

On March 20 and 21, 1965, the 4th Annual Ice Fishing Derby and Carnival featured power toboggan races and Smooch racing. My friend Doreen Bones (Kessler) told me to use her first cottage on West Hawk so I parked my car at Major's in order to plug it in. It was 30° below. As Doreen's son George, my daughter Carol and I were walking from Major's, along the shoreline, we heard a ping. Our water jug had cracked. Not long after, the milk froze and had to remain on the carpet till spring. George used his ice cutter to make a hole in the ice for our water.

This same month there was a scientific drilling project set up on the ice at West Hawk. It is believed that West Hawk was created by the impact of a meteorite weighing somewhere in the neighborhood of a million tons but only about 75 feet in diameter and travelling about 10 miles a second.

Sam Yanich always fed deer around his house. This was before the government allowed "open season" in the fall of 1965. Since 1965, we seldom see deer in the area.

In October 1965, I planted 50 trees in the back of my lot. My Nash Metropolitan car hauled trees and rocks, withstanding it all to become an antique of the Nash Met car club.

The Met was also used to transport teenagers to and from town. The old cabin and the old car witnessed many practical jokes including the time the car disappeared in the bush. It was a pleasure to see how the young people were able to enjoy themselves without the use of drugs.

It wasn't only the young people who played jokes. Jose Morgan helped me to pick pincherries off my tree and offered to take them home to make jelly. Soon after I received an invoice from the J.M. Cannery Co. Ltd. (it's still in my log book).

After three years, I became concerned that the



September 30, 1966, Mike Gagawchuk on roof of new cottage.

original shack was a fire trap and the old cook stove had burned out. I took my design for a new cottage to Michael Gagawchuk from Prawda, Manitoba who had bought Falcon Lumber (now Falcon Builders Supply (1977) Ltd).

Mike drew up the plans and had them approved. On September 16, 1966, when my daughter and I arrived, there sat the original old shack with a pile of rubble beside it. Mike had demolished one part of the cabin. What a feeling! I can't put into words. The only thing we were able to salvage were long beams which create a rustic look in the living room today.

My brother Tom and family arrived on Saturday morning and we formed a bucket brigade to haul water up by the pail-full so Mike's crew could mix cement for the footings and fireplace foundation.

John Neilson, a stone mason, living in the area for 30 years, came over to see if the footing was safe for building a heavy fireplace.

It was snowing October 8 when the roof was being put on. To prevent the shingles from cracking, I had to haul them inside to heat them around the cook stove, then I'd haul them up the ladder to Mike. I'd ask him how he liked the view up there and he'd answer, "I don't know. I'm afraid to look!" Mike didn't like heights and had tried to talk us out of having a loft so the roof could be lower.

After the demolition, some of my daughter's friends hunted for tiger-paw souvenirs to take home.

In July of 1967, Katie Hanson, 91, wrote in my log book:

"On our first Sabbath in 2nd Century
What can we do to make the world better?
Love thy neighbor, help those who are in need
and above all have a strong faith in God
who loved us and gave His son to die for us".

On Monday, July 31, 1967, 114-mile cycling race went through West Hawk. This most exciting sport spectacle of the 1967 Pan-America Games had 70

cyclists competing in 17 laps for five hours. It was a lifetime opportunity to view an international race of Olympic calibre. The race was filmed and the beauty of West Hawk Lake was seen throughout the world.

September 1967 — Demolition of the old shack and building of the second part of the new cottage began.

October 5, 1968 — Kate Hanson, age 92, visited us again.

October 12, 1969 — Merle and Rose Morgan looked at our building progress and later sent us an inspection bill for the new building (still in the log book).

October 26 — RCMP arrived after a cottage on Block 2 had been broken into

November 11 — Snow.

May 1970 — Our new Irish Setter Rover made his first visit. Rove lived to be 15 years old.

1973 — The children caught their first fish and were so excited, yelling and rowing as fast as they could, not knowing what to do except tow the fish behind the boat until brother Tom came to the rescue.

May 1976 — After 15 years of collecting granite, I was able to get Gustaf Alfred Severin Anderson, 74, to agree to build my dream fireplace. Gus and John Neilson had built 100 fireplaces together. John Neilson said, "that was enough". As a hobby, he did carpentry work while Gus continued building fireplaces. Along with ours, some of the last he built in the area were for Harbottles, Ib Jensen and for Vinets at the West Hawk Resort. We were blessed with beautiful weather during the six weeks the fireplace was being built.

The granite had been sitting for a long time in a pile at the back, covered over. When we began to move the rocks, we discovered a weasel and her babies, so had to wait until she transferred them one by one to another location.

Fire warnings were out this summer. The Big Whiteshell had to be evacuated and we could see smoke across the lake.

In June a bear swam across Penniac Bay, came up on our dock and walked away. The same summer we had our worst hailstorm. There was severe damage to many cottages but we only had damage to some shingles and cedar shacks on one side of the cottage.

August 24, 1976 — 3:30 a.m. A 200 pound bear broke through the kitchen screens, even though our big dog Rove was carrying on like a wild animal. Without taking time to put on the lights, I came into the kitchen and, being half-asleep, reached for what I thought was the dog at the window and was bitten on the arm. My neighbors, the Browns, quickly became involved. The next thing I knew, the

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RCMP, Ranger and ambulance were at the cottage. I was rushed to Falcon Lake for a tetanus shot and stitches on my arm. When we returned, the bear had smashed a table and everything on it, including an electric frying pan whose lid looked like accordion bellows. Bear claw marks are still on the window ledge.

Because the bear wasn't caught, I was advised to have rabies shots. After the first painful one in the arm, I was given the remaining 20 vials to take to the doctor at Falcon. I had insisted on coming right back to the lake and it wasn't long before the C.B.C. was at my door asking to interview me.

April 8, 1977 — Beaver had chopped down several poplar and hauled them into Browns boat house.

1978 — A man and his son came to pump out the outhouse. He loaded up his truck with water from the lake, but when he attached his hoses the contents of the outhouse blew up, covering the walls and his son who was unfortunately standing inside with a shovel. He said the pebbled lime I used (my father's remedy) had blocked the hoses. My neighbor Frank got his water hose and we ran through the bush like two firemen. We were laughing but we managed to clean up the mess, meanwhile feeling sorry for the poor kid.

1979 — In May, on our first trip down, we discovered our holding tank (hereafter named the white elephant) was floating above the ground. This was the beginning of many problems because the hole had to be dug out again. While I was in the city, the tank was buried in the same place with the promise now it was above the water line, I should have no more problems.

August 1 — Our dog was skunked for the third time in ten days. I dumped tomato juice on him and left him outside to dry off.

September 13 — This evening everyone was invited to a party at the Andersons. On my way, I went to drop off a bag at the garbage cage. I left the car running with the dog inside, but when I stepped inside the cage, the door slammed, locking me inside. I pushed my hand through the wire and

managed to get a stick with which to pry up the latch. At the party, I found I wasn't the first to experience this. A man had cut his arm quite badly trying to get out of a bear cage, so I didn't feel quite so stupid.

Forest fires were threatening the area again this summer and the big water bombers were picking up water from West Hawk Lake.

1982 — The White Elephant rises again! On Saturday, May 15, I drove to the lake with the first load and to check things out. The septic tank had risen again and was pushing up the new deck. We took some of the deck apart and, with the help of

a block and tackle and two strong men, the White Elephant was pulled up. A new hole was dug in the driveway and a concrete holding tank installed.

September 1983 — We learned that 10 cottages on Moonlight Bay were broken into.

1984 — From the boat we were able to get a picture of a bald eagle perched high in a tree. This was the year we learned there were plans to make Lakeside into a hostel, but nothing materialized of that. It was also the Manitoba Parks 25th Anniversary, with quite a few different celebrations planned during the summer.

1986 — We brought our new pet, Jesse James, a nine-month-old pup to the lake. We found a lot of ice damage to our dock. This was the year the animals ate off our tomato plants before we got them planted in the garden. We also watched the Browns put The Vixen (their boat) in the water after being in dry dock for 10 or 11 years.

We had a surprise visit from Barbara Blick (Berg) and her two children, her sister Daine and her mother Betty Blick (Blicks were long-time cottage owners on West Hawk).

May 21, 1988 — Carol made a video at Lakeside, "Ritual of Absolute Familiar Mythology" using all natural material of the earth, skins, furs and driftwood. This year we had a visit from Jean Enns (Zajac), a friend I knew from days at McKenzie Beach.

It will soon be time to close the cottage for the winter, a task I do not look forward to because I love this lake so much.

LOOKING BACK 55 YEARS AT WEST HAWK LAKE LOT 12, STAR SUBDIVISION

By Dave Anderson

It is a beautiful July day as we sit on our boat-house deck. We watch our grandchildren and others enjoy the water activities on West Hawk Lake - swimming and diving from the dock, waterskiing in the bay behind high powered boats, on surfboards and sailboats criss-crossing to the point and into the open water beyond, truly a beautiful sight. The air is fresh, the water clear and safe to drink, perhaps one of the few pollution-free bodies of water in the country.

In the fall of 1932, my future wife, her girlfriend and I left Winnipeg in the early morning in my Model A Ford to travel the dusty roads to West Hawk Lake via Lockport, Beausejour, Seddon's Corner, Whitemouth and Rennie. The highway, then called the new No. 1 Trans-Canada Highway, was still under construction - one lane each way. From Penniac Bay, we drove and/or walked to Crescent Beach and back, looking for available lakefront



1933-1934, Dave Anderson.

lots. Crescent Beach, with its white birch trees lining the road and its beach, was appealing. (Removal of the birch and construction of the concrete wall and extension of the sand beach did not take place for several years.)

Our Resources Branch map led us back toward Penniac Bay to a spot marked "Star Beach Subdivision" where waterfront lots were available. A road from the highway was not yet constructed but, by parking the car and following what appeared to be a road at one time, we walked along between a rock face and small borrow-pit around a slough and found a trail leading to the lake, a distance of probably 300 yards. As we approached the lake, we found it to be the entrance to Penniac Bay and our surveyor's map showed what we believed to be Lot 14 on our right and Lot 4 on the left, Star Subdivi-



Mary Anderson and friend.



Early days and methods.

sion. We found no beach, but the location of these lots pleased us. The map indicated a 20-foot roadway between the lots.

On our return to the city, we did not get to the Resources Office at once. When we did make application, we found a Mr. Fred Warburton had registered Lot 4 a few days previously. We applied for Lot 14. We did not know Fred Warburton at the time, but later discovered he had been at the lake the same weekend, he had been tramping the same ground we had. The resulting association led to our being good neighbors and close friends for over 50 years.

We were married the same year, 1936. Both Mr. and Mrs. Warburton passed away in recent years.

Fred contracted to have the first part of his cabin built the same fall but we did not get underway until the summer of 1933. By this time, the Resources Department had made use of an Unemployment Camp nearby, a culvert from the highway had been installed and, with a team of horses and wagon, gravel was being spread on the roads leading to the subdivision. Lots 15 to 21 became accessible also. We carried lumber in from the highway on our shoulders but later, were able to use the team and wagon. That year was wet in June and we were not very comfortable in our tent. As soon as we had the floor down, the tent was pitched on it. We had driven our car a little too far down the slope leading to the lake and it was a couple of weeks before we were able to get it up, with the kind assistance of Sam Yanich. Sam did many favors for us and was one of our earliest friends. He operated a boat on the lake and, later, was in the garage business. His first garage was in the campsite near where Keystone Resorts is, but later, he built a new garage and home at the junction of 44 and 301.

For years, Warburtons and ourselves were each others' only neighbors. Below us, on what now is Lot 15, was a shack inhabited at times by a man who claimed it as a mine office. His mine was named Hill 60 and all through the woods were rocks painted with the name. We never heard of any gold being mined. The government took over the property and the lot was transferred to Mabel Hanson. In 1963, the rights were transferred to Dorothy Garry who tore down the old building and erected a modern cottage.

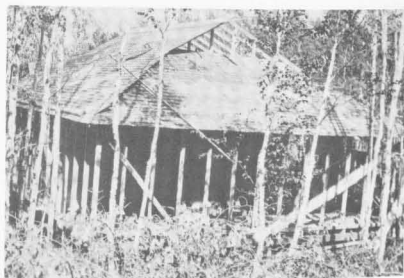
In 1933 the only building in Penniac Bay was used by highway engineers. A year or two later, Dr. McCharles built a two-storey boathouse to house his Lady of the Lake. In the other direction there were no cottages between us and the present campgrounds.

The only local source of food supplies for the first year was a Mr. Nellis who had set up several tents on the campsite. He moved into Ontario and the West Hawk Lake store was built. Following the Second World War it was taken over an enlarged by Frank and Adele Reichert.

We were later indebted to Mr. McKenzie of CBC Cabins who supplied us with groceries and ice, also to Harry Ealing from Star Lake who delivered ice, milk and bread. A two-day supply of ice for our icebox was delivered for 35 cents. We are sorry to report that Mr. Ealing passed away at an early age.

When hydro came through in the early Fifties, life changed. The old 12-volt generator (which often ran for hours in the late evening without a complaint from the neighbors) was discarded for new electrical appliances. The first to be installed was a water pump — no more pails of water to be carried up the hill.

When back Lots 10 to 13 were opened in 1957, we spent many weekends locating suitable spruce trees to transplant in replacement of the dead and dying trees which covered the ground. Jock Tod helped us in hauling in peatmoss and fill. We must have moved 50 trees which have survived.



1934, the Anderson cottage.

Early outings consisted chiefly of blueberry picking, fishing trips and trips around the lake. It was usually a half-day paddle or row across the lake and back. In the northern channel, near McDougall's Landing, beautiful waterfalls tumbled over the rocks from the lake to the creek landing to Caddy Lake. These lovely falls ceased when the dam and fish hatchery were built.

Falcon Lake offered the best pickerel fishing. In the early morning, after the road was partly finished, we would rent a boat at Toniata. Once, after deciding that the far shore offered the best pickerel, a strong wind caused white caps too high for our rowing ability. Our distress signal was spotted by the young fellow who had rented us the boat, and he came over in his motorboat to take us home, leaving the rowboat tethered to a tree. Mosquitoes could be bad after a rainy weekend and fellows camping along the shore would be seen standing outside their tents, trying to dry off and beat off the bugs with switches. Insect repellent was not well known in those days.

When we made our own fun, the children were never bored. There was always plenty of healthy activities on the warm sunny days and, when occasionally a wet day came along, the neighboring kids would gather and even play school. For several years they published a weekly newspaper of neighborhood news. Trevor Anderson was editor; Bar Brown, then about 5, was the delivery boy; Carol Warburton, the bird reporter; Lynn Fleming, the social editor, with visiting children playing important roles.

