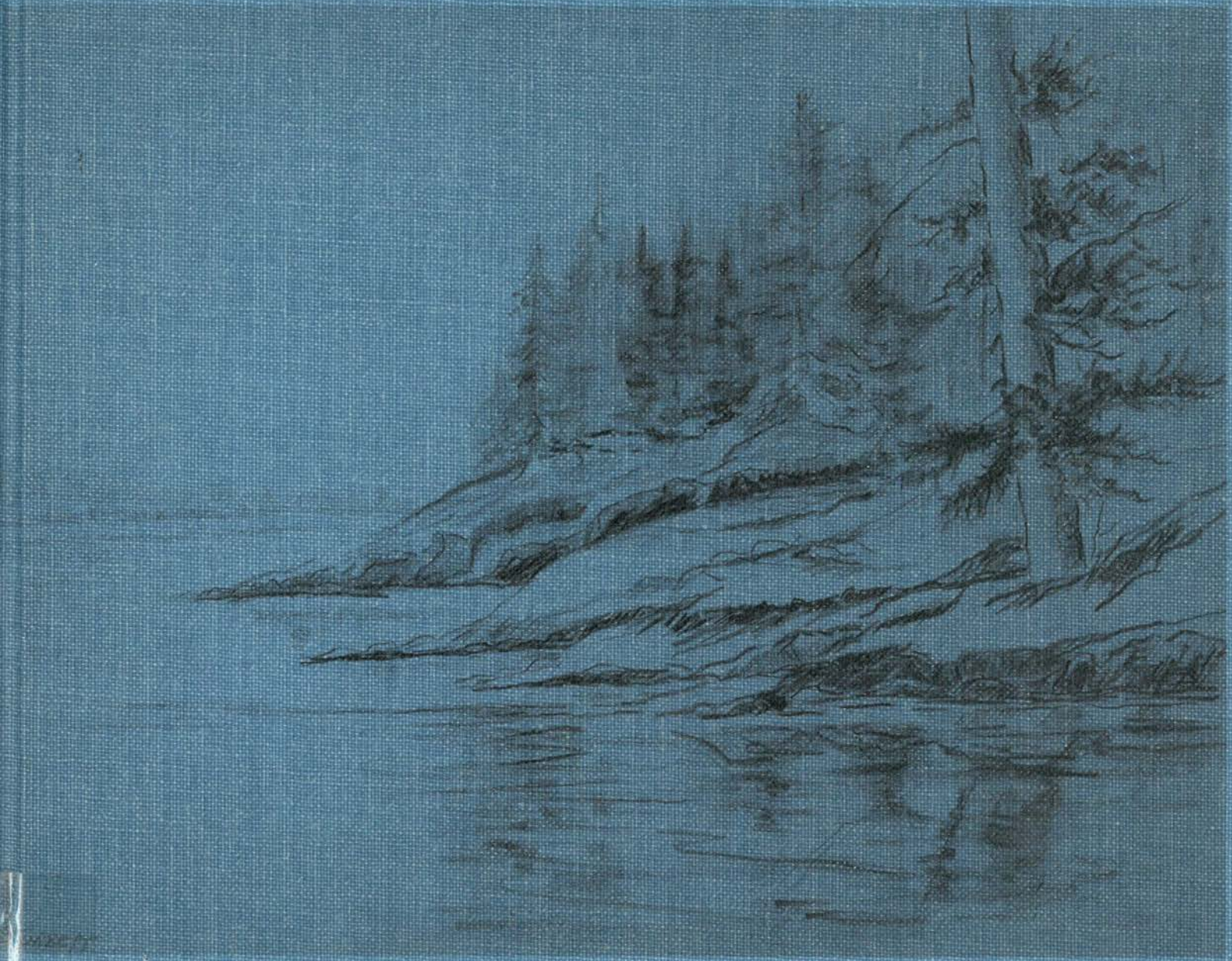
History and Folklore of the Whiteshell Park North



by Anne Cott

GORDON HENSCHEL

deposit
F
5648
.W52
Cot

History and Folklore of the Whiteshell Park North

LAKES

Brereton
Red Rock
Jessica
White
Big Whiteshell
Betula
Barrier Bay
Nutimik
Dorothy
Otter Falls
Eleanor
Pointe du Bois
George

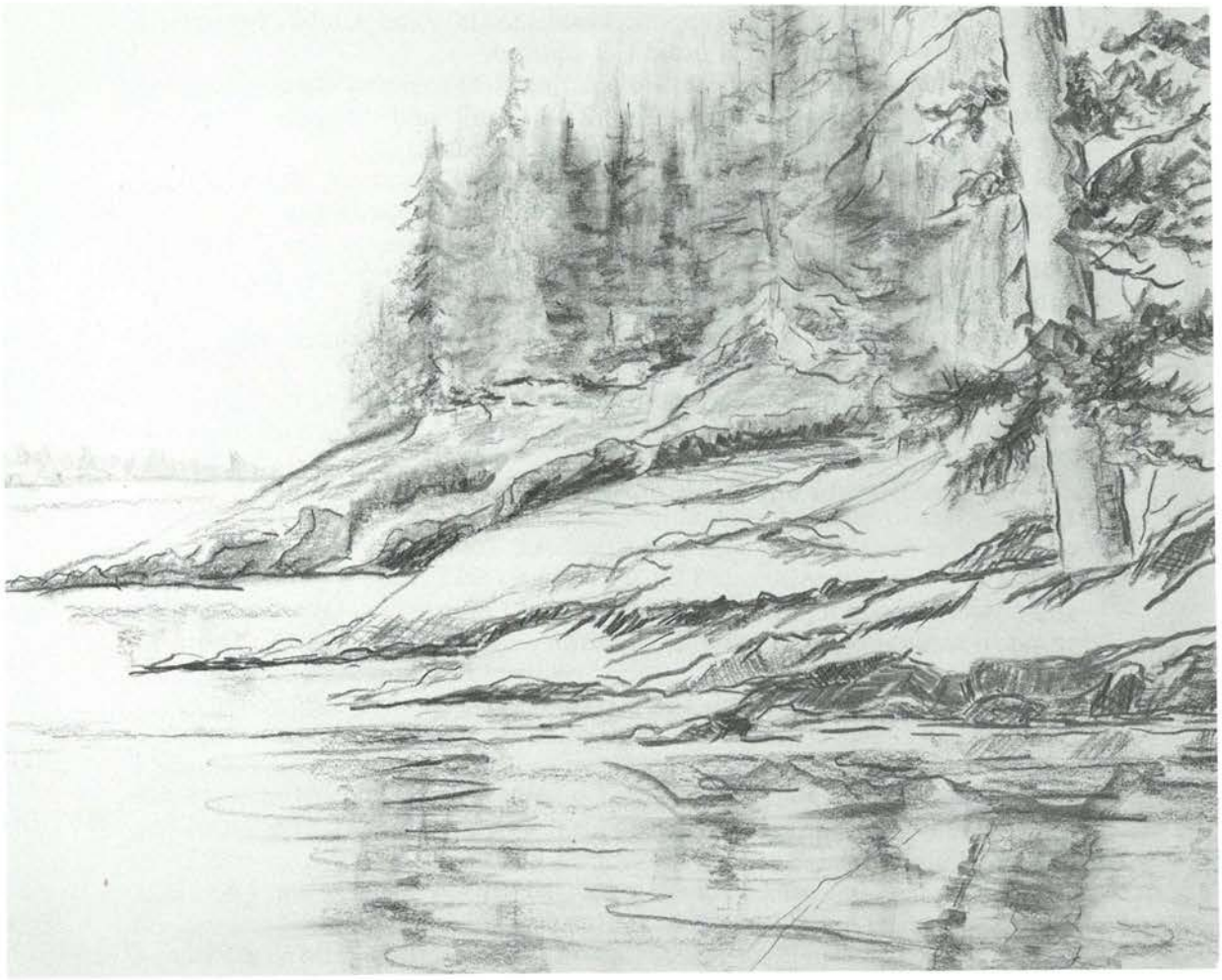
LEGISLATIVE LIBRARY
MAY 0 5 1992
MANITOBA

Anne Cott.

by Anne Cott

bm

History and Folklore of the Whiteshell Park North



by Anne Cott

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

I would like to extend my thanks and appreciation to all who took the time to prepare their family cottage histories and who sent in pictures and other information to make History and Folklore, Whiteshell Park, North and South a reality. Rather than putting well over 200 cottage pictures in the book, making it look like a real estate advertisement, I hope you will add your own cottage pictures, old or new, before or after on the Our Cottage page.

Sincere thanks go to my husband Wes, sister Irene and daughters Cheryl and Gloria for their help and support. Thanks to Olive and Adolph Zimmerman who like myself, wanted this project completed.

I appreciated using the beautiful paintings sent to me by Gordon Henschel "Barrier Chute," "Spring on the Pine Point Trail" and "Rainbow Falls" are all very familiar and favorite spots. Thanks, Gordon.

I also give thanks to Ellen Turbett for designing the cover, Bob Gray, calligrapher for "September Holiday", and Edna Beally for typing.

The extra research done by Helen Dyker, Herb Peters, Mary K. Johnson, Pat Finlayson, June Phillips, Jim Astwood, Bohdan Kuryk, Dr. Ian Reid and others which resulted in very interesting stories, is appreciated.

The many maps were courtesy of Manitoba Natural Resources Parks. They will be of assistance to all.

The geographical names were provided by Manitoba Natural Resources Surveys and Mapping Gerald F. Holm, provincial toponymist and Jack Mercredi. Thanks.

My apologies for any errors or omissions.

ISBN: 1-55099-004-7

August 1991

Published by Anne Cott

Printed by Derksen Printers Ltd., Steinbach, Manitoba, R0A 2A0

Anne Cott

INTRODUCTION

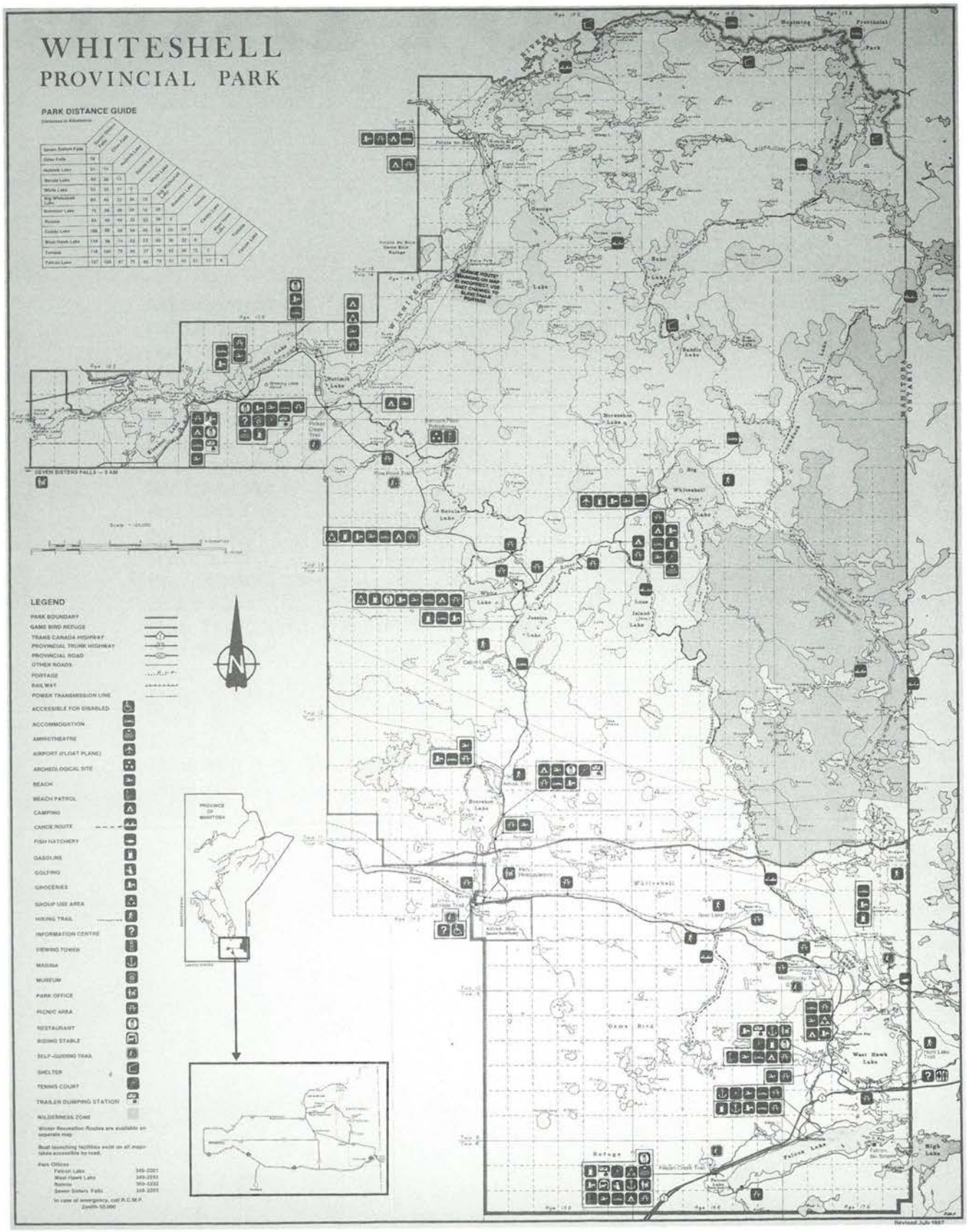
I was born at Willmar, Saskatchewan. Due to drought in that area my family moved north to Eldersley, nine miles east of Tisdale in 1931. After graduating from high school I attended the Vancouver Normal School. I taught in the Cariboo, Blue River and Airdrie, Alberta. From here I went to Dawson City in the Yukon before there was a road into that town. My next stop was Whitehorse. While there I met a young teacher, Wes Cott, who was teaching in the High School. We were married in the Old Log Church. The next year we were in Winnipeg where Wes attended the U of M and I taught at Chapman School. We went on to teach in Pine River and Flin Flon. Our daughter Cheryl was born in Flin Flon. We went to Sault Ste. Marie next and while there Wes decided to become a meteorologist. This lead us to Cold Lake, Alberta. Here our second daughter, Gloria, was born. In 1960-64 we lived in France, followed by two years in Gander, Newfoundland, before returning to Winnipeg. I graduated from the U of W where I majored in History.

I retired in 1982 after teaching 30 years. I had written my family story, "Barbwire Bill's Happy Family" and the biography of "Gladys Bunn." I had met Mrs. Emma Ringstrom who had written the History of Riding Mountain Park and that gave me the idea to see if anyone had written about the Whiteshell. After some research I decided it was too big a project and put the idea on hold. Then Olive Zimmerman's "Will you help us? Please." in the fall issue of the Whiteshell Echo 1985 caused me to write to her. Since then, we have gathered material for History and Folklore of the Whiteshell Park North by me and History and Folklore of the Whiteshell Park South by Olive.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Acknowledgements IV
Introduction V
Our Cottage VII
Map of Whole Park VIII
Early History 1
Early Pioneers 3
Rangers 16
Old Brochure of Businesses 26
Brereton Lake 29
Red Rock Lake 101
Jessica Lake 121
White Lake 143
Big Whiteshell Lake 155
Betula Lake 203
Caux Falls Stories - Whiteshell River 233
Nutimik Lake 241
Barrier Bay 257
Dorothy Lake 269
Otter Falls 287
Eleanor Lake 321
Henschell, Alex (Trapper) Lumbering 340
Pointe du Bois 352
George Lake 360

OUR COTTAGE


WHITESHELL
PROVINCIAL PARK
PARK DISTANCE GUIDE
LEGEND
PARK BOUNDARY
GAME BIRD REFUGE
TRANS CANADA HIGHWAY
PROVINCIAL TRUNK HIGHWAY
PROVINCIAL ROAD
OTHER ROADS
PORTAGE
RAILWAY
POWER TRANSMISSION LINE
ACCESSIBLE FOR DISABLED
ACCOMMODATION
AMPHITHEATRE
AIRPORT (FLOAT PLANE)
ARCHEOLOGICAL SITE
BEACH
BEACH PATROL
CAMPING
CANOE ROUTE
FISH HATCHERY
GASOLINE
GOLFING
GROCERIES
GROUP USE AREA
HIKING TRAIL
INFORMATION CENTRE
VIEWING TOWER
MARINA
MUSEUM
PARK OFFICE
PICNIC AREA
RESTAURANT
RIDING STABLE
SELF-GUIDING TRAIL
SHELTER
TENNIS COURT
TRAILER DUMPING STATION
WILDERNESS ZONE
Winter Recreation Routes are available on separate map
Boat launching facilities exist on all major lakes accessible by road.
Park Offices
Falcon Lake 349-2201
West Hawk Lake 349-2253
Rennie 369-5232
Seven Sisters Falls 349-2203
In case of emergency, call R.C.M.P. Zenith 10,000
SEVEN SISTERS FALLS — 5 AM
CANOE ROUTE INCORRECT ON MAP. EAST CHANNEL TO SLAND FALLS PORTAGE
PROVINCE OF MANITOBA
Revised July 1987

Early History

Taken from the Whiteshell Provincial Park brochure, 1987.

Human presence in the Whiteshell area has been traced back to at least 6000 B.C. from archaeological excavations along the Winnipeg River. The different styles of projectile points, scrapers, hammerstones and ceramics indicate that the sites were periodically occupied by various cultural groups. Some of the artifacts found in the area are in the museum at Nutimik Lake.

Although the artifacts differ in style, it is clear that they had similar uses. The earliest inhabitants in the area, and those who succeeded them, lived by hunting, fishing and gathering wild plants. For most of the year they moved from place to place in small family groups in search of game. Several times a year the families would gather to harvest resources and to conduct religious ceremonies.

The rock alignments (petroforms) which were built on the bedrock in various locations throughout the Whiteshell have been attributed to Algonkian-speaking Indians, of whom the present day Ojibway are descendants. Arranged in the forms of snakes, turtles, humans, and as geometric shapes, these alignments, according to tradition, were used in times past as sources of spiritual healing power by such societies as the Midewiwin, the Grand Medicine Society of the Ojibway.

Members of the Midewiwin practise a code of ethics that promotes a long and healthy life through a commitment to the values of wisdom, love, respect, courage, honesty, humility and truth. The membership provide spiritual, physical and emotional healing to all who come to seek help. Increased knowledge in the use of natural medicines and in the power to heal are recognized by the members passage through four to eight stages or "degrees'. Advancement from one degree to another involves intense periods of instructions, quests for spiritual knowledge, and initiation rights. The details of these rituals were often recorded in picture form on birchbark scrolls.

The name "Whiteshell" appears to be related to the small white sacred seashell known as the "megis". It was through this shell that the Creator breathed life into the first human.

THE CANOE ERA

When members of the La Verendrye expedition arrived here in the spring of 1733, they found a Cree settlement at "La Barriere". The Indians had built a weir to trap spawning sturgeon near the present site of what is today the Opapiskaw Campground. (The Whiteshell River, known as "la riviere Pichikoka was used as an alternative route). La Verendrye's journey down the Winnipeg River was an important event in the development of the west. Prior to 1733 all explorations of Manitoba were along the rivers that flow into Hudson's Bay. Around 1800 the Cree moved to the north and west and the Saulteaux, a branch of the Ojibway, moved here from the vicinity of Lake Superior.

The Winnipeg River became an important fur trading route for the Montreal-based North West Company. Each spring, brigades of voyageurs took bundles of furs from inland posts to Fort William and returned with trade goods in late summer. These trips ceased when the North West Company and the Hudson's Bay Company merged in 1821.

Alexander MacKenzie, David Thompson, Paul Kane, both Alexander Henry Elder and Younger were some of those who came west via the Winnipeg River.

What may be termed the canoe era in western Canadian history came to an end around 1870. The last major use of the canoe was when Colonel Wolseley's troops used them on the western journey to suppress the Riel Resistance 1869-70.

RAILWAYS AND ROADS

A new era began with the development of the railway. In 1877 work began on two sections of the Canadian Pacific Railway which included the part through the Whiteshell. The line between Winnipeg and Fort William (Thunder Bay) was fully operational by 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 used until the late 1950s. Now Rennie is the location for the headquarters of the Whiteshell Provincial Park.

A second line, which became the Canadian National Railway, was built through the Whiteshell

about 25 years after the C.P.R. was completed. During construction of both railroads similar difficulties were encountered at Cross Lake. The swamp-lined lake seemed to be bottomless, and vast amounts of fill had to be used to build up the grades. Tunnels were blasted through solid rock during construction to permit the easy flow of water. When water levels are high it is necessary to portage across the tracks.

The discovery of gold near Keewatin at the turn of the century sparked a great deal of activity in the Whiteshell. Some prospectors took the C.P.R. train to Ingolf and set out by canoe expecting to strike it rich. Some of Manitoba's earliest mineral claims were staked at Falcon, Star and West Hawk areas. The first was the Mineral King in 1901.

In the early part of the century there was an attempt to start farming in the Whiteshell and, so, several quarter section homesteads were granted in the area. Most of the land, however, proved to be unsuitable for agriculture.

About 1920 the Whiteshell's recreational potential began to be recognized. Three areas in particular drew the public attention because they were adjacent or close to railways. They were the Brereton Lake area, the Nora and Florence Lake area and the West Hawk and Falcon Lake area. The first summer cottages were built in these places. Jurisdiction over the Province's natural resources were transferred from the Dominion of Canada to Manitoba in 1930, and in 1931 the Province established the Whiteshell Forest Reserve. Work continued on a road through Whitemouth, Rennie, and past West Hawk to the Ontario border. What is now Provincial Trunk Highway #44 served as part of the Trans-Canada Highway until the present route was completed in the mid 1950s.

Road construction took place as part of the Single Men's Relief Program established to provide employment during the Depression years. About 1937 another road was built north of Rennie past Brereton, Red Rock, Jessica and White Lake to Big Whiteshell Lake. A few campgrounds, cooking shelters and picnic sites were established in conjunction with the roads to provide recreational opportunities.

Another important purpose of the roads in the Whiteshell was forest-fire protection. Before the existance of roads, firefighting crews were transported by airplane, by canoe or by train. Each mode had its drawbacks, however. Airplanes had a limited capacity, canoes were too slow and the railway provided access only to a limited area. Roads considerably reduced the time taken by crews to arrive at a reported fire.

Prior to 1930 fire patrols consisted mainly of reconnissance flights by the R.C.A.F. at La du Bonnet. These were supplemented by spotters at various locations and by some canoe patrols.

Communication was a major problem because there were no telephone lines in the Forest Reserve and no efficient radio communication between the aircraft and the base. Pilots, spotters, and patrolmen relied on homing pigeons to relay information on the nature and location of fires. When the resources were transferred to the Province, the R.C.A.F. provided six Vickers Vedette flying boats two Lynx engines, spare parts and a breeding stock of homing pigeons. This marked the beginning of the Manitoba Government Air Service.

The system of fire protection in the Whiteshell improved greatly in the following years. Lookout towers were built in strategic locations throughout the Reserve. As well, the government also established telephone communication. Today, both towers and airplanes are equipped with efficient radios for quick and accurate reporting. Although helicopters, water bombers and water pumps have been added to the equipment, the basic tools for firefighting remain the same — axes, shovels and backpumps.

In spite of the improvements in detection and suppression, the increased public use of the Whiteshell has resulted in a greater number of fires caused by people. These have resulted in needless destruction and a great deal of expense over the last two decades.

In 1961, the Whiteshell was designated a Provincial Park, as part of a system of lands set aside for the benefit of both Manitobans and visitors.

1937 - Sophie and Ann Sorenson in front of Dagero Station.

DAGERO

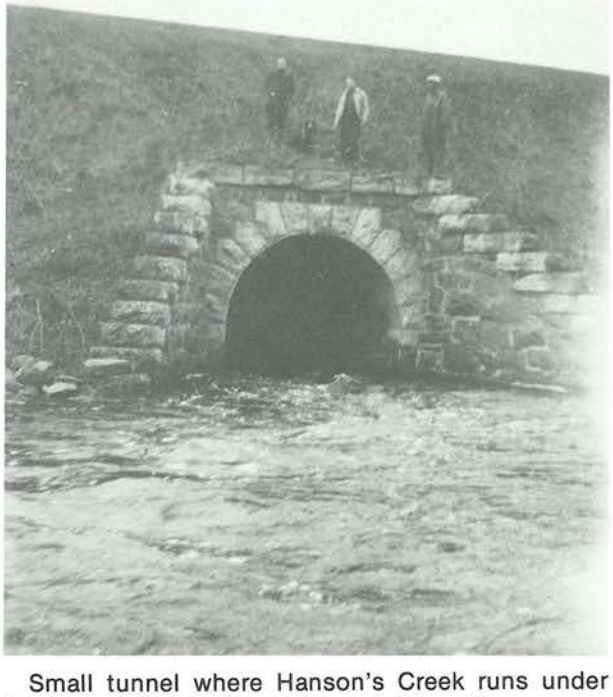
By Sophie (Sorenson) Boyd

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— He 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, became depressed and hung himself. They had one son who joined the American Navy and became an officer.

JORGENSENS 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 1930s.



Small tunnel where Hanson's Creek runs under C.P.R. into Caddy Lake - Scotty's Tunnel.

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 later 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 1930s. 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 B.C. in the early 30s or late 20s 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 1st 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 30s.

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 Hansen (since 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. Hansen left. He moved back to Pellatt in the late 20s. Years later when the Trans-Canada Highway (now #44) was built, the property was taken over by James McPhail, son of a doctor, from Winnipeg who ran a hotdog stand there during the summer months. Ross MANAHAN and his son Ken then bought it and had a small store, café and Bear Lake Cabins. Ken and his wife Libby ran it for a few years. Later it was sold to the Jim Blacks. (Editor's Note: The story of Bear Lake Resort is elsewhere in this book).

Mrs. Anna Navin

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 30s. 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 till 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 1940s. A son Ernest and his family live in Winnipeg.

There was a C.P.R. section house a 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 Dagero to pick blueberries and stayed 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

Mr. and Mrs. Karpetz and family, Valeria, Emily, Mary and Elsie, 1925.

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 when the railway was double tracked. Also, it is a possibility that Dagero 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 COOK 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

Charlie Robertson - 1938

Bear Lake Island

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 walking along the highway at Rennie in the 1940s after the war. A sad ending for this kind 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 RAGIANNI 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 anyone 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 to 1930.

NELS AND CATHERINE SORENSON

By Sophie (Sorenson) Boyd

The Sorenson's came to Canada from Denmark in 1912 with two small children. They lived at Norman, Ont. 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, Man. with their two sons. One was 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! Dad would stay a day hauling firewood to keep the cabin (which wasn't insulated) warm. The boys would have to saw and split the 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 threshing 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 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, Man.

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 thirty pounds a day. As well as selling berries she canned our winter's supply. She also had a big vegetable garden so we always had lots of vegetables. I remember her salted 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 rugs. 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 log bunkhouse 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 hayloft had just been filled with hay a few days before and of course the hay caught on 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 how he could have been so foolish.

As the C.P.R. ran through our farm during the depression years in the 30s 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 warning 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 boxcars 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 for two or three hours in Bear Lake. We also swam at the beach on the east end of the lake where we would walk on a Sunday afternoon. 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 was 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.

Harvesting potatoes about 1924

Band of Dagero, Sorenson and Karpetz, about 1928

The boys had a crystal radio set with ear phones and on a clear cold night we could pick up American stations as far away as Chicago.

The building of the Trans-Canada Highway in the 30s 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 buslines 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 second hand 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 Sanford, 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 be-

1937 - Last time all the Sorenson family got together.

Flood on farm - 1933. C.P.R. was washed out at Mile 39.

sides many nephews and nieces, some of whom still reside in Rennie.

(Editor's Note: In 1969 the Sorenson's farm was the place the Whiteshell District Association held their first barbecue 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.

Mother and Dad Sorenson, Holger and Rudolf home on leave, 1941.

Grandchildren on homemade teeter-totter.

Whiteshell District Association Picnic at Sorenson's farm for many years in early 70s.

Sorenson's sawmill operation - 1948

LARS, ERIC AND MARIA LUNDSTROM

By Ida Lundstrom Erickson

Mother and Dad emigrated from Sweden to Canada in 1905. After living in Kenora and Keewatin for eight years they took up a homestead at Dagero, Man. Twp 10 R.16E Sec. 14 ¼ sec. They had five daughters and one son. Julia and I still 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 awhile 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 sixteen years old. She ran away from her husband dressed only in a gunny sack with her five children. Mrs. Sorenson gave her money and clothes to go back home. Dad went to Kenora to

Mr. Lundstrom, Dad

Mrs. Maria Lundstrom, Mother

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

Elin Christianson and family

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 anymore 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.

LOUIS MOMBAZE

By Bert Meade

The story of Louis Mombaze, a well-known trapper and entrepreneur is intriguing. After leaving the Windsor-Detroit area where he worked as an upholsterer, he moved west, I presume about 1913 or 1914, looking for land to settle, first in Saskatchewan and then Winnipeg. He travelled to Brereton Lake and "explored" the area. Seeing Rice Lake to the north during a dry year, it seemed to be the most luxurious "hay meadow" with a stream flowing through it (The Rennie River) that he immediately laid claim through the homesteaders rights of the day. Just south of this seeming field up on a glade he built a log cabin and a small barn, purchased a cow and ordered basic farm equipment to be shipped to the Brereton flag "station." During this time his attractive wife, Genevieve, was at his side. I'm sure the oldtimers in Rennie will remember their trips there for supplies. In summer they travelled by canoe and in winter when Louis was on the trap line, Genevieve pulled a large toboggan.

Unfortunately, the hay meadow returned to its natural lake status and after a few years of struggling the Mombazes moved to Brereton. Louis never picked up the farm equipment which lay abandoned along the railway track for years.

Genevieve, totally disullusioned, returned to

Louis Mombaze and a big black bear draped over his rowboat - 1928.

Louise Mombaze and von Blackney in front of Louis' cabin.

Windsor where she worked in the auto industry, until about 1939.

When the Winnipeg Fishing Club built their clubhouse on Fisherman's Island, Louis looked after and stored their boats and provided general maintenance.

There are numerous stories attributed to Louis and one that really stands out in my memory was in about 1929. The lakefront in front of Louis' cabin had a very nice rock point protected from the winds and ideal for wiener roasts. The families held these on several occasions during the summer. One week Louis had shot a big black bear and rowed it back to his cabin. Knowing that the community was having a wiener roast that Saturday night he nailed this bear up, outstretched to its full height between two pine trees on the point, just prior to any of us getting down to the lake at dusk. It scared the devil out of us. However, we were quickly reassured that it was dead and actually we became quite brave and shook its paws and patted and pulled at its hairy hide.

In the late thirties when the road (Hwy. 307) was pushed through to Brereton Lake, Louis entered the boat rental business at the government pier near the present day campground. The boats were all "homemade" with tarred bottoms to reduce leakage. He kept them filled with water to keep them tight, bailing them out whenever a person needed one. It was reported that a renter, seeing them all lined up semi-submerged, asked "Are they sea-worthy?" Louis quickly replied, "You're not going to sea."

During the time Louis was running the boat rental business Genevieve returned to live with him from about 1939 until his death in 1954. Failing health (he suffered from asthma), prompted Louis to want to return to his homeland. He and Genevieve made the necessary arrangementss and in 1953 started out. Unfortunately while living in Windsor, visiting Genevieve's sister, Louis' eventful life came to an end, Nov. 11, 1954.

In the opinion of a few of us old timers, Inverness Falls, which has no local meaning should have been named Mombaze Falls in honor of this charismatic man.

LOUIS AND GENEVIEVE MOMBAZE

As Bert Meade wrote there are many stories attributed to Louis and Genevieve Mombaze. Here are some of them.

Louis knew there was a mother bear and her two cubs on an island and he knew the cubs were valuable. This time the mother bear treed the cubs and Louis shot the mother. Then he climbed up the tree and put the cubs in a sack and they were sold to a zoo.

Louis and Genevieve nursed the hermit Bill Pearl until he died in April, 1943 at the age of maybe 93. Bill had hidden his money, some say about $8,000 in coffee cans in the ground as he was afraid of fire. This money he gave to Louis and Genevieve.

Genevieve had a heart-shaped toilet seat cover she put over the outside biffy seat. You were to take this fancy cover off before you used the biffy and replace it after. One lady accidently dropped the cover down the hole and she felt so badly.

Those who remember Genevieve may recall she often wore a bright red ribbon in her hair.

Genevieve and Louis in 1930s

Louis and Genevieve Mombaze Lodge, 1930s

Mrs. Buxton remembers Genevieve covering her mountain ash tree in the yard with cheesecloth so the birds couldn't get the berries as she thought they were so pretty.

Frank Shortinghuis says his father told this story about Louis and Genevieve.

Mombaze lived north of Brereton Lake and my dad, Bill, had to go up that way regarding a timber stand he was to check on. He set out on his snowshoes and reached the Mombaze cabin in time for a coffee break. Dad yelled, "Hello" and there was no answer. He called again, "Are you in there, Louis?" and still silence. Dad took off his snowshoes to investigate, rapped on the door and waited a moment. Louis called something like, "Go away, I got problems." Dad walked inside to find Louis sitting on a chair in the middle of the room on top of the trap door that went to the little dirt cellar. Dad went about making them coffee and they both had a cup as they talked. Finally dad asked Louis where Genevieve was. For some reason they had had a disagreement and Louis either put her in the cellar or shut the door when she went down to get something. As dad went to leave Louis said, "I'd better go with you," inferring that Genevieve would be as mad as a hornet when she was let out. He was afraid of what she might do to him. Louis didn't go with Dad but stayed to face the music.

Genevieve used to pull a large toboggan to the Rennie store for supplies. She wore a sort of harness she climbed into and it also had a headband so she could pull several hundred pounds of supplies at a time.

Frank Dixon says, "Louise and his wife, Genevieve came from Paris, France. He lived on the main road about where the road from Rennie first contacts the lake. He trapped in winter and lived in a log cabin. He was a rough but kindly fellow and spoke very broken English. His wife lived in Windsor sewing automobile seats. When the auto plants closed she came back to Louis. She was spotlessly clean.

Genevieve Mombaze, 97, before she died in 1987

Louis and a wolf - around 1930.

Louis and his goats - 1933

When the road came in Dad left his boat at Louis' place. Louis painted boats and did other odd jobs for the men at the Winnipeg Angling Club.

My Dad told the story about Louis catching a bear

in a trap by mistake and when he got there the bear was still alive. Louis said, "My hair stood up like dis."

Another person's story.

Louis saw a huge Jackfish with a three or four pound sucker stuck in its throat. Louis chased the fish with his canoe until he was able to kill it with the paddle. He mounted it and hung it outside his shack for years. It often was the custom in those days to cut off the head of large fish and nail them to a tree or to a board nailed between two trees.

Marge Rowland, a friend of the Mombaze, now living in Redditt, wrote and sent many pictures. Marge wrote, "When Louis and Genevieve lived at Rice Lake Louis started trapping. In the winter Genevieve would sometimes work in Winnipeg at a furriers as she was excellent at needlework and sewing. She made mink neckpieces by hand. She had a large dog named, "Dee Dee" who was her pride and joy.

Marge and Dad visited Louis one time and he cooked them a bear roast which was pretty good.

Genevieve never wished to return to France as she had unhappy memories. She spent most of her young life in a convent with lots of work and little food. She had a brother in France and a sister, Maxim, in Detroit. Some say the children were left orphans.

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 Hwy., 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 coal cookstove.

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 awhile we sent the laundry into Winnipeg with Patricia

Jim and Allen Black in front of the old homestead.

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 Hwy. #1 and the C.P.R. main line ran through our quarter section as did Hansons 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 Hansons, as the creek was named after an early settler in the area. We rented the "Old Homestead" or used it for a place our help could live. It was a log house about 20x24 feet with a thick homemade wooden door. When we left three years later we took the original lock off the door. It weighs about 10 pounds and has the Hudson Bay Crest on it plus a Patent number 4409 and letters that look like CHUBL'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 tracks and 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 very 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 had a diamond needle and it had played for us. On the record cylinders is written Edison, Blue Amberol Record. Later the buildings at this homestead were

burned, likely by the park 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 that 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 Co. He had several claims which he found too costly to keep up as you had to do so much work every 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'd glow in the dark. We had no idea how deadly they were. In fact he left an assortment of the 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.

Alfred Hole, who started the Goose Sanctuary at Rennie was another interesting character. He and his black dog, Nigger, used to go down 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 I 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. The ski tips were tin cans.

Sometimes the artist Clarence Tillenius 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. Another couple came later on their bicycles and they also did some ironing and cut the grass and other jobs.

English couple and their bicycle built for two.

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 coming 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 in at our place on their way home.

I remember the men putting up 325 blocks of ice in the saw dust in the barn. As I mentioned before we did 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 galvanized containers. It was a difficult job to cut the ice small enough to fit around the container.

The Wiggens Adjusters - Insurance men use to book all the cabins for the May long weekend. One time they had me cook them a big turkey.

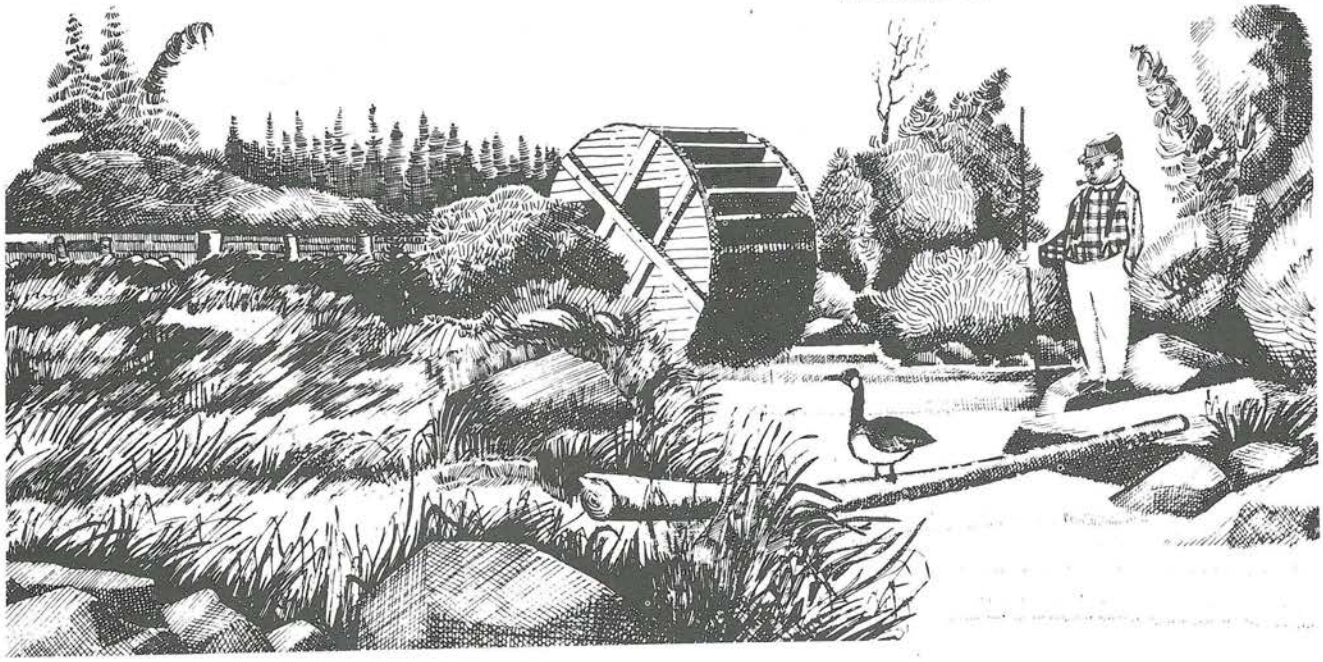
After running the Camp for three years we decided to move. Our boys were getting to school age and the new Trans-Canada Highway went south and we could see the business would drop drastically. We sold it for about what we paid for it to Herman Wold. The government bought the camp about a year later. Some 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 up 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, Allen, Harold and Doug. We camped around the Whiteshell until we bought a cottage at Howk's Road at Nutimik where we still like to go and enjoy the outdoors.

Alfred Hole

Illustrated by Bérard



ALFRED HOLE WILD GOOSE SANCTUARY

In 1937 a railway worker, Frank Jones, found four goslings trapped between the railway tracks near Rennie. Frank took them to "Alfie" Hole as he was known to his friends and neighbours. The story goes that an associate of Alfie wagered him a 40 ounce bottle of Canadian whiskey if he could raise them to six weeks of age. Six weeks later our hero played host to his friend at the latter's expense.

Alfie made a wire pen for the goslings and he claimed the secret of his success was that he got up early in the morning and fed them hand picked dandelions. Later he let the goslings run free in the barnyard with the chickens and they lived together in barnyard bliss.

Alfred Arthur Hole it seems came from a place called Culvert, Manitoba. He homesteaded Sec. 18, Twp. 11 Range 14 E in 1927 south of the present Highway #44. He was a mink rancher and an outdoorsman. In fact, he had shot hundreds of ducks and geese in his early years and he was not a naturalist. However, after the arrival of the four orphan goslings he decided to give back a few of the many geese he had shot in his day.

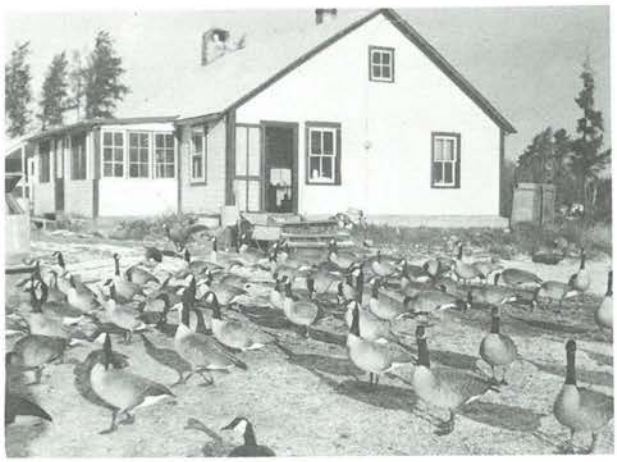
Alfred obtained a permit from the Canadian Wildlife Service to keep migratory waterfowl in captivity. That winter the geese were pinioned (wings clipped) and kept indoors with the hens.

The following year the four geese were pretty much on their own in the barnyard. Alf built a rock and earthen dam across the cree (Rennie River) and this dam was replaced in1956 by a concrete dam built by Ducks Unlimited. Small artificial islands on the lake provided nesting sites for the geese. In the late 1950s nest boxes about six feet off the ground were placed in trees and it was a peculiar sight to see a mother goose patiently awaiting the hatching of her brood in a lofty nest.

The second summer Alfred obtained an old gander from a park in Manitoba and he mated with the lone female in the brood. The lone female laid four eggs. These four goslings were branded and turned loose on the pond. By late summer they were full grown and when the thousands of northern bred geese flew overhead going south, the Alf Hole geese joined them leaving their parents behind. Next spring all four returned.

By 1956, 55 young geese were raised on the premises of the Alf Hole Wild Goose Breeding Sanctuary as it was then called. By September over 300 geese visited and got protection from the hunters.

While the geese stopped over at the Goose Sanctuary they quickly added weight in preparation for their long flight south. They also played with Alfred's black dog "Nigger." Mrs. Black tells the story of how Alfred took his dog into the beer parlor with him. He'd order two beer. He put down a saucer of beer and Nigger and Alf drank together.



A familiar summer scene at the Alf Hole Goose Sanctuary - 1957.

By 1957 Alfred had sold his property to the Manitoba Game Branch and they hired him to care for the flock. Alfred died December 23, 1959, 20 years and some months after he received the four goslings from Frank. *Taken from an Alfred Hole Wild Goose Sanctuary brochure, Whiteshell Provincial Park, Rennie.*

THE MECHANICS CLUB

Bob Hazell
#1 Isolation

The year is 1925. The location is the north end of North Cross Lake near what is now a dam and a portage to Sailing Lake. Six men who have hunted deer and moose in the area for several years are eating a late supper and preparing for another cool night sleeping in their tents. A small group of local Indians emerge from the wilderness. The two groups welcome each other and join in the food and drink. A request is made of the Indian hunters for a "grubstake" (food). A counter proposal is made by the White hunters - a request that a small log cabin be built in return for the food. An agreement is made; the men shake hands; food is exchanged and the next spring a log cabin is standing on the site (isolation #1 in the Whiteshell Park).

The hunters in the story were Charlie Easton, a plumber (my grandfather), Lorne and Roy Simpson (builders); Ed Wright (painter and decorator); Keith Hopwood (garage mechanic) and a Mr. Bolton.

The site was passed to my father Dick Hazell in August, 1956 by Mr. S.E. Wright of Langside street

Lorne Simpson, Ed Wright, Roy Simpson, Charlie Easton, Keith Hopwood, Vern Bolton - late 1920s.

and to date remains in our family. We are at present making repairs and looking forward to receiving a 21 year lease so that this landmark to the past may remain on sight for many more years as a tribute to a time when men honored a handshake.

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 ¼ 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 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 legitmately 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 percent 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 a while 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 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 seven 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 is the water system.

A lot of the telephone line maintenance was done by myself such as 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 lightening 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 lightening and the fall, I was a little stunned for a while. 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 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 Officer 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 1940s 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 McKenzie 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, brick layer, 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 McKenzie'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 sawmill and he sawed them into lumber. The community also arranged with Eatons for a credit for the Hamiltons to purchase a few of lifes 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

Bruce and Marge Emes, Ronnie Reichert and Don Emes - 1949.

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 all of this 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 menitoned Adolph Zimmerman as my foreman and later mentioned Max St. Germaine 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

Bruce Emes, the Ranger - 1949-1952

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 December, 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 the dairy products. The 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 February 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 for the job 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 September 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.

POISONING 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 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 they are great feed for larger fish. In order to kill the larger fish the whole lake has to be poisoned. This is done by mixing a ground up 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 poison 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 poison 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.

GORDON AND VERNA EMBERLEY

Forest Ranger 1952

From January until September, 1952 I worked under Cal Ritchie. My wife, Verna and our son David lived in the old two storey house previously occupied in the earlier days by my good friend Gerry Malaher. I do recall that spring as having one of the earliest fire seasons starting the first week in April. We had many fires due to the steam engines on the railways. My towerman at Rennie was Jim Stark and I hired Dick Cooper with his wife Alice and their two children for the Big Whiteshell tower.

That year the road to Bannock Point was only a grade thrown up by a drag line and the road at Brereton between the tracks was being rebuilt.

That winter Penners from Steinbach were cutting logs south of Betula Lake. Alf Hole lived in his cabin on the Rennie River where he encouraged geese to nest. Art Anns ran the grocery store in Rennie and

Rennie Forestry Station from fire tower - 1952

Poisoning Camp L 1949

Harvey, Ernie, Emil Wickander, Crowduck Lake - 1952

Danyluk had the log garage and the hotel. I often walked from the gravel pit on the now No.44 Highway to Decimal on the C.P.R. line to check on pulpwood cuttings. In the spring Devlin was cutting the first knotty pine sold in the area. We curled in Whitemouth and had the forestry trucks serviced there at the Pioneer Garage. Cal Ritchie lived in the new house and Earl Grier, the mechanic, who had moved from Lac du Bonnet lived in a new house with Donacona and laid a new hardwood floor. Verna was pregnant with our second son that summer and we often went to Big Whiteshell to visit the Coopers. Often on the way there and back we made repairs on the phone line. I recall Jim Drouin of the Dominion Forest Entomology Branch was at Red Rock where their agency was located for the summer. I had known Jim at Stead where I was previously stationed. Bruce Emes was at Seven Sisters and Ed Pokowsky was the Ranger at West Hawk. Reichart's operated the Trans-Canada Restaurant at the time. The five notables, who had a cabin at Brereton Lake and who worked for the Forestry were the Wickander brothers, Gunner (Mother Wickander), Harvey, Albert, Emil and Ernie. I had them on my fire crew at Crowduck Lake.

I remember Kay Blankenship at Brereton Lake and her girl friend Rene Ashley from Opachuanau. I often stayed with Owen and Rene later when I was flying in the Southern Indian Lake area.

We had often flown in a Norseman piloted by Frank Hanton of the Manitoba Government Air Service out of Lac du Bonnet. In September I transferred out and in January of 1954 we moved to Ilford where I was a pilot for Ilford Airways. I moved back to Lac du Bonnet in May of 1955 and flew for the Manitoba Government doing fire patrol and service flights often into the Whiteshell. In 1956 I transferred to The Pas as a pilot.

Verna and I retired to Lac du Bonnet in 1985 and I returned to flying for a lodge and commercial company where the flights were often into the Whiteshell flying fishermen and campers to different lakes. I have my own aircraft and Verna and I often flew into the Whiteshell to visit Gerry and Margaret Malaher and now their daughter Trish and David Holman (Gerry's daughter) at the old cottage and Ed and Hazel Thornhill at Barren Lake.

Verna and Gordon Emberley's 40th anniversary - 1988.

CAL AND VERA RITCHEY (RITCHIE)
Chief Ranger 1936-1966
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 for the Whiteshell stationed at Rennie in 1941 until his retirement in 1966. We had the only bombshelter built in our house in the Whiteshell, equipped with phones, radios, food, etc.

I remember that there was always a great deal of company during the summer and a major problem was obtaining enough rationed sugar for my mother's famous fruit pies to feed all these visitors.

During the war years as we had the only telephone

MANITOBA
LEGISLATIVE LIBRARY

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 Winnipeg and countless times a couple of mattresses would be placed in the back of the forestry half ton and sick or injured people taken to hospital. Sometimes a doctor at Beausejour would join them in the back of the pickup 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 of 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 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 several days and Cal always prayed that it would not be his task to recover the body. I also remember the many search parties looking for lost hunters and berry pickers, etc. particularly the searches which were not successful.

The Whiteshell was ravaged by 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 a half 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 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. The Department of Natural Resources named a lake in his honor. Ritchey Lake is located on the canoe route between Big Whiteshell Lake and Mantario Lake.

FRANK SCHORTINGHUIS
Whiteshell Memories

During most of the 1930s my family was stationed at the forestry headquarters at Rennie, where my father Bill was chief ranger.

One of the major jobs for the Forest Service during this time was the building of the road from the then Trans-Canada Highway (#44) to White Lake. This road was built almost entirely by hand and a few teams of horses and scrapers.

Much of the labor was done by the men from the Relief Camp located at Green Lake. This camp, along with many more around the province, were set up for the thousands of men out of work during the Depression. As well as working on the road, the men cut firewood for other unemployed families in Winnipeg, and also did the first improvement work on many of the portage trails in that area of the Whiteshell. Up to nearly 200 men lived at this camp for three years in the summer, with a smaller number staying during the winter to haul the firewood to the C.N.R. tracks.

In 1933, my father was chief ranger for the Whiteshell, stationed at Rennie. My mother, Beth and father, Bill 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 on 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 down the railway to Rennie. Part way along, he came to a section crew working. They moved my mother by "Putt-Putt" to the Brereton Lake road, then to Rennie, then to Winnipeg where

my mother had her appendix removed the following day.

So ends the second honeymoon.

One summer weekend they had several couples from Winnipeg visiting. It had been mentioned that my mother often climbed the lookout tower when all the regular staff were away. The party was well under way, when about two in the morning, the phone rang. It was two of the women from the party phoning from the tower. They had decided, after a few drinks, that if Beth could climb that tower, so could they. Now, one of them was terrified to come down, couldn't force herself to climb back out of the trap door.

My father decided that 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.

In the late 1940s, the Manitoba Government was planning the building of the present Trans-Canada Highway. Several routes were under consideration, and the people of Rennie were very worried that the choice would not be the then route which was Highway No. 44. In a last ditch effort to convince the planners to choose the route through Rennie, many of the men cleared several miles of right-of-way west of town. Unfortunately for Rennie, this effort was to no avail, and the highway was built on the south route.

We had a large German Shepherd dog and someone reported that 'Nick' was running deer.

The Game Guardian from Whitemouth came to investigate, and because of my father's position, wanted proof before acting. On a beautiful moonlight night, he sat in the bush across the highway from the forestry station. Several deer pastured in the field in front of the house and then 'Nick' came running towards them. The deer and Nick chased each other around the fields for about 10 minutes and then the dog got tired and returned to his kennel. The deer started eating and the disgusted game guardian started his long trip back to Whitemouth.

My father was near West Hawk Lake fighting fire, and asked my mother to pick up a truckload 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 ranger 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 took from the R.C.M.P.

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 sytem 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. Everytime 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 Cal", or "Hello Shirley."

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

In 1932, my uncle Cec Diss was laid off from his job as a welder on the Hudson's Bay Rail Line. Jobs were scarce, so he came to Brereton Lake and started building the first Tourist Camp in that area. He and my 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. When World War II broke out, Cec and Dorothy moved to Montreal.

THE HISTORY OF THE WHITESHELL ECHO

By June Phillips

The Whiteshell Echo is a valuable method of relaying information to the cottage owners and businesses in the Whiteshell. Most of us read this publication from Page 1 to the end of the paper. Inside these pages we find the right person to do the job, the right business to supply our needs, and information on what the Whiteshell District Association Inc. is doing on our behalf. Our "Around the Lakes" pages are full of anecdotes about the individual lakes and the President of the Association always contributes his or her column on the current problems and concerns.

It all started in September 1951, when 60 cottage owners, tourist camp owners and local business people held a meeting at Lake Brereton to discuss the extension of electric light and power in the Whiteshell area.

At the meeting, it became evident of the desire

to form an association representative of the entire Whiteshell area, so the Whiteshell District Association was established with Mr. H.P. Milbrandt as the elected President, Mr. W.H. Morrow of Inverness Falls as Vice-President and Mr. A. Ans of Rennie, Secretary-Treasurer, and it was proposed that representatives from all other lakes in the Whiteshell should be elected to the Executive Committee.

A fee of $1 would be requested from each cottage owner to cover the cost of stationery and postage. Their aim was to inform the people in the Whiteshell of the work that the organization was doing on their behalf. At that time the cost of mailing a letter was 2 cents.

As the meetings progressed and things were accomplished, it was suggested that the Whiteshell District Association Inc. publish their own newspaper to inform the cottagers of their progress, rather than rely on letters to each individual. Thus, on February 1, 1956, the Whiteshell Echo was born. The first issue was four pages long and contained a message from Douglas Campbell, the Premier of Manitoba at that time. Also in this first issue, the President, Mr. A.H. Brett, wrote about the issues facing the organization. This practice has been maintained throughout the years and continues to be an important section of the Whiteshell Echo. Intended as a monthly publication, Lorne Leech was the Editor while The Lance acted as publisher. (Author's note: In that same year, the first Water Safety Course was held under the direction of Ed Kowalchuk and his wife and has continued every summer since, under the auspices of the Red Cross.)

The Whiteshell Echo has been through many transformations, having been published monthly, sometimes quarterly, and sometimes, not at all. Over the years, the name has changed several times, usually as a result of attempts to service more than the Whiteshell cottagers. These attempts were never successful, resulting in "commercial" publications that did not reflect the concerns of the Whiteshell area.

The following is a chronological history of the Whiteshell Echo:

Year	Issues /year	President	Editor	Publisher
1956	12	A.H. Brett	L. Leech	Lance
1957	9	K.G. Hillier	L. Leech	Lance
1958	10	A Beaven	L. Leech	Lance
1959	8	A. Beaven	L. Leech	Lance
1960	7	A. Beaven	L. Leech	Lance
1961	8	G. Whitlock	L. Leech	Lance
1962	10	S. Black	R. Shaw	Lance
1963	9	S. Black	R. Shaw	Lance
1964	8	S. Black	D. Lobb	Lance
1965	8	S. Black	W. Rowson	Lance

In March 1965, the Whiteshell Echo became known as the Whiteshell Echo and Manitoba Sportsman. It included news on the Whiteshell, the Whiteshell Mobile Home Association and on lakes in the Kenora area.

This was also the year that one of the founding executives of the Whiteshell District Association Inc., Mr. A.H. Brett, passed away. The columnist for the Whiteshell Echo at that time termed it well. He wrote "Mr. Whiteshell is dead".

Mr. A. H. Brett was instrumental in creating the Whiteshell Echo and was the Assoc. Editor from 1956 to 1963. The March 1957 issue contains a wonderful article on his analysis of a successful publication. This article served as a clear guide during the formative years of the Whiteshell Echo.

1966	8	I. Hill	W. Rowson	Lance
1967	5	M.D. Herneshen	W. Rowson	Lance
1968	8	J.J. Thomas	W. Rowson	Lance
1969	4	F. Reichert	W. Rowson	Lance

The newspaper reverted back to being the Whiteshell Echo in the July 1969 issue.

1970	5	V. Palmer	W. Rowson	Lance

The first annual Whiteshell picnic was organized by the Whiteshell District Association Inc. This summer picnic was a yearly event until 1981 when it was dropped due to decreasing attendance.

1971	6	V. Palmer	W. Rowson	Lance
1972	4	V. Palmer	W. Rowson	Lance
1973	4	H. Meneer	W. Rowson	Lance
1974	4	J. Ernst	B. Sherman	Sherman Publishers
1975	3	S. Cox	B. Sherman	Derksen Printers
1976	12	S. Cox	B. Sherman	Derksen Printers

Records show that the paper was known at the beginning of 1976 as "The Outdoor and Whiteshell Echo" and by August of that year it was "The Outdoor Echo".

1977	3	B. Pollard	Boychuk	Derksen Printers
1978	1	J. Gray	Boychuk	Derksen Printers
1979	1	R. Birdsell	Boychuk	Derksen Printers
1980	1	H. Dubowitz	W. Boychuk	Derksen Printers

From 1978 to 1980 the Whiteshell Echo was mainly a newsletter. The news items consisted primarily of photos and a write-up of the annual picnic.

1981	4	J. Biglow	W. Rowson	Web Graphics

This was the beginning of the April, July, October and December publications that are being mailed out on a regular basis. Our president of 1981, John Biglow, asked every Director to bring in two advertisements in order to get the paper rolling again.

Author's Note: I went to the business people in our area of the Whiteshell and I heard the same story over and over. "I don't believe that there will be a paper on a regular basis, because there never has been one that we can depend on to be published when we need it." I assured them that this time it will be different. "When we give you a date of publication, we will stick with it." I went back to the Director's meeting with the business community's complaint and it was made clear to the Editor that the paper will go to the cottager's homes at specified dates.

1982	4	J. Biglow	W. Rowson	Web Graphics
1983	4	J. Biglow	J. Phillips	LGM Graphics
1984	4	J. Biglow	J. Phillips	LGM Graphics
1985	4	J. Biglow	J. Phillips	LGM Graphics
1986	4	H. Schmidt	J. Phillips	LGM Graphics
1987	4	H. Schmidt	J. Phillips	LGM Graphics
1988	4	W. Barnard	A. Greenburg	Triad Graphics
1989	4	W. Barnard	A. Greenburg/C. Arnold	Triad Graphics
1990	4	B. Samson	C. Arnold	Derksen Printers
1991	4	B. Samson	C. Arnold	Derksen Printers

The Whiteshell Echo is now an established newspaper with a mailing list of approximately 3600. The publication goes out to the owners of cottages, the business community of the area, the advertisers, MLAs, the RCMP, the Parks Branch and many former cottagers that have moved out of the Whiteshell, but request that they receive the Whiteshell Echo so they can keep in touch with what's happening in the Whiteshell.

Over the years that I have been associated with the Whiteshell District Association Inc., we have had a few complaints about the contents or advertising of the Whiteshell Echo, but we have had many more phone calls and letters commending the Executive and Editor on a job well done.

CORNELL'S CAMP

On Bird River road along shore of Lac du Bonnet

Hunting, fishing, bathing. Housekeeping cabins.
Supply linen, ice, motors, boats, guides.

For reservations and further information write to:

STAN CORNELL

LAC DU BONNET - MANITOBA

RAINBOW FALLS LODGE

On White Lake in the heart of the Whiteshell

Fishing, hunting, swimming, boating. Light housekeeping cabins with electric light. Boats, motors, camping grounds. General store. Boat service in Cabin Lake, Lone Island Lake, Rennie Bridge.

Mail inquiries to:

JACK ALEXANDER

RENNIE P.O. MANITOBA

HOLIDAY BEACH

On No. 11 Highway beside Winnipeg River

Hunting, fishing, swimming, camping. Housekeeping cabins. Picnic grounds: 75c per car. Organized children's playground.

RATES PER DAY - $4.50 to $8.00
PER WEEK - $22.50 to $32.50

Your holiday host:

ED SMEE

BOX 58 - LAC DU BONNET

PINEWOOD LODGE

On Dorothy Lake, 15 miles east of Seven Sisters

Fishing, hunting, swimming, boating. Housekeeping cabins, boats, motors, gas, etc.; groceries.

RATES PER DAY - $4.00 and $6.00
PER WEEK - $21.00 and $28.00

Please make reservations early

Your host and hostess:

ALICE and MASS HADDAD

Winnipeg address: 299 RENFREW STREET PHONE 40-3869

BIG WHITESHELL LODGE

23 miles north of Rennie on all-weather road

Modern central toilets, showers and washing facilities

Fishing, hunting, safe sandy beach, swimming. Large clean housekeeping cabins and boats. Electricity, running water in cabins.

Supply anything from Aspirins to outboard motors

Your host and hostess:

Ken and Dode MacKenzie

RENNIE P.O., MANITOBA

Please wire or write date of arrival and departure, and number in party (couples, etc.)

PINE ISLAND LODGE

Twenty-two miles up the Winnipeg River from Pointe du Bois

Hunting, fishing, swimming, boating. Transportation provided from Pointe du Bois.

CABINS: $15 per day per person; GUIDES: $10 per day.

DINING ROOM - BOATS - MOTORS

PACKAGE PLAN: $125 full week—everything included.

For further information and reservations write to:

V. J. BURGESS

POINTE DU BOIS - MANITOBA

EAGLE NEST LODGE

Twenty-five miles up the Winnipeg River from Pointe du Bois. Hunting and fishing by package plan.

RATE PER DAY: $20 per person includes lodging, boats, motors, guides.

RATE PER WEEK: $125 per person. Transportation from Pointe du Bois provided.

Minimum deposit is $15 per person. Minimum reservation is for party of two for at least two days.

For reservations write to:

Ray Wilson and Omer Wilcot

c/o 420 St. Mary's Road St. Vital, Manitoba

Otter Falls Camp

On Eleanor Lake, 15 miles from Seven Sisters

Swimming, fishing, hunting. Housekeeping Cabins.

LUNCH BAR MEALS: 75c to $1.75.
RATES PER DAY: $4 to $7. PER WEEK: $21 to $35.
BOATS: $2 to $4 per day. MOTORS: $5 per day.
GUIDES: $1 per hour.

Write to:

STEVE KONDRATUK

SEVEN SISTERS P.O. MANITOBA

Riverview Cabins

On Brereton Road from Seven Sisters into Whiteshell

Hunting, fishing and vacation camp. Housekeeping cabins. Linen and ice supplied.

CABINS: H.K. $5 to $6 per day; $25 to $30 per week.
BOATS: 25c and 50c an hour. $2 to $4 per day. $10 and $15 per week.
MOTORS: 50c per hour. $4 per day. $20 per week.
GUIDES: $1 per hour. $8 per day. $45 per week.

YOUR HOST:

FRED HENSCHELL

RIVER HILLS P.O., MAN.

NUTIMIK LODGE

On Seven Sisters Road along Nutimik Lake

Hunting, fishing equipment provided. Gas, groceries, ice available. Single and large cabins with running water.

Rates for singles: $5.50 per day—$30 per week.
Rates for large cabins: $6.50 per day—$35 per week.
Boats: $2 per day. *Motors*: $2.50 per day.

For reservations write to:

MIKE WILSON

SEVEN SISTERS - MANITOBA

ARMSTRONG CABINS

On Big Whiteshell Lake

Vacation, Hunting, and Fishing Camp.

LIGHT HOUSEKEEPING CABINS: $4 to $8 per day. $25 to $40 per week.
BOATS: $1.50 per day. MOTORS: $3.50 per day.
GUIDES: $10 per day.

For further information and reservations write to:

A. ARMSTRONG

700 GREAT WESTERN BUILDING - WINNIPEG, MANITOBA

Jessica Lake Camp

VACATION, HUNTING AND FISHING CAMP

Light housekeeping cabins: $5 to $7 per day.
Groceries, meats, boats, motors, guides available.
Boats: $2 per day. Motors: $3 per day.

For further information and reservations write to:

W. A. SCARFE

RENNIE P.O. - MANITOBA

Brereton Lake Tourist Camp

ON SHORE OF LAKE BRERETON

Light housekeeping cabins on shore of Lake Brereton. Swimming, vacation, and fishing camp. Lunch booths . . . Grocery store.

RATES PER DAY: $4 to $6. PER WEEK: $20 to $25.
BOATS: $2 per day.

Your holiday host will be:

FRED BROWN

RENNIE P.O. - MANITOBA

Write to him for further information and reservations

WEST HAWK MOTEL

On beautiful West Hawk Lake near highway

Swimming, boating, hunting, fishing, dancing. Housekeeping cabins with ice; linen supplied. Service station, grocery store, restaurant.

RATES PER DAY: $4 to $25 per week

For reservations write to:

F. BEAUDRY

WEST HAWK LAKE WHITESHELL P.O., MANITOBA

PENQUIN CAMP

On shores of Falcon Lake

Swimming, vacation, and fishing camp. Groceries, boats, motors available.

HOUSEKEEPING CABINS at $4 to $6 per day. $38.50 per week.
BOATS: $2.50 to $6 per day. MOTORS: $5 per day.

For further information and reservations write to:

GORDON HAMILTON

WHITESHELL P.O.

TONIATA LODGE

On Falcon Lake's sandy shores

Tennis, swimming, boating, fishing, vacation facilities. Housekeeping cabins. No meals served. Linen extra. Ice supplied.

RATES PER DAY: $4 to $6.50. PER WEEK: $20 to $40.
BOATS: 50c to 75c per hour; $3 to $5 per day; $10 to $20 per week.
MOTORS: $1.50 per hour; $5 per day.

Your holiday host:

E. J. SCHINDLER

WHITESHELL P.O. - MANITOBA

God's River Lodge

ACCESSIBLE ONLY BY AIR . . . on GOD'S LAKE

Trophy brook trout, lake trout, northerns, and walleyes. PACKAGE PLAN—Hunting and fishing in isolated waters. Cabins, dining room, lounge. Package plan includes air transport, lodging, canoe, motor and guide.

RATES: $400 PER PERSON per week from Winnipeg and return.

For further information write to:

TOM RUMINSKI

c/o Box 714 Winnipeg, Manitoba

Barrier Bay Camp

On Dorothy Lake, East of Seven Sisters

FOR FAMILY AND FISHERMAN ALIKE

Housekeeping cabins in knotty pine with electric light. Groceries, boats, motors, gas available.

For further information and reservations write:

NORM SMITH

SEVEN SISTERS P.O.

Crescent Beach Cabins

On sandy shores of West Hawk Lake

Swimming, fishing, vacation facilities for young and old. Housekeeping cabins. Linen and ice included. No meals. Boats, groceries, gas available. Restaurant and dance hall nearby.

RATES PER DAY: $3 to $5; PER WEEK: $19 to $30.

Your holiday host:

H. MacKENZIE

56 LIPTON STREET - WINNIPEG

BACKWOODS CABINS

On No. 1 Highway in the Whiteshell. A pleasant spot for your vacation. Full plumbing or central plumbing. A good beach with swimming, boating, and fishing. Groceries or restaurant facilities also dance hall nearby.

RATES: $5.50-$6.00 per day—$30.00-$50.00 per week.

For full information write:

MR. A. BELLEMARE

WEST HAWK LAKE - WHITESHELL P.O.

BETULA BAY CAMP

In the heart of Sportsland

Family Vacation—Hunting and Fishing Camp. Good fishing on Whiteshell and Rennie Rivers—Heart and Betula Lakes.

COMPLETE H.K. CABINS: $4 and $5 per day.
WEEKLY RATES: $24-$35 including linen, ice and boat.
Groceries and fishing equipment available.
Big Northerns - Walleye - Bass - Perch - Goldeye

For reservations write:

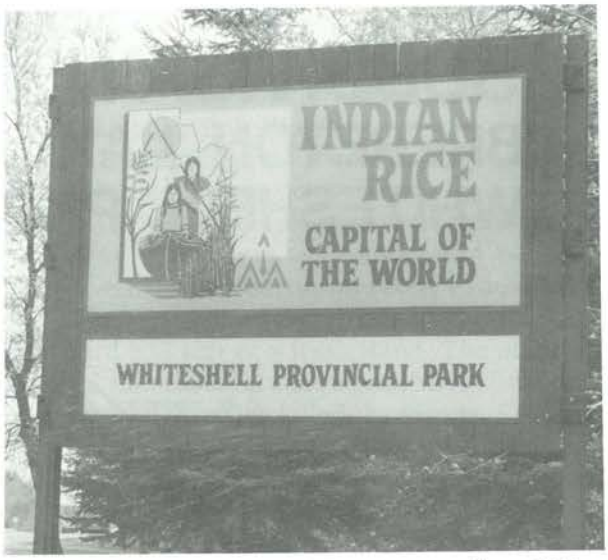
LAURA and BILL SMITH

RENNIE P.O., MANITOBA

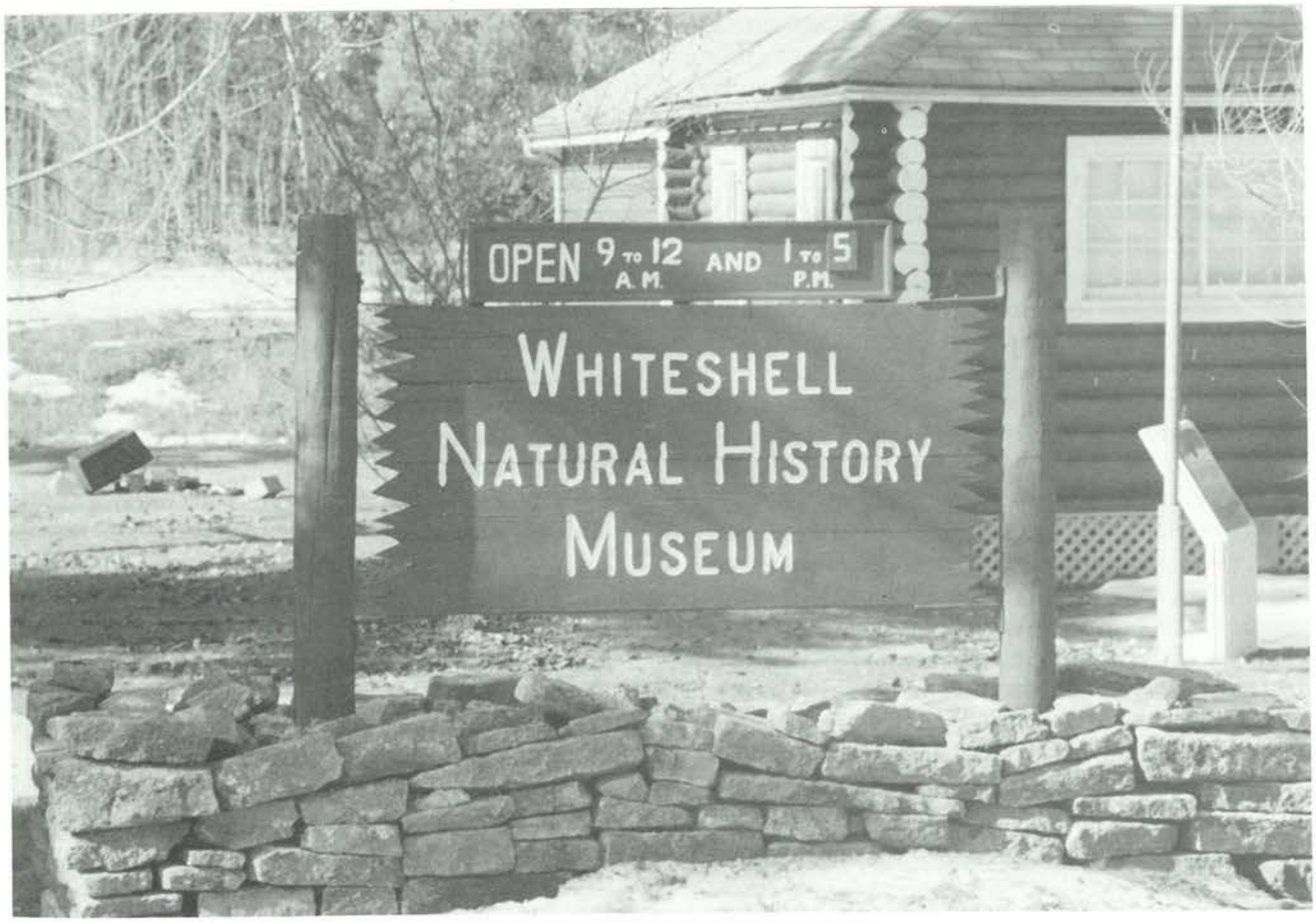
PRINTED IN CANADA

Whiteshell Park brochure about 1957.

Sign at both park entrances.



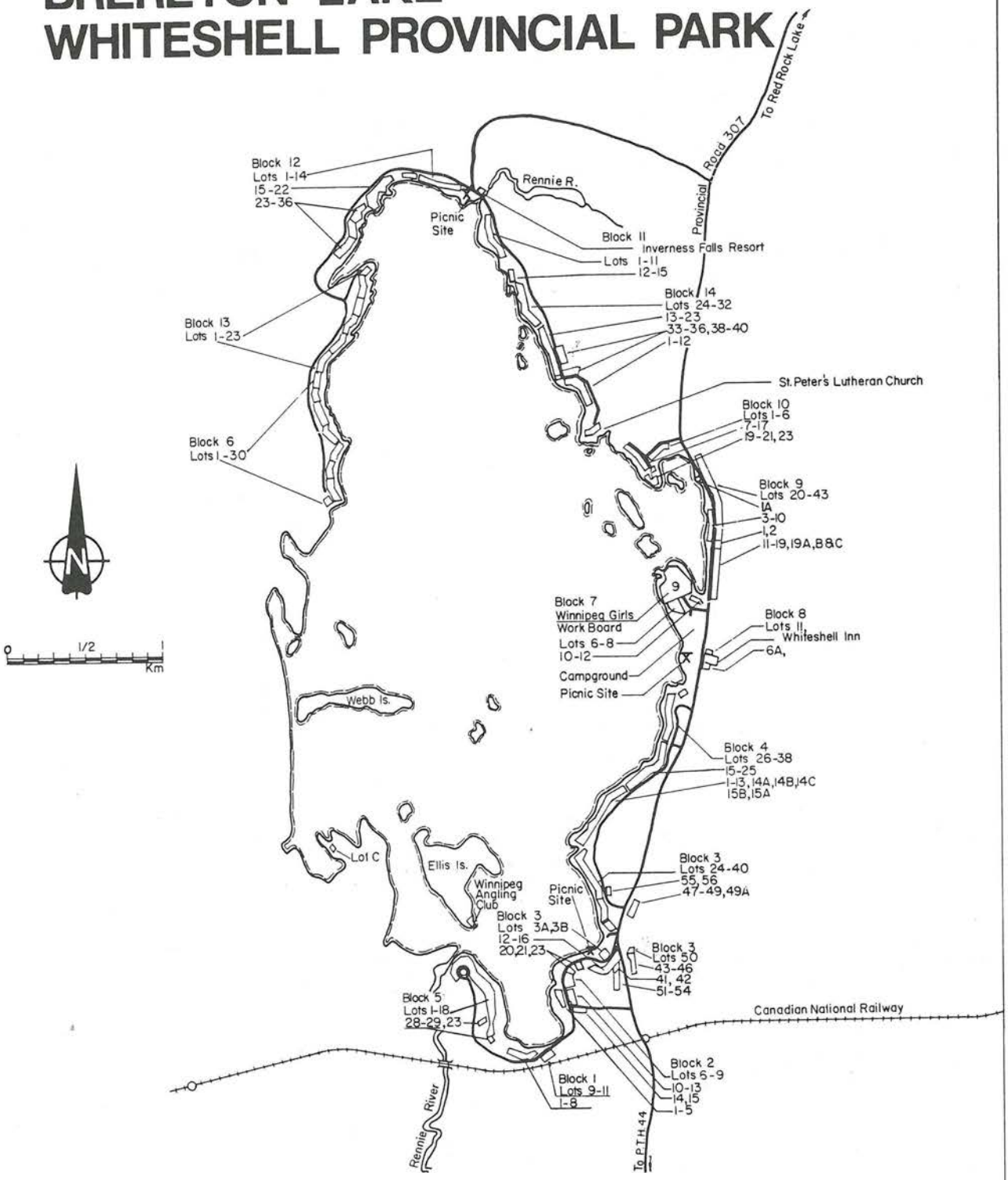
Sign at Seven Sisters Park entrance, Hwy. 307.



Nutimik Museum opened June, 1960.

Manitoba
Natural Resources
Parks

SUBDIVISIONS
BRERETON LAKE
WHITESHELL PROVINCIAL PARK



1979
Rev. 1986

Brereton Lake

BRERETON LAKE
LOT 28, BLOCK 6
"Wheel Inn"
Bruce and Hazel Anderson
By Bruce

It was June of 1955 when Hazel and I began to wonder what our two boys would do during the summer holidays. They were too young to get a job, yet they were very active and needed space to run off their energy.

We had heard about lots that were available in the Whiteshell area so we decided that we would take a look at some of them. Early in June we packed a picnic lunch and set off for Falcon Lake. There were two lots that Lorne Thompson had on which one could construct his own cottage if he purchased the lumber from "Thompson Lumber and Fuel". The lots were not lakefront which didn't suit us. After having our lunch on the beach, we decided to go to Brereton Lake where Lorne had a cottage under construction. Fortunately Lorne was at the cottage his father had built in 1939 at the south end, near the C.N.R. tracks. To reach the lot, we had to travel on for six more miles. It seemed an awful long way over very dusty roads into what seemed like "No man's land". Finally we reached a half constructed place hidden in the bush. To say the least, it looked anything but inviting. It was supposed to be lakefront but we couldn't see the lake. It looked very forboding with the reeds and stones which were along the water's edge and goodness only knows how far out in the water the stones extended. To make matters worse, the neighbor, Mr. Wilson on one side and Mr. Griffiths on the other, said the lot was very swampy and that was why neither of them wanted such a lot and they had built on higher ground. It seemed like a dismal prospect but since it was lakefront we decided to take it. The cottage would be ready by the end of June.

The next question was how to finance it. Even though it was only $1,000. plus $20. rental, it was more money than I had. I was just getting started in the insurance business, buying a house, etc. Fortunately, I was able to borrow the money.

July 1st, 1955 was a fine warm day. We got a U-Haul and loaded it up with two beds, a table, four chairs, and various pots and pans, dishes, cutlery, a small box stove, etc. Most of the things had been given to us by Hazel's grandmother who had just broken up housekeeping. For this we were fortunate and grateful. Finally we took off with Hazel, our daughter Brucelle, our sons Ralph and Jim and a pal of Ralph's, Bob Waldie.

This time although the road was dusty and washboard, it didn't seem quite as far.

With the help of everyone, we soon got everything moved in. The floors were unfinished plywood. There were no cupboards, however, I found some 1x4's finishing pieces and constructed a workable cupboard and sort of a wash stand. The place was polluted with flies and mosquitoes. Mr. Wilson came over with DDT which killed the insects. Little did we know this pest killer was also harmful to humans.

We had a restless sleep due to the heat and mosquitoes. After an early breakfast, Ralph and Bob took hatchets and axes and made a four-foot path to the lake. Since it was a nice warm day, we decided to go for a swim. We found the boulders in the water were few in number.

That summer Brucelle (who had her first summer job) and I would leave for the cottage Friday after work and return in time for work Monday morning.

Hazel's father was a plumbing and heating contractor and from him, I got a forced pump together with enough pipe to reach the lake. I mounted a barrel on a stand and soon had cold water (by gravity, of course). Each morning we'd pump enough water for the day. We also had a flush toilet. The second year we took the four sides of the outhouse and attached them to the back end of the cottage. We cut a door from the cottage to this lean-to. It was then that we were glad of our location for we found after a few boulders were removed, that it was all fine sand down as far as we wished to dig. The fine sand acted as a filter. I was assured that in no way would the ingredients ever reach the lake 100 feet away. We thus had one of the first and most sanitary waste containers in the area.

It was the third year of our occupancy that we were hooked up to electricity and a pressure system was a welcome change from the old gravity.

The question of a name for our cottage came up. I had gotten a wheel from what was once a delivery wagon, painted it, mounted it at the entrance of the cottage lane with our lot and block. "Wheel Inn", was intended to follow but for some reason it was never completed.

Over the years, many improvements have been made. Brucelle painted a large mural on one wall. In about 1958, we added a 12x10' sun porch. This also became a dining area and from here we can watch the lake and all its moods from angry to calm.

About the second year at the lake, Ralph was

given a small boat and a 7.5 Johnson motor. He and Don Turner had a great time together. One evening they went to the south end of the lake to visit a friend and when darkness came and they were not home, we became concerned and went by car to see if we could find them. The lake had turned angry and we hoped they'd pulled into shore somewhere, until the storm abated. Reluctantly, we drove home and spent a sleepless night thinking the worst. About 8 in the morning the boys unconcerned as could be, arrived home. When we told Ralph how worried we had been he said, "You didn't think I would cross the lake in such a storm, do you?" They, along with other young folk had gone to the Whiteshell Inn where they spent the night playing cards. We had gone by there twice and had we stopped to inquire, we would have been saved a lot of worry.

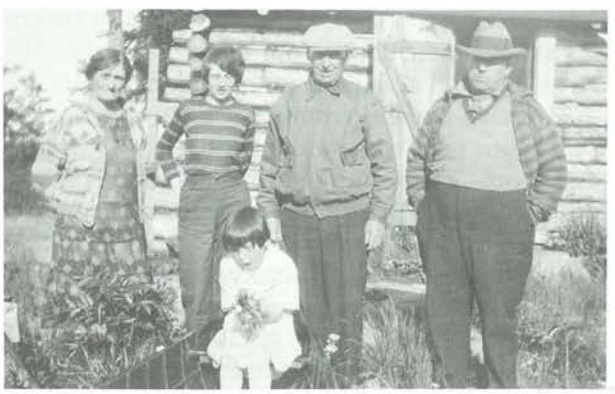
The little boat and motor finally gave way to a larger one so we could water-ski. I learned at 60 years of age.

Ralph married Val and they have two girls, Heather and Robin. Their cottage is in Ontario. Jim married Faith and they have Jason, Janice and Krystal. Brucelle has Susan and Gwyn. Hazel passed away August 24, 1987.

BRERETON LAKE
BLOCK 5, LOT 1
Jim and Winona Anton
By Winona

In 1918, Brereton Lake was opened for summer cottage owners. Alex Anton was one of the first to take advantage of same, and settled on a scenic hill top at the southwest end of the lake. Mr. Anton, with the help of his sons, Jim, Lock and Cornelius, built their cottage of logs from the surrounding vicinity. I married Jim in 1931 and we spent as much time at the lake as we could, enjoying it very much.

When the depression worsened, Jim, a machinist with the C.N. Railway Transcona, was laid off, so we spent most of the summer and winter of 1933 at the lake. During this time, we made many friends in Rennie, as often through the summer we went there for provisions, usually on a Saturday afternoon so we could go to the baseball game and a real country dance in the evening. The people in Rennie always included us and made us welcome, even offering us a place to stay for the night if it got late.



Mrs. Alex Anton, Winona, Alex (brother), Lock and Bubbs.

There was a real pioneer at Brereton by the name of Bill Pearl. The younger generation called him "Wild Bill" or "The Hermit" but really he was a very fine English gentleman and a good neighbor. The C.N.R. hired him during the war to guard the bridge over the Rennie River. This is the main line and because it carried troops and ammunition during the war, it was a vulnerable spot. When Bill arrived at Brereton, there was no place for him to live, so being the resourceful person he was, he dug a cave in the embankment near the bridge to live as he was on duty 24 hours of the day. When the war was over, he built himself a log cabin, not too far from "his" bridge. (Ed. note. picture of Bill and cabin elsewhere in this book.)

With the war over, more people built cottages. The government put the road in from Rennie and soon we had a nice community.

I recall going down to the lake for Christmas in the early 1930s. Jim's mother and brother Loch went down a few days before we did to get the cottage ready and warm. We left Winnipeg on the train Christmas Eve and it was full of holiday travellers. We were the first to get off as Brereton was the first stop in the lake district. Laden down with Christmas gifts, snowshoes, etc., you can imagine the scramble we had to get off, however everyone in the coach, being in a holiday mood, helped us as they sang carols. When we got to the cabin, Loch had cut down a Christmas tree and they had it all trimmed and the cottage snug and warm. Late the next morning as we were having coffee, there was a knock at the door and there stood an Indian trapper. He had been on his way to Rennie to get supplies but when he saw the smoke from our chimney, took a chance that we could help him. After having a meal, he asked if we could give him flour and tea. Mrs. Anton had plenty there so gave him what she had. He was very grateful and wanted to pay but everyone refused, just glad to help. He didn't want to leave without paying, so asked if any of us would go back with him and he would have some wild meat for us. We thought this was a unique adventure, so the elder, Mr. and Mrs. Anton, stayed home. Jim, Lock and his friend from school, my sister, myself and a girlfriend I used to work with all decided to go. We started out pulling a couple of toboggans. The trapper's camp was at the very

Corner of the Brereton station before it was moved to highway.

north end of the lake. His companion saw us coming up the lake and had tea ready for us for which we were grateful. They loaded one toboggan with meat and the fair sex took turns riding on the other one on the way back. It was dark by the time we returned and we were so tired, we could hardly climb up the hill to the cottage. When we opened the door, a big Christmas dinner was waiting for us to sit down to and a nice fire to thaw us out.

In the fall of 1933 after Jim had been laid off, we were staying at the lake and we happened to watch three young men put a canoe in the lake, packed in guns, hunting gear, food, etc. Jim was talking to them and asked where they were going as the waters were stormy. They said to the other end of the lake to go shooting. Later on we thought we heard someone calling so just to make sure, we got in the boat and started down the lake. We had just rounded the first island and there we saw the canoe had overturned and the men were in the water.

Old pumphouse on Rennie River, Winona and Jim.

We hurried over, one boy had already drowned, the second let go of the canoe and drowned as we were coming near. With a lot of difficulty, Jim was able to save the last one, Aati Hill. We took him across the lake to a camp where there was a doctor. They took care of him and took him to a hospital. Late the next summer, he came back to thank Jim. He was from Norway and had been visiting friends in the district and now he was going back to Norway. His friends who drowned were Aaro Kiskanen and Harold Tommila, Elma trappers.

We had many, many happy times at the cottage with our four children: Jim Jr. who died accidentally in 1960; Dave, Terry, and Mary-Lou. My husband, Jim, died in 1969.

BRERETON LAKE
LOT 1, BLOCK 5

By Dave Anton

I have spent my entire lifetime at Lake Brereton. As a young boy, I recall taking the train on weekends to go to the lake and for summer holidays. As we did not own a car and my father was employed by the C.N.R. this was the most convenient and cheapest form of travel for our family.

Of course when the C.N.R. (Camper Special) was not running in early spring, fall and winter, we would have to rely on fellow cottagers or friends with automobiles to give us a ride. On occasion we even rode the C.P.R. train to Rennie and either walked through the bush to the cottage or hitched a ride with someone from Rennie going over to the lake.

As a boy I can recall hunting and fishing with my father and brothers. In the mid 1950s, there was not the number of people using the Whiteshell. As a result, hunting and fishing was quite eventful in those days and it did not take long to fill your limit of fish and ducks. It was not a rare occasion but somewhat of a regular event to catch large northern pike in Brereton Lake.

However as development on the lake increased, hunting and fishing pressure increased as well. In time this contributed to lesser amounts of fish and waterfowl being available.

The improvements to the road servicing the lakes in the late 1950s was a major undertaking. It opened up areas of the Whiteshell that were not that accessible in the park. The 1960s and 1970s were eras during which much of the cottage development took place at Brereton Lake.

I can recall stories of people like Billy Pearl and Louis Mombaze. These were some of the real pioneers at Brereton Lake. In 1917 my grandfather, Alexander Anton and his three sons, James, Lock and Cornelius came by train to Lake Brereton in the

Dave and Jiggs - 1988

spring of 1917. They constructed a very primitive shelter where the C.G.I.T. Camp is located today. In 1919, they built the cottage we presently own today. In addition they built a cottage for Mr. Milligan. In 1920 they built a second cottage that today was sold to the Woodman family.

During the depression years my father, mother and oldest brother Jimmy lived year round in the cottage that was sold to the Woodmans.

At present, the cottage originally built by my grandfather in 1919 is still owned by his descendants, is reported to be the first cottage built on Brereton Lake. This fact has been confirmed by those people who have resided in the area from that period of time. At this date four generations of the Anton family have grown up at Brereton Lake, including my three children, Jim, Patti and John.

Our cottage was fortunate to survive the forest fire of May 1, 1988 that claimed other long time cottages at the south end of Brereton Lake.

BRERETON LAKE

By Jim Anton

I am the grandson of Alex Anton. When I look back on my memories at Brereton Lake, the ones that I really enjoy were the early to late 1970s. This is not to say that the 1980s hold no memories - they do, but they lack the innocence of earlier memories.

Most summers, sister Patti, brother John and myself spent the better part of two months exhausting ourselves in adventure. We had a fascination with animals we caught and released - the usual frogs, snakes, rabbits and ruffled grouse. One specimen, a chipmunk, was never brought to closer observation. Using that time proven method of string, stick, box and peanuts, I managed to catch a chipmunk on my third eight-hour day. All this effort went for naught because we had nothing to transfer the little fellow into for closer observation, let alone a plan as to how to do it.

One day we decided to make a time capsule. We took a jar and filled it with a few pennies, a couple of baseball cards, a letter and a grouse feather and we buried it at the base of a tree on our property. This we discussed, was for our future children to find one day - but to this day we have been unable to find it. We thought that if we hadn't put it deep enough, pirates were sure to get it.

For a couple of weeks one summer, we were visited by a baby blue heron. He was a shy little fellow at first but after feeding him minnows from our hands, we soon created a problem. He followed us everywhere. One afternoon we went to Rennie for groceries only to come back to find our heron walking aimlessly down the road in our direction. Yikes! The heron had to go if he was to survive, so the next morning we loaded up the boat, plucked the heron off the dock (the end of the dock was where he slept only because he wasn't allowed in the cottage) and we drove off to a back bay on the west side of the lake where we released him.

About the only things we didn't try to catch live were skunks, deer and bear. Maybe one more summer of smelling "Raid" and we would have. Almost every night just before bed and sometimes when we were in bed, Mom would spray the entire cottage with Raid except for the kitchen where she was reading. We swore she was trying to kill us. It would be until September when we were back at school that the taste of "Raid" finally left our mouths.

Those hot windless summer nights really stick out in my mind. We slept out on the veranda which looked out onto the lake. At night we would be entertained by sight and sounds of night life, crickets, fireflies, tree frogs, porcupines and mosquitoes.

Although rain only slightly dampened our adventures, nighttime thunderstorms have always amazed me. The lightning racing across the sky and the thunder reverberating in my ears. The sound of the rain pouring down the gutter spout was usually the last sound I remembered before falling off to sleep.

PATTI ANTON

I am the granddaughter of Alex Anton. As a little girl going to the cottage for the weekends and summer holidays was a normal event. I had gone there since I was a baby. It was something I didn't have in common with any of my friends as they did not have cottages of their own. However, it was something I could share with them. Some weekends

Jim, Patti, John - 1969

I'd bring a friend down for the weekend to do some water skiing, fishing after dinner when the lake was calm and the sun slowly setting, long walks to the store just to buy a chocolate bar.

I remember one weekend my girlfriend and I wanted to go to the store to buy candy and of course, being only 12, that was a big thing. For some reason we decided to walk barefooted. I don't know why but it was the worst thing we could possibly do. It was at least two and a half or three miles and that was one way. Gravel roads run from the cottage to the main highway and walking barefooted on that gravel was horribly painful but we figured once we reached the highway, it would be so much better to walk being smoother. Well, it was smoother alright but also 50° hotter. Once we reached the store and got our candy, the trip back didn't seem half as bad.

Another wonderful memory is when school ended for the year, we'd pack up and off we would go to the cottage for two months while Mom wasn't working. Dad would take two or three weeks vacation during this time but all too quickly he had to go back to the city to work. As the next weekend approached, we counted the days until Friday when us kids would walk up to the train tracks, off the main road and wait for him. Sometimes we waited hours for his car to arrive.

There are just so many wonderful memories of Brereton Lake that it would take months and pages to write them all down. However, I always carry them with me and they are brought alive again every time I go to the lake.

I am married now and Keith and I have our own cottage on Brereton Lake and we enjoy it as much, if not more, than I did when I was little. I am now expecting my first child and I look forward to sharing all the wonderful moments I cherished as a little girl growing up at Brereton Lake.

BRERETON LAKE
LOT 21, BLOCK 9
By Maurice and Thelma Arnal

Our first five summers were spent in the campground at Brereton Lake in a small trailer. It wasn't long before our teenagers were asked to bring friends along. It was then we realized a cottage was the answer. In 1973 a "For Sale" sign was not a common sight at the lake. We spotted a cottage we liked, drove in and asked the owner if he would consider selling his cottage. He told us that he would think about it, and let us know. Fortunately Mr. Maxim decided to sell. Owning a cottage was a great deal more work than camping out. Over the years, we have modernized our cottage and made it larger.

Our family, Denise and Bill and their daughters, Christie and Cheryl; Brian and Debbie and their children, Bret and Lindsay; Rich and Liz and their son Joel, make a lot of people around our kitchen table, but we have wonderful times together.

Maurice and Thelma Arnal - 1986

BRERETON LAKE
LOT 12, BLOCK 14
JACK AND EILEEN ATKINSON
By Eileen

The Atkinsons' personal memoirs of the building of the summer cottage in 1956.

First came the clearing of the lot which we had leased for $25.00 from the Provincial Government. We brought in the building supplies, gravel, lumber, cement, etc. by boat as the road had not yet been cut through. There was no electricity available. Joe Mallette and his family owned Inverness Falls Store at the time where we would stop on our way to the cottage and buy ice for the old icebox.

We had simple pursuits like raising a family of

three and buying a home in Winnipeg. The children recall their childhood summers spent at the cottage. From being chased on their mini-bikes by the R.C.M.P. or finding a bear out for a stroll, or the time the boys were playing in the new car up on the hill and took it out of gear and guess what! It rolled down the hill and came to a stop between two boulders and didn't have a scratch on it. Never did we find out which one of them did it. Thanks to the good neighbours, the car was retrieved.

Over the years there has been two additions added to the place and we're probably not finished yet.

Our family, Dale and Donna and their children, Brooke and Brittany; John and Cindy and their children, Matthew and Megan and our daughter Joy and Tony, all enjoy spending time fishing, berrying, swimming, boating, etc.

The lake is a gift to be treasured for future generations.

BRERETON LAKE
LOT 4, BLOCK 1
CHARLES AND EDITH BAKER
By Debbie

Charles went to Brereton about 1928 along with a number of C.N.R. employees who also got lots such as Watson, Lamborne and Woodman. They and their families were entitled to free passes from the railroad which enabled them to travel down to the lake on the "Campers' Special" as there were no roads.

My grandfather Charles and his wife Edith had one son Jack and six daughters, Margaret, Eileen, Joyce, Betty, Maureen and Doreen. They all spent their summer holidays at Brereton.

Betty remembers the lake well. "I can recall the only way to get around was by rowboat. We would even row to the town of Rennie and think nothing of it. We often took Mother and Father on a picnic to one of the islands and had a great time.

I remember a native woman by the name of Granny Norton. She used to make rootbeer and keep it in her cellar. In those days, there were no refrigerators so everything was kept in dug-outs or cellars.

We used to berry pick a lot and the bears were plentiful but didn't bother us. Don't forget, in those days there were no roads, just bush trails. Finally in the late 1930s, they decided to put a road through and we were very excited about that. Most of the workers lived in the relief camps. My brother Jack worked on the road for $5.00 a month.

The Baker kids chummed around with a lot of the families, including the Tragers and the Antons who are still there.

In later years my mother, Maureen, and dad, Archie Curtis, stayed at the lake all summer. My

The Baker family, about 1940

Tony and Debbie Curtis

brother Tony and I did lots of water skiing and had a paper route for the Free Press at the south end of the lake. I recall while delivering papers, we encountered many skunks and bears. It was a good summer project and we met nice people at the south end of the lake. Tony was always an avid fisherman and he still claims fishing is pretty good. Now in the 1990s, we get to go down winter and summer and enjoy all seasons there.

BRERETON LAKE
LOT 6, BLOCK 11
JOHN AND IVY BIRD
By Ivy

In the good old days, back in 1951, while visiting friends, we thought how nice it would be to have our own cottage. We talked to Thompson Lumber and they built us a frame cottage and every year we did a little to finish it.

The first year was a wonderful experience for my sister Winnie and her six children, Russel, Charlie, Bob, Frank, Don and their sister Carol and our son Terry and I to spend the whole summer at the cottage. We had coal oil lamps, wood stoves an ice-

Bird Cottage - 1951

box, we hauled water from the lake, used the outside "biffy" and no car. Dear Mr. Morrow had the store at Inverness Falls and he kindly brought us fresh drinking water from the pump in the bush as it was quite far away.

Today we have electric lights, electric stove, running water, heat in every room, fridge, freezer, full indoor plumbing, wall to wall rugs in every room and a beautiful stone fireplace we built ourselves with the help of a dear friend, Michael.

The only thing that stayed the same is we still pick blueberries and make our special pies and muffins and still enjoy fishing, swimming and our speed boat. I still love every minute at the cottage with Terrance and his wife Dorothy and the little grandsons, Scott and Brett. John died in 1971.

BRERETON LAKE
LOT 15, BLOCK 1
ROGER AND MARGARET BRICK
"The Jolly Roger"
By Jo Anne

Mom and Dad, Margaret and Roger Brick bought the cottage in 1986 as a family "get away". Some remodelling was necessary to accommodate a very large family of 25 plus. We all enjoy family get-

Margaret and Roger on their 40th wedding anniversary - 1989.

togethers and on any given weekend you will find at least 12 people at our cottage enjoying one another's company.

Our family consists of Linda and Ken and their children, Jesse, Katelyn and Zoey; Marilyn and Bob and their children, Vanessa, Ryan and Jeff; George and Lynn and their children, Chad, Krista, Matt and Melissa; Jo Anne (me) and Keith and our children, Courtney and Adam; and finally Theresa and Denis.

BRERETON LAKE
LOT 6A, BLOCK 5
BILL AND KAY BLANKENSHIP
by son Bill

Mr. and Mrs. Blankenship visited Brereton Lake during the summer of 1939 while returning from a fishing trip in the Lake of the Woods and driving to Winnipeg for a visit with Kay Blankenship's relations. At Brereton Lake, they saw a new and unused resort, consisting of 14 cabins and a log cabin store with living quarters. The resort was built by the Province of Manitoba as a make work project during the depression. They were greatly impressed with the area and resort and while they were visiting Winnipeg, they tried to purchase the resort from the Manitoba Government. The Government refused to sell the resort at that time. The Second World War broke out in the fall of 1939 and another attempt was made to purchase the resort. At this time the Government advised that they would consider selling and in the spring of 1940 the resort was purchased by Kay and Bill Blankenship. The resort was opened in the spring of 1940 which consisted of the cabins, store and ice houses.

During the winter of 1941, the United States entered the war and Bill Blankenship was required to enter the armed forces. He was away for approximately three years and during this time, Kay Blankenship operated the complete resort by herself. Another store was opened at the south end of the lake to serve the customers in that area. During the Winnipeg flood, she provided cabins at no charge for those requiring accommodations and in some instances food for those who were short of

Brown's Store - 1940s

money. During her many years operating the resort, she made many, many friends, some whom she still associates with. The resort was sold to Mr. and Mrs. Brown in the mid 1950s. Kay and Bill Blankenship were one of the first commercial resort operators in the Whiteshell. Kay died in September 1990 at the age of 90.

KAY AND BILL BLANKENSHIP
By Tara

It was only recently I learned that my grandmother was known by most of Brereton Lake as the "lady of the lake". To my sisters and I she was just "Grandma Kay". Yet somehow now that I sit and think about it, Grandma Kay is not so befitting her as the title "lady of the lake". For though she was a grandmother, and a wonderful one, she was a lady first, and the lake — Brereton Lake - was her paradise, her solace, her friend.

My grandparents first received word of Brereton Lake from my grandma's brother, Joe Fijal. The three of them decided to purchase from the government a resort that included 15 cabins and a store. It was an exciting business venture for them but business was probably the last thing on my grandma's mind when she first arrived at their new property. For my grandmother felt as if her life hadn't really began until she first laid eyes on the rugged beauty of Brereton Lake. She loved the lake from the moment she arrived and knew in her heart that this "business venture" was no accident, but a wondrous part of God's plan for her.

A few years after they first bought the resort, my grandparents bought Joe out. My grandmother was on her own by now for my grandfather had volunteered duty to the army in 1941. The resort was a lot of work but hard work never scared Kay Blankenship. There was no running water or electricity back then and just to do the laundry could take a few days. My mother (Tyke) often told me of the hours spent washing all the cabins' sheets. They had to be washed by hand of course with water hauled by sweat and muscle and then hung to dry on various clotheslines stretched all over the yard. But the work didn't end there for once they dried, they had to be ironed with an old fashioned iron that had to be reheated on the wood stove each time before going on to the next sheet.

But despite the many hardships, my grandmother loved every minute of it. She would arrive at Brereton Lake every spring from Chicago and stay until the end of hunting season in the fall. She had regular customers at the cabins that she looked forward to seeing each year as well as good friends at the lake. The north store became a meeting place for many people to gather in the evenings and many of

Kay by icehouse

Kay's first day at Brereton Lake - 1939

these people remained her friends long after the magic of those "early days" had disappeared with the passing of time. For though Brereton Lake is still a wilderness away from the city, back then the nights really were black except for the light of the stars, the bears really were just beyond the trees, and the air really did smell sweet and pure.

My grandmother's time at the lake was like an escape to her and for this reason she named the cottage she later purchased from Mr. and Mrs. Mombaze, "Escape". That cottage held many memories for her as well as her family. It was eventually sold but my grandmother had always kept one of the cabins from the resort for she wanted to keep a family cottage for all her children and grandchildren to enjoy. This cottage she called "Tunja" but never revealed the meaning of the name to anyone except to tell my mother that it was "spiritual". Tunja is situated across from the lake next to the Whiteshell Inn. Behind Tunja is a breathtaking valley (which our family affectionately called Kata's Valley after

Typical one-room cabin rented out by resort.

a much loved Cocker Spaniel was laid to rest down there). My grandmother dearly loved that valley and loved to walk along the rocks and would often be drawn there after a morning of blueberry picking. My mother tells us of times my grandmother and her would walk up to the valley just to sit on the rocks for my grandmother said that rocks gave one strength as the valley gave one peace and through this one became whole again.

My grandmother often told my mother that after her death, she would find her spirit there in the valley. For all those who knew and loved Kay Blankenship, we can imagine her no other place now but her own personal heaven, Brereton Lake. My mother said it well for all of us, when she said, "I will go there often to remember my mother, the lady of the lake". For with her infinite understanding of nature and all the beauty it holds for us, she truly was the "lady of the lake".

Ed. note: Grandma Kay died September 1990 at the age of 90 years. I have two sisters, Catherine and Dona-Maria.

BRERETON LAKE
LOT 2, BLOCK 1
"VISTA VIEW"
GEORGE AND BLANCHE WATSON

By Laura Watson Brown

My father was an outdoor man who worked for the C.N.R. In the early 1920s, dad would rent a cottage at Brereton Lake for mother and the six of us children. In the summer holidays dad came down only on the weekends. We would never have been able to afford to go if dad hadn't had a pass for us on the railway.

The cottage we rented belonged to Freddie Caslusiti. Freddie worked for the C.N.R. and he had built this cottage, the first in that end of the lake. In 1928, Freddie wanted to go back to Italy and marry his sweetheart. Dad negotiated a price and I remember mother going into Winnipeg to get the money to pay Freddie. Money was very scarce at that time and we felt very lucky to have our own

First cottage built at the South end of Brereton Lake by George Watson - 1928.

cottage. It had a living room, bedroom and a lean-to kitchen on behind, and a screened in veranda out front. On either side of the front door of the veranda we had double bedsprings placed up on benches for sleeping accommodation.