Frank Brown was a "Marked man" among the children because he owned the newest and fastest boat on the lake. When they heard the motor start up, children ran from all directions for a ride or skitow. Frank was generous with his boat, the Vixen, and will remember one time when his generosity almost led to disaster. Frank was asked by a man on the Crescent Beach dock to take his daughter for a ski. The man said his daughter could ski and was a good swimmer. Frank only reached a short distance into the bay when the skier fell off and hollered for help. She was not a qualified swimmer or skier and tragedy could have occurred had Frank not been able to turn over the boat's operation to his second and dive into the water to hold up the girl.

Many good friends joined in helping us on various projects. The trips from town often took four hours due to bad roads or car breakdowns. A garage operated by a man called Gus on the north side of the tracks at Whitemouth was a haven. Gus got us out of many troubles. On one occasion, a friend drove an old Whippet which burned out a connecting rod near Whitemouth. Gus worked all night forming a brass shell for this rod. On another occasion, forest fires prevented us from getting

through and we had to spend the night in a picnic ground near Whitemouth.

Through the years all the available lots in Star Subdivision were optioned. A number of the original builders have sold and moved on. Lot 1 was first optioned by Buster Bellemere and now is occupied by Mr. Weinberg. Lot 2 was sold to Moffats and, in turn, to Oz and Marg Norman, who have been with us since 1951. Charlie and Myra Fleming built on Lot 3. They sold to Gordon and Jean Keeping, and it is now occupied by daughter Shirley Wadge. Lot 4 remained with Fred Warburton until health conditions caused him to sell to Gerry Shaw. Shaws occupied it for a couple of years, then sold to Mr. Gilfix. The lot has been occupied by the Steeles for the past two years.

After Lots 10 to 13 were surveyed in 1956, Lot 10 was acquired by Marion Anderson who passed away. It was transferred to her nephew David McMillin. Laurie and Gwen Myers optioned Lot 11, Trevor Anderson Lot 12, and Norman Young acquired 13. Lot 14, original lot of our family, has been occupied since 1963 by daughter Pat and son-in-law Bob McMillin. Dorothy Barr and her daughter Carol continue in Lot 15. Across the road from Dorothy, Lot 21 has been the summer home of Frank and Meredith Brown since 1948. Behind Browns, Myrl and Josie Morgan occupy Lot 20. Lot 22, occupied by Don Baisley, was originally built by the Lingwalls; Lots 27 and 29 by the Kippens. John Neilson, built many fine stone fireplaces and several cottages during these years.

Perhaps the worst experience in the early camping was coping with a colony of bats. For a couple of nights we assumed screeching sounds overhead were from mice. The flashing had come loose around the chimney, so we got up on the roof to close the opening. This caused the bat colony to be hemmed and, when darkness fell, every one in the living room felt the swish of something passing their heads. Frantic bats began wildly to swoop down through the openings around the chimney. All the doors leading from the living room were closed except the outside front one. It was well after midnight before anyone felt like going to bed. In the morning the few remaining bats were dead in the toilet bowl and in one or two other containers with water which we had left open on the floor. It was our first and only experience with bats.

In the early days, we saw few bears except perhaps when we were blueberry picking. As more cottagers moved in, the bears around the cottage increased and became bolder. It was startling to open the door to the patio to find a bear standing inside the screen. Bear traps were used by the government and in later years, the wire garbage enclosures pretty well eliminated the bear problem.

Only break-in

In the winter of 1951-1952, our cottage and three neighboring cottages were broken into by two men who did much malicious damage. Our gramophone, all dishes, cast iron stove, cupboards and walls were badly broken up. We had to replace 30 panes of glass.

The Warburtons fireplace mantel was sawed off at the corners and axes were put through walls. A fire was set in the Fleming place but did not take off. The back door on No. 15, the Hansons, was chopped out with an axe taken from another cottage. Toward spring the two men were caught in Kenora and the RCMP were able to identify some of our items, although not too much was taken. It is believed they were under the influence of liquor and, no doubt, looking for more.

In the spring, a gang of fellow members of the Thistle Curling Club came down, cleaned up the wreckage and renewed all panes of glass in our cottage.

When we see the young people of the third generation now enjoying all the amenities, the slick sailing boats and surfboards, and the high-speed motor boats, we are reminded of the changes in our lives — from the days of only canoes and homemade boats with, perhaps, anywhere from 1 1/2 h.p. to 5 h.p. motor, we were later happy to have in the 1930s.

WEST HAWK LAKE STAR BEACH, LOT 3 THE FLEMINGS

Our lot number was No. 3, Star Beach, Penniac Bay, West Hawk Lake. Our neighbors were the Warburtons and the Normans. Other "near" neighbors were Andersons, Hansons, Lindwalls and Browns.

Wit's End, the summer home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Fleming and family, was located on Star Beach, Penniac Bay, West Hawk Lake.

The cottage was begun in 1943, with most of the actual building being done by the owners. A distinctive feature of the building was the flat roof. The exterior was cedar log siding and the inside lined throughout with knotty pine. A splendid fireplace of locally gathered granite was built by John Neilson, the local stonemason.

Mr. Fleming did much to revive interest in sailing on West Hawk Lake. He sailed a 20-foot Inland Scow, which he built himself and named it Peggy Joyce, for two of his daughters.

An active sailing club was formed at West Hawk Lake. Property was acquired for a clubhouse and kiosk. Many of the residents became sailors.

The Fleming family's years at West Hawk Lake were happy years indeed.

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Bill and Janet Blackwell.

WEST HAWK LAKE BLOCK 6, LOT 14 MR. AND MRS. BILL BLACKWELL

The Blackwells came to the area in 1949 to work for Mr. MacKenzie at CBC Cabins. They did maintenance work, inside and out, winter and summer. They were also good community workers and when there was anything going on, they would always help out. Mr. Blackwell did odd jobs at the cabins as well as all the repair work around the store and grounds. While they were there, one of their grandsons

came and sold the gas for them.

When they left there, they moved to Block 6 on West Hawk where they bought a summer cottage and enlarged it, completely insulated it and had a really comfortable home. Mr. Blackwell was always working on the grounds and he made flower beds which Mrs. Blackwell filled with the greatest array of flowers you could imagine. Mr. Blackwell made a cement retainer wall and hauled in fill to make a lawn that he seeded and transplanted trees in. He made cement and stone walks to the wood shed and other outbuildings and had a beautiful setting in the woods and a garden with lots of fresh vegetables.

Mr. Blackwell worked for many years at the flagstation on the highway checking trucks and he did odd jobs for some of the cottage owners.

Mrs. Blackwell was very involved with the church and she was always helping her neighbors where she could.

Mr. Blackwell passed away February 21, 1977, and Mrs. Blackwell passed away October 25, 1980.

**WEST HAWK LAKE
BLOCK 6, LOT 10
PENNIAC
MR. AND MRS. W.J. BROWN
AND DAUGHTERS**

Jean and Edna came to the Whiteshell in the early 1950s and were so attracted by the peace and tranquility that they purchased a cozy cedar cottage in April 1952. It had been built by Mr. and Mrs. Paul Sparmann in 1950. Two cottages were advertised on Penniac Bay but as there was no road on the north side, Lot 10, Block 6 was chosen.

Four generations and countless friends from far and near have enjoyed lovely Penniac Bay. Mr. Brown loved the outdoors and maintained the property but ill health curtailed his activities. He died in June of 1966. Mrs. Brown continued to enjoy cooking on the cook stove although electricity was installed in 1956. She died in 1977.

Guests travelled by Moore's bus and the bus driver would stop at any requested point, ours being Star Lake Road.

Our first trip in the spring by car on Highway 44 (old Trans-Canada) was at Easter. On one occasion in the early 1950s, we were turned back at Whitemouth as the road was so poor. The cars which had to make the trip were pulled through the mud by tractors.

Saturday night we hiked to the dance at Jack's and found our way home by flashlight after midnight. Jean, being a teacher, had the summers free so sought employment at Jack's and has worked as Mrs. "Jack" since October 1956. The family consists of daughters, Jeanine, Jennifer and a son, John of Winnipeg.

**WEST HAWK LAKE
BLOCK 6, LOT 12
HARRY, DOROTHY, DANNY
AND DARRYL YEO**

Precious Memories of West Hawk Lake

We started going to West Hawk Lake in 1954. We stayed in the campgrounds run by Mr. Mills.

There was a lot of wildlife. The bear and deer were plentiful and visited us frequently. We also rented cabins at C.B.C. run by Harbottles and we stayed at Kenwin Cabins. At Jack's Place, we had movies during the week and dances on Saturday night.

In 1957 we built our own cottage. Harry cut down 21 trees by hand and mixed cement in a wooden box for the footings. It was a lot of hard work but worth it. When our cottage was livable, we used to bring our blocks of salt and put them in the front yard for the deer to lick — they were so beautiful. They

became so tame we could handfeed them. My son, Danny, handfeeds the squirrels and chipmunks.

Danny spent the summer holidays at the lake and worked helping Grandpa Major in the bakery. It was nice to go there in the morning and pick up hot bread and buns and pies. Times have sure changed.

It was nice too when my sister and brother-in-law came to West Hawk Lake. Bill and Mary Clisby are not just my relatives, they are my best friends. We have had good times skiing, swimming and visiting. I remember one evening when Bill and Mary had been over. It was late when they were walking home down the path in front of our cottage. My son, Darryl, was on the veranda watching them, and just as they went down the path, a big bear was standing right where they had passed. They could have touched him.

We all still love to go to the lake. We have been going out for 35 years and I know it's the best lake for me and my family.

I wrote this poem many years ago when my two sons were small.

MEMORIES

When I am alone I meditate
I'm once again at West Hawk Lake
There's peace and beauty like in a dream
The sky's so blue, and the grass so green
It's heaven on earth, God made for me
There's no place in the world I'd rather be.

When I'm at the lake, my family is near
I have two fine sons and a man so dear.
We fish and swim and have a ball
Oh! happy times that I recall
Among the white birch trees and pines
Of God please keep this home of mine.

When I am alone I reminisce
I think about my wedded bliss
I often think when I am old
The beautiful I can hold
No one can take this away from me
Because these are my memories.

PENNIAC BAY (PIXIELAND)

By Pat Vander Graaf

In the late 1940's and early 1950's private land on the north side of Penniac Bay (Pixieland) was subdivided and lots could be purchased. Road improvements to access cottage lots up to Lot 21 was done by Peter Vander Graaf and other cottage owners such as Bailey, Watkins and Cohan. There were four or five lake front cottages on the north side at this time with others being built in the years following. The contractor was Mr. Tully who lived on the hill overlooking Penniac Bay with about six dogs. Lumber was purchased at the lumber yard at West Hawk Lake. At that time there was a service station where the present Major's Store is located.

The Vander Graafs and their in-laws the Frank Beetons spent three years building and holidaying before selling their property. While there they often drove from Winnipeg just for an evening at the lake, as well as weekends and holidays. On a memorable trip, Peter was hauling building supplies and household goods for use at the cottage when a spark from the exhaust pipe of the truck ignited the load. An air force truck following behind was able to put out the fire with an extinguisher. Undaunted the family carried on to the lake.

Peter still has the fishing rod that pulled out many 18 pounders from Moonlight Bay.

Cottagers are an ingenious group. It was not unusual to see Mr. Cohan cruising the lake in his old inboard-outboard boat with his laundry tied behind, dumping soap over the back of the boat into the water.

Peter recalls helping Mr. Cohan rescue his cat — John — from a rotten poplar tree. In the process of chopping the tree down, the trunk fell on a rock, split in two and catapulted poor John the cat into the air about 50 feet. The cat landed on its feet and raced for the house followed by a distraught owner.

The Vander Graafs were West Hawk Lake, Falcon Lake and Toniata campers for many years prior to and after owning their cottage at West Hawk Lake.

Several traditions were established by campers that exist even today, for example:

— Happy Hour — when friends and family get together for cocktails and munchies each camper contributes their own specialties and this, often carried on to supper and campfire gatherings.

— At the end of the camping season, the campers empty out their liquor cabinets and combine all, while packing up for the season. The result is a spectacular punch.

At one time campers would have to leave their sites after a three week period in some areas. Vehicles and trailers were registered at the camp

office, as is done at the present time. Rather than move from their present campsite, Peter and his friends would exchange licence plates.

One helpful camper, who was a Hydro employee, hooked up extra power from the hydro pole so the campers could run their electrical equipment, including refrigerators and even a washing machine.

Campers at West Hawk will remember a terrible infestation of skunks. Parks employees would set out traps and early each morning the latest prisoners would be trucked out of the campgrounds.

Peter Vander Graaf presently owns cottage No. 13 at Toniata Resort. His daughter Nancy and family live in Falcon Beach at the Falcon Staff Trailer Park. Her husband Mike Roach is stationed here with the R.C.M.P.

PENNIAC BAY LOT 9

By Jock N. Tod

I made my first contact with West Hawk Lake in 1937 as a tourist and fell in love with it. West Hawk Beach was not a cement parking lot then; it was natural with tall jack pine.

I came to work here in 1953 for Buster Melamere, who owned and operated Keystone Cabins and Motel. I sawed his logs in my sawmill that was located between the Trans Canada Highway and McKenzie Beach Road.

The next year I had a timber sale and set it up where the Tourist Information is today.

In 1955 I bought and moved right across the road from where I live now. I was also able to buy and build on some more lots on Penniac Bay.

When we arrived the school was located near where the assistant Park ranger for West Hawk lives on No. 301 Highway. Later it moved to Falcon Beach where all our children attended for their elementary schooling. Then they all went on to Whitemouth for high school. From there they attended different places to get degrees in their chosen fields.

While some of the children were attending Whitemouth I drove the bus there. In later years they drove or had to be driven to Rennie where they caught the bus to go to Whitemouth. This was quite an expense but well worth it to be able to live in this beautiful location.

The family now has 11 cottages and two of my children are permanent residents.

When I came No. 44 Highway was the main highway. The Falcon Lake development was in the beginning stages, so there have been changes there. West Hawk has been able to stay nearly the same over the years.

PENNIAC BAY LOT 10

By Jean B. (Tod) Coutts

In the 1950's Jock ventured into running a lumber company at Penniac Bay. This was a beautiful, peaceful area to establish himself and raise a family. I know Jock was happy to be back in our wonderful country.

I can recall travelling to Penniac Bay in the mid-1950's, many times over rough roads. Highway No. 1 was under construction and was often impassable, which forced us to return by the old road, now No. 44.

In 1956 my husband and I bought property across the highway from Jock. In those days it was called Pixieland. There were only a few cottages on Penniac Bay then. We built on Lot 10.

Jock started to build our cottage in 1956. He built it with knotty pine lumber from his own yard. We were anxious to move in, so we moved in before the cottage was completed. We used sheets between the bedrooms for privacy, carried water from the lake, our cold storage was a hole in the ground with a pail that contained our perishable produce. We had outdoor plumbing and coal-oil lamps.