Lot 2, Block 1, was a choice spot for a cabin being on the lakefront. The many large rocks were removed from the front yard. By 1930, there were relief camps set up in the Whiteshell of young able bodied men who worked with pick and shovel, building roads by hand for their board and room and $5 a month to spend. On Sunday afternoon, dad hired them to dynamite the rocks and you can still see where the rocks were piled along the side of our property. In the summer there were dances held at the relief camps every Saturday night and any of the young women like myself enjoyed attending them. Their cook and helper always provided us with a delicious lunch after the dance and I especially remember the chocolate cakes with pink icing. The day after the Second World War broke out in 1939, buses arrived from Winnipeg and took all the young men back to Winnipeg where most of them joined the services.

I remember dad heard the men talk about getting lots of wild blueberries that were as big as grapes. Dad and a gang of us took water pails, not ice cream pails like we use today, and we never stopped picking until they were full. Mother canned over 250 quarts, mainly in two-quart sealers to feed her family of ten the next winter. (Grandpa and grandma Stevenson lived with us in Winnipeg. Stevenson Airfield was named after Uncle Fred Stevenson who served overseas in the First World War and then was a bush pilot who opened up the north.)

We had to take everything down to Brereton on the train. The station had two little rooms, one to store freight and one for the waiting room.

We couldn't take any flammable material on the train and we needed coal oil for the lamps. We could walk or go by boat to Rennie to buy it. I remember when we went by boat we had to go under the C.N.R. and C.P.R. tracks and when you did you

could yell and get a tremendous echo. We could only take the boat to the Pump House as it was called and then we walked through the Hardy's and McGinnis' homesteads to the Rennie store. It was quite an adventure. We often saw wonderfully interesting things such as the day we saw the funeral of an ant. She must have been the queen for about 10,000 ants were in the procession.

There were lots of forest fires in the 1930s. We were all prepared to get out into the middle of the lake if a fire came near. We often saw the glow in the sky, especially at night and you could feel the heat of the wind and even the water in the lake seemed to warm up. Sometimes all the boys even as young as eight would be asked to help fight the fires.

Some days we portaged into Mud Turtle Lake and often saw deer and moose. We'd made a fire on a flat rock on the shore and using a homemade tripod, we'd cook bacon and sausages and heat water for tea or cocoa.

We knew all of the other families who stayed at the lake. We also knew the people who lived in Rennie. At that time Rennie had a number of people living there and a one-roomed school. In the summer we got together to play baseball and other games. Sometimes the teenagers would hitchhike a ride to Whitemouth to the Saturday night dance and often the R.C.M.P. would drive us home.

When the Trans-Canada Highway was being built, we loved to watch the machines at work. We had a picture of us being given a ride in the scoop! The road builders had great difficulty building the road due to the swamp and bog. Load after load of rocks and boulders disappeared into the clay before they eventually got a solid base on which to build the road. The trees and bushes and flowers along the road had been so pretty but with all the dust from the gravelled roads, the plants didn't fair very well. Later when the blacktop came, their beauty was restored.

Brereton Station about 1928

I worked for the C.N.R. for five and a half days a week and in time I had my own 1941 Ford car. By 1950 dad wasn't able to keep up the cottage and when he died later that year, I took over. I had the old one torn down but I kept the lean-to kitchen for awhile as a storage area. A friend, Tom Couch, who worked for the C.P.R. helped me a lot with the second cottage. I called him my godfather, he was so good to help me. Tom had his own cottage on the main beach but it was later moved to a pretty island as it flooded most springs. In the winter I went to Tech-Voc Technical School and learned how to build cupboards. Mr. McKillop, an ordained minister, who left in the 1940s had some of his students who couldn't afford material, use mine to build the doors, drawers, etc. This was a great help. This cottage was built with cedar siding from Brown and Rutherford in Winnipeg (this year, 1950, was the big flood and the lumber in their yard was floating). Also due to the flood, it was difficult to not only get the building material but also to get it to the lake due to flooded creeks and rivers. I took 20-foot rafters down on the roof of the car and for three weekends I borrowed a little trailer. I remember one weekend making three trips. The first one was late Friday night. I dropped off the load and was home in bed by 2 a.m. Next morning, I worked until noon, loaded up and down to the lake. Back that night and took out another load on Sunday. Fortunately, I had five good friends who helped me until the new 24x32' cottage was completed and before the snow came. I had the fireplace built on an inside wall so the heat went through into the bedroom on one side and the living room on the other. We matched the stones and I put up a French polished mantle, which shines beautifully when it is oiled.

Mother and I lived together until she died in 1972. Mother loved the cottage and the great outdoors. She used to take a water pail and her dog, Porky, and head out to pick berries. She was a little concerned as to what would happen if they met a bear. One man said to her, "Toss the dog to the bear, and you'll be safe!" She wasn't about to do that.

In 1975 I married Bill Brown. He had two children.

Fred and Mary Hill and their five children used to come to Brereton and help me to maintain the cottage. They took it over when I moved to White Lake.

Brereton Station - 1916

BRERETON LAKE
LOT 10, BLOCK 1
JIM AND FRANCES BUXTON
By Jim

The Buxton family has been associated with Brereton Lake since 1916. The picture shows my grandfather, James Thomas Buxton, waiting to be picked up by the C.N.R. mixed train called "The Local". It would stop just east of the bridge over the Rennie R. In the picture you can clearly see the twists and turns of the river and there is next to no bush visible.

My father, Thomas, used to tell us that all you needed to catch a fish was a pole, some cord and a hook with a bit of red wool attached to it.

My parents, Thomas and Margaret, along with my sister Joanne and I settled at the south end of the lake in 1947, not too far from where this picture was taken many years before. The road in from Highway 44 which was the Trans-Canada then wasn't as it is today. It was just a trail with plenty of low spots that filled with water that would freeze in spring and fall. There was many a time when we arrived at the cottage with ice sticking to the car grill.

Our daughter Maureen and husband Harry and their son Geoffrey, our second daughter Janice and her husband Angus and their children, Andrea and Kory and our son James and Debbie and their children, Jamie and Stephanie, all enjoy Brereton Lake. To date five generations of Buxtons have been at the south end of the lake.

BRERETON LAKE
LOT 4, BLOCK 2
WILF AND ELSIE COCKSHOTT
By Florence

It was the summer of 1941 when Wilf Cockshott and his wife Elsie stopped on the east shore of Brereton Lake to enjoy a picnic with their two sons, Harry (13) and Arthur (11).

Wilf's uncle Charles had a cottage at Star Lake which had been built on a steep lot and provided storage space below. For this reason he picked Lot 16, Block 4, to build a similar cottage.

At that time a lot leased for $10.00 per year. A lease was for a period of 99 years. Minimum value of cottage had to be $500.00.

Work commenced that summer. The lumber for the framing was purchased from John Devlin Timber in Rennie, the siding from Seig's Corner where a small mill was located near what is now Highway 11 and 44.

Ninety percent of the cottage was built during weekends, arriving late Saturday night and putting in a full day's work on Sunday. As there was no electricity, all the lumber was hand sawn.

Furnishings for the cottage consisted of metal bed frames and mattresses, a small wood stove, all purchased from Graham Furniture which was located on what is now the sight of the main post office on Graham Avenue.

The cottage consisted of two bedrooms, a kitchen, living room, and a screened-in veranda. There were no ceilings in the rooms and building paper was later installed between the studs on the walls to keep mosquitoes out.

Wilf had a flat-bottom row boat, powered with a 1.8 h.p. Elto outboard engine. As it was not possible to leave the boat in the water when not in use, it was the job for his sons to bring it up on shore and fill it half full of water so that it would not dry out and leak the following week.

Ice for the icebox was brought out from the city. This involved a stop at Arctic Ice on Langside Street or Lindwood Drive in Norwood.

During the war years, the Mallette family next door would often alternate vehicles with Wilf to save on rationed gasoline.

Wilf's sons, Harry and Art, spent several years collecting butterflies in the area. Some of which remain to this day in the collection of Man and Nature museum.

Elsie passed away June 1955. Wilf remarried. Wilf and Jamie moved across the lake to Block 13. His

Elsie, Art and Harry Cockshott - 1941

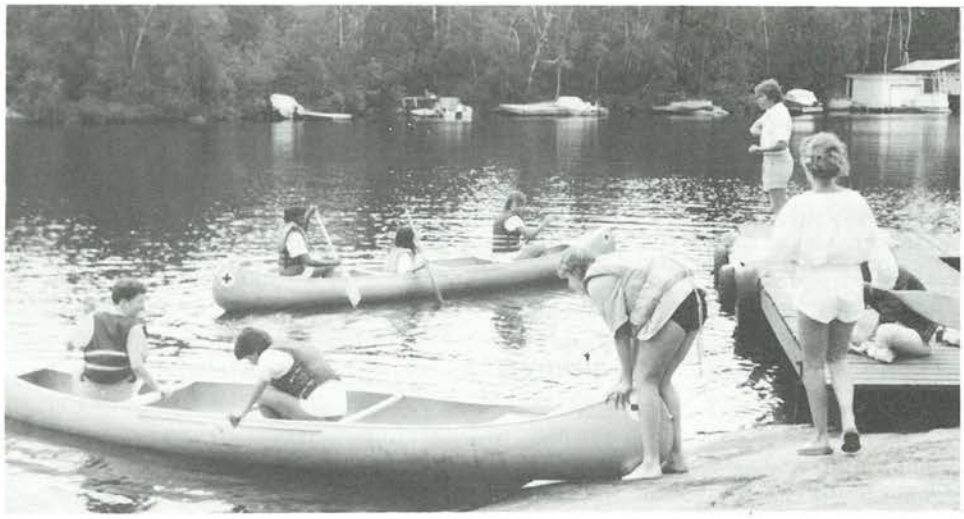
son Harry and wife Florence with their children, Shirley and Robert, carried on in the original cottage for several more years before moving to Block 2, Lot 4, near the south beach.

BRERETON LAKE
LOT 9, BLOCK 7
C.G.I.T. CAMP

In March 1936, after years of searching and planning, the campsite at Lots 7, 8 and 9, Block 7 were first leased from the Provincial Government, by the Winnipeg Girls Work Board. The sale of nails, boards and shingles to churches and CGIT groups raised $850; a tea raised $66; one church pledged for a fireplace, and one denomination gave $150 for a cabin. The main lodge and cabins were built, and the fireplace was constructed with stone from the Brereton Lake area. The first camping programs were held in 1937, with the new facilities being used by Canadian Girls In Training, YWCA, and Kiwanis and South End Community Clubs; during the 1940s, by the Lutheran Church as well. The camp was officially dedicated and formally opened on July 1, 1938.

During the 1950s, Lots 7 and 8 changed hands, and the campsite was revised to its present location of Lot 9. A Leader's Retreat and dining hall were built; the installation of hydro made possible the purchase of a refrigerator, and later a walk-in cooler. As a joint project with the Winnipeg Foundation, the central washroom was built in the 1960s, and a new cabin was built to replace one of the originals. A cycling program became popular at Brereton. In 1969, the camp was first accredited with the Manitoba Camping Association, having met their high standards.

A decision was made to curtail CGIT camping during the 1970s, with the site being used by a variety of other groups. In 1979, CGIT camping was



International C.G.I.T. Camp, July 16-22, 1987 - 50th anniversary at Brereton.

C.G.I.T. Camp Brereton, July 8-15, 1990 - 75th anniversary of the C.G.I.T. in Canada.

started again; in 1985 campers and staff came from across Canada, Trinidad, Nigeria and Bermuda to attend International Girls Camp Council. CBC TV filmed "Meeting Place" at this camp, allowing viewers from coast to coast to share our beautiful campsite! In 1987 a reunion and rededication of the camp was held. The property was considerably upgraded during the 1980s. A new dock and cabins were built; property managers cabin completed; staff washroom, outdoor stairs, painting and lighting greatly enhance the site. A wheelchair ramp and new entrance were added to the lodge. The camp was accredited in 1985 and again in 1988. In the fall of 1989, a beach and parking lot were added, and with the help of the Kiwanis Club of Winnipeg Foundation, a cabin was made wheelchair accessible, and was used by special-needs campers at four camps during 1990. This was indeed a dream come true!

CGIT Camp Brereton is a well-used, much loved campsite. The support and dedication of men and women over the past 50-plus years, continues to provide young people and adults with the opportunity for an enriching, memorable camping experience in this beautiful Provincial Park location.

This article contributed by Pat Finlayson whose family now have a cottage at Lot 14, Block 7, Jessica Lake.

BRERETON LAKE
LOT 10, BLOCK 11
EDGAR AND ROSE COOKE
By Rose

A Day At The Lake

Most people escape to the lake for some peace and quiet, away from the constant rat-race of the city. However, sometimes you can find just as much excitement at the lake as in the city. It's even more exciting when you consider the beautiful setting of the Whiteshell with its crystal-like lakes, lush woods, and the serene tranquility of nature's backyard. It was a day like this when I was at our family cottage with my son Ted and his two children, Martin and Virginia. Martin and Virginia were five and three at the time and like all children at that age, they were very busy and up to all sorts of mischief. Well, little Martin was off investigating by the side of the boathouse, unaware of the fact that there was a wasp's nest there. Sure enough, Martin was stung and came screaming into the cottage. Dad put on his hip-waders and an old net curtain over his head and went out to save the day. The children and I watched expectantly from the safety of the cottage. Ted managed to knock the wasp's nest off the side of the boathouse with an old broom and ran back to the house before they could get him too. Luckily, Ted had someone looking after him. Just as the nest was knocked down, a loyal skunk came out from under the boathouse and proceeded to eat all of the wasps and the nest too. The children thought this was very funny but Martin was a little worried about our hero the skunk, "Oh my his poor tummy!" he exclaimed, which made us laugh all the more.

BRERETON LAKE
LOT 51, BLOCK 3
ROSS AND VIVIAN CAMERON
By Vivian

Our family's first discovery of Brereton was in 1941, when I attended the CGIT Camp, and thought it the loveliest place in the world. Many more visits over the years confirmed this view, and as we sometimes rented Kay Blankenship's or the Browns' cabins, we dreamed of some day owning a cottage at Brereton. This dream was realized in the spring of 1959 when Ross and I with children Barbara and Keith, and later Sandra, bought Lot 51, Block 3, at South Beach. It had a screened patio, a motor on a wooden boat, as well as crocuses in the back yard and blueberries growing in front. What more could anyone want?

Here Barbara, Keith and Sandra played in the sand, learned to swim, canoe, water ski, and drive the boat. We went fishing, picked berries, explored islands, discovered wild flowers, and shared peanut butter sandwiches with squirrels and chipmunks. Often around 4 a.m. we heard bears upsetting garbage cans, but one afternoon ten-year-old Barbara came face-to-face with a bear on the road; bear and girl took one look, then turned and ran in opposite directions! One summer a family of skunks lived under the cottage. We saw them occasionally at dawn or dusk, but managed to co-exist with these beautiful animals.

Each year, we planted a dozen or so trees, which grew well in wet years, only to die in dry ones. Even-

Barbara and Keith Cameron - 1962

tually we learned to add peatmoss around them and ring it with stones to conserve moisture. So the compost heap became increasingly important! Picking berries, whether plentiful or not, was always a reason to wander through the quiet woods, though black flies, ants and mosquitoes often made it less enjoyable. Raspberries were quite plentiful on roadsides until government mowing and weed-killers left only thistles.

The railway tracks were a popular walk, but we parents didn't realize how often they were also a thrilling playground. We miss some early residents of Block 3 - the Franks, who so enjoyed fishing from the old dock and strawberry picking where now is a dusty wasteland by the pump; the Nortons, whose daughter Eldred helped teach our children to waterski; and the Blowers, who called their cottage "Sootsus"; they "suited us" too. We still try to preserve the natural beauty of Brereton against fires, insects, pollution and other man-made disasters, so future generations can enjoy its "rocks and trees and skies and seas" as we have.

BRERETON LAKE
LOT 2, BLOCK 14
GORDON AND JEAN CAMPBELL
By Jean

In the summer of 1955, a notice appeared in Winnipeg papers announcing that the Provincial Government was opening a new block of lots on the eastern side of Brereton Lake, near Rennie. Having moved to Winnipeg from Ontario that spring, we had neither a cottage, nor relatives with a cottage, in Manitoba; so we thought we would have a look.

If I remember correctly, it was on a day of the Civic Holiday weekend that we drove to Rennie and called in at the Forestry Office. Receiving a list of lot numbers and direction as to how to find them, we drove to Inverness Falls. Leaving the car there, we hiked off down the road past the ten or so established lots to the last driveway, which gave us access to a trail along the water's edge. We understood that we would find stakes driven in at the corners of each lot, bearing the number of the lot. The path was narrow and rough. We had to proceed in single file, watching our footing, and sometimes having to push aside branches of shrubs or trees. The markers were not always obvious. We sometimes had to poke about in the undergrowth in search of them. We made our way right to the end of the path, encountering only one group of people. They were at about the halfway point. Having begun their clearing in earnest, they were taking a well earned break, sitting around on the ground and on logs, enjoying a picnic lunch.

Having persevered to the end of the line, Lot 1, perhaps we were more inclined to take a closer look at the lots at that end. Wandering back and forth between Lots 1 and 5, we struggled through bush to the inland boundaries, which were particularly difficult to spot. We finally decided that we would be happy with either Lot 1 or 2.

We made our way back to the road and returned to the Forestry Office. There we learned that Lot 1 was already spoken for, so we settled for Lot 2. We did but a small amount of clearing that year, partly because most of our holiday time was already gone. We would rent a cabin from the Browns, who, at that time owned the store where the Whiteshell Inn now is. The cabin we rented was near the water, east of the main campsite, where private cottages now stand. We made our way to our lot from the end of the Block 5 road, which at that time gave the only access to the Lutheran Camp property. Paths wound over rocks, sometimes through wet, marshy spots to the Lutheran Camp. From there we struggled through bush to our own lot. Some of our neighbours began building that summer, taking materials in by boat. We did not yet have a boat. One neighbour hauled lumber over the ice the ensuing winter. We had to wait until the following summer, when a road had been put through right to the Lutheran Camp.

The first part of our cottage was a North American Lumber Company package deal, including biffy! We arranged for delivery and two carpenters to help us start, one weekend. We all stayed Friday and Saturday nights at the Inverness Falls cabins, then owned, with the store there, by the Mallette family. With expert help and direction from the carpenters, we worked all Saturday and Sunday. The carpenters departed Sunday afternoon, leaving us to continue. By then, the floor was set on the foundations, the walls up and the two doors in, but the window spaces had to be cut out and the windows in their frames set in. The roof frame was up, but only a small section filled with shiplap. We camped out on the floor, air mattresses and sleeping bags laid on the floor, over which the partial roof was. It was great to lie gazing up at the stars in the night sky, but the mosquitoes were horrendous! We kept working away, but one evening before the cottage was completely closed in, signs of a big storm appeared in the west. We decided to work as long as we could and then head for home, as our limited shelter would not withstand a deluge. As the storm approached, our neighburs, whose cottage was at least complete on the outside, came over and kindly offered us shelter with them. We declined the offer as we knew a deluge would leave our place too wet for working for a day at least.

That's a night I haven't forgotten! It must have

been about 9:00 p.m. when we piled into the car and set out for home, and long after midnight when we got there. The present road between our cottage and the Whiteshell Road does not offer a much smoother ride than it did over 30 years ago! However, at least the Whiteshell Road is now paved long since. Then, it was quite a rough, and narrow, gravel road. We did not reach the highway before the deluge came. The rain was so heavy that we had to stop and just sit for a while, due to lack of visibility. Plenty of thunder and lightning accompanied the rain. As the rain let up we continued on. Our two sons, (Peter and Ian) being young, fell asleep in the back seat. My husband Gordon became drowsy and asked me to drive, before we were very far on our way. The old highway was much more winding and narrow than it is now. The shorter route, for us, through Elma and Highway 15 did not exist, except as a very rudimentary dirt road. There was no divided highway on any part of the route. I was pretty exhausted by the time I reached home with three soundly sleeping males in the car! Later we had a daughter, Amy.

Bears were regular visitors in our early cottage days. There were no garbage cages. The garbage was picked up at the back of the lots; twice a week, in time. We endeavoured to burn in the wood stove all that we could and to put garbage out in the cans as close to pick-up time as possible. The bears seemed to pass by in one direction at dusk or later, then back in the other direction in pre-dawn light the next day. Making a noise might scare them off, but they often hauled garbage into the bush, and often put dents into the cans. When the Whiteshell Road was being paved, a work camp was located off the Inverness Falls road, to the east of the well where the road to Rice Lake branches off. Huge tents were the living quarters for the men, and of course, their cook shelter also. It was a natural attraction for bears, and often that summer, we heard shots ringing out from that direction, after dark. Another summer when bears were quite prevalent, the rangers patrolled in their truck nightly. Sometimes they went by after we were in bed, and the beams of the revolving searchlight on their cab roof travelled through our cottage. One night we heard the truck stop, the sound of voices and movement amongst the trees. There was the sound of a shot at close range. The boys wanted to go out, but I would not allow it in case an animal was merely winged and on the move. In the morning we learned that a good sized, older bear had been shot and killed in the driveway just three doors from us.

As I recall, Mr. Mallette had permission to shoot if necessary, as the bears sometimes wandered around his cabins in early evening. They were attracted by the sweetness of the empty soft drink bottles (before cans!) in their crates, which were stacked beside the store. Mention of the store reminds me that before we had electricity, we had an icebox and used to buy blocks of ice from the store. The ice was buried deep in the ground, covered with sawdust, in a shed towards the back of their property. The ice was cut from the lake in winter. We always hoped the supply would last until cottage closing time! While building our boathouse, I was busy one evening fitting triangular metal caps over the joining of boards at the corners, when a neighbour a few doors away called: "There's a 'big black' headed your way!" My small daughter was at the front of the cottage and I shouted to her to go inside. The bear came lumbering along the waterfront and past the boathouse door at the back. He paid no attention to me, but my family still laugh because I hopped into the boat which was tied to the corner of the boathouse, there being no dock there as yet. Later, when bear traps were placed and baited, we had one near us, but to the best of my knowledge, no bear ever made the mistake of entering it.

Children of cottagers used to deliver the Free Press right to our doors, and I recall one occasion when our papergirl (Glen Sampson's sister) came rushing to our door in a bit of a state, having come up over a little hill and almost collided with a bear. The bear was just as startled and took off into the bush. However, we put her bicycle into the trunk of our car and drove her home, she being at the end of her delivery route anyway. I think that only about twice since those days have I seen a bear wandering by in our area.

As the years have gone by, we have made two additions to our cottage and continue to enjoy the beautiful surroundings and whatever wildlife there is. A red fox wanders about, cottontails hop about, and a mink (weasel ?) is seen scuttering across the waterfront occasionally. My grandson Christopher has had the thrill of seeing a turtle lay her eggs in sand at our waterfront. Unfortunately the mink, or perhaps a skunk, managed to make short work of them. We still have a huge moose antler and a smaller deer one, which we found in the undergrowth as we began clearing 35 years ago. We often used to find deer tracks behind the cottage, but not so often in recent years. The birds are a delight. I have had the joy of watching a great blue heron, on a rock at our waterfront, swallow a fish by degrees! I have also seen prairie hens (partridge?) freeze in awkward positions for almost 30 minutes, after hearing the dog moving inside the cottage. They might have been carved of wood! I look forward to these continued joys for many years to come!

BRERETON LAKE
Frank and Doreen Dixon
Used to go to Lake Brereton
By Frank

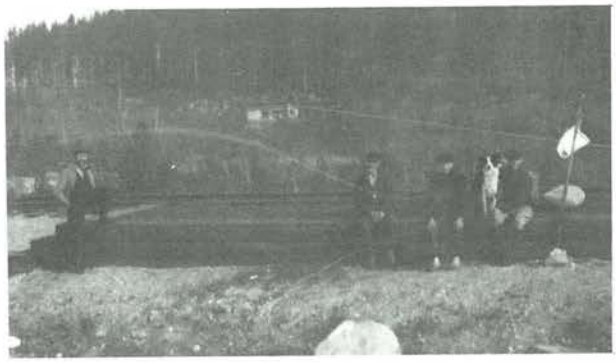
My father Edward was born in Cornwall, England and he came to Canada in 1907. Mother, Annie (Nance) was born in Nottingham, England and she came to Canada in 1910. Both Dad and Mother worked for the T. Eaton Co. in Winnipeg. They met there and were married in 1921.

Dad started going to the Whiteshell several years before. He was an early member of the Winnipeg Angling Club whose members worked for Eaton's. In the early years when the fishermen went to Lake Brereton, they had to make special arrangements with the C.N.R. to stop and let them off and later to pick them up as there was no station there.

In the beginning, the Angling Club was strictly for males. The rules were changed to allow the wives to go to the club house but if other men came they had to leave! Mother used to go down quite often with Dad and only once did she have to leave. The only place for her to go was to Louis and Genevieve Mombaze's log cabin. Mother was a bit horrified at the sight of the cabin but when she went inside, she found it spotlessly clean.

Dad and Merl Snider usually went together to the lake. When I was about 10, they were going away for a summer weekend. Dad spoke quietly to Merl and then they asked me if I wanted to go, too. I was delighted. In those days you could always depend on catching fish. When I caught the first one it was too small and Merl threw it overboard, as I exclaimed, "My first fish!" A little later I got a "keeper".

We usually went down the creek under the C.N.R. track in the spring in hopes of catching a big Jackfish. In 1949 my wife, Doreen and I were at the club with my parents. Doreen was pregnant. We went out fishing and Dad didn't think we would catch anything, however, soon Doreen called "Bottom", and we realized she had a big Jackfish. After a good

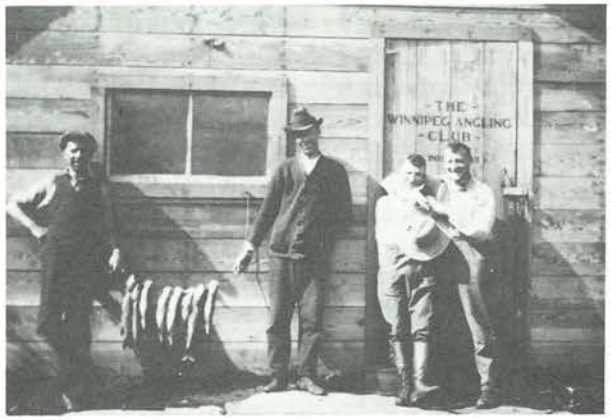


Brereton Lake station platform by the Rennie River. Note the signal flag - 1923.

Nance Dixon and Frank - 1926

Filleting fish - 1925

Winnipeg Angling Club - 1925



E.A. Dixon on right. Original one-room cabin - 1921

Winnipeg Angling Club August 3, 1925 - half a day's catch.

Putting on the veranda. Charlie Pearce on roof, right, E.A. Dixon, behind the barrel - 1925.

fight, we landed a 40-pounder, the biggest fish Dad had ever seen come out of the lake or creek. What a story we had to tell our son, Edward, when he arrived. Three years later we had a daughter Ada.

I stopped going to the lake after Dad died in 1953.

Doreen and I live in Hamilton, Ontario now. We visited Brereton in 1986 and stopped in at the club where we saw the Agnews.

BRERETON LAKE
LOT 27, BLOCK 9
RICHARD AND HELENE DOBEL

Our cottage was built in 1956 and owned by Willy and Margaret Pohl. Originally it was just 600

Helene, Richard, Rick and Angie Dobel - 1969

square feet. The Pohls sold the cottage to Russel and Velma Pawley (parents of the former Premier of Manitoba). We purchased it from them in 1968. We expanded the cottage to 1300 sqaure feet and renovated the boathouse and waterfront area.

The cottage has provided countless years of enjoyment for Richard and Helene, their son Lorrie and his wife Sabrina and their children Ryan, Bryse and Brett and Angela, their daughter. We love having visitors from the U.S.A. and Germany to enjoy the Park.

BRERETON LAKE
LOT 9, BLOCK 5
LES AND BEA DUNTHORNE
By Bea

Previous to building the cottage, my husband and I travelled on most lakes and rivers in the Whiteshell

by canoe. At that time, you couldn't paddle through Lone Island Lake because the rice was so thick and if you stood up in the canoe, you couldn't see over the rice. Highway 307 was a narrow gravel road constructed by welfare recipients. In 1945, we decided to build on the west shore of Lake Brereton (now Block 5) gaining access by boat only as there was no road. The few cottages built previously to ours had to bring in materials by C.N. rail or from Rennie by the river. Mr. Ritchie was the forest ranger and he assigned Lot 9 for us, together with lots for four others and we all built at the same time, blazing our own roads. Ours was the first cottage on the lake to be built of plywood frame - many predicting it wouldn't stand up for a season. Trapper Louis Mombaze, who lived at Lot 2, Block 2, often towed us over a rutted road around the south end of the lake. Activity on the lake was at a very slow pace - row boats and canoes . . . no high speed motors, aquaplanes, skiing, etc. At that time we had a six-foot deep sandy beach, but haven't seen sand for several years now because of dam controlled water levels.

In the spring of 1950, most cottages proved their worth as they were occupied by Winnipeg residents who were obliged to evacuate the city because of the Red River flood. The forestry were most helpful, supplying firewood and relaying messages to those of us stranded there.

In the past 45 years, there have been three generations enjoying our place, plus dozens of friends. The water providing the most activity - with summer fishing, swimming and skiing; winter skating and snowmobiling and in the early years, even ice blocks obtained from Brown's store at South Beach to keep food cool. We have gone from oil lamps, wood stove cooking, pump water . . . to electricity for T.V., lighting, etc. including heated pipes for plumbing to provide year-round water on tap. It was an all-day outing to pack a lunch and putter the length of the lake (about 3½ miles) to Inverness Falls and have a picnic with the children. One afternoon, our son Ken, and his chum Bruce Jackson (ages14 years) swam this 3½ miles length of the lake. Now it can be skimmed in five minutes with the faster boats.

Only mother nature has remained the same: good blueberry and raspberry picking in the favorite spots; no shortage of squirrels or rabbits, loons on the lake and even to this day the odd fox who comes for a hand-out.

There was just one event that beat mother nature and that was the fire in 1988 that swept the southwest side of the lake. Five cottages were burned to the ground, and whole stands of huge pine trees charred. There again the forestry saved at least 20 cottages (ours included) from being burnt.

To touch on the money aspect . . . originally we paid the government $10.00 a year for rent - rent for the year 1989 was $600.00 for the same piece of land.

Our son Jim and his wife Kay have the cottage next door. Their children are Karin and Jennifer. Our daughter Joan and George have a daughter Sandra and a son Craig.

BRERETON LAKE
LOT 9, BLOCK 12
NICK AND LENA DYCK
By Nick

The Whiteshell area has always been a favorite vacation and recreation area for our family. When the opportunity arose to purchase a cottage in the summer of 1981, and make Lake Brereton a home away from home, we couldn't pass it up.

Since assuming occupancy we have been able to make many new friends in our block, and continue to enjoy our relationships with our city friends who also have cottages at Lake Brereton.

Our summer "retirement home" is a place where peace, rest, and relaxation are the order of the day. We enjoy gardening, blueberry picking, swimming, boating, fishing, taking walks and simply taking delight in what the wildlife and wilderness of the Whiteshell has to offer.

Our most enjoyable moments are spent with our sons, Nick Jr. and Carman, and Walter and Marg and their children, David, Kathleen and Sarah.

All forms of water activities become the focus when our children and grandchildren come to visit.

Each fall after closing the cottage for the winter we look back at the wonderful times we had that summer, and begin to look forward in anticipation of what the next summer at Lake Brereton will hold in store.

BRERETON LAKE
LOT 53, BLOCK 3
JOHN AND HAZEL DYKES
"DYKES' DIGS"
By Hazel

Our family began camping at Brereton Lake around 1940. In 1955 when our fourth child arrived, we began thinking of a cottage and leased the second last lot, near the south beach. At that time, the beach was quiet and unspoiled - no change house or parking lot or playground and no weekend crowds.

Building our pre-cut cottage was quite a challenge as John had never built a house before but Thompson Lumber assured him it was easy and he could look at a finished cottage if he did not understand anything, which he did quite a few times. We had

Jim, Susan, Lois, and Gail Blower, John and Hazel Dykes - 1958.

good friends who helped with the roof and our boys enjoyed the project.

The Bullocks, Browns and Camerons bought cottages nearby at about the same time and the Blowers built next door, a friendly group sharing our lovely south beach. We always looked forward to seeing our friends again on the first long weekend in the spring and hearing their news.

There were picnics to our favorite places, Rainbow Falls, Pine Point Rapids, Amisk Trail or a picnic on one of the islands and sometimes an outing to Mud Turtle Lake. In the evening there was the walk to Brown's store for treats, sometimes a walk and sometimes a ride in our old rowboat. Of course we will never be allowed to forget the time we took a group for a trail walk from Big Whiteshell to Lone Island Lake and we never did get there. After a long walk we came out to Big Whiteshell Road. We had no idea where we were but it wasn't Lone Island. Really, that trail was marked on the map.

In the fall we sometimes went "coal picking" - picking up coal on the track, thrown out from the trains, to keep our fires going on cold nights. Then there was the time we found that our children were playing house in a rock cut on the track, living room on one side of the track and kitchen on the other. No wonder we have grey hair. Watching the trains go by was great excitement for the children.

Now our cottage is winterized and we sometimes go there in the winter to ski or snowshoe. It is so very lovely in the winter.

On the first long weekend in spring we still look forward to seeing our old friends and their families.

Our family consists of: Bryan and Trudy and their three girls, Lisa, Tracy and Jennifer; James and Jan and their three, Matthew, Emily and Jenna; Lois and Bob and their son Brett; and Susan and Ed and their children, Ryan and Kaitlin.

BRERETON LAKE
LOT 9, BLOCK 9
TOM AND EDNA ERSKINE
by Edna

After winning a Modern Dairy limerick contest, Margaret Erskine purchased in June 1946, an unfinished cottage begun by two war veterans on lakefront property at Brereton Lake. It was a well treed lot on a small bay with two islands, one smaller than the other at the entrance to the bay, just opposite the cottage.

Margaret, her husband Norman, brother Mac, son Tom and his dog Chum, began their weekend trips to Brereton Lake. Their friends and relatives spent many hours there with them. One of their favorite pastimes was to paddle or row to the "big" island to pick raspberries or tramp into the bush for blueberries. On June 9, 1952, a spectacular fire destroyed many trees on the islands in front of the cottage and threatened the CGIT camp on the mainland. (See Eye Witness Report)

On June 12, 1954, when the family arrived at the lake for the weekend, they couldn't see the cottage as it was completely covered by the huge trees blown down during a storm, one of many experienced over the years.

Until his death in 1959, Norman spent many happy hours fishing in his row boat, powered by a .5 h.p. motor. His son Tom preferred to explore the lake paddling his canoe or sailing in it with a cotton sail and leaboards. He and I were married on September 6, 1952.

In 1957, the cottage was wired for power, bringing an end to the coal oil and gas mantle lamps which were used in the evenings when family and friends gathered around the dining room table for a rousing game of cards.

John Erskine arrived, followed by Connie a couple of years later, and Norman a couple of years after that. Each of them bobbed around in their life jackets in the deep water beside the dock until old enough to take the Red Cross swimming lessons at the main beach, opposite Blankenship's store. At that time there was a Government dock from which lessons were taught.

In 1962, an addition to the cottage was completed followed in 1968 by a boathouse with screen veranda providing refuge from the mosquitoes. A motor boat with a 35 h.p. motor was purchased and water skiing became a popular activity along with sailing which had progressed from the canoe to a Petrol sailboat which Tom built in our basement in Winnipeg in July, 1964.

Since 1982, windsurfing has become a popular

Tom and Edna Erskine - 1951

water activity. Connie, Norman and his wife, Pam look forward to a windy day when they zoom back and forth across the lake on their windsurfers.

Until the arrival of the garbage cages, bears were often seen roaming around the cottage. Evidence of a bear's attempt to gain entrance to the cottage was paw marks just below a bedroom window and a torn screen. This was the morning after a loud thud was heard in the middle of the night. One other night, Connie was sleeping in a tent in the yard when she was awakened by a bear walking around and around her tent, sniffing and snorting. She made a hasty retreat into the cottage thereby ending her tenting days.

Over the years there have been many visitors, including a parrot from Nigeria. He was perched in his cage on a metal table in the living room when the family cat, Sambo came into the room, stalked confidently towards the cage until he was quite close - when the parrot stuck his beak out of the cage and pecked loudly on the metal. Sambo immediately backed up all the way out of the room and didn't come near the parrot again.

Sambo enjoyed prowling around outside at night, but did not enjoy his encounter with a skunk. Neither did Nicki, a visiting Lab. when a skunk made a direct hit on him. He ran excitedly into the house, then into the bedrooms, rubbing on beds where people were sleeping. Needless to say he was not very warmly received. An effort was made to rub tomato juice on him which created more commotion.

In 1959, the cottage title was transferred to Tom from his mother who continued to spend many happy days there, swimming, picking berries, sawing wood for the wood stove, enjoying the sunsets and her grandchildren until 1982 when she moved to Fred Douglas Lodge. She died on May 25, 1988.

Through the years there were many changes to the cottage. In 1981, it was winterized and is now being enjoyed year round.

LAKE BRERETON FIRE - JUNE 9, 1952
Eye witness report by
Reg and Inez Edwards, Tom Erskine,
Edna Cuthbert, Margaret Erskine

A holiday was the ninth of June,
And all was well until about noon,
When a wisp of smoke was seen in the West,
From one of the islands it was guessed.

The wind was so strong, the sparks flew high,
And some of them landed on islands near by.
For all of a sudden from across the bay,
The flames shot up where the raspberries lay.
(There'll be no picking there this year it is said
For it is feared all the berries there will be dead).

The Pine trees fell and the poplars too
Before the rangers came into view.
So Tom and Reg. had but one desire
To get to the isle and put out the fire.

But the fire on the big isle was out of control
So to save the small one became their goal
They rushed out in the boat and landed ashore
Where the fire began to crackle and roar.

They jumped ashore with pail and spade
and headed for the smoke
While Tom poured water here and there
With shovel Reg. did poke.
However as the wind increased
And flames did race and roar
They knew they had done all they could
So headed for the store.

Then the ladies decided to join in the fight
They tramped up the road near the scene of
the plight
Together they made their way through the smoke
And guarded the point (CGIT) with the other folk.
And as the last flames were subdued
Charred islands were in sight
Bearing witness that all might see
A sad and sorry plight
For though our memories be short,
The islands bare will be
Until God deems it safe to grow
Another shady tree.

BRERETON LAKE
LOT 28, BLOCK 3
John H. and Helen Epp
now Ernest and Ruth Epp
LOT 40, BLOCK 3
John W. and Sharon Epp
LOT 11, BLOCK 14
Alfred and Helen (Epp) Schellenberg
By Sharon

The John H. Epp family have been coming to Brereton Lake since 1942, when John first came to Brereton Lake with a friend to go fishing. He really enjoyed this break from his fledgling jewellery

business, Independent Jewellers, and it became a regular outing. The idea of owning a cottage at the lake began to appeal to John and his wife Helen, and in 1943, they purchased a semi-finished cottage on Block 3, Lot 41/42 for $800.

The family, John and Helen and their children, Helen, John W. and Ernie, really enjoyed their summers here, with Mr. Epp working at his store and coming out to the lake on Tuesday evenings to spend Wednesdays with his family, and then again on Saturday evenings to spend Sundays there. The children would sit on the front steps in the dusk, watching the headlights coming over the tracks and guessing which ones would be their father's. John and Ernie would often be sent to Brown's store, across the road and just down the hill toward the south beach, to buy blocks of ice, which they transported home in the baby stroller. This seemed like such a long walk to them! The cottage was not on the lake, but this did not deter the family from enjoying swimming, fishing, and boat excursions across the lake to visit friends.

In the fall of 1957, a cottage on a beautiful, level, lakefront property, Block 3, Lot 28, became available and was purchased by Mr. Epp from the Ross family. The Ross's continued to use the cottage for the next year, and the Epps took possession in 1958, using the existing cottage until 1963 when they rebuilt it. The only remaining part of the original cottage is the fireplace, which was anchored by ropes to surrounding trees while the new cottage was built around it. Now that they had lakefront access, Mr. Epp purchased a canoe. The excitement was short-lived: on the maiden voyage, he began to stand up to wave at his neighbor, and the canoe promptly capsized!

As the three Epp children grew up and married, they continued to enjoy cottaging and the time came when they could no longer all come out together on weekends with their children. In 1979, son John W. and his wife Sharon purchased the cottage on Block 4, Lot 32, from the Rodviks. They and their four children, John M., Timothy, Susan and Matthew, spent wonderful summers here, coming in the beginning of July and staying until the end of August. John would spend weekends and his holidays with his family. The cottage was quaint and cozy and the children have wonderful memories of sailing homemade wooden boats at the shallow lake's edge, and of picnics on their large flat rock "island" just off shore.

In 1983, the John W. Epps made another move, to Block 3, Lot 40, purchasing the Guyot cottage with its many garden plots and beautiful sandy beach. The cottage here was small as well, so they removed some of the inside walls, refinished the existing cottage inside and out, and added bedrooms.

Helen with children - Helen, John W. and Ernie - 1947

The family continues to spend summers here with the children now enjoying fishing, water-skiing and other waterfront activities, and the parents enjoying the gardening as well.

As time went on, the John H. Epp cottage was turned over to Ernie and Ruth Epp, who spend a lot of time there with their four young sons, Jeremy, Nathan, Thomas, and Jonathan. The sandy lakefront is well used for swimming, water-skiing and boating.

Alfred and Helen (Epp) Schellenberg enjoy their cottage on Block 14, Lot 11 at Inverness. They also rebuilt and added rooms to the cottage they purchased in 1984 from Dr. Koepke. They are the third owners of the property. Alfred and Helen and their children, David and his wife Joanne, Ruth and Elizabeth, greatly enjoy their weekends here in summer, entertaining many friends.

John H. Epp considers his purchase of a cottage one of the best investments he ever made, and his children and grandchildren heartily agree!

BRERETON LAKE
LOT 19C, BLOCK 9
BILL AND MAE FERGUSON

By Mae

We built our cottage in 1954 when money was scarce. It was the required size of 20x24'. Our older son, Bill, was just two weeks old when we went there first. There was no electricity so we used kerosene lamps and wood stoves, but it was fun. As time went by, as the family grew so did the cottage. We had many good times fishing and snowmobiling. Now our younger son Ronald and Marlene own the cottage next door which used to be his grandfather's cottage. There has been a lot of work like filling in the ditches and moving the rocks but that is all done now.

I used to spend the summers with the boys at the lake. We saw lots of bears. One day I was hanging a blanket on the line and this bear came within ten feet of me. I let out a yell and it went away.

One summer we had with us, five little puppies whose mother had died. We fed them with an eye

dropper.

Another year there was an abundance of blueberries even around our lot. These two women came and picked what I thought was my patch. I told the storekeeper that I wished they'd pick elsewhere. Next day when he saw me he said, "Well, you won't be bothered by those berry pickers!" I asked, "Why?" He replied, "One broke her arm." I said, "Serves her darn well right."

Our family, Joan and George and their son Jason; Verona and Kelly and their children, Kevin and Debbie; Bill and Jan and their children, Christie and Jordan and Ronald and Marlene (next door) with their children, Lisa and Justin, all enjoy the cottage like we do.

BRERETON LAKE
LOT 11, BLOCK 1
ALICE AND GERRY FARRELL
By Gerry

We have been residents of Brereton Lake since 1954, in the days when Highway 307 was a winding gravel road. Our son, Paul, was six years old, and now his son Corey is 12.

Our small four room cottage was almost hidden from the road and we had to carry everything, large and small, into the driveway of our wonderful neighbors, the Buxtons, and then through the bushes by a path to our cottage.

This was in the days of no electricity and our first chore when we arrived was to go for a block of ice at Brown's store, which was on Highway 307, across from the pump by South Beach.

We attended church on Sundays in the little schoolhouse in Rennie and in the dance hall at West Hawk Lake until 1963 when we got together and built St. Christopher Chapel at Jessica Lake.

Over the years as the family grew with Alice's parents, Marie and Art Lear, and children, Paul, Gary and Maureen, and other friends and relatives, it became necessary to make additions to our cottage, including indoor plumbing.

By this time we had six grandchildren, Corey, Janelle, Heather, Collin, Reid and Jennifer, who have had a lot of enjoyment at "the lake".

After many years of blood, sweat and tears, all went well until May 1st, 1988, when everything went up in smoke. Our cottage was completely destroyed in the forest fire, along with four other cottages.

With a great deal of help from our family, Dale and Maureen, Paul and Lorraine, Gary and Helen, we were able to rebuild and are once again enjoying our summers, and now have only fond memories of the old days.

BRERETON LAKE
LOT 16, BLOCK 3
ROY AND LILLIAN FIJAL

In the summer of 1938, my dad, Joseph Fijal, leased the property and began building a store at the south end of Brereton Lake, just across the road from the present telephone booth. In the spring of 1939, he added gas pumps and an ice house, as there was no electricity in those days. My aunt and uncle, Emily and Fred Thom came up from Chicago on vacation and enjoyed helping him during the summer.

In the fall of 1939, World War II broke out and the provincial government decided to sell a cluster of 15 cabins and a small log store located across from the main dock. The government was anxious to dispose of these properties as all manpower of military age was expected to serve their country. My dad, Joe Fijal, wrote to my uncle Fred (who had returned to the U.S.) explaining the situation and asked whether he would be interested in joining the venture as the whole operation would include the running of two stores and 15 rental cottages. My uncle Fred responded to go for it. Dad succeeded in holding the government property until the following spring for a deposit of $500, which was a substantial sum at that time.

When my Aunt Kay and Uncle Bill Blankenship, who also lived in Chicago, heard of the arrangement, they wanted in on the venture as well and it became a three family partnership.

The south store (no longer there) was a very popular meeting place in those days. The cottage owners gathered to swap stories of their fishing/hunting exploits and local news. It was the only place where ice was available to keep their perishables cool.

Dad was very athletic in his youth and loved sports. He sponsored local baseball games and would put up a prize of a case of soft drinks to the winning team. Challenges were made to Rennie and other lakes in the vicinity. I don't recall Brereton Lake losing a game even though we would have to rush around the beach and cottages at times to recruit a team.

Some of the happiest times of my youth were spent during summer holidays at the lake, although most of my time was spent working around the store, delivering groceries and hauling ice for customers, pumping gas with the old-fashioned round glass gas tank that required hand pumping. Other chores were splitting wood, filling Coleman and coal oil lamps, keeping water buckets filled and soft drink and milk coolers iced up. This provided a great opportunity to meet the various cottage owners and become acquainted with kids my own age, who in most cases were down for the summer. A very un-

pleasant chore was emptying and hauling all the garbage from the two stores and 15 cabins with my cousin Bill Blankenship. Since he had a license, he drove while I kept the garbage cans from falling off the rickety old trailer. There were loads of fish in the lake in those days and the garbage contained a lot of the remains. (PHEW!) A swim was really enjoyed after the chore, as cousin Bill would find all the bumps in the road to make it interesting for me.

Dad was one of the first traders in wild rice in the Whiteshell. Chief Prince and his band of native people from the Pine Falls area approached Dad one fall and asked him if he would grub stake them in providing canoes to pick the rice. Dad was just getting established in his store operation at the time and told the chief he didn't have the finances to buy them canoes. However, he would help as best as he could. He went to John Devlin's sawmill in Rennie and asked Mr. Devlin if he could set up a charge account in his name for the native people. Dad then informed the chief that he and his people could build boats to pick their wild rice and charge materials to Dad's account. The boats were built and the Indians had a bumper crop. The chief came to the store and paid Dad for the lumber and materials. He also told Dad they were having a pow wow and invited him to attend. At the pow wow, Dad was surprised to find they had planned a presentation to him of all the boats that they had built. The following year the boats were available with the rental cottages, which did not have any until that time.

An extremely violent storm in 1941 struck Brereton - trees were lifted by the roots and all, roads were blocked for about a day. The wind sweeping across the open field in front of the store was so intense that several windows were blown in. We took all the oars from the boats, nailed them to the floor and braced the front of the store to keep it from blowing in.

Considering the lack of utilities and the primitive conditions of those days, it is surprising to recall some of the services we did have. For example there was a twice daily bus service from Winnipeg to Kenora with a bus depot in Rennie. A taxi service operated by Mr. McGinnis in Rennie, to all the lakes from the bus depot or C.P.R. station in Rennie.

In the spring of 1943, I joined the navy and shortly after Dad sold out his share to his two partners, the Blankenships and Thoms. All my dreams during my time in the service were of returning to Brereton Lake when the war was over. Upon discharge in October 1945, I purchased a cabin (sight unseen) at Lot 16, Block 3, from the Blanchards, who had built in 1941.

All our five children learned to swim at the South Beach and made many close friendships over the years. They could probably each add a chapter or two on their memories of "Summers at the cottage". They now return with their families from the west coast to the east coast. Wayne, Ann and children come in from Montreal, Joanne and Michael Donnelly and children from Nova Scotia, Lory and Ian Dailly and children and Tom and Desiree from Vancouver. Janet and Gerald Rewucki live in Winnipeg. When they all return at the same time, the old cottage is bursting at the seams.

Dad passed away in May, 1986 at age 87. Mother is still in reasonably good health and enjoying her 87th year at her farm home in Anola.

BRERETON LAKE
LOT 28, BLOCK 5
NORMAN AND DOROTHY GOLDBERG

By Dorothy

We purchased the cottage in August of 1965 from the Kelly family of Winnipeg Beach, a brother-in-law of Jim Anton, our Brereton neighbor and long time friend who we had visited on many occasions. The cottage needed a lot of repairs and Mr. Tim Buxton (a cottager) did a wonderful repair job for us through which we became very close friends. Before the windows were replaced, I had trouble coaxing my husband Norman, not to sell as each night we would be infested with mosquitoes!! In the first year I would go and upholster, and paint the old furniture and stay a week at a time by myself, Norman coming down weekends. On one occasion it was very hot. I had a swim and came back to the screened in porch and stretched out on a sheet. Hearing a noise at the back door, I draped the sheet and surprised a bear who had smelled my spare ribs cooking from the window! I remembered to bang a pot loudly and I don't know who was more surprised - bear or me.

Another time my sister-in-law Mary Hicks and I were picking berries. The night before we had been talking about what we would do if we met a bear. I was at one side of a field and she came slowly near and said that there was a bear. I thought she was fooling and went on picking until I heard and saw

Norman Goldberg

him disappear at a run, luckily away from us. He was a big one.

My husband and I enjoyed the cottage. He had heart trouble and took ill at the lake in July 1981 and passed away July 9th of the same year. My sister-in-law and I continued to enjoy the cottage until the big forest fire of May 2, 1988 when five of us lost our cottages. If a person could only know there are so many little articles I would have brought into the city. For instance my brother-in-law had made me an inlaid tip top coffee table. Of course it burned. Jim's mom, Mrs. Anton had given me a pretty fluted glass dish which I should have had in the city and so many other little treasures.

We went back to see the spot after the fire. What desolation and all the huge pines gone. We had had one pine fall on the cottage years before and it had badly damaged the roof. They were so majestic.

Mr. and Mrs. Keith Lilley built on my site and have a lovely cottage of their own. She is the neighbor's daughter. Keith found a little red horseshoe I had up in the kitchen. Somehow even with the cook stove, fridge and electric stove burned to ashes, the little horseshoe survived. He hung it on the new cottage for luck.

I had so many wonderful years that Brereton Lake will always have a special place in my heart. If only I had been younger, I would have rebuilt but at 81, it is a little late to start over. Another reason to treasure so many wonderful memories.

BRERETON LAKE
LOT 40, BLOCK 3
DR. HENRY GUYOT

40 Years in the Whiteshell

During the summer of 1943, we explored several lakes in the Whiteshell Reserve in view of selecting a lot to build a summer home. We came across this beautiful spot on Lake Brereton, on the east side of the lake, with a protected sandy beach, a private little bay, well protected by two points of land. We thought this was an ideal spot.

Our son Rene was six-years-old, a non-swimmer yet. Even Anna and I could learn to swim if we applied ourselves to it assiduously. At the Forestry Branch, Department of Mines and Natural Resources, I found out that this lot was available. I immediately took it and paid my $10.00 annual rental. We thought we had the best lot on the lake.

On a Sunday afternoon, we explored the lake, its shores and islands with an old rented boat from Louis Mombaze and our 1.1 h.p. Evinrude egg-beater which I had bought from Jack Alexander of White Lake. Outboards were hard to get during the war.

At that time there were only about 50 cottages on the lake, all on the south and east sides. There was only one boathouse on the south shore. Mrs. Kay Blankenship was renting cabins and had two stores to look after. She was really busy, coming and going. (Comme une guere de veau.) Father Emilien Levesque had a Boy Scout Camp in the wilderness, on the north side, not far from Inverness Falls, which is the outlet of the lake. After exploring the shore line, we came to the conclusion that we couldn't have picked a better spot on the lake; a private, secluded bay with sandy beach, from where we could watch the most beautiful sunsets almost every evening.

Our neighbors were Mrs. Kettle and J.R. McCreery and their families who we got to know later on and were very friendly and helpful to us.

During the winter I got busy making plans for our cottage.

We wanted a cottage, not too large, compact, efficient and comfortable, with a fireplace, two bedrooms, dining room, living room, kitchen, one enclosed veranda and one outdoor porch. The general dimension about 20x32'.

In May 1944, Mr. Leo Lanthier of Transcona with some helpers, built the camp in three weeks. Mr. John Nelson built a beautiful fireplace of natural stones in five days.

We had a lot of work to do inside the cottage during the first summer: finishing, painting, making cupboards, shelves, dining room table and bench, outdoor chairs, etc. Uncle Adolphe did a good part of this and also made the stairs of rocks down to the lake, a bit uneven but solid. They are still holding after 50 years. For lighting we had kerosene and gasoline lamps with mantles which gave us a good light but required care and were dangerous.

All the cooking was done on a wood stove, which meant we had to cut wood, split it and store it in the wood shed, but Anna's roast beef and steaks and blueberry pies tasted much better than in the city. Toast was made in the oven, nice, crisp melba toast "des bonnes toast frettes" — as Rene would say. In spite of all the work we had to do we found time to go fishing. We had a spot in the north end of the lake where we could catch any day three to four nice pickerel, then we would come home satisfied and well supplied with fresh fish for a few days.

During the first five years, we did pioneer work around our camp: cleaning the lot of dead trees, pulling stumps, using the car and chain to move the large rocks out of the way. Then we had to build a wood shed. Again I was fortunate to have Uncle Adolphe to help us. He was a good carpenter as well as an expert stone mason. I also had help from "my crew", Roger Blanchette, Albert Hamel, Celeste Muller, Jean Prefontaine, my brother Lucien, my

cousin Leo Paul Savaria and many others. This was very much appreciated.

In 1950, the year of the flood, we went to Europe on May 10 until July 14 and our cottage was occupied by my brother-in-law, Henri Deschambault and his family and Mrs. Beliveau. So we missed Brereton Lake for most of that summer.

For three successive years, 1951-1952-1953, Rene and I went fishing on the Winnipeg River, at Pointe du Bois, below Lamprey Falls, with Henri Deschambault and his son Gilbert. We were camping for a week each time on an island which we named "Twin Islands". We had some memorable experiences with bears, porcupines, moose, mosquitoes, flies and good fishing.

We caught several Northern Pike in the 15-20 lbs. range and lots of pickerel which we stored in a cooler, all filleted and with dry ice. We have a good souvenir of these fishing trips as I have moving pictures of our exploits.

In 1955, I built a garage in two weekends with my crew to help.

In 1957, electricity came to our camp. What an improvement for lighting, refrigeration and the water pump! Now we had a bathroom with a shower, running hot and cold water and I was able to water my flowers and vegetables. I started to think seriously about landscaping the lot and I began digging. It took me all of 15 years, during the summer holidays, to complete the job with painful joints and gallons of perspiration.

I had great help from "my crew" especially Roger and Albert. It was hard work and we were exhausted around supper time. But after 1 or 2 drinks of scotch and a good supper, cooked by Roger, we were ready for a game of cribbage or dominos.

In 1960, I dug a bed of roses in a very selected spot, lots of sun, about 8x16' with good earth mixed with peat moss to give a slightly acid soil. The first year I planted 24 hybrid tea roses and had a wonderful result. Later I extended my selection to floribundas, grandiflors, hybrid perpetuals, miniatures and bush roses. I had great satisfaction from growing the "queen of flowers". I used to pick two or three dozen a day and give them to friends and neighbors.

Roses take a lot of care and serious work in watering, insecticides, fungicides and winter protection. I also found that growing roses can be a dangerous hobby. I was poisoned by malathion and D.D.T., through skin absorption from my hands. It took me five months to recover.

I kept at it, doing a little bit every year, enlarging my landscaping, planting trees, more roses, and lots of flowers, annuals and perennials. Each year we would plant 70-80 dozen of annuals in our garden and it was just beautiful.

Anna liked making arrangements and she was good at it. I even had a one hole golf course with an elevated tee and green, a fairway about 60 yards long. We had a few competitions on it with our many visitors. All this was also hard work for Anna as she had the responsibility of cooking but we enjoyed the visitors' company. Also looking after the garden was a tiresome labour. I called it my "Garden on Weedin". It was good exercise for me and I don't regret any part of it.

Besides weeding and cultivating, there was watering, insecticide spraying, stone work, hauling earth and peat moss in my two-wheel trailer.

In 1963, the Catholic campers organized a subscription to build our St. Christopher Chapel at Jessica Lake, about seven miles north of Lake Brereton campground. We needed $7,000 to start construction and this amount was collected without difficulty from the members of our church. Those who were most involved in the organization, collection, choosing the lot, awarding the contract and supervising the work were Lionel Grimard, Norbert Decloux, Lucien Chaput, Leo Boissonneault and many others.

Mr. and Mrs. Lionel Grimard looked after our chapel for over 20 years. To all of them we owe our sincere thanks for their untiring effort and benevolent support.

The first mass was celebrated on June 9, 1963 by Father Albert Frechette who was parish priest at Elma at that time. He is presently our parish priest at the St. Boniface Basilica. There were 275 attending the first Sunday mass and has been around 250 to 300 every Sunday since.

During my residence at Brereton Lake, I was more or less the official Doctor in that part of the Whiteshell. I don't know how many fishermen came to me with fishhooks in their different parts of their body. Fishermen who had hooked themselves and not the fish! Also I saw many accidents, broken bones, sprained ankles, allergies, wasp stings, some severe car accidents and a few drownings. This was all part of my job and I was glad to be of any help.

I also had to fight the ground hogs who ate all my beans and tomatoes, the chipmunks who were feasting on my sunflower seeds intended for the birds, and the spruce bud worms who were cleaning up all the trees. For this last problem, Jaques Drouin, who was an entomologist at Red Lake gave me some valuable advice. With the proper insecticide and with great caution, I got rid of the worms, the ants, the aphids and the mites.

In 1975 my interest in the camp was beginning to diminish but I kept on going every summer and growing vegetables and flowers. I decided to give my camp to Rene with all the advantages and responsibilities. I had joined the Adanac Club in the city and became interested in wood carving. I be-

came so involved in my new hobby that I started a club in St. Boniface, "Les Gens de Bois" with 20 members.

In September 1983, we were broken in at the camp at Brereton. This was our first experience with thieves but a very unpleasant one. In November 1983, Rene sold the camp to Mr. John Epp. He remodelled it so much that it is not recognizable at present. It is just a memory now of the 40 years we spent at Brereton Lake, with all the enjoyment and hard work, the beautiful sunsets on the lake, the cry of the loons, the flowers, the roses, meeting new friends and grateful neighbors.

Editor's Note: Dr. Guyot wrote this in 1987. He died in 1989.

BRERETON LAKE
LOT 6, BLOCK 2
BILL AND NORA HADALLER
By Nora

Our cottage was built in 1928 by a Mr. Polson. Lumber to build the cottage was transported there by rail. Mr. Polson sold it later to Mr. Zoltoc. He sold it to Frank Cooper in 1958 and we bought it from Mr. Cooper in August, 1965.

On the day we became proud owners, our family consisted of my husband Bill and I and our children, Lynn, aged 15, Tom, 13, Jayne, 10 and Jim, 1½-years old. It was a very simple cottage with a kitchen, living room and three bedrooms. Plumbing consisted of the outhouse and the kitchen sink. We had an overhead water tank filled up with rain water. We carried our drinking water from the well.

In 1966 we bought a boat and motor. This with two bicycles provided us with transportation to the store when my husband wasn't there.

In 1983, we added a deck on the front and back. We found we didn't use the front deck much so we screened it in and we redid the roof. The back deck now gets plenty of use as we have grandchildren and they found it difficult to walk on the rough terrain, to the front door.

Three generations of Hadallers - Bill, Jim, Nora and Everett - 1976.

We later remodelled the kitchen making more cupboards and a place for the microwave oven (Boy! This is roughing it!). Linoleum still covers all the floors except the sun porch which has indoor-outdoor carpet. In 1990 we put up a gazebo. All of these expansions became necessary as the family size increased.

Lynn and Richard and their two girls, Ashley and Amanda and Tom and Joyce and their two boys, David and Andrew, now own cottages of their own. The others, Jayne and Jim and their children, Vanessa and James and our youngest child Jim and Cheryl, all join us often to enjoy life at the lake.

BRERETON LAKE
LOT 24, BLOCK 3
WARREN AND LORNA HANKS
By Lorna

Our cottage was built in 1939 by father Bert Hall and his friend Cecil Odger. Cecil had built another cottage in the area and had noticed an old, old shack on Lot 24. Inquiries were made with the ranger and they agreed to let us have the lot as years of back taxes had not been paid. Dad wanted to use some of the old lumber, but the rangers burned the old shack to the ground. The lumber for our cottage was purchased from Devlin Lumber in Rennie, Manitoba and the shell of the cottage cost $80.00.

The road from Highway 44 into the cottage was a narrow gravel trail and many times was flooded in low spots, but we always managed to drive in.

We left the city at 2 p.m. sharp on Saturdays, arriving at 5 p.m. and left for home on Sundays at 6 p.m. We often drove home one behind the other as car troubles were often the order of the day. It was an exciting event when some of our friends left the city on Friday evenings and had two full days at the lake. Eventually this became the "norm".

My brother Ron's first chore arriving at the lake was to get the ice tongs and walk over to the store (which for some years was in the clearing across the road from where the pump and telephone currently are at the south end of the lake) and buy a block of ice for our icebox.

When darkness fell, we lit the coal oil lamps and played games or read. What an exciting time in later years when Dad brought down a presto-light tank; sat it on the dining room table, lit it and the room was bathed in bright light.

Dad and Cecil Odger built our first boat in our basement in Winnipeg and were astounded to discover they couldn't get it through the door. They were able to take it apart in just two pieces so not too much extra time was lost. Many hours were spent rowing around and around the lake. One day

our friends bought a new boat and motor and it was the fastest boat on the lake with a 12 h.p. motor. What an exciting ride!

Dad built a diving stand and put it out in the water in front of our dock. It was filled with huge rocks to hold it down. Many hours were spent swimming out to the stand, climbing up and jumping off.

I remember running down the lake path to my friend's cottage (Betty Jane Dodsworth) and then we climbed all the rocks at the edge of the water back to our cabin. This was before the water was regulated. We also have fond memories of the tiny beach we called Sandy Beach and thought a new beach had been discovered in later years when everyone talked about South Beach.

The road to our cottage was different in those days. We turned just before the pump and drove to South Beach where the road was along the edge of the water and turned right or left. What a surprise to arrive one year and find a new road to our cottage (now boat launch). They put in poles to close off the old road and brought in tons of sand and made the beach so much larger.

The first 50 years at Lake Brereton have been wonderful and hopefully the next 50 will be the same for our daughter Barbara and her husband David and their children, Eric and Diane along with Cathy and Greg and their son Shaughn and our sons, Gordon and Wayne.

BRERETON LAKE
LOT 36, BLOCK 3
RALPH AND SYLVIA HANSON
By Ralph

Hans and Anna, my parents, acquired our lot in 1943. In those days, there was a choice of lots and they were there for the taking. You picked out a lot and saw Cal Ritchie, the Park Ranger. He would come down and tell you where to build, the specifications, etc. The building of our cottage started in early 1944 and it was well underway when I came home on leave during the war. I spent my entire leave at Brereton Lake, working on the cottage and I have continued to do so ever since. It was an attractive place. There were six of us children: George, Ethel, Arthur, Harvey, Stan and I. Later spouses, children and grandchildren spent their weekends and summer holidays and even honeymoons there.

The cottage was passed on to me almost 20 years ago and Sylvia and I spend as much time there as we can with our children: Judy and her children, Sean and Shannon; Brian and Starr and their sons, Blair and Brett and our son David.

BRERETON LAKE
LOT 55, BLOCK 3
HARRY AND MARGARET HANSON
By Harry

I made my first trip to Lake Brereton in 1938. It was a winding, muddy road at that time. We went to the campground and put up a tent. We travelled in a 1928 Essex and it took four hours by car because cars only went 30 miles an hour in those days. We rented a boat from Louis Mombaze who was in charge of the campground. He also trapped in the winter. If you wanted to go fishing you had to row because there were no motors on the boats. We enjoyed it very much and went several times after that.

In 1941, on August 16th, Margaret and I were married and we spent our honeymoon at Bert Hall's cabin, near South Beach. It now belongs to his daughter, Lorna and Warren Hanks. Bert Hall loaned us his boat and small motor which was a luxury in those days - a motor like this is called an 'egg beater' today. The fishing was plentiful and we had to stop fishing for awhile until we used up the fish we had already caught. In those days you only had one week's holidays.

We did not go to Lake Brereton many times after that because I enlisted in the Navy and was in that service until 1945.

My father, Hans Hanson, built a cabin on Lot 36, Block 3, towards the end of the war. He had to build it with odds and ends of what he could find as money was scarce. There were five boys in the Hanson family who helped build the cabin. We went there for several years on our holidays which were two weeks long. As our family kept growing, there was little room for us because the cabin was not

Margaret and her "catch" of fish on our honeymoon - 1941.

Harry and the "egg beater" - 1941.

large. This cabin now belongs to Ralph and Sylvia Hanson.

We happened to be at Lake Brereton a weekend in 1961 and we were looking for a lot. When we returned to Winnipeg, we phoned the Forestry and asked if any lots were available. We were told they only had one which was up for bids and had to be in that day by 2 p.m. My wife phoned me at work and I borrowed $25 from my boss and went to the office with my bid. At 3 p.m. Margaret got a call to say we now had a lot at Lake Brereton, Lot 55, Block 3. We went down to see what we had bought and later built a cabin.

We raised seven children and we have all enjoyed the cabin through the years. Betty and Henry and their children, Rob and Diane and their sons, Christopher and Cody; Cathy, Glen and Jamie who have a trailer at the campground; Donna and David and their children, Jeffrey, Robert and Laura; Harry Jr. (Butch) died in 1988. His wife Candice and their children, Christy, Kari and Leif; Joan; Patty and Jim and their sons Kevin and Curtis; John and Karen and their children, Reid and Darcie and our youngest son William. Four of the grandchildren also have trailers in the campground. With this large family and more to come, our 50th wedding anniversary in 1991 will be very special.

BRERETON LAKE
LOT 1, BLOCK 10
W.R. (BOB) HAYWARD
By Bob

My interest in fishing and hunting in the Whiteshell began in the early 1930s. At that time, there were no good roads, just logging trails made by John Devlin and his logging crews. He had sawmills scattered throughout the Whiteshell Forest Reserve.

When we first got to Brereton Lake, I recall seeing the remains of two Catholic Church camps. One, called Father la Veck's Camp was for the boys. The Lutheran Camp is there now. We saw the remains of an old organ and the open air bandstand made out of logs. The other camp was at Inverness Falls.

There was originally a concession at South Beach owned by Bill and Kay Blankenship. They had log cabins on the east side of the lake in the vicinity of the present campsite. Later it was torn down and the one that is there today was built. The owners have been Wall, Brown and Watt. Watt later opened a filling station in Rennie, where Johnny Bartley is now.

I remember an old French chap named Louis Mombaze who used to sit in front of the Whiteshell Inn at Main Beach. He had a bunch of old plank boats that he rented to fishermen. He claimed the family had a homestead at the north end of Brereton Lake.

In the early days the Winnipeg Angling Club had a shack which is still there, used by its members who were mainly C.N.R. employees. They originally negotiated a 99-year lease however, the group disbanded before the 1940s.

There was another group to which I belonged. We were called Forest and Stream. Cal Ritchie, a real fine man and a legend in his time, was the chief ranger. He wanted the Forest and Stream to build on one of the islands but that was too inconvenient. In 1945, when Block 10 was surveyed, our club got Lot 6. Here we built a cabin in 1946.

It was all one room with bunk beds around the sides. Our stove was a 45-gallon oil drum and we bought a door and legs for it. Later a kitchen was added. There was no road the last part of the way so we ferried everything across to the camp in our little boats. Our membership grew to 20 men. I can recall the names of some of these members: W.C. Bill Pert, Jim Forsyth, Jack Screenwood, Tony Humisky, and myself are still alive. Those who have died are: Jim Turner, Bill Williams, Harry Robinson, Marcel Giguere (a brother of the aluminum boat mfg. co. in St. Boniface), Julien Vincure (a Belgian who fixed bicycles for the members of the Belgium Club) and Earl Woodrow. Our club had an annual banquet and dance in the fall at the St. Regis Hotel in Winnipeg. We always invited Cal Ritchie and his wife.

An interesting story about Cal Ritchie - Garbage dumps as usual were a source of food to wildlife, especially bears. The first dump at Brereton was approximately ¼ mile back in the bush, directly east of South Beach. The second site was located at the end of a trail we all knew as "Blueberry John's" located approximately ⅓ mile east of the present Whiteshell Inn and campsite. The bears would wander across at night for an extra snack from the camp goodies. When they came too often, a call would go in to Cal Ritchie and efforts would be made to scare away the troublesome beast. So it was that Cal and his companion found themselves sitting on their ½ ton truck on the road right by the campsite waiting for Mr. Bear. After a long wait, Cal decided it was a no show and accordingly he switched on the truck headlights and there was Mr. Bear. Well!! what happened after that is not clear but Cal fired his shotgun at the bear. The bear headed straight into the campsite - knocked over and got himself tangled up in a tent. Realizing now that he had a wounded bear on his hands and that he could not fire the gun into the tent. Cal, man that he was, reached into the back of his truck and grabbed his axe and without hesitation, waded into the bear. After it was all over, someone asked Ritchie about the

incident. All he said was "I never saw so many women in their night dresses before".

Cal Ritchie always had a streak of humor in him although he could be real tough when required. I asked him one time (because he was an ardent hunter) what was the best time to shoot ducks on Rice Lake. With that funny little smile on his face he replied, "In the moonlight". But knowing Ritchie as well as I did I knew the rest of the advice was, "don't try it because if I catch you I'll pin your ears back".

Ruth and I were married in 1927 and we often camped at Brereton Lake in the next number of years. In 1946, we got Lot 1, Block 10. We had Cal Ritchie come out to tell us where we'd build the cabin. He looked over the lot and said, "I don't know where the hell you'll put a cabin. I don't know why you picked these rocks". Anyway, we built in 1947 and our cabin on the rocks has been high and dry.

There was an old trapper named Otto Nissan, a Swede, who used to visit us. Sometimes he'd come in for tea after he'd been skinning a couple of skunks. The smell was overwhelming and we'd open all the doors to get some fresh air into the cabin. One day he came along as usual with his little dog. We always had fruit on the table and this day it was oranges. Otto took part of an orange and dropped it on the floor. The dog took a sniff and the look on his face told us he didn't want any part of an orange. Otto said, "Eat it. It's good for you." several times. The dog continued his look of disgust but after much persuading, he finally took it in his mouth and ate it.

I have always been interested in the odd rock formation I came across east of Block 10. There are two holes, approximately four feet in diameter and ten feet deep. There is a picture of these type of potholes left over from the glacier period and Lake Agassiz on the back of the Whiteshell Provincial Park brochure.

The government used to stock Brereton Lake with fish. Prior to World War 2, the lake was stocked for several years with pickerel. They even tried land locked salmon. Thousands of fry were dropped from planes into the lake. Later these fry tried to go up over the Inverness Falls and into the creek and couldn't. No fish ladder there. They did not survive so we saw thousands of fry lying dead on the rocks.

Thinking back we never had any money but we sure enjoyed living. I built five homemade boats over the years and two sail boats which I thought were beautiful.

Our children: Ruth and her children, Linda, Joanne and Susan; Robert and Rita and their daughters, Suzanne, Kathrine and Kristine; Doreen and her son John and our George all enjoy the cottage.

BRERETON LAKE
LOT 22, BLOCK 4
By Ronald Hinkle

Our cottage was built by my grandfather, Joseph, his two sons, Joseph Jr. (my father) and my mother Kathleen, and John and his wife Rose and his two sons-in-law, William Pugh (wife Adelaide) and Stewart Kerr (Leona). The initial cottage comprising of five rooms was constructed in May and June, 1944. In approximately 1949, the cottage was increased in size after grandfather had an accident one night. He received a rush call from nature and when leaving his bedroom, he stumbled over some of us sleeping on cots in the living room.

The next day he advised a son-in-law, who was in the lumber business, to figure out the costs as two more bedrooms and a sun room for the grandchildren to sleep in had to be built. That's when the cottage was enlarged.

Those were the good old days before electricity at the lake. Cooking was done on a wood stove and kerosene lamps were used for light. Our food was kept on ice in an icebox and later a kerosene fridge. I remember, as a child, my mother and grandmother washing our dirty clothes in a tub using a scrub board and brush.

The cottage was enlarged again in 1986 with the addition of a new living room.

When I was about eight-years-old, I stayed at the cottage during the summer with my grandparents. One night we heard a noise outside. My grandparents had a dog named Trixie who loved to bury bones in the flower bed. One night we heard gnawing on bones and there was a bear who had dug up a bone. Grandmother slammed down the bedroom window to scare the bear away. However, the bear

Grandmother and Grandfather Hinkle

came to the side door and ripped the frame of the screen door off the house. My grandfather barked like a dog and got the flashlight to scare the bear away. Meanwhile, Trixie, the Cocker Spaniel, stayed under the bed growling. Thank goodness for a strong inside door or we might have been bear meat.

BRERETON LAKE
LOT BLOCK 3
"HOLLY COTTAGE"
PERCY AND MARTHA HUNTBATCH

By Marge Rowland

Mother and dad bought our cottage from Mr. and Mrs. Bleakney for $250. and they in turn built one next door. They had three children, Victor, Evelyn and Arthur. Dad called our cottage "Holly Cottage" after his home in England. I'm sure our cottage left a lot to be desired compared to Dad's home in England, however, all we did was eat and sleep in it as we spent all day outside. We even took the dishes down to the lake and let them soak at the bottom near the shore while we had a swim. Then we'd rinse them and turn them upside down on the dock to dry and go swimming again. I wonder if Mother ever knew.

Percy and Martha Huntbatch - 1928

I guess Dad first went to Brereton in the early 1920s and became a member of the Fisherman's Club. Our whole family, mom and dad and my sisters, Nora and Lil and my brother George (all deceased), spent our first weekend at Brereton in a building built out of C.N.R. lumber (boxcar red, that is). There was one large room and bunks for beds. It was situated at the east end of the big beach, not far from the Meade's cottage. I remember it well as it was there I saw my first moose.

When we were kids and staying at the lake a special day each week was to meet the local train every Monday, Wednesday and Friday. Usually the fresh bread came down from Winnipeg on Monday and Wednesday. Of course, it was never on time, but we would while away the time with a walk in the woods, picking flowers or blueberries. Friday night was the BIG night as the Minaki Special brought all the fathers down for the weekend, with fresh meat, etc. Most of us travelled by boat as there was only a path to the track.

I remember Bill Pearl, a shy and proud man who lived frugally beside the track. My dad and I visited him once when I was young. Years later, he became ill one winter while Louis and Genevieve were still in Brereton and they put him on a sled and took him across the lake to their cabin where Genevieve took care of him until he died - about ten days before Easter, 1943.

I also recall the Relief Camp. The men got $5 a month and board and room, a tar paper shack. I met my future husband, Harold, there in the summer of 1936. The first camp was right at Brereton,

Percy Huntbatch, Mrs. Finnie, Dorothy Slyfield, Jeanette Finnie, Lorraine Finnie and George Huntbatch.

Old diving dock at Brereton

Cookees at Red Rock Relief Camp - 1937

then they moved to what we called the "Big Dock" where in later years the Blankenship and Fijal family built their store. Then the camp moved north to Red Rock and finally Jessica. Harold worked as cookee, the cook's helper, until he became a cook. My brother George and I used to canoe to the camp at the Big Dock and visit Harold and of course had pie and coffee and we did quite a bit of swimming there. On Harold's day off, my mother would come with us. She was young at heart and loved to fish. We would canoe on Mud Turtle Lake and have the lunch Harold brought, usually huge cookies or muffins. I still have his old cookbook, however I can't understand it as he says, "a can of this" or a "dish-up of that". We fished, canoed, ate and relaxed and they were great days.

Harold returned to Winnipeg and worked as cook for the Canada Railway News, in Redditt. When war was declared, he joined up in March 1940 and we were married in May, 1940. He left for overseas the following February. He returned home five years later.

BRERETON LAKE
LOT 5, BLOCK 9
JACQUELINE (JACKIE) AND LES ILES

By Les

Jackie's parents, Frank and Lucy Douglas, purchased our cottage in the spring of 1951. There were few cottages in Block 9 at that time. Lot 1 was the Wickander brothers, Lot 2 - Mr. C.W. Brown, both on the east side of the road, then the numbers went from Lots 3-9 on the west side of the road, along the lake, then from 10-18 on the east side, south of Lot 1. The only reason I can think of numbering them this way, was that as the cottages were built, they were given numbers. The people who had our cottage before we bought it had lived near Gimli and when the Whiteshell opened up, they dismantled the house, numbered all the parts and rebuilt it at Lot 5.

Once a week the grader went up one side of the road and back the other later in the day. Our children who were young at the time, would run to the road to wave to the operator.

One summer, our neighbor, Mr. Brown, had a family of six or seven skunks nest under his cottage. The whole family would come out in front of his cottage to play. He didn't bother them and they caused him no discomfort.

We had many experiences with bears. One time Jackie was at the cottage alone with David, Diane and Donna. The children were at the dock when a bear came up the path. Jackie shouted to them to stay there and she and a neighbor banged pots and pans and the bear left.

We all were interested in nature. One year the beavers built a house at the end of the bay, near the C.G.I.T. Camp. I would row the children down near the house and we sat quietly watching. At first, the mother would slap her tail on the water and they all dived but as we sat quietly, the whole family would surface and when they saw we were not bothering them, the young would play under the watchful eye of their mother. This went on for about a week. Then one day we found a boy of about 14 years of age on top of the house, trying to dig into it. We stopped him but it was too late, the beavers left and never returned.

Another time we came down for the weekend and as it was cool, we put on a fire. Next morning, we heard a noise in the back of the wood stove and on taking down the pipes, we found a Merganser duck fluttering about. I reached down and extracted a frightened sooty duck that flew away when I took her outside. Having taken down some of the pipes, we decided to take the rest down and clean them too. We found a nest with 12 eggs, baked solid. We felt very badly about that and put a wire over the chimney so it wouldn't happen again. We made a nest out of a nail keg and put it in front of the cottage but it was never used.

One evening as Jackie and I walked past the bird feeder to the outhouse, we felt something brush past us. We realized it was a family of flying squirrels raiding the bird feeder. We woke the children up

Three generations - Frank, David, Diana, Donna, Jackie and Lucy.

and we watched them glide from the table to the trees.

For years, we had a mink live under a large rock by the lake on our lot, and if we sat quietly, the mink would run across the deck. I must say that I was a little sceptical about this until one spring we came down early to check the cottage and there in front of the cottage was the mother and two young ones. We have proof of the existence of the mink in the footprints made in newly poured concrete as they are still there.

This year, 1991, our family will celebrate their 40th year at Brereton Lake. Our children and grandchildren — David and Susan from Victoria; Diane and Doug and their children, Dawn and David and our daughter Donna have been fortunate to be able to grow up in such beautiful surroundings.

BRERETON LAKE
INVERNESS FALLS

In the early years of the C.N.R., they had a long wooden tressel bridge that ran around the south end of Brereton Lake over the swampy area. Sometime before the 1920s, the railway blasted the rocks at the Inverness Falls outlet, the Rennie River, and lowered the lake by several feet. They used black powder to blast and that's why the rock piles on either side of the falls are so irregular. Once the lake was lower, the railway used rock and fill to build a new rail bed across the swamp, around Brereton Lake.

The start of Inverness Falls Resort.

In the late 1940s, a Mr. and Mrs. Bill Morrow came to Canada from Inverness, Scotland. Bill worked for the C.N.R. at Rennie. First they built one cabin at the spot where the Rennie River runs out of Lake Brereton. Then it seems they got the idea of building more cabins and making a business out of renting the cabins. Ina Dyregrov says a bunch

Inverness Falls before a bridge crossed it.

of people were sitting around the Morrow's kitchen table when they were building the cabins. Someone asked what they planned to name their resort. They didn't know. Someone said, "Where did you come from in Scotland?" They said, "Inverness" and that's been the local name ever since.

The Park, it appears, said that if they had cabins to rent, they also must have a store and so they built a one-roomed little store.

People say that Mr. Morrow was a kindly man but not a business man and he often undercharged, others say he was too old, so in 1956 he sold to Joe and Essie Mallette. The Mallettes sold to Jim and Joy Smegal who sold to Charles Dowling, who sold to Walter, the pizza man and Minnie. Walter sold to Jacobs who sold to Stu and Judy Cornell, the present owners.

BRERETON LAKE
LOT 9, BLOCK 11

By Tom and Janet Johnstone

Looking back, it seems I can't remember when we were not heading out to the cottage at Lake Brereton for our lovely summer weekends.

For our summer vacation in 1947, Dad had rented a cottage from Stan Wilford, which was located near the south end of Lake Brereton. Our family immediately got the bug to have a cottage, and it had to be at this particular lake.

Dad started making enquiries and managed to find a lot for the sum of $25.00. The lot had been cleared, and foundation posts poured, but the gentleman who had completed this work had passed away. Dad was successful in obtaining this lot to start the family cottage.

Dad built our cottage on Lot 9, Block 11, Inverness Falls in 1948. Construction went quickly with Grandad and I helping Dad, also with help from Mom, my sister Janet, Grandma, and my dad's brothers, Uncles John and Dick, pitching in later.

Every weekend we'd start out from Winnipeg and head down the often under construction highways

Johnstone Family

Our pet duck "Daffy" - 1955

and up the narrow, winding road that led to the cottage. The conditions of the roads never mattered to us as we knew that this was the only way to get to our favourite spot at Lake Brereton.

Janet and I soon came to know all the families and kids who were our neighbours in Block 11 - the Bretts, Lanthiers, Piersons, Dyregrovs, Wimbles, and then there were the Benthams and Boles on the road that led from the store in the other direction. How my sister and I used to idolize our older friends, and suspect now, they must have felt as though they were our babysitters as we were always around and wanted to do exactly what they were doing.

Our next door neighbours, the Bretts, used to anchor a large raft in front of their cottage for the summer and we would swim out to suntan or dive off it. What great summer days!

At the time the cottage was constructed, it was Bill Morrow and his wife that owned the store at Inverness Falls, and they were great to all the kids. Mr. Morrow had named Inverness Falls after his Scottish birthplace, Inverness. We used to ride to Rennie with Mr. Morrow some days to give him help, or else for something a little different to do.

We remember some of the other store owners as well as the Morrows - the Mallettes, Dowlings, and Walter (the pizza man) and his wife, and now Stuart and Judy - I hope we hadn't missed anyone. Around the lake, the Browns, Zelmers, and Blankenships were some of the other store owners we can recall.

Jan and I would spend the summers with Mom at the cottage and on Friday evening, we'd be waiting at the Inverness Falls store for Dad to arrive. We knew he'd always have a treat, or perhaps a friend to spend a week or weekend with us.

I think back to the many times of sitting around the table with friends and family, playing cards by the light of the coal oil lamps. Also, falling asleep many nights to the sound of loons on the lake, and the guitar music and songs coming from the Brett cottage.

Other fond memories include the duck "Daffy" that my dad bought for Janet. The duck came to the lake with us every weekend or holidays and would follow Janet and Mom everywhere. When we were in the water, it would swim along beside us, or else dive between our legs, or nibble on our toes. Also, I think of the many dogs we have had over the years, always diving or swimming in the lake with us.

The years went by quickly and it seemed Gordie Boles, Roger Brown, and myself were always boating down past the C.G.I.T. Camp to see the summer sights or for something to eat at the Whiteshell Inn at the old Government Pier.

A number of years after the cottage had been built, Grandad and Dad, who could build just about anything, decided to construct a fireplace at the cottage. They had decided it was to be made out of stones gathered around the Inverness Falls area. The fireplace was built 12 feet away from one end of the cottage. Once or twice each weekend, the whole family would have to hike up the road to the falls to gather large stones to add to this project. It took two years to complete, then Dad and Grandad extended the cottage around the fireplace. What an accomplishment! This fireplace has provided warmth and enjoyment by all who have used the cottage through the years.

Looking back now, we see that most of the cottages still belong to the same families and we are seeing 3rd and 4th generations of these families enjoying Lake Brereton, as our parents, my sister and I, and our families, and now their families will continue to enjoy.
How lucky we are!

BRERETON LAKE
LOT 10, BLOCK 4
RICHARD AND HILDA KEMP
By Hilda

The Kemp family bought our cottage from Mr. and Mrs. Jacobs in 1952. We of course have done a lot of work since that time. We had no electricity or inside bathroom facilities. We had to use lamps and wood stoves. We were very happy when the elec-

The pump shelter, August 1954

A bear trap

tricity came through because we could then get rid of the lamps and have electric stove, fridge and lights.

Our neighbors during those days were Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, Lot 11; the McSweenys, Lot 12; Mr. Sumerville, Lot 9; the Larners, Lot 8; and the Grahams, Lot 7. We really didn't get to know too many people at that time as we really only spent weekends there and the odd holiday.

Today we have all the comforts of home and of course we have had to extend the cottage for bathroom, etc. There have been many changes since those days, however they were happy times as everybody had the same problems to solve, one way or another. When you are young it doesn't bother you as much as when you get along in years.

Dick and Hilda Kemp - 1940

This pump shelter used to be on the way to the South Beach but was later moved closer to the beach. It has since been demolished.

We had a store and ice house on the South Beach road which was later moved to the North Beach. It was later condemned because they were polluting the lake with water drainage. Now there is only one very busy store.

People of course, in the early days, didn't all have cars. Many came on the train and walked to their cottages, so it was necessary to have the store close by or within walking distance.

We didn't have the garbage cages as we do now and the bears became such a nuisance pulling garbage everywhere. They did have bear traps and they would put meat in the trap and when the bear would go in, the door would snap closed. This is where our dog got trapped. The rangers found him and put up a note by the pump on a board, hoping the owner would find it there, which of course we did.

Over the years our son Brian and his two sons, Blair and Glenn have enjoyed the cottage with us. Richard passed away in 1973.

BRERETON LAKE
LOT 11, BLOCK 4
PHIL AND ELLA LAMPERT
By Ella

We found the Whiteshell in 1948. During the winter, someone had mentioned blueberries and another said Brereton Lake.

At work my husband, Phil, mentioned Brereton Lake and someone knew someone else with a cottage to rent and offered us a ride in his car to take us there.

What excitement! Four small boys who had had only one other holiday out of the city were beside themselves.

The day came and we all piled into our friend's car - Phil, myself, Alan - nine, Laurence - seven, Murray - four, and Greg - one and a half.

After a lovely drive through all new country side (it became much more familiar but never tiring) we

entered The Park. The rented cottage was lovely, clean and had all the necessities supplied. Our month there was very memorable.

Down to the beach every day - no one could swim, even me - and that was quite a trek. On the way home we stopped at the store for milk and ice (there was no electricity yet) and the boys' treat of the day. They saved their allowances all year to have a daily treat at the lake.

Lugging home ice and drinking water was quite a chore the first year or two, then Alan and Laurie grew big enough to go in the boat.

Phil worked Saturday morning, those first years and he came out on the train at noon, bringing fresh rye bread and garden produce. We all went to meet him, brown, with sun bleached hair.

There weren't many cars and the back road by the cottages was two ruts with grass in between, nice for walking. Now in the Motor Age, it's a wide gravel roadway.

1949 and 1950 were repeats except that we went out and returned by train. The cottage was about ¾ of a mile from the train stop (no station) and we all had our load to carry. Heavy things had gone by Princess Transfer (later Whitemouth Transfer).

In 1950, we realized that lots were getting much scarcer and if we wanted one, we'd better hurry. I went to the Ranger's Office and discovered the two lots we were interested in were taken but not cleared or built upon. If they were not started on by April 1, 1951, we could have our choice. I was at the office at 9 a.m., April 1st and we got our preferred spot.

Phil had built a garage in the fall of 1950 and in the spring we bought our first car, a 1946 Chev and we were ready to build a cottage.

Phil, being a bricklayer by trade, decided to build with cinder blocks and went out in May with the truck to deliver the blocks. The driver was very interested in the area and said he would be interested in having a cottage there, then they got out of the truck and started to unload and the swarm of mosquitoes landed and the driver said "You can have it!".

We rented "our" cottage again for two weeks, in June, as it was only one lot from where we were building .The walls were up and the roof on with only the help of the boys and myself. Phil worked from sunup to sunset and in June, that is long hours.

This way we started our lives as cottage owners and spent many wonderful weeks out there.

Our children have of course grown and left. Murray and his children, Paul and Elizabeth, bought a cottage six lots from us. People had called our boys the "Huck Fynn Boys", because they were always out in a boat fishing.

The rest try to come back when they can as it still has a pull. Last year we had a very big surprise! All of them, plus their wives and children - were waiting for us out on the road between the CN and CP tracks on Friday afternoon. They had come to celebrate Phil's 80th birthday. We all had a wonderful time!! Phil died in January, 1991.

BRERETON LAKE
LOT 33, BLOCK 3
FRED AND FRANCES LEES

By Frances

1939-1990

The other day our son suggested that the front steps of our cottage should go down in a different direction . . . In the 51 years of the life of our family cottage, those front steps have changed several times! Over the years, a continuous osmosis of change has taken place . . . full circle from primitive to the sublime. Here we are in the summer of 1990, relishing in all of the comforts of city living, but surrounded in the wealth of nature's bounty . . . to be specific, in the beauty of Beautiful Lake Brereton.

My first experience of beautiful Lake Brereton was as a junior camper at the C.G.I.T. Camp - 1937 . . . a great place to learn of nature's gifts and make new friends. My parents, Joe and Florence Thompson visited me there; it was my third camp session in 1939. Mom and dad decided that a family cottage was imminent and Brereton Lake looked like a good location. In those days, most of the cottagers were close to the railway track near South Beach . . . the owners were mostly railway people.

It was an exciting time . . . all of our family joined in the building and furnishing of the new structure . . . the large clump of birch trees in the front yard are standing now, because someone convinced us, that in time, these little saplings would grow. The walls had many loopholes . . . the mosquitoes and ants made the most of them . . . even some mice! Family meals were wonderful, made by our mother, slaving over a hot cook stove. I well remember the day when my brother drove down to the lake with the truck loaded with furniture. It rained, and the poor old sofa got wet. Furniture, in most cottages, bring many stories . . . hand-me-downs from relatives and friends . . . beds that usually left something better to be desired!

The Thompson cottage provided many wonderful family gatherings . . . boyfriends and girlfriends as guests . . . weddings and a new generation . . . World War II, with some members of the family settling away from Manitoba, the 1950 flood when the cottage provided refuge. Then, after the death of my father, Joe Thompson, in 1955, Fred

and Frances Lees became the new owners and proprietors of the cottage. Fred, being a natural builder, has made many changes to enrich our summer living . . . it is no longer a "cottage" . . . but a very fine "Summer Home".

Perhaps the best way to sum up the passing of the years, is through the many contrasts that have emerged . . .

1. Under the bed "potties" (no privacy there!) to flushomatics.

2. "Outhouses" and Eaton's catalogues and those 'stinky' trips over the hill with the pail! . . . to septic systems.

3. "Cold water baths", usually in the lake . . . to hot water heated showers, even bathtubs!

4. "Coal-oil lamps" . . . to indirect lighting.

5. "Hot water bottles" . . . to electric blankets.

6. "Wood stoves" - to oil burners . . . to baseboard heating.

7. "The old icebox", the under-pan always overflowed at night . . . the purchase of block ice from Cecil Diss, the Blankenships "ice house", bringing it home in a wagon . . . to the modern refrigerators and separate freezers and automatic ice machines.

8. "Defence from bugs" by fly swatters and sticky coil strips, (you hung those from the ceiling) . . . to Raid spray and expensive oil lotions.

9. "Sunburn"- . . . from baby oil and iodine to high priced protective lotions, graded from 1-50!

10. "Water by the pail", (carried by hand!), to stainless steel sinks and easy-flow taps.

11. "Barbecue briquettes" that were slow to light, and took ages to heat up . . . to gas barbecues with fancy utensils for the "master cook".

12. "The sprouting of tool sheds" . . . that soon produced curtains and extra sleeping accommodations!

13. "Additions and more additions", what will be next!

14. "Rowboats and canoes" to horse-powered boats, ski boats and ski clubs, sailboards, sailboats, rubber dingys, tubes, hydro planes . . . the Brereton Lake Ski Club owned their own ski boat . . . the "Lees" cottage, their headquarters . . . they were a great bunch of young skiers, some made it barefoot, what a way to walk on water! Now most of them are teaching their own little ones to ski. Those sailboards . . . what a wonderful challenging "quiet" way to spend the day on the water!

15. People . . . like Louis Mombaze and his "boat rentals" . . . "Blankenships" store near South Beach and the "Browns" store at Main Beach . . . "Big Ben" the bear that was shot "in the store" . . . the "Wickander brothers" who played music at the Saturday night dances in the Rennie school house. "Mrs. Hardy" . . . who "presided" over the lunch . . . to the present organized campgrounds provided by our excellent Forestry people and now those modern "rental places", (for a price!).

16. The humble beginnings of sanctuary for geese and birds made possible through the effort of Alfred Hole . . . to a modern Wildlife Sanctuary where some 2,000 geese and ducks find refuge on their flight south for the winter . . . a modern center that welcomes visitors from all over the world.

17. "Single can garbage", (the bears tipped ours, usually at midnight) . . . to the community garbage stations . . . now also recycling stations.

18. "Sunlight cake soap" . . . to bio-degradable soaps and shampoo . . . no more washing of the hair in the lake!!!

What then, remains for us that is consistent today . . .

1. So far . . . Beautiful Lake Brereton is still safe and clean for swimmers and boaters.

2. Mosquitoes, fish flies, wood ticks, squirrels and chipmunks.

3. Bears and deer, foxes and beavers.

4. Blueberries, blueberries, blueberries!

5. Wild flowers, so many varieties out there . . . and trees for protection.

6. Walking trails and good campgrounds.

7. Forestry boundaries and wildlife protection.

8. Family get-togethers and reunions, a place of refuge from the pressures of city living.

9. The glow of the open fireplace.

10. "Sunsets" to remind us of wonderful days and the promise of good ones to come.

Each of our 51 years at the Thompson Lees cottage has been free from serious accident and water disaster . . . as each summer ends, we give thanks to God for yet another "safe" summer at "Beautiful Lake Brereton".

Ron and Cynthia and their children, David, Dan, Christy, Jennifer, Natalie, and Julie; Rob and Carol

Lees Family

and their children, Amy and Noah; Richard and Helen and their three, Jennifer, Erin and Nicholas, have their own cottage in Block 7 and daughter Joan, all gather at the lake when they can for family get-togethers or for rest and relaxation.

BRERETON LAKE
LOT 23, BLOCK 4
IAN AND BETTY LETHAM
By Betty

Our cottage at Lot 23, Block 4, Brereton Lake, was built in 1941 by Mr. W. Leitkie and his brother-in-law, Otto Boesem who lived in Whitemouth. The Leitkies owned the cottage until 1969 when it was purchased by Ian and I. The cottage has a loft which was a great attraction to our four children, Barbara, Janice, Russell and Joanne. I had spent summers at the cottage as a teenager, being a friend of Frances Leitkie, never dreaming that one day I would be the owner of that cottage.

We have added an indoor shower and bathroom and a closed-in porch with big windows, giving us a lovely view of the lake and the beautiful sunsets.

When we replaced the linoleum in the living room, we found under it, papers from 1941. It was fun to see the prices of food, etc.

Now our children and grandchildren, Barbara and Ken and their children, Meghan, Dylan and Andrea; Janice and Art and their children David and Ashley; Russell and Debbie and their children, Cory, Amy and Blaine; and Joanne, enjoy our cottage much to our great pleasure.

Letham Family

BRERETON LAKE
A BRIEF HISTORY OF
LAKE BRERETON LUTHERAN CAMP
By Henry Becker
January 25, 1990

The Synods of two Lutheran Church bodies became interested in a camping program for the youth of the church first in 1937. They were the Synod of Manitoba of the United Lutheran Church in America or U.L.C.A. and the Manitoba District of America Church or the A.L.C. The young people's organization of the Lutheran Church bodies were known as Luther Leagues and of course the members as Luther Leaguers.

In 1937, three members of the Luther Leagues attended a Lutheran Church camp in Minnesota. They were very favorably impressed and returned full of enthusiasm. Their findings were brought to the attention of the Luther Leaguers in Convention and it was decided that a camping program should be organized.

The League investigated several sites on the C.G.I.T. camp at Brereton Lake. This camp was then rented from the United Church for one week each summer from 1938 until 1943. These camps were for senior youths, 15-18 years of age.

Early in 1944, a campsite, also on Lake Brereton, belonged to the Catholic Church, specifically the Parish of St. Boniface was put up for sale. This site was then purchased by the Luther Leagues of the two church bodies. Camping programs were then established not only for senior youths but also for both boys and girls, ages 11-14 years. The camp required a fair amount of repair and this was done gradually as funds became available. The camping program was geared to be "a vacation with a purpose" for the education of Lutheran Youth but all others wishing to participate were very welcome. Many of the young people attending the camps were unable themselves to pay the registration fees and were sponsored by various church groups such as Ladies Aids and Men's Clubs.

About 1955, the camp partnership between the two Lutheran Leagues were dissolved. The entire responsibility for the camp financially and otherwise was taken over by the Luther Leagues of the Manitoba Synod, U.L.C.A. The young people attempted to continue the operation of the camp by themselves for several more years. Due to declining membership and increasing costs of maintenance of the property and the operation, they found that they could not continue a viable program alone. The Luther Leagues then requested that the Manitoba Synod take over the operation of the camp. This was done and the camp continued in operation until 1963. In 1964, the Synod purchased a larger camp

on Dogtooth Lake and the operation of the camp at Lake Brereton was discontinued. The camp was later bought by some members of the St. Peter's Lutheran Church in Winnipeg. This group continues to operate the camp communally up to the present time. For those of us who worked at, or were campers at Lake Brereton Camp during those 20 years, it was a wonderful, happy experience in the most beautiful surroundings, the memories of which we continue to cherish.

BRERETON LAKE
LOT 14, BLOCK 3
RAY AND CILLA MACLENNAN
"MERRY MAC'S"
By Cilla

As a family, we have always loved the Whiteshell and Brereton Lake in particular. We rented a cottage for years from the Paling family at Lot 9, Block 2. It is now completely rebuilt and owned by a new family. Many a happy time we had in those days.

As our family grew, we decided to look for a cottage that we could afford to buy and how lucky we were in the fall of 1961 when we discovered our Shangri-La! It was then owned by Harry Lewis. He had built it in 1939 for his family. We have always felt it was a very lucky day for us when he decided to sell and we just happened to be looking. Anyway, we struck a deal and suddenly and wonderfully, we were cottage owners.

Our family of three sons, Ray Jr., Ken and Keith, myself, Cilla, my husband Ray and his brother Charlie now began a labor of love. We all worked shoulder to shoulder to improve our proudest possession. How can anyone describe the feeling of owning your own cottage? We gave up a lot but the feeling of pride was a great reward.

First the inside had to be completely finished, as it was just a shell, complete with spiders. We had to reinforce the rafters and close in the ceiling and divide the cottage into rooms. What fun we had planning the changes we were to make! We didn't realize that it was going to take a few years to complete. It meant every weekend loading up material in the city and hauling it to the cottage. We were all so happy that we never complained. Every nail, screw and board was used with loving care.

The landscaping was hard but also rewarding work as we searched the forest diligently for trees and just the right rocks to build the terraces which have so enhanced our property. You can't imagine what fun we had! The easygoing nature of the family, the jokes we made and the comraderie made the hard work seem easy. The property was wild and overgrown when we bought it but we just knew how beautiful it would be one day. We often had people stop on the road and ask us where the piles of rock could be found as they wanted to do something similar. Oh, if it had only been that easy.

We are a great family for walking and often would go on long hikes, just to observe the beauty. Up the tracks to Decimal was a good hike and of course many times to pick blueberries which are the finest anywhere. I remember one time, we decided to go on a hike and we took our lunch and drinks along. It was a very hot day and we stopped at a lake, completely off the beaten track, in the wilderness, about two miles up the track so there was really not a soul around other than ourselves. We decided to put our drinks into the lake to keep them cool until we came back. When we returned and pulled our drinks in, each one tied with a string. We were surprised to find that two of the bottles had been opened, enjoyed, caps put back on and put back into the lake, exactly where they had been. We had a good laugh and hoped that whoever had been so thirsty had enjoyed their drink and were good enough to share. We are still mystified by that incident.

We have seen many changes over the years and especially for the South Beach. We have lost some fine neighbors. The Gendrons were the first to go, then the Franks. Sadly we have to accept changes. Last year, the Moberg cottage was moved to a new location, leaving the Birchwood cottage as we know it, by itself at the lakefront. We will all be sorry the day we lose them, too.

Our cottage has seen many changes, both in the surroundings and personally. Our parents, Fran and Charlie McLennan, who so loved the cottage, have both passed on. My husband Ray passed away suddenly after a stroke in 1985 and I'm sorry to say the cottage was neglected for a time. Ray had worked so hard and loved the cottage so much that it was hard to go there without him, but now we have picked up the traces as he would have wanted us to do and our grandchildren Colleen, Scott and Gillian are enjoying the fruits of his labors.

BRERETON LAKE
LOT 3, BLOCK 4
KEN AND SUE MAIN
"THE MAIN ENTRANCE"
By Sue

My first introduction to Lake Brereton was in 1950. Coming from Michigan, where our "up north" cottages had all the amenities - the outdoor biffies, the generators humming in the bush all day, the rain barrels, the wood burning stoves, and the ice houses were something of a revelation. The trees weren't as dense or as high, but the scraggly Jack Pines and rugged lichen covered rocks had a charm

all of their own and I fell under the spell that my future in-laws had already succumbed to.

My father-in-law had built in 1946 - high on a rock at Lot 5, Block 4. Old Jock Nairn had a small place further along the road, and, other than the Crawford and McCreery summer places to the south, there wasn't much except the old Kettle fishing shack on the point. They had been there long before the lake had been surveyed.

Dad Main, his two teenage boys, Jimmy Sampson, and Jock Nairn, put up the cottage in one weekend. No fancy blueprints - they just paced off 24x30' and started framing. It was all framed, sheeted in, windows installed and ready to move into in two days. The total cost was $1300.00. Les and Thelma Sherwood who own the place today say it was meant to last and just try to rip out a wall or make any changes - there are at least seven nails for every one that would do. It's incredible to think that it was all done without benefit of power saws, power drills, or power anything.

As the Main kids married during the 1950s and started having families of their own, the cottage kept shrinking and no one liked taking turns for weekends, so when the Bert Hand cottage at Lot 3 came up for sale, Ken and I were first in line. By then we had three children, so the pressure was relieved on the original Main cottage. With only "Uncle Sid" between us, at Lot 4, we were still close enough to share boathouse and dock facilities.

"Uncle Sid" was retired and lived at the lake alone from April to October. He had two nieces who came out on weekends. One of them had a little boy, the age of our girls and the kids became inseparable. Uncle Sid treated them all as his own and built sandboxes, swings and fish ponds. He could find a use for everything. Metal headboards from the dump would be reworked into porch rails. We would often find him rummaging around in our boathouse or under the cottage, helping himself to whatever he needed. Every day, promptly at 4 p.m., I'd hear him bellowing "Sue, Old Sue" and I'd know it was time for me to run over and pour him a drink. He never poured himself a drink and he never drank alone. He and Dad Main were great drinking buddies and many a Friday night, we would arrive to find the two of them walking each other home, endlessly over the rock cliff.

One memorable year in early December, Sid called and insisted we drive out for the day. A most unusual request since we all closed up the cottages on Thanksgiving weekend. We knew he had been doing mysterious things in his old corrugated metal boathouse that fall, but we were totally unprepared when he threw open the doors to reveal the most beautiful luxurious bar anywhere in the Whiteshell. It had a long beautifully crafted mahogany bar, complete with brass rail and bar stools, curved ceiling, studded padded walls, electric fireplace, and a neon Schlitz beer mirror all lit up. We recognized some of the lumber and fittings, of course. Needless to say it was quite a party and we were warm even though it was bitter cold and snowing outside. We still chuckle at how astounded the fishermen and boaters going by would be if they could see inside that innocent dilapidated old corrugated metal boathouse. When "Uncle Sid" passed away, the new owners dismantled it to make way for a new dock.

And then there was Ronnie. He was the age of my girls and his cottage was closer to Brown's store at the Government dock. He was a holy terror and full of pranks, but for some strange reason, was very gentle with my girls and he couldn't do enough for Ken or I. He literally lived at our cottage for a number of summers - he would arrive at dawn and I would usually end up driving him home after dark. For all his bravado, if for some reason, he couldn't con me into driving him home, he would holler his head off, running through the "spooky place" - the hollow behind Swanson's cottage. I think he was a little sweet on my daughter Pat and when she had her first serious romance with Jon Booth (Vi Swanson's grandson) Ron's nose was more than a little out of joint. Believe me they were never out of his sight. At the end of each summer, his mother would come to our place to collect his things - quite a collection of clothes, towels, and shoes in our boathouse and shower stall. It was a wonderful healthy environment for our kids and dozens of others who came and went over the years.

Now our kids are grown. Pat did not marry Jon Booth but she and her husband and two little girls now own the Swanson cottage by the "spooky place", not too far from us. Our oldest, Penny, and her family of boys summer at the campground - well, at least they sleep there. Our son Ted is now married and still weekends with us. That's four generations of Mains - three of which have grown up from childhood at Lake Brereton.

Things have changed - we miss Dad Main, and Uncle Sid, Dr. Guyot, who helped us through many emergencies, and even Ronnie, but others have taken their place. The Lees who now own Sid's place are the same kind of neighbors as he was - we share most everything, and we often find Chuck rummaging around our place for the right piece of lumber or fitting. Old friends, Essie McCreery Lyons, who comes every summer from Elora, Ontario, and Gerd Crawford are still very much on the scene, as is Missy Gunn who for four generations has been the lake's "resident nurse". We've a whole new generation of kids to teach to water ski. Needless to say, there are no generators humming in the bush now,

no rainbarrels or outhouses, and the ice house is long gone. We now have automatic washers and dryers, dishwashers, and T.V., but one thing we insist upon that will never change is NO TELEPHONE - a concession to the good old days.

BRERETON LAKE
INDIAN HEAD ROCK
ART AND ELIZABETH MAKIN
by Mabel

Sixty-one years ago, 1919, a young C.N.R. machinist, my Dad, Art Makin, stayed at the Meade family cottage at Brereton Lake. While there, he went out to some obscure rock face, anchored himself to a tree above and lowered himself down to paint the now familiar head of an Indian chief. The painting was a gift to his one and only love, my mother, Elizabeth Moore.

He recreated the painting many times on paper for my brother, Harry and I. Unfortunately, we never thought to keep any of the drawings. Dad died in 1960 and Mother in 19 .

Throughout the years, the paint has faded and some person or persons has faithfully brightened it up. I believe it is Dad's name signed at the bottom of the rock painting. I don't know who the person is, but thank him for keeping a memory alive.

Art and Elizabeth (Bessie Makin), Rock Painter of Indian Head - 1919.

BRERETON LAKE
LOT 21, BLOCK 3
SR. A.E. (DICK AND NELL) MEADE
By Bert Jr.

My birth on May 24, 1923, precipitated action to a dream of my father's of building a family cottage on Brereton Lake's south beach in 1924. Dad and many of his railroad friends (co-workers) had been members of the Canadian National Rod and Gun Club in the preceding years. This clubhouse made from railway grain doors was located on the south beach, near the eastern end near where the current water pump is. The so called "settling" of the eastern lake region was promoted by the CNR to increase rail traffic, freight and passenger traffic, by supplying employee passes for rail travel for all members of the family.

The spring of 1924 saw my father and his close friend, Arthur Thompson, build family cottages; one at the eastern extremity of the beach, next door in the Rod and Gun Clubhouse and my father's at the western end at its present location. Other members of the Rod and Gun made similar decisions as well as newcomers to the lake thus starting the "South-end" cottage community. Families thus started spending the whole summer holidays at the "lake" with the fathers visiting every weekend and also enjoying their annual two week holiday there. To put it all in perspective, one must realize that this was approximately ten years before the Trans-Canada Highway was built through Rennie (current Highway 44) and Highway 307 wasn't started until the late thirties by labour supplied by the many unemployed of the depression era from all parts of Canada.

I believe the original families of the "Early years" should be identified as best as I can remember. They were the Cables, Turritts and the Hansens on the Rennie River between the CNR track and the lake. Then the Erratts, Ogilvies, Hortons, Milligens, Antons, Watsons, Bakers and Magees from the mouth of the river back to the bottom of south end. Then Louis Mombaze, Blankeneys (later purchased by the Schmoks in 1935), Huntbatchs, Finneys, Polsons, Herkeners, Meades, Frances, CNR Rod and Gun Club, Thompsons, Jones and Slyfields, stretching up the east side to the south beach, then Crawfords half way up to the first point and Kettles on the point. Old Bill Pearl was a hermit, living in a dirt floor log cabin, near the CNR right-of-way, just

Louis Mombaze, Reed, Bert Meade Jr. - 1939

south of the Antons. Bill was a recluse and seldom seen but a kind soft spoken individual.

Summer activities were more labour related than vacational as we know them today. Rail service to the lake was by local, a freight train with mixed commodities with two day coaches on the end for passenger service, leaving Winnipeg Monday, Wednesday and Friday, returning from Reddit the following days. It served all the vacation spots on the way, such as Wade, Winnitoba, Ottermere, Maliki and Minaki to name a few. Fresh bread and milk were our basic needs and I remember the Hortons had responsibility for the bread and my mother, during the 1920s, responsible for the milk. Most people met the train to pick up their requirements, but, as the arrival time was so erratic, anytime between 12 noon and 6 p.m., many gave up and the extra bread and milk had to be taken to our cottages. Skidding the wooden milk cases with their glass bottles down the rails, then to the landing at Watsons, and into the boat to be rowed across the lake, was a real chore. It was then stored in our root cellars for people to pick up in the evening. The off days were spent returning the empties to the station to be picked up by the local and returned to Winnipeg. While waiting for the train, the children and grownups picked berries. Some, including my eldest sister Betty were able to sell baskets of berries to pay for school supplies come September. The rest, filled our pantries for winter desserts.

We all looked forward to the annual shop vacation as our father spent two weeks with us. During that period, we held our annual sports day. It was kicked off with a fishing contest, followed by rowboat racing, swimming, canoe tipping, children's races on the beach (three-legged sack and wheel barrow). Friends from Rennie were invited to this with a reciprocal invitation for us to join them on their annual sports day.

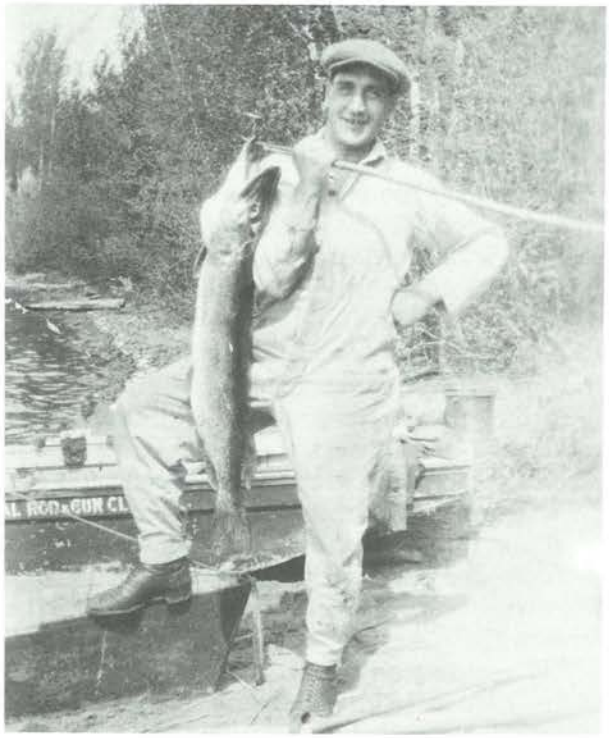
When we went to their sports day, the Brereton Lake contingent got into boats and rowed or those with motors pulled them down the Rennie River to the pump house, where we had to leave our boats. From there we walked through the Hardy farm across McInnes' place and into Rennie. Races of all descriptions were held followed by a dance in the old school house, generally a box social and I can still see Mrs. McInnes looking after us young ones as our parents danced the night away. We returned in the wee hours of the morning and as a 3 or 4-year-old, I remember being carried on my dad's shoulders the mile to the boats at the pumphouse, then all winding our way back to Brereton via the Rennie River with the odd lantern, flashlight and carbide lamps to aid in finding our way.

The mixture of suckers, chocolate bars, ice cream packed in ice and salt to keep it unusually firm, sandwiches, cookies and cakes; it can still be recalled as one ingredient of a fabulous outing. All this took place in the late 1920s and early 1930s. I can recall watching the Trans-Canada Highway being built through Rennie (Highway 44) and a filling station built and run by the Russells which was the beginning of a new era.

The beginning of road access from Rennie, north into the park heralded a new era for the summer vacationland.

By 1938 Cecil Dys had purchased a section of Hudson Bay Land just south of the present Whiteshell Inn, and built a large family log cabin

Nell Meade and Cissy Thompson at pumphouse - 1925



Canadian National Rod and Gun Club boat

Canadian National Rod and Gun Club - 1925

Mr. and Mrs. A.E. Meade's 50th wedding anniversary, Bert, Betty, Lil and Nell - 1963.

with adjoining room to use as the first store on Brereton Lake. He also built three rental cabins, an icehouse, and the necessary outhouse. I worked for Mr. Dys the summer of 1939, as handiman, cleaning cabins, outhouses, getting ice, packing fish for the American tourists and tending to customers in the store. My work day started at 7:00 a.m. and ran through to 10:00 p.m. weekdays and 12 midnight weekends - 7 days a week. I was allowed one hour of free time a day between 5:00 and 6:00 and I can vividly remember that there was no one to swim with me at that time of day. I provided this service for my room and board only!

My friend Albert Schmok had got a job with the Forestry that year. He patrolled Brereton Lake by bicycle, ensuring no open fires were being built by visiting tourists on the lakeshore. He also looked after the campground facilities. He lived in the family cottage and earned $30 a month and I thought he had it made.

The main attraction of the area was the fabulous pickerel fishing. It was common for me to pack in ice 100-200 pounds of fish then put it in the trunk of the American tourist's car to begin the arduous return trip to the Southern States of Georgia and Alabama et al. One wonders if the fish got any farther than Fargo or Minneapolis before they were spoiled and had to be thrown away. All the lakes in the Whiteshell still suffer from the wanton rape of our natural resource during that period prior to the institution of fish limits.

Before my job terminated in September, the sad news of World War II was announced. Albert Schmok, being a few years older than myself, joined the R.C.A.F. After basic training, he was subsequently sent overseas and on one of the many air raid sorties over Europe, he was shot down and although it was confirmed, his body was never found.

Ed. Note: Schmok Lake was named after Sgt. Albert J.W. Schmok and is located in northern Manitoba.

The following summer, I applied for the Forestry job and I was the successful applicant.

About this time, Cecil Dys sold his land operations to the government and he opened a similar business at Caddy Lake. Joe Fijal, a Winnipeg entrepreneur in consort with two brothers-in-law from the States built a store near the South Beach, 1939-1940, and later they bought out the store and buildings that the government had purchased from Mr. Dys.

During the late thirties and early forties, summer cottages were springing up like mushrooms at night at Brereton and on up north as fast as the road became available to provide access. During this time frame, the sons and daughters of our many lake friends joined the Canadian military forces and the summer of 1942 was the last one I spent at the "lake" until after the war.

Time brings change. My sister Nell had married in 1935 to a naval reservist, D. Nichols. They had two children, a daughter Ruth and a son David. My niece Ruth lives in Milwauki with her husband Richard and their three children. Nephew David married Diane and they have three sons. All family members still enjoy Brereton vacations as annual campground residents. My sister Nell passed away in 1969.

Sister Betty moved to Peace River where she married Alvin in 1954. They had no family. Their last trip to Brereton was 1984 as Betty passed away in late 1985.

Sister Lillian, the youngest daughter, married Bill LeBlanc and they have one son Bill. Bill Sr. will be remembered by many Whiteshell residents as the

Painting of Dick and Nell Meade with a view of Brereton Lake as seen from their cottage, by Roy Fijal.

person who spearheaded and developed the water safety programs, still going strong, while director of water safety for the Red Cross. His swimming prowess was proven one day when he and a close friend swam the length of the lake. It is reported that he had to take a couple of days off for R and R after that feat, but he never admitted that to me. Son Bill Jr. and his wife Anne have two sons and live in Toronto.

Upon my release from the Navy in 1945, I opted to upgrade my education on the service men's scheme available at that time. Gladys Rombough and I married in 1950 and we have two sons, Greg and Jeff. Greg married Michelle Blanchard in 1979 and they have a son Brett and a daughter Laura. Jeff married Donna Baker of Calgary and they have a daughter Lisa and a son Tyler. All family members are currently in Winnipeg and are avid outdoors people, so the family cottage is enjoying constant activity.

Over the years, there have been many memorable events take place at the cottage. One of exceptional note was the family's celebration of Mother and Dad's 50th wedding anniversary the summer of 1963. We all gathered at the cottage with cake and proper ceremony presented them with a "set of keys" to an Austin car, as even at that time there was rumblings of the discontinuance of the Camper's Special.

We have always loved the place and at an early age, we were taught that "to have" it was a must "to maintain". Thus, the original building has been jacked up with beams, extended, a half storey added, renovated, remodelled, and repaired most by the Meade clan ourselves. Early in the routine of cottage life, I can still hear my father's sage comment; half day of work and a half day of play will ensure it's still here for our grandchildren's use. The "cottage" is still as sound as it ever was. Dad passed away in 1980. Mother joined him in 1982 while living with Betty in Victoria. God bless them both for their early vision with its endured hardships, thus leaving this legacy for all generations to come.

BRERETON LAKE
LOT 2, BLOCK 5
MILLIGAN-WILLSON

By Audrey

The log cabin was built in 1928 or 1929 by Antons for our grandparents, Agnes and Marten Milligan. In those days, the only way to get there was by train.

Later, after Dad bought the cabin from his parents for our mother, Annie, we spent most of our summers there. We used to walk through the bush to Rennie for milk and bread and a chocolate bar. It was about five miles. Sometimes we rowed down the Rennie River which we called "the Creek" to the old pump house where we left the boat and walked the rest of the way. After Dad got a car we drove to Rennie and went by boat the rest of the way.

I remember when the road was built in the late 1930s. Of course we still had to walk around our end of the lake on a corduroy path through the marsh.

We had a hermit living close to the railway tracks. His name was Bill Pearl and he was from England. He had worked for the C.N. as did our grandfather and uncles. There was a pump at the back of "Old Bill's" where we got our drinking water. In those days as children, we played all through the bush and I never saw a deer, bear or fox, only rabbits, squirrels and chipmunks.

After the war, our cabin was enlarged to accommodate the extended family, my brother Marten, brother-in-law Bill and many friends. Our neighbors in the old days were Antons, Nash and Ogilvies. There was a log cabin down at the point where Dunthornes now live and this was occupied by Grandma Horton and her grandchildren. She used to bring in cases of milk on the "Local" train and sell it around the lake which in those days was pretty well from Ellis Island "Fisherman's Island" south of the tracks.

We used to walk down the tracks to the rocks to pick blueberries. Also, Grandpa, Dad and uncles rowed to the Rock Pile, as we called it to fish. My cousin and I still row around the lake to the Indian Head and the Rock Pile. Near Indian Head is the Island we called "Gooseberry Is." or "Raspberry Island".

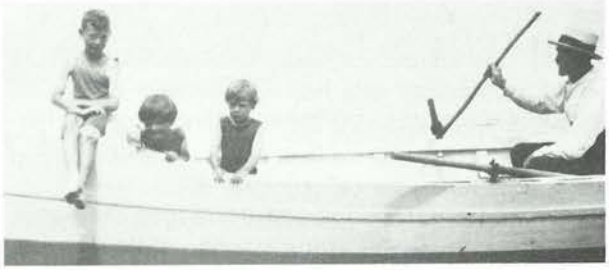
During the war, Mother, who was herself a war bride of the First World War, would befriend R.A.F. and New Zealand airmen whom she met at

Mother and two R.A.F. pilots at the cottage during World War II.

Grandma sweeping the "sidewalk" - 1958

Carrying a mattress from C.N.R. station to the cottage. Log "biffy" in background.

Eating watermelon - 1940



Grandpa Mulligan, Audrey, Ruth and Martin - 1930

The Rennie River we called "The Creek" from the C.N.R. tracks - 1940.

Going berry picking - 1940

the Service Club in Eaton's Store. She would invite them down to the cottage where she cooked for them and they enjoyed the relaxation.

My mother Annie, went to the cottage until she was 95 in 1985 and she would stay there alone except for a dog "Brandy".

BRERETON LAKE
LOT 3, BLOCK 3
Then moved to Lot 18, Block 10
DOUG AND LINDA MOBERG
By Doug

My parents bought a cottage at the South Beach in 1956. On the lot stood an old cabin which was built and owned at the time by the C.N.R. Rod and Gun Club. The roof and frame had been constructed from old box cars. Our family at the time consisted of my father Erik, Mom, Tekla and their five sons, Harvey, Earl, David, Craig and I, ranging in age from 3-16. We did not have a car so we went to the lake by train which was no easy task. Dad kept a wheelbarrow in the bush and we'd load it up with supplies and carry the rest to the cabin.

Dad was a carpenter and it was a couple of years later that a new cottage was built with mom as the chief cook (probably the hardest job under the circumstances). Some of my brothers and I got our driver's licences before dad. In fact, we taught him to drive. Soon after he had his licence, he bought his first car at the age of 65. By then electricity had arrived at the cottage and things were easier, especially for Mom.

It was about then that the government informed us along with some of the neighbors that they were planning a more public development on the South Shore Beach. Lots were set aside for us in Block 10, on a peninsula. Although we were not forced to move there immediately, if we sold the cottage outside the family, it would be moved. Some neighbors relocated soon after but it wasn't until 1988 after my father died and I bought the cottage from the estate that our cottage was moved. The chimney was taken down in anticipation of overhead wires. Moving day we found the telephone wire was still too low and we waited for four hours for the telephone man to arrive and assist us. With the cottage safely set on its new foundation at Lot 18, Block 10, we started on renovations. We were given two years to "modernize" it.

Tekla and Erick Moberg - 1967

Linda and I have two children, Jason and Sherri who continue to enjoy it through the seasons. We are pleased with our location and we'll enjoy a new view of the lake.

BRERETON LAKE
LOT 36, BLOCK 4
MORRELL-GALLOWAY
By Jennie

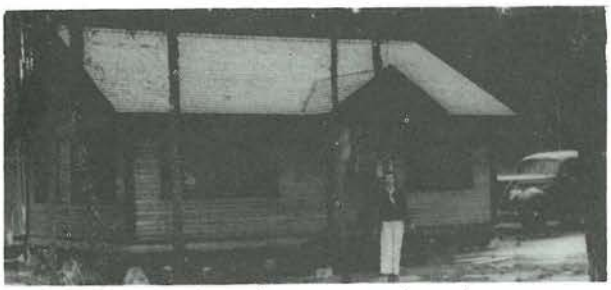
I was an office girl working for an oil company back in 1936. I got tired of dressing up every day and serving the public from Monday morning until Saturday noon. I desperately wanted a little shack off in the woods where my husband Bill and I could get away from the city.

I was discussing my wants one day with a regular customer and friend Frank, and he asked me, "Where do you want to go?" I said, "What about Falcon Lake?" The next Saturday, Frank and his wife and Bill and I packed a lunch and went to Falcon Lake. It was just being built up and I didn't want that. We talked to the Forestry and they suggested, "Why don't you go to Brereton?" I had never heard of that lake. The Forestry man told us where it was and when we realized it was 25 miles closer to the city, we were interested. Next weekend the four of us and our picnic lunch went to Brereton. At the South Beach, there were about a dozen cabins built by the C.N.R. employees who took the train down on Friday and were picked up Sunday evening. They travelled free.

We took the old logging trail, about a mile north and walked in to the lake through dense bush to a beautiful spot. I said, "This is terrific". Mr. Schortinghuis, the Ranger marked off our spot and we paid $10 for the lease.

The following June, the 30th to be exact, in the pouring rain, we and another couple arrived back at the lot. The lumber for the cottage and the bricks for the chimney had been thrown in the ditch. Full of enthusiasm, the four of us set to work to carry all the material to the lot. We camped in a tent.

We hired a carpenter and his helper to frame in the cottage. I provided a kit of food and the men slept in another tent. It was deerfly time of year and the men had a terrible time but in the 1930s, there wasn't work and men were happy to work for their



Jennie and our home away from home

board.

Bill, a friend Ian Macauley and I worked together to finish the inside and Jo, his wife, was our cook. We used a wood stove. Neighbors and friends in the city gave us their old furniture, blankets, etc., and we didn't mind roughing it. When we did get something special, we were so grateful. I remember my mother got a new lawn mower and she gave us the old one which was a push mower. We were delighted. Bill, being a mechanic, could use his trade. He got hold of an old hot water heater and he rigged up a gas pump to get water from the lake so we had cold running water.

In 1961, Bill extended the cottage with the help of his future son-in-law, Peter Galloway. We added a bedroom and an indoor bathroom which greatly added to our comfort.

Trudy, our only child, married Peter in 1961 and shortly after, the grandchildren started to come and more room was needed so an extension was put on the kitchen.

Bill died very suddenly August 24, 1972 at the lake — his home away from home. A few years later, I gave the cottage to the children and I continue to go when I am able. It was delightful to watch Marshall, Kyle, Ryan and Allison grow up loving Brereton as Bill and I did.

BRERETON LAKE
LOT 18, BLOCK 5
DAVID AND VERA MOORE

By Vera

In the summer of 1945, William Moore decided to rent a cottage from the Watson family at Brereton Lake. The Moore family so enjoyed their stay that they decided to build at Brereton themselves.

In February 1947, William and his 21-year-old son David went into partnership and bought a cottage. It was actually an old log cabin, located at Lot 18, Block 5, owned by Hansens. The cabin itself, the furnishings, and a boat and motor sold for $250.00. It was situated in a lovely, secluded spot, right on the Rennie River, close to the mouth of Lake Brereton.

When the Moores made the purchase, they were

The Hansens, Block 5 Lot 18 - 1934

informed that the existing cabin was to be torn down and a new one built in its place. They were given a specified amount of time to do this. In May 1947, construction began on the new cabin which was to become a home away from home to three generations of Moores over the next 41 years.

The building itself was to consist of four rooms plus a screened-in veranda, salvaged from the original structure. At that time, the road only went in so far, resulting in all the materials having to be carried in manually, including the lumber and insul brick, a common outside building material after World War II. William provided the brains, his four sons the muscle, and so the project began. The boys started out carring five or six boards or sheets of brick at a time. At the end of a long, hot day, they could barely manage one each. By the end of that summer, the cabin was up!

Most of the six Moore children were newly married or had steady dates at this time so there was always a large gang down at the cabin. Everyone pitched in and helped with the work. Davina, the mom, did the cooking. Nobody made blueberry pie like Mom! The price: you picked a pail, you got half a pie. You didn't help pick, you only got a small slice. There was never any shortage of pickers!

In 1950, David married me, Vera Howell. In 1952, we introduced a new generation to Brereton in the form of our three month old daughter Darlene. We'd bring her down in a clothes basket, shelter her under the nose of the boat and go out onto the lake. As long as the motor was running and the boat moving, she'd sleep for hours!

In 1956, a tree fell on the cabin, damaging the roof and David and his father decided, while they were ordering the materials for the repairs, that it might be a good time to add on to the cabin. Our family had been added to by the arrival of a second daughter, Vera Jr. and a son Gordon was to arrive within the following year.

It was while we were building this addition that we had our first encounter with one of the natives of Brereton Lake. We had no electricity at that time

and so we used to store our perishables in a dugout under the cottage. One Saturday night when it was fairly cool outside, we decided to leave the food in a covered tub on the front platform. When David's dad insisted on putting a heavy rock on top to keep out wildlife, we all laughed. The only wild animals we had seen were the deer who crossed our yard every morning to drink from the creek and the occasional squirrels and chipmunks.

Just as we were all settling down for the night, my father, who'd come down to lend a hand with the building, insisted there was someone outside his bedroom window. On closer inspection, he found himself nose to nose with a large black bear with only a pane of glass between them. Having heard that bears hate noise, we proceeded to make as much racket as we could, getting out the pots and pans, banging lids and shining flashlights on him. The bear appeared to regard this behavior as rather strange but not at all frightening. He sauntered around to the food cache and had a late night snack, consisting of a pound of lard, a pound of butter, a pound of bacon, and a four-and-a-half pound sirloin tip roast of beef. He washed all this down with a cold quart of milk which he punctured neatly and drank without spilling a drop! He then left as quietly as he'd come, leaving us with a few cans of Klik to roast for our Sunday dinner.

We've had a few visits from Mr. Bear and his ancestors over the years until the cages were introduced for the garbage. We've also had a friendly racoon who liked to peek in the bedroom windows early each morning. The squirrels and chipmunks have provided many hours of entertainment for the kids over the years. Our youngest son Bruce, who came along in 1963, spent many hours on the front steps feeding and playing with them. To this day, he loves the lake and is an avid fisherman.

We have collected so many happy memories over the years: Grandma Moore singing to the children and telling them bedtime stories by the light of the coal oil lamps. Grandpa Moore and his constant schemes for improving the cabin. David painting in the names of each new family addition and visitor onto the big rock in the front yard. David and Bruce painting teeth and eyes on the partially submerged rock in the creek to create our own "Jaws". David driving to the Whiteshell Inn each night at 10:30 sharp to pick up our teenagers who used the store and campgrounds for socializing.

The Whiteshell Inn is in fact where Darlene met our son-in-law. His first words to her were "Would you be interested in marrying me?" To which she replied "Not right now, maybe later." It is now 17 years later and Darlene and Randy are happily married with four children of their own. It's nice to think it all began here at Brereton.

David and I have also been blessed with five other grandchildren who look forward every summer to spending time at the lake.

In 1982, David retired, after working as a machinist for the C.N.R. for 39½ years. We spend a lot more time at Brereton now and love every minute of it! We enjoy fishing, fixing up the cabin, and walking sometimes as many as five miles a day. Life is great!

On May 1st, 1988, we decided to drive down to the lake for the day to open the cabin for the coming season. At 4:00 p.m. a Forest Ranger drove over to tell us we were being evacuated. A fire was raging nearby. We left immediately as instructed and spent the next 17 hours listening to rumours, news casts, and fire bulletins, worrying and praying. At 9:00 the following morning, we received a call from the Forestry telling us we'd been burnt out. What an understatement!

Wednesday, May 4th, they let us go down to survey the damages. What a dismal sight! The only recognizable items were a blackened fridge and stove and four crumbled cement steps. At first we couldn't understand what had happened to our pride and joy, a 14 ft. aluminum boat, complete with canopy and 35 h.p. motor. It was nowhere to be found. It was only later that day that we discovered a large blob of melted aluminum and the shaft and block of the motor along with two spark plugs! All we really had left were 40 years of memories.

Our first thoughts were to collect the insurance and forget about owning a cottage. Who wanted to start over at the age of 60? It turned out we did! Our family and friends were supportive and encouraging. My sister's husband, Jim Buxton, a carpenter by trade, offered to tackle the rebuilding if we promised him lots of help. Jim and his wife Frances had almost lost their cabin in Block 1 in the same fire.

After much shopping around, we found the cottage we wanted, a package deal that we were to build ourselves. The next couple of weeks were spent cleaning up the mess and getting ready to build on the same spot. What a job!

June 6th our cottage was delivered on two fiveton trucks as a semi could not get down our road. One of the trucks hit a soft spot, broke its differential, and had to be left to be towed away later. All the material had to be unloaded by hand.

The next day the work began. We lived in a tent trailer during the day and slept at David's sister and brother-in-law, Diana and Wally Gresko's at night. They have a cottage at Jessica Lake. What a luxury to have a hot bath and a comfortable bed every night after working so very hard. The temperatures averaged 35 celsius each day.

We had a wonderful bunch of workers! The re-

Back: Kayley, Anita, Erica and Danny. Front: Christy, Carly, David, Jeremy and Tannis (Moore grandchildren).

Remains of the Moore cottage after the 1988 forest fire.

David and Vera Moore

tired family and friends came during the week and the working ones on weekends. My job was to keep lots of cold water and hearty meals on hand. I had lots of help from the various wives and girlfriends.

On July 28th, just 48 days later, we moved into our beautiful new cottage! It has six rooms and a large screened-in veranda across the front. Once again our family and friends came through and helped to furnish it. We are still finishing off the inside and trying to make the yard half decent. It's amazing though how thick and green everything is becoming this year. The only problem we are having now is the burnt trees that are breaking off and falling across our road. Almost every time we come down, there is another one. I guess we'll just have to start keeping the chain saw in the trunk of the car.

We are now getting ready to start on another 43 years of making wonderful memories. The only thing we hope to miss next time around is a forest fire. One of those is enough for anyone!

Our children, Darlene and Randy and their children Danny, Erica and their identical twins, Christy and Carly; Vera and her children, Anita, Tannis and David; Gordon and Gail and their Jeremy and Kayley; and our younger son Bruce, all manage time with us at the cottage.

BRERETON LAKE
LOT 3, BLOCK 5
FRANK AND VANESSA NASH

By Beverley

My mother and father first started spending summers at Lake Brereton in the 1940s. They rented a cottage from Mr. Tom Couch who had some cottages by the South Beach where the parking area is now.

In 1946 they, along with my brother Culver, started building a cottage at Lot 3, Block 5. Before they started, they had to obtain a lease from Mrs. Ogilvie, a Metis lady who lived for many years in a little log cabin on the property. Many people, over the years, had wanted this lot but Mrs. Ogilvie absolutely refused to give it up even though she couldn't use the place because after having a stroke, she was living in a nursing home. Mother went to see her and Mrs. Ogilvie willingly gave it to mother. I might add, mother had Mrs. Ogilvie over for supper several times and even took her to the lake once; no mean task considering the lady was paralized down one side and could not speak.

One of my memories was going to see the geese at Alf Hole's place. He always came out to talk to us about his geese.

There have been four generations of our family using the cottage. My brother Culver and his family now live in Michigan; my sister Virginia passed away in 1980, her husband Steve and their girls, Judy and Beverley; sister Audrey and her husband Walter and their children - Michael, Colleen and daughter Jennifer, their daughter Barbara and her

The first two generations of the Nash family 60th anniversary - 1974.

son Zachary and their other son Andrew. Then there's Charlie and I and our three, Lisa and her sons Kristopher and Ryan, our sons Stewart and Cameron.

In 1988, our cottage was miraculously saved from the forest fire that burned out our neighbors.

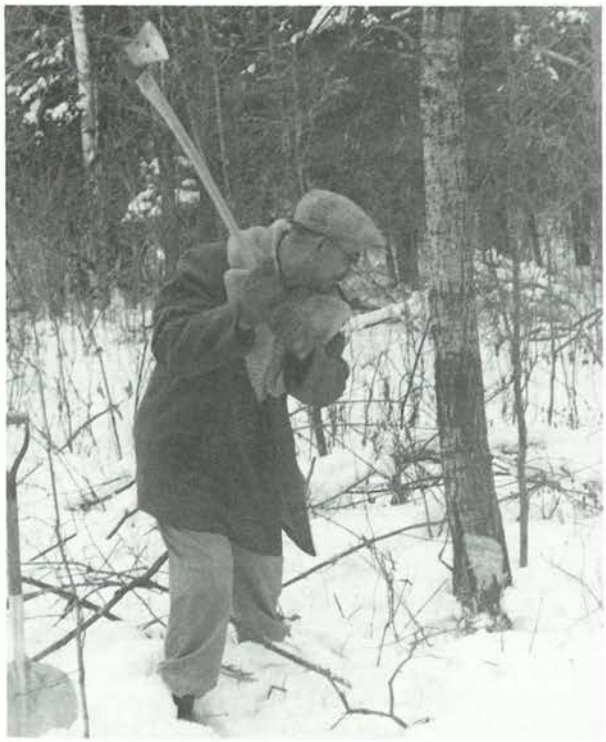
BRERETON LAKE
FORMERLY AT LOT 8, BLOCK 6
HENRY AND MARIA NEUSTAEDTER
By Henry

It was 1951 when we decided to lease a lot on the west side of Lake Brereton.

That winter preparation for the building of our cottage commenced. We shipped the lumber to Rennie where we had to load it up to be pulled across the frozen lake by a team of horses.

Construction started in the spring of 1952 and I was required to take the workmen over by boat where they would remain for up to a week at a time, or until the job was finished - at which time I would return to ferry them back across the lake.

All went smoothly with the building of the cottage until a day in June. On that day, myself and two other men, loaded up my 16-foot cedar boat and tied a 14-foot plywood boat behind. We were carrying furniture, finishing materials and a stove. The weather turned bad and we had to contend with high waves and water spilling into the boat. We got to 200 feet off the shore but were unable to bail the water out quickly enough to prevent both boats from



Cutting the first tree on our lot - 1951

Maria, Linda, Hildegard and Barbara

sinking so we released the heavily loaded plywood boat we were towing. As soon as the boat was released, it rolled over and sank. After getting the cedar boat safely to shore, I returned to the spot where the other boat sank and began diving in and retrieving the materials, furnishings and even the stove - all of which were used at the cottage for many years to come.

In 1954, the government put a road through and although it made it easier to travel to our cottage, it also brought in more and neighbors who brought their dogs, scaring away the wildlife such as the deer that came to eat the salt blocks at the rear of our cottage.

We sold the cottage in 1957, but my wife Maria and I, son Michael and his wife Karen and children, Charles and Carla and daughter Hildegard and our two nieces Linda and Barbara still share the pleasant memories of our summers at Lake Brereton.

BRERETON LAKE
POOR BRERETON BEN
By Marguerite Nordal

The berry crops were sparse around Brereton Lake in the summer of 1969 and the bears became scavengers for food in the garbage, discarded by cottagers and campers. The possibility of encountering a hungry bear in a skimpy blueberry patch made berry-picking forays scarcely worth the risk for such scanty rewards.

As more and more bears were sighted, other holiday habits were altered. Small children were guarded by daylight and brought indoors before dark. Teenagers were ordered to forego their moonlight walks and people took their cars when visiting neighbors in the evening. We sometimes heard a bear snorting and bumping around the cottage at night and listened to its progress along our road as indicated by the barking of dogs.

One day we heard that there had been a break-in at the grocery store overnight. We decided to see

what damage had been done by the break-in artist and so after supper, we joined the many other people who were lingering around the store. In typical human fashion, everyone freely volunteered all details. They pointed to the aisle where the thief had cleaned out great quantities of bakery products. They led us behind the lunch counter to show the mangled window frame where entry had been gained. And they pointed to the bear trap which the Ranger had placed beneath the window in case the thief should return.

We all agreed that the culprit was one very hungry bear! Clever too - because it had pried the window open, found the goodies to eat, and made a speedy retreat before the store owners in the attached living area could take defensive action. Now the storekeeper declared he would be ready for that bear if it returned and successfully avoided the bear trap outside.

When our curiosity was satisfied, my husband took all the Nordal and Lees children outside with ice cream treats to enjoy while they wandered around to the back for another look at the bear trap. Frances Lees went out to the phone booth on the grounds to contact her husband who could not join us until the next day. I remained inside to make a few purchases. Of course, the bread supply was sold out because it had been depleted the previous night.

Suddenly, I heard a muffled exclamation that sounded like, "The Bear"! I looked up to see a black blur at the back window, then a bit of black fur above the lunch counter, and the bear was in the centre aisle before the few customers could crowd out the door. I was still not off the small veranda when I heard gunshot! A backward glance revealed a black form on the floor by the bakery products. The storekeeper had been quick to get his gun from his adjoining home, and mercifully for all of us, he had accurate aim.

It happened so quickly that I had not felt fear. Now I knew a sudden surge of terror as I searched for all the members of our two families. The kids who had gone behind the store reported that the bear had been so intent on entering the window that he had ignored them as they "faded towards a nearby cottage". We were all safe and took turns mounting the veranda to look in at the dead animal. Particularly awesome was the amount of blood splattered over shelves and ceiling. The television show, "GENTLE BEN" was popular at that time, so the bear was soon dubbed "Ben".

Now Frances Lees remembered that when she had seen the bear rush by the phone booth, she had dropped the receiver to try to retrieve the children. She hurried over to pick up the dangling phone and was surprised to find Fred still holding on the other end of the line.

"Guess what happened?" Frances asked.

"I know. They shot a bear in the store." Fred answered.

After a stunned pause, Frances said, "Has that been on the radio already?" It seems that when the storekeepers called the Ranger, Fred was able to hear the conversation.

In a short time, the two Rangers backed their truck to the bottom of the store steps. They dragged the carcass down the aisle, out the door, across the open veranda, and down the steps. The crowd stood respectfully in near silence. As the huge body bumped down each step, many were heard to murmur, "Poor Ben".

We all felt regret that such a noble animal had been lured to its destruction because of its basic needs. Many wily human thieves escape punishment for infinitely more dastardly crimes.

I like to think that Ben did not die in vain. Local citizens improved the security of their places against all creatures. Methods of garbage disposal were improved for the whole Brereton community. Friendships among neighbors were established and storytelling skills were honed as the incident was related with many variations. It seemed everyone became somewhat of a detective as they ferreted out the "Bear Facts" about the situation. I think a new sympathy was gained for the plight of Ben and all wild creatures.

BRERETON LAKE
LOT 50, BLOCK 3
HARRY AND KATHLEEN NORTON

By Kathleen

"Why did we buy a cottage at Brereton Lake?"

I shall go back to a week in early July, 1958, when my husband Harry, who was an area supervisor for a Farm Machinery Company, called on his dealer, Tommy Melnyk at Whitemouth. "How would you like to buy a cottage Harry? I got one on a trade yesterday," said Tom. "What in --- would I do with a cottage?" said Harry. "Well, let's take a drive down to see it," replied Tommy.

That weekend at home in Winnipeg, Harry said to us "Would you like to see a cottage?" Eldred, our daughter, and her friend Mildred Perry and I screamed "A cottage! Where is it?" Saturday morning the four of us, along with my mother, Charlotte McCreery, who lived with us, motored to Brereton Lake to find a three bedroom cottage, standing majestically at the top of a hill and across from the South Beach. While exploring the area, we talked with a Mr. Wilkinson who was helping his friend John Dykes build a cottage. Mr. Wilkinson proceeded to tell us about the lovely beach and area around Brereton. "And a store is just down the road. I'll

drive you down." On returning, he said "Why don't you stay all night?" "But we don't have any bedding", I said. "Oh, my wife will give you some sheets", which she did. We retired early on three hard beds. The next morning, we started a fire in an old iron cook stove, water from a pump filled an old tea kettle and finding some tea, we enjoyed tea and toast. Somehow I managed to rinse out the sheets, dry them and return them to Mrs. Wilkinson, with grateful thanks. Returning to Winnipeg, the girls pleaded with Harry to buy the cottage. On Harry's next call to Whitemouth, he gave Johnny a down payment. We owned a cottage!

The first thing we had to do was to buy three new beds, so we were loaded making our first trip to the cottage. Mother, the girls and I were to stay at the cottage and Harry would continue with his road trip. That night it rained and it poured! We grabbed pots and pails to catch roof leaks, there being no ceilings and we sat up most of the night with a coal oil lamp to provide light. In the morning, we discovered that a little bridge to our place had been washed out. Harry had to build a temporary bridge to get the car out and the rest of us mopped up the water from the floor. "Is this cottage life?" I thought. Later, we learned many cottages had had roof leaks.

The next year, electric power was added to Brereton and we hired friends, Earle and David Ferguson from Lorette, to wire our cottage. Eventually the icebox and stove were replaced with electric appliances and with a new roof, we were living more comfortably.

Many happy summers were spent at Brereton with visiting, swimming, hiking and playing horseshoes.

If you have never hiked with Hazel and John Dykes, our Brereton neighbors, you have missed the greatest challenge of your life. They have hiked at the west coast, the east coast and places in between. One day Hazel said "Let's go on a hike today." I agreed. Harry was mixing cement so had to finish his job. Johnny said he would drive us to the trail, then he and Harry would come later and meet us at the trail's end. Our group consisted of Hazel, her daughter Susan, neighbor Mary Brown and myself. We talked and walked, not worrying because Hazel knew the trail. After a while, Hazel said "I don't think this is the right trail." Mary and I gasped! We had no idea where we were. We continued walking and finally saw some telephone wires which we followed, leading us to a road. "If we ever see a car, I'll flag it", I said. "I think I hear a car", someone said. Along came John and Harry and were they mad! "Where have you been and how did you get here?" No one said a word. We were so thankful to get into that car.

Another time, I remember the Dykes had come

Harry, Kathleen, Eldred and Charlotte - 1959

up to visit one evening. It was dark and raining, when we heard a rap on the door. There stood two Indians, one with no clothes on except for a too short T-shirt. It was rice picking time in late August and Indians would stop at the beer parlor in Rennie before proceeding on to Rice Lake. "Could we sleep under your boat?" one fellow said. Harry said, "It's cold, where are your clothes?" "I don't know. We were swimming and the guys took them and left without us." Harry got an old coat, overalls and a pair of rubbers for him and said "We'll take you down to the change house where it will be warmer and you can sleep there." The next morning, one of his rubbers was found in the ditch.

Jake Enns, next door, had a very fine boat and it was he and his boys who taught Eldred and Mildred how to water ski. Finally the Nortons bought a boat which kept Harry busy towing young skiers around the lake.

Little Bobby Enns was a cute little fellow who was having a little trouble learning grade one in school. One day he asked the girls if they had ever passed grade one. Well, Bobby did make the grade and he is now holding a fine position as superintendent of the Parks Forestry Division at Brereton Lake and District.

Many people picked blueberries at the back of our cottage. Ann Wilkinson, Block 4, and I often went out. I happened to find a nice patch, unaware I was standing on an ant hill. Hundreds of ants crawled up my legs and arms. I screamed for Ann to come and help me. I stripped off blouse and pants, brushing off biting ants. I hoped no one was watching me. The best part about picking berries was getting home where mother would have hot buttered rai-

sin bannock ready for us to eat. Ann's husband Jack often teased me after that for having 'ants in my pants'.

The cottage finally became too much work for us. Eldred and Mildred had married and mother and I had been having health problems, so in July 1977, our place was sold to the Kurz family. Giving up the cottage was like losing a member of the family. I cried for a week.

The following spring, Eldred and Terry purchased a cottage at Moonlight Bay, West Hawk Lake and they asked us to join them. Our life with the Mancer family is another story.

BRERETON LAKE
LOT 20, BLOCK 12
KARL AND REGINA OBERTH
By Sara

It was pretty exciting in 1950 when our parents obtained a lot at Brereton Lake and we found out we were going to have a summer cottage. Eagerly we all went down to help with clearing the lot and after a few weekends of hard labor, it was ready for the builder. The cottage was completed in about two weeks with Dad and Mother doing quite a bit of the inside work themselves.

For 40 years, we used the wood burning stove before going to the luxury of an electric one. We still miss the warmth and comfort of the wood stove when fall rolls around. Mother's old square Maytag washing machine sits in the shower room to be used when needed and it still works "like a clock".

At first we used kerosene lamps filled and the chimneys cleaned by Mother. Like others, those first years we had a wooden icebox and bought our blocks of ice from the kindly store owner, Mr. Bill Morrow. He would deliver as well if we didn't have a car there.

Ron Oberth and the Millers - 1950

Brother Ron, the youngest liked to spend his summers at the lake. Dad built him a rowboat and he had many enjoyable times with his friends as they explored Dog Rock and other areas of the lake, where fishing might be good. Now Ron and his wife "Flip" and their children, Gemma and Carla, come each year from Toronto. Sister Hilda and George come from Victoria. Sister Regina and her husband Bill and their children, Janice and Mark and daughter, Meghan; Ken and Barbara and their daughter Lindsay; Gordon and Karen and their youngest Joanne, join us for pleasurable summers at Lake Brereton.

BRERETON LAKE
LOT 4, BLOCK 10
ORMONDE FAMILY

We first started coming down to Brereton Lake when we visited with the Lloyd family at their cottage in Block 12 in the early 1960s. We were also frequent visitors at the Doug and Nancy Larke's cottage at Brereton, when we weren't at the campground. We purchased our cottage in July 1972 for

Oberth Family - 1989

The Ormonde Family

what seems now like the steal of the century! We've had the usual additions and renovations over the years to accommodate everybody and make the time 'in paradise' more enjoyable. Looking forward to many more enjoyable years at Brereton Lake!

Family members who enjoy the lake — Winnifred Ormonde (Mom) and her children and grandchildren — Brian and Linda and sons Michael and Mark; Bill and Lorraine and their girls, Pamela, Jennifer and Cheryl; Helen and Don and their children, James and Susan; Fred and Colleen and Thomas, a new member not in the picture.

BRERETON LAKE
LOT 44, BLOCK 3
PALING - EZINICKI
MEMORIES

By Mrs. Helen Paling (age 83)

I remember going to the lake by train in the 1930s. We had to get off the train and go by boat across the lake in an old wooden boat made by my husband, Albert Paling. There were no roads, except a mud trail through the bush to South Beach. At that time, there were six or seven cottages on South Beach, the rest of the lake was not opened up yet. I remember a couple who lived at the lake all year round. Their name was Mombaze. They made their living trapping and fishing and rented boats to fishermen. They had three log cabins they rented as well. There was an old man, Bill Pearl, who lived in a shack on the other side of the lake during the 1930s. He lived alone, and people used to call him the hermit. Once in a while, the ranger checked on him. During the early years, there was only one ranger, named Wilkender, who had four or five brothers who worked for him, looking after the lake and forest. The were called the Weekenders.

My husband Albert Paling, and his brother Ted Paling loved Brereton Lake. They built a shack to stay in and then together they built five cottages on South Beach. They built two in the mid 1930s and three closer to 1940. The cottage my daughter and son-in-law own today was built by my husband in 1945. All of the boats were handmade during those years and as cottages were being built, Ted and Albert helped people build boats. Some of the people I remember in the early Forties were the Whites, Kidds and Berrys, Hermans, Antons, Moores and Gendrons.

A store was built in the early forties. It has since been torn down and rebuilt on the same spot. Also a narrow gravel road was made which later became the highway. In the late 1940s and early 1950s, more people started to come to the lake and the North Beach started to build up near the store. Our neighbors in the 1950s were the Enns, Browns, Loves and Bullocks.

There was no electricity in the thirties, forties, and I believe even the fifties. Coal oil lamps were used as well as wood stoves. Everything was very primitive and the lake was much wilder, but very beautiful and tranquil.

I lived there all summer with the children, Ruth, Fred, Evelyn, Birt and Jim. Albert would come on the train every weekend. He worked for the railway and caught the Friday train out right after work. Fishing was great in those days and all those fishing stories you have heard were true. It was nothing to go out and catch 30 fish, and some of them were quite a size. In those days, there were no limits, and the bait was worms. I loved to fish with my husband.

I recall a couple of humorous stories. In the late forties, there was a violent storm with a lot of lightning. The children and I were huddled in the bedroom when a flash of lightning hit the cottage, came through an open window and went out the back door. It singed the floor and we could not believe it when a few seconds later our outhouse was hit. It literally fell apart, splintering the wood. My daughter Ruth Ezinicki, who owns the cabin now remembers it well.

Bears were a common sight in those days. They regularly walked past the cottage. On more than one occasion while blueberry picking, we would spot the bears picking blueberries and have to turn around. You always had to keep alert when near the bush. One time in particular I recall, I was picking blueberries and my son was with me. He was eight or nine years old. I looked up and saw him bent over in a blueberry patch while a bear was picking just on the other side of the rock, maybe 10-15 feet away. I slowly came behind him and told him to take slow backward steps with me and be very quiet. The bear kept picking as though he didn't even notice us.

We had many great times at the lake, and even though I'll be 85, my health is failing, and I only go out once or twice a year, Brereton Lake will always have a special place in my heart.

PALING-EZINICKI
by Ruth (Mrs. Paling's daughter), age 64

I remember many of the same things my mother does. I went there with my three brothers and one sister, every summer while growing up. We all went fishing with my dad and mom and we picked blueberries. The lake was so different in the 1930s and 1940s. It was wilder, with lots of animals, including bears. You always had to be careful when you played outside. There was no road to worry about so we could play anywhere, and of course swimming was our favorite pastime. My father built our new cottage in 1945. By this time, I was married and my first daughter was born. My husband John never had a chance to be at a lake, so he loved it. He started fishing and to this day, it is his favorite pastime in the summer. I spent the summers at the lake with my daughters who also have come to love the lake, and they presently come down to our cottage with their families. We have built a small addition onto the cottage, but it is much the same as my father built it, complete with wood stove and coal oil lamps just in case, and we have used them many times. There was a store built near our cottage in the late thirties. My girls used to love going to the store for candy. That store was moved to North Beach, I believe in the late fifties or early sixties. It is still there.

Stories I recall as well as my daughters. The bears would come and rummage through the garbage in our yard, every evening. The garbage was picked up once a week at that time. The bears even came and scratched at the door at night. Our garbage can was ripped open more than once and garbage was strewn everywhere.

The interesting thing about our cottage is that it has narrow windows. My father said it was built that way so that the bears couldn't get in.

My mother would take my husband and I and the girls down the track to a place she called The Big Rock. This was the best spot to blueberry pick, but there were bears. We went clothed in long shirts and pants and hats. She always made us take drinks and cookies as well.

I also recall a terrible storm in the fifties. It was almost like a tornado and I huddled my girls into the bedroom and got under the bed. The next day, we saw that trees were broken and uprooted everywhere, the beach was completely gone as the water had covered it. Many cottages and boats had damage.

Grandma Paling and her grandchildren Margaret and Marilyn.

Our family has so many memories of Brereton Lake. The fourth generation is coming out to the lake and they are enjoying it just as much as we did. My girls remember picking strawberries, blueberries and wild flowers and now their children are repeating their childhood memories. Of course everything is different now, but we are happy to see that so far Brereton Lake has kept the natural beauty it has always had and we can only hope it will never become a modern concrete jungle with streets and motels like so many lakes have become. We hope the modern day cottagers keep Brereton Lake natural and enjoy the beautiful wilderness that is a rare sight today.

Our three daughters: Margaret and Len; Marilyn and Bud and their boys Tim and Paul; and Laurie and Holly and their girls, Kristjan and Holly, all love Brereton Lake and carry on with the family traditions started by our dear Grandma Helen.

BRERETON LAKE
LOT 1, BLOCK 4
ALLAN AND JUNE PHILLIPS
By June

After several years of camping in the Whiteshell, all the time looking for a suitable cottage or lot, a friend told us about a little cottage in a quiet bay that would soon be going up for sale. The Sherwoods suggested that we come to spend the day and look at the property at Brereton Lake.

We fell in love with the lot and without seeing the inside of the cottage, we decided that it was exactly what we had been looking for. We didn't want to intrude upon the owners, so we asked our friends to let us know when the elderly couple were ready to sell.

We were attending a Swim Meet in Edmonton

when our friends phoned. The Bedfords had decided to sell their cottage, but there was a problem. Someone else wanted it as badly as we did.

We left Edmonton early, and came directly to the lake to plead our case. They could tell how anxious we were, so they said to give them a week to think it over. It was only then that we saw the interior of the cottage — so small for a family of five.

The phone call finally came, and the cottage was ours! What a happy family we were that day. We told Mr. and Mrs. Bedford to stay until they could comfortably give up their beloved cottage, so at the end of August, 1972, we were able to move in.

We found out that Mrs. Bedford had been Mrs. Edith Kettle, and that she and her first husband had been known as Ma and Pa Kettle. The cottage had been built in 1935, and was one of the first summer cottages on our lake.

The rumor has been circulating for years that Ma and Pa Kettle had been squatters, so I decided before I wrote this story to go back in to the records to find out if it was true. I was able to research back to 1940 where it was revealed that Mr. and Mrs. Kettle did indeed have a lease and when Mr. Kettle died in 1946, the lease changed to read Mrs. Edith Kettle, Permit No. 5877. We often wonder how that rumor got started.

Allan loves to build, so with the help of our sons, Brian and Brock, daughter Sharon and their spouses, our cottage has been a real challenge. The 14x20' cabin was lined with polished cedar strip, so we decided to leave the original, which is now our living room, and build around it on three sides - a lot more work than tearing it down and building anew, but we now have a cottage that is triple the original size.

When we first moved in, the cottage was not visible from the lake, but we were selective in cutting down the brush, and now we have a beautiful view. We have also had lots of help from the beavers, but they keep taking down the wrong trees. Our poplars are disappearing.

We had good times with our next door neighbors, Bob and Anna Campain. When our dear friend Bob died in 1979, our son Brock bought the cottage which had been built in 1950.

When Brock married Karen in Jasper, Alberta and decided to buy a home there, his visits to the lake became less frequent, so he sold the cottage to Brian and Janine Fijal in 1987. Although we felt badly that Brock and Karen were not going to raise their family of two little girls at Brereton Lake, we were most fortunate to find a family that have become good neighbors and friends, and that is one of the many joys of cottaging in the Whiteshell.

BRERETON LAKE
LOT 6, BLOCK 1
KEN AND EDITH ROMBOUGH
By Edith

My parents first went to Brereton Lake in 1933 and rented the original cottage on Lot 6, Block 1. The original cottage was owned by a family named "Cockrane". That was the name we looked at for many years on the rafters. The lumber had been shipped by rail to build the cottage and their name was stamped on every piece of lumber. My parents, Jack and Annie Magee bought the cottage from the original owners a year or two after we rented it. The station at the time was west of the present station, near the Rennie River. Many of the cottagers were C.N.R. employees and consequently the cottages were built near the station.

In the fall of 1937, while duck hunting at Mud Turtle Lake, my uncle J.J.McNair drowned when their boat capsized and my cousin Bill McNair reached the shore but died of exposure.

Many would remember Genevieve and Louis Mombaze who lived year round at the lake. Louis was a trapper in the winter and in the summer he had a boat rental at the government dock where the Whiteshell Inn is now located.

There was also Bill Pearl "The Hermit" who had a log cabin near the Rennie River and also lived there all year round. What hardships they must have endured.

Bill Pearl "The Hermit"

I remember the troup trains passing through Brereton during World War 2 loaded with troops. During the war years, my dad would come down on a Saturday night by freight train with a passenger coach on the end, to bring our groceries. We never knew when it would arrive or whether it would stop at Indigo, Brereton or Decimal. The "Jiggermen" were always good to deliver you to your destination.

Of course we had no electricity in those years but it didn't seem to matter then. We never cared much for hauling trees, chopping or splitting the logs or piling wood but it had to be done.

Over the years, we have seen many changes, but it is still a wonderful place to visit. We used to have picnics at the north end of the lake as there were no cottages, just the beautiful Inverness Falls.

In 1985, we had to tear down the cottage due to dry rot which was caused from lack of circulation as the cottage was built on a rock. Although we hated to see it go, we enjoy the new one.

We are so grateful to John Bartley of Rennie and the team of firefighters during the 1988 forest fire

The hermit Bill Pearl - 1943

which threatened to burn many cottages, but due to their efforts, only one was lost on the south shore.

BRERETON LAKE
LOT 18, BLOCK 12
KATHY AND RON ROMANS
By Kathy

In 1950, my parents (Marj and Cliff Warman), bought a cottage on the south end of Brereton Lake. It was not a lakefront lot but we had a private dock on South Beach where we kept a boat.

In 1953, a lakefront lot became available on the north side. My folks cleared the property and put down the cement footings. When winter came, they had our cottage moved on a big truck to the new location. The cottage was picked up, moved and set down so gently that mother didn't even move an ornament. This cottage is now just a small part of the whole.

My sister Carolyn and I spent every summer when we were growing up down at the lake. Carolyn moved out of the province, but my husband Ron and I and our three boys, Chris, Kevin and Ryan, are still lake people from April until October with the odd day trip down there in the winter.

BRERETON LAKE
LOT 29, BLOCK 14
HERB AND ROSE SCARTH
By Rose

It was 1955 when we leased our lot. We built a small shack to start with so we had some place to stay while the cabin was being built. Lots of trees had to be cut down and lots of rocks were moved in the lake so we could swim. We dug large holes in the ground and buried the rocks so the yard could

Digging down seven feet to bury this rock - 1971.

A tree fort - 1960, Rhonda, Glenn, Larry and Randy

be level. We had a large rock in the driveway that was in the way for the car. We dug down seven feet to bury this rock. If you ever had to do any digging in the Whiteshell, you would know that this wasn't an easy job as the land is all rock.

We gradually built the cabin and worked on it every weekend. It was all built by hand as we had no electricity and no running water. Ice had to be picked up for the icebox at the Inverness Falls Store. I stayed at the cabin with the four children for July and August for many years. We had no car as my husband went home and came back on weekends. We picked up the ice in a small wagon and ran the half mile home from the store so it wouldn't melt. The ice lasted two days.

Gradually the cabin was finished and as I look back now with all the modern conveniences, I wonder how I made out. We had no radio or T.V. but the children sure read a lot of comic books.

Our sons Randy and his wife Janet and their sons, Paul and Warren; Larry and his wife Connie and their son Adam; Glenn and his wife Janice and their son Chris and our daughter Rhonda, all enjoy our cottage. Herb and I travel a lot and compare other places to the Whiteshell. Nothing compares with "our Park" and we are lucky to have a place there.

BRERETON LAKE
LOT 16, BLOCK 9
"GLAS-WICK"
1945-1990
DONALD AND MABEL SHEARER
by Catherine

August 1945 — We joyously celebrated V.J. Day (Victory over Japan) and the end of the second World War at C.G.I.T. Camp with the ringing of the dinner gong for 15 minutes. It was also thrilling as a 14-year-old at that camp to be crowned Miss Brereton Lake, 1945.

The Shearer family tented in what was then a very small camping area in front of the main beach. I remember one summer weekend camping there with my father. The only other people at the campsite were a black doctor and his 12-year-old son who were holidaying in Canada to escape the racial discrimination, then prevalent in the U.S.A. The campground supervisor was Gunner Wickander, the oldest of five bachelor brothers, all of whom lived at Lot 1, Block 9. In 1953, we rented a cabin at the Whiteshell Inn which had recently been built by Ted Zelmer. Mom and dad started looking for a lot to put a cottage on. These same years, I served as a cabin leader at the C.G.I.T. Camp.

1954 - The shell of our cottage was built at Lot 16, Block 9, by Ted Sorenson of Rennie with lumber from the Devlin Lumber Company, also at Rennie. All the interior finishing and landscaping was done by my father, Donald Shearer, with help from his wife, Mabel, and children Anne, Roberta, Catherine (me), Donald and Lee. The lot was adapted as much as possible to suit the needs of my sister Anne who was blind.

Our cottage was named "Glas-Wick" in honor of my mother who was born in Glasgow, Scotland and my father who was born in Wick, in the Highlands of Scotland.

The road in front of the cottage was a winding, narrow trail and was not busy. We had no electricity and no refrigeration. Mom did most of her cooking on a large coal and wood stove or a small Coleman plate in very warm weather.

Coal oil lamps provided enough light for our card games and conversation each evening. We usually retired early and the family would play word games such as "Inky Pinky" and "Twenty Questions", in the dark over the divider walls.

Our refrigerator was a 1x3x3' deep hole in the ground, outside our back door. Later we got an icebox with lots of ice available from the Brown's Store.

With the advent of electricity and a new highway, the slow relaxed pace of life changed considerably. Radios, refrigerators, electric stoves and heaters and

"Miss Brereton Lake" 1945 - Catherine Shearer

Cabin 4 CGIT - 1953

reading far into the night became standard fare for cottagers. On Saturday nights, the men folk would meet at the Wickanders' cottage to watch wrestling matches on T.V.

1957 - I spent my honeymoon at Brereton Lake and the next summer, we brought our newborn daughter, Mary Lamont, down to her first lake holiday with her grandparents. Catherine May and Edward soon made our family complete.

1965 - Tragedy struck our family on September 10, when our dear father drowned accidentally while fishing in his new lightweight boat. I had purchased the cottage from my parents just one week before the accident. It was terribly difficult to decide to keep the cottage and to come back the next year. I considered all the love, hard work and good times that my parents had given us at this little cabin and decided that I wanted our children to benefit as we had. My mother never returned to Brereton.

1966-1980 - The Lamont family spent two months every summer at the lake - learning to swim, water ski, canoe, ride bikes and most importantly learn to appreciate nature, the sky, the water, trees, rocks and plants, animals and insects. Happy times were

spent on the dock, at the beach, gardening and building an addition and entertaining friends.

1980-1990 - More trees have been planted, a new tool and wood shed built and a fourth generation now holidays at "Glas-Wick". Dustin Shaver, 7, son of Terry and Mary Lamont Shaver loves to help around the cottage, swim and work on his puzzles and crafts.

Although I've seen many changes at Brereton in the past 45 years, many of my Block 9 neighbors have been the same for over 35 years - the Anders, Adeys, Fergusons, Iles, Remples, Nordheims, Erskines and Kents.

Through the years, Brereton Lake has been our sanctuary, our sanity, our triumph and our tragedy, our love of nature and the universe. We are grateful for past memories and the anticipation of many more happy family times.

BRERETON LAKE
LOT 23, BLOCK 3
MARGARET AND BILL SKINNER
By Bill

To get to Brereton Lake in the late 1920s, you had to go by C.N.R. and walk into the lake. Some C.N.R. Transcona workmen had a shack there they used for fishing. I first remember going there when I was about 12 years old with my dad and brother Athol. I recall once Athol went out fishing and a storm came up. As he reached our dock and tried to get out of the boat, he slipped on a rock and Mr. Dale fished him out of the water by the hair. Fishing was good and in no time you had your limit. We all used homemade wooden boats and oars as there were no motors. Later many C.N. men built cottages at the south end of the lake.

In 1939, my dad, Dave Skinner, decided to build a cottage. The Ranger showed us a lot in Block 3, adjacent to the South Beach. My brothers Peter and Athol and I built the cottage with lumber purchased from Devlin Lumber. The total cost of the structure was $450. The permit for the lot was $1 and annual rent was $5 for many years. There was some school tax to the Municipality of Reynolds of approximately $8 a year.

When we built, there were some people there already, like the Meades, Palings, Whites, Huntbatch and Louis Mombaze. The latter trapped all winter and in the summer, he had the rowboat and bait concession. Later I would tell my daughters I was going to buy the boat concession and retire down there which got me the name of "Louie" forever after, when at the lake.

The Skinner Camp was a beehive of activity as three sisters-in-law spent part of each summer with their growing families at the lake. The neighbors had

Skinner grandchildren

a hard time sorting out who belonged to whom.

We played a lot of cards in those days, along with all the other goings-on and by the time the ten youngsters were bedded down, about 10 p.m., the adults must have been tired. We played cards until the Trans-Canada Airways plane flew over regularly at 2 a.m. every night. When we heard it, we decided we had better go to bed.

Life was very different with no electricity, wood stoves, etc.

We made trips to Rennie during the days Alfred Hole was developing the Goose Sanctuary and many times we would see the old gentleman on the road, walking to Rennie. We kids caught minnows below the old water wheel that Mr. Hole used to control the water level. The men often went to the Rennie Hotel for a beer on a Saturday night and there was the odd social dance.

The years of association with the families has created a warm and lasting friendship amongst all of the cousins and families.

The cottage in Brereton is still used by Skinners. Athol passed away in 1979 and Peter in 1990.

In 1965, the cottage at Brereton was getting overcrowded. Margaret and I decided to move to the Big Whiteshell Lake. We have enjoyed it there for 26 years. Now our family - Gordon and Karen (Sarnia); Jean and Cyril and their daughters, Shauna, Raphi, and Jessica; Marilyn and her children, Jennifer and Stephen; Sharon and Keith and their chil-

dren, Tracey, Lorraine and William, join us whenever they can.

Margaret and I celebrated our 50th wedding anniversary in 1990.

BRERETON LAKE
LOT 6, BLOCK 14
JOHN AND HEIDI SCHROEDER
By Heidi

Inverness Falls on Lake Brereton has always been our family's own little piece of heaven on earth. We bought our cottage in August of 1967, after having spent two weeks at a friend's cottage nearby. We found out about our cottage quite by accident after striking up a conversation at the pump with the Kerrys, long-time residents of the lake. Red Miles, the previous owner, had left it in perfect condition, ready for us to move in with our five children. We found we were in a very friendly bay and soon got to know all our neighbours. Our well-used shoreline path gave easy access to each other. In the years to follow, we became close friends, shared many happy days together and also shared their grief when some were no longer with us the next year.

The years have passed quickly but each spring brought that special thrill of loading the car, opening up the cottage and having that first swim or ski. My husband taught each of our children to waterski, spending many hours in the boat (or water, as the need arose) and used many a tank of gas. Our neighbour, Alf Tapping, used to wait for us to arrive and practically had his motor running in anticipation of our kids dashing from the car to change - and off they went for a quick ski before the light failed.

I never mastered the art of skiing, but Mom's buttermilk pancakes, bacon and eggs fuelled those young bodies in their pursuit of skiing and throwing the highest spray of water. I preferred the haunting notes of the loons and sitting on the dock in the early mornings, reading in the peace and quiet and beauty of the shoreline. Sometimes that was the only peace for the day, but we all loved whatever the day brought.

The last 20 years or so have seen many changes: four children married with five grandchildren among them, and it's a real "fun" weekend when we are all together. When our son comes in from Vancouver, he also thinks it's the greatest place to be, with all those wonderful memories.

There have been many physical changes around the cottage as well. New roof, new windows, insulation, tons of cement in docks and walks, running hot water with shower, plumbing, etc. make our "roughing it" a piece of cake. Some of our children like to go out for New Year's and the sun and snow are a winter wonderland to them.

Needless to say, there have been physical changes in our family as well; a little more grey hair here or there, thicker middles, careers almost over or in full swing as the case may be. The grandchildren are now almost the age of our children when we first came to the lake and we hope they will have as many wonderful memories of Lake Brereton as we all have . . . and perhaps, some day, even their children!

BRERETON LAKE
LOT 12, BLOCK 10
BY JOHNNY AND ROSE SMITH
By Rose

We are fortunate to have been part of Lake Brereton for over 60 years. We have fond memories of the years we camped there in our 9x9' tent. We cooked our meals on a Coleman gas stove and used a coal oil lamp hung on the centre tent pole for light.

We drove from Winnipeg in our old Graham Page car which had no trunk so we carried our equipment on the roof and in a folding luggage rack on the running board of the car. We had no luxuries but always plenty of dried and canned goods, pancake flour and powdered milk. Pickerel fillets were on our menu daily, which we sure enjoyed. They were very plentiful. We rented a wooden rowboat from Louis Mombaze for a dollar a day. We went trolling with 25 cents spinner baits and green handlines and always had enough pickerel to eat. We all took turns rowing and made each outing with a picnic at noon on one of the islands. We were usually interrupted by hordes of mosquitoes.

In 1959, we built a 14-foot house trailer with an add-on sectional wooden cabana for added space. We camped in the rustic campground for 20 years, spending many years on Lot 9. I remember spending all night in the lineup at the cook shack or the Ranger's cottage, waiting for the "pick of the lots". One year, Mrs. Skunk and her family took up residence under the floor of the cabana, so for a whole season, we limited our "human visitors", due to the aroma. The young skunks came out each evening to play like kittens and entertained the campers with their antics. Yes, we tolerated them for one season and then lined the whole base of the trailer with sheet metal.

Evenings would find the campers sitting around a campfire in the centre of the campgrounds, "friends all".

We had the pleasure of seeing the Alfred Hole Goose Sanctuary turned into a tourist attraction with a control dam and observation building to watch the 10,000 geese who came there during their migration, every spring and fall. The government then

took over the responsibility of feeding the geese and maintaining the site. The original stone outdoor oven is still there, where they used to bake bread and sell it.

After 20 years of trailering, we did not get a lot in the "camp draw" due to many, many applications and have since shared the cottage of our son, Lawrence and Bev, for which we are totally thankful.

BRERETON LAKE
LOT 12, BLOCK 10
LAWRENCE AND BEVERLEY SMITH
By Beverley

Long before there was a road into Lake Brereton, my dad, the late Alf Thurlbeck used to tell of being picked up at Rennie by a trapper named Louis Mombaze and going by boat down the Rennie River to Lake Brereton for some "big fish".

In 1959, my father-in-law, Johnny Smith, built a house trailer and moved it to Brereton Campground, which was a source of family enjoyment for 20 years.

We rented cottages from the Whiteshell Inn proprietors, the Engloms, for many years where our two young sons, Terry and Jeff, first learned to appreciate the wonders of the lake.

In 1972, we purchased our own house trailer and spent five great years in the campground. Then in 1977, after having outgrown the trailer, we purchased the Haddad cottage at our present location and have enjoyed the joys of cottage owning, along with the trials and tribulations of same.

Our family has a great love for Lake Brereton and all its wonders and never a day goes by that we aren't awed by some work of Mother Nature.

BRERETON LAKE
LOT 22, BLOCK 9
ALEX AND JUDY SOBOVITCH

Our family's first association with Brereton Lake began in 1972 when our daughter and son-in-law, Lois and Harold Hnatuik, came with a truck camper to spend their vacation in the campground. They were very favorably impressed with the facilities and the lake in general. Later that year, we purchased and renovated a 40-foot house trailer. The next year, we were successful in obtaining a serviced space, large enough to accommodate its size.

The next spring, 1974, our son Barry and his wife Judy, bought The Whiteshell Inn. They operated it for five seasons.

In the meantime, the cottage at Lot 22, Block 9, was offered for sale and we bought it from Brian Aldridge the fall of 1976. Since then we have spent many busy hours making renovations - adding two bedrooms, a deck, a fireplace, vinyl siding and a holding tank. In addition, the yard has been changed, adding a rock garden, a built-up front lawn and various sized vegetable gardens.

Our children and grandchildren have been enjoying the years we have spent at Brereton.

BRERETON LAKE
LOT 19, BLOCK 12
"EL RANCHO NOT SO GRANDE?"
R.P. "BUD" and HAZEL TINSLEY
By Hazel

Bud and I with our daughter Cindy and son Jack first visited Brereton Lake in May of 1954 as guests of Jim and Betty Sampson. During the spring of 1955 and 1956, we rented Copeland's Cottage for the months of April, May and June. In 1956, Joe and Essie Mallette had acquired the store at Inverness Falls and they wanted to expand their living quarters there so decided to rent their cottage which Joe had built in 1952. We decided to make an offer and were delighted when it was accepted. We took possession September that year, 1956. That was a year before electricity arrived. We had many experiences with the oil lamps, a wood stove, icebox and outdoor plumbing. There was a battery radio, a wind-up record player and a hand pump with a hose to the lake for water. We had a hand cranked ice cream freezer and we had a lot of fun making ice cream for all the children - grape was their favorite. Bears abounded and so did the bear stories. These tales have been told over and over with embellishments and they are still enjoyed today. (It was always the "other ones" who were scared.)

We had a "fast" boat with a powerful 25 h.p. motor behind which we all learned to ski, except Bud. We graduated to a 40 h.p. before we had him up and going. We also had a rowboat we called "The Golly Whopper".

Many women and children stayed at the lake with their children for most of the school holiday. It had to be a very special occasion to lure us back to the city. We played bridge, mah jong, and other board games and with our children, enjoyed the little beach at Lot 14. There were swimming lessons where everyone got involved. Mothers and children alike struggled to pass the tests. The men arrived on Friday nights, some to stay for two weeks. They came loaded with groceries, mail and news and then spent the weekend hammering and sawing, painting and mowing or repairing whatever had become "unglued" that week.

The Tinsleys along with most neighbors went on to boathouse additions, bigger boats and motors and the conveniences that electricity can provide.

Hazel, Bud, Cindy, Jack and Charlie - 1959

Favorite pastimes were waterskiing, the sauna bath, fishing, coffee on the boathouse deck on glorious sunny mornings, conversation by a campfire on cool evenings and admiring the stars and Northern Lights.

We have watched the children mature. Our family has now expanded to include Jack's wife Joanne and Cindy's husband Wayne. We have also shared enjoyment with the neighbor's children, grandchildren and now great-grandchildren. I must also mention the pleasure of our pets and how they loved "the lake". Charlie, Timothy, Brome and Saint have come and gone and now we have Sabel.

Lots of hours of work have gone into "El Rancho Not so Grande" but it has given us hours of pleasure and relaxation.

BRERETON LAKE
LOT 13, BLOCK 5
HAROLD AND ELEANOR TRENHOLM
By Harold

At the time Lot 13 was chosen for our cottage, there were only six others in Block 5. Building began in April of 1946. A road of sorts fit for trucks wound through the bush and over rock to the back of Lot 11. Material was then carried up a six foot rock face and to the building site. Weekend work throughout the summer created a four room unlined cottage. How proud we all were! For two years, the cars came only partway in from the railway track. A deal was worked out with the ranger to develop and improve the road. Rocks were rolled by hand, trees cut and a bulldozer supplied by the forestry for half a day got the project underway. When trucks were available, fill was hauled and levelled as far as the steep rock face at the back of Lot 11. The following year fill was hauled to make a hill up to the present turn around area.

We enjoyed the camping atmosphere with coal oil lamps, wood stoves and mother nature's refrigerator - a cement lined cooler hole 3 feet down to solid rock - and it filled with water every time it rained. Then it was an icebox and a few years later when power came to Block 5, an electric refrigerator and electric lights.

There were improvements to the cottage as the family grew. The end wall was moved out 10 feet on a sunny morning and then heavy rain the afternoon, just as a friend and his wife arrived from West Hawk Lake for a visit. He put on his rain suit, grabbed a hammer and we worked in the rain to close it in to keep out the weather. Partitions were juggled inside and then two or three years later, a glass veranda was added on the front.

A boathouse was built at the water edge and a dock using a rock filled crib at the other end. The following spring the ice tipped it over, we righted it after taking out half the rocks, next spring mother nature tipped it again.

During the years the interior was improved with panelling, ceilings, electric stove, carpets, etc. The outhouse (biffy) at the rear of the lot seemed to be a long way away in the dark so an inside bathroom was planned. First a road was needed up a three-foot rise of rock at the back of the lot and was built by McGinnis of Rennie. The next year, he hauled rock and cover fill for our septic field and the field and sullage pit dug and constructed with shovels and wheelbarrows. Another small room was added to house the shower, toilet and hot water tank. By fall the water was on, pumped from the lake. Now we don't have to brave the cold lake spring and fall and swim only on warm summer days.

This cottage has been in the family 44 years. Frank and Bessie Coppack were the original developers.

Their twin daughters, Eleanor, my wife and Kay, are now the lessors of the cottage. Eleanor and I have a son Gordon and his wife Lynda and their children, Robert and Julie; Neil and wife Joy and their children, Allison and Christopher, now have their own cottage at Falcon; Kathleen and husband Blair and their children, Deanne, Drew and Kyle.

Then there is Kay and her husband Darcy and their family - Joan and Gordon and their children, Carolyn, Dawn and Russell; Lois and Douglas.

BRERETON LAKE
LOT 26, BLOCK 6
RON AND BUNNIE TURNER
By Ron

My first visit to Lake Brereton was on a rather cool evening, autumn 1934. In company with three other ardent fishermen, we left Winnipeg after work, heading for often heard of, but never seen, Lake Brereton. In those far off days paved roads were a novelty around Manitoba, our route was total gravel, my car a Ford model A, boasting a top speed of 50-55 m.p.h. if conditions warranted. Conse-

quently we arrived long after darkness had set in. Our group had been invited to a fishing lodge owned I believe by employees of Eatons. Anyway, the lodge, (for want of a better description) was situated on an island in the middle of the lake. Access was by rowboat plus arm power. We were met by our host at a shack owned by a French Canadian, Louis Mombaze, who earned a living acting as a guide and general handy man in the district. I don't think there were roads through the Whiteshell in those days. Anyway, this guide fellow spoke English with a very strong accent, also had a wry humor and could keep you entertained for hours.

Our host said to him, tell the boys about your latest escapade with the she Bear. Seems while trudging through the bush he had come upon a couple of cubs and as he tells it "by golly me, I only got an axe and I know dat momma not far away, sure ting, here she come and me, Frenchie, head up da biggest tree I can find! I climb to de top, I lose my axe, momma, she's climb too. My hair she stand up right by the root, I scart, but momma didn't climb all the way up, she go back down to cubs and go off into bushes, me I get down also and run like hell for my shack!" How's that for first impressions of Lake Brereton?

From my first visit to the lake (1934) until I built a cottage (1954) 20 years had gone by. A war had been declared and victory won (I was part of that war), all weather roads had been built, Whiteshell lakes no longer isolated and for the most part, settled with cottages on every shore.

Lake Brereton, the most popular in terms of cottage lots acquired and built on, had just about reached its full potential.

A friend of mine had a cottage near Inverness Falls and he invited me to stop by and see his place. I did. It wasn't easy.

Picture this. By car you turned off the then Highway 1, east of Rennie onto a winding bumpy, dusty, gravel road. Arriving at the first settled portion, Block 1, you were greeted by handmade signs declaring the names and lot numbers of all the cottage owners located on that particular block. The signs are painted in every colour known. There were small signs, large signs, signs close to the ground, up in trees, any place to catch your eye. A real jungle of signs.

Continuing along the main road (no cottages had been built on the first portion of what is now 307) the first sign of habitation was (Brown's Store) and their rental cottages. (I use the word cottage loosely). Next along was the Whiteshell store and cottages, operated by Mr. and Mrs. Grapentine. Along the lakefront was the campsite. No electricity those days, no sewer system to connect your trailer home to, in fact no trailers as we know today. If there were any at all they were homemade efforts. By and large people tented.

The C.G.I.T. camp occupied a lakefront site just north of the public beach.

There were some cottages along the road past the Whiteshell store but not as today. It seemed then, and still does, that as you continued on you were leaving Lake Brereton behind, bush and rock on either side, no lake.

Eventually you came to the bridge over the Rennie River and just past that, a trail, leading it seemed, to nowhere.

As stated before, cottage owners identified their location at the entrance of the trail serving their particular area, the trail to Inverness Falls was the same as other access roads. Dozens of homemade signs.

In those days, the forestry built and maintained the roads. Cal Ritchie was the Ranger and the boss, and the brains, supervised every inch of construction. Because he was forever up and down the road, people would stop and chat with him. If they had a problem, (and who among us didn't have problems) Cal Ritchie would try and solve the situation, whatever it was. In my case, my chosen lot was several feet down grade from the road, requiring many yards of fill to enable me to drive my car, closer to my cottage.

I spoke to Cal about my need, no problem. "Get busy and cut down a bunch of trees, poplar will do. Trim off the branches and lay them down side by side." "Like a corduroy road says I?" Cal looked at me and said, "Oh, you're learning fast." "I'll be around in a couple of days with some gravel, we'll soon have an access ramp built," and he did.

Before proceeding I would like to say, there's a lesson to be learned here. In those times, everybody helped each other, time and time again, example, a five or six away cottager would call, looking for some item he was short of, "do you have a couple of 8x2x4" I could borrow, have you got some ¼x6" carriage bolts, and so on?" If you had it you obliged. Sometimes you would give help or at least offer.

Maybe it was because we were all young married people with kids who interacted with others, I don't know, all I am sure of is, it was great.

Now, about the mystery of Block 6, how come it's there?

Starting from the C.N.R. tracks, we see Blocks 1-2-3-4-5-7-8-9 and so on. What happened to 6? Well, according to Mr. Ritchie, all the other blocks were surveyed, staked and laid out for building. This was all recorded in the Lands Title Office, everybody was happy, nobody but nobody noticed there wasn't any Block 6! I don't remember now at which point of time they realized Block 6 was missing. Cal Ritchie said stick it on the last block past Block 13

and that's how it got miles from Blocks 5-7!

Big deal? I'll say it's a big deal. Try and explain to first time visitors when they had spent what seemed like hours to them, searching for Block 6, especially if they came from Highway 44 direction.

I must point out no block identification was provided like today's fancy signs, you had to depend on the cottager's signs. Gosh knows there were plenty of those, in fact so numerous they confused the issue!

Getting to your cottage was sometimes hazardous but always interesting. Today the Inverness Falls access road is practically straight, and wide. The trail of years ago was as stated, a trail, just wide enough for one vehicle. It wound in and around bushes, trees, rocks and never a view ahead of more than a few yards. No speed limit required here, no mam, careful was the word, maybe you might meet a car coming the other way, stop, jiggle around and find a spot to pass each other. Or, better still, meet a bear, or a deer, maybe a moose!

Trees grew right to the verge in places and on them the inevitable cottage sign, some direction signs, ½ mile ahead to Joe's place, turn left at the end of the road, etc, etc.

If a body looks careful today, you can find traces of the old road. A good example is the trail through the bush, east of the road side water pump, located on the Inverness road from the highway, the one having another pump at the end. In 1954 when I built, electricity hadn't yet arrived, a number of years would pass before that luxury was available.

Ice, cooled your milk, etc. Kerosene lit your cottage, some people had kerosene stoves, others had three-burner camp stoves, burning naptha gas, all had wood burning cook stoves which also supplied heat.

In my cottage today, there are still a couple of Aladdin Lamps equipped with original scenic lamp shades. They are still in use today, although converted to electricity. Cottagers also used lamps that burned naptha gas, these had two glass socks called lamps, that heated up with the gas and gave a brilliant white light, suitable to read by.

My, when I think back to those inefficient icebox days I shudder. Ours was quite small, held a block of ice, weighing approximately 25 pounds, size about 12x12x6". Ice was brought at the Inverness store, operated by Mr. Bill Morrow. They had on their premises a large ice storage barn. The ice was cut from the lake in winter, hauled to the barn and buried under tons of sawdust. It kept quite nicely, lasting for the whole of the summer, the fetching of it wasn't nice though. You had to provide some sort of container to hold the ice in plus all the sawdust that came with it.

Arriving at your cottage it had to be washed off and carried dripping water in the house and placed in the icebox. A good hard chunk of ice would keep milk from going sour for about a day and a half. A body was better off to dig a hole in the ground (if you could find enough depth) and put your perishables there. If you could get down far enough, the temperature was quite cool, mind you, you had to keep in mind bears and other varmits!

The shell of my cottage was completed by July of 1954. We set up shop, bare necessities only, a cook stove and dishes for the kitchen, (no cupboards, just a triangular piece of ¾" plywood, nailed in the corners on exposed 2x4's), bunkbeds for the children (3) and an old iron frame bed for mom and pop, a chesterfield and some wooden chairs and a porcelain topped table, just about completed our needs.

The walls were bare 2x4's, ceiling the same, no fancy frills here. A far cry from today's cottage erection, complete with all the amenities, even to rugs on the floor. Not us, we made do, the frills would come later as time and money would allow. Shelter was the main object.

By fall 1955, the inside walls had been panelled, plus a ceiling. This was done without thought or benefit of insulation, who needs it? I do.

1956 arrives and thoughts of electricity are in cottagers minds. Check with Manitoba Hydro. Sorry, no intention of power going into the Whiteshell.

In that light we insulate the walls. This now entails removing all the panels and the possibility of damage.

The year following, we get word HYDRO IS about to electrify the Whiteshell.

Tear out the panels a second time, wire cottage! Hydro informs people, ya gotta help! We are instructed to remove all large trees along the right of way and if you have a vacant lot beside yours, remove them also. And I did, some 50-60 footers, huge poplars.

The platform, (main floor) of our cottage had been completed by June 8, 1954. It's just lucky the workmen hadn't progressed to upright walls. June 8 was the date of the Time building fire on Portage Avenue, caused by 75 m.p.h. winds electric signs suspended from the building. The same windstorm hit the lake area, toppling trees for miles. On lot 26, 18 pine trees were uprooted and lay twisted in all directions. Had the cottage been up, severe damage would have occurred. Our cottage and the Teeples, Lot 23, were the first complete on Block 6.

One of, if not, the most colorful cottage person on Lake Brereton was a Mr. Walter Hobson (now deceased). The Hobson family were among the earliest of cottagers on Lake Brereton. The family had a cottage in Block 4; erected many years before my time on the lake. Beside their mother and father,

there were three girls and two boys, Walter and Allen.

Mr. Hobson Esq. operated McKinley Transfer and at his passing, became the responsibility of the two boys, Walter and Allen, who built the business into a profitable enterprise. (The business was sold some time back.)

As seems to happen to most families, they drifted apart, some moving out of Canada. Each member sold their share to Allen who eventually sold out himself.

Walter wanted his own cottage and bought a place built by Mr. Morrow who operated Inverness Falls store.

Walter was one of these rare individuals that became a friend to whoever he came in contact with, good hearted to a fault, give you the shirt off his back. His wife Grace, and daughter Valerie, were ski enthusiasts and developed trick skiing to a fine art. One such was mastering the triple shoulder stand while skimming along at 30 m.p.h.

Walter owned a 13-foot Mahone Bay moulded plywood boat (this was pre-fiberglas) coupled with a 40 h.p. Evinrude motor (very advanced motor in that period of time, 1955).

The Hobson cottage was the focal point for all water skiing activity on the west side. Walter loved to teach beginners to ski and would spend hours (and money) sitting at the throttle of his boat taking hours out of his day, teaching some two left-footed character like me how to stand up on those sticks.

Walter was always wanting to accomplish something different and he succeeded. He had quite a number of accomplished skiers as time went by and with this group thrilled many onlookers. No one before Walter had ever pulled seven people on skis at once and I don't think I have seen it done since. I won't go into the mechanics of how it was done other than to say, most of the seven were young, lightweight girls (my daughter among them).

Walter wasn't satisfied to just pull seven skiers at once, oh no, he pulled them all around the whole of the lake from north to south beach and back again. These people were on skis for over one hour to accomplish this, and they loved it. Did it many times in the course of the summer.

It was doing this endeavour that Walter crowned himself THE KING; and king he was evermore. In my mind I can still see Walter skimming by our shore front with his gaggle of girls in a fan formation strung out behind the boat, and Walter bursting with pride, arm raised on high and yelling, "THE KING!"

In those days, the Royal Canadian Mounted Police carried out spot checks on water safety and happened to see Walter and his troup skimming by. They gave chase in their boat, following along behind till the conclusion of the ride.

Walter never was a person you could intimidate and he had a build like a wrestler and a voice like a fog horn. Before the Mounties could say a word, Walter charged in yelling, "what the blankity hell do you guys think you are doing driving right behind my girls, if one had fallen you would have killed them!"

"Shame on you, you are supposed to promote safety, not the other way around." The Mounties said, "we were checking you because if anyone of the young ladies had fallen, they could have been in trouble with no one to rescue them?" Oh boy, now they are really in for it. "Fall off, fall off," he yells, "not only are you practising unsafe water safety but you're blind to boot. Had you opened your eyes, you would have seen, two, count them, two, boats that were following me at a safe distance, ready to rescue anyone that got in difficulty, we call them chase boats."

Poor Mounties, they were checked on every point and ended up congratulating Walter for such a fine showing! I feel it's unfortunate that today's cottagers most likely never see and experience the myriad of wild animals that the early settlers enjoyed.

Black bears could be seen on most days, either walking along the road or through your front yard or as their usual habit, taking off the lid of your garbage can!

Bears, they were everywhere and you know, people went for walks, thought about them, but never worried about them.

My cottage is equipped with a screen veranda and during hot days, I sleep there and many times I have been woken up by my small dog, growling and on opening a sleepy eye, to see a big black shape on my veranda stoop!

In this light, I must relate an experience a Mr. Oberth (deceased) had. Their cottage was near Inverness Falls store and one night Mr. Oberth was awakened by someone knocking on his side veranda door. The knocker was quite persistent and our friend yelled, "Hold on, I'm getting a flashlight." Imagine the surprise when Mr. O. opened the house door and shone his light on a huge bear standing on his hind legs with his teeth firmly clamped on the screen door jamb, shaking like hell. The bear got down and ran with Mr. O. going opposite. This was pre-electricity days. Our friends lit every lamp in the cottage and sat waiting for daylight.

The next morning Mr. Oberth hotfooted it down to my place to relate his experience. I went back to see the teeth marks the bear left, really deep.

The cause of attack was a box of strawberries that was left on the veranda table. This was a lesson that Mr. and Mrs. never forgot.

The Wickander brothers were a unique family and

known over all of Lake Brereton. They were the official Bear controllers in the old days. When I first met them, there were four of them, four brothers that never got married.

They lived together in harmony, taking turns in household duties and earned a living from a great number of jobs, most all to do with forestry management. Their principal home was in Vivian, Manitoba, but summers were spent at Lake Brereton, doing work for the Park Rangers. (They had a cabin near the campgrounds.)

One of the jobs they were called on for, was to destroy bears when necessary. If bears became a nuisance or showed destructive behavior, they were disposed of by rifle-fire (the live traps came later). On occasion, bears would gather in considerable numbers around the campsite, or the cottages, and a chance of missadventure became very acute. The Rangers would then call the brothers in to do their nasty job.

On occasion, cottage owners were given permission to shoot hostile bears (I don't know how they determined, hostile). One such was the bear that attacked Mr. Oberth's veranda door?

I always got along with the bears, or they got along with me. The trick was not to startle them, (easy to say) keep your distance and walk softly.

I know of one encounter that could very easily have ended in tragedy if a bear had turned mean. In the far off yester-year we had home paper delivery (such luxury) and the lad (Jim Sampson) who delivered our block was quite oblivious to bears, they were just part of the scenery. One afternoon Jim was on his rounds and called at a rented cottage (the renter was a friend of mine and VERY nervous of the great outdoors). Our hero had been, (all doors locked) watching a bear behind the cottage. Paperboy knocks on door, man pulls boys inside, there's a bear, where, there, right there, aw shucks, are you afraid? Sure. Come on now, watch this. Jim goes outside, gets down on hands and knees heading toward the bear, finally jumps up yelling like a demon, bear takes off at high speed, foolish perhaps, but true.

My friend cancelled the rest of his stay and headed home. When I next saw him in town, I asked why? You don't think I'd stay and jeopardize my kids' lives! I guess he's right, the woods aren't for the faint hearted.

The development of the lands around Lake Brereton, (and other lakes) spelled the doom of the larger animal population, especially the winter activity with Skidoos, etc. It's sad when thought is given that today's cottagers will never hear the howl of wolves, or see a moose, or deer drinking from the lake shore, or to meet such an animal swimming across the lake. Who now can say, I have seen eagles nesting back of the swamp areas, who now can see turtles by the dozens, sunning themselves on shore rocks or silently watched the beaver going about their business at twilight? Can anyone lay claim to having seen an osprey dive from the sky and catch a fish? Not today.

Wolves were plentiful 35 years ago, heard more often than seen. Very often on a quiet moonlit night, you could hear them voicing their pleasure, or whatever it is they howl about.

Sometime around 1957-58, the governing powers that be, decided that wolves were a danger to have around, so went about getting rid of them.

The method used was strychnine injected meat, chunks of this were scattered all around the lake area during January or February. Red alert signs were posted, warning people to keep pets secured in case any of this meat was left around after the program was completed.

I have no idea how many wolves were killed, quite a large number I suspect, I did view about a dozen wolf carcasses, piled up in the yard of the Forestry Station. Huge animals, they didn't look very pretty in death, strychnine poisoning causes convulsions and an agonizing end to life.

Deer were so plentiful at one time that during the rutting season, it was common to see a dozen or more female deer gathered together in clearings near the road, or to see a magnificent buck, head erect, looking toward the ladies!

Before leaving the deer, I must relate a happening that I can see in my mind today. Once upon a time, I was a home movie fanatic and took my camera wherever I went but on two occasions, failed to get pictures that would have been priceless.

On an afternoon in May, some 30 years ago, I had gone down to the lakefront and what do I see but a splendid white tailed deer, drinking from the lake. I knew he hadn't seen me so I retraced my steps, went and got my camera. I figured in my mind that he would go back toward the roadway, which he did.

I just knew he would come down a certain driveway and I positioned myself in the ditch, camera at the ready. The deer stopped dead in his tracks, looking at me. I had him square in my view finder, pressed the film start button, got about 30 frames through the lens aperture and ran out of film! All I could do was sit looking at my beautiful friend till he got tired and turned and ran.

Case number two

I always worked on Saturdays with Mondays off, this incident was on a Monday.

We, my family, were on our way home. The time was around sevenish, no one at the lake but ourselves leaving, when halfway along the gravel road between Inverness and 307 when up ahead I spy a

fox. I shut off the car motor and coasted to within 10 feet of the fox who was playing with a mouse he had caught. I, and my family were fortunate, fortunate to see the fox close up but unfortunate for me because my camera was in the damn trunk!

The fox, a young one, most likely had never seen a human being before, because he wasn't the least bit afraid. He (I assume he was a male) brought his mouse (still alive) to the ditch side of the car, put it down and stretched up the side of the car to smell us. Assured we meant no harm, he returned to play with his mouse. I would venture to state, not many people in this world have ever been privileged to observe what went on in the next several minutes. The mouse was more dead than alive, but alive he was. The fox would get down on his belly, crawl toward the mouse, reach out a paw, touch the mouse, then jump up into the air and run like mad away.

(All this time we were within 6-7 feet of the show.) The fox would circle back, pounce on the mouse, make noises at it and run away again.

He got tired of this play and thought up a new one which consisted of picking up the mouse with his teeth, throw it up in the air, fall over on his back with the mouse falling on top of him. He was a great show-off but eventually got tired of the game, swallowed the mouse, gave one last look at us and trotted away over a rise of rock. This is all true.

The tranquility of Lake Brereton, as all lakes today, was shattered forever with the development of sleek fiberglass hulled boats, powered by huge high power motors. Our modern society is schooled in the promise that bigger is better, if it makes lots of noise, better still. Speed is king, can we go 50? There are days I fear for my life, in fact, one day while out swimming, I was within a few feet of being run over. (The skier being towed fell on top of me.) A similar incident happened with a neighbor (the victim was a young medical doctor). Oh for the good old days?

Airplanes made their debut on the lake around 1958-1959, an amphibious rear engined job owned by Mr. Jim Sampson and a small float equipped one owned by Mr. Ken Chick. These machines were docked outside their cabin waterfront. As time went by, three other float planes made their appearance, one on the east side toward Inverness and the other two by the Rennie River south basin.

All but one have disappeared and that one belongs to someone at the south end.

In 1957 I celebrated 25 years service with the company I worked for. Twenty-five years entitled that person to six weeks vacation that year. Bunnie and I decided to take a European holiday, by train and oceanliner. My mother looked after the children, cottage neighbors brought them to the lake each weekend. One of our friends was a C.P.R. trainman and knew what time our train (the Canadian) would pass Lake Brereton. He secretly set up with a fellow trainman to have us in the coach vestibule, door open on the lake side as we passed Brereton.

Now beforehand that morning (a Saturday) Mr. Walter Hobson (the seven skier man) got as many cottage families as he could, brought them to the C.P. tracks and lined everybody up along the railway right-of-way. It just so happened that our Prime Minister, Mr. Diefenbaker, was in Winnipeg at the time and as other lake bound people arrived at the crossing, they enquired what all the activity was about.

They were told, Mr. Diefenbaker was going through. They in turn parked their cars and gathered with the rest.

By and by our train comes through with my wife and I standing in full view on the coach steps. A gigantic chorus of voices roars out with good-bye, good-bye, have a great time. We weren't privy to the Diefenbaker thing but were overwhelmed with the send-off, thinking the whole of the lake people were there. I don't believe you could orchestrate such a spontaneous act today?

There are many tales worthy of remembrance that on their own are not too important, but are part of the early life along the lake. To name a few, Mr. C. Beaver, a professional Deep Sea Diver (earned his living by it) who on request at no charge, would put on his suit and search for lost motors, etc. The search and rescue of Mr. Penisco who had wandered away into the bush behind his cottage, found late evening by one of the private airplane operators, spotted and rescued from Mud Turtle Lake. He was lifted off just at dark and light to land was provided by Brereton people, shining their automobile lights along the shore, enabling the pilot to find the water. The search and rescue of Mrs. Leckie is another story. The year of the big snow another. On and on we could go.

As the old T.V. series called THE NAKED CITY signed off, a voice said, "there's a million stories in the naked city!" There's a million stories about Lake Brereton. This is but a few of them.

BRERETON LAKE
LOT 20, BLOCK 13
JOHN AND NORMA VANLANDEGHEM

By Norma

Purchased in 1966 from Val Heubert, we enjoyed our cottage until it burned to the ground on October 19, 1986. We rebuilt immediately and moved into the new one the following April.

In 1966, our four children, ranged in age from 9 to 16, and one of the first things we were faced with was a plea for boat and motor, the motor be-

The "Community" dock

ing large enough to pull a skier. We still have the same boat and motor, 24 years later.

The children sure enjoyed the skiing. The lake in those days was much busier than today. All the gang have a good time when they get together in the water: John and Vi; Sheila; Lori and John and their sons, Darryl and Nicholas; and Linda and Tim.

We have experienced bears dropping by when we were barbecuing, squirrels and rabbits eating the petunias and beavers chopping down the poplars.

One really significant part of the property is the overly large dock. Over the years, it has become 'community' property. Everyone and their visitors along our stretch of the lake have either dived off of it or fished from it.

P.S. In the summer of 1986, we were somewhere, in our boat, in the south half of the lake. We had another couple with us. We had the misfortune to shear a pin and we were stranded on an island. Two gentlemen came along and between the four 'engineers', they fashioned a new pin. One of the gentlemen left behind his running shoes on the shore. My husband thought they belonged to our guest and the guest thought they were my husband's. Hence they were put in our boat and taken back to our cottage. We had no way of knowing where those two men came from when it all got sorted out. Anyway. Sorry fella, they got burned up a week later when the cottage burned.

BRERETON LAKE
FORMERLY AT BLOCK 9
EARLY 1940s AND 1950s
WICKANDER "BOYS"

The Wickander "Boys" came from Vivian and were all bachelors, however, word has it that one had married. They ranged in age from 40 to Gunar, the eldest who was in his 60s. Gunar was in charge of the Brereton campgrounds for years. Emile drove a forestry truck for Cal Ritchie. The other "Boys" were Ernest, Harvey and Albert. Gunar, being the eldest, was in charge and there was no doubt about that. He also was the chief cook at their cottage.

Each of the Wickanders had a number of cottagers they considered their own responsibility. If anything of a specialized nature, such as felling trees, doing concrete work (mixed by hand), they were al-

Wickander brothers, Ernie, Albert, Harvey, Gunar and Emil - 1956.

ways willing to give a helping hand. The grateful cottagers always reciprocated with the odd bottle of good cheer, pies, and other food and often on a weekend one could rely on a visit from one of the boys.

They had a band "The Weekenders" who played at the "Rennie Hop" Saturday nights in the early days. The boys had one of the first T.V.s and on Saturday night, the cottage men would gather at the Wickander cottage to watch the wrestling matches. A story goes that one of them chewed snooze and he'd spit on the floor of the truck.

Bill MacCharles tells the story about 1943, the road camp was behind his uncle's boathouse on Penniac Bay. The "Boys" used an old wooden boat to travel around the lake. This day the Wickander brothers were at the MacCharles' dock where Dr. MacCharles had his big inboard motorboat with its 120 h.p. V8 motor. Bill's dad suggested he give the Wickander brothers a ride and he winked at Bill. Four of the brothers were willing to venture this experience but one stayed on the dock. As soon as the men were settled in the boat, Bill gunned the motor and off they went, full steam ahead. The brother left behind said, "Whoop de doodle, look at them go!" From then on, the MacCharles family called them the "Whoop de Doodle Boys".

For years the Wickander boys were an institution around Block 9 and sad to say, they have all passed away.

BRERETON LAKE
LOT 29, BLOCK 3
DON AND MARGARET WILKINSON
"BEARSDEN"
By Don

During the summers of 1938 and 1939, my father, John and some of his friends made weekend trips to Brereton Lake to fish. I was fortunate to go with them on a couple of occasions. We stayed at the

tourist camp cottages which were spread along the shoreline from the government dock, almost to the C.G.I.T. Camp. They would rent a boat from the old trapper, Louis Mombaze. The fishing was so good in those days that you would have your limit by ten o'clock in the morning.

My father became interested in building a cabin on the lake. The following spring (1940), he paid the first year on a 99-year lease to build a cottage on Lot 33, Block 3. We went down on an April weekend to find the Government Land Office had made a mistake and had issued two leases for the same lot. The Thompson family (Thompson Lumber) had already started construction.

We looked around and chose Lot 29, due to the shoreline and the fact that we wouldn't have to cut many trees. We came down the next weekend with lumber for making forms to pour concrete piers. The slope of the lot dictated that the front of the cabin would be approximately four feet off the ground. Dad and I worked from dawn to dusk on Saturday and Sunday to handmix cement.

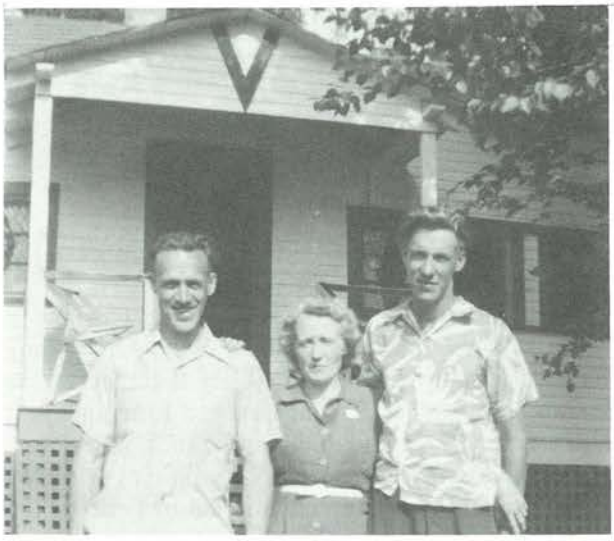
The following weekend, we had lumber delivered from the mill in Seven Sisters. Starting that weekend we had help from relatives and friends. Two people would sleep in the car and the rest in a tent. The mosquitoes were so bad we were up at the break of dawn. After four weekends, we had the 20x30' cottage closed in enough to move our camp cots inside. The original cottage was split into a duplex so that my dad could recover part of the costs by renting it.

The following year (1941), Joe Fijal built a store and an ice house across the road from South Beach. Joe would take orders for ice and groceries which he also delivered. Most families who stayed there all summer did not have a car so they were dependent on Joe for this service.

Saturday night, throughout the summer, there would be a dance in Rennie. For many years, the dance was in the school. The school became too small and the people of Rennie built a dance hall up on a high rock, just west of town. The Brereton people referred to this dance as the "Rennie Hop". Music was supplied by a group who called themselves "The Weekenders". Unfortunately the dance hall was demolished by fire a few years later.

The area opposite Joe Fijal's Store was turned into a baseball diamond and every Sunday afternoon, ball games were played between Rennie, Brereton Lake and Red Rock Lake. Home plate was near where the pump is now and the outfield was in front of the store.