There was a garage across the highway, where Major's store is and a small area in the garage was used to sell groceries. When Majors bought the garage they built a large bakery and grocery store with living quarters attached. After they had two fires, when they lost everything, they built the present Major's store where Bev and Pat Mason now are proprietors.

We added extensions to the cottage at both back and front and had them screened, but as the summers changed and got cooler we had them glassed in so we could enjoy the scenery and the view in hot, cold or rainy weather.

My husband, Bill, was an ardent photographer and took beautiful pictures of the full moon on Penniac Bay, also of deer that came down to drink at the lake. In the early days the deer would come to our back door. Gradually canoes returned to the lake, and now there are boats in all categories.

My husband and I enjoyed our years together at Penniac Bay. We were fortunate to have Jock and Vi's family across the highway. We loved it when the children dropped in and included us in their activities and outings. We often drove them over to the garbage dump to see the bears, who were constant visitors at the dump, in the early evening. We travelled out to all the church and school concerts at East Braintree. When we often drove out the moon was full to make the journey all the more worthwhile.

The children started off in the little one-room school on the cut-off road to Falcon and across from

the power station. They often saw wild animals on the road or in the woods. Later a two-room school was built at Falcon Lake. The children went there by bus.

When the United Church was built at West Hawk the family transferred from East Braintree. Bill and I also attended the services in the summertime.

Although my sister-in-law, Violet, had a large family, she became very active in the West Hawk Church. She played for the services and arranged for the hymns. She was also one of the first elders appointed. The pulpit in the church was donated by the Tod family in memory of her service to the church and community in the early years.

The curling club at Falcon was built by local labour. If you cannot find a member of the Tod family, you would find him at the rink. To the credit of their parents the Tod children all learned how to enjoy working and building a community.

In 1968 Jock decided to build a house across the highway, so they would have modern facilities and more room for the family. Unfortunately in the autumn of 1968 their mother's health was failing. It was a sad Christmas that year when their mother died. We were all devastated. Valerie was in her final year at Whitemouth, John was working at the pipeline, Jean was attending University of Manitoba taking Education. Belle was teaching at Pinawa, the other members of the family were still at school and Tom was two years old. My husband and I were retired so were able to help also. The neighbors and friends were wonderful to Jock and the family. Jock was working in the bush, so Valerie, being the eldest at home, became the housekeeper.

Bill and I offered to help when we could, and sometimes took Tom with us, sometimes to the Santa Claus parade, another time to visit his sister Jean and her husband Terry who were teaching at Pik-witonei. The family eventually settled into the new house. It was a big responsibility for Valerie who was finishing her graduating year.

I'm not quite sure how it happened, but about three years later, Jock met Joan, an old friend. They were married in October 1971. We welcomed Joan into the family circle with open arms. We knew God had answered our prayers. Joan has done a remarkable job. She had been a mother to all the family as well as taken good care of Jock.

All of Jock's children attended Whitemouth Collegiate. Shannon, the youngest member of the family, graduated from Whitemouth in 1989 and plans to continue her education at the University of Manitoba.

The nest is now empty and Jock and Joan look forward to one or all returning for weekends and holidays. They do return home whenever it is possible, although some are scattered across Canada

and other parts of the world.

Jock constructed cottages for my sister Elsie MacKay and her family and for my brother Fred and his family and my mother, Mrs. Edith Tod, he built a cottage on Lot 8. She also enjoyed having the family around her joining in many of their activities. She was able to return each summer until her 91st year, in 1968.

My brother Rod and his family are now enjoying this beautiful lake, having taken over mother's cottage when she no longer could.

We are proud of all our nieces and nephews. They have all done well in their chosen professions or trades and they are making a contribution to the communities where they live.

When my husband was failing in health he was always grateful for strength to come to the cottage. We had many happy years together at our cottage. I am now alone, but, I have my memories, some sad, some happy. I trust that I will have health and strength to enjoy many more years in these heavenly surroundings. I shall never forget when I came down to join the family at Christmas last year (1988). It was like a fairyland. Pixieland had returned with so many lights along Penniac Bay and No. 44 Highway.

PENNIAC BAY LOT 18

By Bill and Mary Clisby

Our first visit to the Whiteshell was in 1954. We came on a picnic with the George Crayston family to visit his niece Gail (Jones) at the CGIT Camp at Brereton Lake. We were not too impressed with the color of the water and all the blood suckers there but we did enjoy the scenery.

We came back in 1955 when the Craystons started building their own cabin on the north shore of Falcon Lake, easy of Toniata. They had to leave their car at the top of a hill and walk 15 minutes to the site because there were no roads to the lots then.



Andy Bennett with Mary Clisby his grandma, and Barbara Bennett his mother. The first fish Mary Clisby ever caught in the Whiteshell, in Lyons Lake.



Bill Clisby right with son Mel and his wife Sally and their son and daughter Karl and Leslie, and grandson Dwayne Bennett.

We carried our towels, swimwear and food and thought it was a real hike. We really enjoyed our many times of fun and good exercise with them.

We purchased our cottage at Lot 18 Pixieland in April of 1967. We used to drive to Penniac Bay and think what a swampy area it must be but soon found out it was anything but swampy and have enjoyed every minute of our years here.

We bought from Sid and Connie Holman and will remember them going up the hill with tears in their eyes as they left it to us. They retired the following year to Kelowna, B.C. and he has since passed away.

One early highlight was to be at Major's store in time for their hot cinnamon buns and bread. They were so good.

Our daughter Barbara and her husband Paul Bennett and their two sons Andy and Dwayne, who have grown up coming here, have all mastered water-



Bill Clisby and neighbor Edmond Kessler with good toys??? for country or city living in Manitoba.



Some of Winfal Seniors - Stewart Barkwell, Bill McLelland, Harry and Ruth Gross, Betty Barkwell, Jean Tozeland, Betty McLelland, Doreen Kessler, Bill Clisby, Laura Blackhall, Nelda Hewitt, Alf Blackhall.

skiing, surfing and downhill skiing on our lake.

We had poodle dogs and several times around 11:30 p.m. we would be giving them a tomato juice bath after they had gotten too close to a skunk.

We moved out here to live in May of 1979. We both learned since to downhill ski and have also curled and golfed with the Seniors Group which was formed.

We enjoyed many a ski-doo trip with the Tods, their family and the Sanders (Bert and Linda). Jock Tod would lead us out to some lumber camp where he would melt snow for chicken noodle soup and a cup of tea, and toast sandwiches on a forked stick over the fire.

We have had a screen torn off our shed by a bear but no other damage from them.

We spend hours feeding and watching the birds, squirrels, fox, and even the skunk during the winter and wait anxiously for the hummingbirds, ducks and geese in the summers.

Hiking and picking blueberries are my favorite pastimes. Bill, who is an ardent fisherman, spends many hours in the boat in the summertime, so we enjoy fish caught in our lake as well as crappies from Star Lake, brook and rainbow trout from Hunt and Lyons Lake. Andy, our eldest grandson, has fished most of the lakes in the area.

We could not have been happier anywhere else. We both came from small country towns, Bill from Ninette, and I'm from a farm near Belmont, so we enjoyed the small community atmosphere. We lived in Winnipeg for over 35 years and although we still return for visits and shopping we can't wait to get back here to our little 'haven at the lake' with our good friends and neighbors.

PIXIELAND LOT 19

By Jessie and Obie Baizley

The first visit I had to West Hawk Lake was in 1937. Olive Moulson, who worked with me, suggested we spend a week of our holidays tenting at

West Hawk. We borrowed a tent and paid her dad to take us down and pick us up. We rented a canoe from River Pack in the city and paddled several times from one end of the lake to the other. There were few cottages then and the scenery was beautiful. Sometimes when the mosquitoes were bad we would anchor out from shore and lie and sun and enjoy the peace and quiet.

One of the first things we had to do when we had our tent set up was dig a hole to store the bacon and butter in. This was both a means of refrigeration and a way to keep the food safe from animals. Another thing I can remember was the beautiful moonlight evenings. They seemed to be so much brighter before there was electric lights all around the lake.

I came home from the lake on Olive's brother's motorcycle — my one and only motorcycle ride.

We had a great holiday in one of the prettiest spots I have ever seen and it only cost us \$5.70.

Jessie Baizley

Jessie has told of her early introduction to West Hawk Lake so I shall add my early memories to her story.

My birthday gift in May 1929 was a trip to West Hawk Lake. We went by train to Ingolf, Ontario, where we rented a boat from Knutson's. We travelled across Long Pine Lake to the portage into West Hawk Lake where we met "Daddy" Cain and rowed to his cottage.

While on the portage, I saw my first bull moose, the biggest wild animal I have ever seen in the wild.

The next day, my father and I set out in our row boat to fish for trout. I hooked a 10-pounder. When I got it alongside the boat, I was sure it would sink the boat. My father said, "You caught it, you land it," and I did.

Therein lies the story of why my dreams often included a camp at West Hawk Lake. Thirty years later we bought Allen Watson's cottage on Penniac Bay. We are still enjoying it.

— signed
Obie Baizley

In the late Fifties, the Baizley family enjoyed some great weekends with the Good family on Penniac Bay. One weekend, Howard took Obie to see a cottage for sale at Lot 19 Penniac Bay (also known as Pixieland). To the surprise and delight of everyone in the family, he bought the cottage. We moved in on the August long weekend in 1959.

Our older son and his wife have a cottage in the Star Beach Subdivision at West Hawk Lake. They and their children Mamie and Gordie thoroughly enjoy their time at the cottage.

Brenda, Henry, Michael and Brent are living in Edmonton, and do not spend much time at the lake.

However, they still call it "Our Lake" and sometimes our own "Golden Pond". They, too, enjoy being at the cottage.

Brian, Jane, Jeff and Amy spend as much time as they can during the summer months at the lake. Jeff enjoys the skiing and windsurfing and Amy loves the water.

Like all families at West Hawk Lake, the Baizley family have many memories of years of pleasure at their favorite lake.

PENNIAC BAY LOT 22

By Esther Mackie

Our beautiful summer retreat had its beginning in the spring of 1955 when Lot 22 Penniac Bay, West Hawk Lake, was purchased by the late Bill and Mary Middleton of Winnipeg. In those days, \$75. was the deposit required as down payment.

The first summer was spent clearing the lot and drawing up plans for the cottage. Mr. J. R. Tully of West Hawk Lake was contracted to build the cottage during the fall of 1955 and the spring of 1956. His correspondence with the Middletons provides week by week progress reports and many interesting anecdotes regarding hauling the lumber and supplies by boat and sled over the lake and his solitary life at the lake. Progress was very dependent on the weather and the shipment of supplies. Solitary life was made more comfortable when Mr. Middleton could manage the trip on the occasional weekend and bring essentials such as Hudson's Bay rum and a case of dog food for Mr. Tully's canine companions. Making the trip to the cottage became much easier when the new single-lane Trans-Canada Highway opened in November 1955.

The original two-bedroom cottage was completed by the summer of 1956. It nestled among the birch and spruce trees with a beautiful panoramic view of Penniac Bay. Seniority provided one with a scenic view of the lake at the dining room table and still does today.



William Middleton, Mary Middleton, Chubby (the dog), Bob Tully, 1957.

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1955. First part of our cottage built by Bob Tully.

The cottage was expanded during the fall of 1962 and spring of 1963 with the construction done by Mr. Tully again. The addition provided an extra bedroom, an indoor bathroom and a large front room with an expansive lakeside vista. Over the years, other improvements have been made but the cottage remains essentially the same.

Many happy memories have been collected since those days in 1955. The cottage has been the summer meeting place for family and friends for three generations. Bill and Mary Middleton enjoyed their beautiful summer home right up to the time of their passing and we, their family, continue to enjoy it.

PIXIELAND LOT 23 HODGSON FAMILY

Members: W. Roy Hodgson (deceased), Irene Hodgson, Lenore Hodgson, Marilyn Hodgson, Dianne Hodgson.

Our first year camping at Millers Beach, West Hawk Lake was in 1961. We parked our trailer on the point at Millers Beach for six years until the permanents were moved to the new trailer site.

In the summer of 1969, we began our search for a cottage or lot as the NDP Government toyed with the idea that no one would be allowed to park their trailer for no longer than three weeks. We were not prepared to move, and we did not want to leave West Hawk.

During the September long weekend of 1969 we visited friends staying at N. Cohan's 34 Pixieland. We asked if they knew of a lot or cottage for sale and were informed that Bill Neville and his brother owned Lot 23 Pixieland, and were willing to sell.



Hodgson cottage

We built that fall and spent our first summer in the new cottage in 1970.

As our girls grew older and married and had children, renovations and additions were made.

Daughter Lenore is married to Gary Harris. They reside in Red Deer, Alberta, with their two children, Paul and Steven. Lenore and her family come to West Hawk every summer for five or six weeks.

Daughter Marilyn is married to Bob Ogilvie. They have three children: Kelly, Daniel and Michael. They bought Bert and Linda Sanders' cottage in 1985 and spend all summer and part of the winter there.

Daughter Dianne is married to Garry Cornelson. They reside in Winnipeg and are expecting their first child at the end of December 1990. They come to the lake winter and summer at every opportunity.

West Hawk Lake has been a wonderful environment for my family to spend their summers. The children grew to love the lake, enjoy all it has to offer, and have a real appreciation for its beauty and its wildlife.

PENNIAC BAY LOT 25

By Sid and Aileen Hall

Christmas 1988 is coming to Lot 25 Penniac Bay, as it has for the last 20 or more years, and so are the Halls.

In the early years there were Sid and Aileen, Beverley, Lynn, Geri, Lori, and Kim, plus two or more poodles. The children of yesteryear are the mothers today of our six grandchildren. Four of these grandchildren will be here this year to discover what their parents enjoyed at their age. Lynn, Clifford and Erin Code from Regina; Geri, Brent, Andrea and Jason Isfeld from Calgary; and Kim, Tony and Danielle Prencipe from Edmonton will be here to enjoy "Christmas at the Lake".

As Sid always worked until 6 p.m. Christmas Eve, preparations for the trip from Winnipeg were taken over by Aileen and the girls. It was their responsibility to pack the food, presents, clothing and all the Christmas goodies into "Shadow", our small two-wheel trailer.

About 6:30 p.m. nothing remained to be done but hook up and leave for West Hawk Lake, where we knew we would receive a warm reception, as Vern Major would have the fires going and everything would be cosy and warm.

The ride down was one of the highlights of the holiday. It usually started out with the singing of Christmas carols, and then the utter enjoyment of five quiet children as they listened to, and enjoyed the Christmas stories on the radio, and so under the Christmas spell created by Tiny Tim, Bob Cratchit and Scrooge, we arrived at Penniac Bay.