When more people had transportation, Joe moved the store to the Tourist Camp and relatives of his, the Blankenships, who came from the U.S.A., took over the operation in about 1940.



Jack, Anne and Don - 1943. Note V for victory above door.

In the early days, few people had an outboard motor. Needless to say, it was a major event when Dad bought a 1.1 h.p. Evinrude. When we were too young to go to the Saturday night dance in Rennie, a bunch of us would climb in the boats and have a singsong and a wiener roast on the island in front of the C.G.I.T. camp. There is a flat rock there where we built the fire. One of the group had an accordion and we had a jolly good time.

In the late 1950s, our neighbor wanted to build a drive-in boat house. He asked if he could have a bulldozer come down our driveway to reach his shoreline. In appreciation he had the operator scoup out the rocks on part of our shoreline so we could create a small sandy beach for our four children.

Over the years, we have added onto the cottage twice so that it is now twice the size it was in the beginning. All our family have grown up at the lake. Leslie and her husband John come from Toronto each year to spend their holidays. Linda and Tom and their children, Dana and Carson have their own cottage on Lake Winnipeg. Our sons, Garry and Margaret and Scott and Donna and their daughter Laura spend their vacations and weekends at the cottage that we all call "home".

Over the last few years, we have completely renovated the inside of the cottage and added a 300 square foot deck on the front. There is always something to do each summer as we all know.

Our four children all learned to swim through the Red Cross summer swim program and so might our grandchildren. I have certainly appreciated the enthusiasm of our two sons because whenever there is a new project, they get together and plan it. I don't think there is any doubt but that the cottage will stay in the family for at least one more generation.

BRERETON LAKE
LOT 13, BLOCK 10
RON AND MAUREEN WHITTOM
By Maureen

I attended the C.G.I.T. camp for several years. I can remember sitting on the rocks, listening to the water lapping on the shore. As I watched the boats go by, I envied the people who had cottages there. Six years ago, we were fortunate to buy a lakefront cottage. Now as I sit on our dock, I can see the old C.G.I.T. Camp.

Ron and I along with our daughter, Roneen and her husband Brent and their children, Kari and David, spend as much time at the cottage as possible both in the summer and winter. There is a tranquility there that you can't find anywhere else.

BRERETON LAKE
LOT 21, BLOCK 10
ROSS AND ANNA WRIGHT
By Ross

On May 27, 1952, we bought our cottage from N.F. Couch. This was a low lying area and each spring, the cottage would shift when the snow melted but it was close to a nice sandy beach where we could swim. The Department of Natural Resources decided they would like to make this area into a public beach. There were five cottages affected by this decision. I was the first one to agree to move to the new location, Block 10, and so I had my choice of the lots. In March of 1959, the cottage was moved over the ice by the Department and put on cement blocks. This move was made without a single crack in the cottage and not any of the contents were broken. Over the next few years, we put the cottage on concrete piers.

In 1970, lightning struck the south end of the cottage and burned all the outside wiring and blew the inside ceiling off the veranda but fortunately it did not set fire to the cottage. As time passed, we made a lot of improvements on the cottage and the lot.

John, Myrle and Jim Wright - 1945

We had a great many visitors over the years from as far away as Scotland. Anna died in 1965. Our children, Myrle and her daughter Karen and son Grant as well as the twins Jim and Janet and their children, Brock, John and his wife Maureen and their son Kevin and Jim's twin brother John and Deanna and their children Carolyn and David use the cottage a great deal.

In 1989 I gave the cottage to Jim and he had it torn down and replaced by a new one.

BRERETON LAKE
LOT 35, BLOCK 4
ALLAN AND LORNA ZELMER
By Allan

The dream began in the early 1930s. My mother and father, Julia and Oscar Zelmer, and my father's cousin, Edmund Koss, came to the Whiteshell Forest Reserve to vacation and fish. They were delighted with what they found there and were soon making frequent trips to the reserve. By the mid-thirties, I, as a small child, was also able to accompany my mother and the two avid sportsmen as they camped and fished at many lakes in the Whiteshell. In some places, they were able to rent accommodations and equipment but there were relatively few commercial operators within the area at that time. As the use of the Whiteshell for wilderness enjoyment increased, so did the desire of my parents and "Uncle Ed" to jointly own a cottage there. Eventually, they chose Brereton Lake and the dream crystalized with the securing of Lot 35, Block 4.

The original plans for our cottage, a modest 572 square foot frame building, were approved by the acting Provincial Forester on August 25, 1944. The next year, my father added a simple front porch to the design which the Provincial Forester approved on June 13, 1945. The Local Forester (I think it was Mr. C. Ritchie) advised where the building was to be placed on the lot and the construction site was cleared. Construction began with the mixing of concrete (in a shallow depression in the bedrock) for the pads and support posts. Thereafter, Dad and Ed placed the main beams and floor joists, and the rough floor boards were nailed diagonally to the joists. This part of the construction stays in my mind because, at 12, I was able to "help" nail down some of these floor boards. My mother, an excellent cook, supported the builders with a steady supply of meals and encouragement. By summer's end, the floor platform had been completed.

The next summer, Ed's brother Charles (who lived

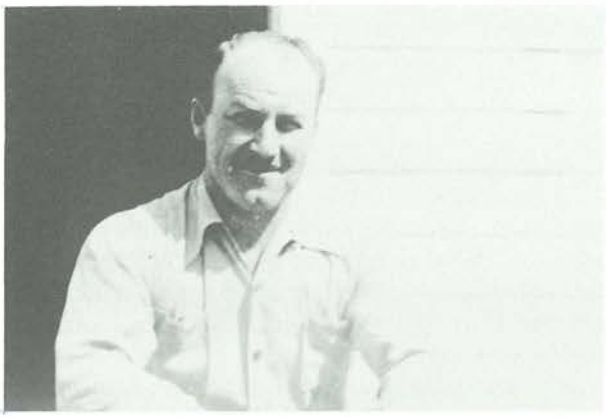
on the west coast) arrived to help us with the cottage. He brought with him some much-needed construction experience. Dad and Ed were both skilled metal moulders by trade but their construction knowledge and experience were limited. During the building process, my father rented the Traeger cottage at the south end of the lake to use as a base, and on one occasion, he rented a log cabin, just a little farther west, along the south shore from Traegers from some folks by name (if memory serves correctly) of McGee. These convenient accommodations allowed the builders to dedicate themselves to the task of completing a weathertight shell.

Although the Second World War had recently ended, there was still a chronic shortage of building materials, particularly milled timber. They overcame this obstacle by using local unmilled dimensional lumber for the rafters and wall plates. These were available in Rennie from Devlin Timber. They also substituted 6-lite barn windows, installed in multiple units, for the preferable but unavailable residential windows. Other basics, such as doors, were obtained second-hand. A testimony to the quality of those old solid panel fir doors is that it wasn't until the fall of 1989 that I replaced the back door - that's 45 additional years of sun, wind, rain and freezing temperatures!

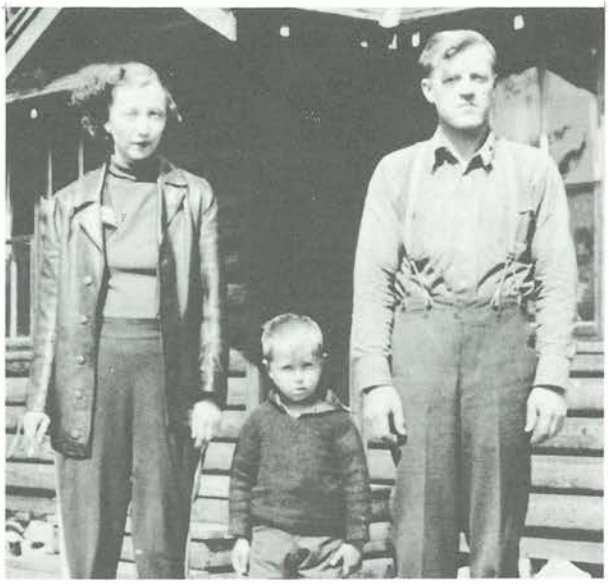
By the fall of 1946, the goal had been achieved. The cottage was now weathertight, protected by a shingled roof and locally obtained shiplap-type siding. This done, we relaxed and enjoyed the last few days of fall in our new cottage.

It's hard to recreate the disappointment and dismay we felt when we arrived the following spring. The shiplap siding, carefully installed the previous year, had shrunken to the point that we could literally see through the building! The floor boards had also suffered this fate. It was impossible to keep the flies, mosquitoes and rain out. Fortunately however, thanks to the war effort, a recent building material in the form of asbestos/cement shingles came to our rescue. A friend of the family who worked for the Coca-Cola Company provided large cardboard posters which were tacked over the shrunken siding. The shingles were then installed over these, with special tarred gaskets between the vertical joints. These shingles proved to be remarkably durable. They required no maintenance, weathered indefinitely, and needed painting only for decorative purposes. Two of the original walls of the building are still clad by them and are doing fine.

Between 1946 and 1948, during our spare time, Ed, my dad, and I, built "Skipper" - a frame, marine plywood boat. This replaced our leaky, wooden planked boat that had to be swelled up each Friday night when we arrived so that we could use it the following Saturday morning. I have many fond memories of Skipper, powered by a heavy, cantankerous 3.5 h.p. Evinrude motor. The weekend and vacation use of the cottage continued pleasurably until 1949 when suddenly and unexpectedly, Uncle Ed passed away. Since he had lived many years in our home in Winnipeg, his death was a terrible shock and a significant personal loss, not only with respect to the still-new cottage, but also with regard to our everyday life. On September 30, 1949, as a consequence of his death, my father, Oscar Zelmer, became the sole owner of the cottage.



Uncle Edmund Koss



Julia, Allan and Oscar Zelmer circa - 1938

In 1955, Lorna (nee Fingler) and I were married. In the years that followed, we enjoyed many wonderful seasons at the cottage with my parents, fishing, blueberry picking, and nature walking. One of my mother's chief interests was flowers and she knew by name many of the wildflowers that grew in the area. My parents also had an active cottage social life and spent many weekends visiting and entertaining. For a number of years, a good log of visitors to the cottage was kept but unfortunately was later destroyed.

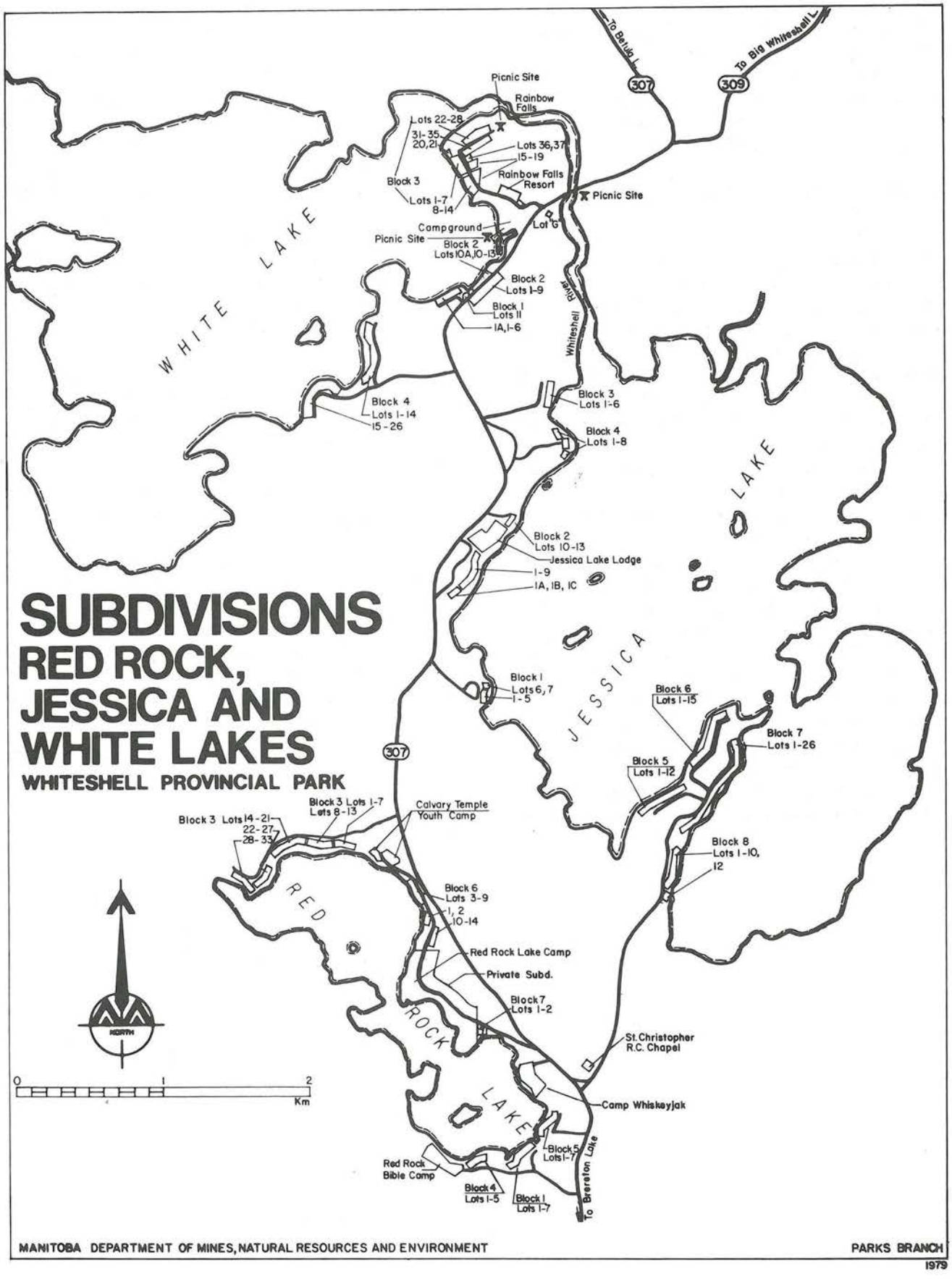
My father progressively made improvements to the building. A milestone came on September 19, 1967, with the approval by N.R. Durand, Public Health Inspector, for the installation of a toilet septic system. This was a major convenience over the old outhouse. It was when I tried to gather the history of our cottage, from few documents, that I appreciated the changes in lifestyle that occurred over the years. For example, in the early years my mother and I spent entire summers at the cottage. There was no hydro electricity at that time. We had an icebox that required almost daily trips with a small wagon to Mrs. Blankenship's store for ice. The sawdust covered blocks of ice were kept in an ice house at the back of the store. We had to crawl onto the pile, extract a block with tongs and put it on the wagon. At the cottage, the sawdust was rinsed off with lakewater and the ice was put into the icebox. The only fun thing about this process was the treats also obtained from the store. Every second day we hauled drinking water over rough roads, with that same little wagon, from the well at the south beach. This was roughly a two-mile trip.

In the early years of the cottage, my mother cooked with a woodburning stove and the cottage was lit by kerosene lamps. These lamps needed filling and wick trimming, and the wood stove needed a constant supply of seasoned kindling and firewood. We didn't have a chainsaw so the woodcutting was via the armstrong method. These chores occupied some part of every day but there was still time for the pleasures of swimming, boating, and fishing. Our evening entertainment included card games, reading, or listening to an antique RCA Victor hand-wound gramaphone which I still own. Our single Alladin kerosene lamp was much brighter than the regular wick lamps and so facilitated reading. Later, reading became much easier when electricity came to the Whiteshell Park.

In 1959 and 1963 we were blessed with daughters, Loral and Carla; and with my parents, other family and friends, the numbers of people using the cottage strained its modest size to the limits. Following her graduation from the University of Winnipeg, our daughter Loral married in 1981. She and her husband Larry Lacko and sons Justin and Evan are regulars at the cottage. Our daughter Carla was influenced by cottage life and following her graduation from the University of Manitoba as an Ecologist, married Tony Szumigalski in 1989. They spend as much time as they can there as well. So, in the last several years, an expansion project which doubled the size of the original building was undertaken.

This expansion has been very worthwhile and the additional space and facilities have greatly increased our enjoyment of the place. The interior work continues and one of these days, I may actually finish it. We also created a raised-bed vegetable garden which has been moderately productive and has given us much pleasure and some education over the past few years.

Sadly, my father, Oscar Zelmer, passed away on November 22, 1978, and my mother, Julia Zelmer, passed away on January 30, 1984, without ever having seen these improvements. They will be forever missed. But we always remember their vision, dedication and contribution as we continue to enjoy our time there. Our cottage life has been, for the most part, a happy blur of time spent in a wonderful environment with family and friends; and our hope is that we may continue this way for many, many more years.



MANITOBA DEPARTMENT OF MINES, NATURAL RESOURCES AND ENVIRONMENT

PARKS BRANCH

1979

Red Rock Lake

HISTORY OF RED ROCK BIBLE CAMP

Red Rock Bible Camp was founded in 1947 by a group of people from Steinbach and surrounding area who were interested in starting a summer children's camp. Construction of the dining hall and cabins began in the spring of 1947 and within three weeks the facilities were built and camp began shortly thereafter.

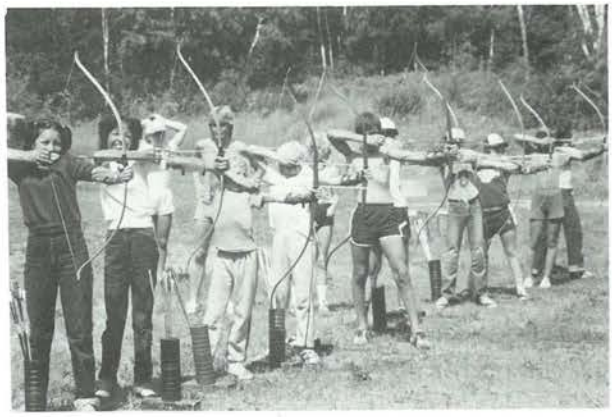
Transportation to and from the camp was quite exciting. Campers were sometimes hauled on cattle trucks, often on lumber trucks driven by the late C.T. Loewen of Steinbach. The trip was five hours on gravel and dirt through Garson in fair weather and through Winnipeg if it rained.

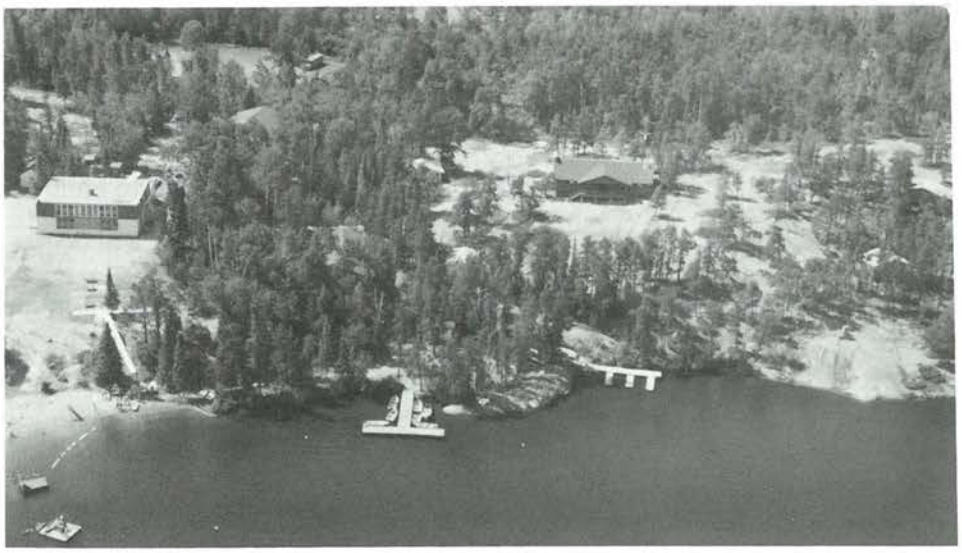
Red Rock is an Interdenomination camp not to be confused with the Calvary Temple Youth Camp on the same lake. The camp is located in the Whiteshell Provincial Park 17 kilometres north of Rennie on Provincial Road No. 307.

Over the years Red Rock Bible Camp has developed into a year-round camp for campers of all ages. Besides the summer camping program, the camp hosts many weekend retreat groups as well as school groups that come from Outdoor Education Camps.

Red Rock offers winter weekend programs for Fathers & Sons and Mothers & Daughters. Winter camp activities include cross-country skiing, snowshoeing, snowmobiling, broomball, skating, hockey and tubing.

The main purpose of Red Rock's summer program is to help campers discover God and His plan





Red Rock Bible Camp

for their lives. Campers are also taught many recreational skills such as boardsailing, sailing, water skiing, fishing, canoeing, rowing, swimming, archery, crafts, nature study, woodsmanship, orienteering, volleyball, basketball, music, and drama.

The summer program is designed for campers ages eight to 17. All on-site programs are coed. Transportation by bus is provided from both Steinbach and Winnipeg.

Red Rock can accommodate 150 people including staff. A year-round staff of four people and their families live on the site.

Red Rock's present facilities include a dining hall and kitchen, lodging facilities in cabins and lodges, several staff residences, maintenance building, laundry facilities, chapel, and most recently a sewage treatment plant.

RED ROCK
LOT 25, BLOCK 3
JACK AND WANDA BARRINGER

This saga started about 1951 when we were looking for a place to spend our vacation. We started getting names of lodges/cottages/resorts and began writing for information. After much deliberation, West Hawk Lake Cabins were chosen for the holiday of holidays. Little did we know that our lives would change because of this choice.

Adolph and Olive assigned us to a cabin and we spent two weeks just being lazy, enjoying the quiet of the lake, listening to the loons and getting to know Adolph and Olive.

Each year after that we went back to Lakeside Cabins, West Hawk Lake. During one of these summers we helped Adolph build a dock for a cottage across the lake. Not being accessible by road, we had to float all the logs across the narrow part of the lake - so there we were swimming while pushing these long logs across the lake so Adolph could make the dock.

After many years and four children we decided to get our own cottage in the Whiteshell - namely Red Rock Lake. No sooner did we buy Lot 25 Block 3 we got transferred to Regina. However, we got the land cleared and hired a carpenter to build the outer shell of the cottage. From then on each year we came back for our holidays and did a little more building on the cottage - which incidentally we are still doing by making additions as our family has grown to now include four grandchildren.

As many weekends as possible are spent at our cottage and of course most of our holidays also. Our children come out when they can. Everyone seems to enjoy the lake. Keri, Lori and Ernie and their twins Kelsey and Calan and sister Haley, Dean and Pauline and their son Sean and Dane and Fran.

RED ROCK
LOT 4, BLOCK 4
HENRY AND MARY BORN
By daughter Helga Stecky

As a child I can remember travelling with my parents, brother Art and sister Erika to places like Banff, Moose Jaw, and Kekkabekka Falls. Sure they were good times — fighting in the car, finding a campsite (if you were lucky), and finally setting up the tent. Then we looked forward to such things as pork and beans over a campfire and swatting mosquitoes. Maybe Mom and Dad too felt that one more summer of "On the Road Again" might shorten their life by a number of years so they bought the cottage at Red Rock Lake.

I must have been about eight or nine years old when Mom and Dad decided a cottage was a much better idea. One of my earliest memories was when I caught my first fish. I was so proud of it, I started shouting at the top of my lungs. The neighbour ran over to see what all the commotion was about. He claimed it was only a small fish. But I didn't let that get me down — after all, this was only the start of my livelihood as a fisherperson and even fisherpeople catch small fish. All kidding aside, I really did feel like I had accomplished a great deal.

Looking back, I can remember many incidents where wildlife played a part. Like the summer a chipmunk ate sunflower seeds right out of my hand, scurried back into the woods and returned to fill his cheeks with more sunflower seeds. Or the winter we went snowshoeing in the woods and I found a rabbit's foot. Or what about the time Dad caught eight fish, tied them to the dock post, and in the morning when he planned to clean them found eight fish heads, because the giant green turtle felt like a midnight snack.

Waking up to the sound of a woodpecker or looking out the window and seeing a rabbit hop by were not uncommon. I remember the time we all drove down to the garbage dump and saw a family of bears. I don't think the bears were too concerned, but we darted out of there pretty fast - in order not to get eaten alive.

After a couple of summers, our activities got more sophisticated. Dad got a motorboat and us kids soon learned how to waterski. The driver would always circle "The Island" at least twice before the one skiing pleaded in sign language to stop the boat because his legs were going to fall off. As we got better at it our main concerns were who was going to drive and did we have enough gas.

A barbecue out at the lake was an event upon which all other events were planned. In case you haven't guessed, eating is an activity we take great pride in and enjoy immensely. After all, it takes talent to heat the coals, make sure the hamburgers and baked potatoes are done to perfection and are ready for consumption by the time Dad returns from fishing.

Going back to the city was the sad part of the whole trip. However, we usually travelled lighter going home because our cooler was emptier. We felt we had to compensate for this by stopping at Jack's Kozy Corner in Beausejour for ice cream or maybe perogies or Salisbury Steak.

Well, its 17 years later and our lives have changed quite a bit; but, one thing's for sure — a barbecue is still a big hit. Only now, we try and get our spouses to flip the burgers.

If anyone were to ask me what I've gained from cottage life at Red Rock Lake, I'd have to say three things: 1) many happy memories to last a lifetime; 2) an appreciation for creatures great and small; and, 3) weight.

I am married to Frank. Art is married to Karen. Erika is married to George and they have a little girl, Janet. We all find solace in the cottage amid the splendor of the Park.

RED ROCK
LOT 22, BLOCK 2 SHANGRI-LA
LAWRENCE AND DOROTHY DERLAGO
By Lawrence

My first introduction to the Whiteshell, was in 1960 when a couple of my friends took me fishing at Lone Island Lake. I was so impressed with the Whiteshell in general and I have had a love affair with the Park ever since. We started camping as a family, Dorothy and I and the children Ronald, Barry and Debra. For two summers we went to Nutimik Lake and we enjoyed that. Then one summer at Betula Lake another enjoyable experience. The next three we were in our house trailer at White Lake where Dorothy and the children spent all summer. The children really enjoyed the summer programs especially swimming and water skiing. We went on to Brereton Lake for a summer. It seemed as if we were trying out every lake in the Park. Finally we settled at Red Rock as it appealed to us the most. By the fall of 1966 we bought a lot in Shangri-La and commenced building our cottage. Naturally, we think we made the best choice.

The surrounding area has something for everyone. The hunting and fishing is good. Our lake is quieter than some others. We enjoy the hiking trails and I like hunting deer and grouse. I've taken 18 deer out of the Whiteshell mainly from the Rice Lake area. In the last few years I did most of my hunting with a bow and I find it a fascinating sport. Last fall I did shoot a trophy buck deer with my rifle, north of White Lake.

We all, Dorothy; Ronald and Beatrice and their children Ryan and Amber; Barry and Linda and their children Jordon and Ashley; Debra and Gary and their family of Jerehmiah and Kary Ann and our youngest son Lawrence, plan to have many more memorable years at Red Rock.

RED ROCK
Lot 16, BLOCK 3
JEAN AND BILL DIXON
By Jean

After three consecutive stormy nights of holding the tent up, Bill said to Carol, Norm and I, "Let's look for a cottage." So it was that we came to Lot 16 Block 3 on beautiful Red Rock Lake in 1960. The whole family enthusiastically joined in clearing bush, building the dock and boathouse and finishing the cottage. Since there was no electricity we would go to the store at Jessica Lake for ice and fuel for the coal oil lamps.

We have wonderful memories of entertaining many friends, relatives as well as visitors from Malaysia, Formosa, Borneo and Trinidad. The man from Trinidad was afraid of being scalped by wild Indians if he left the cottage!

Enjoying the wonderful world of nature is a high point for us. The evening call of the loon, watching families of ducks feed around our dock and beavers swim the lake or encounters with bears has always thrilled us. A bear once tried to come right into the cottage and Bill scared him away by yelling at him. Norm would be returning from visiting neighbours and would have to wait on the road until the bear was finished with enough garbage cans to allow him to reach home. Many hours of swimming, canoeing, fishing and sailing are now also enjoyed by grandchildren Laura and Don.

RED ROCK
LOT 10, BLOCK 2 SHANGRI-LA
DON AND AUDREY DOUGLAS
By Audrey

The Shangri-La area of Red Rock Lake is a quarter section of private land originally owned by the Hudson Bay Company. It was purchased in 1936 by Charles Linquist of Fergus Falls, Minn. He, in turn, had the area divided into 28 lakefront lots in 1956. (These, by the way, are surveyed directly to the waterline unlike other areas that leave an access strip at the lake edge.) These lakefront lots were known as Block 1. There are 22 second tier lots designated as Block 2. Block 3 is the entire back area bounded on Highway No. 307.

The lakefront area includes two lots known as B and C to provide lake access for the second tier lots and Lot A which is designated as a park area for the entire Shangri-La as instructed by the town planning commission. These three lots were bought from the estate by the provincial government in 1980 to ensure their designated use to the second tier lots.

The Linquist cottage was built on a point of land at Lot 5, Block 1. This block also includes a commercial area, Lot 22, now owned by G. Deppendorf, proprietor of Red Rock Cabins.

Our own cottage lot (Douglas) was purchased from Mr. Linquist in 1956 and our cottage was built the same year. There have been many changes over the years. All the lots in Shangri-La have been purchased and most cottages are still occupied by the original builders.

The area has become quite a close community as families grew up together, many spending entire summers, Christmases and other holidays at the lake. Some cottages have seen up to four generations enjoying our beautiful Red Rock Lake.

Our three children: Peter, Patti and Donna participated in all the lake activities over the years.

RED ROCK
LOT 11, BLOCK 3
GISSUR AND ELVERA ELIASSON
By Elvera Eliasson

Our summer cottage was built by Wiliam C. Bathgate in 1962. He sold it to a William Rennie in April 1968. There was snow on the ground that Sunday afternoon when we drove out to see it. We were impressed with the sturdy workmanship of the cottage and the fact that we could drive the car right to the rear door. The following weekend after the financial arrangements were completed we spent our first weekend at "our cottage."

My husband, Gissur Eliasson, was a Professor in the Fine Arts Department at the University of Manitoba. (He passed away in June 1980.) He loved the cottage and he had 12 enjoyable years there. We have four children, three sons and one daughter who are all married, and we have 10 beautiful grandchildren. We spend many happy holidays when our children were young. First we started out tenting and then we bought a house trailer but as our family were married we outgrew these and decided on a cottage. Bears were a problem the first years and with little grandchildren playing around it was "nerve wrecking" to say the least. Several incidents occurred. The most memorable one happened late one evening when we were about to retire. We heard a noise outside so we turned on the yard lights and there was a big mother bear and her two cubs at the garden shed where we kept two large garbage cans prior to taking them up the road on garbage collection day. The mother bear was standing up

Eliasson grandchildren

on her hind legs reaching her big paw in the top of the wall, yanked the board off and threw it to the ground. Then another board and another came screeching out until she could reach the garbage cans. Out came the lids and then the bags of garbage. The cubs had a feast. We stood at the kitchen window watching all this and wondering if she would come up to the cottage and start tearing it apart. We had pots and pans ready to start banging, when after strewing garbage all over the yard the mother and cubs quietly walked away.

Another time my little grandson two or three years old was out playing in the sand box and he came running into the cottage saying "I don't want to play outside anymore, there's a big black tiger in the bushes."

In the big snow fall of 1983 or 1984? two of our large pine trees were uprooted but fortunately they fell criss-cross between the boathouse and the cottage so there was no damage.

The Whiteshell is well kept — good roads, improvements most appreciated, the telephone and last but not least the garbage cages.

A few years ago we had an extension put on to the cottage — a fourth bedroom and a shower in the washroom and a lovely screened-in porch facing north. It is so nice and cool and my favorite spot on a hot summer day.

Over the years our Red Rock summer retreat has served as a meeting place for family and friends. We feel extremely fortunate to have had the cottage for three generations and hopefully for many more.

RED ROCK
LOT 3, BLOCK 4
FERGUSON — STROM
By May

In July, 1959 the Stroms, Paul, Agnes and children Kerry, Robert and Leona and the Fergusons, Ethel and I, bought the cottage that had been built

Kerry and Robert Strom - about 1940

on Lot 3, Block 4.

We all enjoyed the swimming, going for boat rides and Robert and Kerry enjoyed water skiing. When the blueberries were good we picked a lot of them. One day my sister Agnes and I were returning from berry picking, when we noticed a bear at the side of the road. We walked along quickly calling to the dog. Bear and dog sniffed each other and the bear

Ethel, Kerry, Agnes, May and Robert

ambled off into the bush and the dog came home with us.

In the early years we had a lot of visitors drop in to see us. Ethel and I were teaching and so we had two months to holiday at the cottage. Agnes passed away November 4, 1989 and Ethel August 20, 1990.

RED ROCK
LOT 18, BLOCK 3
DON AND IRENE GIBSON
By Irene

This year, 1990, the Gibsons are celebrating their 30th year at Red Rock Lake.

In 1959, Don's father died leaving us a houseful of furniture and $1,000. We decided to invest it in a summer home.

Having grown up holidaying at both Grand and Winnipeg Beaches, I naturally looked there. Don was not impressed or interested. Our Winnipeg neighbours, Rod and Laurabelle Wallace, invited us down to see their cottage at Red Rock. We all immediately fell in love with the Whiteshell. Rod took us to see some lots at White Lake and then over a very rough and rocky trail into Block 3 at Red Rock. The lakefront was being divided into lots from about Lot 5 to Lot 21 (to the big public rock). We checked lot numbers and figured we had picked the perfect lot, Lot 18, only to discover when we bid, we had bid on the wrong lot. We had wanted Lot 19.

Don with his co-worker, Jack While, in 1960, built the foundation and the frame. For the first few years after that, we budgeted $100 a year to spend on finishing the cottage. When I look back it was amazing all the things we did with each $100. Without a doubt it was the best investment we made in our lifetime.

Our children, Donna and Scott, had a wonderful time whenever they were at the lake. Now Scott, and his wife Jane, and their two sons, can't wait for spring every year and the time to be spent at the lake.

Donna married Rick While and they live in Vancouver. Every summer they and their three children come for a month at the lake. They run back and forth between their grandparents' cottages and play with the children and grandchildren of our lake friends.

My only regret is that Don who had worked so hard to build and make our lake paradise, never lived to retire and enjoy his golden years there. I'm sure he is watching his grandchildren enjoying the results of his many years of labour.

Through the years our cottage has always been the gathering place for all the children. This summer on a very hot day, this weary grandmother complained that five grandchildren was enough to put up with without all the other children around our lake area only to be told, "Mum, just think how lucky we are that the children are happy and want to come here," and how true.

My wish is that it will always be the gathering place for fun and laughter and the children.

RED ROCK
LOT 5, BLOCK 1 SHANGRI-LA
"HOBSON'S CHOICE"
HOBSON — TREFLER

The current owners of Lot 5, Block 1 of Shangri-La are Douglas Hobson and Elaine Trefler. In the fall of 1973, they visited a friend Harold Stromm on Red Rock. While going for a walk, we noticed the "For Sale" sign and entered into almost a year of negotiations to purchase the property from Leona Lindquist, the widow of the original owner of the lot. According to the land transfer documents, Sybil Forbes who we think was the married daughter of Charles Lindquist purchased the property named Shangri-La in 1943 from the company named The Governor and Company of Adventurers of England trading into Hudson's Bay or simply the Hudson Bay Company for the sum of $345. Shangri-La was at one point transferred to Charles Lindquist and subdivided it into lots for cottages in the 1950s. He and his wife maintained ownership of the original cabin and one and three quarter acres of land. On the death of Charles Lindquist, the property was left to Leona Lindquist.

We purchased the property in April 1974. Although we have winterized it, added hot water, plumbing etc., the outside structure remains as it was purchased.

In September 1974, we moved to Memphis, Tenn. returning to Red Rock lake every summer for several weeks. Ian and Margaret Paul, Gordon and Margaret Newton and Bruce and Patty Hobson watched over the cabin which we named Hobson's Choice in the years that we were gone and we appreciated the love and care with which they maintained the property. In 1978 the boathouse addition was begun and with the help of our friends and family it is almost done.

Elaine and Doug returned to Winnipeg to live in the summer of 1990. It will be the first fall that we have been able to spend at the cabin since we purchased it and of course we will also enjoy the other seasons as they come. Our 10-year-old son, Sean thinks it is the best cabin anywhere.

Having travelled and lived in the United States and Europe (Holland) we have never seen a place that matches the beauty and serenity of Red Rock

Original Lindquist cottage - 1940s

Lake. We encourage all the residents of the Whiteshell to work hard to maintain this sanctuary by preserving the environment for the pleasure of our children and generations to come.

RED ROCK
LOT 10, BLOCK 6
ALBIN AND SOPHIE JURCZAK
By Sophie

In 1967, we purchased a tiny building about the size of an outhouse. A short time later (approximately 20 minutes), we outgrew our domain and decided to enlarge the cottage. With the help of our children, Alan and Linda, friends and relatives our structure was completed, in turn allowing us more time to plan for our retirement and future endeavors.

Christmas at the lake was a treat - cross-country skiing, clearing the snow on the lake for ice skating and ice fishing. In the summer the berry picking was a delight especially when the berries were turned into scrumptious desserts - pies, tarts, etc.

My husband is adept at making caricatures - so decided a Disney theme would enhance the appearance of the yard. We now have many caricatures which are very picturesque and a show piece in the yard. Many cottage owners and their children enjoy looking and touching them. Other visitors have commented and even taken photos of the yard.

Anyone visiting Red Rock Lake have the four seasons at their disposal — SUMMER activities, berry picking, entertaining friends or just relaxing. FALL - brings out nature's picture book. Trees changing colors, animals storing up their nests for the winter and beautiful sunsets. In WINTER - mother nature goes to sleep but the snowy landscape is magestic. The fourth season SPRING - all sleeping things come awake after a long winter nap. There is nothing to compare to the blossoming forth of trees, plants, the ice melting on the lake, streams filling with an abundance of fish and the returning of various species of birds.

In the early years we have had many bears in the area. However we have invaded their domain, but to date the (bear facts) are very few in this area.

We have been fortunate to be part of the Red Rock community for the past 23 years, and believe it is one of the best lake areas in Manitoba. Now Wendy and grandchildren Jamie and Shauna, Linda and Larry and their children Jason and Nicolle enjoy the cottage with us.

We have now reached retirement age, the children have grown up and are doing their own thing, leaving us to carry on by ourselves.

We are not hunters and do not believe in shooting animals, which leaves our activities to feed the squirrels and hummingbirds and do a lot of fishing.

In conclusion — a beautiful lake, lovely surroundings and a block full of courteous neighbours have made our many years very enjoyable.

Disney World at Red Rock

Disney World at Red Rock

Disney World characters

RED ROCK
LOT 20, BLOCK 1 SHANGRI-LA
HORST AND EDITH KAULFUSS
By Horst

As an emigrant from Europe in 1956 I never thought that we would own a lot on Red Rock Lake, but in 1961 we did. It was not easy for a family of eight to drive to Grand Beach or Winnipeg Beach especially with little parking and beach space. So in the winter of 1960-1961, we found this piece of land in the Whiteshell Park. It was very overgrown with shrubs and trees and also dead trees. On Good Friday that year, we began to clear the lot. We used second hand lumber to build our first two-bedroom cottage with bunk beds. It was hard work but we were happy. Later we built a road with stones from the lake and hauled in a lot of fill and black soil.

Ingrid used her imagination to paint Disneyworld characters on the rocks and later a beautiful Disney mural on the boathouse.

Disney World mural on our boathouse

Edith and I are very happy with our large family and we have many wonderful memories of all of us together at the cottage.

RED ROCK
LOT 7, BLOCK 1
PHYLLIS AND LEN KLASSEN

Our association with the Whiteshell Provincial Park began around 1970. Weekend camping in the various campgrounds throughout the park eventually resulted in the acquisition of our own cottage.

During our camping years, Caddy Lake became our summer weekend retreat away from city life. In the mid '70s, we met new friends who happened to own a cottage at Star Lake, and we spent most of our summer weekends there for the next five or six years. As our friend's family was growing up and our own children arrived (two daughters), Lana and Aynsley, it became impossible for us to continue to impose on our friends. Our years of enjoyment in the park, its beauty in landscape and wildlife, motivated us to search for a permanent place of our own.

In August of 1985, through a newspaper advertisement, we came to purchase our present location, Lot 7, Block 1, Red Rock Lake, previously owned by the Norlens.

In 1987, we demolished the original cottage and replaced it with a new version. During demolition and construction, several visitors from around the lake dropped by to see what was happening to the old yellow landmark at the extreme south end of the lake. It was interesting to hear some of the tales about the early years of development around the lake.

Our enjoyment continues to increase as time goes on. The aversion from city life is important to us, as is a healthy and exciting environment, full of opportunities, for our children in their growing years.

Kaulfuss Family - 1989

RED ROCK
LOT 8, BLOCK 6
HARRY AND BETTY KOZYRA
By Betty

Harry and Betty Kozyra and their four children, Bob, Jodie, Laurie and Nancy and their black Labrador dog, Penny, outgrew their 16-foot house trailer and bought the lakefront cottage at Lot 8, Block 6, Red Rock Lake from Mr. and Mrs. Al Johnson and moved in August 1, 1970.

Our first project was to install a propane furnace so we could use the cottage in the winter as well as in the summer. Over the years lots of labors of love went into upgrading, insulating, shingling, siding, land-scaping, extensions, boathouse and an on-going work load.

Our children grew up with many good friends at the lake and lots of exciting experiences, like meeting a bear going down the road at night with a flashlight. One time Harry decided to teach the children about survival in the bush. They each got one match and had to make a bonfire. They each had a wiener, marshmallows, a piece of foil and a canteen of water. There was lots of smoke and I imagine the wiener was still cold and the marshmallow burned, but to them it was a banquet and a real achievement. We cleaned the ice to make a skating rink, made forts from the blocks of snow and igloos in the deep drifts. Winter was as much a fun time as summer.

Bob is now married, has three children and his own cottage at Booster Lake. Laurie married Bill Scarfe and with their two boys, Tyler and Colin, own the lodge at Jessica Lake. Jodie married and has two boys and are campers as well as visitors at Red Rock. Nancy has moved to Vancouver.

It's hard to put 19 years into a few paragraphs. Cottagers are great people and it's a wonderful life.

RED ROCK
LOT 2, BLOCK 1
LINDA LEIER

My parents John and Lily Gardiner decided to build at Red Rock Lake in 1951. They chose the lake for its beauty and serenity. Construction was no easy task in those days. The building supplies had to be hauled in over the rough narrow roads from Rennie or the city. Dad had to cut the boards to size by hand saw as he didn't have the luxury of electricity for the power tools we use today. Electricity didn't come to the lake until the '60s. One of the major projects while building, was the huge fireplace built with rocks gathered on our walks in the evenings. In 1989 we decided to take down the old ageing cottage and replace it with a more efficient up-to-date one. But in order to maintain the wonderful memories and nostalgia, we decided to leave the red rock fireplace intact and build the new cottage around it. During the demolishing of the old cottage the fireplace stood proud and strong as if daring us to knock it down.

The memories my brother, sister and I have are of the evening on which Dad took us into the woods to see the logging camps and cabins the fur trappers used during the winter months. An evening never went by without us seeing a procupine, skunk, deer or bear. Before tucking us into our bunks for the night Dad's last duty was to be on "bear watch" as the three of us made our last trip out to the outhouse. Our only source of light at night were the coal oil lanterns which Dad kept clean and filled ready for use.

Many wonderful times and memories are still being made by now a third generation thanks to Mum and Dad. My family and I anxiously await spring so that we head to the lake. The first thing we check out is whether or not the loons have returned and how many babies they have. Sighting the loons seems to predict a wonderful carefree summer to be had by all ages. We thank Mum and Dad for making all the good times possible in the past and for years to come.

Deanna and Michelle with Brandy

Red Rock fireplace

RED ROCK
LOT 20, BLOCK 2
SHANGRI-LA
ERICK AND RITA LINDERSCHMIDT
By Erick

For many years the Linderschmidts owned a cottage at Matlock and it was very seldom that we did get into the Whiteshell, except when visiting my sister-in-law's family, the Oelkers, at West Hawk Lake. A very close friend of mine, Raymond Buss had purchased a log cabin at the east end of Brereton Lake about 1958 and it was here that I would go hunting and fishing as a student and young teacher. It was with these experiences at West Hawk Lake and at Brereton Lake that I decided that some day I would like to have my own place somewhere in the Whiteshell.

Raymond's father knew of private lots being sold at Red Rock Lake by a Mr. Kimmel who was part owner of a quarter section of private land with the exotic name of Shangri-La. This land had been bought by an American, a certain Mr. Lindquist from the Hudson Bay Company in the 1930s. Kimmel by partner association came to have a controlling interest in this land. In the autumn of 1965, we bought three lots from him.

Rita and I were married in 1963 and we now have a little son, Karl. I was a teacher of German and history at Edward Schreyer School in Beausejour and we decided in order to build our "dream cottage" on the land we had recently purchased we would have to make a few sacrifices. And so the three of us went North and I became teacher-principal at Nelson House.

In 1966 with our savings we were able to have our cottage built.

Our daughter Karin was born in 1967 and through the years, even though we moved to many different places, including three years in Germany, the cottage at Red Rock was always home. There were many interesting memories such as the time our dog, Spitz chased the bear up the tree, or the time Karin and her friends were chased from the tent when a moose tried to poke its head through the window or when the old bear was looking for garbage in our stone incinerator with only its rump visible, the rest of its body being squeezed down the narrow opening.

For a number of years my two children Karl and Karin and my friend, Raymond Buss and his son Robert would undertake one or two "wilderness trips" every summer. Our wives would stay at home. We all looked forward with great anticipation to this annual event.

One "wilderness trip" stands out as the most memorable. It was a three-day canoe trip from Lone Island to Caddy Lake in the Whiteshell. It was the middle of the summer, 1982. Early one beautiful July morning with a huge red sun coming up in the east our three canoes, Karin and I in one, Ray and Robert in the other and Karl and our dog, Spitz in the third, shoved off from the small dock at Lone Island landing, our wives waving good-bye.

The weather was excellent and although fishing was not too good we managed to catch a few fish. Around noon we arrived at the Mallard Falls portage and set up camp. We spent the afternoon fishing and because it was so hot, swimming near the falls. That evening we fried our fish over an open fire, always a great treat for the camper.

Towards evening a young couple set up their tent beside ours and the young man warned us not to camp at the North Cross Lake portage, our intended destination for the next day, because of a mean bear on the portage. The next day, although it wasn't raining the clouds hung low and periodically it drizzled. We made our way through the wild rice choked Mallard Lake and into the Whiteshell River where we passed several miles of burned over forest - a sight not very pretty to the eyes.

At about noon we reached the portage and decided to have a brief lunch at the shelter, especially since it was drizzling and we didn't want to get our gear wet. After some investigation Raymond noticed that some people had left in haste since cutlery and other things had been thrown into the bush quite carelessly. Raymond who usually is quite cool seemed nervous and anxious to get on our way. Some friendly Americans who also came over the portage at this time gave us some fish which we added to the ones we had already caught.

We continued our journey into North Cross Lake and with the sun coming out we decided to camp opposite Nason Lake on the eastern shore of North Cross Lake. That afternoon we set up camp, cleaned our fish for supper, had a swim and because it was still rather early in the afternoon we canoed to Nason Lake.

We passed the small island just at the mouth of Nason Lake - the island we had hoped to camp on but couldn't, because it was already occupied and occupied it was by two elderly school teachers who told us that the previous day they had come through a terrible storm in which they had to shovel hailstones out of their canoe with their hands.

Going into Nason Lake we discovered two log cabins on the lake and besides these nothing else except the CNR track which we could partly see some distance away and which passed just behind the cabins.

After our exploratory trip we returned to camp and had an excellent fish supper together with bread which Robert so expertly baked on a stick. Just before dusk we suddenly heard a great commotion out

on the lake and we could barely make out the dim outlines of six canoes.

We could not understand why six canoes filled with men, women and children were on the mosquito-infested-lake so late. One canoe broke away and informed us that an old male bear had gone beserk at the Sailing Lake portage and had crossed the channel at the portage and was on the east side of the lake, the side we were on and only about a mile away.

I would have stayed but Robert insisted on leaving. "I don't want to die this way," he shouted and proceeded to quickly break camp. I protested saying that where would we go in the dark, with the ravenous mosquitoes and a river ahead which at night could prove treacherous. Then I remembered the cabins at Nason Lake.

We didn't break camp completely, we only took some personal things and our food. I left our tent standing and with our flashlight and with great difficulty made our way past the island and the area where the campers were hastily seting up their new camp for the night. We found the cabin, however the front door had a combination lock on it. It looked as though we would have to go through a window to get inside.

Then Raymond noticed that the wood box which was attached to the house had a small door inside through which wood could be passed into the kitchen. Robert being the smallest managed to crawl through and open the back door.

Inside we found photos going back to the 1920s when the only way to get in was by railroad, and so we found ourselves in a squatter's cabin very much like the one that Raymond had at Brereton Lake. There was a coocoo clock and a plaque with a German poem on the wall which attested to the fact that the present owner was of German descent. Perhaps he was one of the three boys in the photograph beside his father. And so we spent the night in this strange cabin on Nason Lake.

Lone Island Lake - 1982. Karl L.- Ray Buss, Rita L. - Spitzl, Robert Buss, Karen L.- Erick L.

The next morning with still some mist on the lake and sun coming up bright and warm, we returned to our campsite. Everything was in order and so we had breakfast - bacon and eggs with some of Robert's baked bread.

After we packed the canoes and shoved off with Karin and I going ahead, I heard Robert behind me shout, "look at the bear!" and turning around I could see a bear circling the camp we had just left. I guess what went through all our minds, was what if we had stayed in our tents rather than in the cabin that night!

RED ROCK
SHANGRI-LA
CHARLES AND LEONA LINQUIST

By Leona Knapp

I was Leona Hawryshok and my brother still owns a cottage at Red Rock.

I married Charles Linquist of Fergus Falls, Minn. He was a naturalist and passed away in March, 1965 at the age of 86.

Leona Linquist in her 90th year - 1990

Charles had purchased 75 acres of land (Shangri-La subdivision) in 1936 for $300 from the Hudson Bay Company. The land for the highway was given by him to the province. The original cottage was built in 1936 and still remains, now owned by Doug and Elaine Hobson. He divided the land into lots in 1956. John G. Kimmel was the realtor representing Charles.

I married Mr. Knapp and we live in Underwood, Minn.

RED ROCK
LOT 11, BLOCK 6
JANE MAC DONALD

Mr. MacDonald and I bought the lot in 1959. The cottage was completed in 1960. Our early neighbours were Mr. and Mrs. Worm, Mr. and Mrs. Greaves, Mr. and Mrs. Thorkelson, Mr. and Mrs. Dudar and Mr. and Mrs. Henning. A friend of long standing

Jane MacDonald

was the late Ian MacDougall (Block 1). At the time there were seven children in the area, and the times were lively.

One September, several years ago, the boathouse was hit by lightning and burned to the ground, together with a brand new canoe, extension ladder and a lot of other necessary equipment one stores in a boathouse. We were unaware of the fire until someone across the lake arrived by car to let us know, at approximately 6:00 a.m.

RED ROCK
LOT 20, BLOCK 3
"WINTER'S DREAM"
PAT AND DON MILES
By Pat

Many years ago, friends of ours, Don and Irene Gibson, had just built their cabin at Red Rock and invited us there for a weekend. At the time, we had a cottage in Boundary Park, Winnipeg Beach and had never been in the Whiteshell. After the weekend, we decided the Whiteshell was the place to be! So when we heard of a cottage for sale at Red Rock we came, inspected, and were hooked! Also, we felt the lake was much safer for our young children than Lake Winnipeg.

Our possession date was September 1, 1963 from Mr. and Mrs. Anderson. Mr. Anderson built the cabin. In the early years the children (two boys, Bob and Glen and a girl, Kristen), myself and different pets spent the summers here. One year we had a pet crow and a German Shepherd dog. The crow woke us very early every morning - cawing at the window for breakfast. It stole shiny things so we had to be careful about what we left lying around. The crow came when we called him by name (Punky) and the bird and dog would come with us to pick blueberries. We still laugh over the antics of the two of them together. Amazingly, the two played together and were great company for each other.

My husband and I are now retired and try to spend as much time as we can from early spring to late fall down here. We have had to add on (hasn't everyone?) to make room for grandchildren. I can honestly say the feelings of all our family have never changed regarding our love of the Whiteshell.

RED ROCK
LOTS 7 & 9, BLOCKS 1 & 2 SHANGRI-LA
TED AND LYDIA SCHILLBERG
By son Ferd

When we first went out to Red Rock in 1952, there were five kids and two adults crammed into a Volkswagen Bug. We hauled out half the material to build the cottage in the same Bug, even a cast iron stove, along with the family. I remember the loose gravel and the dust on the road and how nice it was when the road got paved.

At first we'd stay only for the day. Dad wanted to buy a big tent, so we could stay overnight. Someone told him to build a little shack instead and then

Schillberg's "Pit Stop"

Schillbergs and friends

Our raft

use the lumber from the shack after the cottage was built. He did and it was very small. We all slept in it somehow, but no one complained, we were all so "happy and comfortable?"

There was no power and we used kerosene lanterns, wood stoves and bow saws for clearing and for cutting firewood. We kept food in a little dugout in an embankment by the driveway and it worked well.

The lake water was so clear that we used it for everything those first years. Fishing was easy with lots of pickerel and perch. Everyone fished. The area at the time was literally a picture postcard.

We wanted to get out on the lake but no one around us had a boat so dad made a raft from deadfall and some scrap lumber. We had more fun with that raft than any boat we ever had since. It was the best.

Our dock would get damaged by the ice each spring, so dad decided to build a crib big enough to withstand the ice. He built it out of logs and we filled it with rocks. As it was 12 feet square, it has never moved.

Cottages were built very simply in the early days as they were only used during the summer to keep the rain off and the mosquitoes out. Later dad built a three-bedroom cottage and finished it in the inside. Our place was considered quite grand at the time.

In the summer mom would get us all to go picking blueberries and we didn't have to go very far. When we got back we'd all have a swim. We swam as often as possible and even if our teeth chattered and our lips turned blue we never got cold. For supper we'd have wieners and beans, Kool-Aid, cream of wheat and sometimes blueberry pie. For a real treat we'd go to Jessica store for ice cream. It's too bad that things had to change.

Over the years the cottage got crowded inspite of the numerous additions. Sig, the oldest got his own place at Red Rock, Anita went to the other side of the lake. Ferd went to Booster Lake in Nopiming Park. Art went to Black Sturgeon near Kenora and Pete, the counsellor, has stayed at the cottage with dad and mom, (Ted and Lydia).

RED ROCK
LOT 4, BLOCK 1 SHANGRI-LA
"JOHNCLARE"
BILL AND LYLA SHINGLETONS

By Lyla

The Shingletons' first visit to Red Rock Lake was in May 1956. We accompanied Mr. John G. Kimmel, realtor, who was viewing sites for sale by Mr. Charles Lindquist. Our cottage is located next to the original Lindquist cabin. Signs were posted saying "patrolled by the Northwest Mounted Police."

The Shingleton cabin at Lot 4, Block 1 Shangri-La subdivision was built by Mr. Zeiller, who built others at Brereton Lake. Originally there was no road into the site so we travelled over the huge rock mass.

The area was not yet serviced by electricity, so a wood burning stove was the focal point of the kitchen. We used an oil burner for heating in the spring and fall.

Blueberries were found in abundance. Our champion picker was Grandma Clara Shingleton, who kept us supplied with blueberry muffins, pies, tarts and pancakes.

There have been four generations of Shingletons to enjoy Red Rock Lake: Clara Shingleton — son Bill and I: our daughter Laura and Gary and their children Braden and Michael; daughter Diane and Jim and their children Candice and Zachary; and our son Gary. Frequent visitors are Bill's two sisters, Gloria and Clark Miller and Shirley and Bill Kellogg and their families. Some members have spent their honeymoon at the cabin.

Our family has many fond memories of days past and present of Red Rock Lake. However, our happiness has not been without sadness. Our friend J.G. Kimmel passed away in 1968. Our beloved "Nana," Clara Shingleton, left us in 1982. My very dear husband, Bill Shingleton passed away suddenly July 24, 1989. Photography was his hobby and he has left behind a record of seasons past at Red Rock Lake.

This little ditty composed by Bill was our travelling 'Theme Song':

Red Rock, Red R-O-C-K
Red Rock, Red R-O-C-K
For the time of your life
With the kids and the wife
It's Red R-O-C-K

In October 1990 we decided the original cabin was too small for our growing family. It has now been demolished and a new one is being erected on the same site.

The Shingleton Family - 1989

RED ROCK
LOT 25, BLOCK 1 SHANGRI-LA
HARALD AND FLORENCE STROM
By Florence

In the gentle summer rainfall,
In the thunder and loon's call'
We're reminded there's a reason
And a theme for ev'ry season.

In the solitude and silence
As we learn of faith's reliance
May we find new strength and power;
In the facing of new hour.

In both calmness and in tempest
When life's stress seems so relentless
May we witness with conviction
As we're filled with spiritual vision

#1205 by Rev. John Oldham
(a visitor to our cottage, 1989)

Awaaaaay back in 1960, after having searched for a location similar to Harald's home in Norway — rocks and trees — Harald, Florence, Eva and John found what we were looking for. This was Red Rock Lake. We loved it instantly and through the good offices of Mr. J.G. Kimmel we bought it. The last word from Mr. Kimmel years later, he wrote, "I'm pushing 88 years of age."

In 1963 we purchased our cottage, as a precut package. We stayed at Red Rock Cabins during the time Harald built the cottage, helped during some stages by John and Eva. In particular, nailing the roof. John recalls while he hammered in two nails, his Dad put in eight, using a hatchet as a hammer. During the following years we completed the inside until finally we could really enjoy it when close to retirement, Harald suffered a massive heart attack. Since that time John, Eva's husband Dennis, and friends have been steadfast in helping me to keep the cottage in first class shape.

I recall the first time we saw the property and left the car to go down to the lake, the children ran ahead, around rocks and bushes to the water, and to this day the same path is used.

Last winter John and family went down in the dead of winter to remove six feet of snow from the roof. After removing the snow, John just walked down off the roof. The rest of the wonderful day was spent skiing around the lake and tobogganing down the "Big Rock." All the children and grandchildren have had their picture taken atop the big old tree on the "Big Rock." Scares me but they are just like squirrels!

Harald and I liked to canoe around the lake and

Vaghan climbing the big tree

"The squirrels" - Amelia and Cathleen

investigate all the little coves. One such beautiful evening the canoe slipped on a greasy submerged log and over we went. Fortunately we had no trouble getting back in the canoe as we were close to shore. But, we were soaked with greasy mud. We managed to get some of our clothes clean, but the underwear went in the garbage!

Our pastime through the years has been jigsaw puzzles which are all hung on the walls; from small ones when the children were young to mine which now range in the 1,000 to 3,000 pieces.

Our main theme for this lovely land was to keep it as close as possible to what nature had made it, even to being sure the cottage blended in with the trees. I think we have succeeded, and when trees are blown down, we always replant. We hope it will always remain thus.

RED ROCK
LOT 10, BLOCK 1
VELTA AND ALEX VACIETIS
By Velta

Over the years the cottage in the Whiteshell has become a big part of our lives. We arrived in Manitoba from war torn Europe in the spring of 1949 and were introduced to the Whiteshell by Steve Ilzcuk, a co-worker of my husband's, whose family had a cottage at Brereton Lake at the time. We rented a U-drive, packed our daughters, three-year-old Lavinia and six-month-old Sandra and set out for the July long weekend, along the old winding highway that is now No. 44 to Rennie and then north on the narrow Whiteshell road. That weekend we explored the lake in a wooden rowboat, saw and heard our first loon, cooked our meals on a wood stove in the July heat, went sightseeing as far as Jessica Lake, saw sailboats quietly gliding over the waves on Red Rock Lake and fell in love with the Whiteshell.

By the next summer we had a car and Alex, my husband, had earned a week of holiday time and so we rented a cabin at Jessica Lake. This time we introduced my brother, Gunar Karkins, his wife Ausma and children Sonny and Sylvia-Linda to the Whiteshell and from that time on it has become a second home to our two families. In 1952 we could rent a cabin for $20 a week. It has two bedrooms with barely room for a double bed in each and no doors and an all-purpose area with a wood stove, icebox, table and four chairs and a cot. There was electricity, one bare bulb produced by a generator at the back of the store. We fetched ice from the ice house for the icebox, in great blocks, cut in winter from the lake and stored in sawdust in the ice house . . . Fishing was good even for the inexperienced. The problem was storing the fish for longer periods, because the icebox just kept it cool. We ate a lot of fish! Those were also the days before disposable diapers and I remember letting the sun warm a pail of water for washing the cloth diapers and then hanging them on the bushes to dry.

Preparing to smoke the morning catch

Vacietis weekend visitors - 1960

We returned every summer to Jessica Lake until in 1955 we spotted a sign on a huge rock that lots were for sale. We went to look and soon felt that we had found our place and made a $50 down payment to Charles Lindquist. Those were exciting times, hoping and planning together with my brother's family and in the spring of 1956 we decided to build but first of all we had to clear the site. On a weekend in the middle of June we arrived there with axes and saws prepared to camp and work. We had yet a lot to learn about summer in the bush. The weather was hot and calm and the mosquitoes fierce. Our four small children were totally miserable and it was decided to move to a big open rock nearby but the improvement was only slight. After a sleepless night we went back to our lot at sunrise only to find a mother skunk with five babies claiming squatters' rights there. Eventually we got to work and by the long July weekend with the help of some friends, we started to put together our 24 foot by 24 foot precut frame cottage.

Eventually a wood stove, icebox, and oil lamps were installed. The following year we acquired a small wooden boat with a three-horsepower motor and we started exploring the lake. There were only a few cottages then. On the south end there was a Bible camp, a few cottages and the Forestry Biology Camp. On the north end there was Calvary Temple Camp and three cottages. The lake was unspoiled, beautiful and most enjoyable.

A cottage was rather a novelty then and friends would come to visit sometimes coming by unannounced. One weekend there were 30 of us and it

was quite a feat to fit everyone in at bedtime. There truly were wall-to-wall people sleeping on a few cots, but mostly on the floor in sleeping bags, blankets and anything else that could serve as a padding and a cover.

Ausma and I stayed with our children at the cottage during the week while our men went to work in Winnipeg. That meant we were without a car and if we ran out of supplies we had to walk to the pump for drinking water and the three miles to the Jessica Lake Store. Once a neighbor had offered to bring our milk while we stayed with the children on the beach. Hearing a car stop on the road we dashed around the cottage expecting our neighbour but were met with frantic shouts from the car, "Stop! There is a bear!" And there was a big brown bear walking down our driveway not 30 feet from us! Hastily we retreated into the cottage with the children and the bear walked slowly past the cottage and disappeared into the bush.

Eventually electricity came to the Whiteshell, but for a while we still kept the icebox outside the cottage to store fruit and soft drinks on summer weekends. One night we were awakened by a loud crashing noise, glass breaking and a sort of snorting and growling. Peaking out the kitchen window we saw a big bear sitting in the middle of broken soft drink bottles and munching away on a watermelon. He had toppled the icebox and was helping himself to the contents.

Highway 307 was being rebuilt in the late '50s and along the gravel pits and roadsides wild raspberries grew in profusion. Most years blueberries were plentiful and we picked them by the pail full. Jam was cooked on the wood stove. We usually waited for a cool day to do that.

Our active youngsters used up a lot of energy swimming and playing in the woods and bread with jam and peanut butter vanished quickly.

Since the cottage remained unfinished inside for quite a few years, thunderstorms presented a lot of problems, especially with young children when suddenly in the night the whole place seemed to be crashing down by thunder and the eerie light of lightning, but it was also heavenly to fall asleep listening to the patter of raindrops on the roof during a gentle rain.

A lot has changed since then. The cottage is insulated, there is electricity and the comforts it brings. There are many more cottages, boats and people on our lake. Bears, skunks, deer and other animals are seldom seen except, maybe, in early spring and late fall, but the haunting cry of the loon calls us back year after year.

RED ROCK
LOT 2, BLOCK 7
"WALLACE'S WIGWAM"
ROD AND LAURABELLE WALLACE

By Laurabelle

Thirty-two years last June we built our cottage on Red Rock Lake.

Rod had been going to the Whiteshell area for many years. His parents had a cottage at Lake Brereton and even before that he went with his dad to fish in the Whiteshell area, so he had a really great attachment to the area. Our family - three children - had outgrown visiting at his parents' place at Lake Brereton and he was determined to build his own place. This had to be sheer determination on his part to see this through. We started looking for cottage lots and picked the spot at Red Rock.

It meant a lot of hard work and sacrifice on our part but the cottage went up. I can remember borrowing a truck and taking lumber down one evening so it would be there for the weekend. The truck quit on us and we managed to get back to his parents' cottage at Brereton Lake to spend the night and somehow got the truck going and got back in the city for Rod to go to work the next morning.

The building went on. We got the frame up with some outside help and Rod, son Bob and daughter, Marlene finished it off. It wasn't much fun for me at first - meals had to be cooked for a hungry family, dishes and utensils were all packed in boxes and water had to be carried from the lake to wash them.

We were the first cottage to go up in Block 7. There were already some beyond ours at Shangri-La. Then, of course, others followed and then the second tier lots started getting built.

About 15 years ago, Rod decided to extend the cottage - add a fireplace and bathroom so we started again and so on it goes - a few more changes over the years, but it has always been a great source of satisfaction to see these efforts accomplished.

We have always enjoyed our summers at the lake and now we are happy to see our grandchildren get pleasure there.

It is always with heavy heart that we close the cottage for the winter and we wait anxiously to return in the spring.

From daughter Sandra

I was only six when we built the cottage and I have many fond memories of my childhood at the lake. What I remember so vividly was how much quieter the lake was then - lots of trees and as I rowed my leaky old rowboat around the lake, there were so many turtles sunning themselves on the rocks and lots of fish to be caught (real whoppers!) and so few motorboats. It was so peaceful. I could even swim to the island without fear of being run over!

RED ROCK
LOT 2, BLOCK 5
ELINOR AND HUME YOUNG
By Elinor

We got the idea of getting a lot and building a cottage during the second year we stayed at one of the little cottages at the Whiteshell Inn at Brereton Lake, which is in the Whiteshell Provincial Park. We had fallen in love with the area.

The previous year (1952) we had taken many side trips, loading our handmade Duck boat on the top of our ancient car — to White Lake, to West Hawk Lake, to the fish hatchery at Caddy Lake and to Red Rock Lake which is the small lake up the road from Lake Brereton. We had discovered the latter by having had a picnic at what we have always called "Picnic Rock." It was in the privately owned area, before the owner (the Linquists) had had it surveyed into lots. We enjoyed our stay there even though nephew Ricki immediately ran straight into the lake and Eileen, Hume's sister, dove in to rescue him. (Correction - Eileen says Ricki pushed Arlene in.)

So for a year Red Rock Lake remained in our minds as that "nice picnic spot" until we got this idea of building a cottage. At first I thought "this is crazy, here we are building a house in Winnipeg, inch by inch, as funds built up in our account." This would slow down our progress on this front considerably." It probably did — we had spent all of the money squirreled away during the war years on, "500 Brock," so nobody, particularily the banks were likely to loan you any for a frivolous extra, such as a summer cottage, when your house wasn't finished.

Once we had decided to go ahead, we went to the Forestry office and learned that there were no lakefront lots on Brereton available. However by chance a man had come in just before we had, and he had turned back two lakefront lots at Red Rock, perhaps we would like to go and have a look at them? Apparently the man who had turned them in had cleared these lots the year before and was all set to build. In opening up the lots he had enabled the wind to get in and during the year the force of the wind had gained access and had uprooted many of the huge, shallowly rooted trees. Faced with the job of again clearing the lot, he had turned the lots back.

We were told that we could lease the lots for 21 years for $15 each, but that we must build within the following year, conforming to the rules and regulations of the park. We took two of these lots, confident that we could get a friend or a relative or a neighbour to build next to us. It was a lot tougher than we thought. Finally Dick Cook (Hume's second cousin) decided he could take it on, if Hume would help him with the construction.

So — in 1953, with Eileen looking after three-year-old Jane, accompanied by David, six and Donald, eight we went off to sort out the jumble of fallen pines at Lot 2, Block 5, Red Rock Lake. Hume would cross-cut the big trees and then saw off the limbs. Then the boys and I hauled the branches to the back of the lot. The boys' enthusiasm was kept at a high pitch by an offer of a penny a load. That was a lot of money for a six or eight year old to make, especially in our chronically money-short household. Hume used an old-fashioned cross cut saw, as we didn't have electricity nor the use of a chain saw. I can't remember how long all of this took. I just remember being bitten by flies, mosquitoes and 'no-see-ums' plus one hornet bite. I was thankful that Eileen had volunteered to look after Jane because there was no shelter to retreat to. I think it was two or three days, but perhaps more. By this time my legs were swollen to double size. Hume got bitten too, but the legacy of the encounter is a small purple dot the size of a grain of pepper.

Next came the pouring of the bottom footings. I remember Hume borrowing this old metal 7-Up advertising sign and mixing up the concrete on it. Later in the fall, we pre-fabbed the "wee hoose" or outhouse and got it in place. This was a very necessary structure when we started our serious construction in the following year. During the winter we worked continually on sawing, assembling, and painting the exterior walls. Every two foot by four foot had a number and even some of the nail holes were drilled so that we three amateurs could assist in the rapid assembly of the basic cottage the following spring. I forgot to mention that during the time the "wee hoose" was being put in place, Hume brought down his transit level and got the levels established for the footings.

On the May long weekend of 1954 we set off. It was a lovely sunny, hot day. Twenty-year-old Murray Long came along with us and brought his car along to help transport all the materials, etc., etc. Alas, Murray's car came to a halt around Seven Oaks and we had to shift all his stuff to our car. We stayed at one of Bill and Effie's cabins at Jessica Lake. On Saturday, we got an early start and by the time Murray thought it was noon and perhaps we should stop for lunch, it was actually only 9:00 a.m. We joke about this still!

So the cottage was up at the end of the long weekend, (another thing I forgot to mention was that Hume, John Whitecross, and Johnny Baker had come down earlier in the spring and had put up the joists and flooring, with lumber they got at Rennie). The cottage was just a shell of course. All the finishing and roofing were still to be done during holidays and weekends.

The size of the cottage was determined by the

minimum size demanded by the park, 480 square feet or 24 feet by 20 feet. There were three bedrooms along one end and this was wider than the rest of the cottage, which we left in one big open area. So that in the beginning, it was like a big wooden tent. During the winter I had attended auction sales and bought furniture that nobody else was bidding on, e.g. the dresser in the south front bedroom had been scorched in a fire, so we were able to sand it down and paint it. In those days the auction house would deliver your purchases and I remember the auctioneer looking over at me and dryly observing "Mrs. Young, I think your name will go down in history." I think he meant that the total of the value of my purchases were not going to cover the costs of the delivery.

And a great place it has proven to be. Red Rock is a small lake and rather shallow, so that it warms up easily. A great place for our six children to grow up and enjoy swimming, boating, canoeing, water skiing and lately wind surfing.

The Red Rock Bible Camp, the Calvary Temple fresh air camp, and the Federal Entomology Station (engaged in a study of the Larch Sawfly - with an end to controlling it and the damage that it does to the Larch 'Tamarack' trees). This is now owned and operated by the Provincial Government and called "Camp Whiskey Jack." All of these were here at the time we got our lot. Then the Linquists had their property surveyed and the lots sold (1954). People bought these lots outright and were not subject to the same building controls that we were on the Provincial Crown Land. Later some more cottages were built across from the "Shangri-La" road. So for a small lake there certainly is a lot of activity going on.

After a time as our family grew, we had to enlarge the cottage and insulate it. Initially we used a wood stove, which we purchased for $10 from the City Hydro when they were urging electrification upon rural residents and as a result Hydro had many trade-ins on hand, they were happy to part with at a nominal price. Later we added a propane furnace. For six years we had no electricity or running water, but this was a summer cottage, wasn't it? However later, when another baby arrived we changed our minds and added the electricity (which brought refrigeration) and were happy to do so.

Up until that time we had had an icebox and procurred our ice at Jessica Lake from Bill Scarfe's ice house. Each winter Bill cut ice from the lake and stored it in sawdust. In order to get it you drove your car (bump, bump) down the rock hill — selected the piece you thought would fit into your icebox, weigh it, and with your ice tongs, you'd lift it into your car, drive up to the store and pay Bill for it (1¢ per pound). For light we had a big, 300-Watt, hissing

The Young Family - 1990

naptha gas lamp. You had to pour a little methyl hydrate into a small pan under the wick, in order to prewarm it, then you would pump the lamp up the count down would begin 10, nine, so on and finally "blast off" (or something like that). It certainly shed lots of light. The routine in the evening before the big light went on was — go for a swim, get your pajamas on, i.e. the kids did, have popcorn, then read from their box of comics, which grew larger and larger as the years went by and when they got drowzy they jumped into bed. Never had much in the way of arguments here as they were usually pretty tired at the end of the day from all the activities. If the comics got tiresome I'd read from Sherlock Holmes, or "Big Yeller" or "Ring of Bright Water." Not too much later when we turned in you had 11 seconds before the light gradually faded away. At night it is pitch black, with only the cry of the loon and whisper of the pines as they rub against the roof.

There are lots of memories and we all have our own. The school bell I'd ring to get the boatmen back. The Monopoly games that went on literally for hours with the "businessmen" shouting at each other and after the baby (Doug) arrived — have you ever heard three or four kids "shouting" at each other in whispers? The participants in this particular game got so absorbed that it was hard to get them to take time out for something to eat. The turtle hunts — get a whole lot of them and then let them back into the lake. The exploration of nearby lakes and rivers. The building of forts. I guess every member of our family would have their own set of memories and they would all be different. Now with our family spread out across Canada with Don in Vancouver, Dave here in Winnipeg, Jane in Pointe Claire, Que., Doug and Nancy up in The Pas, Andy and Vicki in Melbourne, Que., it remains a great Central gathering spot where we can all get together and have a holiday and a visit. We're not always able to get together at once, but last year we had enought to form two volleyball squads. (I need Vicki and Andy on my side — they've been practising.) Or the same number or more to play Charades on the sunporch (added in 1966) as the house cools off after

a hot day.

The gravel road that came through the park was updated i.e. widened and asphalt put down in 1957 or 1958. The Highways Department discovered that the area to the right of the road leading into our Block of cottages was an excellent source of gravel. As a consequence a wide area was scooped out, leaving a raw desolate look. However mother nature has taken care of all that and 30-foot trees and bushes have now seeded themselves and you'd never know that "our quarry" had ever been there.

The best thing about summer cottages is that without radio, TV, and the corner 7-Up store, and without organized community endeavors, boys play with girls, organize games and activities that they invent, and they have time. Time to lie on their backs and look at clouds and use that priceless possession that most small children have in abundance - imagination.

RED ROCK
ST. CHRISTOPHER'S CHAPEL

The Roman Catholic cottage owners and visitors were attending Mass each Sunday at the Rennie School until 1962. The school house has become crowded and many people had to stand outside while Mass was conducted. In July, 1962 a 10-man building committee was formed to organize the purchasing of the land, financing and building of the chapel. They were: Norbert Decloux, Chairman, of Red Rock Lake; Leo Boissoneault, Secretary, Lionel Grimard, Treasurer, F.W. Bursa and Lucien Chaput of White Lake; Dr. Henri Guyot, John Gordon and Gerry Farrell of Brereton; Clifford Wilson and W.S. Brown of Betula Lake.

Money to build the chapel was raised by donations from the cottage owners at Brereton, Red Rock, Jessica, White, Betula and Big Whiteshell Lakes.

St. Christopher's Chapel was built at the south end of Jessica Lake and to the lower right of Red Rock Lake just off Highway No. 307. It is on the access road to Blocks 5, 6, 7 and 8 Jessica Lake and easily seen from the highway. The chapel measures 32 feet by 64 feet and can seat over 250 people. In 1963 it cost about $4,000.

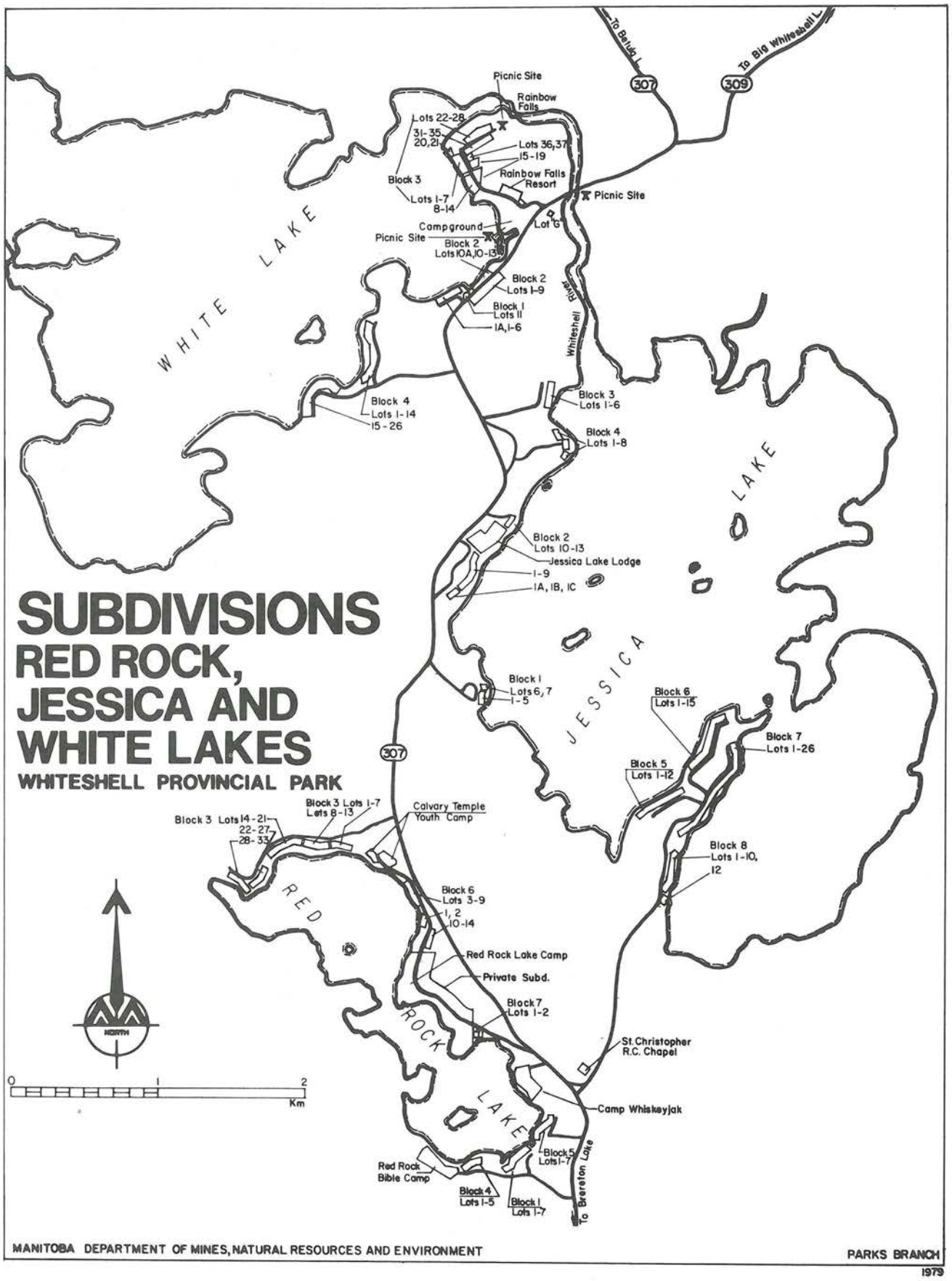
St. Christopher's Chapel

Wilfred Lanthier was the contractor. Norbert Decloux said construction started May 17, 1963 and finished June 1. Four men, two carpenters and two helpers worked approximately 11 days. During this time, they built the chapel, cleared and gravelled the parking lot, large enough to hold bout 50 cars. The wiring, pews and finishing was done by Decloux, Boissoneault, Chaput, Grimard and many others. Over the years many volunteers from the congregation have helped out when needed. Mr. and Mrs. Grimard were the Chapel's custodian for over 20 years. To the Grimards and all who have helped goes sincere thanks for their untiring effort and benevolent support.

On June 9, 1963 the first Mass was held celebrated by Father Albert Frechette of Elma. Over 275 attended that first Mass.

On July 3, 1988 the 25th Anniversary Mass was held and the parishoners were honored to have Father Albert Frechette officiate at that Mass.

St. Christopher's 25th anniversary. L to R: Archie Voyer, Lionel Grimard, Terry Chaput, Angelina Grimard, Father Albert Frechette, Mr. and Mrs. Farrell, Helen Wilson - 1988.


SUBDIVISIONS
RED ROCK, JESSICA AND WHITE LAKES
WHITESHELL PROVINCIAL PARK
WHITE LAKE
JESSICA LAKE
RED ROCK LAKE
Whiteshell River
To Bernton Lake
To Big Whiteshell L.
To Betula L.
307
309
Picnic Site
Rainbow Falls
Lots 22-28
31-35
20,21
Lots 36,37
15-19
Rainbow Falls Resort
Block 3
Lots 1-7
8-14
Lot 6
Campground
Block 2
Lots 10A,10-13
Block 2
Lots 1-9
Block 1
Lots 11
1A,1-6
Block 4
Lots 1-14
15-26
Block 3
Lots 1-6
Block 4
Lots 1-8
Block 2
Lots 10-13
Jessica Lake Lodge
1-9
1A, 1B, 1C
Block 1
Lots 6,7
1-5
Block 6
Lots 1-15
Block 7
Lots 1-26
Block 5
Lots 1-12
Block 8
Lots 1-10,
12
Block 3 Lots 14-21
22-27
28-33
Block 3 Lots 1-7
Lots 8-13
Calvary Temple Youth Camp
Block 6
Lots 3-9
1, 2
10-14
Red Rock Lake Camp
Private Subd.
Block 7
Lots 1-2
St. Christopher R.C. Chapel
Camp Whiskeyjak
Block 5
Lots 1-7
Red Rock Bible Camp
Block 4
Lots 1-5
Block 1
Lots 1-7
NORTH
0
1
2
Km
MANITOBA DEPARTMENT OF MINES, NATURAL RESOURCES AND ENVIRONMENT
PARKS BRANCH
1979

Jessica Lake

BILL AND EFFIE SCARFE
By Bill Jr.

Jessica Lake Lodge boasts of a long and colorful history, as it approaches its golden anniversary — 50 years of operation. It has endured the trials and the tribulations of the early years, rebuilding, witnessed both disappointment and success, and has matured into a welcome and comfortable destination for vacationers from far and near.

It began as an idea conceived in the minds of three men, William A. Scarfe, Frederick Gallagher, and Ernest Scammel by name, in the years leading up to 1944. On August 23rd of 1944 an agreement was signed to "be partners in the business of acquiring, constructing, and operating a tourist camp to be known as "Jessica Lake Bungalow Camp". It would be primarily a fishing and hunting camp, catering to the dreams of adventurous sportsmen from everywhere, and would provide tremendous opportunities for fish and game in what was then a virgin region of forest and lakes, having almost no commercial or recreational development of any kind. It would be located on the site that it presently occupies, an open area of granite bedrock chosen by Mr. Scarfe because it allows easy access from the road to Jessica Lake. In recent years some interesting but not insurmountable challenges were posed by the lack of soil on the property, when the time came for burying tanks or trying to keep water and electrical lines underground.

William Scarfe, affectionately known as Bill to the multitude of people who visited, cottaged, or lived in the Whiteshell area, was not a stranger to the area himself. As a young man in the late 1930's

Jessica Lake Camp - late 1940s

Bill enjoyed numerous fishing trips to War Eagle Lake in the Whiteshell, accessing the lake by walking from Highway 44 (which was then Highway Number 1), and utilizing a cabin on an island on the lake. It is unclear if the cabin was constructed by Bill or was an existing building.

Once the road began to be threaded through the lakes of the Whiteshell north of Highway 44, Bill recognized the opportunity to explore the area, and secured a lot at White Lake.

In 1942 Bill and his wife, Effie, along with family and friends, constructed a cabin there. As photos of the cabin attest, many good times were enjoyed. Identified now as Lot 1, Block 1, White Lake, the property remains in the title of the Bobrowski family, of whom Henry Bobrowski purchased the cabin from Bill in 1951. The shell of the original cabin has been preserved while being incorporated into an extensively modernized cottage.

It is of interest to note that the tourist cabins at White Lake had already been established by Mr. Cucksey, and were in operation when Bill moved to White Lake. Those original cabins are still in use today as a part of the current White Lake Resort.

When the opportunity presented itself for Bill to become a partner in a "Tourist Camp" in the Whiteshell, Bill jumped at the chance. This would allow him to combine his love for the area with a job related to his enjoyment of fishing and hunting.

Before the first season of operation of Jessica Lake Bungalow Camp, believed to be 1945, the construction of four cabins, an ice house and a living quarters was undertaken. The cabins were on the lakefront, of woodframe construction 14 feet wide by 16 feet long, consisting of one room. They were heated by a wood fired cookstove (second or third hand of course) and had kerosene lamps for lighting, as electricity would not come to the area for many years.

Not many years after Jessica Lake Bungalow Camp was founded, Bill Scarfe made arrangements to take over from his partners. This would make the situation more workable, more profitable, and would alleviate some of the problems that occurred with three different individuals at the helm. There are records of complaints in 1946 concerning mix-ups in reservations (overbooking) that were handled by the different partners, and by the embarrassing

"lack of proper sanitary arrangements", i.e. no outhouses. Use of the term "roughing it" seems to have been the right choice of words to describe the original accommodations. Assignment of the title to William A. Scarfe occurred in November of 1947, but it was not until May of 1951 that a 21 year lease would be considered for commercial concessions in the then Whiteshell Forest Reserve. The property rental to the government for the first season was sizeable at $20.

Many people worked for the camp over the years, and a story comes to mind of one colorful gentleman, part of whose job it was to make evening rounds to fill the kerosene lamps. So many of the guests at "camp" were gracious in sharing their favorite beverages with him, that it was difficult for him to complete his rounds of four cabins in a sober condition. Perhaps that is why he enjoyed his work so much!

In recent years the original cabins have been moved away to allow for new and modern cottages to take their place, and many of the originals are still in service all over southeastern Manitoba, even in the Whiteshell Park, as guest cabins, trapping cabins, granaries or sheds!

In the early years ice boxes provided a means of refrigeration. And yes, a block of ice was cut from the supply in the ice house, dipped in a barrel of rainwater to wash off the sawdust insulation, and carted to the cabin where it was put into the top of the icebox. Effie would become very frustrated with the fishermen who would store their smelly catch of fish in the ice box instead of in the washtubs of ice in the wooden lockers provided in the fish cleaning shed next to the ice house. Ice was cut, usually in 24 inch to 30 inch blocks, from the lake in front of the camp in late winter, and hauled to the ice house by a crew of men with a horse team and sleigh (to be replaced in later years by a flatbed truck). One year when the horses were boarded in what was then a new workshop/garage, their hooves damaged the concrete floor to the extent that it is today merely gravel!

The ice house was 18 feet by 16 feet and two stories high, built on a level bed of locomotive cinders still visible today. It had 10 inch thick walls, and for insulation the walls and ceiling were filled with sawdust from local timber cutting operators. The framing lumber for the building was all milled locally and used in its "rough" condition, the same as it was used for all the other original buildings at the camp. The ice was stacked into the building by hand, wall to wall and floor to ceiling, and loose sawdust was liberally spread over the top. These methods were sufficient to preserve stocks of ice blocks through the summer.

The living quarters were 20 feet by 30 feet with three bedrooms, kitchen, and a small "store". It was located on the granite hill adjacent to the road and overlooking Jessica Lake. Built of "rough" lumber, not insulated, and eventually finished inside with knotty pine plank panelling also milled locally, it was sided with four inch horizontal spruce siding finished with boiled linseed oil and red painted trim around the windows, as all the cabins were finished. It was demolished in the autumn of 1988 to make way for the new residence built on the same site.

The boats provided for rent to customers of Jessica Lake Camp were hand built by Bill of fir plywood and oak ribs. They were constructed in Winnipeg in the basement of the home of his mother, Mary Scarfe. The boats were heavy and cumbersome, but proved durable and safe, and were the breadwinner for Jessica Lake Camp until aluminum boats started to replace them in the 1970s. As many as 25 of these wooden boats were offered for rent at the peak of the fishing business, on Jessica, Malloy, Lone Island, Meditation and Horseshoe Lakes. Each spring of the year these boats had to be scraped and painted white outside and Bill's favorite colour of forest green inside. (To this day the colour green is my least favorite colour!) The plywood bottoms had to be tarred, and other necessary repairs had to be made.

Fishing on the outlakes where we provided boats required the customer to carry an outboard motor and gasoline over the portage, as well as their fishing equipment, lunches, and life preservers. Do you remember kapok over-the-head lifejackets? Sometimes, when demand exceeded the supply for boats during prime fishing season, the fishermen would carry those heavy wooden boats to the lake also! The energy and enthusiasm displayed by those sportsmen of my father's generation continues to amaze me. It makes me wonder whether my generation is too soft to go to those lengths for a day of fishing, or whether the older generation was just plain crazy?

Times have changed, and while Jessica Lake Lodge continues to offer boats for rent on Malloy Lake, dependable outboards are already secured on the boats for our guests.

During the latter part of the 1950s, Bill's camp was one of the first to offer fly-out fishing. Pilots and float planes were hired from Selkirk to fly guests to and from other great fishing lakes on weekends.

For many years, furnishings and fixtures acquired for the camp were second-hand, coming from friends, relatives and acquaintances in Winnipeg who had purchased new items for their homes and would generously donate the old ones to Jessica Lake Camp. During the 1950s and 1960s this method of furnishing cabins seemed typical of accommo-

dations anywhere at the lake. From these humble arrangements, many happy memories were born to the countless people who enjoyed some fishing or a summer holiday at Jessica Lake Camp. And it is to these arrangements that Jessica Lake Lodge owes its beginnings.

While the road leading to Jessica Lake has been mentioned, it is important to remember that it was little more than a narrow gravel trail, meandering around the lakes in the Whiteshell for purposes of accessing forest fires. Taking a trip "to the lake" from Winnipeg was much of an adventure. It is recounted in stories of numerous flat tires, driving through flooded stretches of roadway, having to find sections of road wide enough to pass an oncoming vehicle if a chance meeting occurred, or chewing wads of bubble gum to patch a leaky radiator after colliding with a deer. The road was narrow and rough and overgrown by brush so that travel was slow. It is ironic how we still talk of the Whiteshell road with the same description.

The earliest years of operation were lean in profit. After the first season was completed and the bills were paid, Bill and Effie counted $12.00 between them. Each year at the end of the summer operating season, when the lake froze, the Scarfes would move to Winnipeg to live at the home of Bill's mother, my grandmother Mary Scarfe. "Ma" Scarfe, as she was known, was equally respected at Jessica Lake. Her career as cook for the United College female resident students allowed her to assist Bill and Effie at various chores during the summer, including cooking, cleaning cabins, and washing sheets (which were done by hand in the early days). I fondly recall living in my grandmother's home in Winnipeg during my school years, with both my grandmother and my parents when the camp was closed for the season, and with my grandmother alone when the ice was gone from Jessica Lake and my parents went to operate the camp. My "nanny" and I faithfully made the trip to Jessica either by bus or by a ride with a friend every weekend during the school term, once Jessica Lake Camp was open.

As the years went by, much development occurred throughout the Whiteshell area. The roadway was staightened, widened, and eventually paved. Individual cottage lots were made available in the 1950s and early 1960s, and there was a flurry of activity as people started work on their dream cottages. Bill Scarfe was involved in the construction of no fewer than 15 private cottages on Jessica Lake. Today it is difficult to imagine that in the early 1960s when 75 new lots were open to bid for possession on Jessica Lake Block 5, 6, 7 and 8, that the demand was less than the supply!

Availability of electricity was a welcome improvement in the 1950s, and Bill and Effie eagerly made the switch to a 110 volt electrical supply. The gasoline powered 32V electric power plant and wiring system, which had replaced the kerosene lamps and the consuming duty of refilling the lamps, gave way to rewired cabins, each having three 110 volt light bulbs and two receptacles! Electric refrigerators and hot plates soon were featured in the cabins.

The convenience of telephone also arrived in the Whiteshell. An operator assisted, crank-style telephone, was installed at Jessica Lake Camp. Up to four other telephones, each located at a different tourist camp, shared the same party-line system and was handled by the Selkirk telephone exchange. Making a call was sometimes a lengthy procedure, and expecting to have a potential customer reach us through directory assistance was next to impossible. The telephone service was very erratic, especially in thunder and lightning storms. On one eventful day the telephone actually burned after a nearby lightning strike! On another occasion the phone started to ring steadily, and since there was no way of stopping it, or unplugging it, several pillows laid over the phone was the only way of softening the noise.

The Whiteshell may have been the last telephone exchange in Manitoba to rely on a crank-style and operator assisted telephone because it was not until the late 1970s that a dial telephone and a seven digit number finally arrived. Telephones at cottages were still a few years away.

Bill and Effie continued with improvements of their own over the years at Jessica Lake Camp, assisted by numerous friends and family members who would willingly lend a hand in return for a stay "at the lake". The one room cabins were renovated to include two separate bedrooms and screen porches. Later propane ranges were added to supplement the wood-fired stoves. Additional cabins were constructed and in 1951 a total of nine units were available for rent. Two more cabins would be built before the early 1960s, these would feature concealed wiring and painted drywall interiors, but they were still only 14 feet by 16 feet and 14 feet by 24 feet

Jessica Lake Lodge circa 1955

Effie and Bill Scarfe - 1960

(a three bedroom) in size. There was a time when each cottage was painted on the outside in a different colour — blue, yellow, green, orange and even pink — but this scheme yielded to that of basic white with forest green colour trim. The inside colour of the cabins was — you guessed it — green!

During the 1950s, two separate additions were made to the living quarters to enlarge the store, and they are still in use today. 1962 saw a further addition to be used as a short order restaurant, complete with booth seats and counter service. Although it was successful, it was a short lived venture. Help was already becoming too difficult to hire to keep the restaurant operating properly.

The wild rice harvest played an important part in the lives of Bill and Effie, and also in the financial well being of Jessica Lake Camp. Since their earliest visits to the Whiteshell area, Bill and Effie participated each September in the harvest of the wild rice that grows so naturally abundant in the lakes of the Whiteshell. In earlier times they would themselves harvest wild rice from a canoe. But once established at Jessica Lake Camp, Bill acted as a buyer of wild rice, purchasing it in a "green" state from the native hand pickers, and selling it to different "producers" — companies that would process the green wild rice to yield a finished and marketable food product. For a short period of time, Bill actually parched the green wild rice at Jessica Lake. This consisted of roasting the green wild rice in 300 gallon steel drums rotated by a Model T power-train over a wood fire in order to reduce the moisture content in the kernel, and make it a more non-perishable food product.

Harvest time was always a busy time for Bill and Effie. They not only purchased the green wild rice both on the premises and at isolated "landings" at various lakes, they also supplied the harvesters with canoes for harvesting, with supplies for camping at the wild rice fields, and extended credit to get the harvesters started. The fairness that Bill and Effie displayed in all their dealing with the native harvesters earned them a lasting respect. Political meddling in the wild rice harvests of the late 1960s lessened the activity around Jessica Lake Camp with respect to wild rice for a few years, but by the 1970s harvest time once again became a highlight of the year for us. At this time my wife and myself became very active in the purchasing of wild rice in the green state for various producers. As the 1980s ended, the individual enthusiasm for wild rice harvesting in the Whiteshell dwindled. The influence of world markets, modern mechanical methods of harvesting, and expanding wild rice inventories has kept the price to the consumer relatively low and affordable, but at the same time has kept the price paid to the individual harvester so low that harvesting by hand did not even pay for expenses of participating in the harvest.

Many people with only a recent association with the Whiteshell may not be aware that there was a second tourist camp on the east side of Highway 307 at Brereton Lake. And during the period of 1953 to 1967 Effie's sister Ann, and her husband Fred Brown, owned and operated the camp known as Brown's Camp. It was to the south of the present Whiteshell Inn, adjacent to what is today the Blankenship cottage. The living quarters, store, and office were next to the highway, and the cabins were on the lakefront near where the campground office is presently situated. At one point the Browns' eldest son attended the school in Rennie. At another time a post office outlet was operated at their store. Conditional to the Browns' selling the business was the removal of the cabins from the lakefront to be relocated behind the store. At least three different owners later operated the camp until in 1974 the government purchased it and demolished it completely. The site has now grown over, and a designated parking lot servicing the boat launch on the west side of the road is all that remains on the site. The next time you drive by this location, look beside the parking lot and you will observe several magnificent red pine trees that Auntie Ann planted many years ago.

The demand for modernization at Jessica Lake Camp placed its heavy load upon Bill Scarfe's shoulders in the early 1970s, and we reluctantly built a 20 foot by 28 foot, two bedroom cottage with inside bathroom to see if our customers would prefer this new type of accommodation. The requests for it were overwhelming, surprising my dad that people would want such modern conveniences on their vacation "to the lake." But this changed the course of Jessica Lake Camp forever.

The change of market was already happening, as the interest in renting boats to go fishing on road

accessible lakes was diminishing, and the desire for vacations for families from Winnipeg was dramatically increasing.

Reservations at Jessica Lake Lodge, as we began to identify ourselves, were never better. More people than ever were enjoying their private cottages, and their patronage of our convenience store and gasoline pumps made for brisk sales. "Business was booming", and Bill and Effie were enjoying the success. I had begun to take a more active part in the working of the business, so easing the work load upon my father. We were hiring a student during the summer, so easing the cleaning tasks that were solely my mother's duty in those years. Mom and Dad finally enjoyed a winter holiday in a warmer climate! Plans were being talked about in regards to their semi-retirement (less of a work load), what with having me being able to accept a growing responsibility for the business.

As many times as my father had tried to convince me to get an easier job (his example was a job with the government) it only served to strengthen my stubbornness to follow in his footsteps and operate Jessica Lake Lodge. Indeed, I shall never know if my father would have retired, and removed himself from the business totally. Most people look forward to retirement from work to pursue their favorite interests. Dad was fortunate to have enjoyed the career he had chosen as much or more than anything else he may have wanted to do.

In June of 1976, Bill Scarfe was taken from us suddenly at the age of 60 years. In 32 years at Jessica Lake he had made many friends with his good nature, his characteristic smile and reassuring laugh, his generosity and graciousness as a host. He was a good person and a good father, and a true pioneer of the Whiteshell.

The responsibilities for Jessica Lake Lodge were transferred to myself, Bill Jr., at this time, and my mother Effie retired from the growing work load of the Lodge. Effie had also earned the respect and friendship of all she had met in those years at Jessica Lake. Equally the good person, and with the same generous nature as Bill, she had faithfully worked alongside him to make Jessica Lake Camp the success it has been. Effie passed away in 1988 at the age of 72.

In 1978 I was married to my wife Laurie. We had met some years earlier after her parents Harry and Elizabeth Kozyra, had purchased a cottage at neighboring Red Rock Lake. We have since resided permanently at Jessica Lake.

The modernization of Jessica Lake Lodge continued, for a stay "at the lake" now required more standard comforts, an inside bathroom being at the top of the list. Our second modern cottage accommodated its first guest in 1978, and featured a 20 foot by 36 foot size, and 8 foot by 20 foot screen veranda facing the lake, two bedrooms, carpeting, electric heat, an inside bathroom and a complete kitchen with refrigerator and electric range. This was the first unit at our resort to be built and furnished with all new materials!

Construction continued through the next seven years with the addition of five more identical cottages to replace the original cabins. In 1985 we completed a "special cottage" featuring a fireplace, vaulted ceiling, red heart shaped whirlpool tub with folding doors allowing the tub wall to be opened to the master bedroom, in which a queen-size water bed was featured. Ironically, this cottage replaced the first modern cottage that my dad reluctantly had built in 1974!

In 1987 an even larger cottage went into operation featuring a sauna, in addition to the fireplace and whirlpool. The same year witnessed the addition of fireplaces to all the other cottages as well as propane barbeques, colour televisions, and VCR's. We also made the use of canoes, a peddleboat, a rowboat, two windsurfers and four bicycles complimentary to the guests of our Lodge.

We were pleased to move into a new residence in 1988. It was constructed on the exact site of the original living quarters adjacent to the store. We now had a real office in which to welcome our guests, and a computer to ease the growing tasks of a growing business. The new residence also replaced a previous home that my wife and I had constructed on the lakefront in 1980. It was sold and moved from our location to Lac du Bonnet in 1988. This allowed us to construct two more lakefront cottages on the site in 1989. At this time we also made renovations to the second modern cottage, the one that we had built in 1978. Curiously, in 1989 the renovations alone to that unit cost five times the original cost of the entire cottage in 1978. The cottages built or renovated in 1989 featured a two person whirlpool tub that divided the master bedroom from the living room. A folding wall on one side of the tub opens to the master bedroom, and a folding wall on the other side opens to the living room allowing a view of the fireplace, television and VCR. A picture window over the whirlpool allows an optional view outside. Also featured is a sauna, queen-size beds, and a microwave. What ever happened to "roughing it"? These three cottages are also available for occupancy in the winter time, made possible by electrically heated water lines. During the winter we groom a cross country ski trail three miles to Rainbow Falls, and maintain a lighted skating rink on the ice surface of the lake. Of course there is access to the many miles of beautiful snowmobile trails throughout the Whiteshell.

A favorite story that deserves mention is of the

origination of the "lazy bears" that appear on our logo. A noise had woken me in the small hours of one summer morning in 1976. I sleepily stumbled around our living quarters, peering into the darkness out of windows left open to admit the cooler night air. Nothing unusual presented itself until I opened the door to the store and turned on the lights. There, stuck in the farthest window, was a black bear! He was writhing and growling, baring his teeth and straining to get inside from out. Only slightly scared (ha) I armed myself with the only weapon I could find in short notice, a baseball bat. I marched towards the bear, shouting loudly and threatening him with the bat. At a full distance of 40 feet from the doorway through which I had entered the store, and only a few feet from the bear, my brave advance went limp when I suddenly realized the damage he might accomplish if he succeeded in getting through the window. I beat a hasty retreat out of the store and closed the door behind me, then began to evacuate everyone from the building. The bear also retreated from the window, probably realizing that he could not get through the opening, and as coincidence would have it he met us face to face at the same door that we needed to exit through! As it turned out, he was only a young bear and not very big in size, but at 2 a.m. he had appeared invincibly large. Although I never got close enough to actually use the bat, I later made imitation tooth bite marks on the bat with a meat tenderizer to better illustrate how ruthless the bear had been when I retold the story in subsequent years. It was after this incident that we adopted the bears for our mascots.

Laurie and I have been blessed with two sons. Our oldest son Tyler was born in 1984, and as of this writing attends grade one at Whitemouth school. Colin was born in 1988. Tyler has many interests related to where he lives, and it is always of interest to hear him discussing, with his six-year-old friends, the merits of living at Jessica Lake and not in the city.

Jessica Lake Lodge - 1990

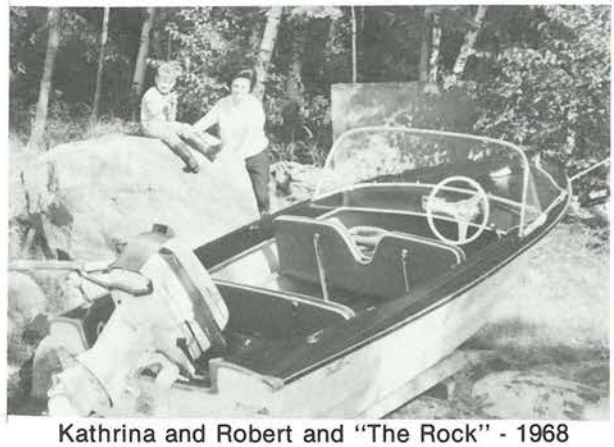
Laurie and I look forward to the challenges that this and future years may bring. Excited about new ideas for Jessica Lake Lodge, we are enthusiastic for its continued development and growth. We are proud to carry with us a rich history, grateful to continue a heritage of service. And always anxious to provide "relaxation at its finest" for our guests!

JESSICA LAKE
KATHRINA AND PAUL BIEBER
LOT 9 BLOCK 6
By Paul

Early in the spring of 1962 a bunch of the fellows at work persuaded me to go to Bill Holmes' cottage in Block 8. When I arrived I found out they needed me to supervise and help build his cottage. I went out every weekend all summer to help. At first I had no interest in the area but I soon saw how beautiful it was. The full moon at night when you'd go out to the biffy and the cracking of the ice in the lake soon made me fall in love with the Whiteshell, and we've been there ever since.

The next spring I bought Lot 9, Block 6 and built my own cottage. Because money was scarce I hung German hopsacking from the brewery for partitions. My wife, Kathrina, was pregnant with our son Robert and so she remained in the city. In late September, when Robert was three weeks old, we introduced him to the Whiteshell.

Over the years when we'd go to the cottage one of the first things we'd do was to walk across the peninsula on the trail and visit the Holmes. Mrs. Holmes loved Robert and she would always give him a treat. One day when he was about two or three, he disappeared. Word spread like wildfire that our blonde curly headed son was missing. Kathrina thought he might have drowned. The neighbours formed a human chain and started to comb the bush. Mrs. Holmes, who was beside herself with worry, ran to the very beginning of the roads to the


Kathrina and Robert and "The Rock" - 1968

peninsula. Suddenly she spotted Robert standing looking out over the lake not the least bit concerned. She yelled, "I've got him! I've got him."

One of the biggest projects was moving an 11 ton rock out of the way so that I could launch the boat safely.

In 1988 I invited my brother Jack from Ohio to help me build an addition to the cottage. It was a very hot summer and the temperature was near 40°C. Jack said, "My God, I never knew it could get so hot in Manitoba!"

JESSICA LAKE
BORGIA, CLARK, COMERBACH, CUNNINGHAM
LOTS 5 AND 6 BLOCK 3

By Lacona

In the summer of 1957 my mother's family spent two weeks vacationing with their half-brother Joe, at his Block 3 cottage on Jessica Lake. They had a wonderful time and my grandma and grandpa realized that it was the perfect place for summer vacationing.

I'm part of the third of four generations (so far . . .) that have shared the past 33 years at Jessica Lake. This is the story of how Jessica Lake became part of my family's life.

In the fall of 1957 my grandpa asked the Parks Branch if they could survey more lots on Block 3. That survey resulted in Lots 5 and 6 being placed up for bid. My grandma and grandpa bid on Lot 6 and they encouraged my mom, who was 15 at the time and my Uncle Delbert who was 16 to bid on Lot 5. My mom delivered 100 Tribune papers and my Uncle Del set bowling pins in order to make enough money to buy the land and the lumber for their lot.

In the spring of 1958 my grandpa bought the salvaged lumber from the Deer Lodge Annex building used during World War II. Everything used was loaded onto a four wheel trailer and pulled out to the cottage by the trusty 1954 Pontiac. All the materials used to build the original cottage; 2x10s, 2x8s, windows, insulation and hardwood flooring all came out to the cottage site, slow but sure, trip after trip.

The lake road was gravel then and there was no direct road to the cottage site. Instead the 1954 Pontiac drove across the Canadian Shield rock, finding its way without a road, around trees and boulders until it was about 100 yards away from the building area.

All the lumber was unloaded and carried from there and then cut by hand, there was no electricity to aid their labours. That spring was a busy time for Grandpa and a friend, Mr. Sands. They went out on their days off and poured the cement pads and put up the sub-floor. Occasionally my grandpa's mother and my Uncle Medric and Aunt Lorise (ages four and three) would go out with him to help with the construction. Grandma was busy earning extra money to pay for the cottage.

On July 1, 1958 Grandpa started two weeks of summer holidays. The whole family went out and stayed at Joe's cottage while the construction was started. After several days of hard work on the outside shell, 24 feet by 32 feet, was up and the family moved out of Joe's and into the new cottage. When they first moved in the cottage was one big room. However, Grandma soon had curtains up that divided the cottage into sleeping areas, a living room and a kitchen. Then the cookstove was put together and Grandma started cooking (she hasn't stopped yet). With all that fresh air and hard work, appetites were large and meals had to match. Grandma always had a roast or a pie or her fabulous cinnamon rolls cooking away. That stove was always busy and happy.

After supper dishes were done the family played cards by the light of kerosene lantern. Bedtime came fairly early as mosquitoes, who gained easy access to the cottage through holes in the sub-flooring, filled the cottage when lamps burned too late. Grandpa finished his two weeks of holidays knowing everyone was content with their cottage.

The following week was spent installing the second-hand hardwood flooring. Thirty-two foot lengths of tar paper was rolled and the floor laid on top. That work was done in the evening. During the daytime the girls helped cook and clean while the boys gathered firewood. Everyone spent the afternoon on the beach, swimming and playing on rafts and boats. Every so often a trip was made by rowboat down the river to White Lake for drinking water. It was brought back in five gallon milk pails that we still have sitting under the cottage. By the end of the summer the family had accomplished a great deal towards the completion of the cottage and they had had a lot of fun as well.

My mom and Uncle Delbert were given a year of grace on the construction of their cottage and did not start until 1960 and only then because a bulldozer gave them a hand. When the road was being built for the two lots the bulldozer operator kindly moved two gigantic boulders off the cottage site for Mom and Uncle Del. Had it not been for him the cottage would have been impossible to build on the chosen site. As it was, Grandma drew up plans for 24 foot by 32 foot split-level cottage. After the subfloor was built my mom laid out the walls while Delbert nailed them together. It was the only way they could work without fighting with each other (kids will be kids). By the end of the summer the shell was up. Over the next few years half log siding was applied and the interior was finished. Uncle Joe built

the kitchen cupboards, Grandma and grandson Gavin did a great deal of interior finishing and Grandma sewed the drapes as well. Building and finishing the interiors of both cottages was indeed a family effort. Over the years the little cottage on Lot 5 has been rented, loaned to friends and used by all family members.

Since 1958 the cottage on Lot 6 has evolved a great deal. Over the years we have added a veranda, a bathroom, two bedrooms and a patio. Now cosmetic work is being planned, new windows have been installed and siding is on its way. Last summer stairs were finally built down to the lakeshore. At eighty years old we decided Grandma deserved stairs and would no longer have to climb the rock down to the beach.

Every summer the cottage becomes the center for our family. Grandma heads out to the blueberry patches for her quiet, contemplative times. She knows that area behind the cottages like no one else. One year while at the patch she came between a mother bear and her cubs. Hurrying along to avoid a confrontation she fell, got up quickly and still didn't lose a berry. What a diehard picker she is. It is easy to say that she has canned hundreds of jars of berries, made tons of jam and cooked many blueberry pies, her grandson Donald's favorite.

When we aren't bumping into the local wildlife it bumps into us. I remember a bear coming right up to our back step having smelled the morning porridge Grandma always has on the stove. Another time a bear visited our freezer and devoured 35 loaves of bread and a few pounds of margarine for his breakfast.

Some local history facts on the areas near Lots 5 and 6 are — Clarence Tillaneus used a nearby log cabin as a residence for a couple of summers until the area became too civilized for him. As well in 1964 the provincial government set up a diamond drilling camp to teach men to diamond drill. The camp was around for a year then dismantled.

Our cottages have been a summer home to so many family members. My Aunt Beatrice, my grandma's oldest daughter, a widow living in St. Catharines, loves to spend time with the family at the cottage.

Her four children, Pamela, Patricia, Gavin and Paul, used to spend all their summer holidays at the cottage under my Grandma's watchful eye. They used to travel alone from St. Catharines to Jessica Lake by train or bus.

Later when they had families of their own, they spent summers and March breaks out at the cottage. Pam and her three boys, Laurie, Darcy and Danny live in St. Catharines. The boys are all in university now.

Pat, her husband Lyle and their two children, Lonny and Lisa, also used to come out to the cottage. They now live in Saskatoon. Lisa is in nursing and Lonny works in Toronto.

Gavin, his wife Julie and their two sons, Matthew and Peter, live and work in Toronto. They visit the cottage whenever they can.

My Uncle Joe and Aunt Carol built one of the first cottages on block three. When they are at their cottage, vacationing from life in Calgary, they often come up to our cottages and help celebrate birthdays or enjoy barbecues. Their kids, Mark and Grant, used to play with Lorise and Medric, spending many hours building and remodelling a tree fort. Randy and Kevin being younger, didn't have as many kids their age to play with but they made do. Still they all come back to the cottage, Mark, his wife Kim and their kids, Mark and Mandy, come from Toronto. Randy, his wife Lorry and their son Alex visit from Calgary and Grant and Kevin come and visit from Vancouver.

Uncle Delbert, his wife Aunt Josie and their two kids, Brad and Tracy, share ownership of the Lot 5 cottage with my family. They spend their holidays at the cottage, Aunty Josie reads, Tracy helps Grandma with the little kids, Uncle Del sails and

Borgia, Clark, Comberbach and Cunningham families at Comberbach's 50th anniversary.

Brad windsurfs. Their Irish setter, Sheeba, goofs around, chasing leaves. They have taken canoe trips from Caddy Lake to Jessica Lake. They also do lots of bike riding and Uncle Del is always mowing the lawn at the most inappropriate times.

My Aunt Maroah, her husband Uncle Ray and their two kids, Robert and Belinda, come from Winnipeg for their summer holidays now. Maroah and Ray also travelled from Shearwater, Nova Scotia in the 1970s to visit everyone at the lake. Robert and Belinda spend all summer long playing on the beach and in their fort with their other cousins. My mom, Lacona, my dad Ted, my sister Ainsley, my brother Neil and me (Dennis) used to live in Nova Scotia but we always made it to Jessica Lake for the summer. We sail and fish and go for long walks in the woods. We are back living in Winnipeg now and even though we are busy with school, university and summer jobs, we still find time on weekends to come out to the cottage with friends to sail and have fun. Up until I graduated from grade 12 I did not know what it was like to spend a complete summer in the city. Lucky me!

My Uncle Wayne, the bachelor, spends his weekends and summer holidays sharing himself between the cottage and my grandpa's farm. He also plays a big role in all the renovations that get done around the cottages; he is a jack of all trades. He owns a big inboard/outboard boat that takes us skiing, and for cruises around the lake. Last year he bought a sailboat. It completes our fleet of one Laser 2, a Bombardier 4.5, a Laser and a windsurfer, but he mostly lets his nephews and nieces sail it. Big-hearted uncle that he is!

Uncle Medric, his wife Kathy and their children Craig, Jenna, and Jerrett spend summer and winter holidays down at the cottage. The kids stay with Grandma for a good part of the summer being spoiled, like we were, eating only what they want, etc. Grandmas will be grandmas.

Grandma's youngest daughter Lorise, her husband Randy and their four boys, Donald, Jeff, David and Greg all come out to the cottage from Edmonton each summer. In the past they have travelled from Halifax and then Vancouver to visit. Randy stays for his holidays and Lorise and the boys stay for the better part of the summer.

Our first boat - 1957

This summer Robert, Belinda, Donald, Jeff, Greg, David, Craig, Jenna, and Jerrett played in the sand, on rafts, in canoes, building forts, roasting marshmallows and having the times that make special cottage memories later on in life. Sharing those times with them was my mom and grandma and my other aunts too.

For the first fifteen years that we had the cottage my grandpa worked for Winnipeg Transit. He had two days a week off and two weeks summer holidays. On his days off he would drive his big station wagon loaded with clothes, food, kids, friends, dogs and other miscellaneous items. The kids and friends were many times children who otherwise would never have had the chance at a summer holiday if it hadn't been for the generosity of my grandma and grandpa. Often times there would be between 16 to 20 kids out at the cottage at one time.

I remember driving out to the cottage in a big station wagon jammed with all kinds of supplies and for some reason always sitting close to a dog with really bad breath. The dog would breathe on me for the two hour drive out to Jessica Lake and I always arrived at the cottage with a wicked headache and feeling like I was going to throw up at any moment.

In 1970 when my grandpa retired he bought a farm near Piney and now supplies us with our meat and vegetables. He comes out to the cottage on weekends and joins in family celebrations, sharing special times with us.

In 1969 my two great-grandmothers, aged 85 and 93, spent all summer at the cottage. That same year, grandpa built two more bedrooms and a complete indoor bathroom.

Whenever I was at the cottage Grandma was there too. For as long as I can remember, Grandma has taken March break and summers off from her work to be at the cottage. While she isn't working as much now, she still works just as hard out at the cottage as she did in 1957.

For over 30 years we have been very lucky to spend so much time in a place we all love. Everyone has learned to swim, water ski, fish, canoe, and sail. We take boat rides around the lake and long walks enjoying the area. In the winter we come down and toboggan, skate, ski and skidoo. We have learned many things in the process of building our cottages but most importantly we have learned to enjoy the beauty and the quiet of the Whiteshell. For all of us I feel comfortable in saying the lake has always been a place for rest, renewal, relaxation and fun. Our family has many happy memories of past summers and we look forward to more enjoyable and hopefully peaceful future summers.

JESSICA LAKE
RUTH AND RUSSELL DUTHOIT
LOT 5 BLOCK 8
By Ruth

Twenty-nine years ago we bought a cottage built by Bill Scarfe Senior at Lot 5 Block 8.

We have the same neighbors on one side today as we did then, Eileen and Harvey Raybould and on the other side of them, Lloyd O'Morrow.

The children from our three families formed summer friendships that grew into lifetime friendships — sharing weddings and the happiness of the birth of another generation.

I recall I was not enthused about the slugs around the shore but this only added to the attractions for Brian Raybould and our three sons who devised interesting ways to eliminate them one at a time. They were not that successful at raft building but then the fact that they were very tippy rafts was much more fun.

When I am sitting on the porch today and all is quiet, I swear I can hear the squeals and laughter on the shore as one of the four Raybould girls is either being splashed or thrown into the water. It is a rather sad and eerie sensation. We had many happy years when the children were young and we are happy that our children (all married) are still enjoying the cottage with another generation coming.

We parents have enjoyed our friendships and many social evenings together equally as well although they don't happen as often now.

I will always carry the memory of a beautiful deer standing poised and still on the road behind our cottage bathed in the morning light. The sound of the loon and the bright moon rising over the calm water. Birds whose songs belong to Jessica Lake only and if heard somewhere else, sound strangely out of place.

We've grown from gas lamps to T.V.'s and holding tanks, but thank goodness Jessica Lake is still a place of peace and tranquility.

Our children, Russell Jr. and Pat and Erin; Bill and Bev and Lindsay; Ted and Shelley join Russell and I, enjoy many family get togethers at the lake.

Ted, Russell, Ruth and Bill - 1965

Kel, Susan, Kathy, Audrey and Allan Eklund

JESSICA LAKE
ALLAN AND AUDREY EKLUND
LOT 1 BLOCK 2
By Audrey

In 1952 my husband and I together with my mom and dad (Elsie and Archie Wheal) first discovered the beauty of the Whiteshell. We drove down to visit friends who had just purchased one of the few existing cabins of Jessica Lake.

There were no lots cleared, only dense jungle like foliage and trees, but we had little trouble deciding which lot we wanted. A nice hilly lot. We immediately applied and received our lease and began the enormous task of clearing.

Mr. Ritchie was very helpful in equipping us with scythes and the proper tools to help Dad and Allan with their work.

The following year we paid, get this, $760.00 for a pre-cut package from Thompson Lumber. Dad and Allan's brothers, Vic, Olie and Bob put up the shell in a couple of weekends and of course, at the Lake, the fun and the building never end.

It's impossible to count the blessings of bringing up a family in such beautiful surroundings. Our three children, now grown and married all agree to the great effect their summer environment had on their formative years. They learned such respect for our neighbors of 35 years, the Fannings and the Phillips and for their elders, too, being raised with extended family always close. I tip my hat to Elsie and Archie and hope to be as patient a grandparent. Sometimes, when the weather gets very hot, the cottagers have a lot more company and on occasion, we'd spill over into McCharles' guest house, but only occasionally, as they were usually filled to the rafters and loved it!

Susan, our eldest is married to Bruce McKenzie from East Kildonan and living with their two children, Jamie and Britta Greer in Bermuda, a wonderful place, but the Whiteshell still calls her back for a summer holiday. Our son Kel married his wife Irma Kreis in an informal ceremony down by the lake in our front yard, followed by a reception — a joint endeavour by the Rothenbergers and Kreis's at the Rothenberger cottage.

A generous gesture was the gift of a honeymoon cottage for the bride and groom from Bill and Laurie Scarfe and much appreciated by all, as all the cottages were full that weekend.

We will go to great lengths to ensure a Labor Day weekend at Jessica!

Kel and Irma now have three children, Scott, Tami and Kaitlyn.

Our youngest, Kathy and husband Bob Jackson from Oakbank visit often and all are a great help in our ventures, the latest being the start of a new cottage in 1985 to make room for an expanding family. We're nearing completion and can look forward to a more relaxing summer. Many thanks to all our neighbors who helped so much.

Years ago, Bill and Effie Scarfe were always there to help and Bill Jr. and Laurie carry on the tradition; the McCharles clan too. The first friends I met at Jessica "Bill, Joy and family", good neighbors to all.

We sometimes become complacent and take things for granted and I've found that with every guest, we enjoy renewed appreciation of the wonder of nature around us.

The does, with a fawn, early in the morning, sleeping very near the cottage; they've retreated somewhat over the years, but we still enjoy many sightings. An evening visit from a little red fox, or a little excitement as a bear saunters by. We sometimes quietly sit on the dock at dusk and watch for a beaver, off to work, gliding past, or otters, playful as kittens.

Oh my, really looking forward to getting back to the Whiteshell!!!

JESSICA LAKE
JOE AND CAROLE FLEMING
LOT 3 BLOCK 3

We got our lot in June 1956 along with Marg and Jerry Jiggins. We had driven out in May to look at the lot and unknown to us, we were looking at the wrong lot which had a steep drop-off into the lake. At the time we were expecting our first child and certainly were not happy with what appeared to us to be a hazardous set-up for little ones. We returned to the forestry and they thought we were at the wrong lot, so they drove out with us and directed us to Lot 3.

We could only drive so far and then had to walk the rest of the way in. Finally, after going through this bush we came upon the lot, but still could not see the lake because of the number of trees along the shoreline.

The area designated for the cottage was a flat rock and we decided we liked the spot. We began pouring pads for the 20 foot by 24 foot foundation in July, 1956 and by October we had the frame up, roof on and walls closed in.

We looked forward to the next spring with our new son to begin our weekends and summers at the cottage. We continued over the next few years to gradually finish the inside comfortably. The electric power was hooked up in the late 1950s making many of the building chores easier. For variety we labored on clearing our shoreline which we could hardly approach at first because of thick trees, bush and stumps. We were delighted to discover after a few years of laboriously clearing the shoreline that we would have a shallow sandy beach, ideal for our family which had increased by four boys by 1966. As they grew up, summers were spent at the cottage teaching the boys to swim, canoe, and when we acquired our first motor boat they all had the thrill of learning to water ski.

The cottage was a happy place to all including many relatives and friends. One occasion that stands out in our memories was when we had a barbecue at the front of our cottage facing the lake. One of the guests went around back of the cottage to get something out of their car and came upon a large bear with his paws up on the open window of one of the cars. Everyone at the front was alerted and we all came around to see the bear put his face in the car and pull out a small suitcase. He took it in his mouth and made off with it just as one of the guests realized it was hers and she shouted, "My nightie! My nightie!" The bear carried it off into the woods, finally dropping it only after a couple of the men had pursued him shouting loudly and banging on garbage lids.

In 1962 we extended the cottage by 10 feet by 24 feet and also built on an eight foot by 14 foot screened veranda. In 1988 we resided the cottage and added a deck. More recently we have added on once again, building two additional bedrooms and a full bathroom to accommodate the married boys and grandchildren. As we changed residence in 1981 from Winnipeg to Calgary the process was a lengthy one. We are looking forward to retirement in 1992 at which time we hope to spend unlimited time at the cottage, a place we've grown to love dearly over the years.

Randy, Grant and Mark Fleming - 1966

We hope our four sons and their families will often join us at the cottage. Mark and Kim and their children, Mandy and Markie; Grant and Monica and their children, Al and Christie; Randy and Lorry and their son, Alexander; and Kevin and Rhonda.

JESSICA LAKE
DIANA AND WALLY GRESKO
LOT 1 BLOCK 7
By Diana

After many years at the family cottage at Brereton, my husband Wally and I decided to build our own cottage. We went to look at a cottage at Jessica Lake and found that the park was opening up many new lots in Block 7. We sent in a bid and were accepted. We built in 1962.

Our lot seemed to consist of willows, ant hills, dead trees and rocks. We managed to clear room to build and in the years that followed became experts at moving rocks and pulling stumps. We shovelled our own gravel and planted many fir trees.

In the early 1970s we had an eight foot statue of the green giant standing against a large pine tree in our front yard. Many people came by in their boats to show the children. Their comments were very funny.

In 1973 we added a veranda and six years later extended the cottage which meant more clearing of rocks and bush. I remember in the 1970s coming down to the cottage to find beavers had cut down many of our trees including three beautiful chokecherry trees in the front. Being on an end lot, the beaver had an easy time getting them to the water. One large poplar in front of the cottage had been chewed and left to fall when the wind blew. We decided to cut it down and removed all the small branches and hauled them to the wood pile. We left the tree to cut up the next day. When we got up in the morning we found the beaver had taken the tree plus he had gone to the wood pile and taken all the branches as well. All that was left were a few wood chips. We still see many beavers swimming around our dock and each year they help themselves to a few more trees.

Our jolly green giant!

We have had many happy times with family fishing derbies in the summer. Our children, Dave and Colleen, really enjoy the snowmobiling and cross country skiing in the winter.

We enjoy the quietness at Jessica and consider ourselves very lucky to have a cottage there.

JESSICA LAKE
DOREEN AND LES GIRLING
LOT 1 BLOCK 5
By Doreen

Our lot was bid on and leased in the summer of 1961; clearing was started in the late summer of 1961. The following spring Les hired a group of carpenters to work with him in the construction of the building. They booked into the Rennie Hotel and worked non-stop until the shell of the building was completed. We had the carpenters build the kitchen cabinets, but Les did all the interior wall construction himself and installed the toilet, sinks, fireplace and set up a temporary gravity system for water.

For the first two or three summers we had no electricity, so used a propane refrigerator and small three burner stove, and of course the barbecue. Our children were ages 12, 10½ and eight at the time.

Since we were one of the first families on our block to obtain a boat suitable for water skiing, we usually had a flock of kids at our dock learning to ski. This would probably be about 1964 or 1965. As more families around us built summer homes, the kids each found friends of their own. Our eldest, Linda, chummed with Cindy Jacques and Arlene Nelson. Cindy spent most of her time with Gail Porteous (all maiden names, don't know the girls' married names); Bill's pal at that time was Mike Nicolson.

Many improvements have been made, of course, since then; i.e. electricity (of course) water pump, hot water tank and back sun deck.

The fishing at that time was really great! Les and Bill had no trouble getting their limit on any weekend in the early summer. I filleted lots of pickerel and jack fish in those days.

In time the old cedar strip boat had to be replaced with 14 foot-0 fibreglass and 60 H.P. motor, more suitable for water skiing. One summer we went

Girling Family - 1984

through 90 gallons of gas towing our kids and friends around the lake. On a few occasions we were known to have four young people skiing at once behind the boat.

One amusing incident I recall was one day I walked out to the end of our dock planning to call the children home for supper; (I was peering intently at Jenning's dock — three docks down) where I thought the kids were; next thing I had stepped right off the end of the dock into the lake, clad in shorts, apron and shoes. Les ran down to see what the splash was, and there I was emerging spluttering and laughing. Did I feel silly!

As is often the case with summer homes, after about 1980 when all three children married and had spouses to bring down for visits, the place became too small, so a large room was added onto the west side.

Now in the summer of 1990 both our children, Linda and Tim and their children Julie, Katie and Mark; Bill and Linda and their children Kimberly and Lesley come to enjoy the cottage. Unfortunately our middle daughter Cynthia and Ron and their son Cameron live in Oregon and seldom get home for a visit at the lake.

JESSICA LAKE
ALEX AND DOLLY HARVEY
LOT 3 BLOCK 1

By Dolly

Lot 1: Bob and Millie Devlin and Pat and Robert were already settled in.

Lot 2: Myrtle and Smitty Smith, Darlene, Bob and Kent were here.

We came down on Good Friday, 1957 to see a lot and cottage and we were sold on the area. Bill Scarfe Sr. built the cottages for all of us and everyone was pleased with their places.

We were asked to join the Whiteshell District Association and we did. Alex was to represent Jessica Lake. He canvassed the lake to get everyone to sign up for electricity.

Half the Harvey family and Gram.

We had two experiences with bears. Dianne had her leg squeezed by a bear. It was badly bruised but the teeth marks did not break the skin. On talking to the Forestry, they said it must have been a baby bear.

Then in 1967 a bear tried to get into our cottage. It was Thanksgiving weekend. He tore one of the screens off and I heard him. Alex went to the back door and shot up in the air and scared the bear away. Next morning a bear trap was brought in and the bear was caught.

Alex passed away in December 1975. He had loved every minute of his time here and all of our friends have come down over the years. Now Burt and Vicky and their sons Jayson and Scott and Dianne and Wayne and their daughter Sheeghan enjoy holidays at the cottage as we are all nature lovers.

JESSICA LAKE
BRONC AND BARBARA JUSKOW
LOT 20 BLOCK 7

By Barbara

In 1961 when Bronc and I (Barb), heard that lots were opening up at Jessica Lake, we packed a lunch, bundled the kids, Rick five, and Donna four, into the car and headed east. After tramping through the bush, looking at rocks, driveway approaches and lakefront possibilities, we decided to bid for a piece of lake property. A minimum bid on a lakefront lot was $50.00, back tier lots, $20.00. To our surprise, we were successful, and on September long weekend we sat on top of a cliff-like rock and wondered what we'd gotten into.

The fine print scared us. We had to begin building within a year. How? We had no plans, no lumber, and very little money.

The Winnipeg Floodway was under construction at that time and we read in the paper that many of the houses along the floodway route were for sale. With two babies in my arms, I visited the government offices and met the man in charge of these houses. Between unashamed begging and crying babies I bought a three-storey farm house for $100.00

— borrowed money.

In October, Bronc and I tore down the house, carted every board to the farm and began taking out the nails. We made a list of what we had, counted every two-by-four, every floor board, every window and every door. Then we drew our plans.

During the winter we built window casings in the basement and poured cement footings. We were all ready to start in the spring. All our building was done on weekends.

Dragging a small trailer piled high with boards and equipment, and looking like the Beverly Hillbillies, we headed for the Whiteshell. With one hammer, and a 99 cent handsaw that buckled every time Bronc cut a board, we started to build on the May long weekend, and had the building up for our holidays in July.

When we were building we had nowhere to stay, and we didn't own a tent, so every night after a full day's work, we drove back to the city. While Bronc loaded more lumber, I made sandwiches. Three hours sleep a night was a luxury.

Snakes made a nest in the lumber pile and no one would go to get the boards. Naturally, the day we shingled the roof the wind was gusting to 60 m.p.h. I worked with one hand, trying not to think about the 30 foot drop to the rocks, and swore I'd never go up there again.

This was a time when we made lasting friendships with our neighbors. We helped each other when someone ran short of nails, or when they needed help moving and balancing beams, and putting windows into place.

It took a few years before the lakefronts could be developed and docks and beaches readied. Almost everyone fished. And what pickerel we caught!

We almost sold the cottage after Bronc and Rick were in a head-on collision on Highway 307 in 1968. Both of them spent a long time in the hospital, and a longer time recuperating at home. It took a year before the two of them were comfortable driving back and forth to the lake again. We're glad we didn't sell.

Very little of the original building is visible. Each year we've added another layer of siding or pine. Now the grandchildren enjoy Jessica Lake, too.

JESSICA LAKE
DAVID AND ANN KILGOUR
LOT 8 BLOCK 5

By David

The Kilgour family, Ann, David, Ian, Eileen, Maureen and Colin, bought the cottage at Lot 8 Block 5, Jessica Lake in 1975 from the Miguez family who were the original owners, and since then there has been a lot of great and some not so great memories created. It seems funny that it is always easier to recall the disasters and the near disasters.

Like all cottagers we have had those moments of terror when there is a bear crashing about in the bushes in the dark, or when the plumbing springs a leak and sprays everyone in sight, or when our dog Daisy discovered her first skunk and decided to escort it off the property. Then there was the Friday night we got down to the lake at 11 o'clock to find a fallen tree had taken down our power line, and we knew that somewhere in the dark there was a live and broken line. On this occasion we were very pleased with Manitoba Hydro who came right away and had the whole thing fixed up in a couple of hours.

In 1976 the Jessica Lake Sailing Club was formed and although I had sailed only once as a passenger, we bought a Lazy E sailboat and I immediately launched it and went sailing with Eileen and Maureen. The wind was offshore and we didn't realize until we were well out that the wind was blowing pretty good, and that there was a race on, and at the urging of the guys in the crash boat we joined and followed the leaders. What we didn't know, but were about to find out, was that when you sailed around the gybe mark the boom swings over with great momentum and you have to first duck and then scramble to maintain the balance of the boat. Well, we managed the ducking part, but the momentum of the boom coming over caused the boat to capsize, and we all came to realize the importance of wearing life jackets, because as novices we had a great deal of difficulty in righting the boat. We also discovered that the depth of the lake is only about eight feet and the reason we had a problem getting the boat up was that the mast was stuck in the mud. Luckily the crash boat came to our rescue and pulled the boat out of the mud, allowing us to humbly sail back to the dock. This was our introduction to sailing and racing and we enjoyed it so much that we joined the sailing club and Eileen and I took part in a week long sailing school put at the lake by the J.L.S.C. and the Manitoba Sailing Association.

The sailing club was very active and had races ev-

The Kilgour Family

ery Saturday and Sunday until the mid 1980s when our membership dropped due to many of our members leaving the lake.

Probably the highlight of the club's history was the Coldstream Cup event, which was a three day regatta with sailors from all over the province. The Scarfes very graciously allowed the visiting sailors to pull their boats on to their beach. The weather was great, the wind was honking, we had 27 boats. It was great sailing, a great event. Our club was very proud of the young sailors who learned to sail at Jessica, and three of them, Colin Kilgour, and John and Jerry Lavery sailed for Manitoba at the Canada Summer Games in New Brunswick in 1986.

The sailing club is virtually dormant right now with only three of the regulars still around. However there are some newer sailors on the lake and a bunch of young people who seem interested in sailing, so look for us in the future.

On the shore side our lot is sloping with lots of boulders (there's one that is about 10 feet in diameter) and Ann is slowly developing a wildflower garden that she hopes will give a variety of flowers throughout the season with minumum maintenance. Of course, there always seems to be a thousand things that need fixing and we have all sorts of ideas for additions, alterations, improvements, etc. so give us another 20 years or so and we might get caught up.

JESSICA LAKE
"KATIMAVIK"
WALTER AND DORIS LEWY
LOT 18 BLOCK 7

By Doris

We laid the cement blocks for our cottage at Jessica Lake in May, 1962. We were two greenhorns, neither of whom had any previous experience at building a dog house, never mind a cottage.

Our lot is high — we now have 36 steps from the dock to the front door — and the front elevation just about scared us off. But we stuck at it and eventually put up a 32 foot by 24 foot box with windows. We did so with no electricity, a hand saw, a hammer and a lot of hard work.

For many years, we were only able to enjoy our cottage on weekends. There was always a lot of work to be done, but our kids and their friends learned how to swim and ski, and we have many happy weekends to remember.

Now the children are grown and either out of Winnipeg or busy with their own lives. We are retired, but we spend as much time as we can at "Katimavik" and hope to do so for a few more years. It has truly been a "gathering place" for family and friends to enjoy.

We are still building and improving. The work in a summer home is never done. We enjoy the fishing, although it sure isn't like it used to be. Last summer, we caught a snapping turtle as big around as the bottom of a garbage can. We hear the cry of the loons, and the myriad of birds that come around from fall until spring make us realize that if not for our cottage, we probably wouldn't converse with nature at all. We have pet chipmunks and squirrels to feed, and every now and then a wandering bear comes to call.

Memories — we have lots. From the first trip when a squirrel ran up our son's shoulder (he was six) and ate his peanut butter sandwich . . . to getting caught in a storm on the lake when the wind blew so hard, our little motor couldn't handle it and we were pushed backwards at full forward throttle . . . to picking wild mushrooms as large as dinner plates and loads and loads of blueberries . . . to the many Thanksgiving dinners we've had with family and friends.

We've been fortunate in having excellent neighbours all these years, and we have made many good friends. Things are changing on our lake as people grow older and move away — and these people we miss. But there is always the fun of making new friends.

It is still great to get away from the hubbub of the city and when we finally have to give up our cottage, we hope the next inhabitants will have as much fun in it as we have had.

Our daughter Dorian and Ross and their two girls, Laurie and Jennifer, our son George, and daughter Karyn and Michael come to share the joys of the lake with us.

JESSICA LAKE
BILL AND JOY MacCHARLES
LOT 4 AND 5 BLOCK 2

By Bill

By 1938 the prototype of Highway 307 had progressed north from the Rennie area to the Whiteshell River between Jessica and White lakes. Because the road construction was now winding down, some of the road gang camp buildings were not being used. My dad's brother-in-law, Dr. H. C. Grant, was an avid duck hunter and Jessica was a banquet area for migrating waterfowl. Therefore, arrangements were made to buy one of the vacant buildings from the government and have it moved from the camp location, Red Rock Lake by the Beauchemin Lake trail to Jessica Lake on what is now Block 2 Lot 5. And so the Grant/MacCharles family love affair with Jessica began.

For approximately a half dozen years we were alone on Jessica. My first experience of that exacting sport of goose hunting was here at that time. Can you imagine sitting in canvas deck chairs on

the flat rock in front of the cottage. "No! Don't shoot at that flight, we'll have to launch the canoe to retrieve them. Here comes a flight straight in and they'll fall here on the shore." My, what great white hunters we were.

Early in its life, the cottage was aptly dubbed "Idiot's Delight". It was and remains a delight. I'll leave the verification of "Idiot's" to others. There were a good number of couples who enjoyed their honeymoon here including my wife and I in 1949, daughters Linda and Frank Samu in 1980, Brenda and David Gummer in 1982. By this time however we were not the sole cottage. In the early forties, Bill and Effie Scarfe had started building Jessica Lake Lodge. Yet by the end of the forties we could still count our neighbors on one hand.

In as much as this area was not subdivided till after World War II, we initially did not have a lot lease but instead carried a trappers licence at $10.00 a year. The area covered was from the present boat launch north to the mouth of the river. Like so many others we didn't realize how rich we were then and now I wonder if we fully appreciate how fortunate we are.

Following World War II a log crib dam was built on the river out, halfway between Jessica and White Lakes. This did not greatly alter the water level initially in Jessica as was intended. By mid-July open water could not be seen from our cottage toward the big island. We may not like to admit it, but in the early thirties, forties and early fifties Jessica Lake was really only a wild rice paddy. Due to this we enjoyed a number of excellent years waterfowl shooting. My son Rod and both daughters Linda and Brenda, upon reaching the age of 12, obtained their hunting licences and came out with me. These were most enjoyable times and the "Good Man Upstairs" generally saw to it that I wasn't totally embarrassed by their skills.

Towards the end of the fifties, increased motor boat traffic and slowly increasing water levels, there became more areas suitable for water skiing. The equipment was rather basic at first — 10 h.p. Mercury, 16 foot Peterborough cedar strip — but the kids learned. Later in the sixties, we moved up to a 35 h.p. Mercury and a 15 foot Vanguard. My good wife Joy joined the ranks and when she finally mastered one ski she retired, undamaged.

Time marches on. In 1963 my dad Frank bought the cottage next door on Lot 4. Bruce Johnston of Aberdeen, South Dakota, had been coming up to fish since 1950. Bill Scarfe built Bruce's cottage in 1952. Bruce's family grew up and went their separate way, so early in the sixties 500 miles one way twice a year was a long way. He was a good friend, neighbor and fisherman. He preferred jackfish and gave us many of his walleye. Boy, he was a good walleye fisherman.

So now the Grant/MacCharles Estate covered two lots. Wow, an empire! Better still was the opportunity to involve and include my brother-in-law Ted Hunter, wife Donna, sons Glen and Brian to join with us in enjoying Jessica Lake. Ted had come with me for years for duck shooting but that was mainly stag. Sleeping on the island in the channel in snow and ice just to get the early morning shoot, oh what great fun! Incidentally, I only have one brother-in-law but he is still my favorite.

All of a sudden, we now had four adults and five young growing kids to house and feed. Finances said go slow. Therefore the first job was to build a boathouse to protect our new Vanguard. Fortunately Ted was able to buy reclaimed C.N.R. lumber and so we built with the help of all the kids. Again we ask ourselves — How can we be so fortunate to have such total family participation.

Later in the sixties finances again improved and an addition was planned and finally started on Lot 4. It took several years. I had wanted to install a Franklin fireplace but my buddy Joy held out for an open fireplace. She was spending school vacations there with our children. For exercise she had her single speed bicycle with a wire carrier on the handle bars. "How about if I collect thin flat rocks along Highway 307 to face an open fireplace." I'm sure you can understand why I didn't install a Franklin. But she is still my best friend.

Now we are into the late seventies and looking around we could see the original 1938 "Idiot's Delight" was showing its age. No longer was it quaint, it was detracting somewhat from our neighbors. Forty years plus we had been allowed to maintain but the time had come to get into line and conform with the building codes. These codes are there to protect everyone's values.

The decision to replace was made but then with what. What style did we want or better still what could we afford? After much discussion and wallet searching we decided on a precut package from Capital Lumber. Proper drawings were forwarded to Vern Jeffries in Rennie and lo and behold the cottage was delivered to Lot 5 in early July 1982.

With the fabulous help of Ken Boughton, his two sons Curtis and Kevin and Bill Peters of Block 1, my son Rod and son-in-law Frank, the shell was up and closed in, in one week. Interior finishing still goes on but there are no regrets, only great memories of neighborly help and encouragement.

Now going into our 53rd year at Jessica, my buddy and I are enjoying retirement at Lot 4 from early May to mid October. We look forward to many more years. Our son Rod and wife Susan now own the cottage on Lot 5.

The MacCharles clan has now expanded some-

what. Rod and Sue have a son, Liam. Linda and Frank have a daughter Lindsay and a son Lucas. Brenda and David have two daughters Kendal and Alyssa. Ted's son Glen and wife Penny have a son Cody.

JESSICA LAKE
LUCIEN AND ISABELLE MARLEAU
LOT 6 BLOCK 2

By Renie

Lucien Marleau had a childhood dream of owning a "camp" just like he had heard about and had seen in Quebec when he was a young boy. A place to fish, hunt and raise a budding family. The realization of this dream began in 1950 when Lawrence Boehm, a friend and co-worker, had read an article in the newspaper about the opening and development of the Whiteshell. The acquisition of a lot would cost only $15.00 with the stipulation that the lot be cleared and the cement footings would be put in within the first year.

My father, Lucien Marleau, Lawrence Boehm and my uncle Leo Fontaine decided to take their wives and children for a ride to have a look (or so they told their wives). They went in two cars up to Brereton Lake. The road was half decent up to that point. Then the road became a sandy, rutty trail, with barely enough room for two cars to pass and ditches on either side. They decided that they should all go further in one car. So, you can imagine how packed we were in that car with my brother Louis and me sitting on available knees. The ride lasted forever or so it seemed to a four-year-old like myself. Finally, we reached our destination which was a little white cottage at Jessica Lake owned by Danny McFarlane. In front of us was what looked like a weed and rice infested little lake. To the left of us was a trapper's lodge owned by Dr. Grant and his relatives, the McCharles. The lots were supposed to be to the left of the lodge and below a small hill, but all we could see was dense underbrush, bush and trees. My dad got excited and my mother, Isabelle, thought he was insane. He picked what seemed to be the worst of all three lots offered. A large hill immediately to the rear of the lot and rocks and trees to the edge of the water. Where was the lot? Where was the beach? What kind of lake was this weed infested piece of yellow water? Was he CRAZY? Dad put his name in for that very lot on that very same day. Uncle Leo took the lot next to ours and Lawrence took the lot furthest to the left of us.

The summer of 1951 was spent cutting and clearing brush and bush and chopping trees. Dad, Mom, Louis and I, along with Uncle Leo, Aunty Irene, Bonnie and Michelle slept in one small tent. The women cooked and washed under the trees, rain or shine. There were mosquitoes and ants and a lot of hard physical work, but the greatest of hardship was a toss up between having to sleep in the same tent with Uncle Leo's stinky feet and hearing and feeling the bears that often moved and pushed at the tent during the night.

Nothing was done in 1952. Dad was working day and night, taking extra jobs, saving extra money so he could start building his dream. Uncle Leo had to give up his lot. He was sent to Korea on a cleanup operation after the war. He was a soldier and had to leave his family and home and was on limited pay, therefore he could not develop his lot in the allotted time.

In 1953, the year Suzanne was born, the arduous task of bringing the wood to start building had begun. A wider, straighter road was being blasted through. More often than not, we had to be dragged in or out by either graders or bulldozers that were working on the road. Every piece of wood cut and every nail hammered had to be done by hand because there was no electricity. Windows and bunk beds, begged off the Carpequet barracks, were the last things placed in the cottage to finish the task for that year.

In 1955, when Philippe was born, we finally acquired a woodburning stove from a man who worked at Pembina Mountain Clays. A chimney had to be built. Grandfather Fontaine and great-uncle Ernest decided that they were both experts on building chimneys. Dad was in the middle of these two arguing old roosters. Meanwhile, Mom decided to make a quick pea soup in her pressure cooker on the small camping stove. The rafters were still bare. The inside of the cottage was divided into the rooms with no ceilings. Father was on a scaffold, Grandfather was halfway up the ladder and old Uncle Ernie was next to the ladder forming a relay for the bricks and mortar. All of a sudden, there was a major explosion, peas spewing like pellets out of a shotgun and directly at these poor defenseless males. They were trying to use their trowels and mortar boards as shields against the attack. Mother and Grandmother were bent over the children, protecting them against the ricochets, while howling with laughter. Needless to say, that episode ended all arguments.

The cottage was finally finished in 1958, the year

Marleau family swimming among the wild rice - 1952

Marc was born. It took a lot of scrimping, saving and hard work. It was also the year we finally got hooked up to the electricity. We no longer had to listen to the hiss of the naphtha lamps in the evening nor did we have to go to Scarfes for our hunk of ice to keep our food cold. This was the life.

Dad had his dream. Spring would come, Dad would start oiling his fishing reel and rubbing his hands with glee and anticipation and Mom was silently dreading the opening and cleaning of the cottage and the routine of going to the lake every weekend before the summer holidays. Father had a place to gather his five children and to keep them healthy and entertained in a wonderful environment. We stayed there all summer; swimming, boating, hiking, exploring, skiing and sunbathing. He wanted a place to keep his family together, a place where he could fish and hunt and a place where he and his family could observe nature at its best.

JESSICA LAKE
"BOMBER LANE"
PHIL AND BONNIE MINNICK
LOT 1 BLOCK 2

By Bonnie

Don Lindwall and my husband Phil worked together at the Willson Furnishings. Don was transferred to Edmonton and we were given the opportunity to rent their cottage while they were away and with the option to purchase should they sell.

We arrived the summer of 1971 with our three daughters, Jodie eight years, Jill six years and Holly three years, a cocker spaniel dog and a new canoe. Our idea was to keep our lake life simple, even though a speed boat sat in the boathouse. For two summers we were renters. Then we bought "Bomber Lane" and began a true love affair with a new way of life that lasted for 16 years and saw a family grow up.

In 1987 we left Jessica and bought land on the Lake of the Woods to build a retirement house.

A lot of Canadians own cottages but I've always felt very few cottage owners kept life in good perspective to always enhance living.

JESSICA LAKE
HENRY AND LOUISE PENNER
LOT 10 BLOCK 6

The Penners, Henry, Louise, Charlotte, Karen, Richard and Kathie have occupied the cottage since 1963. Work on cleaning the lot and placing the concrete footings was started in 1962 and the cottage was slowly closed in and made habitable in 1963. Construction, additions and alterations have continued until today. Over the years many different designs of docks have been built. All of these were eventually destroyed by the ice. At present a "McInnis" tilt-up dock is being installed.

The youngest member of the family, Kathie, was two during the early stages of building and all the children grew up with the cottage as a way of life. The style of life along with the various activities changed over the years. Early pastimes such as swimming and fishing were extended to include water skiing and sailing. During the time that the Jessica Lake Sailing Club was active the Penners' Flying Dutchman was usually in the weekend races. Some of the founding members of the Club were — Bill Johnson, Frank McKendry, Bill Lavery and Gene Nuytten have all left the lake. Although official races are no longer scheduled, sailing for pleasure has taken over. Unofficial races still take place, since it is true as someone has said: "A sailboat race starts the instant two skippers see each other on the water".

Over the years living conditions have improved from the primitive (i.e. ice box, hot plate and water bucket) to the present day comforts which include most city conveniences. Since retirement in 1988 even a telephone has been added.

Life at the cottage was limited to weekends and a two week summer holiday, memories of these holiday times were in general happy ones. The back-breaking chore of clearing the lot and construction under the hot sun form part of the memory picture as well, but these memories fade over the years. For a number of years we kept a journal which is still sometimes referred to, in order to reinforce someone's memory. Despite these records it is difficult to sum up twenty-eight years of experience and impressions. Family visits, barbecue dinners, long lazy afternoons at the waterside, along with the children's recollection of accomplishments (the first fish, the first circuit on water skis, learning to swim, etc.) round out the picture.

Other memories stem from a closer contact with a greater appreciation of nature, which life in the city does not provide. The various calls of the loons on calm dark nights, or misty mornings, hummingbirds flying past the dining room windows to remind us of the empty feeders, also form part of the overall picture. We all recall the cool June morning when seventy white pelicans were strung out in a long line across the lake, playing leap-frog while they fished for breakfast together with an escort of cormorants.

In the spring the first haze of green on the hillsides covered with aspens and birches; and in the fall the beautiful golden hues telling us that summer is ending. We can remember the summer storms watched from the relative safety of the living room, when the solid grey curtain of rain marched across the lake as the far shore, then island after island disappeared before the storm struck. And by way of contrast the glassy calm of the lake mirroring the long summer sunsets. These impressions remain in

The Penner Family - 1987

the memory and are rerun like a slide show during the long winters.

The third generation is now enjoying the cottage at Jessica Lake. Karen and Colvin's three children are frequent visitors. Karen met and married Colvin Watchorn whose parents owned a cottage in Block 7 for a number of years. Richard and Esther's six-month-old daughter Dayna is the latest member to join the group. Charlotte and Leon, who live in Winnipeg, come as often as their busy schedules allow, while Kathie who lives in Stratford, Ontario still comes back for a summer visit (her Jessica Lake fix).

For all of us the cottage has been a large part of our lives and remains our special "Summer Place".

JESSICA LAKE
"THE BILMAR"
BILL AND MARGARET PETERS
LOT 5 BLOCK 1

March of 1966 was the beginning of many wonderful years at Jessica Lake for Bill and Margaret Peters and their family. They purchased Block 1, Lot 5, from Janet Teichgrab and named the cottage, "The Bilmar".

Bill wondered what he had gotten himself into. The heavy snow of the winter had caused the cottage walls to buckle. However, with his son-in-law Ken Boughton and Ken's father, Harry, the walls were pulled in and renovations began. This year, 1991, marks the anniversary of 25 beautiful years at Jessica Lake.

A swampy lakefront was transformed into a lovely sand beach with the help of elder daughter Marlyn Harding, her husband Larry, and younger daughter Linda and her husband Ken. Marlyn, Larry, and their children Cathy and Lori moved onto The Lee River, while Ken and Linda remained at Jessica Lake.

In 1967 a boathouse was constructed. Work continued on the interior of the cottage as well as the rock paths and the clearing of the brush from the property. Many a lawn mower was ruined with "Wild" Bill hitting stumps and stones. Water skiing was a great part of the early years at Jessica Lake. With the trusty Vanguard boat and the 35 h.p. Gale motor, much fun was had by all. Bill had become known to residents of Jessica Lake as "Wild" Bill for his antics on skis as well as land. Skiing in costume was one of his favourite pastimes. Margaret's negligees suffered greatly. The MacCharles and Hunter families became a part of the costume fun and rivalry flourished with Ted Hunter being pulled in an old wash tub with a shower head hooked up. Many wonderful memories of the ski barges, the costumes and three skiers being pulled by the Gale are preserved on Super 8 film.

Three exciting events occurred in 1969. First grandson Curtis Boughton was born in May, while man landed on the moon in July of that year. In the fall of 1969, an addition to the cottage. However, with the expanding Boughton family, Pamela in 1971 and Kevin in 1974, a guest cottage was constructed in May of 1973.

In July of 1978, Bill and Margaret realized a lifelong dream — retirement. This was the begining of summers at Jessica Lake and winters in Florida at Siesta Key. After retiring, Bill built a sauna, and many good times are remembered, especially the cleansing with the dried birch switches. Bill has remained semi-retired as he maintains Camp Whiskey Jack for the Manitoba Government.

Summers are not the only time the cottage is used. In 1967, Ken and Linda purchased a Ski-Doo and began to enjoy winters in the Whiteshell. This has continued to the present time and the Boughton family have spent several Christmas holidays at Jessica Lake.

Margaret and Bill have been blessed with many dear friends. Their outgoing personalities have allowed them to meet many wonderful people both in person and on the C.B. radio. "Wild Bill" and "Whiteshell Maggie" seldom use the C.B. now that the phones have been installed, but they continue to be the host and hostess with the mostest (friends that is). They welcome everyone with great hospitality and Bill usually performs a skier's salute with

"Wild Bill" and his skier's salute

the Canadian flag for his guests. On July 4th he also salutes his American friends with a ski by "The Store" with his American flag.

At 74 years of age, "Wild" Bill is still water skiing and also enjoys the beach volleyball games that are played most weekends with his grandchildren and their friends. It's the white of the ball that we all have to watch for when Bill is serving. Margaret enjoys her berry picking and baking. It's such a treat to come into the cottage to the home-cooked fragrances, especially the holupchi prepared by a Scotswoman.

In June of 1990, Ken and Linda were honoured at The Lake with a surprise 25th wedding anniversary party. Another 25th anniversary will occur in 1991. This one will mark a very special year for Bill and Margaret Peters and their family as they celebrate 25 years at Jessica Lake. The wonderful memories that fill their minds will be forever written in their hearts.

JESSICA LAKE
JIM AND MAY PHILLIPS
LOT 1A BLOCK 2
By Jim

The Phillips family, May, Jim and daughters Diane and Sharon built their cottage in 1958. At the time a bid was made for the rental of the lot, we had little knowledge of its condition because when we viewed it the snow was at least three feet deep! You can imagine our surprise when after the spring thaw we discovered that at least one half of it was under water, in some places to a depth of 3½-4 feet — in fact, an old creek bottom was part of the rear portion of the lot. There was therefore, not much room left on which to build and most of that was covered with large boulders.

Nevertheless, after a little disagreement with the forestry regarding where the cottage would be built, and I may say, they won out, we had all the materials delivered to the lot in early June and started work immediately. Two of our city neighbors helped us and in one week the building was up with only windows to install and doors to hang.

The entire family pitched in and soon the lot was cleared of all bush.

Next, we started on a dock. To get to the shoreline we had to go through our neighbor's lot to avoid the vast expanse of water mentioned earlier. Following completion of the dock we built a boathouse to house our homemade 20 foot craft, which is in as good shape today as when we built it, and after many years of use!

As we became tired of using high rubber boots in the middle of summer to reach the shoreline we decided something had now to be done to fill in the massive water hole. We hired Mr. McInnes from

Jim Phillips - 1964

Diane, May and Sharon Phillips - 1964

Rennie and he hauled in approximately 500 yards of sand and also removed many of the large boulders. He did a marvellous job for us, and we now had a usable lot. We were not going to miss the fishing from our living room window at all!

Over the years, three additions have been made to the cottage, and sewer and water facilities and electric heating have been installed, thereby allowing it to be used all year round. Diane, now Diane McMillan, her husband Neil and their three children, Andrew, Heather and Stuart, spent most weekends at the cottage and thoroughly enjoyed all the seasons have to offer; in the summer boating, water skiing and fishing, and in the winter snowmobiling and skiing. Sharon, now Sharon Denton, her husband Neil and her children Michael, Christie, Karly and Craig are not quite so "cottage minded" but do go out from time to time.

May became seriously ill in 1981 and passed away three years later.

I have since married Yvonne, also from England, and she has come to love the cottage too, especially its tranquility and the fishing!

Over the years we have had very good neighbours (some no longer with us) and have many memories of our happy association.

The cottage has been and we trust, always will be, a source of enjoyment to our families, which will remain in the family for many years to come.

JESSICA LAKE
ALF AND ELLA WATCHORN
LOT 23 BLOCK 7
By Ella

Alf and Ella Watchorn purchased their cottage in 1965 from Mr. and Mrs. J. Allan. We had camped at Brereton Lake for a couple of years and had explored some of the beauty spots in the area.

The 20 foot by 24 foot unfinished cottage on the lakefront property was just what we were looking for. The lot was cleared and had a flat rock slop-

ing to the lake which meant we could drive right to the door as well as launch the boat in the lake.

There was great excitement, as we, with our two sons, Jim (13) and Colvin (11) took possession on the May long weekend and I believe our cottage was in use every weekend and vacation time as long as the boys lived at home. Both boys were avid water skiers and they enjoyed every aspect of the outdoors — swimming, fishing or exploring nature.

Like all cottagers, we had a certain amount of work to be done each year. There was always time set aside each day for fun in the water and relaxation between the panelling of walls, insulation, painting, etc. Cupboards were built at home to be installed on weekends. Second-hand furniture was repaired and upholstered at home. How proud we were of each addition! A dock was built, perhaps three times before it survived the spring ice. The boathouse was a priority for our third year, complete with cement curbing along the shoreline between the dock and boathouse.

In 1978, Alf started renovations. He extended one bedroom, modernized the bathroom with a shower and flush toilet and built a large glazed porch.

Our boys never lost interest in the cottage and spent most of their leisure time there. Jim moved to Ottawa in 1974 but has managed to spend some time each summer at the lake. He is married and fortunately, his wife Dianne and two children Michael (11) and Becky (nine), like to spend part of their holidays following "daddy's haunts at Jessica". Colvin married Karen Penner from Block 6 and now the third generation are following in the family footsteps as Colvin and Karen's children,

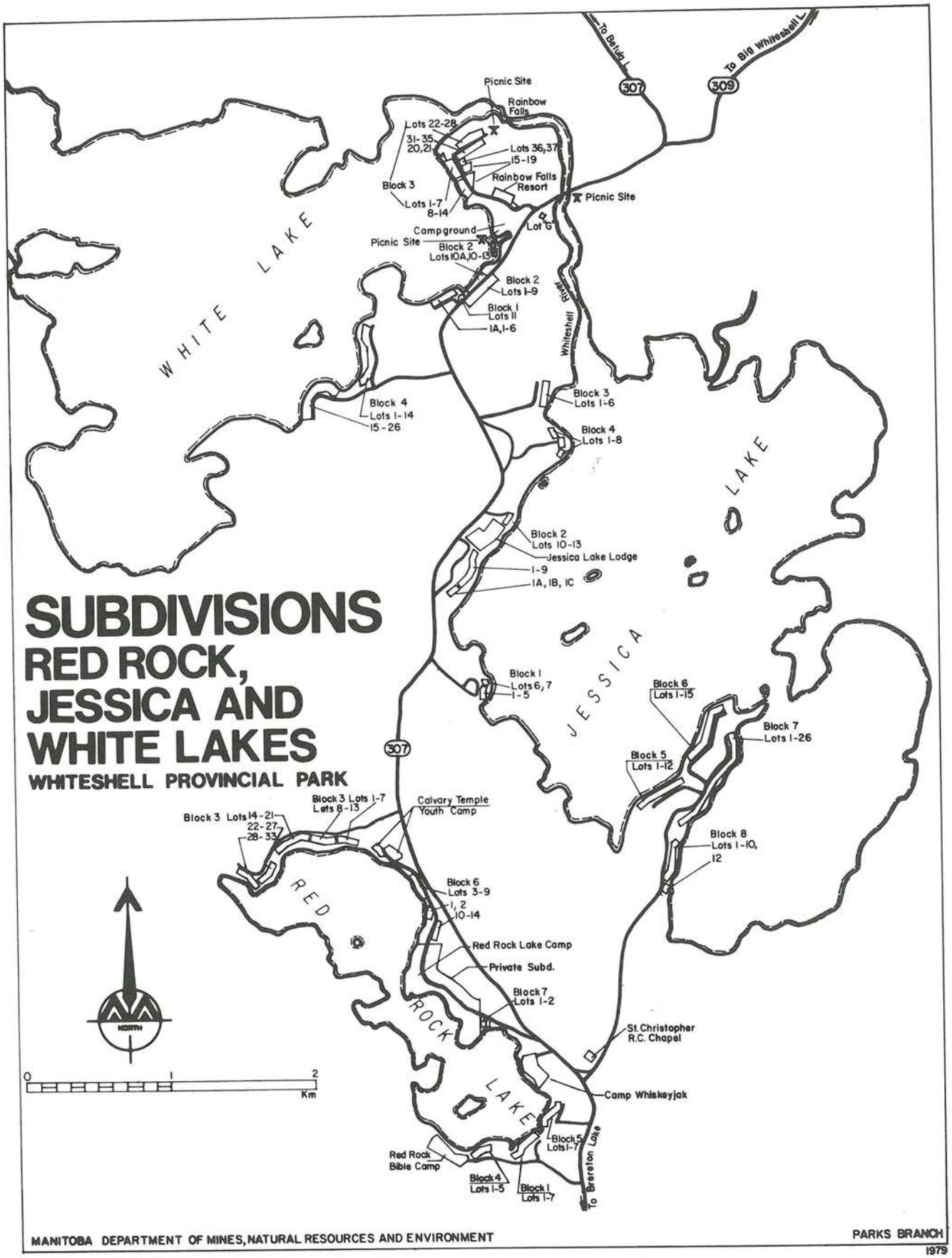
Calvin, Alf, Ella and Jim - 1968

Elise (six) and Bradley (four), enjoy the benefits of the "lake home". Baby Erika, born December 1988, has also made her debut.

Alf passed away in March 1986 and Colvin and Karen have taken over the cottage. They completed a further extension increasing the living room and bedroom areas in 1987.

The Watchorn cottage always has the welcome mat out for family and friends. We like to share our facilities and the beauty of the area. I have no idea how many youngsters and adults have learned to water ski off our dock — the boat tours around Big and Little Jessica, including the winding Whiteshell River — day trips and picnics to Rainbow Falls — Nutimik and Pine Point hiking trail. We never tire of the long nature walks in our own area plus the many pounds of wild blueberries picked.

We feel privileged to be able to enjoy the beauty and facilities offered in the Whiteshell Park, one of the best of Canada's natural playgrounds.



MANITOBA DEPARTMENT OF MINES, NATURAL RESOURCES AND ENVIRONMENT

PARKS BRANCH
1979

White Lake

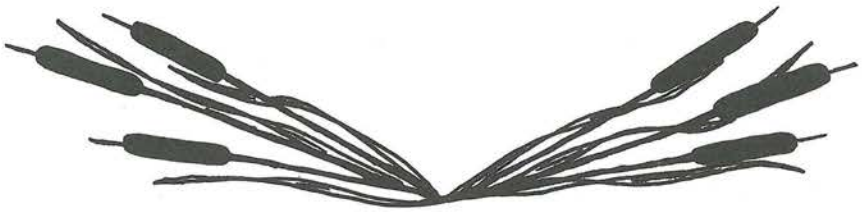
September Holiday
(dedicated to White Lake)

The wild passion of living; the leaping from rock to rock;
the sharp crack of firewood splitting; the cold sudden shock
of the fall in the lake's cold water; the visit of the bear;
the determination of the timber wolf hunting a new lair.

And the meal! an over-baked supper that brought a tear
and the inquisitive fly found steeped
in a full draught of beer;
the sleeping water pool in a crevice of rock now warm
placed there in the night by a wild summer storm.

The grace of the wild duck darting along the shore,
the beauty of peace and sunsets remain evermore.
God showed me gladness those days. He also showed me how
I should listen then, so I will remember now.

Orville Kenneth Skelton



White Lake was on the Palliser map. In dry seasons when the water is low, the lake is bordered by a white alkali deposit.

White Lake Store - 1972

The White Lake store was built by Jack Alexander. It has since been owned by the Yonges, Reeds, Laura Watson Brown and Hans and Laurie Wutschke.

WHITE LAKE
DONNA AND STEVE BROWN
LOT 10 BLOCK 4

By Donna

About 1959 my parents, Jack and Marie, heard about lots being available at White Lake. They bid on three or four lots and they got Lot 10 Block 4. They had the shell of the cottage built and they finished it themselves. It had three bedrooms, a veranda and a bathroom for storage which eventually became a real bathroom. My sister, Janice (Schnider) now at Brereton and I went there as children and spent the summers taking swimming lessons and all the activities available.

My husband Steve and our children Craig and Lori go down as often as possible. Janice and her husband Glenn and children Geoffrey and Benjamin still visit the old family cottage.

WHITE LAKE
CHARLIE AND MARY CLARKE

By Charlie

Mary and I were married in 1946. That year we stayed at a friend's cottage at Brereton Lake. The cabin was made of logs and at night you could see through the cracks in the walls. To stop the mosquitoes from coming in we wet toilet paper and stuffed the holes to keep them out.

There was a hole under the cottage with a trap door in the floor. It was here we kept our milk and butter and canned Tulip bacon in a pail full of ice. We would lower the pail down into the hole with a rope. For other supplies we had to row across the lake to Brown's store.

In 1946 the road from Rennie was a logging road. Standard equipment in any vehicle was a hatchet to cut up the trees that would fall across the trail. The bridge at White Lake was made of trees with planks over them. Imagine driving over that! The store at White Lake was just off the road and it was a log cabin. Later on it was used as a ranger's house. When the new ranger's house was built the old cabin was taken to Whitemouth and used as a museum.

We started to go to Nutimik Lake and stayed at Mike Wilson's Lodge. When Mike first started up he built his first cabin which was one room. We were the first people to rent it for a dollar a night! There was a bed, a table with four two by fours for legs and we used wooden Coca Cola cases for chairs. Mike then started to build a few cottages every year.

Mary's dad bought a cottage at Barrier Bay and we stayed there for a few years. Across the Winnipeg River from the cottage there was a lumber camp owned by a man from Hadashville. He had an Indian family running the camp for him. There were about six children in the family and they lived in a tar paper shack with a dirt floor. The children would be sitting down at our dock Friday nights when we got there from the city. Mary used to give them our children's old clothes and shoes. Mary also

Stone fireplace built by a German prisoner of war in early 1940s.

taught the oldest girl, Dorothy, about 14 at the time, how to read. Walter, the oldest boy, who was about 16, used to do odd chores for people around the lake.

A man named Devlin had a lumber mill at White Lake during the war and he employed German prisoners of war to work in the mill. His son, Johnny took over the father's place just above the Reed Falls. In 1964 Johnny Devlin's son-in-law, Lyle Hornby, sold us our present cottage.

There is little left in the area south of us where the P.O.W.'s had lived. One of the German men had built a stone fireplace for the common room. Over the years the building was burned but I have a picture and a painting of that fireplace. Recently vandals knocked it down.

WHITE LAKE
RICHARD AND HEATHER FREDERICK
LOT 27 BLOCK 3
By Heather

In the summer of 1985 we spent our vacation at my parent's cabin at White Lake. As a family, we always enjoyed going to the lake on long weekends or for a vacation. Over the years we had spent summers either at my husband's parents' cottage at Eleanor Lake or at White Lake. We even had our own cabin at Betula for about five years when the children were small. However, the cabin was tiny and on a back lot and we soon outgrew it. We always hoped to find a larger cabin on the lakefront as the children loved to spend their entire day at the beach.

It was quite by accident that my parents' neighbor, Mr. Dolby, spoke to my husband on this particular vacation. During the conversation he indicated that as he was getting older he was thinking of selling his cottage. I vividly recall feeling that I might faint with the excitement of the possibility of purchasing a lakefront cottage next to my parents. The remainder of our vacation was spent anxiously discussing the purchase and visualizing what we would like to do with the lot and the cabin. By the end of our vacation we were elated as we finalized the purchase of our new cabin, "our dream come true."

The next five years have been spent with all family members — Richard and I and our children Shauna, Aurora, Jasson and Tamara; parents, Mitchell and Mary Wojna; other family and friends especially the Kavvadas down our back road helping and working together on numerous small and large scale projects as: clearing the lot, landscaping, making a beach, building a dock, remodelling the cabin and building an addition. Although we noticed there's a lot less time for fishing and swimming, etc. the work together has given us a special satisfaction and reward as a family and we still look forward to being at the lake.

Shauna and Aurora have both enjoyed working at the White Lake Resort during the summer and all members look forward to the multitude of activities that are available both in summer and winter.

WHITE LAKE
LIONEL AND ANGELINA GRIMARD
LOT 20 BLOCK 3
By Angelina

The original cottage was raffled off by the Lion's Club of Winnipeg as their grand prize in 1956. We had a ticket but we didn't win it. Next year we bought it from the owners who moved to British Columbia.

Over the years the children and I would go to the cottage as soon as school closed in June and we'd not return until after the Labor Day weekend. Jeanne, Henri, Louis and Claude spent the summers swimming, hiking and fishing, and other favorite activities of the young people in those days. They also took the Red Cross swimming lessons.

WHITE LAKE
MARGARET AND PETE KENNEDY
LOT 2 BLOCK 4
By Margaret

In the fall of 1959 lots became available at White Lake and other lakes in the Whiteshell. In October, Pete and I and the family drove out to White Lake in hopes of finding a spot just meant for our family. We left the three older children, Gary, Bill and Dale on the shore at Jack Alexander's Store and Pete and I and our youngest, Robbie, who was almost two, rented a rowboat and rowed along the shoreline where the lots were for sale. It wasn't an easy job because the shoreline at that time was solid bush and it was hard to tell where one lot started and another one stopped. The stakes for the lots were far in off the shoreline, so it was "by guess and by golly". We did see a nice flat rock shoreline with a big tall rock on it. It looked like just what we wanted. Lucky for us, we got it and we started to build in 1960. We had a large tent and cleared the bush to make room to set it up and this became our headquarters for the summer. We made our plans for the cottage and started building. We fed many mosquitoes that summer and attracted many bears to our site.

We celebrated Robbie's second birthday on the deck. Just when it was time to blow out the candles, Robbie had disappeared. We were frantically worried that a bear had gotten him. He was nowhere to be seen and we called "Robbie! Robbie!" Then we heard a faint hammering from the roof. Rob-

The rock where the children played for hours.

bie had climbed the ladder and he was up on the partly finished roof building like he'd seen the men.

As soon as the floor was laid we moved the tent in on top of it which was more comfortable. We progressed quickly after that, putting in three bedrooms and a living room, dining area and kitchen. Since then we added a screened veranda. Our children and nine grandchildren love the spot very much, as do Pete and I. We all go there whenever we can, never regretting the hard work we put into it.

WHITE LAKE
MACKAY — RUCKHALL
LOTS 1 AND 2 BLOCK 2
By Ruth

In the mid 1940's Harry Ford, his wife Thelma and Thelma's parents built a large one-roomed cottage nestled in the trees across the (what was then a dirt road) at White Lake. I believe it was the first cottage built in Block 2. They named it HABETHEDA which is a combination of all their names. Recorded in their guest log are many happy times spent at White Lake. Some of these visitors included game wardens Frank Gilbert and Hugh Johnson. Harry loved fishing and hunting. A common sight in the fall, especially at Thanksgiving, was Harry and his friend Phil Blair plucking the ducks and hanging them on the line. Harry was widowed in the early 1950s and for the next year he spent a solitary life at White Lake but he knew everyone around the lake.

In 1961 Alex and Isabel Reid built their cottage next door on Lot 2. Happy Hour was announced by ringing of a cow bell.

One of the memories related was a skunk that was making a nuisance around the two cottages. Harry and Alex had a trap made and they lured the skunk in with bacon. Once in the trap they decided to take her a few miles down the road and release her when the sun was up. The sun was to blind the skunk and allow Harry and Alex time to get into the car and drive away. However, they forgot to inform the skunk of their plans. They had to run for their lives.

Harry remarried, but six months later Ruth Ford died of cancer. Harry continued his weekly visits to White Lake, leaving on Wednesday to attend his Kiwanis luncheon on Thursday and back out Friday. Harry lived until the age of 83.

The Ford cottage at Lot 1 was sold to Gordon Ruckhall, a former resident of White Lake, in 1988. The Reid cottage at Lot 2 was purchased from Alex and Isabel in 1971 by us, Hector and Ruth MacKay, with our sons, Peter and Ross. Having spent many years camping from coast to coast, a cottage with an indoor bathroom was the next best thing to heaven. However, we found that a lot of work comes with a cottage, especially the plumbing. Our winters are hard on copper pipes if you are late in turning them off in the fall or an early frost comes.

We've had 17 years of fishing, canoeing, waterskiing and rest and relaxation at our home away from home. During these years we have seen many changes to the surrounding area. We really miss the lovely bridge that spanned to the island. This gave us a lovely park-like walk to the store. We are happy that the store is now well run and their Black Forest cake is a camper's delight.

WHITE LAKE
DOUG AND KATHERINE MULHOLLAND
LOT 4 BLOCK 3
By Katherine

In 1943 a hunting lodge located at Seddon's Corner was dismantled. The three men involved were Mr. J. D. MacDonald, my father, Mr. Frank Day and Mr. J. Whitecross. Each man had a share in this structure. They decided that White Lake was a better location for fishing and hunting. Besides the cottage which was 20 feet by 20 feet, there was also a small shed that housed a generator to supply electric lights only in the cottage. The kitchen held a huge cookstove and there was a wee table with a small cupboard above. There was a makeshift sink strictly for drainage with no taps or pump. There were two very small bedrooms that held a double bed. Around the walls were nails to hang your clothes on. Boxes under the bed held small items of clothing. Oh yes, I must not forget the small icebox.

A year later Mr. J. Whitecross decided to own a cottage at the Lake of the Woods. Mr. Day's wife passed away two years later and he lost interest in the dwelling. My father bought out their interest.

In July 1945 Doug Mulholland, my husband was awaiting his discharge from the navy. We spent two weeks that summer at White Lake with Mrs. Mulholland Sr. My father took us down in his car and

brought us back in two weeks. (During this time my husband had to go to Winnipeg to get his navy discharge, so Mr. Cucksey from the White Lake store gave him a lift to Rennie. Doug hitch-hiked the rest of the way to Winnipeg.) My husband would paddle over to White Lake Store for water, ice and supplies. This wee house had a small screened porch to save us from the flies and the mosquitoes. The weather was excellent. We even slept in the porch on a Toronto lounge.

We were blessed with four fine children: Douglas, Grant, Margaret and Alan, and in time grandchildren, who spent many summers with us. My husband built our first pair of water skis. My dad, at 78, wanted to water ski. After many attempts, thank heavens he had nothing broken but just a badly hemorrhaged right leg and he realized water skiing wasn't for him.

The summer of 1958 we purchased a bigger boat and motor and then father and son-in-law decided to build a boathouse with two bedrooms above. Sleeping quarters were shrinking as the children wanted to bring down friends. We have hilarious movies showing Miss Mabel Wardman and a pregnant me carrying long 16x4 boards down to the lakeshore. Alan was born three months later.

Our dachshund, Sandy, loved barking at squirrels and one time he barked at a skunk who sprayed him all over. My friend Ruth Hughes was confronted by a bear when she attempted to use the biffy before leaving for the city, but thank heavens the bear wasn't hungry and she came to no harm.

In 1971 when we began to realize that the old cottage was in need of repairs, my husband gave up a year of golf and with the help of his brother-in-law Cliff Tuck plus his three sons, he proceeded to dismantle said cottage to floor level. Doug extended the cottage 12 feet on one side and 18 feet along the other side so we had four bedrooms and an inside bathroom. Since my husband's death in 1984 Alan has replaced the sun deck and covered the boat house in waxy cedar siding. In 1985 the winter ice damaged the boat house extensively. Thanks to Cliff Brook and Company the damage was repaired. If I had not had it repaired it would have been demolished as the park was trying to discourage buildings along the shoreline. Doug built a garage with a cement floor but it has been used strictly as a workshop.

I treasure the two stuffed creatures gracing the living room and hall. One is of a beautiful deer head and the other an albino Red-headed duck. My father shot these long before hunting was prohibited in the Whiteshell Park. My two hummingbird feeders attract quite a few birds in spite of the absence of flowers.

My nephew, Roy Beattie from Halifax, sent me a set of Nova Scotia wind chimes. When the wind comes up I feel that I am in Shangrila. I feel it has been an honor and a privilege to have a home at White Lake.

WHITE LAKE
ED AND ANNE PACHOL
LOT 7 BLOCK 2

By Anne

Ed and I built our cottage in 1958. To get to White Lake we had to go to Hadashville because Highway #44 was so rough. At first we just had the four walls and as we got the money we added partitions, etc. When the children were small all the neighbors seemed to have small children also so we got together a lot, especially on Saturday nights for parties and fun.

I remember Harry Ford was one of the first persons there. His father worked for the Park and he built a one-roomed cabin. Then came George and Maria Vick. George is now 90 years old and he still goes to the lake.

One time Ed, Arnie Bullock and Bert Van Mart went hunting in a little boat, overloaded, of course. Arnie bent over to get a bird and the boat and motor went to the bottom of the lake. Bert's wife went to their rescue.

We had many happy years there fishing and water skiing. In retirement we spent more time there than in the city. Unfortunately things change and neighbors are replaced by new folks. I lost Ed in 1990 and so things will not be the same for me. I must remember the happy times when we picked blueberries and mushrooms and were so busy the time went so fast. We always had a very friendly and happy neighborhood. I hope that our daughter Penny and her husband Don and my grandchildren, Leigh-Anne and Kristi still find the lake attractive in the years to come.

Ed and Anne Pachol - 1959

Harold and Margaret Shiells

WHITE LAKE
"WHITEWOOD"
HAROLD AND MARGARET SHIELLS
LOT 9 BLOCK 3
By Harold

It was in 1954 that we first arrived at White Lake as we had rented the No. 1 cottage on the hill from Olie and Jack Alexander. In 1956 we rented the Jack Haak cottage for our holidays and we did it again in 1957.

One evening in June of 1957 while on holidays we were invited to tea at the Senior Haak's cottage called the "Whitewood". It was then that Margaret and I fell in love with the cottage and White Lake. The Haak's son, Andy, who owned the cottage was going to put it up for sale and he gave us the first opportunity to buy it. We took possession in July and we have had many happy vacations there ever since.

Margaret and I had many good friends and neighbors such as the Crawfords, Woods, Siwickis, Thompsons, Lands, Glovers, Haaks and Prices who were always willing to give a helping hand.

As White Lake is more or less central in the Park we could cross over and portage to Cabin Lake, put our boat in at Jessica and go down the river to Lone Island Lake and across to the Mallard River and to the Falls and also to Little Whiteshell Lake. We could motor to Big Whiteshell and to Meditation and from there a short portage into Horseshoe Lake. Each of the lakes could be visited in a day.

Reflections of ours at the lake are many. Boating and fishing were excellent, seeing the beautiful sunsets, the hundreds of ducks and geese, the herons, the call of the loons that came and went, many varieties of birds, the friendly chipmunks and the squirrels. The colors in the fall made us call the road from the highway to the cottage, "The Golden Road" and on to Rainbow Falls.

I'll never forget my experience of trolling alongside a big buck deer from the south point to the Cabin Lake entrance. One time we rescued a two week old fawn trapped in a floating bog in the mouth of the river during the year of the high water.

On September 15, 1990 the Whitewood cottage was demolished, leaving us many fond memories and on September 24, 1990 a new and larger one was erected on the site, called "Whitewood 2".

Margaret and I and our son Harvey and his wife Marion and children Ken and Tannis hope to enjoy many more happy years at the lake in the new cottage.

WHITE LAKE
NEIL AND SYLVIA SHORE
LOT 5 BLOCK 3
By Neil

We purchased the cottage September 15, 1982 and moved in that Thanksgiving weekend. The cottage had belonged to Jack and Olive Alexander who were the second owners, as they moved here from previously owning the White Lake Store and Resort. I believe the cottage was originally built on this lot in the early 1940's and was one of the first cottages on White Lake.

We bought the cottage due to the expansion of the Shore family as we had a family cottage at Inverness Falls Lot 31 Block 12. It had been the Senior Shore family cottage since 1955.

Shore Family - 1988 - Neil, David, Sylvia, Karalyn and Andrea

We almost totally demolished the existing cottage at White Lake in 1983 and built a very comfortable place of approximately 1400 square feet for our children to grow up in.

The highlight of our last seven years I would say was the 1985 fire southwest of White Lake. Early on a Friday evening of a long weekend we were told by the R.C.M.P. to evacuate the park because of impending forest fires. In the span of 30 minutes the lake, which is 50 feet from our front door, could not be seen. We sure flew to Rennie that time.

We as a family love the outdoors, boating, skiing, fishing and of course in the winter, skidooing. We spend Boxing Day week at the cottage and find it one of the best family vacations of the year.

Let's face it, we really love the Whiteshell and the experience the Shores as a family have from our place at White Lake.

WHITE LAKE
"SOBERING'S" ORIGINALLY NAMED
"BIG JOHN'S CABIN"
LOT 3 BLOCK 2

The cabin has come a long way from some twenty years or more. It has had to be enlarged as the family grew and now great-grandchildren are appearing. It holds many happy hours and memories that money can never buy. Also some not so happy hours when Nana and Grandpa would go down to find the cabin had been left in a very questionable state. Hence the many "Nana" notes left for all to enjoy the next time "they" went down. As the years go by all too swiftly may our families enjoy the cabin and all its fun and work times — many more years.

Grandpa and Nana Sobering

"The Take It For Granted Years"
By Lyle Sobering

Our family purchased a cottage, or should I say the shell of a cottage at White Lake in the early 1960's. I was a teenager at the time, and naturally these were the "take it for granted years" for me. That included not only taking for granted that we had a cottage, but also having excellent family fun at the lake, parents who knew far less than I, access to a car, a boat for water-skiing and fishing and a comfortable amount of spending money. For some strange reason my parents thought I should earn my spending money. This required me to help finish carpentering the cottage. My father's carpentering ability was somewhat better than mine however, being an auto electrician, he carpentered similar to the way some people hunt, "just point and aim". Nevertheless, we did manage to finish the cottage along with help from my mother, my brother Don, cousin Cliff and many other family

Nana at the lake

"Big John" - 1972

members and friends. During one particular afternoon of earning my keep, I was helping my father cut panels for the walls. My father saw I was having some difficulty cutting through this thin material, however, he said nothing and watched as I struggled with this project. I knew he knew what was happening as I cut but to this day, he will not admit it. When I finally finished, my father let out a great roar of laughter to see that I had cut through the bench that I had used to support the panel.

My friend Terry Gatchall and I were asked by my parents to go down to the cottage and remove the snow from the roof. Being enterprising young men soon to be going into the world to seek fame and fortune, we decided rather than shovel off the snow, we would blow it off with the snow blower. Well, in all fairness to Toro, they made one excellent snow blower in those days, it not only took the snow off but also shingles and small pieces of plywood. We were so proud of our job that we took a picture.

It was that spring when my folks noticed some "minor" leaks in the roof.

After surviving these minor setbacks in life, I went on to a 22 year career with the R.C.M.P. throughout Saskatchewan. It was during this time that my parents seemed to become so intelligent, almost overnight in fact. I also realized that many, many people did not have the amenities such as a cottage at White Lake and enjoy all the good things that are associated with this resort. I now return to White Lake each summer with my two teenage daughters, (who know much more than their parents). They may take the cottage a little for granted, but I cherish every moment that I can spend there.

WHITE LAKE
DICK AND ISOBEL SOBEY
LOT 9 BLOCK 4

In March of 1962 with snow up to our hips, we went to look at a cottage in the Whiteshell. Just the shell had been built and in May with the encouragement from the children, Dick and Eleanor, we purchased what was to become our home away from home.

The task of finishing it took most of the first summer. Hauling lumber, supplies and furniture created problems. We all did our share in completing the job.

Through the years we have had a lot of good times, made a lot of good and sincere friends with whom we still enjoy good times, and share many happy memories and laughs.

The children are now grown up. Dick and Debbie and their daughters Melissa and Amanda and Eleanor and Keith (from Betula), and their children Ashley and Kyle look forward to the summer months and life there with our friends.

WHITE LAKE
PETER AND LILY WIEBE
LOT 16 BLOCK 4
By Helen

In the summer of 1975, Dad and Mom Wiebe (Peter and Lily) found a cottage for sale at White Lake, Block 4, Lot 16. With a lovely view, it is situated on a picturesque lot, nestled between tall trees and high rock, and overlooking a bay. They purchased the cottage from Ms. Gloria Grevstad and friend.

As indicated by the sign at the driveway, the name of the place was "P & Q" which stood for "Peace and Quiet", and the sign above the guest house door said "Overflow". The Wiebe family with eight siblings, some already married with children, often turned the place into anything but "peace and quiet". When the sign was in need of refinishing, it was not surprising that the new one read simply, "The Wiebes". The "Overflow" has retained its title, and aptly so.

Lily, our mom and grandma, especially loved this "home away from home" and enjoyed it most when surrounded by children, grandchildren, relatives and friends — times when it was a bustle of activity. She enjoyed her nature walks, tending the flowers, berry and mushroom picking, and observing wildlife with her binoculars. Mom very much enjoyed being on, in, or near the water. Her beaming smile and hearty laugh while enjoying the antics of her family on the dock is a memory we all treasure. One of her favorite pastimes was fishing. An offer to go fishing was rarely if ever refused and she would spend hours in the boat, displaying the utmost in patience, even when the fish weren't biting. But, oh! The excitement when she caught a fish, or even just had a "strike" (nibble)! No matter how large the catch, Mom had them all beautifully filleted in short order. Mom passed on to a more beautiful place on May 3, 1986. Often we imagine we see her sitting at the kitchen window, watching her family on the dock as she so often did, particularly when she was no longer well enough to be out there herself.

Peter, our dad and grandpa, also enjoyed the fishing, although his patience usually ran out long before Mom's. His incentive lay in the anticipation of a fresh fish fry. To Dad, being at the lake meant *swimming*. Shortly after arriving he would submerge the thermometer in the lake. If the temperature was anywhere above 60°F, he jumped in and circled around using his familiar sidestroke, while the rest of us watched and shivered.

Oftimes, after the traditional evening card game, Dad enjoyed a moonlight swim which he said helped him to "sleep like a baby". To Dad the cottage meant enjoyment with family and friends, and the

The Wiebe Family - Sept. 1988

ultimate in relaxation. Many of us witnessed his attempts to watch T.V., stretched out on the carpet, head propped up on his arm, eyes closed, nodding off, with his dachshund "Schnapps" beside him. Since Mom's passing, Dad's trips to the lake have been much less frequent, however, he remains keenly interested in the cottage and activities there. Dad is remarried now, and together he and Anita go to the cottage on occasion. Their most recent visit being just a month prior to his 80th birthday.

Over the years, all eight children have had the pleasure and privilege of seeing their own children experiencing good times at White Lake with its added attractions of a nice beach and, for the brave, jumping off Rainbow Falls. As well, there have already been three great-grandchildren visiting, which means the family enjoying the cottage spans four generations. Each individual adds to the mosaic of memories . . . Alvin and Rosalind's 25th wedding anniversary celebration at the cottage and Rosalind's ability to gather stones, birch bark and pine cones and turn them into something lovely . . . Snowmobile trail riding and wiener roasts in shelters along the trails are times Ray, Helen and boys will always remember . . . Ray's love of slaloming and his loss of dentures in the ensuing "wipe-out." . . . Norman's unique style of water skiing (starting off in a standing position with both skis on the lake bottom) with Shirley on the sidelines watching the swimming and skiing, somehow managing to stay dry . . . Linda and Edwin's enjoyment and enthusiasm in all the swimming, fishing, and fun. Ed's ski trip around the bay wearing his glasses, and Linda's question upon his return, "Hon, where are your glasses?" The fact that they found them on the lake bottom the next day was incredible! . . . Wilma's natural ability to enjoy all things to the utmost, her many snapshots, and her colorful diary entries . . . Eilleen's appreciation of the tranquility and her enjoyment of the wildlife (maintaining order while two duck families and a squirrel take turns sharing bits of the same slice of bread). . . . Lawrence as a young teen, stretching nights till noon, and his sheer amazement at the first time he wore his glasses to view the lake — "So that's what this place looks like!" . . . Sharon, as a little girl, brought a new friend almost every time she came. For a time her visits became less frequent with jobs and commitments, but then she brought a special friend and eventually married him. Gerry's a pretty good catch, we all agree, but at fishing, well, it's mostly "nibbles". He suggested a new name for the cottage — "Nibblers Nook".

Not only has White Lake left an indelible mark on our lives, we have left our mark too, by way of inadvertent deposits into the lake. Someday, someone may catch a jackfish wearing Alvin's glasses or Helen's contact lens, and Ray's dentures, carrying a good supply of fishing gear, and Ray's wallet under his fin.

We know that family and friends alike who have visited the Wiebe cottage, each have their own special memories of this place, and although these memories may not be noted here, hopefully these lines will prompt in each one a recollection of many other happy occasions and memories of the place we all dearly love. All who have been there share something in common, each finding here a place of beauty and refuge away from the cares of the world.

WHITE LAKE
JORGEN AND MARIT VICK
LOT 13 BLOCK 2

By Marit

In the spring of 1953 we got our waterfront lot, 100 feet by 100 feet. It wasn't until the fall that we started clearing it. That year it was a very nice fall so we spent almost every weekend there until Christmas. Our neighbors, the Nordstrums, next door, were nice enough to let us stay in their cabin while we were clearing. The next spring we started to build our 20 foot by 24 foot cabin just big enough for the three of us. Sheila, our daughter, was nine. There were just a few cabins there then. Next to the Nordstrums was the Rod and Gun Club. Across the road were the Bucknells and a little farther on, Harry Ford's cabin. Across the bay were the Bobrowskis.

Due to Jorgen's job we just spent early spring and late fall there. Fishing was good and every weekend saw lots of boats on the lake.

There was no electricity then and we had to carry all our water from the pump. Jack Alexander had the store at Rainbow Falls so we could get ice for our small icebox. Later on more cottages were built along the road.

We had that small cabin for 25 years, then we decided it was too small as our family had grown. Sheila was married to Larry and they had three children, David, Laurel and Jeffrey. The old cabin was torn down and a bigger one was built. Since Jorgen retired we spend most of the summer here and the family join us.

The Vick family at Jorgen's 90th birthday - 1990

WHITE LAKE
"SHEVIMA"
MITCHELL AND MARY WOJNA
LOT 26 BLOCK 3

By Mary

We first entered the Whiteshell area in the early 1950s with our daughter Heather and some family members. Later on we camped at Toniata Beach and Faloma in a tent, witnessing the making of Falcon Lake as well as the road.

After a summer at Falcon Lake in 1960 a friend and co-worker at the C.N. Shops in Transcona, Jack Derry, encouraged us to try the fishing at White Lake. We tried it a cool weekend in September and found it good. As a result, from 1961 until the present time we remained at White Lake. The first few years we had a homemade trailer and a cabana. Each year in the spring we stood in a long line-up to get a camping spot. We spent the summer fishing, skiing and blueberry picking.

One summer, the majority of the campers joined in searching for a party of blueberry pickers (Mrs. Nancy Stewart and friends). Heather and her friend Terry Hancox also helped in the search that ended about midnight with the lost being found.

We had another blueberry experience while picking at Meditation Lake. We had picked berries with our friend Bill, a natural comedian, from the C.N. Shops who after hearing thunder rumbling a few times snorted, "What the hell, Mitch, is there a C.N.R. locomotive around here?" At that moment between them and our car (Heather was carrying her blueberries a little ahead of the men) charged a moose in heat. Bill immediately grabbed his head in hopes of preventing his hair from falling out!

We have had many friends and family come to visit at the cottage. One family from Indiana came a few times and Grandma Wojna. She was a wonderful person who loved to fish and she babysat when our second daughter, Lisa, was born. Due to her heart condition she found the trailer sleeping difficult so we purchased our cabin near Rainbow Falls. This small cabin was built by Mr. Champagne Sr. and not completely finished. Fern and Gil Champagne owned the cabin beside us as well as another one down the road.

We regularly had company who liked pancakes and we had lots of fun. Heather swam across White Lake from the Falls to the portage at Cabin Lake and half way back while her father kept near in the boat. It was then the White Lake Ski Gulls were formed by Mrs. Hennings from Block 4. Among the skiers she taught from 3-70 years was Mitch Wojan. Membership at the time was between 80 and 120 people and it kept going with the help of Clarkes, Youngs, the C.N.R. gang of Holly Whyte, Jack Derry, Mike Geluck, Harry Holowchuk, Mitch Wojan and George Knudson. Once a year a Sports Day was held to raise money for the club. Mr. Clark was in charge of the races, the men and their wives had corn on the cob stands, hot dogs and drinks. The day ended with square dancing and our caller was a natural, Mr. Percy from Dugald. Others who helped were the Turnbulls, Gillespies, Hancox, Gows, Webbs, Kennedys, etc. Even the store run by Jack Alexander pitched in.

Lisa learned to ski and she is the best in our family. She worked in the store for two different owners. People know her as the overly friendly Lisa.

We also had far more wildlife in the early days. One evening Mitch was in the outhouse and he had allowed the dog out for a last run. The dog encountered a bear and my first concern was to call the dog into the house. I'd forgotten about Mitch in the outhouse. After a while he stomped in saying, "What the H? you were more worried about the dog than me."

In 1978 our third daughter, Michelle who was ten at the time helped us rebuild the cabin from the floor to ceiling and we made it into what it is today. She too, worked in the store.

The store changed hands from Jack Alexander, to Yonges, Reeds, Laura Watson Brown and now Hans and Laurie Wutschke.

We still have lots of company. Heather and her family bought the Dahlby cottage next door. We are one big happy family which is so rewarding.

This fall, 1990 I looked out the window and I saw a big moose swimming across the lake. That picture will be with me forever.

Editor's Note: Regarding Prisoner of war camps in the Whiteshell Park I received a letter May 17, 1991 from the National Archives of Canada Historical Resources Branch stating — "There were no prisoner of war camps in Manitoba. Rather, the camps to which you refer (White Lake and Brereton) were work camps employing prisoners from out-of-province prisoner of war camps."

The cry of the distant loon
Heralds the coming night
As the evening lengthens,
The moon peeps slowly over the distant trees
The golden glow of the sinking sun, over the lake
Is something to behold,
And we sat and wondered
What life is all about.

Harry Ford and Ruth MacKay

The sky is blue and yet not clear
As the sun sinks in the west,
Leaving a rosy hue in the sky
And leaving the world to rest.

Harry Ford and Ruth MacKay
White Lake

Whiteshell Echo, Fall 1987

Like A Long Farewell

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. Morever 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.

My Grandsons

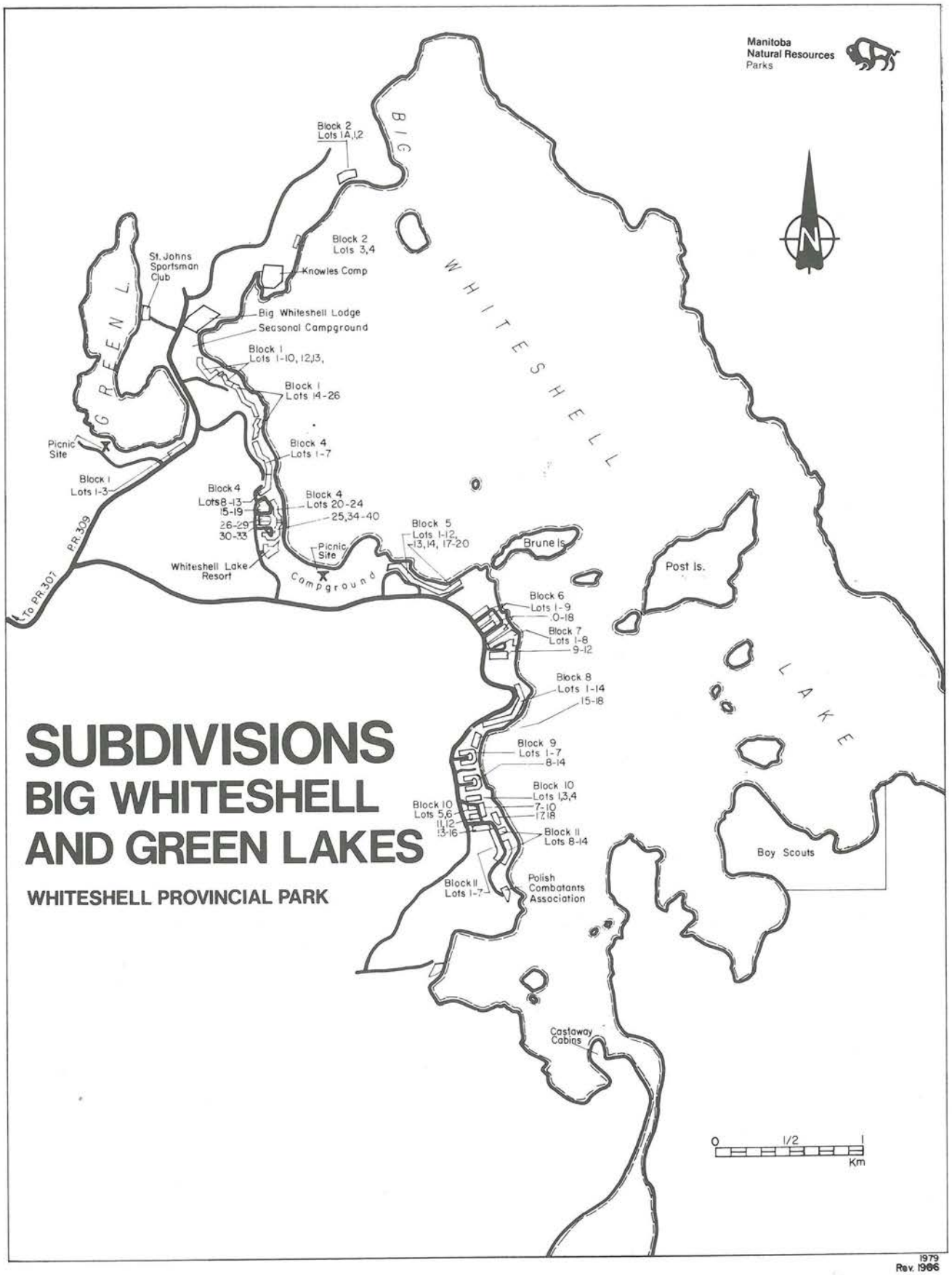
Two beautiful grandsons to adore,
To play and romp on the floor,
They don their swimsuits to play on the beach
When their feet touch the water, you can hear them screech.

Two little boys with golden hair
One with velvety dark eyes so rare,
The young and sauciest little lad
With misty hazel eyes that had
A mischievous glint
When trying a new stint.

They play in the sand with their shovels and pails,
And stay indoors when they hear the gales,
Boat rides they really enjoy,
Like every little boy.

A.B. Ervick

Bathing the dog with tomato juice after an encounter with a skunk.



1979
Rev. 1986

Big Whiteshell Lake

THE MANITOBA HOME FOR BOYS IN THE WHITESHELL FOREST RESERVE from October 1940 to June 1941

By Bohdan M. Kuryk

It was during the Second World War. Canada was preparing with haste to join in the conflict for democracy. I was teaching the problem boys of Manitoba at the Manitoba Home for Boys at Portage la Prairie. Our buildings were chosen to house the army personnel for training the raw recruits for military service.

We were forced to move elsewhere in Manitoba. We had to limit our membership in "The Home", both the boys and the staff. Some of the boys were released, others chose to join the army.

Camp Three, as it was called, was 18 miles north of Rennie, Manitoba. It was in the Whiteshell Forest Reserve. In the early thirties, during the depression years, Camp Three was created to provide work for the desperately unemployed citizens of our province. Some tar-papered shacks were built to house these unfortunate men. They were building a road from Rennie to Green Lake. It was all physical labor. Horses were pulling scrapers, men were pushing boulders out of the way to create the road. They had another four miles to go when the war started. It was interesting to note, the men were paid five dollars a month and given food and clothing. Once a month, on pay-day, they were taken to Rennie where they spent their hard-earned money on a few glasses of beer and the rest of the money on tobacco. War made a dramatical change in the lives of these poor men. The men left the camp as soon as it was possible, some joined the army, others joined the navy or the air force. Better paying jobs were available for the older men in the war effort.

We moved into our new surroundings. The boys, Mr. Harvey and myself came by bus. We were the teachers who would try to improve the dispositions of the most unfortunate boys of our social order. The school supplies and other sundries were delivered by trucks. We had about 30 people in the camp. Mr. and Mrs. Shaw were the caretakers of the camp, left on from the original occupants of the shacks.

Mr. Harvey and I were assigned the smaller one of the shacks and soon named it "The Knowledge Box." Fall passed. Winter was soon upon us, cold and furious. Our shack became a refrigerator, cold and uncomfortable. There was just the outside wall covered with tar paper with no insulation. The heater was a 45-gallon drum that burned two foot long split-logs. Mr. Pate, the night watchman, went from shack to shack each night to check on the boys and stoke-up the heaters. There was a spider's web over my bed. It bothered me seeing it there. I swept it off, hoping to get rid of the huge spider. The spider retaliated by biting my forehead during the night while I was asleep. In the morning, I found a large lump. He got his revenge.

Everyone helped with the various activities in the camp. The older boys helped cut the wood, some helped with the laundry, others helped with the kitchen chores. I had better control over the younger boys in the classroom. The boys who were older became more restless. On the coldest nights of the winter, four of them decided to run away. They walked eighteen miles to Rennie, caught a freight train to Winnipeg in an open cattle-car, and on the way to freedom. They were caught by the R.C.M.P. in Transcona, treated for serious frostbite, and sent back to Camp Three. One boy suffered from frozen feet, another lost part of an ear and the third and fourth endured other injuries. Sufficient to say, each boy learned a most convincing lesson.

One of my chores was looking after the safety of the camp's drinking water. The water was pumped from a well. I sent samples frequently to Winnipeg for testing for impurities and bacterial content. One such test proved to be full of typhoid germs. We opened the lid of the well and found a decomposed rat. A thorough cleaning of the well soon made it safe to use.

The Rev. Harry Atkinson was in control of the whole camp. He would often leave the camp to attend to other duties in the city. One day I was left in charge of the camp. Thinking it safe to escape, one boy who had been in trouble many times and before Judge Hamilton, ransacked the Reverend's shack. He tore the place apart looking for money, then took off for Rennie. The night watchman found an empty cot and notified me about the escape. I took Mr. Shaw, two boys and the truck and

headed for Rennie. Four miles from camp, I let the two boys walk back to the camp. Mr. Shaw and I drove a few more miles before turning back. When we caught up to the two boys, the escapee was in their hands.

The next day, before noon, the boy was missing again. He changed direction and decided to go north towards Green Lake. It wasn't too long before we caught up to him again. This time we brought his cot to the "Knowledge Box" and handcuffed him to the metal frame. He was never out of our sight again. When the superintendent returned and saw the mess in his tar-papered shack, his temper knew no bounds. The boy was punished by Mr. Lynch, who was the official punishment officer of the camp. Later the boy confided to me that had he been punished by his father for his first offence, he would have never been sent to the "Home". He later joined the Royal Canadian Air Force and did well in the war.

The food was good. Mr. Cook, a man who had travelled all over the world to many countries and on board many ships, was our chef. The boys respected him and those who were assigned to assist him learned many of his cooking methods. Mr. Cook was full of wonderful stories about his travels. The boys enjoyed listening to every story he told them.

From time to time we had numerous visitors. Some were family members coming to see their boys, others like Mr. Goodrich the principal of King Edward School, a concerned educator interested in learning how we managed the school and the boys.

That winter, the boys built a toboggan slide. They built it out of logs and planks. All of them had a great time sliding down.

Crude slide built by the boys 1940-41 Camp 3.

Mr. Pomeroy was the working instructor. Later he taught school in St. James. Mr. and Mrs. Tom Lynch were the cottage parents. Mr. C. Hinds was the secretary and the buying agent.

With approaching spring, the snow slowly disappeared from the rocks and the trees. I looked for a suitable rock on which to paint the Union Jack flag. One boy volunteered to help. We drew the outline of the flag on the rock and painted the colors. Below it we printed "Freedom Forever". For many years after that, the road was called "Flag Road". People could see it clearly as they drove by.

Flag - May 1941

On Sunday, we would take the boys for a long tramp through the woods. I would often take the younger boys about two miles west to Meditation Lake. One Sunday we saw a skunk. A brave lad (?) decided to chase after the skunk. It hid between two rocks. The boy took a long stick and began poking at the skunk. I hollered at him to "stop", but he was too excited to hear me. Suddenly the boys, who were following him too closely, scattered in all directions. The smell was too much for them to endure. The boy followed us from a very long distance back to camp. He had to bury all his clothing in the ground for several days until the smell was absorbed.

Breaking camp to move to Carman, May 1941. Note the tar paper shacks.

Some of the new buildings in Carman were ready for occupancy in June 1941. We had to prepare moving some of the tar-papered shacks to our brand-new "Home". Trucks were brought in and everything that could be moved was loaded on them. The boys were transported by buses. And so all our new experiences in the Whiteshell Forest Reserve came to an end.

BIG WHITESHELL LAKE
EDNA AND HARRY BEALLY
LOT 14 BLOCK 5

By Edna

It was in the year 1963, September in fact, that we purchased our cottage. We had been wishing for a place of our own for many years and finally decided to take a chance and "go for it". We were scared of the debt we had acquired but ecstatic about the purchase.

Although we were ill prepared, we very much wanted to have a sleep-over before the season ended that fall so we bought a second-hand double bed and a few small items and set out for our first weekend. I can't remember what that first meal consisted of but it was prepared on a Coleman stove set on a metal T.V. table. As we had no table and chairs, we spread an old blanket on the plywood floor and ate 'picnic style'. What fun and what excitement!

Electricity hadn't arrived at the Big Whiteshell as yet, so it was off to bed with the aid of a lantern. The mattress served for three of our boys, my husband and I had the box spring, and of course the baby had his carriage. What an adventure for three little boys.

The next morning Harry decided to clear a path to the shore so with hatchet in hand he hacked away at the bush covering our lot and we were very pleased to discover that we had a nice gentle slope.

My mother was very anxious to see the cottage so after we had made a few more purchases we brought her down for a sleep-over. After settling in, she picked up her knitting and then pulled an old wooden deck chair down Harry's path to the shore — you remember the old deck chairs, it had a sling seat on a wooden frame and you didn't dare let it collapse on your fingers. Having been brought up in the lake district of England, she was completely enthralled with the lake and sat beside the water until the sun set.

The following spring we were much better equipped and "hallelujah" — electricity came to the lake. However, we were still without running water and the washing of cloth diapers was not a fun chore. Our eldest son Lorne, who was 12 at the time, had the task of keeping all pails filled with fresh water for the rinsing and soaking of diapers. Of course, we mustn't forget the old-fashioned scrub board which was placed in a large plastic basin and put on the back steps where I had to kneel and wash the diapers and children's clothes. Somehow, on reflecting, it didn't seem so bad, we were young and so happy to be in our own cottage at the lake.

Was that really 25 years ago?????

When our youngest son Paul was two years old, he loved to tag along after his older brothers, so for safety's sake, we would put on his life jacket right after breakfast, and let him out to play without too much worry of his falling in the lake. One day there was a strong north wind and the lake became quite rough and of course, this is the day the inevitable happened — Paul fell off the neighbor's dock. The boys didn't notice he was missing until they heard a small voice calling "Help! Help!", but he was nowhere to be seen. They went into the water looking for him and in a couple of minutes he was discovered *under* the dock. He had fallen into the lake and because of the bulkiness of the old life jackets, he couldn't float through the other side but was wedged under the dock. He had to be dunked and pushed through to safety. Quite an experience for a little fellow!