The year would determine our means of access

to the cottage. For example, in really cold years, we crossed the ice to park at the ice house. When the snow was deep, we made arrangements to have the road plowed, or simply walked in pulling a toboggan on which toddlers and supplies were riding. In later years, the snowmobile made this easier and added to Christmas Eve frolics.

December 24th can often be really cold. BUT never so penetratingly cold as when you are walking through the bush (on our own property) by flashlight seeking the perfect Christmas tree, as demanded by young girls, and invariably winding up with what we called a Charlie Brown tree. The tree was usually so pathetic and homely, you couldn't help but love it for what it was. Also Sid didn't help much by fixing a flashing light, which only he admired, to the crown of the tree. Regardless, in spite of everything, there it stood in all its finery surrounded by gifts and lit up, well, just like Christmas. Everyone always considered the latest tree to be the best tree ever.

While the tree was being decorated Dad was roasting chestnuts at the fireplace (more custom than flavor); late presents were being wrapped; Mother was passing plates of all kinds of good things to eat, and preparations were taking place for the Christmas feast.

This of course, was all happening amid the laughter and squeals of five young girls. But, because Christmas Day started so early at our house, bedtime also came early though not necessarily, sleep.

After the excitement of opening Christmas gifts was over, then came the opportunity to try those new skates, skis, etc., all decked out in some of the various wearing apparel Santa had left. When ice permitted skating took place, one year even as far as Crescent Beach. Also there was snowmobiling, skiing and visiting. This was all climaxed by a hungry group demolishing a fantastic Christmas dinner.

Christmas evening was a time for family games, sing-songs, etc. and always climaxed by a genuine quiet, reverent "Thank-you to Him who made it all possible.

People say "I envy you your old-fashioned Christmas", but I can't help but believe there is nothing old-fashioned about a true family Christmas. I suppose the grandchildren might refer to it as old-fashioned for the simple reason that their grandparents planned it, and took part in it.

PIXIELAND LOT 26 OGILVIE FAMILY

Members: Bob, Marilyn, Kelly, Daniel, Michael.

In 1975, Bob Ogilvie was introduced to West Hawk Lake by his wife, Marilyn (nee Hodgson),



Ogilvie cottage

who had been a regular visitor since 1961. Our visits were spent at the Hodgson family cottage in Pen-niac Bay. As the Ogilvie family grew, and the Hodgson cottage did not, we were obliged to look for other accommodations if we wished to continue enjoying the lake.

We rented at Keystone for one year and rented a private cottage for two years following. Renting, however, did not satisfy Marilyn's need to be at the lake full time in the summer. So began the search for a cottage in 1984. In 1985, Bert and Linda Sanders' cottage went up for sale on Lot 26, Pixie-land, three doors from the Hodgson cottage. Without hesitation, the cottage was bought and enjoyed until 1987 when the signs of age came to light forcing a demolition.

Our dream cottage was built over the following fall and winter. We spent our first thrilling summer there in 1988. The cottage is fully winterized, allowing us to enjoy Christmas break and winter weekends. We participate in each season's activities: swimming, skiing, hiking, snowmobiling, cross-country skiing and skating. We have so many wonderful memories of life at the lake and take great pleasure in seeing our children receive the same enjoyment and appreciation.

BLOCK 7 LOT 2 MOONLIGHT BAY SUBDIVISION

By Bob and Ethel Gottfred

In 1966, the lot on Block 7 Moonlight Bay was purchased as a parcel of land from Mr. Betker. The land was subdivided into four lots. Bob built the cottage with the help of family and friends.

We have a family of four — Craig, Sheila, Kim and Nancy.

During our first 10 years on the lake, Moonlight Bay Cabins was a thriving resort. At times the bay became rather noisy and sometimes dangerous. The beach was lovely at the cabins and the children enjoyed it.

For our family, happiness is a hot, sunny day at West Hawk.

BLOCK 7 LOT 3 MOONLIGHT BAY

By Herb Pilling

One weekend in 1949, my wife, Alice, and our two children, Allan and Jocelyn, went camping at Clear Lake. Unfortunately, we were rained out so we ventured east for a sunnier location, which turned out to be West Hawk Lake. We found a picturesque campsite on the point near Crescent Beach. From then on, we spent summer holidays and numerous weekends there.

In a short while, we got to know our campground neighbours, Dave and Barbara Johnston along with their five children. We created our own fun as we were out enjoying nature. On cool nights, we would gather in the old cookhouse for sing-alongs. It was used many a time for friendly get-togethers. Since it was not enclosed, we would hang blankets and old pieces of canvas to help shut out the cold. We would collect rocks and place them on the stove. When they were really hot, they would be wrapped in newspaper and place at the foot of our sleeping bags. They worked just as well as, if not better, than an electric blanket to keep us warm all night.

After a couple of years tenting, we purchased an 18-foot trailer. We continued to enjoy our summers at the West Hawk Lake campground with our new summer residence feeling like a palace.

In 1957 we purchased a lot in the Moonlight Bay Subdivision. The next summer, 1958, we began construction of our 20 by 20 foot cottage. Materials were delivered as close as possible to our lot, then we had to haul it all to the site. The shell of the cottage was constructed during our holidays with the help of my brother and our wives.

Today the cottage has grown from a 520 square foot shell to a 1,050 square foot summer home with such conveniences as indoor plumbing and electric heat, and is well insulated. Quite a change from the old nine by nine foot tent.

In 1969 we retired and made West Hawk Lake our summer residence. The winters were spent in Southern Texas. While this was pleasant and enjoyable we always found that come spring we were anxious to get back to West Hawk Lake. Due to our health we were unable to go to Texas last winter and had to remain in Winnipeg. However, we had the consolation that West Hawk Lake was still waiting for us this spring.

BLOCK 7 LOT 6 MEMORIES OF OLSON'S CABIN ON BILLY BEE AT WEST HAWK LAKE

By Madge Olson

My husband Hilding (known as Ed to many of his friends) and I loved the outdoors and boating



1954. Roland Olson on pontoon bicycle he built that summer.

and tenting. One of our favourite spots was West Hawk Lake. Many times we pitched our tent in Tent Alley there. One of our laughable memories was one time when it poured rain and we awoke next morning to see our neighbour camper drag himself out from under his unpitched tent lying on the ground. Luckily, he was a bachelor and could not be bothered trying to put up his tent in the rain, so just crawled under the heap of canvas and fell asleep.

From tent, we progressed to cabin and our favourite spot was "Lakeside Cabins" where we met the owners. Adolph and Olive Zimmerman and became one of their regulars. Over the years, we became good friends.

We lived in a suite in Winnipeg and the idea of building a cabin at the lake was greatly appealing to us. Thus, we became the proud owners (rather lessees for 99 years) of Lot 6 Block 7 West Hawk Lake Plan 1906-16B in 1952.

Back in those days, there was no road into that part of the country and everything had to be transported over by boat. Sometimes, our little Aeroliner boat was so loaded with a cement mixer, a stove,



1956. Inside Olson's cabin - fieldstone fireplace before groating coffee table and chairs Hilding built.



1965. Hilding and daughter Karen on bench in front of Bar-B-Que at our West Hawk Lake cabin.

fridge (ice box in those early days), furniture or something or other that there was not much distance between the lake and the top of the boat. Woe if the water was rough!!!

We docked at Lakeside Cabins and have memories of when it was a problem to reach the dock there. One weekend, a bad storm blew up and when it was time to return to Winnipeg, the waves were so high that we had to hug the shoreline all around Penniac Bay and along to Zimmerman's instead of heading the boat directly across the lake as we usually did. Another time, when the night was black as coal, we had difficulty locating the dock and it was scary at the time and we were glad to arrive safely.

Also back in the fifties, money was short and we arranged with Adolph to frame in our cottage, consisting of three bedrooms, a living-dining room and a kitchen in 1953 paying him off monthly at a laughable amount by today's standards.

Hilding built the beds, coffee table, dining table and chairs. He loved constructing articles out of wood. In those early 1950's there was no electricity but we had our own electrical plant that gave us power for lights, etc. Later on Hydro lines came into the area and everyone was glad for that. Also, later on a road was constructed. All the cottage owners got together and paid to have a road built. Then later when the Manitoba government took over, we were all reimbursed for our original output.

We built a high, large water tank stand and were blessed with running water fed by gravity. Even had a tap on our old-fashioned pedestal sink in our roomy outdoor biffy with its reading racks of magazines for those who were slow doing the job.

One weekend, we found a squirrel in the cottage and needless to say there was a bit of a mess to clean up. Another time in the early days we had a wood stove, a bird had gotten down the chimney and was still alive inside the stove.

Bob Wagstaff, his wife Kay, daughters Bonnie and Kathy and baby son Robby were regular guests.



Roland Olson and friend working on roof of Bar-B-Que.

Bob did all our electrical wiring as well as assisting on many other projects. It was a lot of hard work but also good times were enjoyed by all.

Hilding's son, Roland and wife, Helen, spent many weekends helping with the finishing and other jobs. They enjoyed holidays there with their friends and did someone mention skinny-dipping?

Between the cottage and the lake, we built a large screened in barbecue where we enjoyed many scrumptious steak meals. There was an outside stairway to the roof where one could sit or lie and sun oneself. In 1955, we had a big bash at the grand opening of the barbecue and many guests were invited. I was pregnant that year and Hilding did not want me worrying so he made all the arrangements unbeknown to me. It was all a great surprise to me. That September our first daughter, Karen was born.

Among the guests were Paul Marples and his wife. Paul ran a butcher shop on Main Street in Winnipeg and provided the many steaks for the occasion. He decided to go for a ride on the paddleboat (bi-



July 23, 1983. Our family, back, Peggy and husband Vern Gudmondson and Karen's husband Ken Commadore, front: Madge, Karen and Hilding Olson.

cycle on pontoons) that Roland had built. He paddled around the small bay easily but upon returning to the dock and disembarking, he fell into the brink getting soaked naturally. In his wallet were the takings of the day from his shop and we had a good laugh as he watched his wife clothes pin all those bills onto the line to dry out.

Among visitors dearest to us were Roberta (Bobbie) and Grant Cumbers and their three children from Regina and I asked them for a few memories. The first year they stayed at our cottage was in the summer of 1954 when their youngest daughter was three. Nancy, our boxer had just had her first litter of pups in a kennel and we left them all at the cottage with the Cumbers so they had a houseful that week. The weekend they arrived while out boating, Hilding and Grant took the bottom unit off the motor on a rock. Hilding borrowed a 25 horsepower motor so the Cumbers could have the use of the boat. The first day they were alone, they loaded the kids into the boat and headed up the lake to a beach we had shown them. Bobbie remembers sitting in the bottom of the boat with her daughter, Paula, between her legs so she could not fall out. She was so scared as Grant had never handled a large motor before. They got completely lost and never did find the beach but eventually made their way back safely to the dock at Olson's.

That year Grant sat out in the boat on the lake and sketched the cabin under the trees along with surrounding country. When they returned home and at his leisure that winter created an oil painting that he had presented to us. It was a lovely surprise to us that will always be cherished and hangs on our living room wall today.

The Cumbers remembered laughing about all the empty liquor bottles under the cottage and Hilding saying that those were his labour costs.



1965. Cumbers children, Paula, Tom and Sandra who with their parents were frequent visitors at the cabin.

In the living room was a large fireplace made with fieldstone that we had transported over a few months, a few at a time in our trailer each weekend. Bobbie remembers that the stone work was beautiful at the bottom but deteriorated further up as the stone mason got further into the drinks.

The Cumbers were back again for holidays in 1956 and they remember the weekend the gang of us, Eileen and Ed Stanton with their four girls, Helen and Roland and their dog and bird, Hilding and I with our dog and the five Cumbers. We thought it was a miracle that we didn't drown someone. We took the Cumbers to meet the Nothstein brothers who took us all for a ride in their fast inboard and Bobbie remembers with a laugh that their flag was a pair of ladies' panties.

Grant remembers the night that he and Hilding sat beside the fireplace with a 40 oz. of rye and 24 beer and "talked" a fishing trip to Lake Silver for muskellunge. Neither of them wanted bacon and eggs for breakfast.

Another incident that comes to mind is one weekend Hilding and Bob had gone to visit at Dr. Ranosky's when a bad storm came up suddenly with a very strong wind. The two men had a difficult time and literally had to hang onto the trees to get back again.

In November 1957, when our second daughter Peggie was born, I became handicapped and next summer it was difficult to go to the cabin. It was with regret we were forced to sell in November 1958 to the Holmes, a photographer. He built onto the cabin and made many changes.

In October 1990, Hilding passed away, but I will always cherish my memories of Olson's first cabin on West Hawk Lake.

BLOCK 7 LOT 9

TERRY AND ELDRED MANCER

By Kathleen Norton

Alf and Nita Mancer had rented at C.B.C. cabins in the 1950's before deciding to buy a cottage in 1963 at Penniac Bay, Block 6, Lot 3. The cottage was owned by Mr. Cross and had been built by Mr. Ingmundson.

Fifteen years later the cottage was overflowing with three generations as well as cousins and friends. So Terry Mancer and his wife Eldred began looking for a place of their own.

One Sunday morning late in April 1978, Harry and I, Eldred's parents, received a phone call from our daughter at West Hawk, "Would you please drive down and look at a cottage for sale in Moonlight Bay?" Having sold our own cottage at Brereton Lake the previous summer, we were not too keen to become involved with another cottage. I was not

impressed with the Moonlight Bay place although Terry and his father-in-law could see possibilities. It was lakefront property but the cottage would require an addition and a great deal of alteration. Terry's offer was accepted by Mr. and Mrs. Millis on May 7, 1978, so we had another cottage to work at.

Terry and Eldred made their first trip down with a TV, an air conditioner and a new set of golf clubs. Harry and I went with a load of handyman supplies: paints, plaster and cement to begin repairs! A few days later, neighbors Bob Henley and Sid Bettes introduced themselves to welcome us to West Hawk Lake.

Harry and I worked and cleaned and the last job we did before leaving was to make new cement steps at the back door. That night, July 11, we left for Winnipeg. Early the next morning, Terry received a phone call in Winnipeg from Betty Henley informing him that the cottage had burned down. Lightning at 5 a.m. had struck the hydro pole and the electric wires had carried the current to the fuse box in the cottage. Two propane tanks were located outside near the fuse box so the cottage simply exploded. Our cement steps never dried! We were devastated.

Bob Henley, a fireman, had quickly notified the Falcon Lake Fire Department and had alerted the neighbors to clear out. The neighbor next door, Bob McLeod, had risen early that morning and sat watching the lovely red glow on the water unaware of the fire, until he was notified to leave. He and Pat grabbed the dog and ran for the car. Pat returned to the cottage . . . she had forgotten to make her bed! Fortunately rain kept the fire from spreading until it had burned itself out.

Later, Bob Gawne moved in with his equipment of truck, tractor and front-end loader to remove the debris which amounted to nine truckloads. Left hanging on an iron post was a wet white towel, visibly printed "Winnipeg General Hospital".

Terry hired local people to rebuild: Alec Young, the contractor, Ken Ilderton, the electrician, and Bob Gawne, the plumber and landscaper. By the fall of 1978 a four-bedroom cottage was erected.

Harry spent the winter making kitchen cupboards in our basement so once again in early May we had a full load going to the cottage. It was fun getting resettled because we all worked together. Terry, a dentist, was not too familiar with hammer and nails but quickly learned the finer points of tongue and groove cedar. Eventually, an old workshop was remodelled into a guest house and a fine new boat-house was built.

Little Michael Mancer arrived February 2, 1982, to complete a family of four children, the older three being Sevan, Leanne and Kari. The children are good swimmers and waterskiers and with lots of

water equipment, a trampoline, and Sheena, a golden lab, there are few dull moments around the cottage. The two Mancer cottages accommodate several family relatives during the holiday season.

Harry and I are no longer needed as babysitters but we join for special occasions. West Hawk Lake will always be our family's special spot.

BLOCK 15 LOT 1

By Dr. Percy Goldberg

We purchased the cottage August 22, 1978, from Dr. and Mrs. Lloyd Dulmage (he was past president of Brandon University). Mrs. Betty Smith was the real estate agent.

We had owned a lovely cottage at Boundary Park near Winnipeg Beach which we enjoyed while the children were small. When they grew up and preferred not to come to the lake, my wife and I decided to sell and look for a small cozy place in the Whiteshell for the two of us. Needless to say we found our dream cottage but in no time at all our teenage children fell in love with our new haven.

We've added on twice now and find that the family manages to gather there each summer coming from distant places. Also, the grandchildren now thrive in this environment.

We love it, and are happy to have made the move and even happier that three generations enjoy it together.

BLOCK 15 LOT 1A

By Harvey Gurvey

An outdoor person at heart, I had visited the Whiteshell before I ever thought of owning a cottage.

During a curling game, Saul Chernaick, who had a cottage on Howe Bay at West Hawk Lake, told me some lots were coming up for lease. After the game, I walked across the street to the Forestry Office (as the Parks Branch was then known) and paid \$25. for each of two lots. The second was for my brother Sidney who built on it and still has it. This was the fall of 1954.

That winter I designed the cottage and lined up a contractor to build the following spring, as soon as it was possible to get to the lot. The road then went to Lot 1 in Block 15, from where the lumber and other material was carried up a rock incline to my lot. This was the spring of 1955, the same year we were married.

We didn't spend our honeymoon at the cottage because we didn't have any conveniences at all that year. Things soon changed. I made walking steps from where we left the car to the cottage and they served us well until either 1957 or 1958 when we

hired a man to make a road to our cottages. It cost us \$400. It was great to be able to drive right to our cottage, but wasn't long before cottage owners past us started using our road. The Parks Department took it over, widened and upgraded it, and now maintain it year-round.

We were only there a year or so when electricity came to the area. I remember we paid \$100. a pole but I don't remember how many poles or for which ones. This was a great boost so far as making life a lot easier at the lake. We could have a water pressure system and a refrigerator. Gradually we got a lot more things and we finally replaced the propane heating with electric heat.

We resisted putting in the phone until recently. Now that we are spending more time at the lake and we have grandchildren, we felt it was time. We can keep in touch with my elderly mother-in-law who lives alone in the city.

I enjoy working around the cottage and do all our maintenance. This sometimes meant we were longer getting things done than if we had hired people but we are very comfortable now.

We had our problems, like everyone else. The bears were a nuisance for years upsetting the garbage cans and scattering the garbage all over the place. The Parks Branch is to be commended for installing the bear-proof?? garbage boxes. It has taken the bears away from the cottages to a certain extent.

Then there was a terrible hailstorm, I believe in 1967. We were in the city at the time. My brother phoned and said he thought we should come down because the hailstones were as big as golf balls, and there had been damage to the cottage roof. What a mess greeted us when we arrived. Water all over everything, still dripping from the ceiling. We had to start at the top, repairing the shingles, and then literally going through the whole cabin to dry everything.

On August 17, 1989, we were taking my brother and sister-in-law, who live in Toronto, back to Winnipeg. We were hit broadside at the junction of P.R. 302 and No. 1 Highway. Both cars were demolished. My wife and sister-in-law were severely injured, but have recovered. My brother and I were only shaken up in an experience that spoiled an otherwise beautiful holiday for us all.

Our pleasures and joys at the cottage are many, like having our son and his family come out on weekends from the city, and our daughter and her family for summer holidays. Then there is our younger son who works in California phoning to see if the cottage will be open in September when he has holidays, as he wants to come to West Hawk Lake to the quietness, and to enjoy all the beauty of the fall and just to dream.

BLOCK 15 LOT 5

By Doug and Zelma Hay

We were first introduced to West Hawk Lake in the mid 1950's by our friend, Jack Fyles who built his cottage on Block 15, Lot 1A. Jack's cottage was designed by Roy Lev who was the architect for the El'nor Motel. We had a boat and Jack had a cottage so consequently we were constant guests at Jack's cottage and even spent a couple days of our honeymoon in May 1957 at his place. It was a late spring that year and it was quite an experience to look through the floor boards and see the snow on the ground under the cottage and eat frozen canned peaches and cookies for breakfast.

In 1961 we acquired the lease for our property from Jack at Block 15, Lot 5. Under the terms of the lease our cottage had to be built before the summer of 1962 or the lot would be forfeited. My father, Paul Kelunick, built our original cottage during the winter of 1961-62. He lived at the El'nor which was owned by Mike Manchulenko at the time. Incidentally, Jack Fyles was Mike's accountant during those years and helped Mike a lot when the restaurant burnt down and also to get the ski hill in operation. Anne Thiessen was managing the restaurant at the time and she packed lunches for my Dad who worked at the cottage site the full day. The lunches would have been sufficient for several people. My Dad used to share the food with the deer, foxes and wolves that were constantly around. Dad kept a rifle handy in case the wolves attacked and once stayed on the roof until 1 a.m. waiting for the wolves to leave so he wouldn't have to shoot them.

Our sons, Derek and Jamie, were three and four years old that first summer and as a growing family with not too much money, we allotted \$200.00 a year for the next five years for improvement to the cottage. The first year the \$200.00 was almost enough to put in the running water with the intake suspended over a spring at the bottom of the lake. We also needed an outdoor biffy — the indoor one came several years later. Jack was building a modern A-frame biffy and donated his old one to us. As the biffy was being dragged by rope up the hill we heard a car coming our way. We immediately set the biffy upright, opened the door and sat down chin in hand. We don't know who the driver of the car was — but we apologize now for the shock he experienced.

Our sons learned to water ski at Star Lake at a young age at the school so expertly run by the Reids. Even now, they still take advantage of the glass smooth water for a ski around the lake.

Our eldest son Derek met his wife Gail at West Hawk Lake. Gail's parents, Fran Campbell and her late husband Don had a cottage on Big Island and

through mutual friends, Donald and Margaret MacAngus, who are also on the lake, the young couple were introduced. Derek and Gail live in Winnipeg and have three daughters, Crystal, Brittney and Austin.

Many of our sons' school friends from the Fort Garry area of Winnipeg are also at West Hawk. Our youngest son, Jamie, at one time worked for the Parks Branch in the campgrounds at West Hawk and also at the weigh scales at the border. He used to paddle our canoe across the silent waters of the lake in the wee hours of the morning to go to work. For a couple of years he owned the famous McDougalls' cottage at the landing. He is married to Kim, the daughter of Walter and Arlie Trowsdale, formerly from McMunn.

We have constantly improved and added to our cottage. We call it "Disneyland" because it will never be finished. One highlight of our winter is the mixed bonspiel. We have had a rink entered every year since it started. We also remember the Pan-Am Games and the bicycle races which were held here. A fellow from Montreal won and the presentation was held under the flags next to where the marina is now.

The road to our cottage was a mud trail through the bush in the 1950's and now is a wide gravel road allowing us to drive right to our door. In 1989 we purchased the hotel in Falcon Lake and are back to page one doing renovations and improvements. With our cottage, the hotel and our involvement with the Community Club we are deeply committed to the area and hope to see our grandchildren enjoy it as much as we have.

LOT 6 BLOCK 15 MOONLIGHT BAY ROAD D. W. FINLAY

By Mrs. D. E. (Sybil) Finlay

The Finlays of Lot 6 Block 15, would have to be considered among the newer families on West Hawk Lake, although our cottage on the Moonlight Bay Road has been standing for 25 years.

Sybil's connection with the Whiteshell goes back to the family cottage (Sybil and Frank Horne) on Caddy Lake, and Girl Guide Camp days in the 1950's. David's connection began with a desire to sail his Y flyer where the others seemed to congregate in the early 1960's — on West Hawk Lake. This led to acquiring a lease in 1962 and the building of a self-designed/commercially built cottage in 1964. (A plan is afoot for a small addition in 1989.)

Married life overtook him in 1965 and the subsequent arrival of two sons, Graham and Peter, somehow slowed down his sailing activities. An unforeseen event was a business transfer to Toronto in 1970. The intervening years have involved com-

binations of driving and flying to squeeze in holidays at "the lake" and keep our roots in Manitoba alive for our children. They both in time attended Camp Stephens at the Lake of the Woods and stoutly defend this cottage country as equal or better to anything their Ontario counterparts may have experienced in Ontario.

Many friends and relatives have stayed under our roof over the years and we have exchanged visits with several other lake dwellers in the area. We have seen many changes to the cottages in the area and are sometimes amazed at the difference a year can make in the village of West Hawk Lake and in the cottages around us.

We are particularly interested in the wildlife around us here and because we belong to the Ontario Field Naturalists we were asked to take part in a loon survey during 1986-88. They were concerned that pollution was affecting the development and maturing of the eggs of the loon in Ontario, and one of their areas of interest was Lake of the Woods. The Finlays volunteered to send in statistics and observations on West Hawk Lake and our help was accepted. Trish Holman was co-opted as a full-time summer resident on the lake. It was an interesting survey but our conclusions were that there has been little if any effect on the number of birds in this particular area. This record-keeping has spurred us on to keeping a diary of our own, of birds sighted and of other observations and happenings of interest. With luck it will be the beginning of a family tradition which will be maintained by various generations. In a small way it will provide a chronicle of life at W.H.L., a minor tangent to this important history of the Whiteshell which Olive and Anne have been inspired to promote.

MEMORIES OF HOWE BAY

By Sigurm Kissack

It was way back in the Fifties
When the Kissacks found the lot.
There was no road or power
But it was the perfect spot,
A solid rock foundation
And a heavenly view of the bay
So without any hesitation
They decided they were here to stay.
They carried in the lumber
From the very top of the hill
It was a very onerous task
But there's a way where there's a will
Wilfred built the cabin
No power tools, only loving care
The children Lloyd and Linda
Both helped and did their share
Over the years more rooms were added



Kissack grandchildren, Jennifer and Julianne, John.



Kissack grandchildren, Kristine, Jennifer and Julianne.

It was a retreat from stress and strife
A place for friends to gather
For us a happy, joyous life . . .

In the beginning the wilderness was all around us. Bears casually roamed by. Two skunks made their home, in a very peaceful way, in our wood pile for several years. A doe with her twin fawns came to visit in the evening and to graze on our patch of lawn. Partridges nested under the cottage, and in the fall the brood of grown chicks would return and sun themselves on the patio.

Beaver swam around our dock and the giant turtles would lurk in the water so still and so huge they looked like stepping stones. One day a bear got his head caught in our neighbors' garbage tin. It was a heavy metal tin and the poor bear was unable to shake it off. Our enterprising neighbor pried it off the bear's head with a two by four, to the applause of all the neighbors.

Life was simple and friendly and we thought we would retire there eventually. But it was not to be. My husband passed away quite suddenly. The cottage went into a period of mourning. It was the

coming of the new generation that sparked it back to life. Son-in-law Bruce showed both skill and enthusiasm for repairs and renovations. Once again, there was the bustle of activity and life went on anew.

Three generations now enjoy the summer at Howe Bay. Lloyd and Gloria from Calgary bring their two youngsters, Julianne and John, in the summer holidays. Linda and Bruce from Winnipeg spend July and August there with their two daughters, Kristen and Jennifer. All activities seem to center around the grandchildren, swimming lessons, berry picking, various games, laughter and tears. Who knows? Maybe the cottage will be a haven for the fourth generation in the years to come.

This has been written as a loving tribute to my late husband, Wilfred Kissack, who had a beautiful dream and a vision of the future, and whose hard work and dedication made it possible for the grandchildren he never knew to enjoy it all today.

Sigrun Kissack, Lloyd and Gloria Kissack, Linda and Bruce Alexander, Julianne and John Kissack, Kristine and Jennifer Alexander.

HOWE BAY LOT 9

By Alan Nozick

We were introduced to West Hawk Lake in 1954 when we came to visit our daughter Sharon who was at Girl Guide Camp at Caddy Lake. She very emphatically told us we must see this 'cute little waterfall' meaning that area around the bridge at the north end of West Hawk Lake where it empties into Caddy Lake. Sharon knew about it because the Guides had hiking trails in that area.

The family complied with her wishes and were walking along the trail when we heard someone call our name. We turned around to see our friends, the Kormans, waving to us. We were invited over for a visit and to spend a few hours on the dock. We fell in love with the lake, the tranquility and the scenery. I said, "This is what I want."

Back in Winnipeg I immediately started inquiring about available lots. This was when the first lots on the south shore of Falcon were being surveyed, but that didn't appeal to me. Then we found Lot 9 Howe Bay and discovered some of the lots there belonged to friends. This was important because I knew Beattie would have friends to visit during the week when I was in the city working, and there were other children for our children to play with all the time. This, along with the fact it was a quiet little bay safe for the children to swim and play around in small boats, really sold us on the location.

We didn't want to have to add on to a cottage in a few years, so we designed one with lots of sleep-

ing and living space and a screened area. It has satisfied our needs for 35 years.

Mr. Jentsch Sr. who was a carpenter in the city, consented to build our cottage. Adolph Zimmerman set us up with a gravity-flow water system and we put in propane for heating, cooking and refrigeration. It wasn't long before we hooked up a little telephone system with our neighbors, the Billinkoffs, Weidmans, Winograds and Chernaicks. When hydro and telephones came to the area we installed both, but other than that, things are very much as we started out and we still enjoy it just that way.