Bruce, Harry and Paul - 1964

Do you remember, back in the 1960's, when we used to get our newspaper delivered to the door? Our second son Grant took on the job of "Tribune" distributor for the lake. He had a helper who delivered to Blocks 1-4 and another boy who did the campground, but it was up to himself to deliver from Blocks 5 to 12. During this time there was a lady who had a seasonal trailer in the campground and she had several foster children who took care of delivering the Free Press. Now the race is on to see who gets to the customers first. This of course required family cooperation. During the week Lorne

and Grant used bikes to cover the distances, but on the weekends when Dad came down, he and the station wagon were pressed into service. The bundles of papers were put in the back and all four boys rode the tailgate, jumping off in turns to the left and right sides of the roads. Paul, now three, was taken along every Saturday and he would be sent to the cottages where there was a good likelihood of receiving candies along with the payment for the paper. He would run to the door and hand in the newspaper and nine times out of ten, he would run back to the wagon, all smiles, with both fists full of candies. Naturally he was immediately robbed by his brothers.

I believe everyone has a favorite squirrel story, but let me share ours with you.

One summer when our third son Bruce was about 14, he was sitting on the front deck of the cottage eating a piece of toast and peanut butter. He soon discovered a squirrel sitting on the deck in front of him. He coaxed the squirrel onto his knee where he proceeded to nibble the peanut butter off the toast. It wasn't long before he was right in the palm of Bruce's hand and stuffing his little cheeks. When he packed in all he could hold he then jumped down to discover that he couldn't swallow the peanut butter as it was stuck on the inside of his cheeks. What happened then was really funny to watch. In frustration he would scratch at his cheeks with his little paws but when that didn't help, he would rub his cheeks along the deck, pushing with his little hind feet and eventually loosening the peanut butter. Bruce's squrrel friend "Peter" became a regular breakfast guest and provided the family with our first laugh of the day.

Bruce and his friend "Peter"

Many years ago, probably in the late 1960's when our four boys were quite young, we had a very enjoyable experience with a small bear cub. He would be about a year old and more than likely just starting to fend for himself.

The boys had been playing in the bush beside the cottage, building forts, when they came running in and said "Mom — there's a bear in the bush!" The small dog next door started to bark which frightened the little bear and he ran up an old elm tree just outside our dining room window. This particular tree has a fork just below where it branched out into leaves and this is where he perched. I called the boys in because I was sure that the mother must be close by. The neighbors, the Enns family next door, called in their dog and then their children joined ours at the window to see what would happen next. We waited and the cub waited but no mother came. After about a half hour the little bear yawned and stretched and finally went to sleep up in the tree, with his head and one small paw hanging down from the fork of the tree. I went out and with a stick, banged on the trunk of the tree but he didn't wake. We waited a little longer and then I had an idea. In the kitchen cupboard was a tin of strawberry jam — you remember the kind — it was the Empress brand in a gold colored tin and there wasn't much left of it. I took the tin outside and placed it at the base of the tree and then banged on a metal pan with a spoon to wake the cub. He glanced down at me and then saw the tin. I returned to the cottage and I guess the smell of sweet jam was too much for him because he started to climb down the trunk of the tree. We all watched as his little tongue made circular swipes inside the jam tin. He picked it up with his paws and licked and licked, then as we watched, his little tongue licked his lips (a bear does have lips, doesn't he?) and you could see he was really enjoying himself. On finishing his treat he glanced at us all at the window and then ambled off along the driveway and across the road into the bush. He delighted seven happy children who I am sure will never forget the experience.

BIG WHITESHELL LAKE
JOE AND MURIEL BROKKE
LOT 2 BLOCK 9

By Muriel

The family purchased the cottage in the fall of 1966 from Mrs. K. Sorenson from Rennie. It was new and unfinished at the time but we liked the location. There were seven miles of gravel road from Hwy. 307 to the cottage. The next spring we started to put up the partitions and finished the interior, three bedrooms and a combined living-room and kitchen. Sadly, my husband Joe suffered a heart attack in 1967 and passed away in October 1968.

We had been blessed with two fine children, a daughter, Myrna and son Joe. Myrna and our son-in-law Don Cressall and their children Leslie, Glen and Gary, who were all under ten at the time, Joe, Don and helpful neighbors, Gene Meush, partially finished the interior and Don installed the kitchen cupboards. Mr. Sorenson then added a screened veranda and when I retired in 1979, an extension of two bedrooms. Don put a deck on the cottage in the 1980's and many happy times were had by all.

Meantime Joe had married Shirley in 1972 and they have two boys, Carmen and Scott, now 13 and 14. They spent their early years at St. Albert, Alberta.

It was a big day when the grandchildren caught their first fish, learned to ski, and took advantage of the swimming lessons offered at the different lakes. Even when it was cold and rainy they persevered.

One time my granddaughter, Leslie and two of the neighbor girls, Kathy and Wanda, all about 14, decided to take the small boat out on the lake. A sudden storm came up. I have never seen the lake that black again, and down came the rain. Luckily the girls headed for shore at the Polish Scout Camp in Block 12, left the boat and walked home. I've never seen three girls so drenched and such relieved and thankful parents.

I remember the time I hustled out to the shed to get a rake and I encountered a bear at the corner of the house. He looked at me and I bid a hasty retreat to the house and it took me half an hour to regain my equilibrium. It was a common occurrence to see bears. One day the Park came with a bear trap and put it on the front lawn. I packed up and went to the city. The bears would eat the garbage from the pails and amble on their way.

Joe Jr., Don, Joe Sr., Leslie, Glen and Gary

One summer there were a lot of wasp nests and the men had a lot of fun getting rid of them with the help of Bruce Henderson.

On July 14th, 1976 Joe, Shirley, myself and six-month-old Carmen arrived at the cottage. Next morning the Mounties came around the park with their loud speakers saying the forest fire situation was dangerous and everyone was evacuated. The Meush's had just arrived and they didn't bother to unpack but headed right home.

A high wind one summer severed the electrical line to the cottage by rubbing on a fir tree. This started a fire in the pine needles but with the help of our good neighbors and John Helston, the fire was extinguished. I wasn't there at the time but the burnt needles are still in evidence.

Meantime Myrna and Don purchased the Nolin cottage at Lot 12. They share their cottage with their family when they are able to come to the lake.

I have many fond memories of summers at the cottage, the friends and families, children and grandchildren.

Camp Alloway

BIG WHITESHELL LAKE
ALLOWAY SCOUT CAMP

Compiled by Mary K. Johnson

In 1957 the Manitoba Scout Association found it necessary to obtain a new larger campsite to challenge and give enjoyment to the older boys (i.e. Scouts, Venturers, and Rovers). Fred Brown, an expert Scout Leader and leader trainer, was given the responsibility of forming a Campsite Location Committee. Over two years, Fred, with Charlie Hooey, Del Law, and a number of enthused volunteers, searched through Manitoba for the most suitable site. Needed was a feeling of wilderness, safe swimming and canoeing, good camping and hiking. After much travel, some of it arduous, the committee decided that the best site (one offered by the Provincial Government) was the present 118 acre Big

Whiteshell one. Within a wide bay, a long crescent of sandy beach offers a fine swimming area, plus boat and canoe launching from the dock. From the beach, the land gradually rises into the woods, with space enough for many troops to camp not far from the water, yet with sufficient brush to give privacy. The pumps provide good drinking water. At the west end of the crescent, a rock promontory provides an excellent site for the camp supervisors' cottage, which has a good view of the entire camp area. Early on, Fred and a friend walked the whole area and knocked down over 50 dead trees, for the safety of the boys.

As the camp is hidden from the inhabited portion of the lake, it has sufficient privacy to enhance the boys' feeling of being in the wilderness. So too does the abundance of wildlife: moose, deer, wolf, bear, raccoon, skunks, etc. The bears are not accustomed to people or their garbage cans, so usually can be frightened off quite easily, should one wander in. An important exception of course, is a mother bear with cub. In the case of a dangerous bear, a Whiteshell Warden would have the job of disposing of it. All campers are warned to return any leftover food to that storage shed before bed that night. When the writer was there, one of the leaders decided that he had accepted one too many chocolate donuts. Too lazy to take it to storage, he hid it in a lidded pot inside of a bigger pot in a gear box. Mr. Bear found it. That leader never lived it down.

When Alloway opens for the summer, boys arriving at Government Dock with their sleeping bags and clothing eagerly pile into the big boat that takes them to camp. The three mile crossing feels much longer than that, and excitement builds. As they approach the site the boys are happy to see no "civilization" — just their big campsite. The leaders assign them their tents and troop sites, impress on them the camp and safety rules, and camping begins. The Scouts cook their own meals, then clean the dishes and pots, disposing of garbage as directed. They enjoy swimming, grouped according to their ability; some learn to canoe, well within the bay, and the older, experienced ones set off on canoe trips locally or in other lakes; they may learn archery, or do some pioneering work, i.e. using knots and lashing to build rope bridges and various structures. Sometimes there are field trips to Rainbow Falls, Indian Petroforms, Pine Point rapids, Crowduck Lake, etc.

On their long hikes and canoe trips the boys have found and rescued a number of stranded people. In 1978 a canoe club group was unable to make any headway, and was towed in by a camp boat, until conditions were better for canoeing. A couple of little girls climbed Castle Rock to its high point, then couldn't get down. Scouts went over and helped them to safety. It is unfortunate that Scouts weren't there when in 1966 the Scout Office staff went to Alloway to open it up for the year. An adventurous nine-year-old daughter of one of the staff wandered off. Twenty minutes later when her mother went to get her, she could not be found. Intensive searching on land and in the water by over 300 people — the forces, E.M.O., R.C.M.P. and cottagers — was in vain. In 1978, Scouts who crossed over to Crowduck lake noticed a tent on Crescent Island, and a man confusedly wandering from it towards the shore and back again. He heard the Scouts and yelled for help. It was found that lightning had hit their tent pole and run down it, striking a second man through from ear to ear, and killing him. The other man had been blinded, hence his reluctance to go far from the tent. The R.C.M.P. were called in, and took the men out. Fortunately the blinded man later regained some of his sight.

Over the years Camp Alloway has operated many different boats, among them a ship's lifeboat and a stripped pontoon with guard rails added — both of which can be seen in the camp picture. The pontoon ended its days carrying luggage and equipment. At present there's a huge aluminum boat, and a smaller one, in use.

Alloway became the wonderful camp it is through the dedication and hard work of the location committee and the volunteer camp committee it instigated for development and operation of the camp. Finance was a great concern: to build and furnish the camp director's cottage, First Aid building and storage buildings, with canoes, refrigeration, camping gear, tents, boats, etc. Mr. Hugh Sutherland of Hudson's Bay Stores, Northern Division, was invaluable in many ways, and raised some thousands of dollars towards expenses, and recommended the Winnipeg Foundation for further help, which came through nobly. Mr. Alloway had originated the

Camp Alloway's official opening June 24, 1961. Charlie Hooey and Fred Brown.

foundation and remained a principal member, so the camp was named in his honour.

At the camp's official opening on Saturday, June 24, 1961, a picture was taken of the two prime movers for this camp — Fred Brown (in the Stetson), and Charlie Hooey (in the cap), seen here giving the Scout Handshake. Thousands of boys and their leaders owe a great deal to these men, their cohorts, and successors, for making sure that the boys have a campsite with such excellent possibilities for character development through adventure, working together, learning, nature lore, and good fun.

BIG WHITESHELL LAKE
CONNELL CLAN
LOT 2 BLOCK 4

By Cam

My first experience at the Big Whiteshell was a boat trip in 1966 across and around the lake with Gordon Tully of Lot 18, Block 4. Gordon and I were both teachers and Tullys were friends of many years standing. Many times they had urged Hazel and I to visit them at Big Whiteshell Lake. So here we were! Gordon had a little tub which he called a boat and to which he had attached a motor of perhaps 7 or 8 H.P. — the seats were boards more or less attached at the gunwales. As land lubbers we did not enjoy the trip but the scenery and expanse of the lake fascinated us. Up past Castaway Cabins and the entrance to the Whiteshell River, around by the Boy Scout Camp and down into Crowduck Bay where we could see a huge eagle's nest. Then in and around the group of islands in the middle of the lake — Post and Brune Island into Bedford Bay.

We were sold! This was the lake we wanted! For almost twenty-five years we had dreamed of owning a cottage in the Whiteshell area, ever since I had taught at Pointe du Bois, previous to joining the R.C.A.F. Now, in 1967, we could afford to buy and Mr. Kraft wanted to sell.

At first, there was Hazel and Cam, our elder daughter Gail and her husband Leonard Matiation and their two daughters Nicole and Jodie, also our second daughter Sandra and our two sons, Garth and Glenn. But as the years rolled on the family extended. A son Stefan born to the Matiations, then Garth married Keri Knelman and they now have four sons, Jared, Timothy, Jesse and Evan. Glenn married Barbara Wlosek whose parents have a cottage at Brereton Lake. Then Sandra, whose career took her to Ottawa, married Roger Butcher and they have two children Christopher and Corrie. On a few occasions there have been wall to wall people in the cottage at Lot 2 Block 4 B.W.L. when all 19 of us are there, but more often it is 10 or 12. The demands of earning a living or sports involvements, etc., almost make it impossible for more than eight or 10 of us to be down together. Also Len and Gail bought their own cottage at Lot 7 Block 10 in 1985 and the Butchers living in Toronto can't just slip into the car and drive to the Whiteshell for a couple of hours. Nicole married Pascal Boutroy of Paris in 1987 and they now live in Montreal.

No doubt many B.W.L. residents will remember our two Samoyed dogs, Princess and Okie. Many of our neighborhood children will also remember the two litters of puppies we raised at the lake. There was a big bear that got the surprise of his life when he was treed by O. and P. This was just behind the cottage — there he was — looking very surprised and a bit silly, high up in a big poplar with those two white "things" down below. I say "Things" because I'm sure the bear had never seen white dogs before. The big poplar tree has been cut down but we have kept a piece with long claw marks on it. Mr. Black Bear was certainly scrambling that morning!

Many of the "experiences" of the Connell clan have been when members were on canoe trips. Our whole family has been involved in an inoffensive, unobtrusive manner in observing and enjoying nature. To do this, one has to be conscious of the fragility of the environment — we all were environmentalists long before the term became a popular buzz word. But we also believe that man should still be able to enjoy nature and have the benefits that civilization has provided. The pelicans on the lake, the osprey in the sky, the cry of the loon, the fox or the wolves on the roadside, the great grey owl in the tree, and the three fawns and the doe in the bush are all reported by the clan members. In the same manner, there is a great hullabaloo when the first crocus is spotted or the first lady slipper or western red lily appear.

Springbreak at the lake. Gail, Nicole, Jodi and Hazel.

You will not find well groomed lawns at Lot 2 Block 4 nor Lot 7 Block 10 because both families like to see the wild flowers growing in our yards. Oh yes, you will also see cultivated flower beds because we believe man and nature can coexist. I have been participating in Dr. Johnston's botany survey of the Province and have identified 64 different wild plants growing on our own lot!

Glenn and Barbara are experienced anthropologists and have found pottery shards on the shore of Bedford Bay. I dug up a spear head in a little garden plot behind the cottage. There is an ancient history associated with the Big Whiteshell Area which is still to be unfolded. By the way, the two sites are registered as Cam site and Hazel site. So much for posterity!

In preparing this account I read through a journal or diary that I have kept of our activities at the lake. A very brief summary indicates considerable time has been spent in fishing, blueberry and raspberry picking, swimming and water-skiing, but also in preparing meals for family and visiting friends. Thanksgiving has always meant a big celebration at the cottage. However, the journal has also been an excellent way of recording when each of our grandchildren has learned to swim, to water-ski and so on.

We do believe, that is Cam and Hazel, alias Grandpa and Grandma, that the cottage at B.W.L. has enabled us to know our grandchildren better and yes, to know own children better.

BIG WHITESHELL LAKE
WES AND ANNE COTT
LOT 16 BLOCK 10

By Wes

My first view of the Whiteshell was in 1964 when we spent a weekend with my brother-in-law Bob and Irene Hedley at West Hawk Lake. We were enroute to Newfoundland where we were to work for two years. In 1966 we returned to Manitoba and stopped at the Hedley cottage on the Big Whiteshell Lake. Thus began our love with the area.

In 1967 we bought our own cottage, Lot 10 from Capitol Lumber. Irene had seen the cottage go up the previous Easter weekend and nicknamed it "the Pagoda". With the assistance of Bob, we finished the inside. A cousin got us a wood burning antique stove at an auction sale and this provided us with heat. We had electricity as backup. In 1979 Orvyl Hampson died and Mary sold us their cottage at Lot 16. It had propane heat. We added a garage to store our equipment.

I spent many pleasant years in the Whiteshell with Bob, fishing in the Big Whiteshell, Crowduck, Finger, One and Two Lakes, also Boundary and Echo Lakes. We posted a boat on Crowduck and

Bob Hedley ready to portage - 1972

Wes Cott carrying gas, Crowduck Lake - 1972

backpacked a motor, gasoline and fishing equipment into the lake.

We could portage the boat into Boundary Island Lake on the Winnipeg River and fish for pickerel, Jacks and bass. We each caught a couple of Master Angler for bass on Crowduck and on one trip to Number Two I caught a Master Angler rainbow trout. In the winter we snowmobiled and fished. One day we caught two 22 pound Jacks through the ice and took first prize in a derby.

We had a few interesting experiences. Once our motor broke down in the northern part of Crowduck and we rowed all day making very little headway. To add to the hazard we had 79-year-old Uncle Frank along with us. Finally, about eight o'clock we were rescued by another fisherman and towed to our portage where we were met by our families who were out looking for us. A second time our motor broke down but we were able to repair it enough to limp home. A third time we ran out of gas but the wind assisted us as we rowed back to the portage.

Twice we went on canoe trips up Crowduck to Boundary Island and down the Winnipeg River. Once we went as far as Eagles Nest then into Echo Lake where we spent a few days before returning home. On this occasion we towed some paddlers across Crowduck and the Whiteshell Lake. Another time we went down the Winnipeg River to Pointe du Bois where we were picked up by Irene and returned home by car.

Bears were frequent visitors to the cottage area, especially in the early days. Others we saw as one wanders through the park. The first we saw was a nocturnal visitor which the park ranger eventually shot when she became too much of a nuisance. Once a neighbor saw bears in the bush watching our daughter Gloria walk down the road unaware that

they were there. One time I was wandering down the Jarmack trail when a mother bear rushed past me about 20 feet away followed by her three cubs. I felt fortunate to have escaped. Another time in the same area I saw another mother with three cubs.

Bob and I did a lot of duck and grouse shooting in hunting season. We hunted deer and moose occasionally but generally did not bother much with the bigger game.

One day Irene and Anne and I went to Crowduck to fish. When we returned to the west side of the portage on Whiteshell Lake our boat was gone. After four frightening hours we got a ride and on the way home we saw our boat washed up on the beach.

Another time Irene and Anne were picking raspberries on a very windy evening. We heard a loud whirring noise and Anne ducked just in time as a radiosonde dropped beside her. It was sent up from Gimli earlier in the day and it was still transmitting.

We had friends come from Sault Ste. Marie with their American relatives. The relatives asked them if there were any bears to worry about and our friends said, "No." Just as they arrived at our door they saw a year old bear jump out the screen door. The bear had helped himself to a loaf of fresh bread and butter and then stopped to look at the people. Up until then the Americans were going to sleep in a tent that night but they didn't.

We went to the cottage for weekends all winter in the 1970s. To make the trip to the biffy a little more tolerable we kept the toilet seat in the house to keep it warm, also the toilet paper and a pail for night use helped a lot.

Warm toilet equipment

Bob died in 1982 so I lost my fishing partner.

Our daughter, Cheryl, comes from Toronto most summers for a short visit. Daughter Gloria and her husband Rob and their three children, Kenny, Laurie and Robby come from Camp Borden when they can. Rob and I enjoy a Fly-in for a great day of fishing.

Accommodations - 1964. Note the tent inside the frame of cabin.

BIG WHITESHELL LAKE
JACK AND JOYCE COX
LOT 1 BLOCK 8

Big Whiteshell was our number one choice after having spent time at many other lakes in Manitoba. The pristine beauty of the lake was considered number one in our estimation. The shoreline has an undulating variety of scenery. Many islands of various sizes and topography create a variety of interest and beauty.

Our interest in the Big Whiteshell grew to where we actively looked for a lot in 1961. We obtained Lot 1 Block 8 in 1963 and began building in 1964. Shelter was a tent. After the floor was laid the tent was moved onto the only available clear spot. Most floors have a low spot and that's where the tent was. This, being the rainy season, inspired us to quickly construct the roof.

Many enjoyable side trips have been taken to such places as Crowduck Lake and Mallard Falls. The public beach has provided the children with many hours of enjoyment during their younger years. The swimming and variety of water craft at the pier was always a source of interest. Our children and their friends enjoyed the many activities the lake has offered them. We like to think that they are better off as adults due to their participation in the water recreations, conducted hikes, the outdoor theatre and winter activities.

We have had personal satisfaction in building and improving the cabin and lot. We therefore look forward to the future enjoyment of all that nature affords at Big Whiteshell Lake.

BIG WHITESHELL LAKE
DE CAIGNY - CHAMPAGNE
LOT 26 BLOCK 1
By Joe

After fishing in Big Whiteshell Lake since the early 1930s my father, Ivo DeCaigny decided to buy this cabin in the fall of 1954. At that time it was the last cottage on the lake. He bought this particular cabin because he liked the lake for its fishing, the cottage for its flat ground and sandy beach.

Our work started by installing a sidewalk and a white railing so my father would be able to walk to the lake without the aid of his white cane. The following years were devoted to fishing, clearing the lot, more fishing, planting of trees and more fishing. These jobs were completed by family and friends with the aid of my father's directions.

My father loved trees so when somebody offered him two Silver Maples, he accepted. Thirty years later we are still trying to keep the Silver Maples from taking over the lot.

It was not unusual to see deer drinking water from the lake in the evening or hearing the bears making their rounds on Sunday evening going through the garbage cans for their midnight snacks.

When we first started coming to the lake we used Coleman lamps, a wood stove, icebox and a propane fridge and stove; eventually electricity arrived in the 1960s.

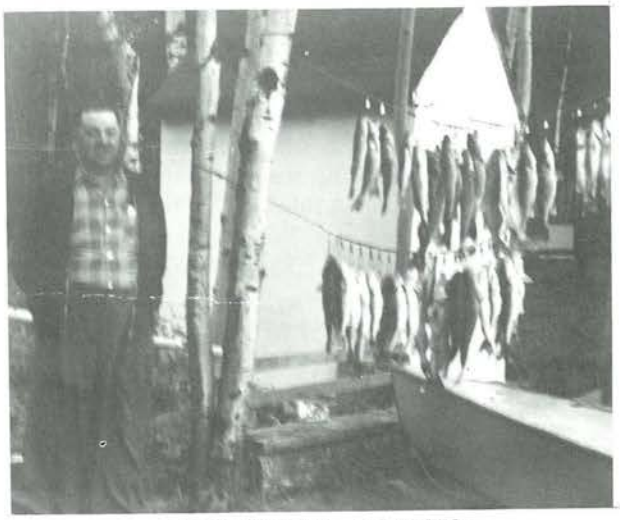
In 1960 the Government surveyed lots and put them up for bids in 1961. We were no longer the last cottage on the lake.

In May 1961 along came our neighbors. The children were happy because our new neighbors had children with whom they could play. Together all the children spent hours exploring the rocks on the hills with the help of our dog, Curly. They raced frogs in the lake, they discovered whiteshell clay and the pottery work was everywhere. Now our grandchildren have discovered it and the cabin is full of pottery once again.

My mother loved picking saskatoons and blueberries so when it was time for picking, the children and Curly would tag along. Upon arriving back from picking the kids would go for a swim and would always invite Grandma to join in on the fun.

Mom would like to talk about the time she accidentally washed my father's wallet and had to hang the money on the line. It just so happened that the day she did this was garbage day and the men on the truck just stood there with their mouths open. Soon everyone in Rennie thought our family were counterfeiters.

Another time my mother was standing beside a pile of earth with a shovel in her hand with a mound on the ground. Yes, it was garbage day and she saw the men and she thought to herself "Oh no, they think I buried him" so she quickly hurried into the cottage and told my father to GET OUTSIDE!! so they could see he was there.


Ivo De Caigny - late 1950s

From 1957 Anne and Ivo DeCaigny spent six months of the year at the lake. The grandchildren would always spend their summer vacation with Grandma and Grandpa. The tradition continues with Joe and Doreen Champagne.

As you can see our family has very fond memories of the years gone by and even though we cannot mention everything we are very happy to be residing on this lake.

BIG WHITESHELL LAKE
LA CABINE DESILETS
LOT 9 BLOCK 8
By Leo and Arla

We, Leo and Arla, first visited the Big Whiteshell Lake in 1955. Shortly after that we started to "temporary camp" at the old campground with our daughter Lynn, who was born in 1956. As more of our children came along, Lori in 1959, Louise in 1961, and Leo in 1965 it was obvious we needed to have more room. And so we set up permanently at the new campground from May to September each year. All of us enjoyed it very much. The summers passed quickly, what with swimming, boating, avoiding the bears, fishing, mosquito swatting, water-skiing, skunk hunting, hiking, bonfire sitting, and lots of socializing. And so did the years.

The memories linger — for all of us — of our associations with the people of the campground. To name a few, the families of Ellis, Paquette, Shettler, Bethune, Morrison, Adam, Larder, Powles, Nairn, DeJong, Smith.

In 1978 we bought a cabin and therefore have the pleasure of winter weekends; ice fishing and snowmobiling with the "hearty bunch".

Louise, Lynn, Leo, Arla, Leo, Frank and Lori

Lori and Frank joined us a few years ago in these cold weather sports. This summer they have their own spot in the campground.

At this point we have plans to live at our cabin for the first two or three years of retirement (mid 1991).

As busy as she is, Lynn manages a few chosen weekends at the lake. Louise, living in France, has a long way to come but her thoughts will always be there. As will Leo's, who recently moved to the West Coast.

A great place, the "Big Whiteshell Lake". It will always be special to us, the "Desilets".

BIG WHITESHELL LAKE
JOHN A. EADIE
LOT 8 BLOCK 4
TRIUMPH AND DISASTER

A normally busy Sunday at the lake started, for me, at about 7:30 a.m., when I took my wife's dog for a run up the "mountain" behind our cottage. After a rest to admire the start of another "Sunny Manitoba Morning", without a cloud in the sky — back downhill, with Tuffy in the lead, to breakfast alone, listening to the world political situation on C.B.W., as was my custom.

A quick shave and out to do chores — gas up in readiness for a day's water-skiing, etc. Still no one else astir in the cottage. So out comes the axe and finally dispose of that poplar stump — that should wake someone.

Now the boys are astir and we're off water-skiing. The water's a bit choppy and there's plenty of traffic — so I do most of the driving. Kenny goes first — an old pro at 13 years, followed by his friend Lars — skiing for 24 hours, but keen to catch up. Then Maria — a beginner, but too shy to tell us to speed it up for her. Irene and Carmen — prospective sisters-in-law to my two older boys — go up double and Carmen's left ear won't need washing for six months — it got so well sprayed. Then a slalom run for myself and second helpings for Ken and Lars.

A swim to the point with my wife, Pat and a friendly visit with the neighbors.

Great Scot — it's 3:30 p.m. — so we're up to grab some lunch. When that's over, the day's activities tell their tale and I drop off for 40 winks.

A thunder of feet up the stairs and across to my room, "Dad, there's a drowning at the dock!"

ACTION!

Up and moving. Grab the keys — to the wagon — drive to the dock — the kids beat me to it by boat — tell me it's out at the diving dock, but they'll take me over by boat — 13-year-olds think fast and act with purpose.

At the floating dock — signs of tragedy. A lifeless young man in his prime, the centre of earnest, ineffective efforts at artificial respiration and cardiac massage. What to do? Find out what the chances are or try to improve the resuscitation techniques? I'll have to try both, somehow.

"How long was he under?" — "15 minutes — maybe 10 — maybe eight" — Who had a watch — how accurate are the estimates? (five minutes is the limit.)

"Is he breathing" — "No!"

"Any pulse?" — "Yes," says Nurse.

"Is his airway clear? Are we getting air into his lungs?" — "Not much!"

"OK — four men get an arm or leg and lift him head down, feet up. You 'Nurse' — (she wasn't, but we didn't know for an hour) — help clean out the mouth of blood and vomit. Quick — back down on his back and start massage and breathing." No good — take over breathing and show breather how to get a good breath in — chest rises — "OK? Now you try it. Get the rhythm 1001, 1002, 1003, 1004, 1005 — breathe. Repeat — a beat a second and a breath every five beats."

Am doing the massage — "Who can take over?" "I will," says a voice — strong and confident — and he has the build to see us through to Pinawa. "OK — use the butt of the palms, quick beats — right on the breast bone — see?" "OK!" — tries it.

Nurse reports femoral pulses — color poor — pupils not good. To continue or stop?

— No one knew how long he was under for sure — he's turning pink after being tipped up a couple of times more and improving technique. OK — we'll continue — he has a chance — let's give it to him.

Time to look to the next step. "We need a hard board and four men to help lift." "Here we are!" A surfboard appears — "We need a boat to get him to main dock." "OK — change boats — yours is biggest. Can you bring it alongside?" "Did anyone send for ambulance or mounties?" — "Mounties are coming." How's the patient doing? — check on

method, new catch phrase — KEEP the SYSTEM GOING. "If you're tired ask for relief."

"When we move him onto the surfboard — we must KEEP the SYSTEM GOING. Make the moves short and KEEP the SYSTEM GOING."

"OK. We'll move him onto the surfboard after the next breath — hold it he's filling up again — tip him up and clean him out. Well done!" Back to the SYSTEM. It's going again.

"OK, now move him onto the board after next breath — 1001, 1002, 1003, 1004, 1005 — Breathe — MOVE!" He's on the board — KEEP the SYSTEM GOING.

"Next move — move the board onto the boat — head to front — breather and cardiac massager keep going. After next breath MOVE but KEEP the SYSTEM GOING." He's in the boat — the two men on the outside fall in the lake and get left behind. Nobody laughs.

We're moving — To the main dock. Onto dock —

"Get the crowd out of the way!" Someone does.

"OK. Four men move him down the dock, but KEEP the SYSTEM GOING!"

"Who'll drive my wagon?" — "I will." — "Here's the keys — the blue wagon —" back it onto the dock — tailgate down — four movers ready — into the wagon and the SYSTEM KEEPS GOING. ("Nurse" asks, privately — "What are his chances?" — "Just about zero."

The Mounties are here, flashing lights and the works.

"We need water in a cooler — bucket — anything." They appear.

We're off.

"Hey, not so fast — watch the corners — we can't do massage at that speed." — We're all on our knees — never knew steel deck was so hard on knees, especially on corners and on my cartilage scar.

"OK — relieve the breather!" "I'm OK, Doc." — "You can't do it all yourself — take a break and come back stronger." — "OK."

He's getting pinker — He's got femoral pulses. His pupils seem smaller, are they really? Wish I had my glasses!" "Good work — keep it up — Keep it up — change breather — change massager — keep it up. Get a rest."

A young guy in his car gets between us and the Mounties and won't pull over, despite our lights and horn. The Mounties radio ahead and he's invited to stop for a ticket by a second cruiser car at Seven Sisters.

Half hour to Pinawa. Twenty minutes to Pinawa. Ten minutes to Pinawa. He's still pink — still got a pulse. But, what about those pupils? Keep it up. "Breather rest so you can take over again at Pinawa."

Pinawa — TRIUMPH — We got him there pink, femoral pulse — but hold it — those pupils are dilated and fixed and have been for half hour or more. Don't tell the team — yes, we're a team now — everyone knows his job and does it well.

Last time — KEEP the SYSTEM GOING — back in to the Emergency door. A word with Pinawa doctor — into Emergency.

Electro-cardiogram shows he still has pulses, still was pink — without the system pulses became few and weak — pupils still dilated. The patient is dead. DISASTER! Or is it triumph? — Seven total strangers — who didn't even know each others' names — worked themselves into a team in three hours of desperate effort for a patient whose name they didn't know.

When the verdict was finally announced, that he was dead — despite pulses and pink color — the Nurse looked around the room and there wasn't a dry eye to be seen. For a stranger? Who is a stranger?

The dilated pupils showed the patient's brain had died before he was pulled from the water. He'd been down too long — but who could be sure? He had a chance — we gave it to him — but it didn't work out.

The team was totally exhausted. After a wash up and juice or coffee the Mountie took our statements. His girlfriend's father came in to thank us — she was too distraught.

Then home to family and friends, bucking traffic all the way back to Big Whiteshell — where there is still no lifeguard!

Dozens of these helpers who gave instant action and response to requests should not be forgotten.

But for the seven people, — four men — an orderly, a policeman, president of the Campers Association, and the doctor; three ladies — a nurse, an accountant and a housewife we thought was a nurse — it will remain TRIUMPH AND DISASTER.

(Above disjointed notes written at 4:00 a.m. the following morning, when I couldn't get back to sleep for the drama going round and round in my mind.)

BIG WHITESHELL LAKE
CYRIL AND BLANCHE ERVICK
LOT 17 BLOCK 1

By Blanche

The two Besser brothers built the original stucco cottage in 1953 and they call it "Bachelor's Paradise". When they sold in 1956 it was to my sister Grace and her husband Claire Holstead. At the time their neighbors on either side were Jack Kincaid and Barry McVeigh. We used to visit and I recall Claire telling us about the many bears around and how some nights they could hear the wolves howling. Claire's son used to deliver the Tribune by boat.

In 1968 when Grace and Claire moved to

Grandpa Slim and grandson Morgan, Grandpa Claire from Moose Jaw and grandchildren Shawn and Tammy.

Saskatchewan we bought their cottage and have just loved the lake all through the years. Our four children grew up participating in all the activities and now the grandchildren and relatives from Kelowna, B.C. and Sask. and even England visit us there. When Cousin Alice and her husband George came from the lake district in England they loved the lake. Alice went in swimming on the 24th of September and came out with narry a goose bump. (The earliest I have swam at the lake was the 13th of May.)

Cyril and I belong to the Game and Fish and many of the fishing derbies have been held at the Big Whiteshell. We have both won prizes for catching one of the largest in a species and one of a kind. We used to spend hours and hours out fishing and viewing the beauty of the lake. It is Our Paradise.

Our children and families, Elizabeth and her sons Brian and Morgan; Richard and Betty Anne and their son Robert and daughter Jennifer; Les and Ursula and their children Holly and Eric and our son Brent enjoy Our Paradise with us.

BIG WHITESHELL LAKE
GRAHAM
LOT 24 BLOCK 1

The first lease for our cottage was signed by Joseph Knight Morton on April 30, 1952. Fearing the lake was becoming too "built up", Mr. Morton sold to Terry Sawchuk of hockey fame, and moved over to Falcon Lake. This took place August 11, 1955. Terry, in turn, found the distance from Detroit to be too great, and sold to the Grahams with the lease being signed June 25, 1959. The opening of Blocks 4 and 5 brought another Graham family to Block 4 and necessitated the creation of a path over "Bear Mountain" so the cousins could visit.

From the day of our acquiring our cottage, we Grahams have never sat still. Yearly "safaris" over the two portages to Crowduck Lake; annual trips to Horseshoe Lake, finally resulting, through trial, error and compass, in a dry route; hacking out the trails to Goose Lakes and Turtle Lake so our little ones and our beloved dog could travel comfortably; even an aborted attempt to reach Beauchemin, being outwitted by myriads of woodticks; even an idyllic canoe trip from Crowduck to Lake Three and back home on a perfect summer day — all these ventures contributed to our enjoyment of the Whiteshell. Two of our children made the canoe trip to Mantario — quite a venture. Red Cross instruction improved the swimming skills of the children.

Closer to the cottage, we, along with other cottagers, anxiously watched the glowing red skyline resulting from the forest fire at Crowduck. Evacuation heightened the "scariness" of the situation. Fire raging from the railway lines towards Mallard Falls, a great picnic spot of ours, increased our concern for the safety of the area. Great credit goes to the firefighters who stemmed the ravages of the holocaust which threatened the lake.

On a happier note, promise of more fish being added to the lake raised our hopes of bigger catches but we still await the thrill of catching the "big one". Maybe our fishing skills were no match for the wily fish. Trips to the garbage site to see the bears scavenging for "goodies" was always on the agenda. The highly colorful spinnakers visible on the Labor Day weekend brought out the binoculars as we enjoyed watching the sailors tacking their way through the buoys. For five years we spent Christmas at the cottage, dragging in Christmas presents and supplies by toboggan and on snowshoe. Hacking through the ice to ice fish, creating a rink on the ice and creating ice sculptures, cutting and decorating our Christmas tree — all added to the fun at the festive season.

But we will never forget the stillness, the peace and quiet, the whiteness of the snow, the brilliance of the sun reflected on it, the stark silhouettes of the spruce and balsam fir etched against the clear blue sky. Summertime brought the call of the loon, the cawing of the crows, the appearance of the mallards and mergansers with their broods, the increasing number of pelicans and the pair of blue herons along the north shore — enjoyable moments we will remember always. Blueberry picking led to the discovery of Lost Lake. Clearing by the Hydro under the power lines started the gardening trend, and with lots of elbow grease, axe and spade, we created sufficient space to grow some fresh vegetables. Soon the neighbors followed suit and we all enjoy the fruits of our labors. The friendliness of neighbors contributed greatly to our love of this wonderful spot,

and we hope to enjoy the area for many more years.

Other memories —

When the Big Whiteshell Lodge was taken over from Ken McKenzie by John Swirski.

How the road was started to Horseshoe Lake and then abandoned. Annual rice picking by the Ojibways and their use of air boats.

Opening of a navigable route to Mantario.

Bringing in electricity eliminating the need for ice-boxes.

Expanding Whiteshell by opening up Blocks 4-11, and new campgrounds.

Jarmock's "Folly", the condominiums that didn't get built on the road to the swamp and Castaway Cabins.

BIG WHITESHELL LAKE
ORVYL AND MARY HAMPSON
LOT 16 BLOCK 10
By Mary

We purchased our cottage in late summer, 1966. We had been talking about buying a cottage and when our neighbor mentioned one in the Big Whiteshell we decided to go and see it. The particular cottage was a little more than we could handle financially but there was another one on Lot 16 Block 10 which we went to look at. The bushes were all grown up around it and it was unfinished, except for the outside. There was nobody to let us in but we could see in the windows. We decided to find out more about it. Within a month it was ours.

I can remember one day as we pulled out the growth and brush a bear walked between us and the cottage. That was a new experience for us. We saw many bears after that.

Work started early next spring. Our city neighbors, Barbara and Les Wescott and their two girls shared our excitement as we started this venture. Orvyl and Les spent their free time from work finishing the inside of the cottage, sleeping on the floor in sleeping bags, eating mostly lunches until we were able to get beds, stove, etc. but it was fun. Most of that first summer we worked with a little fishing and swimming mixed in. Each year we were able to do a little more until it was really our home away from home. Because we were on a corner lot there was a big yard to care for and Orvyl took pride in planting trees and caring for it. We painted it orange and brown and so it was called the "A & W" cottage by some people.

We had wonderful neighbors, the Hedleys, Cotts, Pipperts, Powles, Simons, Michalynas, Skinners, Meadows and others. It was always great when our family and friends could spend time with us at the cottage.

I remember the fire in the Whiteshell and the danger to our cottages. We wondered what would happen as we were evacuated so suddenly. One day we were able to go back in to get anything we wanted from our cottage, after checking with the Mounties. We just arrived when a terrible storm came up, trees were coming down. Two trees fell across our driveway behind the car. The thunder and lightning was tremendous and the rain came down in torrents. What an answer to our prayer? Just what we needed to get the forest fire under control. The storm was frightening but we knew the cottage was safe. After removing the trees from the driveway we headed back to Winnipeg with thankful hearts. We saw where many trees had been uprooted along the highway.

We had many happy times and were able to spend two complete summers at the cottage after Orvyl's retirement. It was necessary for me to sell the cottage after Orvyl's death in April, 1979 but that was made easier because Wes and Anne Cott became the new owners. I knew they would enjoy it just as much as we had. I have many pleasant memories of our time spent at Lot 16, Block 10, Big Whiteshell.

BIG WHITESHELL LAKE
BOB AND IRENE HEDLEY
LOT 18 BLOCK 10
By Irene

In February, 1965 we decided to purchase a cottage in the Whiteshell Park. We saw in the Free Press that Lot 16, Block 10 was for sale. The picture of the cottage nestled among the balsams and birches was most impressive and inviting. We drove down to see the cottage. The main road was open as a logging company were hauling logs out from the Castaway Cabin area. We drove the car quite near and then walked in waist deep snow to the cottage. We were pleased with the area and Bob remarked that the lot across the road on the lakefront would be ideal. In the city he made numerous phone calls and was able to purchase this lot from Ross Dyker who built a modest frame cottage on the lot by June. At the time the road ended at our driveway. We did a lot of hard work to complete it and in 1974 Bob added an extension. It is interesting to note that the original cottage we looked at now is my sister Anne and Wes' place.

Bob and I and our daughters Donna, Glenda and Heather spent all the time there that we could doing the variety of outdoor activities. We spent holidays like Christmas and New Year's there.

I especially remember the jam pail curling, the broomball games, Heather and Bob skating on our lake and Green Lake.

In the spring of about 1967 or 1968 the Mays from Neepawa came to the Whiteshell Park. They arrived at our block one weekend with a small caterpillar

Hedley family and Grandma Edmunds - about 1968

tractor, a large sled and a little caboose on a big flatbed truck. Frank May and his son Ken told us they planned to go into Indian Creek and get an old abandoned (before 1940) steam engine that had been used at a mill there. They planned to be about a week and as we went to the cottage every weekend we looked forward to the next weekend to see if they were successful. Sure enough, when we arrived the next Friday there was the little convoy coming up the centre of the lake with the steam engine. The men were surprised that it was Friday as they had cut a notch on a piece of wood to mark off the days and somehow they missed a day. After spending the night with us they loaded up their equipment and went back to Neepawa. The steam engine was to be rebuilt and put in the Austin Museum.

Bob died of cancer in January of 1982, and his ashes, at his request were spread over his beloved Whiteshell.

I spend most of the summer at the cottage with Glenda and Parker and their daughter Jessie. Heather and Ross have their own cottage at Gull Lake and Donna visits when she can.

Henschel cabin at Castaway Landing, Big Whiteshell.

MY YEARS OF TRAPPING IN THE WHITESHELL

By Henry (Harry) Henschel

My grandfather Ernest and his wife Regina lived for some time in Russia and in Poland with their family. My dad, Emil Henschel, was a German who emigrated to Volinsky Kobarny, Poland and then to the United States and Canada in the late 1890s at the age of 21. In Canada he met my mother, Bertha Grabke, who was also of German descent. They were married in Plum Coulee, Manitoba.

In 1905 Dad got a homestead and started to farm in the Seven Sisters area near the Whitemouth River. All the land was heavy bush. There was no road from Whitemouth and they had to pack everything in on their backs or by canoe along the river.

I was born in 1909. There were nine of us in the family — seven brothers (Fred, Alex, Harry, Louis, Bill, Lawrence and John) and two sisters (Hannah and Lena). Lena died of TB at the age of 16 as in 1920 there was no treatment for her.

Because we lived along the Whitemouth River we were introduced to trapping and fishing when we were boys. We trapped muskrats, weasels and mink. The price of fur was about $5 or $6 a mink which doesn't seem like much but flour was $1.50 for a hundred pound sack and butter was 15 cents a pound.

We would fish for sturgeon in the Winnipeg River. There was lots of sturgeon in the river and though it was illegal to catch them, all the people did as they needed the fish for food. You'd have a line with 150 hooks, 4-6 feet apart and baited with suckers. Using a boat, we'd lay this line across the river close to the bottom and we'd catch lots of fish.

One of the days we were stocking sturgeon in the sturgeon pen turned out rather hairy. We had checked our sets and had a catch that day. We were heading back to camp when we spotted a storm heading our way. It came faster than we had counted on, and we were being driven to shore. Along the shore there was about 40 feet of floating debris, driftwood, logs, stumps — the usual mix-up. The storm drove us over the whole mess and we hauled the boat into the bush. We spent a rough and miserable time fighting the mosquitoes for a couple of hours until the wind abated and we could paddle to camp. We lost most of our fish that day and the only thing we got was the rough, bumpy ride over the driftwood. When we got back to camp, a bear had done a pretty neat job on our grub, but we managed to dispose of him in the long run.

We used to make a pen in the river out of rocks and logs to keep our fish in until we had enough to take home, but the pens were useless after the bear found them!

The sturgeon pen

In 1929 my brothers and I decided to try our luck at trapping in the Whiteshell area. At that time, trapping was "wide open" (anyone could trap anywhere he wanted, Indians and white man alike). We were young and energetic and anxious to make money. We had a local Jewish fellow named George Grubert "grub steak" us (advance us supplies needed to start trapping). Those first years we had little equipment or knowledge of trapping but we soon learned. At first we pulled our toboggans ourselves, loaded with 300-400 pounds of traps and food along crude trails, through heavy bush and over the rocks. The winter trapping season was from about November 1 until Christmas. The spring trapping was April to May.

Portage - a treacherous portage

In 1929 and the early 1930s there were no roads, just Indian trails from lake to lake. Some portages were very treacherous and you had to be very careful. Some of us preferred to drag the canoe over to the next lake, but I felt safer with the canoe on my back. I found going downhill worse than going uphill. The portage between Two and Three Lakes was so bad that if you ever slipped it would be "good-bye." We would paddle from Seven Sisters or from Caddy Lake into our trap lines on the Whiteshell Lake. In winter we travelled over the ice and through the bush.

Before parkas came in, clothing was a problem. You had to be warm enough, yet you had to keep dry. Our mother sewed us our first parkas. We wore fleece lined underwear. We wore the combination kind even as outer overalls especially when hunting moose because it was quiet in the bush. Branches rubbed against you and made no noise so the moose wouldn't hear you. A moose could hear overalls rubbing against branches.

Footwear, so important to a trapper, was a problem. We'd use gum rubber boots with two or three pairs of grey wool socks and moccasin rubbers that came above the ankle. Later when felt liners were used in rubber boots, our feet were warmer. In the early days, sometimes we would walk up to our knees in water or slush ice because we didn't have the proper height rubber boots.

One bitter cold night, brother Alex and I were heading back to our trapline after Christmas. The days were short and we hit slush ice (water and snow on top of the solid lake ice) and the water froze to the toboggan. We had a terrible time making our way over this area. It was -35 or -40 degrees F and we got our feet wet. We were six miles away from camp trying to get across a two mile portage, and it got too dark to go on. We were forced to camp overnight in the bush and being greenhorns we didn't pick a site with plenty of wood. We had to keep a fire on all night. Somehow I kept my feet from freezing but Alex froze his feet. He had to stay in camp for two months until they healed. Those first years were difficult but we learned from experience and from others.

I built a log cabin I called "Sugar Loaf" on a rice lake near Mantario Lake. It was here I was burned out.

It had been raining but I had work to do. Before I went out to work, I put a pretty good fire on in the 45 barrel oil drum heater. I guess the stove got too hot and the cabin burned to the ground. All that was left was a half pail of potatoes and I lived on that for several days, along with local game.

The Arctic Ice Company used to cut railroad ties in different areas in the Whiteshell. They abandoned a large cabin after they'd cut all the ties they could in that area. I decided their cabin was too big for me to keep heated so I just pitched my tent inside and used it that way for years.

One day I came in off the trapline and I was pretty tired. For heat and light I used a "bitch-light" in the tent (a jam tin lid filled with deer tallow and a suitable wick to soak up the oil.) It was difficult to control and it would flare up high without warning which meant you had to watch it closely. I was very tired and I must have fallen asleep. I woke with heat hitting my face. The tent was on fire. I grabbed

a blanket and smothered the flames, but I burned my hands badly. The next day I had a terrible time hitching up the dog team as my hands were so sore.

At Sugar Loaf Camp it had been raining and raining. We had a hard time to keep dry. A bear had wrecked our tar paper roof and we had repaired it with birch bark and dirt to hold it flat. Suddenly, the birch bark collapsed and a torrent of water came pouring in. Fortunately it was in a part of the camp that didn't matter.

The main things in a camp were the stove, a crude table and chairs, and a bunk to sleep on. In the 1930s we made our own tin heater — a wood stove made of stove pipes and a barrel. We got to know that green birch logs in an airtight heater would last three to four hours. You'd get up after four hours and fill the stove. We made a shelf in a second barrel inside the first which we used as an oven to bake bread, bannock or meat. The bunk bed had a mattress made of reeds. We'd cut the reeds about 5-6 feet and put a layer four or five inches thick.

One day the game warden (Howell) and three others came along to our camp. We had put a nice roast of venison (shot out of season) into the drum oven to cook. As we talked, the men could not help but smell the venison cooking as it has a strong odor, and they could hear the fat spitting as it hit the flames. They didn't say anything but as they turned to leave, Howell turned to me and said, "The roast smells good."

Speaking of Howell, he used to carry a large, long hunting knife about 12 inches long. Everybody laughed about this big knife. Once when he was being kidded about it, he said, "Well, it's like this. Sometimes when you are travelling you run out of rations and I use it to cut rations."

We would often leave extra canned or dried food at a camp. We'd put it in a 45 gallon drum as it was mouse and bear proof. Our blankets we'd wrap in screen so the mice couldn't eat them. We also would wrap things in birch bark or tar paper. You didn't use tar paper around blankets or clothing as it would pick up the smell. We found out that bears hate the smell of tar paper. One time we had a roll of tar paper about three or four inches thick left over from papering a roof. We returned to find a bear had thrown that roll at least 25 feet away. You could see his claw marks around it.

A trapper's food is pretty plain. We usually had flour and made a bannock or baked our own bread. Game, especially deer, was plentiful and so we always had meat or fish. Porridge was easy to make and when powdered milk called Klym came on the market, it was a big help.

Years ago, ducks such as mallards were abundant. It sounded like thunder when they flew off the lake. We would shoot them to eat and would take the insides out but leave the feathers on so they wouldn't dry out. Then we'd hang them above the ground in a shady place so nothing could get them, and we had ducks all winter. I could never get a liking for a duck like a merganser that eats a lot of fish. I tried to eat one of those kind but I only got as far as skinning it before the smell hit me so hard that I heaved it into the bush.

There were no deep freezers on a trapline. We later learned to put perishables like butter, eggs or potatoes in a watertight container and put it in the lake.

A Frenchman by the name of Peter Caux lived along our route to the trap line. We usually dropped off a supply of meat for the dogs at his place so that on our return, we could use it and not have to carry it with us. One year when we returned and found no meat he said, "Dem doggone squirrels eat everything."

I've eaten beaver, muskrat and rabbits. When I found out rabbits had water blisters, I wouldn't eat any. Beaver meat isn't bad if you change the water you are cooking it in often and add spices. Pike and suckers can be boiled, roasted or fried.

As soon as we could, about 1934, we got a dog team of four dogs and they made it easier than pulling the sled by hand. Being young, we usually ran behind the dogs. We mostly had German Shepherds that cost about $25 each. Huskies were better but they cost about $50-$60.

A good lead dog was very valuable, especially when following a path across a frozen lake. A good dog can sniff out the hard trail under the new or drifted snow. A trapper must watch his dog's feet when going through water or slush. Ice balls form on the bottom of their feet, depending on how much hair the dog has and can cause sore feet. We learned from others how to make leather moccasins for the dogs and they didn't mind wearing them in certain conditions.

One of my favorite dogs was a beige mongrel I called "Mate". He would bust his guts for you, pulling his hardest and never slackened his speed. Mate liked to be patted and he was a real pet, wanting to be with us even inside the tent or cabin. At our Crowduck Lake Camp we had a bearskin we put on the floor. We tried to get him to lay on the rug. He would give us a disgusted look and lay on the bare rock.

We tried feeding him bear meat. He wouldn't eat it until it was boiled. All the dogs felt the same about bear meat. One year we ran out of venison and we only had bear meat to feed ourselves and the dogs. The dogs had to walk past the cache of bear meat and as they did, they'd pee on it. That's what they thought of bear meat. They did like raw muskrat meat, though.

Trappers used a lot of game for food for themselves and the dogs. In the early days, we would often see 25 deer in a herd especially in the bays of Whiteshell Lake. We used to make dog food out of cornmeal and beef fat in summer and warm weather. In later years we got permission to catch fish for the dogs and ourselves. Fish were plentiful and the dogs ate it raw. We mainly fed them jackfish.

Once while travelling with one of the dogs in the canoe, I trusted the dog to stay in the canoe while I walked across a short portage. The dog jumped out of the canoe and when he did, he kicked the canoe adrift. It sure doesn't feel so good to wade in ice water to retrieve your canoe.

Being as trapping was "wide open", the Cree Indians from Fort Alexander and white men alike often trapped the same hole at a muskrat lodge. Muskrats keep pushing waste material out of the lodge into the water until it forms a "push out" as trappers call it. Traps are placed on this at a 45 degree angle and held to the muddy bottom by an inch round piece of green poplar also used as bait. Sometimes there would be five or six traps at a push out. No one knew whose traps they were or whose muskrat took the bait and got trapped. As a result the trappers explained the situation to the Game Warden.

Registered trap lines came into effect about 1946 with strict rules for trappers to abide by, and designated areas specified exactly where each trap line was.

Brother Alex chose Crowduck Lake district while I chose Big Whiteshell, Turtle Lake, Indian Lake, Spider Lake, Mantario Lake and lakes we called One, Two and Frying Pan (so named because we found a frying pan there and a trapper called Alex Kolansky named it). These lakes became Finger and still later Ritchey after the head ranger.

We trapped very few beaver until 1941. Prior to that they had been overtrapped and were just making a comeback. After 1941, you had to have at least six colonies on your trap line before you could trap beaver.

Helen, Ross and dog team

While on one of my first trips along Crowduck west shore, I stopped to check some animal sets. When I looked around I saw my canoe drifting out in the water further and further from shore. Before I could get to it, it had drifted out so far I had to wade in up to my stomach in ice cold water. I learned from that to make darn sure I left the canoe higher on the shore. I could have lost all my camping equipment and the canoe, gun and survival gear.

In 1938 I married Helen Stephen from Seven Sisters. We have four children — Ross, Judy, Pat and Laurel. Throughout the years Helen, and later Helen and Ross joined me on the trap line.

We had a big black Newfoundland dog along on one of our trips to Mantario Lake. Helen thought she was following the dog up the trail but let out a screech when she noticed it was a bear. I told her to take Ross and disappear behind a tree while I went for my gun. While I was gone the bear had tried to climb a hill on the trail that was mostly bare rock. The bear had made a mistake in trying to go up the hill with a couple of hundred pounds of summer fat that did not give him mobility. He slid back on the hill and rolled back almost to the spot where Helen and Ross were waiting. By the time I got back, all I saw was a black streak heading into the bush.

I remember a little incident that makes me smile. A fellow named Walter Chyrplywy was cutting logs for lumber so we got him to bring our mail in to us as his road went right past our camp. This day he delivered our mail. Now it happened that my wife had collected a beautiful black eye while splitting wood. While Walter was drinking his tea, he kept looking at me and Helen. It didn't register with us until he left that he figured I had handed her the shiner. I did make sure when he came by the next time, to explain how Helen got the black eye.

We were heading up to Eagle Nest Lake with Helen driving the outboard motor and I decided to have a little nap. Helen had been this way before and when she came to the Barrier Shoots rapids, she decided not to bother waking me up as she knew what side of the rapids to go through and managed to negotiate through them by herself. When I woke up, I said "We must be close to Barrier Shoots" and she said she'd already gone through. It's a good thing I was asleep!

Another time we were fishing from the canoe and it was getting pretty dark. Before we knew it, we had paddled ourselves onto a flat rock just below the surface of the water, and were lodged there. No amount of paddling could get us off it. We finally just had to inch ourselves off by sitting in the canoe and jerking the canoe ahead with a sitting down

version of the "bunny hop".

Just a little mention of some of the other people I met in the Whiteshell. The folks that built the cottage at Castaway were Armstrong and a Frenchman named Baribeau. They had some cabins where they worked from at my landing down from my cabin. We got along great. Baribeau was the kind of person that would have a pot of tea or coffee on the stove, and if you didn't go in every time, there was hell to pay. They cut the logs on Findlay's homestead which was located at the rapids at Mallard Lake. Jim Findlay took the contract for towing the logs down to where they put up the sawmill at my landing. He must have had quite a time of it.

Most springs there is a two way current. When we have a heavy snow and lots of water, the river between Mallard Lake and the Little Whiteshell will be running upstream until Little Whiteshell rises to a certain level and then it will run its natural course. Naturally it would be almost impossible to tow a boom of logs upstream and the wind would be against you. They also had the worry of finding a horse that wandered around the bush one whole summer. They needed the horse to clear the scrap lumber away from the mill. My brother Alex found it in the fall and brought him across Lone Island Lake. This horse was kind of hard to handle because the wolves must have been bothering him all summer while he was alone in the bush. We had to tie gunny sacks on its legs to get him across the ice.

Armstrong supplied funds and Baribeau supplied the muscle to saw the lumber and build the cabins. One thing I forgot to say about Mr. Baribeau was he liked porcupine meat and tried his darndest to get me to eat it. But somehow I managed to avoid it by suddenly developing an upset stomach.

In 1932, some Icelandic boys named Holmes had a fish camp at Whiteshell, Saddle and Echo Lakes. Echo Lake was best for white fish because it was so deep — over 200 feet. We'd visit them once a winter and get a load of fish to take home. These men hauled fish by horse and sleigh to Decimal on the C.N.R. railroad and shipped it to market.

One time late in the fall I stopped for the night. I didn't bother to put up a tent but just turned the canoe over and spread my blankets under it. During the night it started to snow. A porcupine found my nest and he figured he had as much right as I did to use my shelter, so he crawled in on top of my blankets. I was a busy boy that night trying to boot him off. In the morning I had to pick off a bunch of quills from my blanket before I could move on.

Another time, I was camped at No. One and Two Lake portage on my Mantario trap line. I had set a bear trap on No. Two Lake so when I heard quite a racket going on, I decided to walk to the commotion. I had my flashlight and as I came close I still thought it was a bear making that noise. Before I knew it, I was close to two bull moose fighting. I got out of there in a hurry.

While trapping muskrats at Ritchey Lake, I was awakened one snowy morning by the sounds of footsteps in my camp. Peeking out of my eiderdown sleeping bag, I looked into the eyes of a timber wolf, probably stumped by this strange thing he'd never seen before. I had my gun leaning against a tree about four feet away and I couldn't move until he looked away. It had snowed about three or four inches, and that must have killed my scent. Normally a wolf would leave immediately after picking up the scent. After that incident, I always made sure my gun was within reach.

Here are a few bear stories. One spring day, I was going to Indian Lake. On a high ridge I went to step over a log and just about stepped on a bear sunning himself on the sunny side of the log. All I had for protection was a hatchet. Fortunately, he let out a "woof" and took off.

Another time I was trapping muskrats at Indian Lake. I was away from my camp all morning but returned at noon. I was sitting on my bunk and looking up at the roof. A bear must have been there sometime during the morning as I saw where he had been stripping the poles off the roof and he must have stopped when he heard me coming.

We had a bear cub one summer. Helen had quite a time with having both Judy and Pat and the bear on the bottle, so Judy lost out and was quickly taken off. We found out how mischievous they can be. If he thought you weren't looking, he would grab the tablecloth, give it a pull and watch all the dishes go flying. Then he would quickly run away.

A mother bear will steal another's bear cubs. I came across a mother bear with four cubs, two slightly bigger than the other two. It was a raw April day, snowing and cold and the poor little fellows were soaking wet and complaining. The mother bear just kept shoving them along, unconcerned about the cubs' misery. That's the time a she bear is really dangerous.

While in camp at Big Whiteshell, there was a big bang and crash so I figured the bear had finally found my cooler. Loading my gun and checking my light, I bravely stepped out to be confronted with an apparently very hungry skunk. He had pulled down the cooler and was going through my grub, scattering it in all directions. I wasn't ready to give the food to him so I tugged the cooler (very gently) keeping an eagle eye on the black and white cat. All that happened was a very sad skunk didn't get his share of my grub.

Another time I was at Frying Pan Lake and had a trap set for mink close to the wood pile. When

I pulled the chain to check the trap, I found a skunk in the trap. I very gently let the chain go and let the skunk move away far enough so that I could eventually shoot him without getting blasted.

Helen and I were canoeing along the lake one day when we came upon a skunk in the water. The water was pretty choppy and the skunk was being battered up against a sheer cliff of rock with no way of climbing it. He was just about done in, so we paddled closer and put out one of the paddles for the skunk to climb on. With his last bit of energy he climbed onto it. We held the paddle beside the canoe and headed for the nearest shore, dropping our passenger off as quickly as we could manage.

Helen, Ross and I were fishing and staying at Otter Falls at my brother Fred's camp. We had some suckers salted down for bait inside the camp and had gone to bed for the night. When we woke in the morning, we discovered a skunk breakfasting on our sucker bait. Every time we made a move to shush him out, the tail went straight up. Ross was about three years old and was complaining "I'm hungry!" We were afraid the skunk would spray inside the camp so just waited on the bunk until the skunk decided he'd had enough and left.

Another time we came upon a young moose that was stuck in the gumbo mud along the shoreline. It had just about given up struggling. We climbed out of the canoe, and with one pushing and the other pulling we managed to get the moose unstuck. It climbed onto the shore and was still sitting there when we left, thoroughly exhausted. Chances are it would have been attacked by wolves either way, but we just couldn't paddle by without trying to help.

One of the most unforgettable events for me happened when I was camped at a place on Indian Creek. The wolves had been howling all night so I knew they were around. I happened to look toward daylight and there against the sunrise on a high rock was the outline of seven wolves. It was one of the most beautiful pictures painted by nature. In all my 60 years of trapping, the scene will always stand out.

Mother Nature can be pretty cruel at times. I've seen moose that are old and crippled in the spring and covered in wood ticks. You feel like putting them out of their misery. There used to be a high, steep rock on Mantario Lake that the deer would graze on early in the spring. Quite often they would misjudge the steepness of the rock and fall about 100 feet to the bottom. We could only put them out of their misery. Another time we were having breakfast and noticed something in the open water between the shore and an island. I took the canoe and pushed the canoe along the ice, jumping in whenever the ice broke. I found a big buck deer had fallen through the ice and wasn't able to get a footing on

A buck caught by ice

the ice. He must have been there all night as he was really battered up. I tried to get a rope around his horns but he was thrashing around too much and I finally ended up shooting him. This often happened in the spring when the water thaws in the middle of the lake but there is still a ring of ice about 30 or 40 feet close to shore. The deer would swim across the lake but couldn't get their grip on the ice. We would try to use the meat for the dogs but they wouldn't have anything to do with it.

Moose hunting gave me the most fun. My grandfather Ernest had liked hunting too so I must have come by it naturally. I usually hunted with my friends and I picked fellows that I knew well and knew that they were good bushmen, good sports and liked the woods as well as hunting for the meat. William Howk was just a fellow and my son Ross, and his air force pal Bill Dunkerslee made our group and we had this combination until the group had to break up. Ross had to move east to Toronto, Bill Howk died, and the rest all moved, so I figured I had hunted my share of game.

Duck hunting was a good pastime too, but it got so I didn't get that much pleasure out of hunting ducks when the ducks were so few. "Sportsmen" spoiled it for me when I found game discarded on the portages.

One time when I was moose hunting, I spotted a moose, shot it and saw it go down. As I started to head out to get it, I saw it get up so I shot it again and saw it go down again. When I got to the spot where the moose went down, I discovered I had shot two different moose.

When the children were small, we lived at River Hills. I would work for Manitoba Hydro during the summer and trap during the winter. But eventually I worked full-time for Manitoba Hydro for 19 years until I retired, trapping only on weekends and on weeks set aside for fall and spring trapping. Randy Luptak has been my trapping partner for the last 10-15 years. He is a hard working fellow who doesn't believe in overtrapping. His wife enjoys the outdoors and they have a cabin at Big Whiteshell Lake.

Henry and Helen's 50th anniversary - 1988

Pulling a canoe on a sled.

BIG WHITESHELL LAKE
"WON-TOLLA"
MARY K. JOHNSON
LOT 8 BLOCK 8

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat,
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.
—W. Shakespeare ("Julius Caesar")

By 1960 I felt that it was time to work towards my old dream — a cottage at the lake. Now began the search for the right place — in the Whiteshell, amid rugged rock, wildlife, and clear, cool water. I arranged for the government to send me lists of cottage lots as they became available, and through two summers Mother or friends joined me in touring to see various sites. Meanwhile I was on a severe budget to save all that I could, drawing cottage plans, and buying small things for it every payday to keep the dream alive.

At last, a list of lakefront lots came — at Big Whiteshell Lake! My friend Audreen and I went to see the lots, in pouring rain. In Lot 8 we walked through to a high rock formation overlooking the lake and stood there, slacks sopping wet to the knees, rain pouring down our faces. As we gazed at the beauty of the wide stretch of water and the opposite land formations, I suddenly declaimed "Silent, upon a peak in Darien!" Audreen paled and stepped back from me. I hastily explained that as we gazed in wild surmise, so had "stout Cortez" when in Central America he thought he was close to finding the passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Ever since, that spot has been called Darien Rock.

I obtained the lease of this lot, and as required, went down to mark the positioning of the cottage for the approval of the local ranger. It was hot work for my friends and me to mark the lot boundaries, then the cottage area. They had brought swimsuits, but I hadn't. I so badly wanted a dip and was finally persuaded to don a rain-suit (of all things) to go in. I found that the plastic of the suit was not opaque as promised, but my Piscean instincts prevailed, and in I flopped. The air in the suit billowed up, making me a rare figure of fun as I floated along. Oh, the bliss of cool water! Later we sat on the rocks above the water, but below the cottage level, to dry off in the sun. With perfect timing, the ranger hailed us from above! Turning towards him as little as possible I promised to join him shortly, then trying to ignore the girls' mad giggling, I forced my wet self into my clothes, to climb up with as much dignity as I could muster. Solemnly the ranger approved my siting.

The builders approved of my cottage plan, and soon the men arrived to begin work. Every weekend Audreen and I were there to capture their progress on my movie camera. One of the men good-naturedly "laid the corner stone" for this film, using one of the concrete blocks. At last, on Sunday, October 14, 1962, we walked into the cottage, found the work finished, and joyously took possession. I named the cottage "Won-Tolla" (The Outlier). I first took the name from Kipling's Jungle Book, and on checking further found that "won" is ancient Arabic for "home", and "Tolla" suggests "away from civilization". Very suitable, as no-one else built on our block until the next year. A number of visits followed until the roads became too icy. Friends gamely joined me in clearing up the yard, then in the evenings we lit the lamps against the black of night and, fed and warmed by the big coal-and-wood stove, we read for a while by the table lamp. This was usually followed by laughing at each other's antics in games of Charades.

I soon found that working and playing at the cottage, and returning to city apartment makes for a happy lifestyle — the best of both worlds. And I love entertaining friends at the lake and seeing them enjoying themselves.

In those early days I was assured by neighbours

that I had beavers down by the shore. Actually they were groundhogs — three generations of them. On a fine warm day, Grandpa would slowly meander around the front lawn, select his favorite weeds, and eat them. That was fine, but I was indignant when father groundhog walked into the back yard, pulled a tiger lily over and — "chomp" — bit off and ate the flower, leaving the bare stem standing. I was amused to see that two youngsters were excitedly chasing all over the lot, just as gophers do, uttering a continual "ch-ch-ch-ch"! Later, and I swear this is true, I saw them perched on an oak tree branch, leaning together and looking over the lake. Ah, love!

One hot summer day I sat alone by the water, and watched a tiny weird creature crawl out of the lake and up onto a rock. Soon its eyes bulged so that I thought it must be in great pain. Then two thread-like X's on its back snapped apart. Slowly, labouriously, a dragonfly emerged! It remained still a moment, then its tail telescoped out, longer and longer, and its wings unfolded again and again to an unbelievable thinness. These it fluttered weakly, then more strongly, and off it flew, leaving its empty shell still hanging onto the rock. Late in August the dragonfly mating fight looks so romantic, as they soar over our heads towards the lake. But he drops her into the water to deposit her eggs! I'd like to tell them about women's lib!

One day when we all were sitting on Dock Rock, a tiny emerald-green head popped up at the water end. We moved to either side, and up the beautiful snake moved to hunt for food in the higher-up brush.

That first fall particularly, there was such a strong atmosphere of wilderness. We stood alone there, with a chasm of rock and water between us and the people in Block 7. It wasn't frightening, but a very special feeling seldom granted to city-dwellers. It was like having the natural world all to ourselves for a while, in peace.

Any year that a group of us get to the lake on or near October 14th, we have a birthday party, complete with cake and candles, to honour Won-Tolla.

The berry bushes bordering the yard were left to encourage birds to nest there, but they also hid small creatures and the occasional bear. Our garbage cans, up at the road, were often raided by bears and skunks. Lock-on lids didn't deter the bears, as they simply hugged them and rolled over onto them until the bear's weight bent the cans, and off popped the lids. Poor Audreen was stuck in the biffy one day while a bear meandered through the lot. She was lucky that we were around to yell a warning, and then give the all clear.

A few years later, Dan, our luckiest fisherman, was filleting his catch of pickerel. He rolled the leavings in newspaper and wedged the package into a tree crotch until morning. In the dead of that night I awoke to hear rain pelting down. When it stopped I heard crackling sounds outside. I got up and turned on the yard light. The bundle of fish leavings had collapsed in the rain, dropping bones, etc. to the ground, where two magnificent skunks were happily crunching them. Two days later, Dan was again cleaning fish. Down the driveway trotted two skunks, evidently after their share. Without thinking, Dan yelled "Get outa here!" Away they went, and he started breathing again.

Early in January, 1963 I went through the trauma of my mother's death. Later came the hard task of clearing out our big family home. Next spring, among other things, Mother's piano and music cabinet went to Won-Tolla, adding a new dimension of enjoyment there in sing-songs, hilarious duets, and some serious playing.

Anyone who has read "The Specialist" (in building outhouses) by Chic Sale will recognize that I have followed his advice somewhat. The woodshed is just beyond the biffy so that any timid soul heading for the biffy and finding anyone around, can pass it by and bring in some wood. The door of the outhouse opens out, and I attached a rope to it. In this way, when one is inside, the door can be left open onto the trees, then if anyone comes near, one pulls the rope to shut the door quickly. One sunny day I sat on and on with the door open, enjoying the sight and sound of a white-throated sparrow, with his head up, throat throbbing, singing and singing his "Old Sam Peabody, Peabody, Peabody".

When the trucks rolled in with lumber for neighbouring cottages, I wanted to run out and order them back. I'm glad to say, though, that we were blessed with some fine neighbours.

All the clearing of lots greatly decreased the number of bulldog flies, which had been sending us home with great purple welts on our arms. But there's always one of them around to "bug" us when we're in swimming, zooming around and around your head, causing you to splash water at it so madly that you could drown in the process. Summer after summer we have lain on Dock Rock, and swum and frolicked in the water. I am only sorry that nowadays so few of my friends want to swim.

One pest that remains is wood-ticks, hence the full-length mirror in the bathroom to help one check for them. I finally found that the best way to remove ticks is to slide my thumbnail (kept long for that purpose) under the tick and hard against the bite, then keeping fingers well bent to avoid squeezing the tick's body, place the second fingernail hard against the other side of the bite, and yank the tick out. Antiseptic is applied, the tick is burnt in a bit

of paper, and hands are washed. I was very proud of a mother who brought her two little girls to the lake. She was terrified of ticks, but determined not to pass her fear on to her children. Whenever she found a tick she'd call for me in such a controlled voice that it barely scraped out of her throat.

It was with mixed emotions, in 1964, that we changed to electric service, and disposed of the old icebox where keeping meat fresh was such a concern. The gas-run water pump was replaced by an electric one, to my relief. No more flying down the hill when the water pressure fell, to wrap the cord around and yank, and wrap and yank, etc., until the motor started up! Once when I remonstrated with a chap about his language he replied: "Don't talk to me, Mary Johnson — I heard what you called that pump!"

Only once did I cook our steaks on a little hibachi set on the ground. When I went back for two more, there was a beautiful big skunk taking away the last one, dropping it frequently on its way, as it was still very hot. I called the gang to see, but of course no-one tried to rescue the meat.

I so wanted a fireplace in Won-Tolla, but it seemed that it was going to be far too expensive. Finally, a friend brought Willi in. Willi saw no problem about it — in fact, that was his favorite remark: "No problem."

It was his own idea to go out with his mallet and break up rocks, to face the fireplace with their sparkly side. He was out one day smashing up rock, and thought the squirrels were awfully noisy. He turned around, to face a full-grown black bear. Suddenly he found himself sitting in his truck, with no idea of how he got there.

As the seven foot concrete base rose towards floor level to support the fireplace I saw Willi toss a coin into the wet cement. He explained that he always dropped in a coin of the appropriate year. Work had to stop then to wait for my "time capsule" to go in. In it rests a brief story of Won-Tolla, and the names of the most frequent visitors, Willi included, of course, as the fireplace builder. Soon the fireplace was finished, with its funny little chimney, and the comfort of its fires.

Some evenings, just for the good of our souls, I'll get a good fire burning in the fireplace, light up the old lamps, and turn out the electric lights — and we sit back, relax and speak softly, and find a quiet content.

One of the special joys of a summer cottage is the opportunity to watch and learn from nature: the angry chittering of a squirrel at a thieving bluejay, the splashing of a robin in the bird-bath, and the diving style bath of a phoebe. One could watch for hours the antics of hummingbirds as they fight and play about their feeder: zooming about, hovering at the windows to see if we're in, or hovering upright with their chests stuck out as if to dare another to try to stab it. Often one of them will linger at the feeder to tempt another to come along and play. One perched and leaned away back looking at the sky, and another came and gently poked its head. Away they flew. I started out with a feeder lacking a foot rail, as I didn't know how "hummers" exhaust themselves and should be able to perch at the feeder, I saw one of them lying on the old feeder with a claw hooked into a feeding hole. I was horrified, thinking it either stuck or sick, and I was about to go to the rescue when another hummingbird came along, put its body alongside the other, and gently pushed up. The first bird must merely have been resting, for it quickly flew up, and off they raced.

The outdoor biffy has a strange attraction for small animals, perhaps because it could only be dug 18 inches deep before hitting solid rock. The ground squirrels moved in, but left after heavy applications of Misto-Van. Later, a family of groundhogs filled up the hole with earth from excessive tunneling. On hot days their grandpa stretched out on the concrete doorstep with all the aplomb of Alfred Hitchcock. That fill of earth had to be cleared by the honey man. The groundhogs left. This fall a rabbit filled up the hole with grass clippings. What a chore that must have been! I haven't the heart to disturb his winter sleep, so will leave him be until spring.

One summer two nursing mother squirrels fought for the peanuts we tossed out. I watched both of them take the germ of every nut first, then come back for the rest of the nut. Could it be that the germ enriched their milk? These ladies were quite different: One, "Mae West" was well rounded, with an opulent fur coat and tail, and an attitude of privileged superiority; while the other "Effie" was a nervous, yappy little thing, with slightly buck teeth and a thin, tatty fur coat and tail. Mae West bothered her so much that Effie would turn to us with her mouth square, yelling a high-pitched "o-o-o-h" Towards fall, a very stiff old cougar moved into the bush across the road, and many small animals disappeared. One day Effie came up on the deck to get peanuts from me, and to my amazement, began telling me an unhappy story through her actions and nervous chatter. Obviously there was some great danger about, as she crouched low, looking up over her shoulders and growling deep in her throat in a most frightened manner. I told her how very sorry I was, and hoped that she would be all right. What can a mere human do, in the face of nature's laws? I never saw her again, poor thing.

A few years later, a squirrel found its way into the house through a hole Willi had cut in the floor

to feed air into the fireplace. Madam squirrel had made herself a very comfortable winter nest on a bed, under a folded eiderdown. She chewed large holes in two blankets, an entire box of 300 facial tissues, and much of a role of paper towelling to line the nest luxuriously, then produced her babies. The nest was empty when we returned next spring, but the mother boldly came in through a fireplace vent. Next morning the hole was boarded up, as the squirrel soon found. She scrabbled and gnawed at it, then in squirrel tongue screamed at us, and the language! All that summer we had to be very careful, opening the back door, because two young squirrels firmly expected to come in — guess who? One of these, on my offering a cookie when the peanuts ran out, grabbed my thumb in both hands, bit the knuckle then scratched his nails along both sides. They were fed no longer, and soon left us. Ever since, we have fed the much better-behaved chipmunks.

One day I was using my yellow electric sander outside and noticed a bee flying back and forth over it. Unafraid of bees, I removed my hand from the sander and watched. The bee slowly flew down and lit for a few seconds on the sander, then flew away, leaving me to wonder. Did it think that it had found the Great Bee? H'mmm.

A young friend of mine went to the woodshed one morning, and suddenly went into a fit of shouting and waving his hands about his head. He tore back into the kitchen, with bites on his shoulders, back, and neck. He'd run into a nest of bald headed hornets, the nastiest devils in the insect world. They look it too, with big black bodies and white heads. When they bite, they take a piece of flesh away to feed their grubs. Their nest was removed with little delay. After that I watched some red-breasted grosbeaks continually swooping into the woodshed, then out. Obviously, they were aiming for the hornet nest. They finally gave up and, to my regret, left us that very day. We have had a number of wasp nests in the eaves of the cottage, but fortunately the hose destroys them very quickly.

Mary "hamming" it at the piano

Won-Tolla faces southeast, giving us a good view of the sunrise in all its colours. When the timing is right we also enjoy the moonrise and, with the lights out, watch the moon's path across the lake. In the silence we often hear the water chuckling in the rocks, sleepy gurglings of ducks at shoreline, and the eerie wild call of a loon.

On a clear moonless night it's quite an experience to darken the cottage and lie on the deck watching the sky — that great expanse of black velvet sprinkled with countless diamonds. After a time our eyes discern something of the various depths of the space around us, and the movements of some of the lights. We're alone in the universe? — nonsense! When gazing into such infinity, how small we and our daily concerns seem to be.

What a privilege it is to live in the midst of nature, and quietly enjoy its wonders. I'm so glad that I seized that tide leading on to Won-Tolla.

BIG WHITESHELL LAKE
LEDERMANS
LOTTIE AND BOB, JOHN AND ANNE
FORMERLY AT LOT 7 BLOCK 10

During the 1963/64 curling season, Bob was active with a ministerial league which played Monday mornings. We had been wondering about getting a cottage as an escape from the seven-day "on call" aspect of his job, also because it was harder and harder to plan summer vacations of interest to teens. We wondered if anything could be found at a price we could pay when one morning at curling, Rev. George Dyker gave a pitch for the "Ross Dyker Specials" about to be built. He showed us some sites in the spring, and we bought.

Exciting as it was to build, paint, furnish, and move into the cottage that June of 1964, I think the biggest thrill was a visit in February 1965. The snow was deep and pristine, Snoopy at three months almost disappeared from sight, but the fireplace made us cozy and we felt the peace of the "wild."

An unexpected bonus of life on the Whiteshell was the many other families at a similar stage who had also bought. The teens were able to form their own group (gang?) which kept them interested in coming with their parents. I know we sometimes wondered about the noise, the parties at the campsite, the gas consumed skiing, the car accidents and near misses, some of the craziness, but they seemed

Anne's 14th birthday

good for each other. John's carefully crafted hydroplane, including its runaway trip when it flipped his sister into the water and had to be rescued on the fly by Bob Hedley was another high (low) point.

Sailing became a big part of our summers in the Whiteshell, and many will recall the Albacore, whether sailed by Bob or John, turning its "vertical wing" (the mainsail) into much more of a horizontal wing after all. Snoopy loved the mascot role, but hated it when he got dunked.

The cottage was always a great place to entertain old friends, whole families from Winnipeg, or as far away as New York and Vancouver. This continued when the children moved away, and began to include cross-country skiing parties in the winter. One December, Lottie and I went out on the lake at midnight, temperature -30° F, bright moon and dead calm, glided to the middle islands and back hearing the ominous "thunder" of ice complaining about the cold — what a thrill!

As Bob changed professions and the children moved East, the "day off escape" became less important, and often on those inclement weekends, the drive seemed wasted. We also felt that over the years we had missed out on other recreational trips being tied to the cottage each weekend, so loyalties began to weaken. After retirement, we decided we wanted to return to southern Ontario (from Winnipeg, Parry Sound IS southern Ontario) and had decided we did not want two places to keep up, so parting with what had once been a very important part of our family life was not difficult. We moved to a brick home with something of a cottage feel, on a 1½ acre lot overlooking water in a country subdivision, close to all the summer and winter sports we enjoyed in the Whiteshell. We hope the Matiations are finding the cottage as great a part of their family life at its current stage as we did when there.

We would love to have old friends drop in as they drive past. We are just five minutes away from the Trans-Canada Highway 69, northeast of Parry Sound.

BIG WHITESHELL LAKE
RANDY AND JUDY LUPTAK
LOT 3 BLOCK 7

By Randy

Our introduction to the Whiteshell started in 1981. Prior to that I had been trapping in many open areas in Manitoba.

In the spring of 1981 Gerald Kuhn from Nutimik Lake store phoned me to ask if I would be interested in being a helper on Henry Henschel's trapline at Big Whiteshell Lake. I just about "flipped out" as the areas in which I had previously trapped, could in no way match the beauty of the Whiteshell Park.

Upon meeting with Henry Henschel in April 1981, he allowed me to use a large part of the line to manage on my own with the only stipulation being that I do not overtrap and that I obey the trapping laws. I was fortunate to have a wife Judy, daughters Noreen and Terri, who wanted to go to the park on a regular basis, so after renting a cabin for a few years, we decided to buy our own in 1984.

In the eight years that I have been with Henry, I've had my share of experiences. I am the world's most unlucky guy for meeting up with bears in the bush and I am always amazed at people who say they can't find any wildlife in the park. I don't mind the problems that a trapline gives, such as cold weather, slush and hard work, but I hate mice in the camps. You can't get a good night's sleep with them around. They run up and down the walls all night and for every one you catch in the mouse trap, two more appear. One night I had finally dozed off and was having a nice dream when suddenly, in the dream, there was a mouse on my chest. I woke up and there actually *was* a mouse on my chest. After a few years of sharing the company of these cute little critters, I built a new camp and spared no expense in making it "mouseproof".

I had one unfortunate incident on June 25, 1983. I had some work to do in the bush close to Rice Bay where I was building a small log, bear proof structure in which to store bait for use later in the season. I had just finished the work and was very tired. There was a small creek with a rapid on the way back, where I usually stopped for some water. I grabbed an old Coke bottle that I had left on the branch of a tree to get the water. I had done this a hundred times but this time I was careless and I slipped on the rock. I fell backwards and the bottle smashed into my hand. Blood was pouring out of my hand like a hose. The wound went through the center of the palm of the hand and it was very hard to stop the bleeding. The only way I could get it to slow down was by pushing my thumb from my other hand into the wound with a lot of pressure and even then it wouldn't stop the dripping. I knew I had to get back home quickly.

I left everything and started the six kilometer trip back to home on the Big Whiteshell. The deer flies almost drove me mad. I guess they were attracted to the blood. I could only try to blow them off but soon I just had to let them bite as it was useless and I was travelling in some bad bear areas. My biggest concern was meeting a bear on the way back in the condition I was in. Luckily I didn't see any. Two-thirds of the way back I had a camp with some large gauze and heavy bandage tape and I thought I would be fine once there. My problem, once I was there, was trying to get my key out of my pocket, because I had to let go of the wound and blood spurted everywhere. Once inside, I realized that I had wasted my time because the bandages were useless to stop the flow. I should have made some kind of tourniquet but never thought of it at the time. On the last leg of my journey back I was sure I would meet some travellers coming down the Finger Lake portage and would be able to ask for some assistance, but not a soul was there. During the last part of my journey through the bush I was getting light-headed and sick and I was afraid I might pass out. Between the bugs and the heat, I was in a bad way. "What else could go wrong?" I thought. When I got to Big Whiteshell Lake I found out. A west wind had picked up and there were big rollers coming in where my boat was docked. You had to paddle the boat at least forty feet out, in order to get past the weeds and in deep enough water to start the motor. I did not know how I was going to row my 14 foot boat as my hand was useless. I decided to walk into the lake up to my chest and try to roll into the boat. This worked, but by the time I was in, the waves pushed me back to shore. I tried again and this time had the 18 Mercury motor down and ready to start. I went straight into shore. I was so fed up I pulled the cord anyway and luckily, on the second pull, the motor started. I went over logs, sand and weeds and finally got it off the shore and I was finally feeling like things would be okay. I remember passing Camp Alloway, a Boy Scout camp, and thinking that maybe I should stop there for assistance, but what if no one was there? Then I would have the problems of starting the motor all over again. I decided to keep going. There was blood everywhere by this time and I looked like a dead rat. When I finally got close to my dock I was so pleased to see my neighbour, Mr. Bill Skinner and family from Block 10. They immediately saw that I was in trouble and gave me much appreciated assistance up the hill to my cabin and to my very upset wife. The Skinners drove me to the Parks office and kindly looked after the children. I spent one night in the Pinawa Hospital and then had surgery on my hand in Winnipeg. I had cut the nerves and tendons and could not move my fingers. After a summer of recuperating, my hand returned to normal, except for the loss of feeling in two fingers. The lesson I learned was how vulnerable one can be when you are alone and you injure yourself — (Always remember that.)

BIG WHITESHELL LAKE
JOSEPH AND BRIGID MALONE
LOT 9 BLOCK 5

By Brigid

While visiting friends in Falcon Lake in the summer of 1967, we met Brian from the Big Whiteshell Lake. Around about that time Brian had been transferred to Montreal in the Air Canada shake up. He did not want to sell his cottage. Would we use it and look after it until such a time that he decided what to do with it?

We drove out to see this cabin and were not impressed. No water, no cupboards, no dock and no boathouse and only an outdoor biffy. After much persuasion, we decided to give it a try. We didn't hear from Brian for about six years. Meanwhile, we put in the water, built a dock, and much more work to make a more liveable cottage and became very fond of cottage life.

One day Joseph got a call from Brian saying that he had to sell due to financial difficulties. We put an offer on it and without Brian even seeing what we had done, he sold it to us. That was 1974.

It was Joseph's retreat from the business world. He worked hard at making a fireplace, a sundeck on three sides and so on. Our seven children learned to water-ski and we played many a game of cribbage with them.

In 1981 my husband passed away due to cancer. Our children — Bob and Heather and their children, Sean and Megan; Barbara and Lloyd and their girls Shauna, Carolyn and Christina; Kathy; Colleen and Scott and their daughter, Devon; John and Diann; Rosemary and Don; and Tom and Nancy all join me at the cabin. Many fond memories are talked about when we gather for a long weekend or birthday around the fireplace in our much loved summer retreat.

BIG WHITESHELL LAKE
BOB AND LOU McCORRIE
LOT 13 BLOCK 6

Our quest for a cottage lot began in 1961, when we decided to enrich our family's leisure time. When we started to build the main road ended at Block 6. There was no electricity, so of course, no power tools. A wood stove, icebox, along with Coleman lamps and lanterns were purchased and we began cottage building in earnest.

At that time there was an abundance of visiting wildlife, deer would come into the yard for bread,

The two Bob's - 1963

moose would go out of the yard trailing the badminton net from their antlers, skunks falling in the outhouse, porcupines would show up, and bears were always a certainty. Our dog, a beagle named Gus, spent his time howling at the bears, putting them up trees or on top of cottages, that's when he wasn't bringing home the neighbours' children's sand pails, shoes, toys, etc.

Our two sons, Bob and Cameron, grew up at Big Whiteshell Lake. Due to circumstances beyond our control during the Thanksgiving weekend of 1965, we had to come to get our boat out of the freezing waters with Bob, then aged nine, carrying the stitches from a recent apendectomy and Cameron, three weeks old. To keep him warm, he was bundled in front of the open oven of the wood stove, so was his initiation to the lake. He went on to work for the Provincial Government at Nutimik Lake for four summers while attending university. He met his future-to-be wife, Kary there, and they spent their honeymoon at Big Whiteshell Lake.

During our son Bob's teenage years he was a piper for the Lord Selkirk Scout Pipe Band, and spent many hours practicing in the huge front yard in readiness for the 1967 Pan American Games. The sound of the pipes carried throughout the lake.

The poignant memories and experiences of waterskiing, fishing, cross-country skiing, snowmobiling, block parties, trees falling on the cottage, visitors and all the Christmas holidays and New Year's parties are too numerous to mention, but the many wonderful and enduring friendships acquired at the lake is something that will remain with our family forever.

Jerry, Maggie, Michael, Andrea and "Penny" - 1969

BIG WHITESHELL LAKE
JERRY AND AUDREY MENSFORTH
LOT 7 BLOCK 7

By Audrey

When Jerry and I first went to see Lot 7 Block 7 Big Whiteshell Lake, we had to park the car at Green Lake and hike in as there was no road yet. I'll never forget standing on the hill looking down into the green, green water and exclaiming how beautiful it was, just like some of the lakes we'd seen in British Columbia, only to learn later that it was the algae making it that colour! We had bid on two other lots, one at Jessica and Lot 6 next door. We started building the summer of 1962. There were no other cottages or people around except the odd passing boat so we all swam in the buff, the children who were quite small wearing only life jackets. We have some old 8 mm movies of sudsy hair and bare bottoms up as they ducked their heads in the water like ducks.

The first couple of years the children could not go outdoors without wearing a whistle tied around their necks because I was afraid they would forget and wander off into the woods, so every once in a while I'd blow my whistle and they would blow back, so I knew they weren't very far away from the cottage.

As the children grew older they got to know many others and invited them over to play on our dock and to ski. Very often some would stay till the late movie came on the old black and white T.V. and then I'd take them back to the campground or wherever they were staying. Our routine got all mixed up, what with staying up late and sleeping late in the morning.

We had made several trips up the river to Mallard Falls but one day some friends from Block 2 accompanied us for a wiener roast up to the falls. It took us quite a while to get there putting along with about a 15 h.p. motor, but we all looked forward to a swim and roasting our wieners. You can imagine how disappointed everyone was when we discovered that no one had brought matches to light the fire! I guess the kids will never let us forget that!

Over the years the family broke up, Jerry died in 1979, and the cottage was eventually passed on to the youngest member of the family, Andrea, who continues to enjoy it with occasional visits from the rest of the family, Maggie and Michael.

BIG WHITESHELL LAKE
MIKA AND KLAYH KLAN
LOT 3 BLOCK 5
By Mona

In the mid 1950s when lots were opening up, my dad, Ralph Mika and my husband Gordon, tramped through the bush looking and trying to settle on which lot to select. Gordon even went so far as to swim along the shoreline looking for a nice spot to swim and to dock the boat. Finally, two were selected and luckily both bids were accepted. We were the proud owners of two lots. Now the work began.

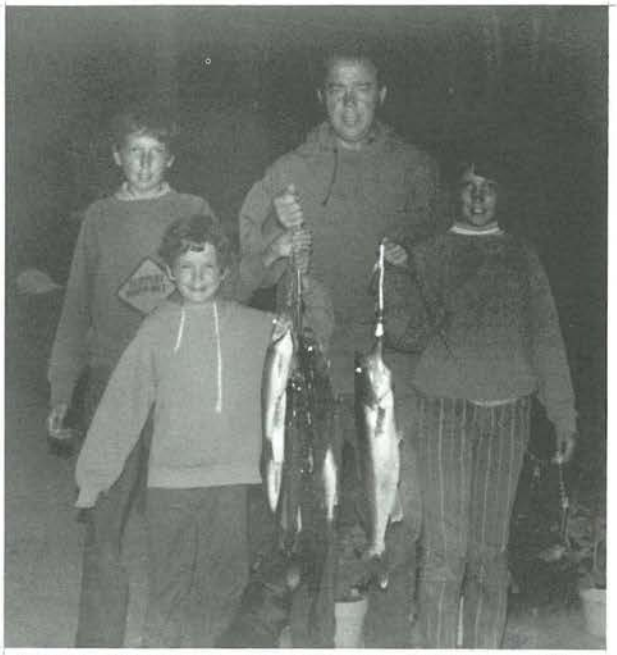
One cottage was built first. All the lumber had to be cut with a hand saw as there was no electricity. It took three summers to completely finish the cottage. Then we were ready to start the second. On thinking the situation over and realizing that I was an only child, the Mikas and Klayhs decided to build one large cottage and share it. This was done and the first cottage was sold to Allan and Tony Watts. They spent many years there until their three children were grown up. They sold then to Mikkel Magnasson.

Lydia and Ralph Mika

The Klayk Klan - Kevin, Mona, Kim and Gord

Reminiscing is a favorite pastime as we grew older and thoughts of our thirty odd years in the Whiteshell are so special. There were many varied instances when we were at one with nature. Our son Kevin and daughter Kim grew up catching bloodsuckers, feeding the chipmunks, and squirrels, watching the bears roam along the shoreline, long before the garbage cages and on occasion, although it was rare, a timberwolf and a lynx.

Our most interesting sight was when a large snapping turtle decided to dig up our garden looking for the perfect place to lay her eggs. Her mate waited for her on the rocks at the shoreline. She had a distance of 75 feet to cover to get to the garden and there she dug numerous holes, finally selected the right one and laid her eggs, covering them carefully after she was finished. All this took about two hours on a May 24th weekend. Needless to say, we didn't plant our garden near her eggs and we waited patiently for them to hatch. The whole summer went by and nothing happened. We were disappointed. The following spring, again in May, we saw that the hole was dug up and some of the eggs, which look like ping pong balls, were strewn all over, possibly by a skunk. There weren't any turtles around. My husband, Gordon dug deeper into the holes and there were a few eggs left. We put them out in the sun and low and behold we watched about a dozen little turtles break out of their shells. They had such a long way to the water's edge and they were so small that Gordon put them in the palm of his hand and took them to the water's edge. He gently put them in the water and they clung to the rocks, eating the algae, or so it looked. We watched them all afternoon and then finally they swam away.



The family catch - Douglas, Bill, Ronald and Rick

BIG WHITESHELL LAKE
BILL AND PHYLLIS MILNE
LOT 4 BLOCK 9

By Phyllis

In 1965 we decided that it was time to think about buying a cottage rather than continue tenting with three small children. As we had often gone fishing at the Big Whiteshell Lake area it was our choice since it had the beauty as well as the wilderness. When we noticed a cottage advertised for sale at Big Whiteshell, we drove out to see it. The location on the lakefront was exactly what we were looking for. It gave us great enjoyment completing the cottage, clearing the lot and finding time to do some fishing. Our three sons enjoyed their summers at the cottage. We have fond memories of our early morning and evening family fishing outings. We would head for our favorite fishing spots and the competition for the first and biggest always brought excitement. The outdoor movies at the campground were fun for the children. They took swimming and canoeing lessons also at the campground. During the winter, whenever possible, we would spend the weekends ice-fishing and cross-country skiing.

Bill loved the cottage and found great relaxation there. He was enthusiastically planning his retirement days, hoping to spend more time at the cottage when his life was unfortunately taken on July, 1987, while returning to Winnipeg.

Our son Douglas and his wife Janet and Brian and our other sons, Ronald and Rick, and generations to follow will enjoy the cottage as we have.

BIG WHITESHELL LAKE
GARNET AND MYRTLE MORRISON
LOT 11 BLOCK 11

By Garnet

On Saturday, May 14th, 1966 my wife Myrtle, daughter Linda and I went into the Whiteshell to look over lots which were available as indicated by a letter we had received. We made notes on each lot and then we proceeded home to mull over our observations. Tenders had to be in by May 16th, so we hurriedly entered our choices and waited. Imagine our delight when we got our first choice up high on a hill with a long slope and a beautiful view of much of the lake.

Our friend, Steve Pawluk, built the cottage. He had our tent trailer on the site for living accommodation. He was an excellent carpenter and we are justly proud of his work. The late Bob Hedley, about 150 yards down the road where the hydro stopped, kindly allowed us to use his power so it made it easier. Each day Steve loaded up the trailer with the lumber to be cut and he took it to Bob's driveway. We would go down most weekends to see how things were progressing. Steve did the framework, siding and roofing and I took over after that.

When I retired in 1976 I took a log building course at Roblin. Then, with the help of Steve, a log room was added to the cottage. It was very heavy work but the room was well worth the effort.

We enjoy every aspect of the Whiteshell. In early years we were frequently visited by bears. One big old bear Linda named Igor, used to visit the garbage regularly. You could hear him approaching as he knocked over garbage cans on his way up the hill.

Linda, who dearly loved the Whiteshell, died of cancer in 1985. Her husband, Robert and children, David and Lindsay, have happy times with us at the cottage.

BIG WHITESHELL LAKE
POLISH YOUTH CAMP
BLOCK 12

By Alina Chmielowicz, Lot 1 Block 9

The Polish Youth Camp is maintained and operated by the Polish Combatants Association in Canada, Branch #13 in Winnipeg. This dynamic organization has a membership of mostly Second World War veterans and their families. Great care has been given to provide activities for the large number of families with growing children. Scouts and Guides and later a dance group were promoted and wholeheartedly supported. Several summer camps had been organized on farms like at Camp Morton and also one at the public campground at White Lake. Obtaining a permanent campsite with proper accommodations for Cubs and Brownies became of most importance.

Scouts take Brownies for a kayak ride - 1977

In 1967 the Polish Combatants obtained Lot 2 for youth operation. Different organizations obtained Lot 1 but they later decided it was too small and the Polish Combatants received permission from the Park to use both lots.

In the spring of 1967 Polish Boy Scouts and Girl Guides built five fibreglass kayaks in preparation for their first camping experience on the shores of Big Whiteshell Lake. The terrain was covered in heavy bush of maples and hazelnuts. First the campsites were cleared with a site for ceremonial campfires in a spot by the lake. This was true wilderness camping. During some evening campfires, the only way to survive the mosquitoes was to keep the young people moving in lively games and dances. Occasionally we even had to move out onto the bare rocks at the water's edge.

In 1969 a permanent kitchen shelter was built in a central location in an open design at first but later doors and windows were installed.

During the summer of 1970 the Polish Boy Scouts and Girl Guides hosted a jamboree of Polish Scouting from across Canada and with some young people from England also in attendance. In preparation for this event the big assembly hall was built with a main kitchen and a sick bay. A large outside deck with its ornamental portal adorned with the lily, the international symbol of Scouting, can be seen from the lake and it has become an integral part of the Big Whiteshell scenery.

In front of Cubs cottage - 1977

1970 - practising for scouting jamboree

In 1971 Polish Scouting got its own bus. This facilitated trips for long weekends besides the summer camping. A cottage for Cubs and Brownies, a long awaited dream, became a reality in 1974. It can accommodate 24 children and two adults. The acquisition of more canoes added a new interest. The camp serves as a starting point for trips along the many waterways in the Park. In recent years permanent washroom and shower facilities have been added.

A whole generation of young people of Polish descent in Winnipeg have fond memories of summers in the Whiteshell. The Whiteshell became for them a yardstick of beauty in nature, wherever they travelled in Canada and Europe. I have heard this again and again, "it was beautiful but not like the Whiteshell."

In the last few years enrollment in Polish Boy

Polish Scouting Jamboree - 1972

Scouts and Girl Guides has declined partly because of smaller numbers of children but also for lack of leaders. Big Whiteshell Polish Camp continues to open its door for youth from the Polish school, the dance group, and new immigrants to Canada. The Committee organizes work weekends to maintain the camp in good order and ready for use.

As I write this there is a renewed effort to organize Scouting again. Big Whiteshell awaits a new generation of young Polish campers.

BIG WHITESHELL LAKE
CHESTER AND VI SHEANE
LOT 9 BLOCK 6
By Chester

It was during the 1950s that I had my first encounter with the Whiteshell area. This was during my fishing trips which were mostly to the Seven Sisters area and the Winnipeg River system. At that time, the new road was being extended from the West to meet the road from Rennie, and as many trips come to memory, we drove our car in and got into rainstorms, which made us push this same car halfway back to Seven Sisters.

It was during one of these trips that I became attracted by the area of the Big Whiteshell Lake. Then came the last of the 1950s and the Park was opening up new lots to the south end of the lake. It was during one of these trips that my wife and I decided we would like a summer home. Both being much younger with strong bodies and weaker minds with lots of energy, we decided to make the cottage move. There was a limited access as the trail for the road was cut to Block 6, the middle of the trail was cut low so as to be able to pass over. The lots were marked with pegs and the numbers on each side to tell you the lots. We chose Lot 9.

We never knew a lot could have so many trees (timbers) and downfall. This cleaning up had to be done by hand power. We hired a fellow from Rennie with a chain saw to cut nine trees. Not seeing our trees, he came with five gallons of gas and expected to be finished in four to six hours. Instead, he came back the next day with another five gallons of gas and he remarked "these are not trees, they're timbers." Then there were the roads to the Whiteshell, for each week began with two prayers — one, that the old car would get you there and the second, that it would get us home.

Both of us having pioneer spirit started to plant new trees, flowers, grass and a little garden, for more or less, salad types of vegetables.

Then there was the wildlife. Birds of all kinds with moose, deer and BEAR, and I underline these animals, we never got to know their names but we knew every one by his or her character and they were

Vi and Chester Sheane and family

all after our food. As there was no power all food had to be packed in ice, and they knew where every box was. We had to look after our own garbage, taking it to the pit ourselves. This had to be done regularly on account of the bears.

Then came electricity. What a blessing!! Lights, fridge and power for some tools, life became much easier.

During this time we did enjoy ourselves. We have one son, Jack and his wife Fran and their son Doug. We spent many family Christmases and New Years when we were all alone. What a holiday experience, with all the clean white snow and the blue skies and the stars. The only tracks in the snow were the local birds and animals. We also visited with our neighbors and shared help, tools and food and this made life more fun as we were lucky to have wonderful neighbours. Some are still there, others have moved to new areas and a few have gone to the Greater Whiteshell beyond!! Having known all these people has been a blessing in our lives.

And as you know, when you enjoy yourself time passes by very fast. Here we are now in our retirement years and thinking back with more experience, a weaker body and much less energy and 30 years later, would we do it all over again? YES, I believe we would!!

BIG WHITESHELL LAKE
ADOLPH (DUFFY) SHERSTY
LOT 38 BLOCK 4

I'll begin my story starting in the summer of 1946 because prior to that time my friends and I always came through Rennie. This particular time we decided to go through Seven Sisters because we heard that the road was completed between Nutimik and Betula, tying it with 307 coming from Rennie. How wrong we were! They were only just building up the

roadbed. It had rained the night before and the road was nothing but clay. After a lot of hard work we turned around and went back to Seven Sisters back to Highway 44 and to Rennie. By that time most of the day was gone. We called it the "Lost Weekend".

At that time even coming through Rennie was no picnic, especially when you hit the trail that is now called Highway 309. The last eight miles were a dandy. You followed that bush trail around so many curves that times you thought you were leaving the lake instead of going to it. Several spots had corduroy and if the water was up, you couldn't see if the logs were there, so you had to wear rubber boots and walk ahead of the car to check the logs or you could get bogged down.

The campground at that time was next to Ken McKenzie's store at what is the North Shore now. There were no so-called lots as they have now and people would place their tent or trailer where ever there was an opening. In most cases they were as close as three feet apart. I started off with a tent with two foot walls, which at that time was called a trapper's tent. It had no floor but I had two canvas army cots. My wife, Anne, didn't care for tenting, so I went ahead and built a 14 foot trailer. This one weekend, my friend, Ollie Olson and I were out alone in the trailer. In the morning Ollie washed himself and then opened the door and threw the basin full of water outside. The water splashed all over a tent that was pitched on our doorstep sometime in the night!

In the beginning at the crude campgrounds people didn't have to move their trailers in the fall to winter storage, providing they were intending to camp there again the next summer. Then came the change. There was an old couple with a little homemade trailer about eight feet long. They had it blocked up and the wheels were taken off. When it came time to move the trailer they couldn't remember what they had done with the wheels.

Once people had to move the trailers into winter storage, the park started to limit the number of units allowed in that campground.

By then Ollie and I had our own outboard motors. Ollie had a five horse Johnson and I had a 1953 seven and and a half Evinrude. I still have it. We both built our own boats. Mine was a 14 foot semi-V bottom that could handle an 18 foot mast and 85 square feet of sail. I named it the Patsy Anne after my oldest daughter and my wife.