HOWE BAY LOT 13

By Lucille Weidman

Lewis's uncle and aunt, the Kormans, have had a cottage out here, near the fish hatchery, since the 1930's and Lewis had always loved the time he spent visiting. When our family was very young we rented a cottage at Winnipeg Beach for a few summers. There was so much noise, congestion and pollution that the proximity to the city was not worth it. We decided we would stay at home rather than go there again.

We began inquiring about locations in the Whiteshell, really expecting we would have to wait for the south shore of Falcon to open. Our friends, the Chernaicks and the Winograds, were also interested, and the plan was to get lots next to each other so our children would have company (and so would we).

In 1952, we found out some lots on Howe Bay would soon be available, so we drove out together and inspected the lots. We were so happy to get them. They fronted on a quiet, shallow bay, which we thought ideal for our small children.

It proved to be so and to this day — 37 years later — it holds true for our grandchildren.

We have many fond memories of our summers at the lake, such as our yearly birthday party for our daughter and my husband. Both their birthdays are days apart in July. Then there were the movies when Len Claydon, a cottage owner nearby, would put up a sheet down by the rock and show movies for all the kids, young and old. Twenty years ago (1969) when they put a man on the moon, we all met again on the dock to look at it. And the summer the Russian Sputnik was up in the sky flying around we all met again on the dock to watch for it. Then there were the lovely fresh blueberry pies we all loved, as long as I don't have to pick the berries.

Another memory I have is a trip back to Winnipeg and having to go in a convoy escorted by the R.C.M.P. through a forest fire. This was when the new Trans-Canada Highway was being built in either

the summer of 1954 or 1955.

Sometimes when I sit in the veranda, and enjoy the tranquility, I think of my dear husband Lewis, who loved it so. He passed away October 5, 1988 and I fervently hope he found another "West Hawk Lake in the Sky."

HOWE BAY LOT 3

By Saul and Pat Cherniack

In the summer of 1951, Pat and I and our two children spent our summer holidays at Lake Winnipeg. It was disastrous for our one-year-old. It seemed our whole holidays were spent fighting his sore throat. That year I promised myself that I would spend our holidays from now on in the Whiteshell. We had visited and stayed a long weekend at Pat's uncle and aunt, Cynthia and Jack Korman's.

Lewis and Lucille Weidman and Neville and Grace Winograd were of the same opinion. The ladies were willing to go as long as they were near one another. That summer, Neville phoned to tell me that three lots were available on a place called Howe Bay. He had got his information from Manny Bricker who was living across the lake at High Rock Beach. We discovered the government was opening Lots 6, 7 and 8 and so, for \$15. each, we became the owners of lots sight unseen.

To establish which lot was whose, we flipped a coin. Neville took #6, I took #7 and Lewis, #8.

Early that fall we motored out to view the lots. There was only a narrow road leading up to Lot 5. From there we trekked in. We saw a large amount of bush, a shoreline and bay good for swimming. The bay was no more than six to eight feet in the middle.

The ranger at that time assured us the bay had a black sandy bottom. The only sand we ever saw was what we imported to make a beach between lots 6 and 7.

On the trail back to Highway #44 we kept reminding the girls that we had been out for two hours and hadn't seen a bear. Then around the bend were a mother and her two cubs sitting in the middle of the road.

We didn't build on Lot 7 but we took Lot 3 instead and have been happy there since.

When Pat and I got ourselves established in 1953, we drew our water out of the bay, our lighting consisted of coal oil lamps and there was a wood stove for cooking and heating the cottage. It was primitive by today's standards but it was enjoyable except for the mosquitoes and blackflies.

In 1956-57, Manitoba Hydro suggested we could have power faster if the clearing of three feet on either side of the road could be widened up to Lot 8.

Len Claydon was willing to do the cutting with his power saw. Power saws were very new at that time. His working crew were city slickers Joe Bilinkoff, Neville Winograd, Alan Nozick, Lewis Weidman, Bill Gills, Len Lindgram and myself.

Len started cutting at 8 a.m. We had long poles to shift the trees so they fell in the right place. This went on till 6 p.m. or later and we thought we had done a good job, until Manitoba Hydro complained it wasn't good enough and completed it themselves.

In the 1960's I bought a new motorboat, so one weekend we decided to go across the lake to visit my wife's aunt and we took our five-year-old daughter with us. Now Aunt Cynthia Korman's cottage was at the north end of the lake, close to the fish hatchery.

The day was cloudy and the lake calm when we set out. When we reached the Korman cottage, no one was at home, as we turned around, it began to rain. The rain became heavier, so we pulled into a cottage of friends. They weren't home either, so we couldn't even thank them for their hospitality.

When the rain seemed to let up, we started out again. As we left the bay and entered the main part of the lake, it came down in sheets. There was no wind so the lake was still as smooth as glass. Our wet daughter began to cry, so we sat her under the transom. Our dock was a welcome sight. As I cut the motor and stepped out on to the dock, I pushed the boat backwards. My wife, who had no idea of motor mechanics, couldn't start the motor. Our daughter started to cry again, so I jumped into the water and pulled the boat in. We were saturated, and took off our clothes on the sun-deck before we entered our cottage.

Early in the 1960's I asked Adolph Zimmerman to help me make my boat serviceable. He had to come at 9 a.m. There was a violent storm with strong winds and a lot of rain through the night, and it was noon before he arrived. He had spent the morning removing trees and restoring power at his camp. We had power, although all around us the cottages were without power.

After Adolph got the boat fixed, he and I went walking back to the cottage when I noticed a large tree on our lot at a terrible angle. I suggested to Adolph that it should be brought down before it falls. "No problem," said Adolph and he got his chain saw. There was no problem with the cutting down, but instead of the tree going "that away" — it went "this away" and cut the power line. All Adolph could console us with was his advice to notify Manitoba Hydro.

Pat and I went down to the Hydro office on the old road (301) and left a note before heading back to the city to work.

A person had to see that office door to believe

it. There were notes in every nook and cranny and all around the windows — nobody had electricity.

Early the next morning my wife phoned the same Hydro office from our city home to inform them there was no power at our cottage and probably live wires on the ground. After a stunned silence, the Hydro man answered, "Madam, my phone has been ringing all morning with people screaming abusively at me. You are the first one to be polite. I thank you, and your power will be restored as quickly as possible. That afternoon he called back to tell us our line had been repaired, and our power was on.

We are now into the third generation enjoying the cottage. We still enjoy West Hawk and especially Howe Bay as much today as we did in the beginning.

ONE FAMILY'S REMINISCENCES OF THE WHITESHELL

By Margret Malaher

The Malahers' association with the Whiteshell goes back to 1927 when fire protection for the area was handled from Lac du Bonnet and was a federal concern. My husband, Gerald Malaher, worked that summer and several succeeding ones at fire protection. He and his crews fought many fires around Rennie and area east to the Ontario border. During the winter of 1931 he was employed by the surveys branch of the provincial government and became a member of the crew laying out cottage lots on West Hawk and Falcon lakes. They lived under canvas all winter and moved camp every few weeks to be near their work. It was part of Gerry's job to ski into Ingolf every week to collect their mail.

In 1938, after a posting as Forester in charge of the Sandilands Forest Reserve, a married man now with a wife and two small children, he returned to the Whiteshell. We went to live at the H.Q. at Rennie which consisted of a house, a garage-workshop and an ice-house. Cal Ritchey was his assistant and

the Ritcheys lived in a log cabin at West Hawk, now the administration building. I can still remember the colorful nasturtiums Mrs. Ritchey had growing on the high rock outside the cabin beside the highway. Lily Ritchey, their daughter, had to go to school in Whitemouth where she lived all week. No school buses for her. Our daughter Patricia (Trish), then 6½ years old, began her formal schooling at the one-room school in Rennie under the able teaching of Pat Hill. Pat and her mother lived in the teacherage behind the school. We had lived at Sandilands without water and electricity and any neighbors for six miles. The Whiteshell had no improvement as far as water and electricity were concerned, but we did have neighbors a little nearer. The town and the school were only a mile away and across the road a little toward Rennie lived Alf Hole and his well-loved geese. This mile walk to town seemed a long walk to a small girl like Trish. My mother in the city used to worry about her, but I don't think we did.

The lovely trees in front of the house were small then, having been planted as a circular driveway by our predecessor, Bill Schortinghuis. It was not unusual to look out the veranda at night and see 20 or more deer grazing in front of the house. To grow a garden was almost impossible, no matter how we tried to protect it.

Gerry's work at Forester in Charge of the Whiteshell had many facets. He might spend the morning on road maintenance, the afternoon issuing wood cutting permits and the evening setting a skunk trap for a cottager. He had summer residents to look after and roads to maintain and build (in those days roads within the reserve were the responsibility of the forestry branch). He built the first tennis courts at West Hawk and Toniata, but had no time to play on them. The tower was by the house and our towerman was Walter Danyluk who lived in Rennie. Walter later became a member of the per-



Three generations of the Malaher family. Back row, L to R: Dave Holman, Margret Malaher, Rosemary Malaher, Gerald Malaher, Tom Malaher, David Malaher. Front row, L to R: Trish Holman, Barbara Holman, Cheryl Holman and Diane Malaher. Taken at West Hawk Lake near the survey cairn Gerald Malaher put in in 1932 on our Lot 45.



The Malaher Holman cottage isolated 45 West Hawk Lake.

manent staff in the Winnipeg office. Fire-fighting was a large part of the summer responsibility, although it was never as big a part of our lives as it had been at Sandilands. It was nice to be able to go swimming at Brereton Lake. Saturdays and Sundays were often the busiest days of the week during the summer. No weekends off could be counted on.

After four years at the Whiteshell H.Q. we were moved to The Pas and our association with the Whiteshell came to an abrupt stop. North of 53 was a long way off.

In 1946 we were moved to Winnipeg and Gerry was made Director of Wildlife, forsaking his forestry affiliation. Summer holidays then became a reality and where to spend them? The Whiteshell of course! We borrowed or rented cottages for several years.

When we returned to Winnipeg I resumed my active participation in the Girl Guide movement. The Guide camp at Ponemah Beach was proving inadequate for the growing interest in camping and the Winnipeg Area camp committee began looking for a site with more challenge. Gerry's help was enlisted and he agreed to take the committee to West Hawk to look at a few spots he thought might be suitable. He took us to two and we were not impressed. Then he said he had one more that might interest us, a site he had reserved years before when we lived at Rennie, for a group whose option on the site had expired and it was now available. Of course when we saw the spot at Caddy Lake we were ecstatic and that brought the Malahers back to the Whiteshell for still another reason. Trish was a staff member at the camp for a number of years and our three Malaher granddaughters all attended as campers and two as junior staff. The year the camp was built a road was made for carrying supplies for the builders and later for the bus. This road connected with the hatchery road. It was a good thing that the camp was the only one using the road for two way traffic was an impossibility! It was quite usual for the bus to get stuck at least once on the way in those last few miles.

One year when the bears became a problem the leaders at Guide Camp asked Gerry, with the permission of the Park Ranger, to be on call to dispose of a big black fellow the campers had christened "George". He was a familiar visitor at Caddy but the camp director was becoming apprehensive. Two park staff had been unsuccessful and they had other duties than waiting at guide camp for George to make an appearance. One night we were awakened by a phone call from the camp director, Debbie Haynes, saying that George was about. Earlier in the evening there had been a bad storm. The Brownie campers had all been bedded down in the dining hall instead of their tents. Electricity was off and all was in utter darkness when Gerry and Trish arrived at camp. They took up position at the kitchen window and armed with a flashlight and a rifle. George made his expected appearance and Gerry fired. It was a black night and George was black and the flashlight was small and George disappeared. Gerry and Trish came home not knowing whether or not the shot had been successful. All this was while the Brownies had been sleeping just inside, knowing nothing of the drama being played outside the door. Park officials came in the morning, found George not far from the kitchen and while the campers were swimming, removed him. Only a few camp staff knew his fate. Our youngest granddaughter was one of the sleeping Brownies. She was sad when later told of his end. Gerry received a Guide "thanks badge" and a poem!

One not so happy memory of the Whiteshell was our sojourn at the CBC Cabins in 1950 when our home in Winnipeg was flooded. Our accommodation was not the problem. It was our worry about our house in the city, the cold weather (ice still covered West Hawk Lake) and Gerry being too occupied with his flood responsibilities to pay us any attention that made us so unhappy.

In 1956 more lakefront cottage lots were opened and put up for bidding. We decided to seek a lot for ourselves. We walked or skied around the lake looking at those listed. We picked out the one we wanted and entered our bid feeling sure someone else would want such a choice lot. To our joy our bid was accepted and in 1957 in partnership with our daughter and her husband, Dave Holman, we built our cottage at the entrance to Howe Bay. It was erected by the two men under the able and stern direction of Adolph Zimmerman. We will always know their daughter Audrey's birthday because Adolph had to leave our men on their own before the cottage was finished to take Olive to hospital in Kenora for the birth of Audrey.

The Holman daughters have spent every summer at West Hawk, Barb from the age of seven months and Cheri from two weeks. They learned to swim

and worked diligently at their Whiteshell Red Cross Swimming programs under the supervision of Bev Estveld. When older, the Holman girls both spent two summers as Parks employees. Son David and his wife Rosemary and their children, Tom and Diane, have spent many holidays at West Hawk staying with us and also renting.

The first summer of Gerry's retirement he laid out the McGillivray Trail. He said, "Imagine being paid for something that is so much fun to do!" He left the cottage in the morning with a sandwich, a hatchet, a compass and an aerial photograph of the area in his haversack and would return in time for dinner at night. He also laid out a trail for the CGIT camp at Brereton Lake, so of course he had to make a trail for the Girl Guides, too. He did this by extending the already existing Assinika trail and bringing it out to the sand pit on the Caddy Lake road. As well he made our own private trail behind our cottage.

We have been privileged over the years to receive as guests at the cottage many wildlife enthusiasts — artists, photographers, naturalists, archaeologists, geologists, pilots, all good friends who have enhanced our lives here.

No matter where in the world one travels it is hard to find a spot to compare with the Whiteshell. We all love it. Trish and Dave come from Toronto where they now live. The girls come when they can. Barb has just obtained an MA degree from the University of London in England. Cheri is a geologist. Her thesis was based on the rock structure of an area between Falcon and West Hawk lakes.

As I write, I am sitting on our veranda looking down Howe Bay at the setting sun. It was here at the cottage that Gerry died last summer. It was fitting that he should end his days at the spot he loved so well.

Mr. Malaher passed away in the summer of 1984.

Mrs. Malaher passed away February 1986.

The Holmans continue to come every summer to enjoy what has become their Manitoba home!

BLOCK 17 LOT 7
JUNE 3, 1959 TO SEPTEMBER 13, 1987
By W. Grace Scott

When our three sons were young we holidayed at Ponemah Beach near Winnipeg Beach. It was safer for a family with boys learning to swim and easy to drive from home in Winnipeg for a vacation spot.