At that time Ken McKenzie had an old plane we called "The Goose". It could land on water or lower its wheels and land on an airfield. This one day in particular Ollie and I were enjoying a cold barley sandwich (a beer) when Ken came over to ask a favor. There was no breeze whatsoever and the lake was like a mirror. Ken had some men to fly out but the lake was so calm he couldn't get any lift off. Ken asked us to make some waves for him. We used our two boats to zig zag back and forth across the path he'd take and we created enough waves for him to lift off. The trouble with the old Goose was it was underpowered.

This incident happened in the late fall. Ollie had bought himself a Viking cedar strip boat so we moved his plywood boat over to Crowduck Lake. We never bothered to chain it to a tree. We just turned it over on the shore and place a sign on it "Use it but please replace it where you got it". Later we decided to make one last trip into Crowduck Lake when duck season was over. We packed our gear over the "hump", then portage, and to Crowduck only to find our sign was there but no boat. We looked in the water and there was the boat with two large boulders in it, which made two holes in the bottom. Apparently it was used by some American hunters because the bottom of the boat had a bunch of Schlitz beer cans and shotgun shells. We had to strip off all our clothes and lift out the boulders so we could raise the boat to the shore. It was then a matter of packing up our gear and back across the portage to Whiteshell Lake. Later we went in and patched the boat.

On this particular trip my friend Fred Sidack decided to fish in the cut between Mallard Falls and Sailing Lake. Everything was going along really fine. We each had about five pickerel when I decided to move the boat a bit farther down the stream. I asked Fred to shorten the stringer before I started the motor but Fred being Fred says, "It's okay. Don't worry." Well, I started the motor, put it in gear and that's when it wasn't O.K. The propeller started chewing up the fish. When I stopped the motor we had a string of mangled fish. We were just lucky that the stringer didn't wind around the propeller or we would have had a long row ahead of us. That's when I figured, enough is enough, so we hit back for home with nothing to show for our effort except disappointment.

On one fish season opening day there were four of us, Ollie Olson, Richard, his son, Johnny Drost my brother-in-law and myself, figured we'd try fishing Mallard Falls and work back. When we left home the weather looked like it was going to be a nice day. By the time we got to Mallard Falls the clouds had moved in and it started to rain and instead of it letting up it got heavier and heavier. We decided to head for an abandoned logging shack. By the time we got to the shack it was raining cats and dogs. The shack had most of its roof intact. There was an old cook stove and a couple of bed springs on the floor. Ollie and I got some dry wood from the manger of the barn and got a fire going

to dry out our clothes and warm up. We slept there overnight. In the morning the rain had let up but a strong wind came up as we headed home. That wasn't the end of our woes. When we got to Armstrong's Point, now known as Castaway Cabins, the wind was blowing right into the channel. Whitecaps were coming right at us. The water was so rough I couldn't head straight into the waves. The only thing I could do was to sort of zig zag and ride the waves until I could reach calm water on the west shore. I followed the shoreline all the way to the sandbar. When we got there we found several boats pulled up on shore, because the lake was so rough that nobody wanted to take a chance. A couple of boats had tried and were almost swamped. Ollie suggested that we build a fire and make some tea and have something to eat. There were several ladies in the group so Ollie invited them all for tea and cookies. It was getting late so we decided to head back to Armstrong's Point and leave our boat there and walk the trail home. As we started to walk out Ken McKenzie came along in his truck looking for his boats. We told him they were at the sandbar. Ken turned his truck around and gave us a lift back to camp. By the time we got back to Winnipeg it was two or three in the morning. Our wives had been very worried.

Ollie and I had another incident one weekend. In those days you could leave your equipment in your boats overnight without worrying about it being stolen. This Friday evening we left everything in the boat including a gallon can of mixed gas for the boat. In the morning we found that someone had emptied our gas can. That evening Ollie mixed a couple of cupfuls of sugar with water to make a full can. In the morning the can was empty. We sat in the shade and waited. Before long a boat was being towed in. In the boat were two young boys. We walked over and asked what was wrong. They didn't know what had gone wrong but the motor seemed to seize up. The boy got his father to come down from the cottage they were renting to see what was wrong. Ollie told him what was the matter. Boy was that father angry! The father said that he had left them a ten gallon drum of gas that was supposed to do them for the week. He told the boy that he was grounded for the summer and he wanted to pay Ollie for the gas. Ollie said, "It will cost you enough to get the motor fixed without paying for the gas as well."

Bill Harrison and his wife Winnie moved their trailer to the campground and were located several trailers away from us. Bill and I became quite friendly as were our wives. Late one fall Bill and I decided to make one last trip into Finger Lake. There was a thin crust of ice forming along the shoreline. To get to open water I sat on the bow of the boat and cracked the thin ice with my heels. I had to repeat the process as we arrived on the other shore. The weather seemed fine when we started off but by time we walked the portage to Finger it began to snow lightly. By the time we got to the far end of Finger the snow was coming down so heavily that we could barely see about 15 feet in front of us. That did it. We headed back in a blinding snowstorm. Our boat at Crowduck was full of snow. After dumping the snow we hit back to camp, wet, cold and no fish to show for our effort.

Bill and I had another bit of action on Finger another time, also late in the fall. It was to be the last of the season and it was almost the last of us. We were near the shoreline at the far end of the lake and Bill made a cast towards the shoreline and got hung up on an overhanging bough. I had just made a cast toward the shoreline when Bill was leaning over and pulling on his line and suddenly the boat rolled over. I threw my rod towards the shore as I dove into the water up to my shoulders. I couldn't see Bill. I lifted on the bow of the boat and that broke Bill's feet loose from the floor boards, where he was hanging upside down. His head came up with a cigarette butt still hanging in the corner of his mouth. When I saw that, I just burst out laughing. I guess it was the relief that he was O.K. and the sight of the look on his face. We pushed the boat to shore, turned it over and Bill pulled on the starting cord. I picked up a long branch and walked into the water to try and fish out my rod. I was lucky to hook the lure and pull out my rod. We emptied the water out of our parka pockets, gathered some wood and got a fire started. Bill wanted a big fire in a hurry. Before I could say "No", Bill splashed some gas on the fire. The fire shot right back to the gas can. It's a good thing Bill reacted by putting his hand over the opening in the can and cutting off the oxygen. Bill had his big fire in a hurry but it's a method that I don't approve.

We set up some poles to dry our clothes on. We had to wring the water out of them, even our longjohns. We were standing there with nothing on, watching the steam rising from the clothes. It's a good thing there was no one around with a camera. It sure would have been embarrassing. We had hot water in our thermos but the sandwiches had to have the water wrung out of them. Bill and I got back to camp safely, although we caught no fish, neither did we catch a cold.

I can't recall the year that Jules De Caigny's house trailer caught fire. It was parked about 100 feet behind our cottage. Whatever caused the fire I never knew, but it was out of control in minutes. It was a real inferno with burning debris flying around. The trailer had two propane tanks and all of a sudden one of them exploded, sounding like a cannon.

That really blew the debris into the air, then the second tank blew. At the time the wind was blowing from the south and towards the bush that separated the trailer and our cottage. The bush began to burn and flaming debris was blowing into our yard. I had two choices, stay and fight it or stay and protect my cottage. I was running around the yard with a water bucket and a piece of old blanket slapping out the burning embers. The Forestry people came in no time. They began by soaking the bush. While a couple of men were pumping water out of De Caigny's well the others ran a line all the way to the lake. The crew really did a good job of soaking and checking out the surrounding area. They left a man behind to watch in case of a flare up. That was one night I couldn't sleep after all the excitement. The best part was there were no injuries.

While out picking blueberries I ran across a patch of raspberries. They were big luscious berries. I told Anne about them and she thought it would be nice to have some with cream. The following morning I took an ice cream pail and headed out. The berries were just about ready to drop off. To pick I had to kneel down because part of my spine is fused due to arthritis. Anyway, as I was picking I thought I could smell a bear nearby, but being intent on my picking I never gave it another thought. By this time I had about half a pail. As I parted the bush to get some berries there I was face to face with this bear. It was no more than three feet from me. I jumped out and let out a yell and took off as fast as a stubborn mule with a hot potato under its tail. The bear must have been scared too, because he ran in the opposite direction even faster than I. I went back and got the pail and didn't pick any more berries. To this day I think my hair is still standing straight up.

1961 - "Duffy" and Kathie and our trailer.

I just can't recall the year they opened up the present campground at the South Shore. The ranger came around and said we could move our trailers in if we wanted to. Bill and I were the first to move in and we stayed there for several years. Bill bid on a tiered lot about 1963 and got it for $50. He built on it and he is still there.

In 1964 I bought my cottage. It was unfinished. We knew the power was coming in so I wired it before finishing up the walls. I tiled the floors and put arborite on the counter and divider, built cupboards, and insulated the floor. Over the years the three foot balsams I planted between the lots grew to over 30 feet high.

I'm lucky to have good neighbors on both sides. On my left I have Jim and Dorothy Angus and on my right Wally and Pearl Karpiak. We help each other any way we can. There was one specific time when I really needed help. We were sitting at the table eating when there was a whistling sound. It was the sound of a twister coming. It came through the yard and tore up or broke 17 trees, covered my car but didn't damage it, and it didn't tear one shingle off the roof. The neighbors came with axes and chain saws and cleaned up the mess.

Over the years my friends have died off. My wife Anne died December 5, 1989. We had 48 years of happy married life. We have two daughters, Patricia and Katherine. Pat and her husband Henri Toupin gave us two grandchildren, Allen and Theresa. Allen now has given us a great-grandson, Randy. Theresa gave us two great-granddaughters, Amanda and Samantha. Katherine and her husband Peter Schellenberg gave us a grandson, Corey and Kathy is expecting another.

There are a few other stories but they had to be left out, because they are not for publication.

Duffy, Patsy and Anne Shersty

BIG WHITESHELL LAKE
JOE SOROKOWSKI
LOT 4 BLOCK 7

We secured our lease in the fall of 1962 and preparations began for our cottage in Lot 4, Block 7. We took a week's vacation and went out there to prepare a spot to erect our cottage. Upon our arrival, we found that our tent had to be pitched in the ditch as the lot needed to be cleared. The road around our Block was very roughly bulldozed and then gravelled. There was nothing beyond our Block; the road stopped at that point. We finally began construction on our cottage in the spring of 1963.

There was no power at that time; we were there every weekend and did everything by hand.

One weekend, while barbecuing steaks, we heard a growl outside. We looked out to see that a bear had burnt himself on the barbecue, had turned the barbecue over and ran away with our steaks! He crawled underneath the neighbour's cottage where he proceeded to demolish his dinner.

We didn't have any place to keep our supplies so I built a wooden box and buried it in the ground to keep our canned goods and milk cool. A bear found our modest "refrigerator" and proceeded to clean it out. So much for our supplies, and for our supply box!

About three years later we finally got power. One thunderstorm that stands out in my mind was when a bunch of trees had fallen onto the roof of the cottage and onto the power lines. My son Ron and I went out into the thunderstorm to remove those fallen trees.

We always enjoyed going to the Lodge to get our supplies as the owner there was a very unique, humorous person who always had a fine story to tell. He would amuse us for hours with his tales.

A fire had started one weekend in 1967 and the ranger came to our cottage, ordering us to leave immediately — there was no time to close up the cottage. The park was evacuated and remained closed for one week until the fire was out.

One night when we were sleeping in our tent, we had a surprise visitor try to get into our tent. It scrambled around outside, pawing our tent, and causing great commotion inside the tent for our cat and dog. To this day we haven't been able to figure out what kind of an animal had come to our tent because when I finally got outside, the intruder had disappeared.

We have never been able to forget the many tourists (Americans) who would come through the Whiteshell in the dead of summer in vans, campers and other vehicles loaded down with winter sports equipment (skis, snowshoes, heavy parkas, snow boots, etc.) looking for igloos, Eskimos and wild natives. The firearms they had with them for protection against the "dangerous wilds" of Canada.

Joe and his catch - 1965

The saddest part of our weekends at the cottage was the year that a little girl had vanished from the scouts' camp. Everyone helped comb the park area for her. My son and I were out fishing one day just a short distance away from the scouts' camp when we heard a noise in the bush. I reported this to the R.C.M.P., who took my son along on their air search in a helicopter. When they flew over the spot the noise had come from, they found a cow moose and her baby who were responsible for making the noise we had heard.

One weekend, when we went to close up the cottage for winter, there was snow on the ground — and a big gray cat was sitting on the steps of the cottage. When we came close to it, it ran away, but the next day my daughter Donna found the cat and brought it into the cottage. It wasn't long before the cat made himself at home, all stretched out on the sofa. The next day it was time to leave and we decided to bring the cat home with us. Halfway home, the cat went wild — it started to jump around the car, claw, bite and scream — so we had to stop the car while I wrapped the cat in my jacket, put it into a potato sack and into the trunk of the car. Upon arriving home, we let the cat out but he wanted to go inside the house. A short while later, there was trouble again — we had an ornamental cat standing on the floor and our new-found pet attacked this ornamental cat, breaking it into pieces. So we had to catch the cat, wrap it up in a blanket, and carry it out into the garage for the night. The next morning I took the cat with me to work. One of the workers adopted the cat and later told me that the cat was just what he needed in the barn — the mice were all gone.

BIG WHITESHELL LAKE
STILLWELL
LOT 4 BLOCK 5
Memories
By Eileen Stillwell

1. Ken Hawkins, Lot 8 had his gravel for footings delivered to the Main Beach and he was transporting it to his lot by canoe. He had the misfortune of overturning right in front of our lot leaving us a miniature sand beach.

2. Dawsons, Lot 1 building before the road was built and bringing their gravel from the pump over rough ground in small wheelbarrows.

3. Kriegers, Lot 12, receiving their pre-fab cottage in eight foot sections at the pump and having a hard job getting it to their lot.

4. Sleeping in a tent while we built and having a bear licking off the bugs on the outside early in the morning and none of us daring to move a muscle.

5. Cutting a path with a small hatchet from Lot 1 to the beach and having two lovely deer watching without fear.

6. Seeing Robinson's, Lot 7, white Samoyed dog being repeatedly sprayed by a skunk at the garbage.

7. McKenzie leaving his plane over winter on the main beach.

8. Carrying all the material for building the cottage to Lot 4 from the pump except the windows and arriving there one Saturday expecting the back breaking job only to find that during the week the road had been put in just past our lot. What a relief!

9. Being besieged by hordes of biting black flies where even the dog took refuge under the completed floor and our daughter, then 14, went around with a towel over her legs to keep them off.

10. Laughing at my husband putting up pieces of plywood for doors when we'd been sleeping in a tent where anyone or anything could have walked in. He nailed these up at night once the building was partially built and the roof was on and we slept in it. Even now I smile when I think of it.

11. The wonderful help that we received from Dawsons, Lot 1, when the ranger came to tell us that my husband's father was near death and for us to go back to Winnipeg. The Dawsons carried in the remaining lumber so we could leave. We left tools and other things out on the ground and nothing was taken. You couldn't do that nowadays.

It was a wonderful experience building that cottage. We were never healthier. We used to leave Winnipeg at 5 a.m. with a trailer load of material, arrive at the cottage, have a bite to eat and carry it all in. It was hard but it was worth it. At that time, in the early 1960s, it was really unspoiled and wild there, with lots of animals. We had no lights, only the coal oil lamps and the wood-burning cook stove. I suppose that all things have to change. It's still a joy to go there but not as peaceful and serene and few animals.

BIG WHITESHELL LAKE
"BAYSPORT"
FRED AND ALICE TALLMAN
LOT 11 BLOCK 9
The Tallman Saga

The outdoors was always an integral part of the lives of Alice and Fred Tallman, the owners of the cottage located at Lot 11, Block 9, Big Whiteshell Lake. We call it Baysport, being located on a bay where all kinds of watersports are performed. Alice (nee Noakes) had camped (both tent and cottage) numerous times with her family as a child and teenager and Fred likewise. When we were married in 1944, we honeymooned at the cottage of a friend, Aleck Thorarinson, at West Hawk Lake.

It had always been a hope that we would own a cottage, but four children and a busy life for both of us slowed down our search for and possession of one. We spent two weeks each summer from 1953 to 1961 at Evergreen Lodge, Laclu taking Grandpa Tallman with us in the earlier years. At the same time, we kept looking for a cottage for ourselves. Not many cottages that we looked at suited our needs which were dictated by some physical conditions. We wanted one easily accessible by car, even driving virtually up to the door. Also, we wanted easy access to the lake.

After camping our way to the west coast in 1962, we took in the Seattle World's Fair, so Laclu went by the boards that year. We rented a cottage at Inverness Falls, Lake Brereton for two weeks in 1963 and 1964. It was while there that we decided to venture up Provincial Highway 309 to take a good look at Big Whiteshell Lake and found quite a bit of cottage building activity going on. We jotted down a telephone number but didn't do anything until the spring of 1965. Then, we contacted Ross Dyker, son of the minister at Crescent-Fort Rouge United Church, Rev. George Dyker. Yes, Ross was building cottages. No, the particular lot we were interested in was not available. Another party had first call on it but they were to make a choice between "our" lot and another one in Block 10. Fortunately for us, they preferred the other lot and we were launched on our saga of cottage ownership in the summer of 1965.

When we stood in the living room of our new cottage, we could hardly see the lake as we had so much bush and trees between it and the lake. One of our first projects was to clear the land but leaving as many trees standing as possible. Our oldest son, Rick used a chain saw. Our second son, Bruce was boring holes with a hand drill in two by fours so we

could install electricity. Ross, only nine, was useful occasionally but mainly enjoyed himself. All of our four children worked on one thing or another. Jane did painting.

When we had cleared the brush, we found the part next to the lake had two shorelines. We had Charlie Merke from River Hills dump thirteen big truckloads of sand onto the land to bring it up and give us a sandy beach. We have been very pleased with the results as we feel it made the front of our property very lovely.

In our early days here, we saw many deer and bears make their way to the lake in the early evening. They obviously found our area was an easy access to the lake. As we had no water system, after finishing the dishes, we would dump the water into the bush at the back of our cottage, a fair distance up the driveway. One evening after a late supper, the dish water was taken out to be thrown in the bush. As this was done, there was a great "woof" and a bear went tearing up the road. On investigation,we found he had taken a bag of garbage into that spot to have his supper. We don't know who was more scared, the dish water thrower or the bear.

We had a medium-sized dog, a cross between a Lab and Cocker Spaniel. She was called Topsy. She would bark at the bears when they came for their evening drink. When they made a move towards her, she immediately ran and got behind the nearest member of the family. She never seemed to learn to leave the skunks alone. She came home one day very badly skunked. We had heard that tomato juice would help so we gave her a bath in tomato juice. It didn't seem to be the answer as we now had a dog that smelled like a skunk mixed with tomato juice. Everytime she was wet after that for several months, we could smell skunk on her. We also had a pure black cat called Kit. One weekend, we brought both the dog and the cat to the lake. The cat was a poor traveller and was soon sick in the back of the car. We stopped once at Dorothy Lake and attempted to clean the car up. The dog could hardly stand the cat and made it obvious that this was the last straw and she wanted to get into the front seat away from the cat. On the very long straight stretch of road near Betula Lake, we pulled over to the side to clean the car out again. As it was dark by this time, both cat and dog melted into the blackness. The dog would come when called but we had no idea where the cat was. Just as we were about to leave, something moved on the road. Alice grabbed it not really knowing whether it was the cat or not. Fortunately, it was. We continued on our way. On the road to Big Whiteshell Lake, we hit a skunk. We arrived at the cottage a stinking mess.

One September long weekend we went for a canoe ride. As we went along, we noticed several people fishing. We went back to our fishing equipment. As we slowly paddled along, we let our lines trail behind us. Suddenly Fred said, "We'll have to go back, my line is caught on a log." We paddled back to free the fishing line. It was then we saw a huge pike at the surface of the water looking at us and we saw the fishing line coming from his mouth. We tried to lift him with the net — no way — the net just bent. We decided to paddle closer to one of the small islands towing the fish, thinking we might get to a spot where it would be shallow enough to get out and heave the fish into the canoe. As we paddled along we dragged the fish through a lot of weeds. The weeds were covering his face. This completely subdued him. We soon saw we couldn't get out of the canoe so we put a paddle under one end and the net under the other and heaved him aboard. As soon as he was in the canoe away from the weeds, he came to life and was thrashing around and snapping at bare toes. A whack on the head quietened him down and we were able to paddle back to the cottage. He weighed 15 pounds 7 ounces — not big enough for a master angler award but the biggest fish we ever caught. We had him mounted and he now occupies a prominent spot on our cottage wall where we can admire him.

Our youngest son, Ross, had a university friend down for a weekend. They decided to take the canoe and some camping gear and camp at Crow Duck Lake for a couple of days. The wind was blowing very hard across Crow Duck. They started out but the waves were so huge, the canoe was swamped. They managed to swim to the nearest shore. The canoe didn't sink completely and they rescued some of the gear but most of it went to the bottom. They found a spot where someone had camped and a match so were able to start a fire. They had a miserable night but kept the fire going. Next day they were despairing of being found when a fisherman spotted them and picked them up and took them to McKenzie camp where he was staying. Mr. McKenzie gave them a ride home in his seaplane, much to the relief of Ross's worried parents. Ross and his friend went back to Crow Duck the next day and retrieved the canoe and as much equipment as they could.

We have always thought of Big Whiteshell Lake as a virtual bird and game sanctuary. We have seen bears with cubs in trees and walking along the lake edge. While fishing, we have awakened a bobcat from a little afternoon nap. Of course, the deer have graced the park everywhere. Foxes, weasels and mink appear from time to time. We have driven down the road at night escorted by a moose. But, the birds have given us the most pleasure. The ducks are everyone's favourites. In the summer of 1990, the high water came up over our beach and into our

grass. The roots of the trees that form the shoreline make hummocks that stick out of the water. These are comfortably covered with earth and grass and are perfect for families of ducks to take a nice rest on. Water is all around them so escape from danger is easy. Our property had four or five of these "hummocks". Almost anytime we would look out our living room window, at least one of the hummocks would be occupied. Sometimes, there would be two, three or four different families taking a nap. Another thing that made the hummocks attractive was the good feeding that occurred in the lawn covered with the high water. This seemed to catch all kinds of small fish, bugs, mosquito larvae, etc. One family of four ducks were feeding there and another family of seven ducks came along and started to feed too. Feeding was so good that the mother duck of the family of seven, attacked the other mother duck and grabbed her by the wing with her bill and tried to haul her out of the area. The attacked mother was not leaving easily so there was quite a flurry and fight. (A terrible example for their children!)

We have watched an osprey dive from 50 metres into the lake and come up with a good sized fish in its talons. It struggles to get altitude to take the thrashing fish to the large nest in the top of a tree for the family. In the summer of 1990, Alice and Fred were thrilled to witness an air battle between an osprey and a bald eagle. We were sitting on our dock when a great flurry occurred about 150 metres about our heads. There was a pair of ospreys attacking a bald eagle. As the battle proceeded out over the lake, we observed the osprey getting above the eagle and then diving. of course, to land those talons in the back of the eagle would be very punishing. Then we were startled to see the eagle turn over and fly upside down so that his talons were ready for the osprey.

Pileated woodpeckers are not seen everywhere and are somewhat rare. But we see these big black birds with the striking red flash on their heads going over the stumps in our yard.

It is wonderful to see the pelicans returning and increasing. It suggests that the condition of the lake is improving.

Our daughter Jane and her English husband Tony love the place too. Tony is an avid fisherman. An interesting thing happened the first time they visited from England. They had Paul who was five and Beth who was a little over a year at that time. We had driven from Toronto where we now live. We were arriving at one a.m. As we came off Highway 44 onto P.R. 307, we were stopped by a provincial employee. It turned out they were looking for an escapee from the detention centre and wanted to warn us not to pick up any hitchhikers. Who would want to ride with that carload anyway!

Even though Fred's work as a senior executive in the insurance industry took the family from Winnipeg to Toronto in 1979, we decided to keep our beloved cottage at Big Whiteshell Lake. As both Fred and Alice reached retirement, (Alice from industrial nursing) it was decided to spend six to seven weeks at the cottage in the summer. We didn't have a water system or an inside toilet. So in 1986, we decided to have Don Hill of Seven Sisters Falls put in a water system and finish the inside of the cottage, with an ensuite four piece bathroom and a separate second washroom. We did it all in compliance with the new sanitation system rules. Would you believe we have three holding tanks for 1400 gallons of fluid?

How many people have gone from Big Whiteshell Lake to the store on Highway 307 at Jessica Lake by boat? We are sure others can make this claim but Fred and son Ross are quite proud of this feat. Ross age 15 at the time carefully studied maps of the area for a number of weeks. To claim that all was "smooth sailing" would be an overstatement. At some points in Little Whiteshell and Lone Island Lakes, Ross got out of the boat and pushed it along, the weeds being too dense for the motor to run. When there was clear water, rocks were forever a danger that the propeller might hit and shear the pin. We had not brought a spare pin with us. When we got to the Jessica store, we asked if they had any suitable shear pins. Unfortunately they didn't have our size. We took some nails of appropriate size for the trip back. Luckily we didn't need to find out if the nails would work.

As many reading this book will understand when you have teenagers, a cottage is very nice but it can be almost a pain if those teenagers are standing around watching all their neighbours waterskiing. So early on, it was important to get a boat big enough with a motor strong enough to pull a waterskier. Fred got a 15 foot fibreglass boat, 60 h.p. motor, ski-bar, skis, life jackets, trailer, etc., etc., and arrived at the lake towing everything on Alice and Fred's 21st wedding anniversary. Even though Bruce and Ross were hesitant to try skiing, we had the equipment available when someone was in the mood. The two older children, Jane and Rick, were at working age and were not down all the time but they took to skiing easily.

When you have a boat, you surely need a dock. Bruce worked at building a dock out of fallen wood on the property but this was a very difficult way to build a dock. Over the winter of 1965-66, we designed a dock made up of small enough sections that one person could put the dock up by his or herself. Rick with some of his university friends and Bruce put up the dock under the guidance of Fred who had designed it. When it was finished, we had

a great waterskiing session in celebration. It has worked very well for 25 seasons. The lake has been quite variable in its level especially in the spring. We usually set it up and take it down two or three times during the season. It is not too big a task to do this.

Bruce and his wife Grace used to look after Baysport when they lived in Winnipeg. They would drive out for a weekend with their two children, Hailey and Brandon, and swim, play games and visit the public beach at the campground. The grass would get cut and odd jobs done.

Rick and his wife Diana both enjoy the cottage. Their children have each spent a week at the lake with their grandparents. Kimberly flew from Edmonton to Winnipeg when she was six. Kristipher rode with the grandparents when they drove from Toronto.

Ross had been away from Baysport for many years while he was working on his doctorate in Marine Biology. He finally decided he just had to get back. So in 1989, he and his wife Barbara flew from Moncton, New Brunswick, with their two little boys, Adam and Jacob (ages two and two months), to spend two weeks at the cottage.

We have mentioned Jane and her family earlier.

Baysport seems to be a magnet drawing our children and their families back to beautiful Manitoba. We hope we can keep it going for many years to come.

BIG WHITESHELL LAKE
JOE AND LINDA THORLAKSON
LOT 6 BLOCK 1

By Linda

In the spring of 1949, Winnipeg fireman Russ Passey learned of the availability of two cottage lots on Big Whiteshell Lake, and shared this information with his neighbours across the lane, the Thorlakson brothers — Joe, Frank and Barney. Someone had had the option on the lots but was not in a position to build that year, which was a condition of getting the lots at that time. So after Russ and Frank drove out to check the site, it was decided to request Lot 2 for the Passey family and Lot 6 for the Thorlaksons. They got them for the price of a year's taxes — $10 each.

They decided to work together to build both cottages and were well suited to the task. All four were young and strong and the Thorlaksons were skilled tradesmen: Joe — a carpenter, Frank — an electrician, and Barney — a plumber. They scrambled to find the materials they would need and to clear the trees and brush to prepare for building. At that time only ten lots had been surveyed and there was a cottage on Lot 3 (Trautwein), on Lot 7 (Daniels), and on Lot 10 (Bonsey). There was also a fishing lodge

Frank Thorlakson's arrival at Big Whiteshell

and concession run by Ken MacKenzie (presently Swirskis).

The four men started to build Passey's cottage first, in June of 1949. They left Winnipeg one Saturday morning at 6 a.m. with a truck and four-wheel trailer of used lumber — and they did not arrive until six in the evening! The trailer had overturned in the ditch and they had had to reload it. They had trouble with their vehicle stalling because of the heat. The road, built by the relief gangs in the late 1930s, was gravel of course, and very winding. The closest they could come to the building site with their vehicle was behind Trautwein's cabin, so they had to carry the lumber and kegs of nails from there. They worked until midnight that night and by Saturday evening when it was time to return to Winnipeg, they had the cottage framed, including the roof. They stayed in a tent while working weekends on Passey's cabin and had it closed in by July.

At the end of July, the Thorlaksen brothers took a two week holiday and built their cabin, with Russ helping on the weekends. They were now able to stay in Passey's cabin while working on the next one. The cabins were much alike — 20 feet by 24 feet — two bedrooms in the back, a front room for sitting and eating and a small kitchen. There was a wood cook stove in the kitchen, and water was hauled up from the lake until rainwater was collected in barrels from the eaves. Kerosene lamps provided the only light in the evening. Housekeeping was simple — you just swept the dirt down the holes in the floor! Unfortunately, these holes were also convenient for the mosquitoes to come up. An icebox was brought down one weekend, but the metal liner was bent out of shape after the rough trip down. Frank's attempts to hammer it back into shape at three o'clock in the morning were not appreciated by the neighbours.

By Thanksgiving, the cabin was being enjoyed by the Thorlaksen family and friends — even though that weekend it meant sleeping in parkas and three to a bed. In those early years, as the boys and their sisters married and started families, there would be

as many as 14 adults staying in the cottage. The cabin was dubbed "Roc' Side Haven" and this was painted neatly in red over the door of this little white cottage with red trim.

Fish were plentiful. According to Joe, you could just stand on the shore and toss a line out with a safety pin on the end and catch a fish. Still, if you have a lakeshore cottage, you should have a boat. So that first winter, the Thorlakson brothers built a boat out of plywood in the basement of their mother's house. They bought a five horsepower Johnson motor which still works today — though the plywood boat is long gone. Berries were also very plentiful — raspberries, blueberries, saskatoons — so plentiful that Frank built a cook shack beside the cabin to be able to can the berries without heating up the cabin. It was framed with logs and had a roof, but no sides. And there was lots of wildlife. As many as thirty deer, moose and bear could be spotted on the drive out to the cottage from the city. Occasionally, bear would boldly come right up to the cabin, once sitting right on the patio. After that, Joe's wife Aldis decided to keep an axe in the cabin for protection when the men were away.

Eventually a road was cleared that led down to Lots 6 and 7, although it is quite a steep hill. If it rained, a virtual river would run down and on one rainy Sunday it took two hours to push the car up the hill in order to return to the city.

There was lots of activity and lots of people in those first years, and a real sense of community developed. Wilfords had built on Lot 8 and Petersons on Lot 9. Cliff Dickens had a "permanent" trailer spot in the campground. The Edmonds, avid birdwatchers, had bought the cabin on Lot 7 in 1958. Informal get-togethers, card games and corn roasts were common. Henry Peterson was a colorful character who would often don a white dinner jacket for these occasions. There was a beach in front of Lots 7 and 8 which was perfect for swimming, and many an afternoon was spent in lawn chairs there watching the kids. Being at the lake was a delightful experience for the kids (although a nerve-racking one of the parents given the steep rocks and proximity to the water.) There might be a boat ride. Envision eight kids in orange lifejackets in a 15 foot wooden boat with an uncle steering a 12 horsepower motor at the stern — kids who failed to catch the sparkle in Uncle Barney's eye when he explained that the sparkles in the morning were the stars that rested there until nighttime. Or there might be time to play on the swings that were hung from trees behind the cabin. Water-skiing was popular, so as the kids grew old enough, Barney and Joe made some wooden skis so they could enjoy the sport. Evening walks to "Frog Lake" or to Green Lake to skip stones were okayed as soon as the dishes were done. Or everyone would pile into the car to drive to the dump and look for bears once it got dark.

By 1960, the cottage was pretty crowded and Frank decided to build a new cottage for his family in Block 4. Joe and Barney stayed on at Roc' Side. In 1967, Barney and his family moved to Edmonton, and now Joe and his family were left in the cottage. It seems funny that once the cottage was no longer crowded, he decided to build an addition and remodel it. But that's what was done. The family collected some of the characteristic granite rock that had been blasted for a new road to build a stone fireplace, and three bedrooms were added to the back of the cottage. Today, there is running water, a furnace, an indoor bathroom and most modern conveniences — a big change from the 20 foot by 24 foot cabin built in 1949. The neighbours have also changed. But the setting and the spirit of the cottage at the lake is as special as it always was for the Thorlakson family.

BIG WHITESHELL LAKE
WILF AND EVELYN TORGERSON
FORMER COTTAGERS, LOT 7 BLOCK 1

By Evelyn

How do I write about the Whiteshell? Where are the words to tell its fascination? My husband, Wilf, once said it was the prettiest lake he'd ever seen. And so say all of us. It has been 30 years (1958) since we sold the cottage but I still can see the lake in my mind's eye and think of it and miss it. We could scarcely wait to open the cottage in the spring and knew the golden acres of autumn poplars meant closing the cottage for the winter. To sell it was tough and we often wish we hadn't. I would look out the window of our Oregon home and see a silvery full moon and suddenly I'd be lonely for the beautiful Whiteshell.

We hadn't intended to buy a cottage. Certainly not! We had just moved to Winnipeg in 1950 delayed by the disastrous flood of the Red River. It had been expensive so when we heard of the cottage at the Whiteshell, we knew it wasn't for us. It seemed that the cottage had been built by four firemen in partnership on one of the few strips of sandy beach on the lake. It was a choice location at the end of the old portage across the lake. But the price was right and they had to sell as one partner wanted out. We had no intention of buying it but went out to see it one wintry day shortly after we came. The first sight we had of the water and the big headland across from us, the tremendous acres of pinky colored rock — the endless forests of green fir trees and we were sold! Wilf said "Do you like it?" and I said in a heartfelt rush of words, "Oh yes I do." So he took our precious shares and using them for security bought — and the interest paid

it off eventually. We needed lots of other things but we didn't kow how much we really needed that cottage — Wilf, me, Ray eight and Glen 12 (later, Linda). I think I especially needed it as I suffered a nervous breakdown the next April and that lake and cottage had a wonderfully healing effect. We needed the whole area — the Big Whiteshell with Big Island and small islands, the Little Whiteshell — the Falls, Bedford Lake and Green Lake, and huge Crow Duck, a short portage from the Big Whiteshell at the far end of the lake.

The cottage was really more like a granary — the kind of shack so well known from homestead days on the prairies. With our help — very amateur help, Wilf put plasterboard inside but we didn't care if it was primitive — I liked the less housekeeping idea. I got a swab and scrubbing consisted of spreading water around. Wilf made a table and benches. We had big windows facing the lake all across the front and a tiny little iron cook stove heater — we got tired of the big old iron stove with window screen for a grate. I couldn't make that sullen old brute go. There were lots of dishes — no dust so they sat in open shelves. There were three partitions for the homemade bunks. Didn't take too long to clean house! I couldn't have cared less — more time to be out on the lake exploring and fishing in the little green boat.

We were blessed to live next door to Joe and Jeune Wilford. They taught us to fish and we took turns with our scanty fishing equipment. I didn't learn to use the motor for years — always three ahead of me to fight over running the boat. So I don't think I was believed when I finally did run it. We spent long days trolling and still fishing. Wilf didn't often fish. He untangled lines and put the minnows on the hooks (we were allowed minnows then). Joe was an avid fisherman and the champion in the eyes of our boys. In the evenings — if we could stay awake, we listened to football games with Wilfords on their radio. The boys and I favored the Edmonton Eskimos and Wilf turned into a Winnipeg Blue Bomber fan. For many years when we came back to Winnipeg, we enjoyed the hospitality of Joe and Jeune and they helped make the Whiteshell even more delightful and memorable. We found time in those long ago days to go in the water for swims. Even old Laddie, our big collie, went in for swims — much against his will. We'd make him get in the boat, take him out a way and then force him into the water. He'd always want to go in the boat with us, but seemed to know when it was bath time and then he didn't want to go. The boys water-skied endlessly and Wilf was boatsman. I never did learn, but Ray's friend Paul did and we all cheered.

We did so many things — picnics at the drop of a hat — the food packed in an apple box. Berry picking in season was fun — raspberries and blueberries. Once Jeune and I and wee Linda went across the lake to pick raspberries — securing our lunch in the boat while we picked. Good thing we did, as when we came back there was a bear track in the sand beside the boat. Linda picked berries — to eat, not to put in the pail.

Wilf got the boys a compass and taught them to use it and they ranged far and wide. Once Wilf rented a canoe for them as Glen wanted to map the shoreline. Ray wasn't keeping up to Glen so Glen threatened to beach the canoe and pound him if he didn't paddle better. The wind came up though and to their mother's great relief, they came home safe and sound and never did get the lake mapped. Wilf took them back to check on their campfire. It still glowed so it could have started a fire. I wonder now how we had the courage to turn them loose in that wilderness!

Glen started supplying the high school lab with frogs and once even a dead snake (which Dad had strictly forbidden). He said "No" to the frogs too, emphatically. As we rode home I looked down on the seat beside me and there sat a frog between Dad and me. I tossed him into the back seat nonchalantly. Glen had opened the jar to check and out they came. We never knew if Dad saw the frog or not — we didn't ask! Once when the boys found a turtle and put it in a tin pail where it bounced and banged all night. Dad said "Out" and Ray said "What do you have against the turtle, Dad?" To which he answered "Not a thing! Just keep it outside." We went to see the huge beaver dam one day — the boys were already there. Dad feared the "natives" might put us in the cooking pot! I don't think the boys ever took their bathing suits off.

Those years were so peaceful — sunlit and happy. Of course, there was the Battle of the Boathouses all one summer and the neighbors with a trumpet. They seemed to get more inspired after bedtime. Wilf wished he had a BB gun! And the irrepressible one with his huge boat and later an airplane. There were few cottages on the lake then and we were all neighbors. McKenzie's store was handy for bread and milk and the necessary concession to civilization. But who could beat our own rogue bear for excitement. He wanted in the store. Joe had to shoot him. We were all to have a feed of bear steaks but the heavy sweet smell of the cooking thereof was too much for us and even the dog wouldn't eat it! More bear alarms — Cathedral Rock was a lovely high cliff — the boys loved to climb it and mercifully didn't break their necks. We went with them once to see them climb. There was a tunnel about halfway up. It looked dark and Glen said there might be a bear in it. No word from Ray but rocks rattled down as he quickly and surely climbed back

down. Dad was invited to go up and go with them. I don't remember that he did.

We had winged enemies and crawling ones even here in Eden. The outhouse had been chosen by the wasps to build a nest in. Something had to be done so Ray and friends had to burn the nest and knock it down. Ray got a pole and tied a rag on it to set afire. No friends appeared — they were watching from inside the cottage! I got into the fray — got two lovely stings but we did get the nest destroyed. We were all very thankful to have that done. We also had ticks in Eden and kept a darning needle on hand to heat and touch them with. So that took care of ticks. We got leeches on us too if we waded on the beach and they got the salt. I kept a shaker ready. But nothing fazed the summer invasion of deer flies. They can sting. Heavy clothes to ride in the boat helped. Laddie had his enemies. A skunk got under the cottage and Laddie, ignorant of what a skunk was, endeavored to oust him. He had a bath in tomato juice and was not popular at all. But worse — he'd never met a porcupine either but patiently endured the treatment Dad gave him with the pliers. We all suffered.

Glen went shooting grouse and had one all ready and posed on a fallen tree. Just as he was about to shoot, Laddie came joyously bouncing through the brush to help Glen and away flew the bird. Glen phrased it differently. "Old Stupid" came bounding along and Glen failed to see the humor of the situation.

The boat was our joy — especially the Peterborough which under Ray's hands was the fastest thing on the lake. And so pretty flying through the waves. We often went for a ride around the lake in the evening and watched the glory of the sunset over the water. Ray would even get up early and go fishing. Glen didn't care for fishing as he didn't like killing them. Ray took the little green boat and his rod — all prepared from the night before. He came walking up the path with a big pickerel just as we were getting up. Wilf said the cottage paid for itself that morning!

One day Ray got excited and dropped his rod in the water in front of the cottage. I had read that one could fish for them and sure enough the hook slid up the rod and caught in an "eye" and up it came to his relief and joy. Later Joe lost a motor in the same place and he fished for that and put a rope on it and up it came.

After we built the boathouse, we put a dock on one side and on it we put the very thing to have on a dock — two steel Air Force Observer chairs. I don't know where we got them but they were useful and unique. I could take my morning coffee to the dock and sit and "observe". The air was so pure and clear that I could hear the slightest peep from

1954 - Torgerson's new boathouse, later broken up by the ice.

Linda sleeping in her crib in the cottage. Sleeping was wonderful in that pure cool air. Ray used to join in the midnight swims and wiener roasts with young people. One night two wandering German boys played the guitar and sang. How lovely the lieder sounded over the water — waters that usually only heard the cry of the loon at night. Linda and I had a dip before bedtime — she went to bed and I read by lamplight. When Ray came home we'd play cribbage. I taught the boys too well how to play as they could soon beat me.

We had the cottage for eight years and the new owners loved it as much as we ever did. They sold it after some years as reluctantly as we did. The old cottage didn't have a straight line in it — was torn down and a beautiful modern house built. But I will always see our old shack there and know the joy of the years we had there. We visited the Whiteshell the last year Wilf would ever visit it. He had terminal cancer and we knew he was saying goodbye forever to sunny days and crimson sunsets and autumn leaves and lazy things to do. But it is a great blessing to remember. We had had those happy days and he could always have the satisfying feeling that it had been right to buy that cottage. It brought so many happy hours — Glen in his Dr. Livingstone hat and Dad's snap of Ray in the aerial part of a dive, toes touching the water. Linda in her little bathing suit — and all of us as a family enjoying the beauty of the Whiteshell and having friends come to share it with us.

BIG WHITESHELL LAKE
HENRY AND FRIEDA TRAUTWEIN
LOT 3 BLOCK 1

By Henry

It was in June of 1948 when my parents and I drove out from Winnipeg to the Whiteshell Headquarters at Rennie to inquire about a cottage lot, and we were told that some nice lots were available at Big Whiteshell Lake. The head Ranger, Mr. Ritchie, told us that only 10 lots in Block 1 had been surveyed and only four were left. We drove to the campgrounds the same day to meet Mr. Ritchie and

Henry (89) and Frieda (77) Trautwein, first cottage owners.

he showed us the lots. We decided on Lot 3.

It was on a weekend in June of 1948 when two hired workers and I drove out to put up the concrete blocks for the foundation. We were able to drive in to the lot by car on a narrow stretch of road about 50 yards from the main road. We had purchased a big truckload of #1 fir lumber from Empire Sash and Door Co. in Winnipeg, but the road wasn't wide enough for the truck to get through and the driver had to cut some branches off some trees and clear some shrubbery to get to the lot to unload the lumber.

On the long weekend the end of June 1948 my father, a hired helper and I started to put up the framework of the first private cottage at the Big Whiteshell Lake situated up on the rocks about 50 yards from the lakeshore with a beautiful view of the lake and a gradual slope towards the water. On the third day of work the frame was completed, including the floor and roof except for the shingles. We slept on the floor on mattresses. Unfortunately, it started to rain and kept raining all night. In the morning we found ourselves surrounded by water standing on the floor, but the sun came out and gave us a chance to dry out and continue to work.

The people at Lot 7 down by the lake had also started to build their cottage shortly after us and while they were in the city working a bear broke into their small house trailer parked some distance away, ransacked it and consumed all their food.

Over the years we thoroughly enjoyed our cottage and the beautiful lake. At age 89 in 1990, we finally sold our cottage.

Editor's Note: Henry died July 23, 1991.

BIG WHITESHELL LAKE
JIM AND JOAN TRUSSLER
MEMORIES OF 30 YEARS IN THE PARK

By Jim

I was working on construction in Winnipeg back in the 1950s and 1960s. I had made a small pram dinghy boat with a capacity for about two people. A painter friend of mine, Glen Auley was an avid fisherman. We used to load this dinghy onto the top of his 1950 Studebaker car and drive out to the Whiteshell Lake. It took us about three and a half hours to get to McKenzie's Lodge (now Swirski's) at the north end of the lake. We'd put the dinghy in the water and row to a spot we called Painted Rock (the sea gulls painted it regularly). Here we would sit for hours. It only took us about twenty minutes to get to the rock and an hour and a half to catch our limit of pickerel. There was room on the rock ledge where we could build a fire and cook some of the fish. Usually a chipmunk or two were there awaiting a hand-out. About 3 p.m. we would head for home arriving about dark.

These days trips lead to weekend trips with a tent. The park hadn't been organized yet so we could camp on the beach. Also the little dinghy was getting too small for fishing and boat riding.

I was raised in Kirkland Lake, a mining town north of North Bay, Ontario. There were seven lakes within a bicycle ride from the town, so I was very familiar with lakes and fishing. I used to visit my parents about once a year at their cottage on one of the lakes. My father had a small boat with a five h.p. Scott Atwater motor he used mainly for visitors. He gave the motor to me and I brought it back to Winnipeg. That was the start of a new episode.

Now I had a motor I needed a different boat. I bought a used homemade wooden boat to carry on top of the car. Joan, my wife wasn't too happy with it because it was so heavy and put her back out, and made for a miserable weekend, with a bad back.

By now the park had organized the area at the north shore of Big Whiteshell Lake, where the McKenzie Lodge was. It was divided into camping spaces with numbers and a park attendant and camping fees, etc. That area soon became too small and the park started the "new" campground on the south shore where more cottages were being developed.

We camped in the "new" campground for a few years. We went down right after work on Fridays and were lucky to get a spot between trees and not too far from the water and within view of the beach. Every morning it was check the boat time and see who was going fishing that day. Between the two campsites there was De Caigny's store and lodge. Jules De Caigny was a gruff fellow and not the easiest man to get along with. Soon this campground was filled to capacity every weekend and I couldn't always be sure of a tent spot.

One day I was at the store and talking to Jules. He had an old trailer on his place that he used to store the boat rental equipment. He had built a new shed and so this trailer wasn't needed anymore. He said that if I moved the stuff out of the trailer I could use it. This started a new chapter.

By this time I had a new 12 foot aluminum boat with a 25 Johnson motor with an electric start. It

was my pride! It even had upholstered seats. One day we met a Minneapolis family named Zit who wanted to see the lake. I volunteered to take them for a ride. The day was cloudy and cool. We headed for Mallard Falls, a lovely ride up the little rivers for about 12 miles. On the way back just as we entered Little Whiteshell Lake it started to rain. It rained so hard it was like a white sheet and you could hardly see anything. We were all soaked and to add to that the motor stopped with a thud. There we were in the middle of Little Whiteshell Lake. I took the hood off the motor and found the cotter pin had come out of the flywheel. I looked in my tool box and no cotter pin. I thought about a bobby pin and fortunately one of the women could give me one. The motor in the meantime had been wet but luckily the motor started and we reached the home dock just in time for the rain to stop and the sun to come out! The Zits left the park the following week and never came back.

Then there was the couple and their son who came with a trailer. He was a retired dean from an American university. He and the boy would go out fishing every morning and the Mrs. stayed around the the camp hoping to see a "baar". They came back for three or four seasons and then they didn't show up again.

It was during this time that the McKenzies sold the Big Whiteshell Lodge to the Swirskis and McKenzies moved to Crowduck Lake. Crowduck Lake is northeast of the Big Whiteshell Lake and there is no road in there. People wanting to go to Crowduck Lake had to cross the Big Whiteshell Lake for about two miles to the Crowduck landing and then use what we call the Two Mile Road. Fishing for small mouthed bass there is very well known throughout America and large northern pike are also caught. McKenzie had six cabins, a lodge and a little store and soon a steady clientele of people who came for a week or two. Most came on a Sunday and left on a Saturday. McKenzie and his helper Hugo would be busy bringing guests out on Saturday morning and taking the new guests in on Sunday morning. To facilitate this, Ken McKenzie had strung a wire from Crowduck Lake across the portage and then across the bottom of Whiteshell Lake to the landing so if guests were late they could announce their arrival and be picked up.

I had become acquainted with Ken and he made a deal with me to watch for the guests and for me to take them across to the Crowduck Landing where Ken would pick them up. He had a four wheel drive truck with seats in the back and a canopy over the top and trailer to move the guests and their belongings across to the Lodge. Eventually I hauled all his guests in my large 18 foot aluminum boat, doing the "lake run".

It was during my stay in the trailer at De Caigny's that I was told I couldn't use it anymore because the park said the trailer was sitting over the septic field and the trailer had to be moved. The trailer was in such poor shape that it was just demolished.

I heard this at the beginning of the weekend and we were not equipped for camping so we took the boat to Castaway Cabins at the other end of the lake towing another smaller boat with all our belongings in.

Castaway in 1972 was owned by Dale Brown and operated by his parents, Herb and Ivy Brown. The day we went there was a lucky day for me. Mr. Brown had been working on the roof and fell and broke his ankle. In the course of the conversation regarding renting a cabin, I mentioned that I had done maintenance work for a Fly-in camp in the Kenora area. Mrs. Brown wanted me to work there and I told her that I was already working but I was available on the weekends. She had to get the O.K. from Dale who was up on the D.E.W. Line. In the meantime Cabin 9 was vacant. Dale gave his permission and that is how my relationship with Castaway Cabins began. When Herb recovered he wasn't too good on his feet anymore and so I continued on as his helper and stayed in Cabin 9.

In order for guests to get to Castaway Cabins they had to drive to the end of the south shore of Big Whiteshell. There was a little shed there with a telephone connecting it to the lodge on the island (really a peninsula). Most of the guests were from the overload from the other campgrounds and they came with their carload of belongings, children and pets. When they discovered that they had to go by boat to the lodge many often changed their minds and looked elsewhere, especially if they had children as there was no beach to speak of.

Castaway Cabins was referred to as Thompson's Landing in the early times. Cy and Eleanor Jones owned it before Dale bought it. There were eight cottages and a central lodge with a little store at one end and a central washroom. The electric power was supplied by diesel power plant and propane for the cabin heating and cooking. At one time you could even get gas for boats there. All garbage had to be taken by boat across to the landing and to the nuisance grounds. The garbage has always been the main problem with that spot and has led to its deterioration plus the fact everything had to be taken over by boat. It became a losing business as less and less guests went there.

Herb and Ivy kept up the place until 1975 when they left to live in Winnipeg.

Dale married a nurse from Hurst, Ontario, Rita Proulx in 1974. They spent their honeymoon at Castaway. Rita began nursing in Pinawa so that was

where they settled.

I was left to "run" Castaway Cabins but there wasn't much to run.

Dale gave me permission to winterize Number 1 cottage so it could be used for winter sports. I still had Cabin 9 in 1976 and then the next summer they gave me No. 8 as a summer cabin. Dale and Rita used the Lodge whenever they did come down, which wasn't often as Rita was expecting her baby, which was a boy, Travis. From 1985 until I left in 1986 I don't think the Browns were down more than a half dozen times. The place was getting more run down and it still wasn't sold.

During the time I was at Castaway when Herb and Ivy were there, Herb had a houseboat on the Big Whiteshell. It had been an old barge that the hydro used to lay cable across the Assiniboine River at Brandon. Herb bought it and put a nice cabin on top of it. The Litz brothers hauled it to the lake for him. It had a transom on the back and he used a 10 horsepower motor so it moved along slowly. Herb used it about twice a season and then came the chore of putting it up for the winter. We would run it into the small cove and then with a series of jacks and planks pull it out of the water. We tied it there and in the spring we loosened the cable and without much effort it would slide into the water. It was showing signs of age and leaking some as the bottom was built of heavy timbers and planks. Herb needed a pump with a gasoline motor to keep the water out of the bottom. He also had a gasoline motor to generate electricity for light bulbs. In the cabin were double bunks and a wood galley stove for heat and cooking. Before Herb left he talked me into buying the houseboat.

I proceeded to overhaul the houseboat and winterize it so I could use it in the winter. I wanted it to ride higher in the water so I bought pontoons to put under it. At this time I was still working at Crowduck Lake and Joan was cleaning there on the weekends. It was a bother to get back and forth from Crowduck to Castaway so I decided to tow the houseboat over to Crowduck Bay, anchor it there and use it weekends. It lasted about three weeks!! It was anchored in shallow water and a big storm came up and the houeboat broke its anchor and drifted into shore and the waves rocked it back and forth and tore out the bottom. I managed to save the pontoons and eventually we towed the houseboat back to the Castaway landing and in the winter I burned it up.

Next came the snowmobile era.

My grandsons wanted to go to the Whiteshell even in the winter so I bought a nice Massey Ferguson Whirlwind with an electric start. I had a trailer to haul it as far as Block 11 which was as far as the road was plowed. I had to unload the car and trailer and load everything onto the sled and power toboggan and take it a mile and a half to Castaway. My concern was always wondering if the car would start on the Sunday before we came home. For a few years I parked the Whirlwind behind the Cotts' cottage and plugged my car in. Later I bought a Moto-ski so when the grandsons came with me there was no argument over who was going to use the machine.

One weekend we had a most harrowing experience. I still had the houseboat at Castaway and one grandson and his girlfriend and I went down to the lake for a weekend of fun. All day Saturday we raced the machines up and down the river into Little Whiteshell Lake. We had no problem with the ice as it was 14 to 18 inches where we tested it. Sunday morning, Brenda got up before we did and she asked me if she could go for a ride on the big machine. I watched her take off around the bend in the river and out of sight. I started to make breakfast and David got up and wondered where Brenda was. He got dressed and took the little machine and headed out to find Brenda. He wasn't gone long when he came tearing back yelling. "Grandpa, Grandpa, Brenda has gone through the ice with the machine."

I dressed as fast as I could and both riding the one machine we raced back to Brenda. I asked David why he hadn't got her out and he said, "I wasn't going to get into that cold water!" Fortunately the river was shallow enough that there she sat on the machine with the water up to her chest. She was so cold she couldn't speak. I tested the ice and it was hard right up to the spot where she had gone through the ice. I put one foot on the ice and one on the machine and lifted her up to put her on the solid ice. As I did this my foot slipped off the seat and I fell backwards into the water with Brenda on top of me. When I stood up the water was just up to my waist so I hoisted her onto the ice and sent her and David back to the cabin. I started to walk until David came back to get me.

Now to get the machine out of the river! It was about -10°F so the hole where the machine was had frozen over. My big sled straddled the hole and I took the hook off the "come along" and hooked onto the back bar of the machine. I had to have something solid to hook onto for the chain. I got the ice auger and augered a hole down into the ice and I drove a post down into the muddy bottom and we let that freeze. While it was freezing we had something to eat and rode to a telephone to inform the folks at home of the delay. We had great difficulty raising the machine for it rolled over and the windshield and handle bars got caught under the ice. Eventually, by using a clothesline pulley, the "come along" and other ropes we got it up side-

Jim and Joan Trussler and grandchildren - Castaway Dock.

ways onto the solid ice. It must have been 11 p.m. by then. We had told the folks we'd stay overnight. Next morning we were able to drag the big machine, now over 500 pounds heavier due to the ice, by the little machine and loaded it onto the trailer and we headed for the city. The damage was confined to one sleeve replacement and trying to dry out the foam seat.

When Joan and I were helping out at Crowduck, Ken McKenzie had a little Piper Cub plane. Sometimes he'd fly Joan in the little yellow plane back to Castaway. Joan likes to tell the story about the time I was to take her by boat to the Crowduck Landing and the fog was very thick. I said that I could get her there even in the fog, but I got lost and we had to sit it out until the fog lifted. When we got to the Landing Ken had gone and Joan had to walk into the Lodge. Louise was sure surprised to see her. Joan and Louise were doing the fall cleanup and they were glad there were no guests.

Joan and I have other memories, such as our big St. Bernard dog, Rex, who loved the park like we did. In rice picking time we usually stayed at Castaway. We always kept one cabin for Mr. and Mrs. Fontaine from Pine Falls. The last time I was up the river, in 1986, the post I'd put in the mud to get the snowmobile out, was still there. We are now retired at Wiarton, Ontario and do return to visit the Whiteshell.

BIG WHITESHELL LAKE
"ROUSTABOUT"
KEN AND MARILYN WADDELL
LOT 13 BLOCK 8

We know that our cottage was owned and built by an elderly couple. The man was in a wheelchair and his wife had to do all the upkeep. They decided to sell after she lost a finger or something while she tried to start the water pump. They sold to Henry

Our houseboat - 1981

Dyck, who had a cabin there already. He bought it as an investment.

Ken and I purchased our lakefront cottage in partnership with A. K. Rose in 1977. Our girls, Jo-Ann and Jacquie, were 17 and 15 at the time. They met many friends there as we did and we all enjoyed the block parties, boating and the girls did a lot of skiing, both water and cross-country. We used it more in winter than summer because we are farmers. We have enjoyed the ice fishing and snowmobiling at night.

In 1982 we bought out the Rose's interest and became sole owners. We now have added a son-in-law Gordon Russell and two grandchildren, Brent five and Kaitlen two. The children really love it and the young family are more or less in charge of the place now. We have many happy memories of Christmases and New Year's and hours of togetherness with family and friends.

BIG WHITESHELL LAKE
THOMAS AND MARCELLA WEIR
LOT 6 BLOCK 5

By Marcella

We bought our place at Block 4, Lot 6, Big Whiteshell, in April 1960 — before the ice was off the lake. It was new, having been built by Walter Chryplywy of Ladywood, Manitoba. Mr. Chryplywy had a sawmill somewhere in the park and he used his extra lumber to build several cottages, one of which was next door to the store that used to be owned by the De Caigny family and another he tried to sell us on Block 1 of Jessica Lake.

When we first visited the Whiteshell, the store at the end of the road which is now owned by the Swirski family, was at the time owned by the MacKenzies.

Prior to 1960 my husband Tom and I used to go tenting around the province. On occasion we tented at the now seasonal campground at "MacKenzie's". I remember well hearing what we thought was a dog sniffing around the tent in the middle of the night. We were horrified the next morning to discover that

it had been a bear! Anyway, we liked the area and I suppose the bear frightened us into considering a cottage! What gave the final push to the cottage purchase was that in February 1960 we adopted a little brother and sister who needed a home and we thought a cottage would be better for the family.

Later on we enjoyed Saturday evening visits with Prof. (now deceased) and Mrs. Jones on Block 1 — at their cottage one week and ours the next. I recall going to the Jones' place to watch "Upstairs, Downstairs" on his T.V. Mrs. Jones has kept the cottage and often brings out guests from town. Prof. Jones made some lovely pieces of furniture for the cottage, including a very fine Welsh dresser, which graces the living room today.

BIG WHITESHELL LAKE
JOE AND JEUNE WILFORD
LOT 8 BLOCK 1

By Jeune

We acquired our lot in 1949 and were the fourth cottage on the lake. Land rental at the time was $10.00 a year as the government wanted to open up some lakes in Manitoba instead of people going to Ontario. We had very little money but when the opportunity arose we took "the plunge". I remember Joe's mother being annoyed with us when we didn't even have a house!

All my knowledge of square root was 3.4.5. but it didn't work too well trying to build a cottage in the center of the lot. It seemed the center of nowhere. Carpenters were working in the area and finally one man said, "You guys are out of square," and he proceeded to help us square our pads.

In those days you didn't have a cement mixer. You mixed it by hand. We lugged rocks from the top of the hill to make steps down to the lake.

Even after 40 years we still look out across the lake and enjoy the view. We have had quite a few experiences and have met some lovely people. Our neighbors were Daniels, Trautweins, and Petersons. In fact, while we were building we stayed at Peterson's during the week and at McKenzie's Cabins on the weekend. We were good friends of Ken and Dode McKenzie. We used to pick up their son at his aunt's and bring him to the lake on weekends. We had some rough trips to the Whiteshell. Roads were even worse than now! One time it took us 15 hours to drive from the lake via Seven Sisters. We have ruined several cars in transit. One time we punctured an oil pan but fortunately some road worker repaired it for us.

Our son, Gary, was only five when we started to build with the help of my dad and brother. We camped up the hill as we had no road close by. We always kept some "weapon" under our pillow in case the bears or some other animal came by. One time in hunting season Ken McKenzie came over to see if Joe would shoot a bear that was clawing their window. Joe shot the bear and we took the front paws to our Chinese friend, Charlie Wong. He said, "How come you didn't bring all four paws?" (Charlie made some "remedy" from them.)

One day in August we lost our yellow Labrador dog from predator control on Big Island. Goldie was in pup at the time so the poison acted quicker, I presume. We let the ranger bury her by his cabin but next week she had been dug up. The following year the Government brought in the regulation that "Dogs must be kept on a leash".

The year after we acquired our lot, 1950, a lot more people built cottages near us. Passey, Schmidt, Guerton, and Thorlakson. Most of these families had sons. The boys used to go exploring nearly every day. Ray Daniels, Lot 7, sold his cottage to the Torgersons who also had two boys.

I remember going berry picking with Evelyn Torgerson across the lake. We had lunch then and picked berries. When we came back to the boat a bear had cleaned up our scraps. Torgersons moved to Portland, Oregon and sold their cottage to George and Helen Edmonds. We had many good years together.

I believe it was 1958 or 1959 when Swirski's took over the concession from the McKenzies. Ken moved to Crow Duck Lake.

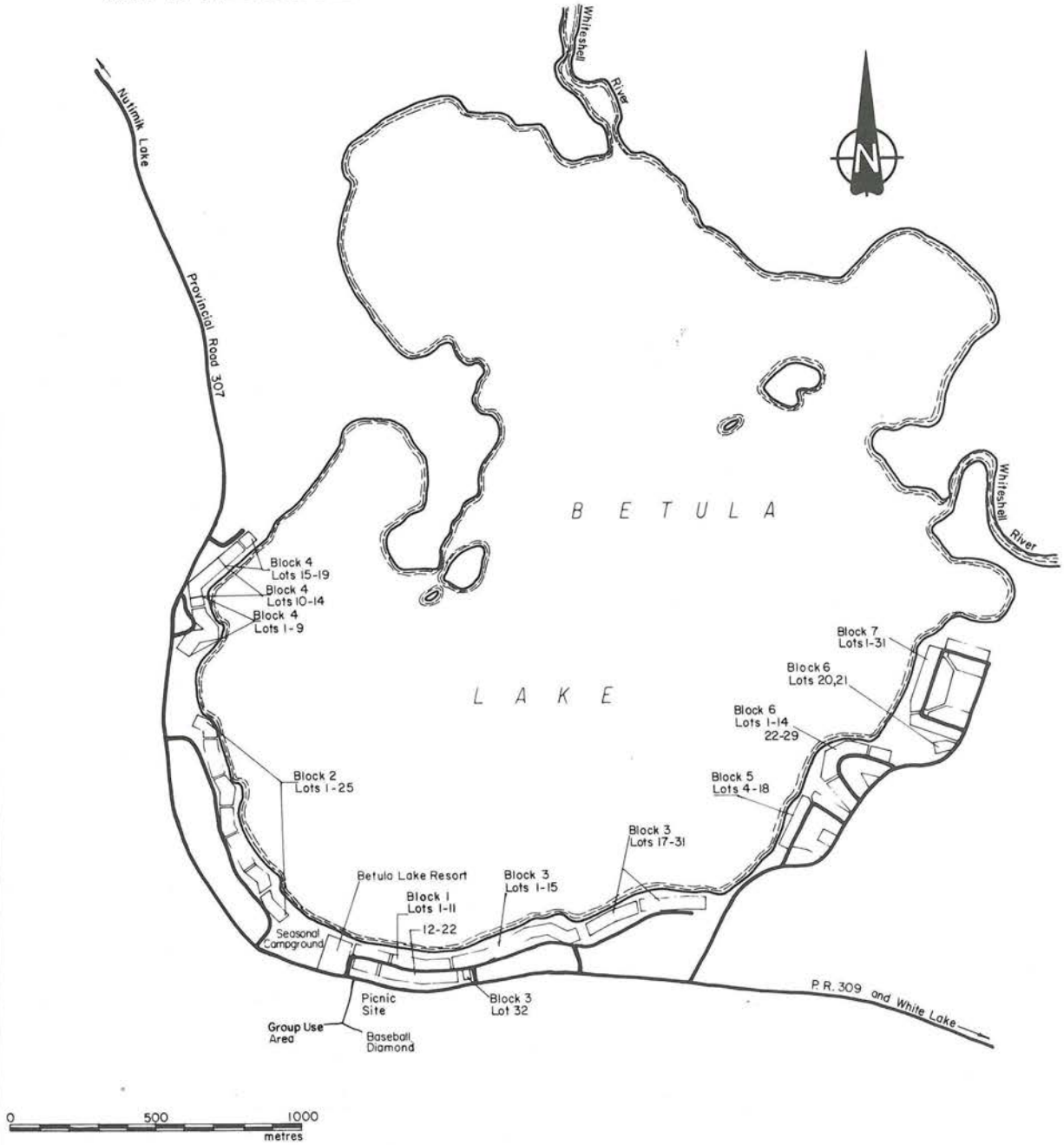
We have enjoyed the wildlife, feeding the ducks, chipmunks, etc. This spring we had 15 species of birds that I recognized. We go through several bushels of sunflower seeds and grain every year. Since Joe retired several years ago we both go picking berries. (You can't beat the wild raspberries and blueberries for jam and jelly).

As with life, we are losing some of our old friends but subsequently make new friends which we appreciate very much.

Joe and Jeune Wilford - 1959

SUBDIVISIONS

BETULA LAKE
WHITESHELL PROVINCIAL PARK



Manitoba
Natural Resources
Parks

1980
Rev. 1986

Betula Lake

THE BIRTH OF BETULA
AND THE END OF AN ERA
By Doris Gowron
from *The Whiteshell Echo,* May, 1966

It is hard to determine exactly when Betula was born as a summer cottage resort. I have talked with many of the early residents, but I guess time plays strange tricks with our memories, and none of them seem to agree on one particular year, so I am left to conclude that between 1947 and 1949 there were three or four cottages built near the present camping site in Block 1. I am told that John Hause built the first cottage, Lyle and Harriet Dure came in next, then Lloyd and Bea Edmonds built in Block 2 in 1949. The Loewens started their cottage in 1950 in Block 2, Lot 6, which we bought from them just five years ago, so you see, we are rank newcomers. Mr. McDonald, Mr. Dure's partner in business, built in Block 2 just two lots over from the campsite but never did use it after the first year it was finished - 1948-49 and it was sold to George and Gertrude Downes, who spent their first summer there in 1951. The purchase of this cottage, and its name makes a delightful little story. Young Glenn Downes, at the age of 13, won a sizeable amount of money by entering a "25-words or less contest on Why I Like Robin Hood Flour." He wrote; "I like Robin Hood Flour because my mother is the best cook in the world and she uses nothing but Robin Hood Flour." When he was asked what he was going to do with the money he replied, "Buy a summer cottage . . . ", and so this they did with the help of Glenn's lucky prize, and they called it "The Lucky Glenn."

By 1951 several more cottages had been built and it was during the winter of that year a small group met at George Downes' Home in St. James and talked about forming an association. The idea behind this mainly being that an organized group would probably carry more weight with the government in getting certain land improvements and better roads. By the summer of 1952 the Betula Lake Campers' Association was born with the charter members (as far as I have been able to establish) were as follows; George and Gertrude Downes, Lyle and Harriet Dure, Sym and Dean Muler, Herb and Hilda Brown, Lloyd and Bea Edmonds, the Roy Keedians and Bill and Laura Smith, who owned and operated the small campsite store. This group worked very hard that first year and organized a Sport's Day picnic, held in the area between the store and the lake. Boating, swimming, running races, and horseshoe pitching competitions were the order of the day. The women got together and made stacks of sandwiches, coffee, and cold drinks, and set up a makeshift concession stand which was the busiest corner of the picnic area. This they continued to do every year until 1958 when Happy and Myrtle Harper bought the store and enlarged it. Now, with help, they managed to keep up a pretty good supply of sandwiches for sale on Sport's Day. The corn roasts were also started that first year, on the August-September weekend, with Sym Mulder generously supplying the corn, as he still does today, from his market gardens on Henderson Highway.

In 1955 and 1956 the Ranger, Cal Richie is given the credit for getting the cook shack built, just across the road from the campsite. In 1957 he was instrumental in getting loads of sand brought in and the campsite public beach cleaned up and enlarged. The first Betula Lake Campers' Association annual dinner and dance was arranged by George Downes in the spring of 1954, and held at the Assiniboine Hotel. They have been held every year since then, not always at the same place, but getting bigger and better every year.

The Betula Campers' Assocation has carried on through the years and to our knowledge, Betula is the only lake in the entire Whiteshell that is so well organized with so many working in harmony together. Last year, with authorized consent, weekly baseball games were arranged between a group of our husky men and the Rehabiliation Camp nearby, serving a dual purpose-exercise for our boys, and morale boosting recreation with the outside world for the other men.

If we can raise the money some day, plans are already on the table to develop our large sports area, just beyond the cook shack, by building tennis courts, horseshoe pitches, running tracks and a proper baseball diamond.

During the early years, George Downes was de-

veloping a growing interest in the art of water skiing and many of the campers were taking part, mostly behind small powered boats at the time. In 1956 a water skiing demonstration, held at Lockport, was fathered by George Downes, Dr. William Reid and his son Dr. Ian Reid (well known to us all at Betula), Lyle Wilson and Lyle Dure. In September of that year, a meeting was held, with Y.M.C.A. director Tom Potts taking the chair in an advisory capacity, and that evening the Manitoba Water Ski Association was born with Selkirk, Morden and Betula participating and Minnedosa coming in shortly after. At this time the Betula Ski - Bees were born under the guidance of George Downes and Lyle Wilson and today they are still a fully recognized and active group. Of course the next step for Betula was a ski jump. Mr. Gordon Muirhead was instrumental in getting the work started, and apparently had no trouble in recruiting help from the fathers and young sons, like the Muirheads, Kents, Goodmans and the Downes. Others in on the project were Ken Halsall, Bob Pound, Kervin Hillier who was also a director and active worker on the Whiteshell Association. It was interesting to learn that the first jump was built on our property, then the Loewens', the reason being the gradual slope of rock down to the water.

This story of the birth of Betula, its subsequent accomplishment, and its plans for the future, could never have been told had it not been for the "labours of love" of the few devoted men and women in the early '50s.

Outstanding among these wonderful people are George and Gertrude Downes, and at the end of the year (1966) George retires from his position with Air Canada, and after a dedicated era of working with young people, they will leave Winnipeg and Betula to start a new life in a more temperate climate.

George and Gertrude Downes

Back in the 1930s George formed the first model Aeroplane Club in his home, then on Ferry Road in St. James. He built the planes himself and taught the young neighborhood lads and his own sons how to build and fly them. As more youngsters became interested and the group grew too large for the house, the meetings were held in the Assiniboine School. In 1932, through George's efforts, the Manitoba Model Aircraft League was formed in Winnipeg with Fred Ferguson as its chairman, George Downes, Bill Burchall and Bob Collier on the board. George was also active for many years with the Air Cadets. In 1962 George was asked to be chief judge of the Canadian Water Ski Championship Competitions and exercised his duties that year and in 1963 at Minnedosa, and again in 1965 at Lac du Bonnet. In the fall of 1965 George was presented with a trophy and the first honorary life membership in the Manitoba Water Ski Association at their annual dinner and dance. At this time George regretfully tendered his resignation for health reasons.

Since 1930 George and Gertrude Downes have devoted many hours of their life working together on worthy projects both in the city and at Betula. They never wasted precious time and their years together here with their family have been happy and well spent.

George has asked me to extend his gratitude and sincere thanks to all the young people of the past and present with whom he has worked and played, for keeping him young. George will be 65 years young next December, and he and Gertrude have bought a little place in West Summerland in the Okanagan Valley. They will not be too lonely as they have been there often and have friends and relatives close by, but I'm sure they will miss Betula, as I know Betula will miss them. They will have many wonderful memories to keep them company, and we wish them many more happy years together in their new home.

Editor's Note: George Downes died in 1979 and Gertrude in 1980. George and Gertrude had four children. Lyle deceased in 1989 and Geraldine deceased 1986. Grant and Glenn along with 12 grandchildren and 17 great-grandchildren still survive.

FAMILY AND WATER SKIING

By Dr. Ian Reid, 1989

George Downes was probably the first water skier in the Whiteshell. George, and his daughter, Gerry and son-in-law Lyle Wilson skied in 1951 at George's hunting lodge, "The Blue Goose," on the Red River at Breezy Point. In 1952 they brought their skis to their summer cottage at Betula Lake and there started the Betula Lake Ski Bees. The Ski Bees have been

active almost continuously since that time and I believe are still active today.

George was very active in judging in the early provincial tournaments and was Manitoba's first "Chief Judge." He was awarded the first of two life time memberships ever awarded by the Manitoba Water Ski Region. The other one was given to me a few years later.

George's son-in-law, Lyle Wilson was the first skier to represent Betula Lake at a provincial championship - that was the province's first held in 1954 on the Red River at Selkirk. Lyle went on to compete in many more tournaments and he was elected president of the Manitoba Water Ski Region in 1958.

The next skier of note in the Whiteshell and Betula was the Muirheads in the mid 1950s. With father Gordon driving the boat and mother, Doreen observing Jan, Brian, Margaret and Patsy all took to serious skiing. Jan, Brian and Patsy in particular went on to ski on the provincial and national teams, setting records along the way. Brian, I believe was the first Manitoban to be named to the National Team. I recall when he left he took his favorite ski handle he had made from a birch tree. It caused a few titters I'm sure when viewed by the more sophisticated eastern skiers. This "relic" is now in the Manitoba Water Ski Museum (the only one in Canada) part of the Marine Museum at Selkirk, Manitoba. Besides skiing for Canada Brian also coached the provincial ski team in 1971.

This hive of skiing activity at Betula plus the fact that my close friends, the Pendergasts, had the biggest boat and motor on the lake at the time (an item that a struggling post graduate medical student could not afford) attracted me and my family to Betula in 1958. I had started skiing and was now into serious skiing. Camping at Betula each year for nearly 20 years allowed me to have my skills and get my children into the sport which they did on the shores of sunny Betula between the ages of four and six.

All three kids went on to ski for Manitoba and Canada in the subsequent years and all three setting provincial and National records in the process. My son Bruce's National jumping record in the men's division was finally broken in 1988. Bruce made it to the sixth overall and third in men's jumping in 1979 World Championships and Kim placed seventh in the World at Bonolas, Spain.

My competitive days were fairly short as you could not compete and judge at the same time and I was one of the few qualified judges in the early years.

Skiing, however, was secondary to our reason for camping. Norman Vincent Peale says the family that prays together, plays together and works together, stays together. It is our opinion that camping is an ultimate way of doing this. Each year at holiday time we would ask the kids where they would like to go, Disney World or the Black Hills or whatever. The answer was always the same, Betula Lake. The friendships made at Betula are as close today as they were 20 years ago. As a bonus both boys met their wives through water skiing.

Kim at 14 was named to the Manitoba team to ski at the first Canada Summer Games at Dartmouth, N.S. along with Mike Vidruk and Patsy Muirhead and team manager Gord Phillips all from Betula. As you may realize, tenting at the time was rather primitive with no television and no electricity. The tournament from N.S. was to be televised and not wanting to miss it our tenting group scrounged a generator which we set up back in the bush and plugged in a small television, which hung from a tree and we watched our Betula Lake kids perform.

In the late '60s and early '70s Bill and Corin Lewis and Gord and Helen Phillips were very active in running the Ski Bees as well as the provincial scene. Bill was president of the Manitoba Water Ski Region in 1970 and Gord took over in 1976. Gord was also tournament chairman of the Canadian Championships held at St. Norbert on the Red River in 1970.

About 1965 the Vidruks and the Bradleys arrived on Lake Betula ski scene and Mike in particular became the main competition for Kim and Bruce. Tom Bradley lacked the killer instinct to make it to the top - every time he beat one of his friends (which he did frequently) he would apologize to them. Mike and sister Sheila, won many provincial titles and set many records. Poppa Kas Vidruk was renown across the land as the premier water ski announcer - famous for his radio version of a soft shoe dance during lulls in the competition.

Debbie Smith and the Hal Thiessen boys Jim, Geoff, and Bob from the Betula campsite were all active tournament skiers. Debbie went on to capture the provincial girls' title.

In the '70s Joey Pound became the male skier from Betula, particularly strong in the jumping events. Joey is still actively involved today.

Dave Bell began his skiing career at Betula in the '60s. Dave liked to compete at a fun level and along with Mike Vidruk and Tom Bradley started the Betula Lake Annual Slalom and jump tournament. This was a fun tournament for all levels of skiers which I believe is still held annually and is hotly contested. A recent addition to the team of fun skiers was Barry McArton. Barry has skied at the provincial level for years and for a time was executive director of the Manitoba Water Ski Region.

The Daniels family at Betula was another family who supported our claim that water skiing is the fastest growing family sport in Canada. In the early '70s Harry was active in judging helped by wife

Betty. While kids Pat, Dunc, Sue and Tom did the competing Tom and Sue going to the national level, Dunc's claim to fame was holding the national record for going further under water without letting go of the ski handle after a fall while jumping (which he did quite often).

Chris (crash) Kent was another spectacular skier of the '60s that represented Betula at the Provincial tournaments. He was a skier of reckless abandon (with a very short career) who thrilled the crowds at tournaments with his spectacular falls in the jumping event - worth the price of admission alone.

In 1967 Betula Lake sponsored the first Manitoba Barefoot Championships won by our Kim Reid. This was one of the first if not the first barefoot tournament in Canada. It has gone on to be a popular annual event at the provincial, national and world level.

Betula has also sponsored many regional tournaments. The Ski Bee Ski shows during Canada Day celebrations were also very popular. The skiers could do their thing without worrying about winning. During one such show number two child, Bruce, and I were doing the over and under jumping act - I over Bruce, aged about eight or nine at the time, going under. Mid way through the act Bruce looked up and saw me in the air over him - changed his mind and tried to go back from whence he came - too late - Dad landed on top of him driving him down deep into the soft mud bottom (lovingly called "loon shit") of the lake as he let out a blood curdling yell. The cheering throngs on shore all thought it was part of the show so we had to resurrect Bruce unharmed from the bottom and do it over - right this time!

Another vivid memory of these shows and tournaments was the sudden and predictable disappearance of Phyllis Vidruk from the crowd when son Mike was due to jump. Mike was one of the more spectacular jumpers of the day turning almost upside down in the air before landing - usually upright. This was more than mother could stomach and she would take up residence behind a large tree or the nearest outhouse till the event was completed.

Betula Lake was a good lake for skiing because it was warmer than the Winnipeg River System. Its only drawback was the abundant growth of weeds and the soft muddy bottom. Many skis and surfboards (actually aquaplanes) still reside at the bottom after getting caught up in the weeds and mud. I'm sure this is why Betula Lake provided so many good skiers - no one wanted to fall into the mud and weeds.

Since my camping days were pretty well confined to Betula my knowledge of skiing in the other Whiteshell lakes is rather limited, however, I'll make a few comments.

Star Lake was quite active in the '60s and '70s with Ed and Tom Rutherford competing provincially. They were also active in barefoot skiing and kite flying. The Prall boys, Eric and John started their skiing at Star Lake then moved to Falcon Lake. They skied at the provincial and national levels.

White Lake began in the early '60s with the Hennings - Horst and Lil and Ed and Rita Shearer starting the White Lake Ski Gulls. The Henning kids, Heidi, Howard and Harold all competed with Heidi making the provincial team and winning numerous provincial titles. The Shearers - Barb, Jim and Don all competed provincially as well.

More recently the Singbeils, Marlene and Carl and daughter Sandy have been in command at White Lake. Sandy has won provincial and national titles. Carl is the present provincial president and Marlene is current executive director of the province. She is also the top tournament calculator in Canada and has filled that position at many national tournaments.

Kelly Shymko, Ulf Bedard, Jim Ruta and Jim Young are other skier names that come to mind from White Lake. White Lake has hosted many provincial championships and I believe is the only Whiteshell lake to host a provincial besides Betula.

Brereton Lake had a ski club for a short while while Todd Campbell and Werner Latzkitsch the notable skiers from that lake.

West Hawk Lake though not having an active ski club has spawned one of Manitoba's top male skiers in Doug Court. Doug has represented Manitoba at many Canadian championships.

Some of my earliest trips into the Whiteshell were in the early '40s. There were no roads of course other than the Trans-Canada Highway which is now P.T.H. No. 44. I went in by boat with an old fellow named Texmo. He went to Dorothy, Eleanor, Jessica via the Pinawa channel. His job was to check water levels for the Hydro, then I believe it was the Winnipeg Electric Co.

Finally no story of the Reid's skiing at Betula or anywhere else for that matter would be complete without something said about my long suffering wife Ruth. She had not camped or skied till she met me. We got married while I was still a medical student and all we could afford for a holiday was camping in a borrowed army tent with army cots and this with two babes in arms!

Our first year at Betula brought a torrential cloud burst with rain running six inches deep through the tent. Ruth's first ski was at Star Lake the first year we went to Betula. She even competed one year in a provincial tournament and partook in many ski shows. She put up with bears - seven in one night! One bear tore a hole in the side of the tent the three children were sleeping in. Another night a twister

hit our campsite, falling trees all around us in about 60 seconds. There were about 12 kids in the tents and not one injury. The only casualty was our unoccupied kitchen tent and our borrowed camp stove.

Over the years Ruth has been cook and bottle washer and den mother to numerous skiers and provincial teams. She's dressed her kids and husband for a banquet at a group I tournament in Montreal from a tent trailer parked along an abandoned runway in a torrential down pour. We were all wearing white and we shared the tent trailer with a dog. Ruth was honored as "Mother of the Year" by the provincial association in the '70s. So in spite of all the trophies and honors the Reids have won none of it could have been done without "Mother" and inspite of it all she still loves me.

Through our work in developing water skiing in Manitoba and Canada and representing Canada at World Congress plus other work with young people we were awarded the Order of Canada in 1983. In 1987 Bruce and I were invested into the Manitoba Sport's Hall of Fame, Bruce as a competitor and I as a builder. We are the first water skiers invested into the Hall of Fame. You can imagine what a thrill it was for me to be inducted along with my son. Bruce's son has started skiing at the age of three, so we hope the tradition can be carried on. His wife is many times U.S.A. and World champion water skier so the odds are good.

So you can see Betula Lake and the Whiteshell have been very good to me and my family.

Kim, Patty, Ruth, Ian and Bruce Reid

Patty Reid, Bob Thiessen and Cheryl Pendergast

This picture was taken by Malyk. Photographer Malyk was commissioned by the Ottawa Government to take pictures for tourist brochures on Canada. He came to Betula to take some pictures. On one occasion Bruce Reid took a real "wipe out" while barefoot skiing for Malyk. It took Bruce a while to surface as he was a bit groggy but none the worse for wear. Malyk thought it was great and wanted Bruce to do the same "wipe out" a couple of more times for the camera!

BETULA LAKE
HENRY AND ELMA DUECK
By Henry

Bill and Laura Smith were the pioneers of Betula Lake Resort. They named and registered it as "Betula Bay Sportsmen's Camp" in 1948. They moved to Betula that spring. Laura still kept on her work as a nurse in the Whitemouth Hospital on a part-time basis, while Bill kept himself very much occupied with building up a summer camp.

The first summer Bill put up the first three 11 feet by 13 feet cabins. He also built the first part of the store and their living quarters back of the store and an ice house. In the following spring, 1949, he put in a wood-heating cook stove, a double bed and some kitchen utensils in each cabin. They rented them out to vacationers at $2.00 a night. Betula Bay Camp was in operation!

Also during 1949, the Smiths hired a small local contractor to build five more 16 feet by 16 feet cabins, covered with three quarter-inch buffalo board from the outside and finished on the inside with hardboard and painted. They were wired for lights and had several plug-ins. Fuel for the three-burner gas hot plate and the small gas heater was supplied from a 100-pound propane gas bottle.

In the fall of 1958, Bill and Laura decided to sell their well-started camp and purchased a private cottage at Lot 15, Block 4 and take life a little easier.

A couple known by the name of "Happy Harpers" bought the camp. From what we gathered from the cottagers and campers the name suited them well. Many times they were happy and at other times they were harping about this or that. But with pushing and prodding and talking and working they got things done. Hear say has it that Happy would get up early in the morning yodelling and singing loudly as he made his way through the trailer park waking everybody up.

Happy built the first modern three-bedroom cottage replacing No. 1. They also built the present living quarters joining the side of the store, though later we renovated it and changed the whole of the the interior.

In 1967 Cliff and Yvette Mallette bought the Hap-

py Harper Camp and renamed it Betula Lake Resort. They added a new 20 feet by 20 feet store to the main building as well as replaced Cabin No. 2 with the second modern cabin.

It had been my dream for some time to own and operate a summer resort. My dream became reality on May 1, 1970, when we, Henry and Elma Dueck with our three children, Gerry, Roy and Lois, took over Betula Lake Resort. We experienced first hand both the privileges and drawbacks of operating a summer camp.

First of all, it was a special privilege to work together as a family. It meant that Gerry and Roy, both attending university and Lois in high school, did not have to look for a summer job. There was plenty of work for all of us, believe me!

Secondly, we enjoyed meeting new people, young and old, from all walks of life, from all over the world, making many new lasting friendships.

As well, we were so pleased to have many of our old friends, relatives and acquaintances come to see us and take some of their holidays at our resort, to our mutual enjoyment.

We took delight in our beautiful surroundings. Our camp, close to the lake and nestled beneath tall evergreens was picturesque in every season. The pine-scented air was invigorating. We loved the birds, chipmunks, deer, beavers, ducks, and the fresh fish to catch and eat. Even the bears and skunks added to the overall atmosphere and excitement of camp life. One never knew when a bear or a skunk might be lurking on your back door steps when you rushed out so many times a day for laundry or something or other.

I recall the nightly tableau of one summer, our cabin guests excitedly watching the bear and the skunk together attacking our garbage cans (no enclosed cages in our time) with our Siamese cat, Misty, quietly sitting a few yards away, watching as well. Another time we saw Misty chase a half grown cub up one of our tall trees.

Fishing was usually very good in May and June and picked up again in the fall. We had pickerel, jack fish or northern pike as our neighbors, the Americans, call them. I recall many a proud fisherman strutting into the store, with an enormous jack fish, to weigh, measure, and duly register. The largest jack fish that I remember, weighed over 20 pounds and was caught by B. Bestick of Block 3.

The Ski Bees were a vital part in our camp life. There was a lot of water skiing and it kept our gas pumps busy. We usually had a regional and occasionally a provincial ski tournament at Betula Lake. This meant extra excitement and extra visitors. Our local Betula boys and girls did exceptionally well and many, like Bruce, Kim and Patty Reid and Mike Vidruk won top honors, excelling in the competition.

The annual Betula sports day on the August long weekend was always a big event with baseball, horseshoe tournaments, canoe races and lots of other races and relays for young and old, including a grocery scramble for the ladies.

Wild rice harvesting was another unique feature in the course of our season. The same as in farming, the rice crop depended very much on the right weather conditions and on the level of the water in spring and fall. If the crop was good we'd have a lot of native people and their families come into the area. As the years went by, more families would rent cottages from us and bought groceries in our store, rented our boats and canoes from us, extending our season anywhere from one to three weeks. The season usually ended around Labour Day. We established some fine relationships with quite a number of native families.

During our nine years at the resort, we experienced some real crises.

In our very first summer, we had a full scale bread crisis on our hands. Both our bread suppliers, Westons and McGavins went on strike. We had to go to small local bakeries in Beausejour, Steinbach, Lac du Bonnet and try to get enough bread for our hundreds of hungry customers who depended on us. About every other day we'd have to phone around to see where we could get bread. They had a hard time keeping up with the sudden demand. We would have to pick it up ourselves. Often the last batch would just be taken out of the ovens - too hot to put in bags. The trailer park people and nearby cottagers seemed to smell the tantalizing aroma of freshly baked bread as we drove up, waiting to snatch it up. Word got around quickly even to neighboring resorts. We never ever afterwards sold as much bread as we did that first summer when the big bread companies were on strike!

Another crisis, which occured during every little thunderstorm, was the electricity and phone going on the blink. This meant no water, no plumbing, no heat, no refrigeration, (our freezers of ice cream melting) no lights, even the gas pump and cash register stopped working. We've had the power off during prime season on our busiest weekends for as long as six hours several times. Some of the cabin guests would come to complain while you were trying to cope with all the many crises resulting from the power failure. In our first year we even had to prime our water pump with countless pails of water carried from the lake to get it started again. After the first season I saw to it that this was changed.

As for the phone, there was a crisis continually. Can you imagine one pay phone, only working about 60 per cent of the time, serving four resorts, each with its own 100 or so cottages, trailer parks

and other guests, all on one party line, on a busy mid-summer weekend? I am sure this caused us more frustration than any other single thing. Added to that were all the hundreds of messages we were asked to deliver to the whole area of Betula, usually when we were at our busiest.

Then there was the crisis brought about by an unusually hot, dry spring, resulting in many forest fires and threatening many resorts including Betula Lake. One such weekend our booked cottage guests were not allowed into the park and we had empty cottages and a loss of revenue in a very short season.

During our nine years we had two devastating storms, one bringing down 11 of our tall everygreens each time, several falling on our cottages, at the beginning of a busy July weekened as cabin guest were checking in, together with a long power failure! Luckily, we did get help very quickly, to cut and move our fallen trees, which was much appreciated.

Who can forget the two or three summers of the caterpillar worms! Worms crawling all over the grounds, walks, buildings, Yuk! How we sprayed these pests and swept them off our cottage doors and walks before guests arrived so as not to scare them away. They devastated a lot of trees and shrubs, but we were fortunate in that Betula Lake has mostly pine trees which the worms leave alone. There was one small fringe benefit for us as storekeepers. We sold lots of cans of Raid. One elderly gentleman purchased them by the dozen!

I built six new modern cottages (replacing five of the older ones) during those nine years. As well I had the whole camp rewired after the first summer to accommodate the plumbing and ranges in every cottage. I also had an extra field and sewage system put in.

We were proud to win an Award of Merit for outstanding achievements in the field of tourist accommodations and visitors relations from the Department of Tourism and Recreation.

After the first year we used to stay at the resort until quite late in the fall often until New Year's. We had some electric heat in our living quarters, but we also depended on our wood-burning Franklin fireplace. One cold November night I was getting some firewood ready to carry into our wood shelter. At two different places close to the gravel pit were packs of wolves, cleaning up the remains of a deer shot the day before and they kept howling at short intervals. They gradually came closer and closer to where I was working until I simply stopped my work for fear they might suddenly grab my legs and drag me out into the cold, dark woods!

Our nine years as Betula Lake Resort owners bring back many fond nostalgic memories. In the spring of 1979, we handed over the keys to Herb and Joyce Hardy and we moved into our present private cottage in Block 4, Lot 3.

Since then, Bob Brandts have owned and operated the resort. They again sold to Samsons who are the present owners. We wish them well as also all our many good friends we have gotten to know and appreciate at Betula Lake Resort.

BETULA LAKE
LOT 20, BLOCK 2
BILL AND MARIE BRITTON
By daughter Gwen

The cottage was built in 1951 before the service road was completed necessitating lumber being carried in from off the main road.

In spite of many happy memories throughout the years there were also numerous problems — a flood in 1962, ice damage to the shoreline and boathouse in 1985, and trees have fallen on the cottage, boathouse and car. My mother, Marie, passed away in 1975 and father, Bill, in 1978. My brother Dale and his family from Thunder Bay and I still enjoy the cottage.

Henry and Elma Dueck

Bill and Marie Britton with U.S.A. friends - 1975

BETULA LAKE
LOT 7, BLOCK 1
BILL AND JOYCE BURCH
MEMORIES OF BETULA LAKE
A 37-YEAR PERSPECTIVE
By Bonnie

Since Betula is the Latin word for birch, it seems only fitting that Bill and Joyce Burch would choose Betula Lake for their summer getaway so many years ago. After renting a cabin at Betula in the summer of 1953, Bill and Joyce returned to the lake the next summer and purchased a cottage which would become the backdrop for more than three decades of pleasant memories.

Back then, Highway 307 was a gravel road, and the 27-mile trip from Seven Sisters to the lake was a real adventure, especially after a hard rain. Nonetheless, we made the trip almost every weekend from Easter through Thanksgiving. In the summer, our mother, like many others, would brave the wilds and keep us, Janet, Peggy and me, at the cottage for a number of weeks. Dad would come out from town on the weekends. With no electricity, we relied on an icebox and a dumb waiter to keep food fresh. A wood stove and coal oil lamps warded off the chill and the dark, and a rain barrel served for washing. (The occasional visit by Perth's "wet wash" service must have been a real treat for Mother.)

The primitiveness and isolation never crossed our minds; we were too busy having fun. There were blueberries and strawberries to be picked, pies and jams to be made, fish to be caught, and woods to be explored. Of course, the lake itself was an endless source of entertainment as we swam or fished or went out in the boat nearly everyday. If we tired of the out-of-doors, we could always play cribbage or parcheesi or visit with neighbors on holiday.

Weekends were special because our father would join us and bring another block of ice and fresh meat. (No more canned Spam until this new block of ice melted!) On Saturdays, we learned to waterski or ride the surfboard behind the 12-horsepower Viking motor on our Peterborough boat. Saturday nights we would get together with other families and play cards. A real thrill was to drive to the garbage dump and watch the bears rummage in the refuse — from inside the car of course!

In 1960, we got electricity to our cottage, and a new way of life developed. We got a refrigerator, a two-burner hot plate, a toaster, and Dad built an addition on the cottage. Many people built or remodeled their cottages around this time because they could now use power tools. Neighbors helped neighbors with these endeavors, and lasting friendships evolved amid the buzzing of circular saws and pounding of hammers.

There were five events at the lake each summer that we all looked forward to: Red Cross swimming week, Labatt's Safe Boating Week, the wiener roast, the corn roast, and best of all, the sports day weekend.

Red Cross Swimming week was always the same every summer. On Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday the lake would be calm, and the weather would be warm, sunny and clear. On Thursday, it would become overcast, and by Friday, the day of the test to determine your level of achievement, the water temperature would have dropped 20 degrees, and there would be whitecaps on the lake! Somehow, despite these climatic conditions, we all learned to swim.

Labatt's Brewery sponsored a safe boating clinic for many summers during the late '50s and '60s. A team of young men would travel from lake to lake in the Whiteshell with a new powerboat and a canoe. They would teach people how to operate the boat, paddle the canoe, and observe boating safety. Fortunately for me, the team just happened to be there the summer I broke my arm. They took me to Whitemouth Hospital to have it set. Unfortunately, it meant I couldn't swim for the rest of that summer.

The Betula Lake Association selected one Saturday in July and one in August to hold the wiener roast and the corn roast respectively. While neither the wieners nor the corn was actually "roasted," many "dogs" and "ears" were devoured while the entire lake community enjoyed an evening with their neighbors.

The sports day weekend was like no other. It always occurred on the August long weekend and, unlike Red Cross Swimming Week, the weather generally cooperated. Again, under the sponsorship of the Association, the cottage owners and seasonal campers would turn out for a weekend filled with family events. On Saturday, there were swimming races, a horseshoe pitching competition, and a baseball game. On Sunday, there were the children's running races and the adult events such as the wheel barrow race, the shoe scramble race, and the men's egg toss. By far the most fun, however, was the women's grocery scramble. An area the size of two football fields was littered with groceries, and women would line up for the length of the field. On "go," the women would scramble across the field, grabbing up as many items as they could carry. The sound of the event has been likened to a thundering herd of buffalo on the prairie. Frankly, I think the women move faster!

Concluding the weekend festivities were rowboat races, canoe races, powerboat races, a waterskiing display, and a prize drawing, all staged at the main

Bill and Joyce Burch and daughters Bonnie, Peggy and Janet.

beach area. While some of the events have changed throughout the years, it is still a wonderful weekend each summer.

In 1966, Dad put in a well and pump, giving us the luxury of potable running water. In 1970, he added an indoor toilet, and we bid the "biffy" a fond farewell. Soon thereafter came the addition of a hot water tank and a shower. Did all of these creature comforts really change the essence of enjoying the lake cottage? Not a chance. Given the choice, I believe our family would always choose the refreshment of a "dip" in the lake and the taste of a meal prepared on the wood stove. As for the biffy, well that's a different matter!

There are so many splendid memories of life at Betula — some a little scary, like seeing what a bear can do when it breaks into a cabin or getting chased by wolves. But most are simply fond recollections of a wonderful way of life. I'll never forget catching an award-winning jack fish, or watching moose swimming in the river, or hearing the loons calling at dusk. What a contrast to the hustle and bustle of modern existence. Our family has been richer for the experiences we have shared at Betula and for the friends we have met along the way. We have Betula to thank for drawing us together and being the impetus for so many wonderful memories.

BETULA LAKE
LOT 3, BLOCK 2
LLOYD AND BEA EDMONDS
By Lloyd

In 1948, my wife and I and our two children Brian and Lynn were looking for a cottage in the Whiteshell. We talked with the Ranger Cal Ritchie and he suggested we follow him to a place at Betula Lake. The road was dreadfully poor and so dusty that day you couldn't see ahead of you for dust. We did see some places designated to be cottage lots but they were poor. Cal helped us choose the one we had for 40 years.

The lot was covered in big timber. I used my axe to cut the trees down to about 10 inches in diameter so I could pull them down with the car. I hired some men to help clear the lot and in time I built a cottage. Over the years it has been changed a great deal.

I remember one day coming around the cottage and there was a big old bear. I could see Lynn standing about 30 feet away casually watching the bear. I was wondering how I could reach her without the bear noticing and dash to the cottage. Fortunately, the old bear wandered off on his own.

I recall lying in bed those first years and hearing the wolves howl.

Brian and Lynn were involved with the water skiing over the years.

Brian married Jenny and they have Brian Jr., Glenn and Amanda. Lynn married Dave.

Bea passed away in 1989, so we sold the cottage.

BETULA LAKE
LOT 7, BLOCK 4
40 YEARS OF MEMORIES
SPECIAL TIMES AT A SPECIAL PLACE
W.A. FRASER FAMILY
By Bill, Lorraine, Pat & Sally

40 Years

In human growth it is a vital time, tempered by a sense of stability and acceptance of who we are and what we have. And so it is with our life at Betula Lake - the flurry of clearing, building and changing have been replaced by relaxing, enjoying and adapting slowly.

It is still a time of looking forward. But also, a time to savour past memories and reminisce about the "good old days."

Good Old Days at Betula when:

Families and neighbours worked side by side felling trees, moving rocks, clearing brush and building shorelines (20th century pioneers).

The trip down to the lake took twice as long as it does now (and often requires a "pit stop" at Seven Sisters to wash the dust out of our throats).

Mr. Smith dug through the soggy sawdust in his ice house to chop you a piece of "refrigeration" while Mrs. Smith collected the 25 cents (the only store keeper we've ever had who wore "red devil" earrings).

Instead of heading to Kenora for a day's outing, we filled up the three-horsepower motor packed into the good old Peterborough and went out exploring

Bill, Lorraine, Pat and Sally - 1961

across the lake and maybe down the winding river (one neighbour had us convinced we would surely discover some grand archeological digs in these expeditions - we're still looking).

Bedtime (preceeded by a group trek to the "wee house") was at 10 o'clock because our eyes could no longer read or play cards by the humming shadowing glare of our Coleman lantern.

Remember the Time

We all lived in that tiny shack - which now barely holds the lawn furniture - while we gathered enough know how, able bodies and "pennies to construct our "dream" cottage.

We volunteered our Mom, pants rolled above her knees, to wade across the flooded Rennie River bridge to see if the old Studebaker could make it through.

We all stopped what we were doing to run down to the shore to watch the newest 10-horsepower motor on the lake "speed" by.

We could not get into our driveway until a large (enough not to argue with) bear finished eating and digesting its garbage delights.

We stayed up all night watching some mysterious flares appear in the sky - (ranger, R.C.M.P. were summoned) only to find out we were witnessing some natural "planetary activity."

Hard Times; The Best of Times

Saying goodbye to the cottage in the fall;
Beginning again each spring.

Losing neighbours and family;
Making new friends, sharing with new generations.

Facing damage done to cottage and property;
Neighbours working together to make things right.

Losing a stately old pine tree;
Planting new trees and naming them after your best friends.

Seeing other parts of the Province where forest and nature have been lost forever; Knowing the government, residents and visitors work together to keep the Whiteshell for our children's children.

We Wonder

If the water will stay high and the fish will always "bite."

If the hummingbirds we feed all summer make it through their long journey to destinations south.

How many leaks will show up in the plumbing each spring.

If any Wire - haired Terrier we get will ever learn the difference between city and country "Kitty-cats."

If we will never take for granted our fortune at being able to gather these memories in a place as special as our cottage at Betula Lake.

BETULA LAKE
FORMERLY AT LOT 6, BLOCK 2
TONY AND DORIS GOWRON
"CANTAGREE"

By Doris

In the late '50s we moved to Charleswood, to a large five-acre home. It took until 1961 for us to realize that the work of a three-acre lawn was too much for us and we went from the sublime to the ridiculous by moving from the open spaces of country living to a high rise apartment. Although it was roomy and comfortable we did miss the yard and the trees. In the past we had often spent summer vacations in rented cottages and for some years had shared a summer home with Tony's partner, at West Hawk Lake.

Finally we agreed that it was time to find our own summer home where we could get away from the apartment and possibly have a place for retirement. The cottage would have to have many of the comforts of home and be somewhere quiet and with a view.

With this thought in mind my son John and I set out one spring morning in 1961 to find our dream cottage in the Whiteshell. Armed with several newspaper ads we headed for Seven Sisters and the road that loops around to Brereton Lake. We looked at one after another, but somehow they did not fit that image I had of my "dream cottage." It was getting on late in the afternoon and we were about to call it a day and head home. John said that there was one left at Betula Lake, we might as well have a look at it and head home by continuing around to Brereton Lake.

Arriving at Betula Lake stirred something inside

of me, we pulled off into Block 2 and drove slowly along until we came to the sign "Lot 6, Block 2." There it was, "my dream cottage" I thought to myself. No one was around so we could only look in through the small openings in the drapes. What I did see convinced me that this was the place I had always dreamed of. A solid built home, of concrete blocks on a slab foundation, on a granite out crop which went all the way down to the water's edge. It might of been the time of day or that I was in the right mood but this was my cottage. When I told Tony what we had found when we got home that evening and how lovely it was, no lawn to cut, little upkeep, he was convinced. We closed the deal and took possession.

The rest of that summer was spent getting the place in order to our liking. We met our lovely neighbours the Goodmans and their children. John and Irene Goodman were a great help to us that first summer and we soon formed a friendship that lasted all the years we were there.

A floating dock, new plumbing, and coat of paint were the major projects planned. That first summer we had to combat the bats that kept coming down the chimney each morning, seeking the warmth of the fireplace. A screen was placed over the opening and that solved that one. There were many other little projects that kept us busy, like the water pump going off just when you needed water. Thanks again to John Goodman, who was a plumber, this was soon resolved by putting in an almost new pumping and pressure system. When we were not fixing something we would spend many a summer night with the Goodmans talking, card playing and enjoying summer refreshments.

Many of the cottages in the area had names and it was felt that we too should have a name for little haven. What name? We would spend many a night in heated discussions over long lists. Finally one night I said, "we can't agree." That brought the conversation to a halt. That's it they said, CANTAGREE and so it became the name of our special place. Summer was not the only time we spent at this dream cottage, we would often go down in the winter. Taking everything in the way of food and drink, we would meet the Goodmans there and spend a wonderful weekend in a winter wonderland, with nothing around but the wind in the trees and the sounds of the many winter birds that lived in the area. With the big open fireplace and the electric heat winter weekends were not a hardship.

John and our daughter Tiana would bring their friends down for weekends and with the friends that would just drop in we often had a full house, and meal time would challenge one to the limit. A lot of work, Yes! But we all loved the company and often I would get some of the more difficult chores done with the extra help.

Thanksgiving and Remembrance Day weekends were a special time at the cottage. They were times with family and turkey and all that goes with a Thanksgiving feast. It was also a time to reflect on how lucky we were to have a place like this to retreat to.

As the summers passed Tony and I spent more time there and we looked forward to a retirement there and going somewhere in the winter.