Years later we were privileged to holiday at a friend's cottage on Brereton Lake in the Whiteshell and got the urge to explore a more rugged area.

In conversation with Jean and Ed Forrest (who were thinking of the same area) we all decided to

explore the Whiteshell. We learned that in the spring of 1959 ten lots were available to bid on at West Hawk. We drove down to the area and enthusiastically put in for a first and second choice. We were each fortunate enough to receive our first bid.

We hastily drew up plans and had the shell of the cottage started in early June. The following year electricity was brought into the area and with waterworks soon to follow we were all set.

Over the years we acquired more amenities but kept a rugged image. Our family grew from five to 17, all of whom spent many happy times at the lake. Our shack in the "bush" became a summer home!

After 28 years of untold pleasure and memories, our tenure came to a sudden close due to the demise of my dear husband Lloyd.

As a resident of Toronto, it was not easy for me to continue using the cottage, so with heartache and many regrets I had to leave West Hawk behind.

WEST HAWK LAKE NEWS
By Ed Forrest

Twenty-nine years ago ten cottages were built on Block No. 17. Only three cottages have changed hands in this length of time, with two families having moved away and the third one changing ownership due to the death of Mr. Lloyd Scott, who we miss very much. Grace and Lloyd were a great couple to have in our midst.

Four years ago, it was decided to hold a 25th Anniversary party, which was held at the cottage of Jean and Ed Forrest. Since that time, a reunion has been held each year. This year it was held at the cottage of Shirley and Andy Downie on August 7th. It is always a great pleasure for us all to meet and enjoy great fellowship, and we extend our thanks to the Downies for their hospitality.

Now we are all looking forward to another year of good health and happiness and another reunion in August 1989.

BLOCK 12 LOT 7
LES' LOFT
By Helen and Les Anderson

We first discovered and enjoyed the Whiteshell as a family in the early 1950's at Toniata Beach and later at Pearl Crayston's cottage, also on Falcon Lake, unfulfilled with the holiday season being only spring and fall, we often rented at Nelda and Harvey Hewitt's Kinwin Cabins at West Hawk Lake for weekends.

On a sunny January day in 1962, we found a site for sale on a point of land overlooking Big Island. A shell of a cottage, neglected for several years, was



Anderson grandchildren.

the start of a potential cottage. It would entail much work from each member of the family and even friends conned into carrying lumber over rough terrain from the road. It was challenge accepted readily.

We have been blessed with 28 years of family memories at Les' Loft, our cabin-on-high at West Hawk Lake. That descriptive term does not mean that a friend of Barbara's was necessarily correct when he wrote in our guest book, "75 yards — HELL, 982 steps actual count". This is in reference to our location above the water.

Here our children, and our children's families have enjoyed swimming, canoeing, water skiing and sailing for many years, along with tennis at the West Hawk campgrounds and golf at the Falcon course. All this, and time off, of course, to acquire our share of blueberries each season.

Our full guestbook attests to the many visitors from the width and breadth of the continent, from Britain and a Chinese family from Hong Kong. Not least were groups from the church, C.G.I.T., Scouts and such.

We have gathered so many memories over these last 28 years, such as the dark night our daughter Barbara encountered our dog Tippy and a skunk standing nose to nose. Each moved away without incident. Then there was the day Jim went for milk and was drafted to fight a forest fire. The many times we righted the sailboat in rough water, the squirrel we escorted, while he swam Big Island to the mainland. The various animals we encountered in the water and on the land.

There was the weekend too, when we let a honeymoon couple use the cottage, but neglected to so inform family members, who, of course, showed up. As yet we are not certain we have been forgiven.

Time brings changes to every family and ours is no different. The children's futures were elsewhere,

with Barbara's family in Minneapolis, Joyce's in Oakville and Richart's in Barrie, Ontario, Judy in Aspen, Colorado, and Marilyn's in Vancouver. Still, we are fortunate in that we have not had to spend a summer without members of our scattered family at West Hawk Lake. For our fiftieth wedding anniversary in 1989, all returned for an all too short stay.

Along with memories, we have acquired many lasting friendships over the years. The peace and quiet and the view make all our efforts worthwhile.

We look forward to summers to come.

BLOCK 12 LOT 14

By Horace and Marie Tootle

In the fall of 1956 two friends, Bob McKelvey and his brother-in-law Ed Shute, were excited about the opening of a trail into West Hawk Lake from the Ingolf road. They asked me to join them the coming weekend to look at cottage lots. The lots had been surveyed years ago but were too far from either end of the lake for people to get to. I told them I was broke, but they conned me into going.

Two flat tires later, we got to the new trail. When we came to the dip at Lost Lake, the trail was slough-like. But we managed and the road ended in a clearing which had been enlarged as a parking area.

We trudged off into the bush with the forestry plan to look for surveyor's pegs. Not realizing we were on a peninsula we couldn't figure out why every time we turned around we saw water. We found two pegs for some lots, and for others maybe three. I don't remember if we found all four pegs for any one lot. My friends chose 12 and 13. I really wasn't interested in how you obtain a lot. My friends informed me that every two weeks the Forestry Branch examined the bid for lots. The minimum bid was



Horace and Marie Tootle's fireplace.

\$50. I bid the minimum feeling in no way would it be accepted. Two weeks later when I got home from work my wife informed me that our bid was accepted and we could clear the land and build a cottage on Lot 14, Block 12, West Hawk Lake.

Our winter was spent planning the cottage and obtaining tools. I had a Canada Savings Bond for collateral when buying a stove or fridge in order to keep the carrying costs low. This enabled us to buy enough material to put a skeleton cottage. Come spring, with sharpening axes and saws, we took off weekends to clear the land. We set up two tents, one for sleeping for my wife and me and the youngest boy and the other for eating and sleeping for the other three boys. Outside we set up an old table and cupboard attached to the trees and placed a huge canvas overhead to keep the rain and sun off. We were in the bush by ourselves and were able to enjoy everything around us. The only sounds were the ones we made ourselves. My two friends and us were the only cottagers on Jack Fish Bay for a few years. Then boom, the place was jumping with more people as the area opened up. Deer were plentiful coming along their paths to stop and stare at us. Moose weren't as plentiful but they were around. Fox, bear and skunks were common. The skunks were always a problem especially in the late summer. Our empty tin cans and garbage attracted them and many a moonlit night when I could spot them in the garbage I would throw shoes or empty bottles at them.

McKelvey, Shute and I, after shopping around, arranged to get lumber from the same individual at River Hills west of Whitemouth. It was a cloudy Saturday morning in late spring when the lumber was delivered. The road in from the Ingolf road (312) was just a good-size trail in places. We sat for

some time at the clearing where we parked our cars, waiting for the truck. Then we walked up the trail to the big hill at Lost Lake. There was the truck and the driver leaning on it. No way was he going down that hill through that rutty old slough road with this big load and, if it rained, it would be disastrous. After much discussion over a bottle of beer we managed to coax him to try. He made it through but only just and two or three times we thought he might stall. After we unloaded the lumber and sorted it into the three ownership piles we were all exhausted. We still had to get the lumber to our lots the next day.

The lumber had to be floated up the bay. Ed Shute had a small boat and motor, so with each individual's lumber we made a raft, roped it well, then slowly moved it to our lots. There were no docks and it was slippery in the rain carrying the lumber up the high sloping rocks. The Forest Ranger made us build well back off the shoreline and it was quite high. The next job was putting in the footings. A friend, Stan Green, and I humped gravel and bags of cement on our shoulders through the bush from the clearing where we parked our cars. This could be at least three city blocks away through virgin bush. We triggered on following a deer trail. We had to rest a couple of times each trip as it was painful work. I could use some of my young boys who range from 14 to five in the building. Most boys are good at hammering nails, so for building the deck or sheeting the sides of the roof I would draw a pencil line and let them go to it. The only thing I said is if you bend one and can't get it out call me. They were a great help. The boys dug the hole for the outhouse and helped dig out big rocks and move them to make level ground on which eventually we put a volleyball net, basketball hoop and horseshoe pits. In the first few years we often by ourselves and swimming off the rugged rocks because we had yet to build a dock. Min Daniel and some of his family would come down on weekends and give me a hand and enjoy the swimming. The area grew on him and he purchased Lot 11.

Our first boat was given to me by a fellow I worked with. He had made the plywood boat himself and had it chained in the Whitemouth River west of Portage la Prairie. One night after work we picked it up with a trailer. The boat had been sitting for years half-full of rain or snow but when cleaned and painted, it looked like the Queen Mary to my children. After my summer holidays, we had our cottage roof and walls up, most windows in, which I made myself. We moved in more or less to get away from the insects which seemed bad that year. My wife was a little reluctant because she really enjoys camping outdoors. She thought that instead of just shaking the tablecloth it would be back to

city-style housework.

Next year I finished the inside partitions and used knotty pine to finish the walls. We were very happy with our accomplishment. All the work was done by hand as there was no electricity available at the time.

No sooner had I got the cottage finished, then Manitoba Hydro was canvassing for customers. So my next project was wiring the cottage in the fall of 1958. By this time lots were being built on all over the place. One of the owners approached me to tap off my power. I gladly did, knowing the work it took by hand but thinking, "you lucky guy".

Looking back, it was hard work but nothing to regret because it brought our family closer together. I know have 14 grandchildren, soon to be 15 and one great-grandchild and it's a good feeling to hear the children talk about the cottage to their friends as "our cottage".

After the cottage got established, my wife would spend the summers at the cottage with the children, taking them to swimming lessons (I managed to build a junior sailboat at home during the winter), berry picking, hiking and later water-skiing. The boys having paper and magazine routes, saved their money and bought a 16 foot Peterborough canoe. They encountered many experiences with it, some of them scary such as upsetting in the middle of West Hawk Lake. One fall a couple of the boys were sailing on a very windy day when the wooden tiller arm snapped. Over they went with heavy clothing and boots on. They nearly had it before help arrived. They stayed with the boat and learned from the experience.

Now all my four sons and daughter are married and have brought their families to the cottage and shown them the pleasures of the lake. There are not many weekends that we don't have some of the family down. In 1973 I extended the front room for more living space and built a stone fireplace which we all enjoy. The rocks are from the West Hawk area which we gathered over a two- or three-year period, stopping and looking everywhere for the good-looking stones and splitting some rocks to make matched stones. The mantle was a large pine log that I purchased at Hadashville. Once I got it in place I Varathaned it with six or more coats until it really took on a glossy look. To finish the fireplace off we cleaned all the stones from the floor to the ceiling with acid, then brushed them with boiled linseed oil. It was a tremendous job but tiredness always gives way to enthusiasm.

Our last project, about five years ago, was installing and making an indoor bathroom. After trying various inside toilets we decided on a low flush toilet after discussing it with the parks department. First we had to remove a huge rock of two or three

tons that was in the way of putting the tank under the cottage. With a lot of digging and winching I managed to move the rock forward toward the highest part of the cottage because that was the only way in. Now I had to dig deeper so the big rock could pass under the front beam. After much

effort I had it clear of the cottage. My sons had told me that if I got it out, leave it at the front and on the weekend they would move it. Thrilled with my accomplishment, I called to my wife. She walked over to the rock and just patted it with her hand. All of a sudden it went over the ledge, smashing steps and the corner of my patio, taking it off its footing. It took out a spruce tree, then hit a small boulder, splitting it. The huge rock landed square in the middle of one leg of the dock. The stringers on my dock are telephone poles and the weight off the rock broke the center of one in half, along with all the planking. We were never so scared in all our lives but were thankful nobody was around the dock.

After being at West Hawk Lake in the Whiteshell for 33 years (10 in retirement) we still get excited about going down to the cottage as soon as the weather permits. We spend summers with tending a few flowerbeds, bike riding to get our paper, picking berries, reading, swimming, and we love to hike and climb the rocks and take in the surroundings. The Whiteshell park area is one of the main reasons why so many of us stay in Manitoba because it's pretty hard to beat especially in the summer. We've had thank-you letters from friends who visited or stayed with us from England, Scotland, Australia, New Zealand and California. All are taken up with the natural beauty of West Hawk Lake.

BLOCK 16 LOT 5

By Bea and Harold Thompson

Bea and Harold Thompson first came to West Hawk Lake in 1954 to look at locations. The ranger showed us several lots and the decision was made to take Lot 5, Block 16.

The work of planning a cottage took place during the winter. Alex Hill of Whitemouth was contracted to build a split level cottage in the summer of 1955. The land was cleared and the lumber barged in by Harold and some office co-workers. The cottage was up in 12 days and we moved in on August 18, 1955.

Friends came down to the lake with us that first weekend. We started off in great anticipation. The children, Pat, 3 and Gordon, 1, and I drove with our friends because our car was loaded, roof included. We were about two-thirds of the way to the

lake, when on coming around a bend we spotted Harold picking up clothes and diapers from the ditch and road. The car-top carrier had come off and a round oak table top and a wooden box of clothes had taken flight. After much struggling, things were finally secured and off we all went to McDougall's landing.

We only had a small wooden boat with a five h.p. motor, so several trips were needed to take in all our supplies.

The night turned out to be quite cold. Gordon was put to bed in a snowsuit. The adults sat around in the evening, bundled up and shivering, glaring at our monster cook stove — unlit — the Selkirk chimney hadn't arrived. Our trusty kerosene lamps lit our way to bed.

It was a great day when the power was hooked up. No more pails of water to haul, no more scrubbing board for laundry and no more ice to get at Caddy Lake, or waiting for Herman at the landing on Tuesday and Thursday to bring ice, milk and bread. None of us had second cars then.

There weren't too many cottages around and certainly not many big boats — 25 h.p. in the first years. It was so quiet we could hear a boat coming from Big Island and could recognize who was coming.

Over the years we have made many lake friends. We had to make our own fun. About 1958-59, Hal and Lynn Wallace and their children, Elizabeth and Duncan, and our family had a gut bucket band. The gut bucket was a wash tub with a bass gut string through it and stretched to a pole, various things like kazoo, jaws harp, ukulele and pot lid cymbals plus Hal had an old saxophone, minus a number of key pads — they were stuffed with toilet paper as replacements. We would all pile into Wallace's boat and serenade our neighbors — there were many sarcastic comments and a lot of laughs.

In the early days, there was a lot of wildlife around, deer, bear, skunks, beaver, mink and turtles. At one time our children found a deer skeleton, collected it all and reconstructed it on the dock. Our Labrador, Dusty, thought it was great and would make off with various pieces and then there was a chase.

We had an abandoned beaver house in the corner behind where our boat port is now. It was about 15 feet across and four feet to the bottom. It was a feat of engineering, took us three years to dismantle. Working in the morning, I would pull out logs and the children would drag them to the back for Harold to cut up. We burned beaver wood for years.

A moose turned up one summer at Dixon's and hung around for days. Everyone had to go and visit and pet it. We called it Mandy. The parks people



This picture was taken in 1956 or 1957, Gordon (on left) and Pat are riding wooden horses — one made of a nail keg and the other of pieces of two by four. These were made by their grandfather Harry Shipman. The smaller horse was passed on to the Davidson's youngest son Michael. The horse was returned about four years ago by the Davidsons and is now being ridden by our grandchildren. The beaver house is shown in the corner.

finally persuaded it to move elsewhere.

We were flattered when our daughter, Pat, and husband, Larry, chose to spend their honeymoon at the lake in June, 1974. They now reside in Edmonton and have two sons, Kyle, 8, and Darren, 5. Kyle's first appearance at West Hawk was at the ripe old age of one week. Our son, Gordon, and wife, Patti, also spent their August 1978 honeymoon at the lake. They live in Toronto and have a son Jeffrey, four, and daughter Victoria, two. Luckily for us they all visit each year.

The cottage, along with our family, has grown over the years and always provides great pleasure.

BLOCK 8 LOT 19 THE WHYTE FAMILY

The Whyte family cottage was built in 1955 by Carson Whyte (that's me) while I was still single. The original cottage met the basic requirements of 20 by 24 feet. Improvements and expansion have gone on since without interruption. I married Thorie in 1956. Our sons Scott and Gary, spent the summers at West Hawk Lake from infancy to high school. Both boys worked at the fish hatchery during university years. Although the family moved to Vancouver in 1968, West Hawk Lake is an important place in our lives today.

I first visited West Hawk in 1947 when there was only about a dozen cottages in the north arm. I stayed in Col. Samson's log cabin and was totally infatuated with the beauty of West Hawk. I became a frequent visitor in the next seven years and while my own place was constructed.

Thorie Whyte became a teacher. And therefore as the boys grew up they could all spend July and August at the lake, I started my own business in



The Whyte family.

1974, Westhawk Traders Ltd. in Vancouver, and could operate from the lake most of the summer. Son Gary now is part of that company. Scott became an airline pilot and spends off-time at West Hawk, winter and summer.

Of many memories, the famous New Year's swim was most remembered. After spending four days and New Year's Eve at the lake it was decided to enlarge the water hole in the ice and go for a dip on the last day. Pictures were taken and all were sworn to secrecy. In error, the developed pictures were given to Colonel Samson by the drug store. He was press room superintendent for The Winnipeg Tribune. A few days later, to our horror, one of the pictures was blown up on the front page of section two of the Tribune. The headline read "Manitoba's version of Vancouver's Polar Bear Club".

The January swim took place in front of Colonel Samson's old log cabin. Bruce Samson built behind the site. Our bay is now officially Samson's Cove, named after Colonel Samson.

That gang that was in on the swim and many other visits to West Hawk in those years, got together for the first time in 40 years in 1989.

The following will explain why we didn't get together more often.

Jay Miller — his parents were Americans and bought a motel in Missouri in 1949. We had not seen him since. He was a forest ranger at Lake Tahoe, recently retired and moved to Joplin, Missouri. Fred Loveday, Myron Tesluk, and Bruce Samson all live in Winnipeg. Don Nosworthy lives in Toronto and I, Carson Whyte, live in Vancouver and own Westhawk Traders Ltd., named after the lake.



Polar Bear Dip, January 2, 1951, -15°F or -26°C. Bruce and Carson Whyte testing the water.



Carson Whyte and Bruce Samson.



Fred Loveday, Bruce Samson in water.



Carson with Fred in water.



Carson, Bruce and Fred.



Enough is enough.



This card shows the cottage. The stationery was made from the original drawing made by a friend of our daughter, Cynthia.

Dr. Tweed died summer of 1989, age 101 years.

BLOCK 8 LOT 25 SAMSON'S COVE

By Doris Ingraham

The log cabin was built in 1948. Dr. Denbent Tweed purchased it the same year. The logs were delivered to the site for \$1.00 a piece and there were 90 logs. Dr. Tweed's daughter and son-in-law continued to enjoy the cottage until 1974 when it was sold to John Ingraham. Dr. Tweed's daughter had died and the two men rather lost interest in the cottage.

John and Doris Ingraham have enjoyed the cottage and the lake life. Their two daughters are frequent visitors.

John's particular interest has been the maintenance of Dr. Tweed's Peterborough Royale which he called the K. John stripped and refinished the boat shortly after purchasing the cottage. The cedar strip is a frequent sight on the lake. The West Hawk Lake Antique Boat Club has recently been formed and the Ingrahams are chartered members, along with Max Simovitch, Bob Lathian, Dunc Jessiman and Morley Shatsky. Morley had a pennant designed which we all fly on our wooden boats.

LIKE A LONG FAREWELL

Anonymous (Whiteshell Echo)

The saddest moment of the year is when you turn the key in the door of the summer cabin and close it for the winter. It is like a farewell to a good friend.

In the city you never really own a house. It is owned by the tribe of mechanics, who fix the plumbing, mend the roof, service the washing machine and attend to the electric lighting. It must be cleaned and

maintained in a state of fashion to please the whims of civilization. It is open to the inspection of the world. It is always on display. It is part of society.

But your cabin is itself without pride or shame and it belongs to you to treat it as you will, beyond the reach of the world. Moreover it contains all your best memories and marks the happiest moments of your life — when you are truly free. It also is, in large part, your own creation, for through the years you have mended it, painted it, invented innumerable, crude gadgets for it, distorted it with your feeble carpentry and made it your own.

Thus to close it for the last time in the autumn is to close and abandon part of yourself and to live constantly with the feeling that something is missing. There will be a gap in your life until spring.

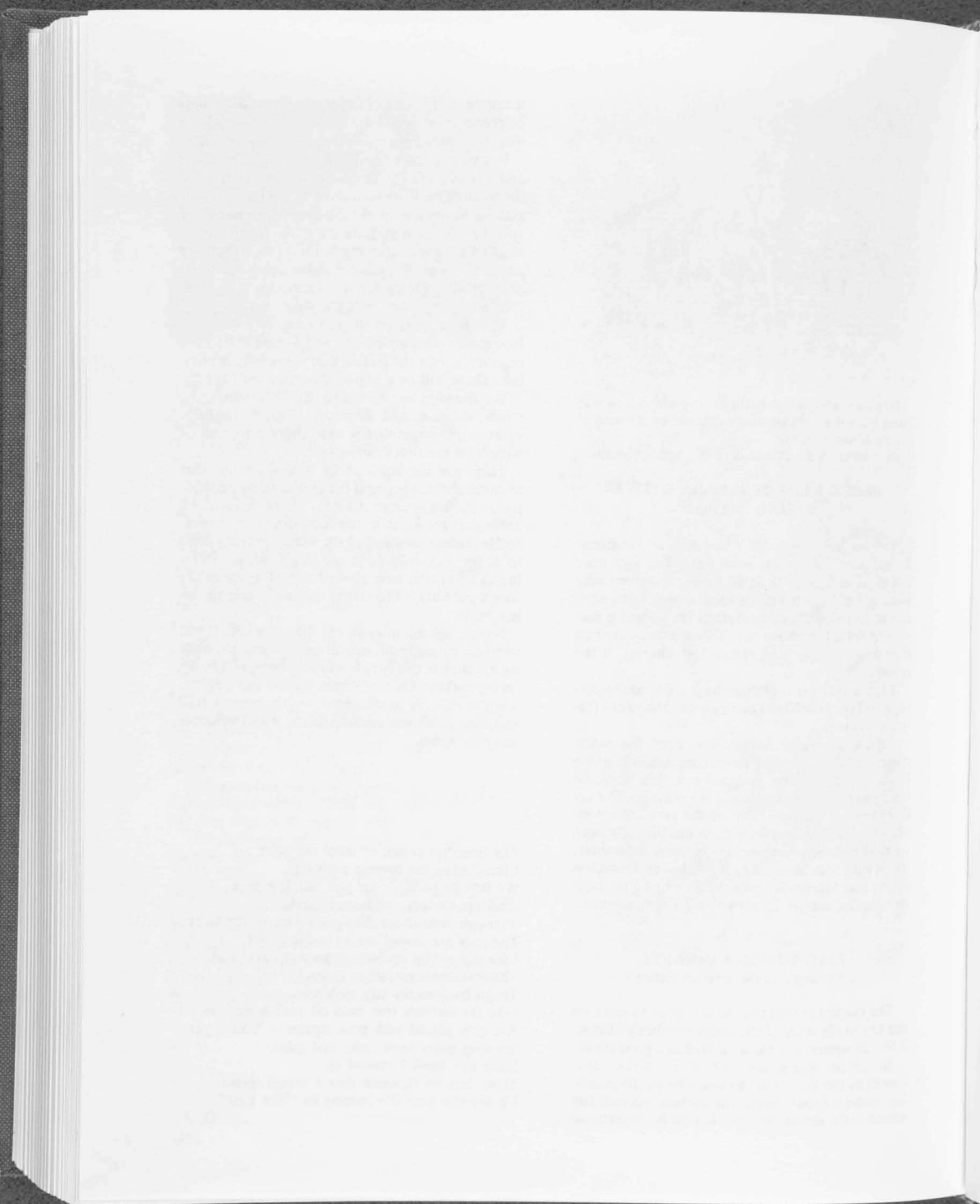
We abandon our cabins to the dark woods, the winds, the rain, and the snow, without our help, without our warming fire and tender care, it must withstand the shocks of winter.

There are the boats to be hauled up, another melancholy business and the cruiser to be berthed, pipes checked, pumps drained, doors chained. All around us the great woods look down upon these feeble preparations against the winter and they smile to us for they are glad to see us go. We are interlopers here, who have cleared a small space in the forest and hold it against the will of the original inhabitants.

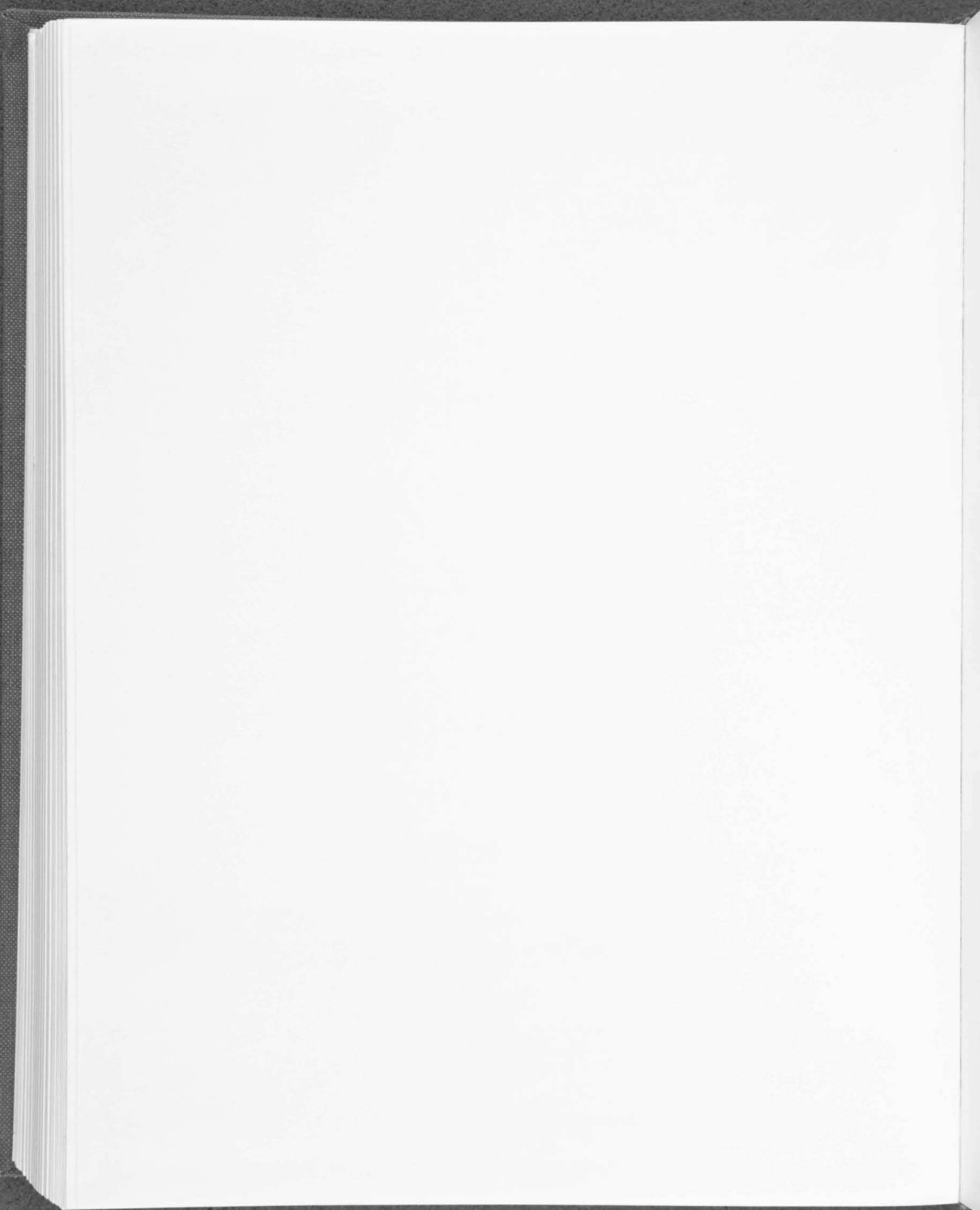
Nature will not miss us, but the cabin will. It will wait here patiently through all the dark months while we are snug in the city. It will wait here, and in the spring making no complaints against our neglect, it will watch for us coming down the narrow trail and with an almost audible shout, it will welcome us home again.

The time has come, to close the book —
Like closing the cottage each fall,
We will go back — for just one last look —
One last glance, one last memory,
Through each room, like each page in the book.
The oars are stored neatly in the closet,
Like the stories on each page you have read.
The freezables are all in boxes
To go back to the city with you.
Like the pictures that hold all your memories,
Are now placed with your stories — Thank-you.
Six long years have come and gone,
Since this book I started on.
Most days on it, some time I would spend,
Finally this year it's coming to "The End".

O. Z.



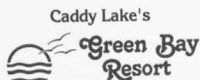
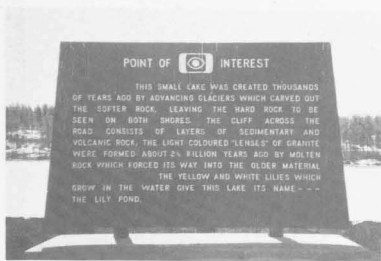




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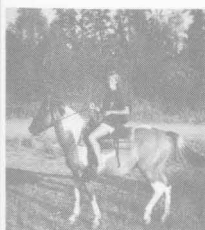
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