There was a ski jump built for the water ski club at Betula Lake. I got used to sounds of the jumpers going over the jump and I could tell when they missed or if they fell and would always worry, as a mother does, that no one would get hurt. Our kitchen was often turned into a surgery room when Tony was asked to perform minor surgery on the fishermen who kept sticking fish hooks into their skin. The worst were the hooks in the eye lids. These gave Tony the most work.

The evenings were spent listening to the loons and the night birds. Tony would often sit by himself, in front of the fireplace, long after everyone had gone to bed and just think. It was his way to relax and clear all the tension that one builds up in his profession.

In 1967 John married Judy Sharhan, a woman he had only known since August of 1966. The following year little Leah arrived, our first grandchild. Our summer changed that year with a baby in the cottage, we had to limit our late night get-togethers. Today Leah is 23 years old, a BA in Russian History, and currently living in Japan as an assistant English Teacher, returning this fall to resume her studies towards her PHD.

Tiana was married in 1968 to David Arledge, David was transferred, first to Toronto, then back to Winnipeg, then to Calgary. From Calgary they came back to Winnipeg then to Edmonton. With them being away from home, they did not spend that much time at the lake.

In 1970 my world was turned upside down when Tony suffered a massive stroke leaving him totally disabled. We had to put him into a care home as I could not take care of him myself. With John and Judy busy with their lives and Tiana and David away in Edmonton, I felt it was time to consolidate my life, I sold the cottage and our home on Peary Crescent and moved into the Courts of St. James. It was probably the hardest thing I had to do as this place represented, not ony a part of our lives, but it was to be our retirement together. In 1977 Tony passed away.

Today finds me, at age 77, a little slower in mobility brought on by arthritis, but living comfortably in a new seniors apartment block in Winnipeg. John and Judy stop in and have me out to their spa-

cious place in the country often. Days there remind me a little of the days at the cottage, the wind in the trees and the sounds of the song birds. Tiana has just remarried and still lives in Edmonton with her new husband and her son Chris who is now 20 years old.

Betula Lake was a time that I will always cherish and I often reflect back to those wonderful times spent in a place and a time that I wish could have gone on forever.

For those of you who read this and were there in the years 1961-1971 you know of what I speak.

Editor's Note: Doris' two articles, "Peter and Annie Caux - Whiteshell Pioneers" and "The Birth of Betula and the End of an Era" appeared in the Whiteshell Echo *in 1965 and 1966 and are elsewhere in this book.*

BETULA LAKE
LOT 19, BLOCK 4
GRANT-MOORE — WARD

Spring of 1955 Leveret DeVeber (Bill) Moore, wife Edith and family, after renting a cottage for a number of years at Brereton Lake, decided to acquire a lot in the Whiteshell and build a family cottage. Betula Lake Block 4, Lot 19 was chosen. Construction began on the May long weekend with Dad the foreman, having the expertise, two sons-in-law, Tom Ward (Margaret), Lionel Grant (Gladys) and his young son Laurence the labourers. The women and children were prohibited from going down until the exterior structure was ready for occupancy. We waited at home every weekend for the men to return to hear of their adventures and accomplishments.

In the "Old Days" building was strickly manpower. Electricity had been invented but as yet not reached Betula Lake. According to plan, on July 1, 1955, the wives and children arrived with household furniture and belongings to view the building and site. Everyone was more than thrilled with the men's

Gowron family and friends - 1964

A Grant family gathering - 1985

choice of lot and achievements. The ladies immediately set to work, organizing furnishings, window coverings, kitchen and of course meal preparations. The men were diligently working to complete the shingling before dark. Night came with only two thirds finished. We slept the first night, in our new cottage looking at the stars through the knotholes in the shiplap of the unfinished section.

Thus evolved the saga of the Grant-Moore-Ward, summer vacation home. Over the ensuing years we have enjoyed many happy times and inevitably some sad. One being the untimely and sudden death of our father DeVeber (Bill) Moore, September 23, 1961, when he was duck shooting on the Whiteshell River. In commemoration we have continued to maintain and improve where and when necessary. With the growing family, seven grandchildren and five grandchildren-in-law, an addition to create more bedrooms and a larger living space was desired plus complete winterization as we now enjoy all four seasons at our once summer vacation home.

All the calender feast days have, at one time or another, been celebrated at the cottage, from Easter to New Years. And most of us have also enjoyed at least one of our birthday celebrations. July 24, 1988 we had an 85th birthday party, of family and lake friends, from Mom, Edith. She cherishes every moment of her time at the lake and up until a few years ago never missed an opportunity to be out fishing in the little red rowboat that Dad had made. Even to date, on a warm summer day, she can be seen going in for a "dip" with her trusty tube, as Mom never did learn to swim. All the more reason she encouraged the grandchildren to participate in the Red Cross Swimming programs.

Water-skiing has always been a very active sport at Betula. Over the years we have witnessed and been privileged to view some of Canada's best water-skiers in practice and competition. The boats used today are very sophisticated in comparison to our fledg-

ling beginnings. The younger generation look at us in disbelief and wonder when we talk of our early skiing endeavors behind a 14-foot cedar strip with a 12-horsepower engine. We thought it was the ultimate. Certainly gives one something to contemplate as to the changes that could transpire in the next 35 years.

The first two great-grandchildren were born in 1989, beginning the fourth generation. Our hopes and dreams are that this legacy, initiated by our parents, will be perpetuated bringing continued joy and happiness.

BETULA LAKE
LOT 14, BLOCK 1
ROY AND ANNIE KEEDIAN

By Jacqueline Keedian Waddell

Construction on the Keedian cottage began in 1952. The site featured a large, flat rock, which over the years, has served many purposes. A happy discovery was that a rock means no muddy shoes on a rainy day.

Betula Lake was chosen for many reasons. Relatives had built their cottage at Betula a few years before and there was still an untouched quality about the lake. It was a small lake nestled among rocks and trees that promised great fishing and we knew there would be good times with good friends.

At the time of construction the Keedian family consisted of Roy, Anne and their two children, Gary and I. Roy passed away in 1967. The extended family now includes Gary and Diane (nee Jopling) and their three girls Erin, Shauna and April; Jackie, me and Doug Waddell and our two boys, Garth and Hartley. All five grand-children were born between 1964 and 1970. These years, and for some years to follow, provided hectic times filled with wonderful memories of joyous outings and fun-filled summers.

Early memories of Betula have included the ride to the lake on a road that could best be described as little more than a trail through the woods. Meeting or passing a car called for some delicate manoeuvering. But who could forget the lovely scenes Mother Nature provided! One was kept busy spotting the deer, fox, wolf, porcupine, bear, grouse and on occasion a majestic moose. And after dark, with a full moon, the forest became a silvered wonderland and, secreted in the shadows, the creatures of the forest whose turn it was to observe us.

On arrival at the lake it was always nice to be greeted by Laura and Bill Smith, the helpful owners of Betula Lake Resort and their dog, Lab.

The sudden intense storms at the Lake were quite an experience. From out of nowhere the wind would descent upon us. Trees bowed low to its superiority and the water in the lake was whipped up sending whitecaps to dance frantically. Lightening appeared in the sky and the boom of thunder rattled the windows. As suddenly as the storm erupted it would die down and we would all breath easier. Thankfully in recent years we have seen few storms of this magnitude.

On Friday and Saturday evenings our ears were treated to a most unique symphony - that of garbage cans being toppled by some hungry bear and a neighbor narrator with the warning chorus "Bear! Bear!" As the clanging got nearer we waited for the inevitable. Soon we heard the bang, the snuffing and grunting noises, the sound of paper shredding, as Mr. Bruin explored our garbage for whatever morsel tempted his palette. What we discarded in the course of his dining resulted in another inevitable — the clean-up the next day. A much lovelier picture was that of two or three deer grazing in our back yard or making their way past our cottage to the lake. The Whiskey Jacks, or Canadian Jays, were cheeky birds who eagerly awaited our arrival and would devour as many bread crumbs as we could provide. Alas, these friendly birds are not seen much any more but other birds have arrived and we can still spend many delightful hours birdwatching. The faithful chipmunks and squirrels remain with us.

All summer we anticipate the August long weekend. Betula's Sports Weekend is an opportunity for friends and neighbors to share in the activities, to catch up on news, and to just chat. What fun as we cheer on our baseball team, chuckle as the wee ones race to the wire, and watch others jockeying for the best place on the starting line. Standing well back from the line of fire during the egg throwing contest is a must and you dare not blink during the grocery scramble or you will miss it. The evening draw for prizes at the dock provides another opportunity to visit with neighbors. The Ski Show, which featured our very talented Betula Lake Skiers, is missed as it was always an exciting event. Lucky were those who happily wended their way home, clutching their prize under their arm.

There are so many special memories of our years at Betula - planned and unplanned parties, (including a three-piece orchestra); May long weekend when we traditionally "open" the cottage; and Thanksgiving weekend when the old cook stove produced an aroma that tantalized our noses all day long as the turkey browned to perfection.

Throughout all the years, and all the memories, it is the memory of the spectacular sunsets that stay with us and continue to be resplendent and renewed each day we are at the lake. Days that begin with tremulous dawns and end in setting suns that ignite the sky. No ordinary artist this whose brush strokes across the canvas sky spilling colors heavenward.

Colors that blend, and mix, swirl, dazzle in their brilliance and intensity until fading and yielding to the mysteries of night. While each of us will have our own special memories of spent time at Betula, all will agree that it is a jewel in the Whiteshell and a great place to have a cottage.

BETULA LAKE
LOT 11, BLOCK 4
JOHN AND SADIE KELLY
By Sadie

On May 15, 1955, we were staying at John and Irene Goodman's cottage in Block 2. We decided to look at lots that were available and we chose this one. On the way home we stopped in Seven Sister's and gave the ranger a deposit. The following weekends we worked hard along with our sons and friends with a bucksaw and axes to clear the lot which had a lot of deadfall trees on it. We lived in a couple of tents and had a lot of fun as well as working hard. Every piece of wood in the yard was cut the right length for the cook stove and we had enough for two years.

We made arrangements with Mr. Zink who had a lumber mill at River Hills for lumber. We would tell him on our way home to Winnipeg what we needed for the next weekend. He usually had our lumber there by Friday afternoon so we could get right to work the next morning. Many of the cottages in Block 4 were going up at the same time and we were all busy. We soon knew all the neighbors because if anyone was short of lumber or needed some material or help everyone shared. We are all still good friends. August 5, was the day the cabin was fit to move into and we celebrated with a case of beer and had all who helped over to celebrate with us. What a great weekend! We then decided to line and finish the inside of the cabin. We made a deal with Mr. Zink for knotty pine at $80 a thousand feet!

Next summer we had more time for fun and with an aluminum boat and a 10-horsepower motor we all got up water skiing. It's hard to believe it when we now see 100-horsepower motors or bigger on the lake. Water skiing became the thing to do and we bought three or four different kinds of skis and took part in water ski displays on Sport's Day which started at that time. Our 25th wedding anniversary came up and our boys gave us a new boat and 25-horsepower motor. John helped the Ski Bee Kids learn to ski using our boat and motor.

We had a lot of company. We played a lot of cribbage games at 10 cents a game and over the years money changed hands often. We used the cabin in the fall for goose and duck hunts as we usually took some holidays at that time. Throughout the winter if a nice day came along we would pack a lunch and wade waist deep through the snow and have a peaceful day. The roads were kept open in those days as a lot of logs were hauled out. The roads were gravel and very dusty but we always saw deer, as many as 20 along the road and a few bears if we came down near dusk. The ducks were plentiful and we always had a good shoot. The way to Hart Lake was not weedy as it is now and fishing and hunting were good there.

We had a cook stove and a small tin heater for heat. Every year at some time the heater would get too hot and dance and then the pipes fell down and soot was everywhere. What a mess all over! The cook stove pipes had to be cleaned out once or twice a season, depending on the kind of wood we burned in it.

Bears at times were a nuisance. We had a two-year-old cub around all one summer and it got every time we cooked anything like bacon or barbecued ribs, etc. it would come right up to the window or the door. We had to be careful with the garbage, too, as we didn't want bears to break into the cabin. We had four break-ins by people over the years, which meant replacing a window or a door. Blueberries and raspberries were always picked in season and usually I preserved them. Smiths ran the store when we were there first and they didn't have much stock. Ice was a necessity so Mr. Smith often brought it to us himself and then he stayed for a visit. Harpers bought out the Smith's and they enlarged the store and started to cater to the cottagers so we didn't haul as many groceries from Winnipeg. Duecks were the last owners when we were there and they were very good.

In 1958 we got electricity and then we had a fridge and an electric stove and an electric controlled oil furnace. Later came the television and then a red letter day for me when John installed a hot water heater and water works. Now the cabin became a home. We still fished most weekends and had many a fish fry on Sundays before heading for home in the city. In 1971 John retired and we spent six months at Betula and six months in Yuma, Arizona during the winter. We decided to let our son Jack have the cabin. We hope this family will carry on the love of the outdoors and keep going to Betula Lake. We enjoyed all our time spent there and hope that all who have cottages around the lake have as much fun as we did through the years.

BETULA LAKE
LOT 13, BLOCK 1
FRED AND MARIE KOWALCHUK

In the late 1940s fishing on the Whiteshell River was a dream come true. Peter Strassel who owned a homestead next to the Indian burial grounds in-

troduced us to the beautiful Whiteshell region.

In those days there was no access through Seven Sisters Falls as there was no bridge across the Rennie River. One had to travel through Rennie and back along No. 307 to reach the Whiteshell River.

Betula Bay attracted us so we contacted the Ranger and selected Lot 13 in Block 1. The fishing and hunting was plentiful and the area was peaceful and remote, however, building a cottage in 1952 was another matter entirely with no good road to transport material. We purchased it raw from a saw mill four miles back in the bush. With no power, we rigged up a saw, which ran off the back wheels of our vehicle to cut the lumber for contruction.

In the beginning we roughed it. We hauled water from a pump on the campground, cooked on a wood stove and read by lantern light to pass the time. Then came the power line in the late 1950s. In the 1960s we put in a well. With power and water came all the amenities of life.

Lake Betula is not as quiet as it used to be. The small original cottage has grown as the family has grown. Thirty-nine years have brought a lot of changes but Betula is still the family get-away summer and winter for Bonnie, Gerus and family.

BETULA LAKE
LOT 11, BLOCK 7
PAT AND PHYLIS LINDSAY
By Phylis

It was a lovely Saturday at the end of May in 1956, that the Lindsays, Pat and Phylis, Darlene nine, Carole seven and the twins Pat Jr. and Penny aged six, made our way down Highway 307. In 1956 the highway was very narrow, rutty and muddy. We were looking for Betula Lake.

We parked our car just off the highway as there was no road into Blocks 5, 6 and 7. We followed the shoreline until we reached Lot 11 printed on a post. We were all so happy to be there that we started to clean up the beach. We were happy to find lovely sand under the debris collected over the years.

One of the best surprises was that on Lot 10, the Kennedys, Will, Vera, and Kathie six and Dianne four were already there starting to build their cottage. On Lot 13 the Gibbons, Frank and Betty and Lorne 9, Sharon 4 were clearing their lot. We have all been going down to Betula Lake for 34 years and we all became such good friends. For a while we were the only families there and the children played together.

We had a Mr. Sorenson, a long time resident of Rennie, build the shell of the cottage. He had to bring the lumber across the lake. We finished the inside ourselves doing a little each year as the economy wasn't what it is today. But that is what made the cottage so dear to us, was the excitement of adding something new every year.

There was no electicity until 1958, so we used lamps and a very dear old iron cook stove. I think it had the best oven.

Vera Kennedy, Betty Gibbons and myself decided that we would stay all summer with the children. None of us wanted to stay alone as we were quite isolated. We didn't have any boats but I had a car and so we were set in case of an emergency. We looked forward to the husbands coming down on the Friday.

At the time, we had at least two or three bears roam around our cottage each summer. One moring I got up and looked out the window and right into the eyes of a big mother bear with her two cubs. She finally looked away and sauntered off. There use to be lots more deer, skunks, loons and every summer a family of ducks. These we watched grow over the months.

The twins and Carol all had birthdays in July, so we had lots of birthday parties. Dad always came down with treats and surprises. One year he brought down two puppies, one for each of the twins. We only kept one and we called her "Tuffy." She was with us for 17 years. She loved the lake and she was loved by all who knew her.

Eventually we got a boat. Some of the old timers will remember one of the nicest boats at the time was the wooden Peterborough. We varnished it every year and it looked so nice.

About 1963 Pat and a friend made a pontoon float which we still have. I love it more than the boat. We had so many rides and picnics on it down the Whiteshell River to the falls.

Of course as water skiing became the rage, we had to get another boat and a larger motor. All the children ski and Pat and I were in our 50s when we learned that sport.

And so our life at Betula went on. So many things happened - the children putting on concerts in aid of the Red Cross - playing records and dancing at the cook house, as they called it, down at the Sports field. All the good Betula Lake Sport weekends in July and August. We have used our float to take the swimmers out for the races for many years.

Our son became friendly with a neighbor's daughter who lived at Lot 6, Block 7. This was the Parry's, Ed and Peggy and their two daughters Lynne and Joyce. Pat Jr. married Joyce Parry in 1971. Now they have four boys.

Our children grew up - married - and now the nine grandchildren come down to the cottage.

I mustn't forget the many trips down in the winter. Years ago they never ploughed out the roads and so you ploughed through the snow. Once there we cleared the ice for skating. Sometimes we saw wolves

there in the winter and their howling was sure scary. Some of us snowshoed. Now they take snowmobiles down and they can still enjoy the winter.

Pat and I have gotten older and we are not able to look after the cottage. We are so happy to say that Pat Jr. and Joyce have taken it over and we are still able to go down and enjoy our beloved cottage. Their four boys will be able to continue the Lindsay family at Betula.

BETULA LAKE
LOT 9, BLOCK 2
DENNY AND JEAN LLOYD
By Jean

We purchased the property in 1952 and during the next two summers Denny and our son David worked hard to make us a "home." They had to drive down over dirt roads to Nutimik and sometimes it was so muddy they had to walk from there. The rest of us, Maxine, Barbara and Tom and I plus our dog Duffy helped to clear rocks and assist where we could. I recall what fun we had trying to pump up the lamps and the pails of water needed if it was too cold for a plunge in the lake.

We had a lot of happy memories. The Sports Day with all the races. David, then 12, would enter our Chris Craft boat with the 7.5-horsepower motor and would win. We laughed lots about that as Brian Edmonds would strip his boat of seats, etc., but he couldn't beat David. After three years they wouldn't let David race. We all remember the all night canasta games with the old lamps.

David is now married to Roberta and they have three children Diane, Denise and Stuart. Maxine and Keith have two boys Scott and Todd. They live in Trenton, Ont. Barb and Dale are active with their children Geoff and Janet who really love water skiing. Dale swims to the island and back on Sports Weekend and walks out not puffing at all. Janet just returned from a year in Australia. Then we have Tom and his Australian wife Linda and their three children, Christopher, James and Gemma.

Lloyd Family - 1989

Our saddness was Denny who died of Alzheimer's disease in 1983.

BETULA LAKE
LOT 25, BLOCK 6
JACK AND HEDDIE MARTIN
By Heddie

I've been a cottager in the Whiteshell for 30 years. My memories are as vast as the Whiteshell itself. Thinking back through the years to some of the stories I could tell you it has brought a smile to my face and tears to my eyes.

Back in 1960, we really did feel like pioneers when we built. The roads were gravel, there was no electric power so you learned the meaning of roughing it. We had an old icebox to keep things cool and coal oil lamps for light and a wood stove for heat. Some called it "The good old days."

If anyone had told me 30 years ago that seeing a bear in my backyard would be an everyday occurance, I would have told them they were nuts! Low and behold, becoming a resident of the park meant leaning to share our new home with the real first inhabitants - the animals. In the early years wildlife was plentiful and near at hand. Everyday for a full summer we had a bear come to snack on our rhubarb. Banging pots together didn't stop our friend from having his munchies. One year when the bears were particularly bad our 15-year-old son Bill had quite a scare. He was staying at the cottage by himself and for supper he opened a can of salmon. That night the bear paid his nightly visit but this time he smelled the salmon. Instead of tipping over the garbage can he started to scratch at the screen. Our dog was so scared that he hid under the bed. Bill knew that he had to scare the bear somehow, so he decided to turn up the radio full blast. To his relief the bear left. That's one night he doesn't want to live over again. One other year when the bears were bad my eight-year-old grandson Brent (Bryon's son) put a plastic bat over his shoulder and offered to walk our neighbour home saying, "Don't worry, Mary, I'll protect you."

Picking blueberries is part of being in the Whiteshell, but we also learned you have to be very careful to mark your trail. One hot July day my husband Jack, and I and two neighbours were lost in the woods for eight hours. The deeper into the woods we went the bigger the berries were. By the time our pails were full we had gotten completely twisted around. No one knew which way to go, so we walked and walked. Finally we reached the highway two

miles from where we should have been. It was a good lesson and after that we never entered the bush without making a trail.

Jack was an avid fisherman and like every other fisherman he told stories about the one that got away. One day in late September he hooked onto a big one. He played him for what seemed like hours until he was ready to land it. As he put the net under the fish, Jack could feel the handle start to break. Well, he wasn't going to let this one get away, so as the handle was giving way Jack went into the water circling the net with his arms. Being late September, the water was cold and about up to his chest. I'll never forget the sight of Jack coming into the cottage, grinning from ear to ear, dripping wet and holding his trophy 25-pound Jack fish. That fish was mounted and proudly hangs on our wall.

I remember when our daugher Kathy was learning to drive the boat. She was 10 years old and a little scared but very excited. She was practising turning the boat so we went in circles for hours. That night when we went to bed all three of us felt as if we were still going in circles. Thank goodness she learned to drive all directions.

Our children have said that growing up in the Whiteshell was the best part of their lives. Looking back we agree it was also the best part of our lives. I'm looking forward to many more seasons and adding new memories.

BETULA LAKE
LOT 4, BLOCK 6
LOUISE MORRISON

It is a 'rain and shine' day in August, too wet outside to mow grass or begin to tidy up the gardens, so I am sitting here in my sun room facing the lake with my binoculars and bird book close by in case some birds come flitting about the trees and pondering over what to write about my 25 years at Betula Lake.

I grew up on a farm near Kamsack, Sask. and 16 miles from Madge Lake. Going up to the lake was a big part of my life. Every Sunday in the summer my mom packed a big picnic supper, either to be shared with friends or eaten in the boat while we fished. After my parents passed away, my brother and I sold the farm. I realized then that I no longer had anywhere to go and spend time in the country.

My husband and I and daughter Deanne had spent some very enjoyable weekends with the Bells and Reeds who both had cottages on the west side of the lake. I often stood on their beach and felt a very strong pull toward the east side of the lake but didn't know why. Although we had picnicked at most of the lakes in the Whiteshell, I still felt drawn to Betula, so we made enquiries about cottages for sale there. Within a week we were the new owners of Lot 4, Block 6, in May of 1964.

Although not lakefront, the cottage faces the lake, giving a good view of the water between the birch and pine trees which are protection from the cold winds. I have always been a gardener so we set about clearing the underbrush and any little spruce trees hidden in the brush were staked out and became part of the landscaping. Now they are beautiful big trees. Over the years, I have transplanted many other spruce trees from a variety of places such as Madge lake in Sask., Ericksdale, blue spruce from Morris, Manitoba and one from New Brunswick where I visited friends last year, also numerous ones given away by the Forestry Department. My two granddaughters each have their own special tree which they planted and check on them each time they come to visit. Although they live in Virden which is too far to come for a weekend, they do come for a visit of several weeks each summer. My daughter and her family now own their own cottage at Oak Lake, but she makes a point of spending some time each year at Betula. Like me, Madge Lake was part of her life too as a little girl, then Betula and now they have their own cottage. We have a boat and motor. A few years ago my motor was stolen off the boat so I have replaced it.

Bird watching is one of my main summer hobbies as well as gardening. With a variety of trees and fruit bushes close to the cottage, there are many birds visiting and feeding in the trees, especially at migration time, during spring and fall. I never tire of watching and identifying them. I have birded in many parts of the world and my bird book is like a diary as every species is marked as to where and when I saw it.

My sun room was long ago named, 'The Poker Parlor' as we always played cards in it with a variety of folks, some of whom have passed on or left the lake.

Two years after I bought the cottage I went back to nursing, so it was only weekends and holidays that I spent there. After 15 years of work I have retired and am able to spend much more time there now.

Before the days of garbage cages, we all had garbage cans at the end of the driveway. A favorite sport was watching for the bears who nightly knocked over the cans with a strong front paw. One year the same bear came about 11:30 p.m. every night. He could be heard knocking cans over around the block, so we would be waiting out at the back of the car for him. Neither the yard lights, nor us there, deterred him, as he finished eating his share and moved on to the neighbour's can. Along would come a big skunk for the 'left-overs' and he also paid no heed to us. In those days it was not uncommon to have bears roaming around the park. Some of the new-

comers would panic and call for the ranger to get rid of the bears. To me, they were here in the Whiteshell first and a part of the local scene. A couple of metal pots banged together would soon send them away. Years ago, in the days of the 'outside biffys,' I had a close call with a big black bear. I made my last 'visit' for the night outside and as I got back to my doorstep I turned around and there was this bear standing right beside the biffy door, about 12 feet away. I just watched him and he wandered away. For a few years there was considerable damage done to cottages by bears tearing holes through the walls and causing damage inside.

I have always fed the chipmunks and squirrels. They become quite tame, especially the chipmunks. They are easily petted and do no harm. It is a shame some people don't appreciate nature and either shoot or send their dogs after the animals. I have several squirrel houses in the trees and over the years many a family has been raised in them.

On two occasions I have had hummingbirds build six to eight feet from the 'Poker Parlor' windows. The first one built her nest and then didn't come back, so in the fall my daughter cut it down and we still have it. Three years ago another hummingbird built her nest in full view. I watched her build it up, sit on the eggs, then saw the babies when they hatched. They were eye level so it was easy to see their activities. I watched each one leave the nest for the first time. They stood on the edge of the nest fanning their wings to strengthen them and about an hour later the first one flew to a nearby tree and stayed all day. The next day the other one did the same but flew towards the sun room and sat two feet away on a branch for about an hour, showing no fear of me at the window. The mother and two babies stayed around, sleeping in the nest, for about a week, then were gone. Every year swallows have built under the overhang at the back door and become quite tame. The past two years a phoebe has refused to let the swallows back. She had built her nest in their place and raises two families a year.

For several years I have picked enough wild strawberries to make jam. Two years ago I picked enough for seven pints of delicious jam. It is worth the backache. Wild strawberry jam is very special and something few people today have even tasted.

Betula Lake has its own association which puts on a wiener roast in early July. August long weekend is the Sports Weekend and later in August is the Corn Roast - the 'best corn you ever ate.' These three events are fun when you can meet your friends and all stuff ourselves with delicious wieners and later the corn.

One of my favorite pastimes is going for drives to the many interesting places close by, such as Alf Hole's Goose Sanctuary, Basket Falls, Rainbow Falls and the other lakes all within 20 miles of Betula.

Sunset over Betula Lake

I well remember visiting Alf Hole's place where he still lived in the house with his wife. There were no fences in those days and you could wander around among the geese. They showed very little fear then.

During my years at Betula, I have boated and fished on many of the lakes. My neighbours and I fished many times at Brereton, Jessica, White Lake, Lone Island going up the river from there to the Little Whiteshell which was so wild, also Caddy and through the two train tunnels under the tracks. I enjoy the drive back and forth to the lake each time, especially through the Whiteshell. It always takes longer as we stop to look at all the various waterfowl, shore birds, herons, pelicans and cormorants. In the spring and fall many waterfowl stop off to feed on their way north or south - ones that we do not see around here at any other time of year as they nest in the far north. Very few people see them as the majority drive back and forth to the lake so fast it is impossible to see nature. I check out every water filled ditch and river and marsh as I go along.

Each cottage owner has a cottage for their own specific reason. Mine is to be close to nature, to observe and preserve it, to be a part of it. I know where the best wild strawberries are, where the pink lady slippers grow, also the cotton grass, wild columbine and wild blue gentians.

Now the sun is setting so must go down to the dock and watch it in all its splendor across the lake as I have done so many times.

BETULA LAKE
LOT 2, BLOCK 1
MULDER — DAMAN — BRAUN

By Pat

On the Sunday of the Victoria Day weekend in 1948, I came with my parents and friends to Betula Lake as our friends had heard that they were going to open it up for cottages. We had to leave as there were forest fires close by. We went to Rennie and

the Forestry gave us our location. Our cottage is the oldest on the lake as the one our neighbours built was destroyed by fire in 1951.

Our cottage was built by the Mulders, my Dad Sim and my brother Gerald and my Grandfather, Papa Daman and his three sons Chris, Bill and John. The cottage was owned by my parents, Sim and Dene Mulder and Papa Daman. We brought our building materials with two trucks over the rickety bridges and in 1948 the roads at Jessica and Lost (Reed) Lake were flooded with over a foot of water. Somebody always got out and walked ahead of the truck to make sure it was O.K. My other grandfather, Papa Mulder came out often and he and Papa Daman had many hours of recalling old times in Holland and they both loved fishing and hunting. Papa Daman was about five feet four inches and Papa Mulder was six feet three inches, so they were distinguished as Little Papa and Big Papa.

We had a lot of good times on weekends with all the families. My brother Gerald and his wife Mary and their three children Brent, Danny and Jody use to come out to the cottage when his family were young.

Our bad times were the death of Mom in 1959 at 52 years of age, then my grandfathers in 1967 and my Dad in 1969. The saddest of all was our daughter Jan in 1972 at 15 years of age. These people just loved the lake and that is why I decided to get involved with Betula Lake Association in memory of these wonderful people. This is my 11th year but I love doing it and I must say if it wasn't for my husband George's help I wouldn't be able to do it.

Our daughter Linda and her husband Garry and their children Trev and Tricia, the fourth generation love the lake and participate in the many activities there.

January 1971

George and Pat Braun, Linda, Garry, Trevor and Tricia.

BETULA LAKE
LOT 29, BLOCK 3
KEN AND RUTH PEARCE
A TALE OF TWO COTTAGES

By Ruth

It was 1950. The post-war era. Anxious to make up lost time, returning veterans established their families. Others, taking advantage of opportunity denied by the Depression, attended university. To the consternation of his young engineering buddies, ex-Pathfinder (an elite Air Force squadron) Ken Pearce eluded all their attempts at match making - until the last day: the celebration of the final exam before graduation. Using all the smooth talk at his command (which was considerable), one engineering pal persuaded his Home Economics girl friend to arrange a blind date for the "old man:" a crucial necessity for this final bash. One year later Ruth Christie and Ken Pearce were married. Having delayed settling down for both war and education. Ken was impatient to start that long-delayed family. I agreed, convinced that kids should have young parents and at 28, Ken was surely getting on! We didn't have any time to waste. Our goals were established: to have our children as soon as possible, and to make sure that they grew up with an appreciation of nature, of wilderness that cannot be experienced in the city. Our now 39 years of marriage have centred around our cottage at Betula Lake - or rather, two cottages at Betula Lake. For this tale encompasses both our cottage and that of my parents: Muriel and Jim Christie.

Having completed his engineering degree with his government war credits, Ken had just enough savings left to scrape up the down payment on a house in East Kildonan - one with an unfinished attic to be expanded as our family grew. We had our priorities straight. Fancy furniture was not even on the list. Instead, we scrounged furniture from both families as we enthusiastically contributed to repopulating the world following the holocaust of World War II. Zero population growth was not conceived following that time of horrendous depopulation. Instead, the Baby Boom was underway.

Wasting no time, Wray, our first child, was born in May 1952, 10½ months after we were married. By the time he was three months old, he was camping in a tent at Falcon Lake with his parents, grandparents Muriel and Jim, and black lab pup, Beulah. I had been camping as long as I could remember, but were tents big enough for the six kids we planned? What about rainy days? Lots were opening in the North Whiteshell, so we started talking cottage. A couple of weeks later, Ken and I headed up Highway 307 through Seven Sisters to look at lots opening on Lakes Dorothy, Nutimik and Bet-

ula. To our surprise, we couldn't continue on to Betula Lake as we had planned. Highway 307 ended shortly past Nutimik.

While sharing a rented cottage at Brereton Lake the following summer, we went to the Forestry Office in Rennie to inquire about lots. Looking at 14-month-old Wray, and Diane obviously well on the way (she was born in October 1953), Sandy Maltman suggested Betula Lake. His main selling point was safety: "You've got young children, and the Winnipeg River system has a strong current. Betula is a separate lake, it's small and quiet, ideal for toddlers. We just surveyed more lots there last year, so there's a good choice." Incredible as it now seems, there was no waiting list. Rather, people had to be persuaded to take lots, and many sat empty for as long as five years. Sandy was obviously familiar with Betula. The new lots extended Blocks 1 and 2 (now divided into Blocks 3 and 4). "Your best bet is Block 2. The lots on Block 1 are high and steep for little kids."

So off we traipsed on a hot July day, crashing through the bush and exploring the shoreline. Sandy was right. The extension of Block 1 (now Block 3) was high and steep, with a magnificent view of the lake. Very tempting - until we thought of our kids taking a header straight down! "Let's try Block 2" (now Block 4). This was what we were looking for. Only four lots had been taken, no cottages had yet been built. Two lots were particularly promising. Lot 35 had a sandy beach, but it was lower and set further back into the bush. Could be bad for attacks by Manitoba Mustangs (otherwise known as mosquitos). Lot 33 was ideal (not Lot 8, Block 4). There was a big whump of pre-Cambrian shield humping six feet high out of otherwise level ground. Quickly kicking off my shoes, I waded out to discover that the rock extended smoothly under the water to form a shallow rock "beach" for half of the frontage, the other half was sandy. As my bathing suit no longer attempted to cover my expanding girth and I could explore only as far as my shorts permitted (maternity bathing suits had not yet been invented). I didn't discover the rock ridge emerging from the sand until the following year. Wray was already scrambling over the sloping sides of the rock, so obviously very young children could handle it. Beulah was delightly slurping in the water and going for the swim I couldn't enjoy. Ken and I both knew we had found our second home. We quickly decided to build with one edge of the cottage on the rock, and the rest on stilts.

We hurried back to the Forestry office to claim our homestead, wondering why such a prize was still available. Sandy and the others laughed, explaining that other prospective lessees had complained vociferously about the way the lots had been surveyed. They had specificially cited the impossibility of building on our lot. The only level ground was behind the rock, and with that big rock in the way, you wouldn't be able to see the lake! Sandy and the others had also selected Lot 33 as one of the prime lots, and arrived at the same building solution.

We were constantly surprised at the inability of many to see the potential of these undeveloped sites. For the rest of the summer, my parents, Ken and myself were buried deep in that hot, fly and mosquito ridden lot, slashing the thick brush, cutting down trees and constructing a ditch crossing the road so we could build the following spring. During the next few years, as others wandered through Block 4 looking for a cottage site, they enviously congratulated us on our good fortune in getting such a clear lot - and abandoned their own dreams because the bush was too thick to build in! They were truly the losers, for our lives are rich in memories of "the cottage."

My parents, Muriel and Jim, both physically and financially helped us to build, and they shared the cottage for the first few years. Captured on film and photo are three-year-old Wary's grin of pure mischief as he sopped water all over Granny, washing him down by the lake; Wray and Diane sharing a bath in a square washtub - with Wray solemnly pouring water over Diane's head, and Diane, preoccupied with her toys, just as solemnly ignoring him. "The lake" was gravel roads and outdoor biffies; the luxuries of electricity, running water or telephones were not conceived. Cottages were, most often, the minimal 20 foot by 24 foot-plywood shell. And the children duly arrived.

Keith showed up in May of 1955, followed by Sherry in October 1956. Wray was now four and a half years old, Diane was three, so they always had someone to play with. My valiant war veteran, however, was becoming alarmed with my efficiency in producing children. Deciding that discretion was the better part of valour, he suggested we slow down. Glen did not arrive until August 1959, and Holly evened up and completed our family in December 1963.

I do like to think I am efficient: if I had to wash diapers for one child, I might as well wash them for two. I soon decided to spend the summers at the lake, where washing meant heating water in a copper boiler on the wood stove or on a kerosene stove. But then I went out onto the rock patio, filled a washtub and contentedly scrubbed diapers as I watched the squirrels, chipmunks and children playing. The deluxe glass scrubbing board was a pleasure to use, and rinsing was no problem. Bathing suit time, as I walked into the lake, dumped the clothes for their rinse and piled the rinsed clothes into baskets on the dock. There were fewer cottages then, and the pollution problems caused by laun-

dry detergents were unknown. Now I scream at anyone daring to even wash their hair in the lake!

By 1960, Granny and Grandad were being crowded out, and the second cottage enters the scene. Schultzes had built the same time as us on that other promising lot with the sandy beach - only two doors away. As my parents had requested, Schultzes told us when they decided to sell. But Granny and Grandad were just about as crowded in the new cottage, as the Pearce kids quickly wore a path running over to visit. But now Granny could tell them to go home!

There were lots of advantages for the kids, having Granny and Grandad always nearby. Muriel and Jim were only 42 years old when first born Wray appeared, they were still young and active. Fishing expeditions were often accompanied by grandchildren, and blueberry picking was a three-generation affair. Granny was the swimmer in the family, always eager to play in the water with the kids. Swimming over to the island was an annual event, to the dismay of the ever watchful labrador, Beulah. Granny soon found the lazy woman's way of swimming: just hang onto Beulah's tail while she towed Muriel through the water!

Beulah's guardian instincts did not work quite as well when she tried to accompany us on our island swim. Endurance rather than speed marks our swimming, and Beulah was so exhausted swimming circles around us that she had to be lifted into the boat half way across. But she learned fast. We might be crazy enough to continue the annual endurance test, from then on she watched from the shore! But her retrieving instincts were too strong: she never did learn the futility of swimming out after the ducks floating in the bay.

By providing day care for working mothers, Muriel saved enough to buy a big boat and motor to take her grandchildren water skiing. To the kids' delight, Grandad Jim and Ken took each other water skiing too - with the express and usually successful purpose of dumping each other! Ken had built our wide beamed plywood boat shortly following construction of the cottage. While exceptionally safe and virtually untippable, it sure didn't compare with Granny's high powered, streamlined beauty.

The special bond between grandparents and grandchildren was forged at the lake. By 1969, however, Muriel's ill health forced them to sell the cottage to Ron and Betty Sproule. Their cottage remains a hive of activity, as the many Sproule children, grandchildren and dogs swarm over the site.

There was an added advantage for me, having grandparents close by. The Manitoba Hydro brought electricity into the Whiteshell in 1963. We didn't particularly want electricity, and we couldn't afford to buy an electric fridge or stove to make conversion worthwhile. Unburdened by the expense of children, my parents could, and did. Our contribution was the old wringer washer we kept when we bought an automatic washer and dryer. But laundry was still done outside, as the wringer washer performed just as well on Granny's front lawn at the lake as it had in our basement at home. Besides, I needed the clothes lines at both cottages. Strange, how mundane tasks like laundry leave such strong memories.

The year was 1964. Holly's diapers - and the other laundry - had been washed, filling the lines at both cottages. It was a Sunday evening, and we had waved our good-byes to grandparents and to daddy. A quiet hush settled over the lake as the weekenders left, and once again we had virtually the entire block to ourselves. After bedtime stories for the youngest and tucking them into bed, I started over to Granny's to collect the dry clothes. Despite the short distance, I did not complete the trip. Like Ken, I am convinced that sometimes discretion is the better part of valour, and I did not really have any quarrel with that pretty black and white pussy cat so sedately perambulating down the path - so long as it remained sedate! As I beat a quiet but hasty retreat, I had no reason to suspect this encounter with the skunk was but a portent of things to come.

Finally, all of the kids were in bed, and I could relax and read by the light of the flickering coal oil lamp. I had scarcely become engrossed when - crash, bang! Damn! We kept the garbage cans by the door, to save the trip to the back of the lot. Obviously, that skunk was still wandering around, looking for goodies. We had only the screen door in place, so I went to watch the latest antics. But that black shadow at the garbage didn't have any white stripes - and it seemed awfully massive! Assured by the firm knowledge that bears generally mind their own business and this bear's business was our garbage, I calmly continued to watch as the bear ate its fill, turned to walk away under the door - and reared on its hind legs with one paw on each side of the screen, peering as intently and curiously at me as I had been at it! Thoughts raced: "I've got six kids in here! What can I use? Maybe the cast iron frying pan would bounce off its noggin!?! No way!" Then, as I had initially anticipated, the bear dropped down on all fours and wandered away, its curiousity satisfied. I really could use some quiet, so I returned to my book. Nothing - not even a bear - will distract a true bookworm.

As common in most cottages of that era, there were no ceilings in the rooms, just masonite or beaverboard partitions with curtained doorways. Glancing up from my book, I mused on the strange shapes cast by lanterns as I watched the enormously magnified shadow of a moth fluttering across the

top of the bedrooms. "It's a bat!" Wray suddenly screamed. Once again I dropped my book (darned interruptions) and ran to the boys' bedroom. Sure enough, there was Wray with the blankets firmly over his head. "I don't want it to get in my hair" he whispered as the terrified creature huddled, claws deeply hooked into the top of the blanket. "Don't worry. I'll get a diaper to put over it, and lift it off. Just stay still." There were distinct advantages to having cloth diapers, although this was one of the strangest uses I had devised for them. When I returned, the diaper seemed flimsy protection against those sharp teeth and claws. "Wray, keep still. I'm going to lift the corners of your blanket and wrap it around the bat so I can take it outside." The bat lay quiet as I opened the blanket on the rock, and then silently, awesomely, glided away into the bright moonlit woods. Finally, I returned to my book as the evening's peace was restored.

By 1959, our city home needed expansion to accommodate our ever-growing family. Rather than just finishing the attic, we literally raised the roof by adding a dormer across the entire front. This was a good move for the cottage. We squirreled away the two by six rafters, to be used as floor joists in the next step: the 1966 cottage addition. The size of the addition was determined, of course, by the two by sixes we salvaged: an area 13 by 18. This oddball measurement turned out to be fortunate. As the addition was in progress, our neighbour, Fred Weitzel (Lot 9), wandered over. "Could you use a four by 12-foot sliding thermopane window? My boss is remodelling his house, and he wants to sell it." Could we ever! How much? "Oh, about $50.00." That we could afford. But would it fit? We held our breath as we carefully measured, concluding we could just squeeze it in. When the window arrived and we actually put it in place, Ken had to put the supports on the inside of the old cottage, the fit was that close. We were inordinately pleased with our purely chance wall to wall windows. Then Ken's brother Ralph rescued a flow form counter top discarded during remodelling at their community club. Shoestring budgeting and resourceful scrounging were paying off as a comfortable new kitchen/dining area emerged.

Ralph, Doreen and their three children often spent their vacation at our cottage, and they, too, have their bear story. When cousin Karen was about three years old, she was down playing in the sandbox in front of the cottage. Ralph glanced out, to make sure she was okay. To his horror, there was an immense black bear immediately beside Karen, between the sandbox and the cottage. Totally absorbed in her play, Karen was blissfully unaware. Ralph recounted how he silently pleaded with Karen: "Don't turn around, Karen. Keep still, keep very very still." She heeded his silent plea, and the bear calmly wandered off. Understandably, Ralph and Doreen were not quite so calm.

Fred Weitzel was indirectly responsible for the calamity that befell Bill and Sally Frazer's wire haired terrior, Terry. (Our neighbours on Lot 7 since 1954.) Fred had given us some old doors and other materials, to help us finish the cottage. Terry got herself trapped in the shallow front section between the rock and the floor of the cottage, whining piteously. First, daughters Pat and then Lorraine Frazer tried to coax her out, and finally gruff - but soft hearted - father Willy arrived. "Stupid dog! Do you mind if I move some of this old lumber, so I can get her out?" The stuff was stored near the back, where the rock fell away. So Willy removed the first couple of layers, and then the next, as the dog continued to plead and whimper. Finally, the last layer uncovered the skunk: Terry pounced, the skunk let loose. Terry was not trapped, just tenacious. A deeply embarrassed Willy beat a hasty retreat as we clung to the trees or fell on the ground, helpless with laughter. "Hey, Willy, I never thought I'd see the day you'd help your dog catch a skunk!" Their terriers were notorious skunk hounds, the tomato juice was always in good supply. Diane and her friend Joanne were not quite so amused. We were leaving, they were staying for the week.

By 1966, our enterprising Keith successfully went after the *Tribune* paper route on the lake. As the number of cottages had further increased, this was a big undertaking. Older brother Wray was called in to help. They divided the lake between them, and delivered papers daily until the September long weekend. The following year, the Daniels family asked Keith if he wanted the *Free Press* route, as they were giving it up. The *Free Press* sold more papers, meaning more money. A true entrepreneur, Keith jumped at the main chance. The Pearce family now had a monopoly on the paper delivery business, as Wray, Diane, Keith and Sherry divided the lake between them. This was not only profitable, it turned out to be a marvellous way to get to know everybody on the lake. It was really the beginning of "The Cook Shack Gang."

Keith was always the charmer of the family, the one with the twinkling, devilish blue eyes - and friends with everybody, young and old. His charisma garnered extra tips as he bantered with customers. It was the Beatles era, and by grade six rebel Keith naturally insisted on letting his hair grow long. At the end of their vacation, two lady customers asked Keith to settle their dispute: "Are you a girl or a boy?" The unflappable Keith promptly retorted: "I'm a boy, and you can always tell the boys from the girls because the boys have longer hair!"

I'm sure Keith would have liked to shake free of both older and younger siblings. But with only four and a half years age difference between the older four, and age difference less important at the lake, they all played and then partied together as they expanded their circle of friends beyond our block, thanks to Keith's initiative with the paper routes. Rather than resisting going to the lake as teenagers, the Pearce gang insisted on getting down to the lake as soon as possible in the spring and staying down all summer - on their own, if necessary. Parents were greeted joyously on arrival Friday night with "What food did you bring?" We did not worry unduly. They had all taken swimming lessons both at the lake and at the Y's in the city. Diane had her Royal Life Saving, Sherry and Wray their Senior Red Cross, and Keith had a record number of Beginner awards.

Betula was - and remains - unique in having a community club. The Betula Lake Association had early approached the Forestry, requesting a sports ground and cook shack. The huge stone fireplace in the cook shack was the central gathering point for young people from all over the lake. Our portabe record player took up semi-permanent residence at the cook shack, supplying the music so essential to such gatherings. There is a notable lack of street lighting, so unless moonlit, nights are pitch black. Our cottage is a mile from the store and cook shack. Curious, I asked, "How do you find your way home on those black nights?" The prompt reply: "We just follow the white stripe down the middle of the road."

This did not always work. One black night, Keith was riding Tom Lloyd double on his bike, cutting through the campground to drop Tom off at his cottage in Block 2. Tom was pedalling, with Keith sitting on behind. Suddenly, Tom started frantically pedalling backwards, attempting futilely to brake the handle bar brakes on Keith's new fangled three-speed. Whump! Keith was slammed against Tom's back as they crashed to a halt, with Tom screaming in horror, "It's a bear!" The terrified bear crashed off through the bushes, and the equally terrified boys continued down the service road yelling, "Go away bear! We didn't mean it, bear!" Their screams were rewarded as the lights flicked on at every cottage, curious about the cause of the hullabaloo but also lighting their way. Taking pity on Keith, Tom's mother drove him the rest of the way home. A born raconteur, Keith delightedly recounted the adventure to his groggy parents and siblings.

The cook shack wasn't the only summer diversion. Sliding the rapids at Pine Point was another favourite. Just be sure to take a towel. No, not to dry yourself. To cover the seat of your pants, regularly demolished and leaving more than a little embarrasing exposure. And there was also water skiing. Not the skilled, competitive calibre of the Betula Ski Bees, just fun. Wray was the daredevil here, balancing on a chair on top of a disk. He is the one who went off with the first Manitoba Wilderness Corps, then white water kayaking, sailing and competitive board sailing. I've often wondered if he developed his love of calculated risk taking from his early experience sailing in Ken's canoe.

Wray was three years old, and Ken had a sail and outriggers for the canoe from his adverturous single days. There was a nice breeze, so we decided to take Wray with us. We had not yet realized that our cottage is deceptively sheltered within a bay, and further protected by a rocky point. That "pleasant breeze" was whipping up three foot waves on the open lake. The canoe was tossed like a plaything as we wildly careened through the water! Ken's considerable skill was strained to the limit, fighting to keep us upright. But the two of us had to appear cool and calm, so Wray wouldn't be upset. In fact, he loved every minute - and still prefers gale force winds on Lake Winnipeg for his board sailing. Early childhood influence?

In 1974, Sherry followed Wray into the Wilderness Corps. Wray's pioneering group had faced the challenge of raw wilderness and building log cabins at Caribou Lake, Sherry's group extended the log cabin building to the Dawson Trail in Sandilands Forest Reserve. By now, the Wilderness Corps was so organized they even had Parent's Day. Survival skills were still paramount, and Sherry had many tales to tell when we arrived the weekend of August 11. This was indeed an unforgettable weekend - but not solely due to the warm welcome provided at Caribou Lake. Keith and Diane were phoned from Betula, and when we arrived home they had the dreaded task of telling us that things had been even warmer at Betula. The unthinkable had happened. Our cottage had burned to the ground.

We were all devastated with the news, but it hit Ken particularly hard. "If only we had been there, we might have saved it." "Yes Ken, but we might also have been killed. At least no one was hurt." How did it start? We still don't know. No one was there when the fire started. There had been a lengthy drought, but it rained that night. The official cause was lightning.

The following weekend we surveyed our empty, ash strewn lot. As we gazed at the blackened lines of char racing up the jack pines surrounding the burned out site, we were enormously grateful for the rain. It had put out the jack pines as quickly as they caught fire, preventing a crown fire from spreading through the entire block. We could see where the fire had jumped to the crown of a jack on Fraser's lot. There was nothing left of the cottage but the burned out hulks of the stove and fridge.

Not quite. "Here's the Quebec heater and it's okay, just missing one leg." Wray quickly searched throught the ashes: "Here it is!" The restoration had started. We had to get a new floor in place, to set up our survivor. Beulah the lab had long departed, and Cleo the cat was forlornly looking for shelter. Giving up on us, she wandered over to Weitzel's asking to be let in. Our second cottage. The Phoenix, was about to rise from the ashes. This truly is a tale of two cottages, in more than one sense.

The following two weeks were a flurry of activity as I raced from insurance office to lumber company to Parks Branch. Weekends consisted of sweeping up the ashes and carting the wreckage to the dump. Time was short, and it would be a challenge to get a new cottage up before winter set in. But anything was better than the thought of that empty, devastated lot hanging over us all winter. Not trusting the mail, I hand delivered all the needed documents. Amazingly, the red tape was cut through in record time, thanks to the co-operation of all concerned. We had intended to increase the insurance when it came up for renewal three weeks later, in September, so we were badly underinsured. Combining the insurance for both cottage and contents, there was barely enough funds to cover the construction of the shell of a new cottage.

A decision had to be made. The family was growing up. The year 1974 was memorable in many respects. Wray and Diane graduated from Engineering and Physiotherapy, Sherry finished high school, Keith was apprentice mechanic with Red River Community College. Only Glen and Holly remained in the public school system. Should we build a smaller cottage just for parents, or a big one for everybody? Unanimously: "What do you mean, a small cottage? We need a bi-i-ig one, for all of us!"

We selected a much larger, well-designed cottage from North American Lumber. This time, we would overcome all the problems plaguing the first cottage: a mud room entrance so we wouldn't trip over eight pairs of rubber boots by the kitchen door, and good separation of the bedroom areas from the kitchen/living are. The young ones could go to bed while the older siblings stayed up till dawn. Gulping hard, the salesman promised delivery of the first shipment of lumber in two weeks rather than the usual six weeks required for these pre-cut cottages.

Labour Day was the appropriate beginning of construction. Now our larger family was a distinct advantage, as our gang set about reconstruction. Not only our own gang, but Wray's and Sherry's pals from the Wilderness Corps were quick to accept this challenge, as was Diane's boyfriend (now husband), Glenn Allen. I was challenged by the task of efficiently feeding a dozen hungry young people from a two-burner Coleman camp stove, while simultaneously acting as carpenter, pack mule and handyperson. Sleeping accommodation was no problem as we had continued our family camping tradition, and the Wilderness Corps friends had their own gear.

Everyone was involved. Youngest son Glen showed promise of the talented carpenter he has become, and youngest daughter Holly (then 11 years old) scampered about the roof with the greatest of ease - to the consternation of her grandfather, who had come from Victoria to help out. (Muriel and Jim had moved to British Columbia in 1971.) With the cottage conveniently out of the way, Wray's skill as a woodsman was confirmed as he felled the two 60-foot black poplars that had been threatening it. But it was sad to cut down 80-year-old jack pine, so badly burned. And we really missed Bill Fraser, who had tragically died the previous year. We could picture him crossing the small footbridge between our cottages, hammer in hand: "O.K. Pearce, where do we start?" Sally, with characteristic throughtfulness, supplied electricity for the power tools from their cottage. Her generous offer made the task of rebuilding so much easier.

So many memories, so much lost: the old oak table (complete with six leaves to seat 20 people), Ken's canoe, the wind up cherry wood victrola, the hand crafted kitchen cabinet - and Holly still misses the rope ladder to her loft in the old cottage, a favourite retreat with cousin Karen to play Barbie dolls. But the new memories had already started, of our second cottage.

The memory, during construction, of the beam for the cathedral ceiling dropping on Keith's head as it was put in place. His screaming conviction that the two engineers involved (Ken and Wray) didn't have a clue what they were doing as they mathematically squared the corners: "Just look at the corners, any idiot can see they're crooked!" (The cabinet maker confirmed Keith's suspicions last year, as he attempted to install square cabinets in non-square corners!) The generosity of the Bells, offering use of their cottage as the weather turned colder, the kind donations from the Betula Lake Association and from good friends, the offers of assistance from other cottagers. By the end of October, we turned the key in the door. The outer shell was completed and functional, square or not, and the rescued Quebec heater was pouring out its comforting warmth.

Shortly, new treasures began to accumulate. Only two years later (June, 1976), Glen popped in to see Henry Dueck at the store. He immediately spotted the sparkling new upright cooler. Horrified, Glen asked: "Henry, where is the Coca-Cola cooler? What have you done with it?" That Coca-Cola cooler had always been there, dating back to the time of Bill and Laura Smith. For the kids, it was an essential part of the store. Henry responded, "Oh, it's out

the back." "What are you going to do with it?" "I don't know. I haven't really thought about it too much. Do you want it?" Glen's instant response: "How much?" "Oh, maybe $25.00." "Hang on, I'll be right back. Don't let anyone else have it." Following a brief conference among siblings, "Mom, can we borrow the van?" To our astonishment, our surprise birthday/anniversary present was the highly prized Coca-Cola cooler, an artifact of Betula Lake history still reliably chugging away in its place of honour in our utility room. It has since been joined by a Coca-Cola hand bar for the screen door, rescued from the neighborhood exchange ground: the dump.

Construction has continued slowly over the years, as with most cottages. The following years I continued to hunt for bargains as we replaced our wallpapered and tapestried bedroom walls (the heavy brown paper wrapping from our new mattress and old bedspreads stapled to the stud partitions) with fire guard plasterboard and panelling. Insulation provided pretty pink fleecy ceilings, and after 21 years of outdoor biffies and hauling water, we even splurged on plumbing. The cook shack friends pulled through. As an apprentice mechanic, Keith had worked on Rob Reed's car (Lot 13, Block 4). Rob was an apprentice plumber. "Rob, you owe me." My minor plan of an inside toilet for my mother's visits suddenly snowballed into full plumbing with hot and cold running water, as Rob and Keith took charge of the project.

Now the cottage was liveable, our attention turned elsewhere. Interior finishing could wait as a retirment project. But the stress apparently precipitated rheumatoid arthritis in Ken, it had surfaced that same winter of 1974. Now that he is retired, Ken's arthritis prohibits construction work. Fortunately, my part time lecturing at university pays for the professionals we need to finish our dream cottage. We look in astonishment at our "cottage," with its magnificant cedar ceiling sweeping up to that heavy beam, the gleaming gold hood of the fireplace, the white European kitchen cabinets - and realize that, at 52 feet in length, we couldn't even fit it on the lot of our city home, located in St. James since 1965. It is time for the memories to center on the third generation, our grandchildren, and they keep coming! But not always to our cottage.

"Cottage at the lake" continues to figure largely in the lives of our children. Glen, our youngest, met his wife Jackie when her parents, Bill and Phyllis Hrynko bought a cottage in Block 7. They now have a four-year-old son, Jade, who will be a big brother next spring. And Jade is growing up with his little Buddy, a Sheltie who loves swimming and playing catch. Jackie was an only child, so not surprisingly, they stay at Hrynko's cottage. But our side of the lake is calmer, so they are often over for swimming and water skiing.

Keith met his wife, Eleanor, through friends at the lake - when he was asked to go up to White Lake to help pour cement at Dick and Isabel Sobey's cottage. They now have two children, five-year-old Ashley and two-year-old Kyle. While they generally stay at White Lake, no trip is complete without coming to Granny and Grandad Pearce at Betula for a swim in the afternoon. Now I am the swimmer in the family, and when Ashley insists: "Granny, go and get your bathing suit, we want to go swimming," I eagerly play with the kids. These water babies are astonishing, fearlessly jumping off the dock and refusing to come out, even when their lips turn blue with cold.

Wray's wife, Barb, was campng with a group of mutual friends at Nutimik Lake one fateful Thanksgiving weekend. This was the notorious Cook Shack Gang again: Several lived in St. James, as did Barb. Wray went to visit - and he was a goner! He came back requesting turkey left-overs for them, and brought Barb with him. Their Jessica, now six-years-old, is our oldest grandchild. Born on Keith's birthday, May 30, she was the proud possessor of the smallest size life jacket. At two months, they popped her in it and hung her from the nearest door knob while they prepared to take her in the boat - a treat she hugely enjoyed.

Barb had not grown up with a cottage, one of her deepest wishes. She was thrilled that Wray's family had one. For several years, Wray and Barb shared our cottage, and I learned to share Barb's contagious enthusiasm for cooking - never before had this mundane task been so much fun! Barb's mother, Judy Harrison, and her Grandmother "Nan" joined us, renting cottages at the resort. Judy ended up shopping for a cottage of her own, and finally found one at Matlock.

By this time, both Wray and Barb were deeply engrossed in board sailing, and Betula was much too small and calm. The gale force winds on Lake Winnipeg give Wray the challenge he likes, so they spend most of their summers at Matlock. Glen, Holly, Diane and her Glenn are also board sailers. "Diane's Glenn" even sold them for a while for his Sun, Ski and Sail shop, while managing the rental and teaching franchise at Grand Beach. Now, instead of water skiing, the cry is "wind's up!", and Granny Ruth babysits while adult offspring run for their boards. But only Wray and Barb have remained involved at a trophy winning competitive level, though other siblings have attended board sailing regattas with them. Holly also won a trophy down in North Dakota a couple of years ago.

While our sons' lives are now centred on the cottages on the other side of their families, our daughters are still with us. Sherry plans her vacation "at

the cottage" every year. In second year Engineering, Holly sneaks away from her studies and part-time work every chance she has - often bringing her books with her. Diane and Glenn are now watching two-year-old Elizabeth growing up "at the lake" with her dog: Andrew the Chow. But Andrew is not as nimble as Beulah. He doesn't swim, and even the mile walk to the store is a bit much. As we watched Elizabeth run gaily on ahead, and Andrew reluctantly toiling in the rear, I suggested we put Andrew in the baby carriage: he obviously needed the ride more than his energetic little mistress. One, two, three - heave! and a startled Andrew surveyed his kingdom for a baby carriage, with all the dignity that only a Chow can muster. But what a performance, trying to juggle our cat, highly suspicious of dog, and Andrew, equally curious to investigate cat!

As I close this tale of two cottages, the contrast from 1954 to 1990 surges to the fore. Outdoor biffies and coal oil lamps have been replaced by modern plumbing and the latest electronic equipment. Now my favourite pastimes include not only reading, but sitting in front of the window or on the deck, word processing on my lap top computer or sewing on my computerized sewing machine - to the delight of Elizabeth, who refused to budge from my side until her panda fabric was magically transformed into a summer outfit. Her little nose was dangerously close to being sewn up in a seam! Ken is now retired. He spends his summers "at the lake," while I work in the city. He figures turnabout is fair play, thinking of all the summers I spent at the lake, while he worked.

But some things remain. The Quebec heater still sends forth its comforting warmth, and now Ken does the washing on the old wringer washer. It's banishment to outside use ensured its survival from the fiery cataclysm, there was no room for it inside the old cottage. It has come in from the cold, and shares it's place of honour with the Coca-Cola cooler. Beulah the lab, Cleo our mightly hunting cat, Marble, the beautiful, wraithlike stray, abandoned one Labour Day weekend, have all gone. But they have been replaced by Tabitha, our cat, Andrew, our daughter's Chow - and there is even another stray, Sam the Smooch, abandoned this past Labour Day weekend. While no one can replace Granny Muriel, now I am "Granny" to the next generation of grandchildren.

So the cottage passes from generation to generation, a history of the wilderness and animals we wanted our children to know, but also a continuing legacy of pets and family, yeah, unto the third and fourth generation. Great-grandad Jim continues to visit, an ageless 80 year old scampering about the roof - now to our consternation. Truly, a tale of two cottages, and the four generations inhabiting them.

BETULA LAKE
LOT 18, BLOCK 4
CHARLES AND GEORGETTE TURNER

By Georgette

We bought our lot in the spring of 1954 one week after our neighbor Bill and Edith Moore had bought their cottage.

Charles and I and our two girls Lorraine and Chris would try and go out there every weekend, as my husband loved to fish. We would be up at 5 o'clock in the morning and we'd stop in Nutimik for ice. The roads were gravel and very rough.

Later we had electricity but at first I had to cook large meals on that old wood stove no matter how hot it was outside.

One thing I'll never forget is the summer we went to spend our holidays and there were bears around our cottage every night. One especially large bear had two cubs and she would circle our cottage scratching on the screens and we were so frightened, we ended up sleeping next door at the Moore's place. We were in touch with the Ranger and one night he stayed all night with his gun by his side. At the time, the garbage dump was between Nutimik and Betula and that attracted a great many bears.

BETULA LAKE
LOT 18, BLOCK 4
CHARLES AND GEORGETTE TURNER
MY MEMORIES OF THE WHITESHELL

By Lorraine (Carey), eldest daughter

The earliest memories I have of the Whiteshell were in the late 1940s before we owned a cabin and we went on camping trips to the different lakes in the Whiteshell area. My Dad was always a keen sportsman and he really enjoyed fishing trips. When a camping trip was planned it seemed like we were venturing out on a long journey. The first stop was at the garage to fill up the car with gas, check the motor etc. all of which seemed to me to take forever. Then hitting the highway, which was a narrow road until we reached the Whiteshell and that was just a gravel trail.

The different lakes we stayed at were beautiful and surrounded by unspoiled wilderness. No one was at the same campsite but our family. The nights were very scary with the sounds of different animals in the dark. The days were always filled with new adventures. My mother always seemed to manage to cook up the greatest meals. Now when I look back I wonder how she managed it, roughing it that way.

We first owned a cabin at Big Whiteshell Lake then in 1954 Dad built a cabin at Betula Lake, which we still enjoy. The highlight of every summer was the Betula Lake Picnic on the last long weekend in July

followed by the corn roast at Labor Day weekend.

We are very thankful that our parents had the foresight nearly 36 years ago to select this beautiful place for all the family to enjoy.

The experience of spending as much time as allowed at the cottage every summer, has given my four children, Christopher, Leslie and twins Lee-Ann and Paul a love of nature and sports that they might have missed if it wasn't for Betula Lake and all the Whiteshell area.

P.S. During my Dad's lifetime, he left his mark by building many cottages as a private contractor throughout the area. Since his death in January 1982, his memory seems closest to us all at the place he loved the most "our cottage at Betula."

BETULA LAKE
LOT 18, BLOCK 4
CHARLES AND GEORGETTE TURNER
By Chris Turner De Booy

The most outstanding of my childhood memories of summers spent at Betula Lake would undoubtedly be the morning of the "floating island."

We awoke one sunny morning to notice something different, subtly at first, about the opposite shoreline of the familiar lake. As we continued to watch, the land appeared to be moving slowly but steadily across the lake. Rubbing our eyes in disbelief at first, we continued our vigil and sure enough a portion of land was floating from one end of the lake to the other. As this spectacle passed by, right there in front of our eyes, we were amazed to see close up the immensity of such an occurrance. There were small trees on this floating apparition, complete with nests, birds and bushes - a universe unto itself. As the wind picked up the island continued to move along its steady course and eventually come to rest in the "bay" as we had come to name the marshy area at one end of the lake.

That day, by witnessing this strange "floating island," I will always have my own special memory of Betula Lake.

BETULA LAKE
LOT 24, BLOCK 6
BUD AND KAY WALL
"OUR LOVE AFFAIR WITH THE WHITESHELL PARK"
By Bud

My first glimpse of the area that is now The Whiteshell Provincial Park was in the summer of 1942. I spent two months at a cottage at West Hawk Lake which belonged to a friend of the family. This delightful summer began my Love Affair.

I did not revisit the Whiteshell again until 1950 and from then on we spent many weekends and holidays at Red Rock, Big Whiteshell, and Betula Lakes, camping, fishing and enjoying the area.

We then spent 11 years (1957-1968) as cottagers at Grand Beach and were there when it became a Provincial Park. Those years our trips to the Whiteshell were few and far between. After leaving Grand Beach we trailered for five years from the east coast to the west coast, northern Mantioba, south into the States, and many trips to the Whiteshell. In 1975 we purchased our present cottage at Betula Lake from McCormack from North Dakota and resumed our Love Affair with the Whiteshell.

As new cottagers at Betula we were welcomed into a most friendly, warm and helpful neighbourhood and have found a genuine "home town" atmosphere

Kay and Bud Wall's 30th anniversary with friends Buchanans, Hayes, Zutrums and Youngers.

Bud and Kay Wall, Louie and Helen Werner and Jan and Bob Ristock.

with a group of friends to see and enjoy all year round. Our daughter, Nancy has made friendships at Betula that will last through a lifetime. I think this situation is unique at Betula and has made it a very special place for us. Nancy married Gerald Smart and they have a son Timothy.

The Whiteshell offers sunlit days on sparkling waters, the joys and solitudes of fishing a quiet bay in the cool of the evening . . . Sitting listening to the evening songs of the birds, while a beautiful sunset fades and the landscape turns to silhouette, as night falls.

This is the lure and the magic of the Whiteshell. These are the people and the places that have instilled a feeling of endearment, and why I call it, "Our Love Affair" with the Whiteshell.

BETULA LAKE
LOT 6, BLOCK 8
CLIFF AND HELEN WILSON

By Helen

My husband Cliff and I decided in 1957 that we wanted a summer home. Some of our friends were at Betula Lake so we drove there to look at the lots that were just opening up. We picked Lot 6. From then on it was hard work.

George Dunmall (our brother-in-law) and Cliff proceeded to clear the lot which was heavily treed. They left most of the beautiful birch trees. Our neighbours, Kev Younger brought their lumber across the lake by boat, but in 1957 the road was in and our material was brought in the easy way. George was a wonderful help and many other friends assisted us when they could. We became friends with the Youngers and Kev (Dad) was always available for help.

It was great when the framework was up and we could sleep inside and have a cook stove to cook on instead of a two-burner Coleman. At first the coal oil lamps were a novelty. The lake was beautiful.

George and my sister, Mae and their boys, Larry and Chris came often and the adults were a wonderful help. Finally the electricity came in and the water was piped from the lake. In 1969 George and Mae bought a cottage in Block 3.

Many, many happy memories and fun were spent at Betula and I hope the George Rautavuoris, our friends who bought the cottage after my husband passed away will have the same good memories.

It was a wonderful experience and I still spend many happy times at Betula with the Dunmalls.

BETULA LAKE
BANNOCK POINT HOME TO INMATES

By Dennis Einarson, Supervisor
Bannock Point Rehabilitation Camp

Perhaps you have seen the yellow and black "school buses" with a number of men working around them in your area. These men are inmates of Bannock Point Camp, and are participating in the "work ethic" program of adult corrections.

When these men return "home" after work, they return to Bannock Point Camp, located between Nutimik Lake and Betula Lake.

Bannock Point was originally started in 1968. It burned in 1974 and rebuilding was completed in 1976. The camp has the capacity to house 50 inmates.

The men at Bannock Point perform many services to Parks Branch, Highways, Manitoba Hydro and Manitoba Telephone System. The work is mainly brushing, burning and cleaning up for the above departments, but we also have:

- a small saw mill (providing lumber for Government Departments)
- a small cement operation (providing cement for Government Departments)
- a small nursery (providing trees for Government Departments).

The men at Bannock Point also are available for fire fighting and assisting to search for lost persons.

A typical day for an inmate at Bannock Point is up at 6:30, breakfast at 7 a.m. and on the bus to work at 7:30. The buses return by 4:30 and supper is at 5:00 p.m. Lunch is taken out with the men.

After supper, inmates have options to watch television, play cards or pool, relax in their rooms or take advantage of the Alcoholics Anonymous or church meetings.

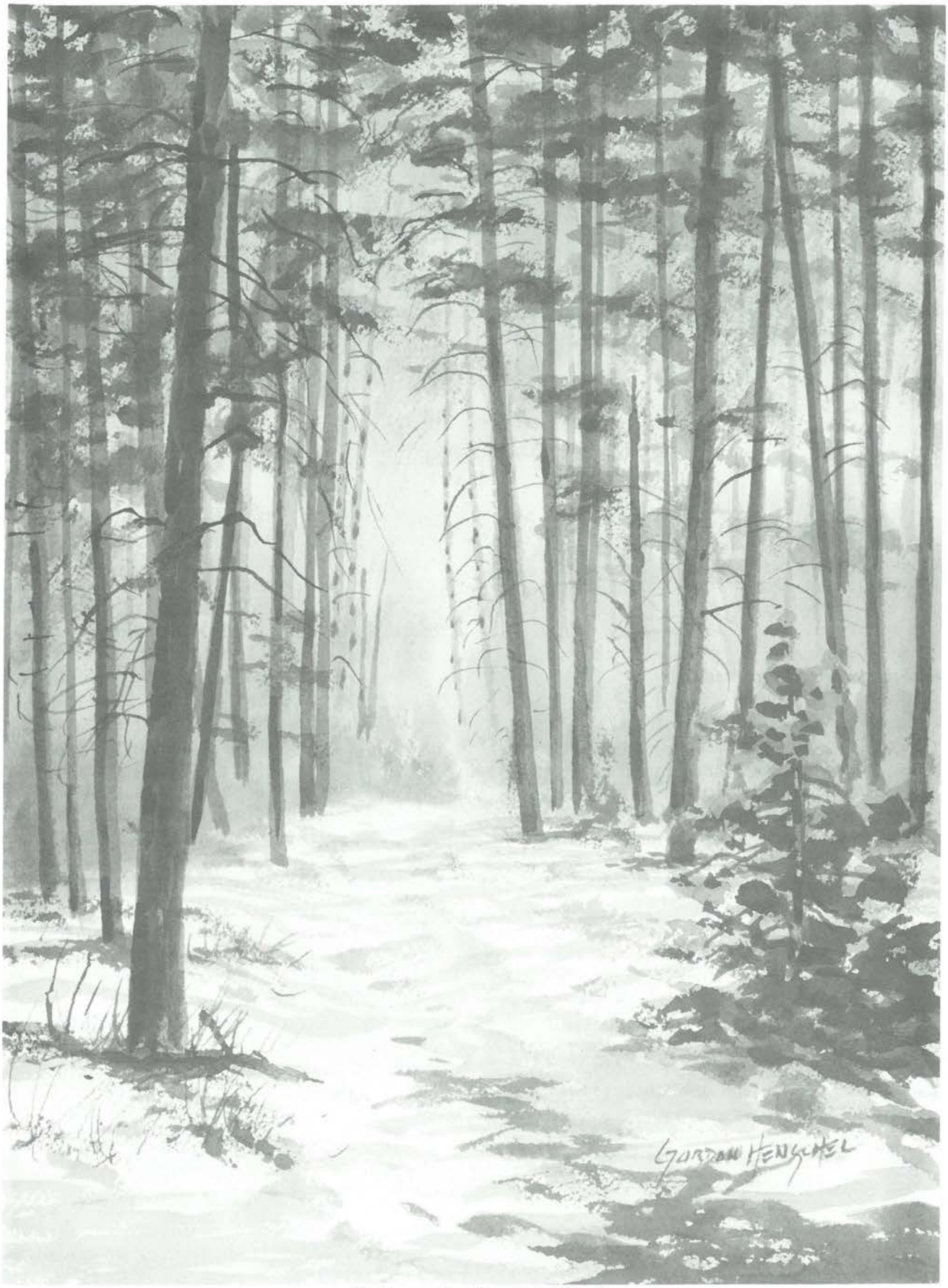
Inmates are paid $6 per day for their work, with 75 percent going into a spending account and 25 percent going into a savings account for when they are released.

All candidates for placement at Camp are recommended by Classification Officers at Headingly Correctional Institution. The Camp Supervisor then reviews the files and if he is satisfied with the individual's work and behavior, the Supervisor will then interview the inmate. This procedure appears to be effective, as we have had few incidents in the past five years.

The majority of the men at Bannock Point are from Winnipeg. However, we do have a cross-section from various points in Southern and Central Manitoba.

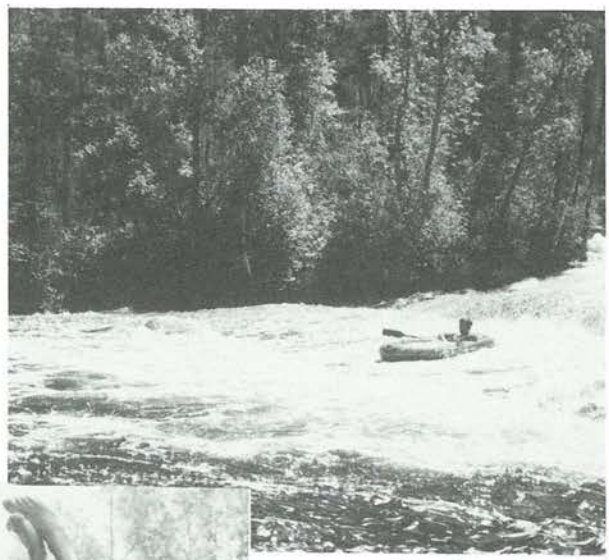
The Supervisor and Staff at Bannock Point Camp cordially invite the Whiteshell cottagers to drop in for coffee and a chat when you are in the area.

Editor's Note: This article appeared in the Whiteshell Echo *1990 and reprinted here with permission from Dennis Einarson.*

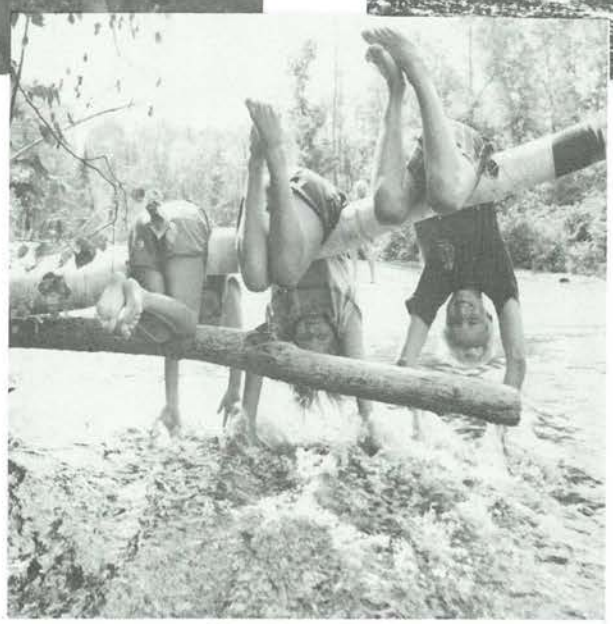


Spring on the Pine Point Trail

Turner Family - 1972

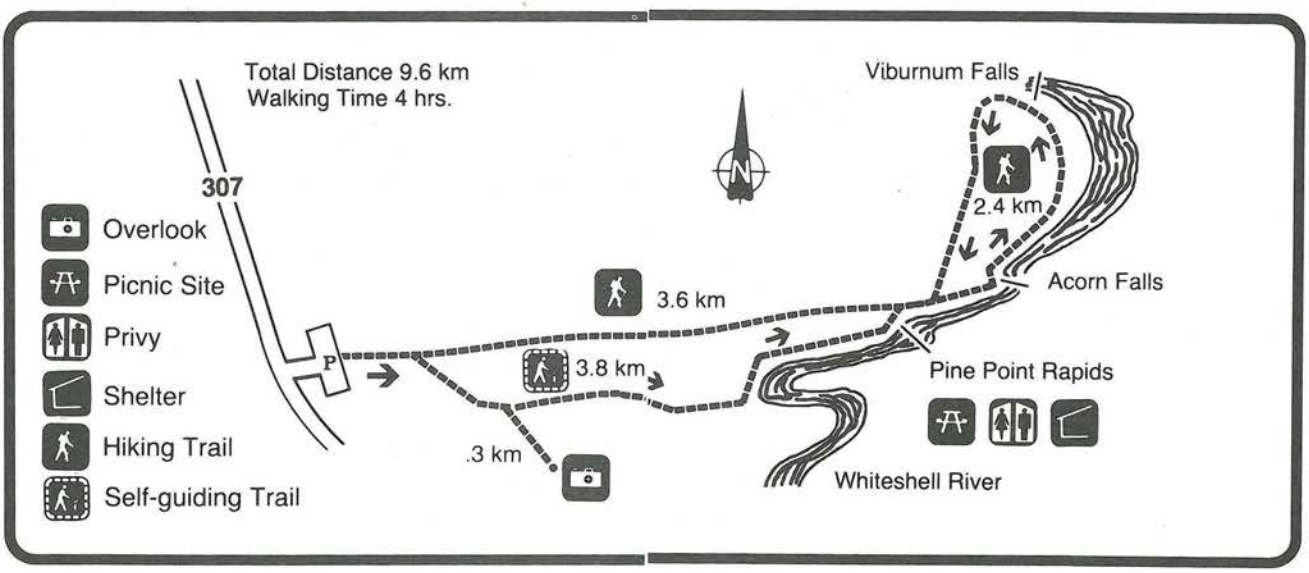


Pine Point Rapids



Pine Point Rapids

PINE POINT SELF-GUIDING TRAIL.



Caux Falls stories Whiteshell River

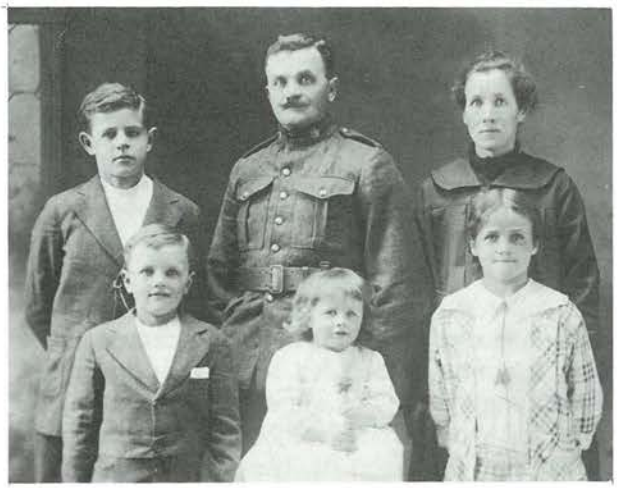
THE CAUXS
HOMESTEADERS ON THE SHELL RIVER

Introduction

This report was written by Ruth Siddle, a granddaughter, from her recollections and after having reports or discussions which involved several people, family and non-family. The family's life story has been interesting, but it has been quite difficult to obtain information. Today there are two surviving children - France who is eighty-three and John who is eighty-two years old. France was trained in missionary nursing and has devoted her life in working with related church work and studies. John has devoted most of his life to missionary work throughout Northern Manitoba. There he combined missionary work and health officer work in helping the Native Peoples. John is a man who is well-liked by the Native People because of his deep understanding and his sincere love of them.

Adrien Felix Caux was born in France and went to Switzerland to work. He was a watchmaker by trade and employed in a watch factory. In 1902 he married a Swiss girl, Lina Kuhn, who also worked in the same factory. Their son, Pierre Adrien, was born in 1905 in Switzerland. They moved to Scionzier, Haute-Savoie, France where one daughter, France Marguerite, and another son, John Maurice, were born in 1908 and 1909 respectively. Mother, Lina, took sick and the doctors diagnosed her ailment as tuberculosis, and recommended that she move to Canada. The family emigrated to Canada arriving in Winnipeg March 11, 1911. Once in Canada her condition improved drastically, although her general health always remained weak. From Winnipeg they took up a homestead in Badger, Manitoba, north of Piney in the Sandilands Provincial Forest Parkland. Here a daughter, Elisabeth Claire, was born in 1915. Times were hard. Adrien had one cow and worked out to make a living including cutting wood in the winter for Winnipeg home fuel supply.

In 1917 the family moved to Winnipeg where they lived for one year. Mr. Caux joined the Canadian Armed Forces, but this was at the close of World War I. Homesteads were available in Eastern Manitoba at a price of ten dollars for one hundred sixty acres. Adrien bought a homestead along the Whiteshell River on what has become known as Caux Falls, Whiteshell - Section 34 Township 13 Range 14 for 152.9 acres. Son, Peter, bought a homestead across the falls from his father's in 1921.



The Caux Family 1917 - Back row: Peter, father Adrien, mother Lina. Front row: John, Betty and France.

In 1918 the family moved to their homestead on the Whiteshell River. Bush trails led part of the way from Lac du Bonnet and the rest of the way had to be made over frozen rivers. They travelled by train to Lac du Bonnet and stayed overnight in the local inn. From here a Swedish man with a team of horses was hired to take them to their small log home on the Shell which had been built by Adrien Caux.

The homestead was located about halfway between the Nutimik and Betula Lakes, at the last set of rapids on Whiteshell River. The area was very heavily wooded with areas of marsh lands. The bush, mostly poplars, had to be cleared for farm land. Everyone, including children, worked very hard. A big garden was made so the family could survive. Some crops were grown and wild hay was cut for the cattle. Horses could not survive in the area. The Cauxs had one team of horses which died and Winnipeg doctors diagnosed the cause as swamp fever.

The original house built by Adrien Caux was a small log cabin with a roof of boards and tar paper and floors of poles except for the kitchen which had a board floor. The family lived in this cabin for

about five years.

Transportation during the first year was their own handmade river rafts in summer and dogteam in winter. Later they built canoes using local trees for framing and covering them with canvas. Oars were carved from tree trunks. As time went on a canoe was purchased and eventually an inboard motorboat was added. It appears that the old inboard motor caused much grief in trying to keep it operating. Canoes remained the preferred means of travel.

Supplies were brought in during the summer months from Old Pinawa or Pointe du Bois. This saved carrying them by dog sled which was very difficult during winter months. Most goods were bought in bushel quantities - peas, beans, dried apples and apricots, and six hundred pounds of flour along with sugar and green coffee. Coffee was home roasted in the oven or frying pan and ground by a hand mill.

Canning and the storing of food became a major challenge in the wilderness. There were no sealers, so the canning was done in crocks, and pails, eg. ten pound syrup pails. Mostly fruits, especially wild fruits would be preserved. The bulk of the vegetables were stored in the cool, dry dugout under the house where they could have year-round access through a trap door in the floor. This was not without its problems since wildlife also searched for stored foods. Skunks, squirrels, etc. were always on the watch to see what they could quarter for themselves. One winter the food was lost through a skunk getting in and destroying the vegetables through its scent releasing system.

The Cauxs kept quite a few cattle. One year a boxcar load of cattle was walked from the homestead along the Rennie River through bush and muskeg to Whitemouth Canadian Pacific Railway station. This was an overnight trip and France was one of the drivers. The cattle faired quite well, but the prices were not good and there was no money made. This shipment of cattle did not pay for the freight charges to ship it to the Winnipeg Stockyards. After this the family raised only enough cattle for their own use and milk was delivered to the Parks family. The Caux family always had enough to eat - butchered sheep, cattle and chickens and had milk, cream, butter and eggs during the summer months when the chickens were laying. Also they fished and hunted. In winter ice fishing was done for their own use. Here a thirty-foot net would be set under the ice.

The farm never really paid for itself because it was too far to the market place to sell grain, cream, butter, etc. Money was made in the winter by trapping furs in the area. Betty and John trapped as far as Betula and Big Whiteshell Lakes. Prices were good for furs which were sold usually to Jewish fur buyers who travelled along the rivers buying furs. Some furs were sold directly in Winnipeg. Adrien Caux sometimes worked out for extra money such as for the Hydro at the old Pinawa power plant.

The family kept sheep for meat as well as wool, Mrs. Caux had a spinning wheel. France and Mrs. Caux would have the sheep sheared then they would clean, wash, card, dye and spin the wool into knitting yarn. It was France's job to spin wool while Mrs. Caux did the bulk of the hand knitting - socks, mitts, sweaters, hats, scarves, underwear and bedding. France and Betty were taught to knit and did help clothe the family. Winter boots made of cowhide were purchased. These did not last the winter without mending them. Father Caux would carve wooden fitted shoe bottoms and nail them to the upper boot. These then lasted the full winter. They did not tan furs, but bought their heavy coats from mailorder catalogues. Mr. Caux purchased a Winnipeg City Police buffalo coat which he wore for many years, while the rest of the family wore sheepskin coats.

Wild mint was collected in the summer, hung to dry and bagged. It was used for flavouring. In times of illness such as sore throats hot drinks were made. These were used to soothe the soreness in the throat tissues.

For their fun the children, as they grew up, enjoyed climbing the rocks, playing in the woods, camping and canoeing. Learning how to swim at an early age was important both for safety and recreation. Betty took great delight in swimming rivers, lakes and below waterfalls even well into her adult life. Mrs. Caux tried her hand at making cross-country skis for Peter. She cut the tree, carved, steamed and bent the ends of the skis so they would have a sufficient curve for skiing. Unfortunately she could not get a good turned-up ski and the skis proved to be too heavy for travel. Later the children were able to make their own skis.

Checker games were made. The checker men were made by getting an even roundness of branch of about one inch in diameter. The bark was peeled off, and the branch cut in quarter-inch pieces, Mrs. Caux dyed them. Playing checkers became one of the family's favorite games. It has been said that the game became so competitive that the children had a heated argument, and Mrs. Caux took the checkermen and burned them in the kitchen stove which promptly settled the dispute.

Playing tricks on one another was a great form of amusement. At one point John had found a huge pumpkin in the garden, and he convinced France that she should sit on it which she did only to wind up inside a completely rotten pumpkin. This delighted John even into his adult life when he would still burst out in a fit of laughter.

In 1923 the family built a larger new three

bedroom house about a quarter of a mile away - right at Caux Falls. This yard is kept up to this day by the present owner, Mr. Straussel. The house was built primarily from local trees hewn into square logs hence a square-log home. The logs were hauled out of the bush with a cow. The children did most of the hauling. France being a teenager was most concerned that her hands would grow large like a man's from doing the heavy work, and she often cried because she felt this would happen. The lumber needed for this new house was purchased in Whitemouth, and Betty's (Elisabeth's) future father-in-law, Nels Bjorklund, hauled it in with horses and wagon to the end of the trail. From here the lumber was lashed onto rafts and floated down the river to the building site. There was enough lumber for the roof, floor, partitions, and odds and ends. Later a large barn was built with squared logs and a tin roof.

They had no close neighbors and they were the farthest east of any settlers. The closest neighbor was Jack Park who was two and a half miles away at the junction of the Whiteshell and Rennie Rivers. A family named Edwards lived at Heart Lake and "Van" and Harry Vansickle lived on Jessie, now Nutimik Lake, where the present day Baptist summer camp is.

"Van" or Ed Vansickle would bring the Caux mail from Pointe du Bois by canoe to his farm and the Cauxs would travel to the Vansickles to get their mail.

One winter, about 1931, mail was picked up about three miles from the farm when Slave Falls power line was being built. City Hydro had a labour camp on the Whiteshell River where the power line crosses. This convenience lasted only one year while the line was being built.

As the family grew up John built a cabin on Peter's homestead across the river, and Peter and his wife Annie did live there for a short time, as did John and his wife Elsie. A rock and plank bridge was built across the Falls so that access could be had year round.

Cauxs' home on the Whiteshell River by Caux Falls - John off to spring trapping.

The family's cattle pastured regularly on the land directly south of the farm. This area included "signs" or what used to be the Whiteshell River mosaics, or Indian petroforms in the shapes of snakes and turtles. This rock art is now gone. Some people feel that this was vandalized by people, but others feel that with the passage of time and farming in the area that animals had disturbed much of the rock work. While the Cauxs lived there, they would try to keep them in tack by replacing rocks which had been knocked out of place by animals. The Caux children knew of another set of mosaics three miles north halfway to George Lake - the Tie Creek Mosaics - and they would walk there to see them. They found many arrowheads and bones from the time when the Indians were in the area. Some skulls were found on an island in Jessie (Nutimik) Lake, and gravesites complete with beads were found on the north side of Winnipeg River at Sturgeon Falls. Many gravesites were washed away and/or opened by erosion of the river waters so artifacts were quite observable. Some of these are in Manitoba's Museum of Man and Nature. The children never took any of these, but they found it interesting to see. A tooth was found about three inches long and two inches in diameter which was later found to be from a seal which had been deposited during the ice age.

The Caux children received all their formal education from their mother who was well educated and demanded that her children also be. The nearest school was more than twenty miles away south of Seven Sisters and impossible to reach. The family spoke French, but Mrs. Caux studied English and taught the children English because it was the language of the country. She used regular Manitoba textbooks to teach with, and classroom studies were observed. Mrs. Caux was very strict about learning. One son later entered college and he was given a grade ten standing on his high school exam by the Manitoba Department of Education. Mrs. Caux was an accomplished organist in Switzerland and taught each of her four children how to play a different instrument - Peter the flute, France the harp (zither), John the mandolin, and Betty the violin. Visitors have said that they were quite a musical group who would strike up a very entertaining evening.

Several trappers, hunters and fishermen - fishing for sturgeon - travelled through The Shell each year. In the fall Americans would come in for hunting season. Mrs. Caux always had room and plenty of food for anyone who stopped by for a visit or were in need of shelter. At times there were so many trappers that Mrs. Caux could not put them all up in the house, and years later a fifty-year-old Winnipeg businessman told how he had travelled through

the Shell as a youth and was given a place to sleep in the hayloft. Simple as that could have been, he was ever so thankful and cherished that memory as a demonstration of kindness and concern. Those were some of the best times of his life, was his comment. The Caux homestead was about halfway between the trapping grounds on Crowduck and Big Whiteshell Lakes and Seven Sisters and overnight stopping was common.

One by one the children left the homestead to make their own lives. Lina Caux took sick and passed away in 1933. Mr. Caux sold the farm to Mr. Straussel, the present owner, around 1938. Mr. Caux lived at the homestead for one year while France and Betty left in May. The spring of 1933 was France and Betty's last muskrat trapping in their life. They sold their furs and had the sum of thirty dollars each with which to leave the Shell. France went into missionary and nursing work and Betty married and began a new life for herself. This area was sold to the Manitoba Government and became part of the Whiteshell Provincial Park.

The children Peter, France, John and Betty all held and hold many fond memories of The Shell, and each of them conveyed to their children the beauty of exploring nature, cherishing it as a fragile thing in our existence, and enjoying the peacefulness nature holds for mankind. All of the Caux grandchildren in one way or another are still in close touch with streams, lakes and forests and enjoy their cottages or their homes located along shorelines. From the legacy of Adrien and Lina Caux many of their great-grandchildren also take great pleasure in being in contact with the wilderness. The Whiteshell Provincial Park and other Manitoba Forest Parks are held in high esteem by this family.

THE CAUX FAMILY

Mrs. France Fevez, (nee Caux) who is now eighty-three years old wrote this report on her life.

The Whiteshell holds so many memories for me - so wonderfully pleasant. I loved that wilderness! We took such happiness in conquering any one of its many hills. I especially, felt that "I am the first white woman to climb this hill." It was our custom to make a little pile of stones so one would have the illusion that they were the first humans to be there. Of course the Indians must have been there before us, but they were more humble than we were of their conquests, and they saw no need to brag about it.

It is a beautiful country, and I loved it and felt privileged to have lived there. But it holds some very cruel memories too, especially the illness of my wonderful mother who had a brain tumour without medical help. She suffered cruelly, and I nursed her day and night. Painkillers did not help as much as snow compresses and hot water compresses - alternating them. At this time my brothers, Peter and John, had married and left home. Elisabeth was seventeen and Dad was not too able.

Pioneering is not an easy game, and we had to play it to the limit. When I left I felt I would never want to see it again.

It was the second attempt of my parents to establish a homestead. They had been for six years trying to launch out in what is now called the Sandilands - southeast of Winnipeg. A region that should not have been opened to farming - sand, jackpines and blueberries. A lot of people in Winnipeg heated their homes with wood, so the settlers cut cordwood for a cash crop.

In 1916 a con-man came and persuaded my Dad to trade his good team of oxen for a team of horses and $300. Dad yielded and the team of oxen was handed over as a down payment. My parents did not read English. The deal was signed and it was to be paid off the next year. Times were very hard. They owed $5 when the con-man came. My mother ran to a neighbor to borrow $5. The con-man refused to accept it, and he walked away with our horses. Wonderful deal for him - he had a team of oxen, a team of horses and $295. My parents, without horses could not live there anymore. Dad went to Winnipeg and enlisted in the Canadian Army in 1917. Mother could not and would not live in the city. We moved to the Whiteshell.

The family consisted of the parents, Adrien and Lina, and four children - Pierre Adrien, France Marguerite, Jean Maurice and Elisabeth Claire — Peter, France, John and Betty.

Mother continued to teach us. She undertook to learn English so we could learn it too. She taught us music and of course French. At the beginning we children and especially mother were very happy. Our lakes, our rivers, our hills and wildlife around us gave us a real euphoria which did not last too long, but several years nevertheless.

The open country that my parents mistook for hay and pasture was really a marsh land, and it was not too long before the hayfield was under four feet of water. Finally in 1933 Mother died. Bethie was almost eighteen. Things had begun to be too hard even before Mother's illness, and I could not have left her.

A few weeks after mother passed away, Betty, who was engaged to Birger Bjorklund of Whitemouth was married.

I wish I could find the words to tell how much we owed to the kindness of many people, but in particularly to dear Nels Bjorlund - Birger's father. He came and took me to Winnipeg to see a doctor

known to us. She explained to me that mother's illness was terminal. Later when the pain became too severe, Nels Bjorklund came to the Whiteshell and picked us up to take mother to a Winnipeg hospital. Although everyone was very kind, she was not happy in the hospital and she wanted to go home where she'd been so many years. We took her to Whitemouth and Dear Nels took us, Dad, myself, and our patient into his home, as mother could not travel farther to the Whiteshell. There she died March 10, 1933.

Anecdotes

Mother always held a Bible reading at bedtime. Dad was not interested. This one evening Mother read about the guardian angel who watched over us. The lamp - one coal oil lamp - was not lit as it was dusk and mother was resting. John who was four years old began to tear up and down the room as fast as his legs could carry him. Mother asked, "John, what are you doing?" John replied, "I am making my guardian angel run." John did keep his guardian angel busy in so many adventures that to recount them would fill a book.

When we came to the Shell our English was pretty poor. Our Bergere had presented us with a big family of puppies - too many - Peter undertook to find a home for them. He offered a neighbor "a little son-of-a-bitch." This will always tickle me. Bitch in French does not have the unpleasant connotation that it has in English. Peter had heard people use the term, but he had no idea that it was not nice. It delighted our neighbor, but it did not secure a home for a pup.

Indian mosiacs on Whiteshell - France Caux and Mr. Rand. The Winnipeg Museum of Man and Nature measured this area. Detailed information was put into the Museum of Man and Nature.

JIMMY MURKIN'S REPORT ON HIS STAY IN THE WHITESHELL AT THE CAUX HOMESTEAD DURING 1930 TO 1932

Jimmy Murkin was interviewed by Ruth Siddle, and this is a summary:

Jimmy had fallen from the attic in his parents' home when he was six years old, and as a result had badly fractured his skull leaving him unable to walk without the use of a walker for two years. His doctor, once he was able to walk, recommended that Jimmy spend an extended period of time living in the country. Jimmy then moved to The Shell to live with Adrien and Lina Caux. Jimmy lived with the Cauxs for two years.

For Jimmy this was truly a whole new experience from living in the west end of Winnipeg. He recounts his stay at The Shell with fond and exciting memories. He noted that it changed his life completely where he has been a regular visitor to The Shell and has spent his adult life with the Manitoba Game and Fish Association.

Jimmy left Winnipeg in 1930 by train to Lac du Bonnet and travelled by car to Old Pinawa and here he was met by the Cauxs in an old inboard motorboat in which they travelled to The Shell.

Jimmy enjoyed the freedom of the wilderness. But Adrien and Lina whom he called dad and mom knew that this young fellow had to have some basic skills before he could be left on his own. So the canoe was tied up on a long rope and Jimmy spent his days learning how to handle a canoe safely. Jimmy did master the skills and the canoe was freed for his adventures on The Shell River.

Jimmy and the Cauxs spent time camping on the various lakes and streams in the area. He recalls a camping trip to Betula Lake which was a five-mile canoe expedition when the family dog, Fiedle, which was the leader of their dog team and Jimmy feels to this day was the smartest dog he has ever known, swam the five miles behind the canoe.

Jimmy and the Caux family would paddle the canoe to Rennie River and then walk ten miles to Whitemouth where they picked up supplies and did some visiting.

There was an instance when Jimmy was paddling with John Caux in early spring when the canoe upset dumping them in the river. John grabbed Jimmy so quickly Jimmy said that he was put on an ice flow in seconds. He was brought ashore riding the ice flow.

The canoes were homemade with wooden framing and canvas covered. The paddles were carved out of local trees, and Jimmy says that John could cut a tree down and make a finished paddle in an hour and a half.

In the winter the family's transportation was by dogteam. They were unable to keep horses because they would die from swamp fever. During the summer the family fished for suckers which were scooped out of the river and hung up to dry for dog food during the winter.

For family supplies they travelled the powerline out to Pinawa and Whitemouth. This was a two-day excursion. At the time Jimmy lived at The Shell Manitoba Hydro was building a powerline at Slave Falls and had a large camp set up there. Jimmy would travel by dogteam to the camp to get a piece of pie.

Life at The Shell was one where their survival depended upon their skills in living in the wilderness, hard daily work and also getting educational skills and making their own fun.

Jimmy noted that they lived off the land both wild and tame plants and animals. Gardens were grown, harvested and preserved for the off-seasons. Jimmy remembers when visitors came and helped pick strawberries, which were preserved in crocks, and he was told to whistle while he picked so they knew he was picking and not eating. Their soap was homemade from bear fat and lye. Wild meat in particular deer (vension) were hunted, and John and Betty would practice target shooting for high accuracy. At times they would place a penny on a fence post and shoot it. This was no doubt a demonstration of their rifle skills. Jimmy claims that Betty was a deadly shot. He claims that they saw a deer five hundred yards away and Betty got it with a single shot while the animal was running. Rabbits were also caught and Mrs. Caux would do the preparation including skinning. Rabbit stew or pie would be served up. Every fall several Americans would come into The Shell for hunting season, and the Caux household would provide food and shelter for many hunters on their way through.

As part of their income the family would trap animals for fur. Jimmy learned to trap and he remembers catching his first muskrat. When the fur traders from Sydney I. Robinson came through on their fur buying excursion, Jimmy said that John Caux coaxed them into buying his muskrat for a dollar and that became Jimmy's first dollar he earned.

Each weekday Jimmy was taught his school studies by Mrs. Caux. The Caux children themselves were older and played various musical instruments. Singing was a family tradition, and a singsong was held most days after their evening dinner. The songs were mostly spiritual as Lina Caux was a devout Christian who regularly read the family Bible every evening.

Fun it appears they had a lot of - pranks were very much the order of the day. Because Jimmy was

Outside the Caux's shell home. Back row: John and wife Elsie, next: mother Lina Caux, Harry and Van Vansic Le, Betty just behind France and nine year old Jimmy Murkin.

the youngest many toys were made for him. John carved him a horse set, made him snowshoes out of deer hide for a Christmas present, skis, and an arrow gun which Mr. Caux would only allow Jimmy to shoot at targets and never any living thing because the animal would suffer with that type of a weapon.

Jimmy spent many days playing around the rocks of The Shell including the area where the Indian mosaics were. Also the Cauxs had a crystal set to which he listened. Jimmy had a record player with the large horn, and he would listen to records from time to time.

Jimmy left The Shell when Mrs. Caux was dying of cancer. Mrs. Caux had requested that she wanted to see Jimmy when she was in a Winnipeg hospital. Jimmy was brought from the homestead into Winnipeg by a Whitemouth resident, Mr. Telfore. He remembers Mrs. Caux requesting that they sing for her The Old Rugged Cross which they did. Jimmy did not return to The Shell. He returned to his west-end home in Winipeg. To sum up his living at The Shell, Jimmy said that "You had satisfaction in your heart and freedom - the very qualities that men and women today are striving so hard to obtain but somehow still escapes them."

PETER AND ANNIE CAUX, WHITESHELL PIONEERS

By Doris Gowron

Taken from The Whiteshell Echo, September 1965

Did you know that Betula Lake used to be called Birch Lake and Nutimik was Lake Jessie and the original pronunciation of Jessica was Jesseeca? These are some of the facts told to me by Mr. Caux

(pronounced Coe). Peter called me one evening at home and commended me on my column, which I sincerely appreciated. He thought I might be interested in a bit of early history of our surrounding area around Betula Lake, in which he, as a boy, with his family and later with his wife, played a very real part from 1918 to 1936. I was very interested and drove over to his home in West Kildonan to meet him and his wife, Annie. It was a delightful visit and I came away with not only some historical information but a wonderful human interest story about themselves and what they have done over the years.

Peter was born in Switzerland and came to Canada with his parents in 1911 at the age of six years. They settled in Badger, Manitoba, until 1918 when on March 19 they moved into the area by the First Falls of the Whiteshell, now known as Bannock Point. Here Peter's father built their home overlooking the Falls and trapped over a twelve-mile area. Their house was built of local logs pulled out by an old cow that Peter had got for nothing from the stockyards, and other lumber needed was floated down the Little Rennie River on rafts. The Whiteshell was very rich in furs during those years and up until about 1919, the Blackfoot and Salteaux Indians came every spring from Fort Alexander and White Dog, along the Winnipeg River in Ontario and trapped for muskrat. They were friendly and there was no such thing in those days as Indian Reserves. They were free and roamed the country trapping, hunting and fishing. Many Indian graves are still around the area if we knew where and how to find them. They buried their dead, wrapped in birch bark about two or three feet deep and most of their personal belongings were buried with them or laid on top of the grave, their belief being that the brave would need his axe, knives and arrows in the next life and the squaw would need her household utensils. Most of these graves were around Nutimik and up the Whiteshell River. Many arrowheads have been found in this area.

Somewhere in the vicinity of Block 2 Betula Lake, there was once a very large flat rock with a map of the immediate area laid out in small stones done by the Indians. I asked Peter where this rock might be found but he replied that someone probably built their cottage on it. I suddenly had a rather uncomfortable feeling that it could very well be our cottage, though we didn't build it.

From about 1923 to 1927 a great many timber wolves came into the area and though they never attacked anyone outright they would follow their toboggans pulled by several dogs. They were poisoned off or caught in snares laid for them, and finally disappeared.

The Bannock Point Indian Ceremonial Grounds were not where we know them today but a bit farther east. This area has been rebuilt, copying as closely as possible the original grounds, strictly a tourist attraction. About the second week of August, Peter took my husband and I all through the original area, much grown over now but we could see where some stones had been. Peter and his family helped to reconstruct the grounds as they are today, except for a few more turtles and snakes that some young tourists have added on their own.

The area known now as Pine Point, about one mile downstream from Betula was then known as "The Laurelie" named by Peter's parents. This is where they would sing and yodel their songs of Switzerland.

Just below Betula towards Nutimik downstream about half a mile were more falls, then called "The Niagara."

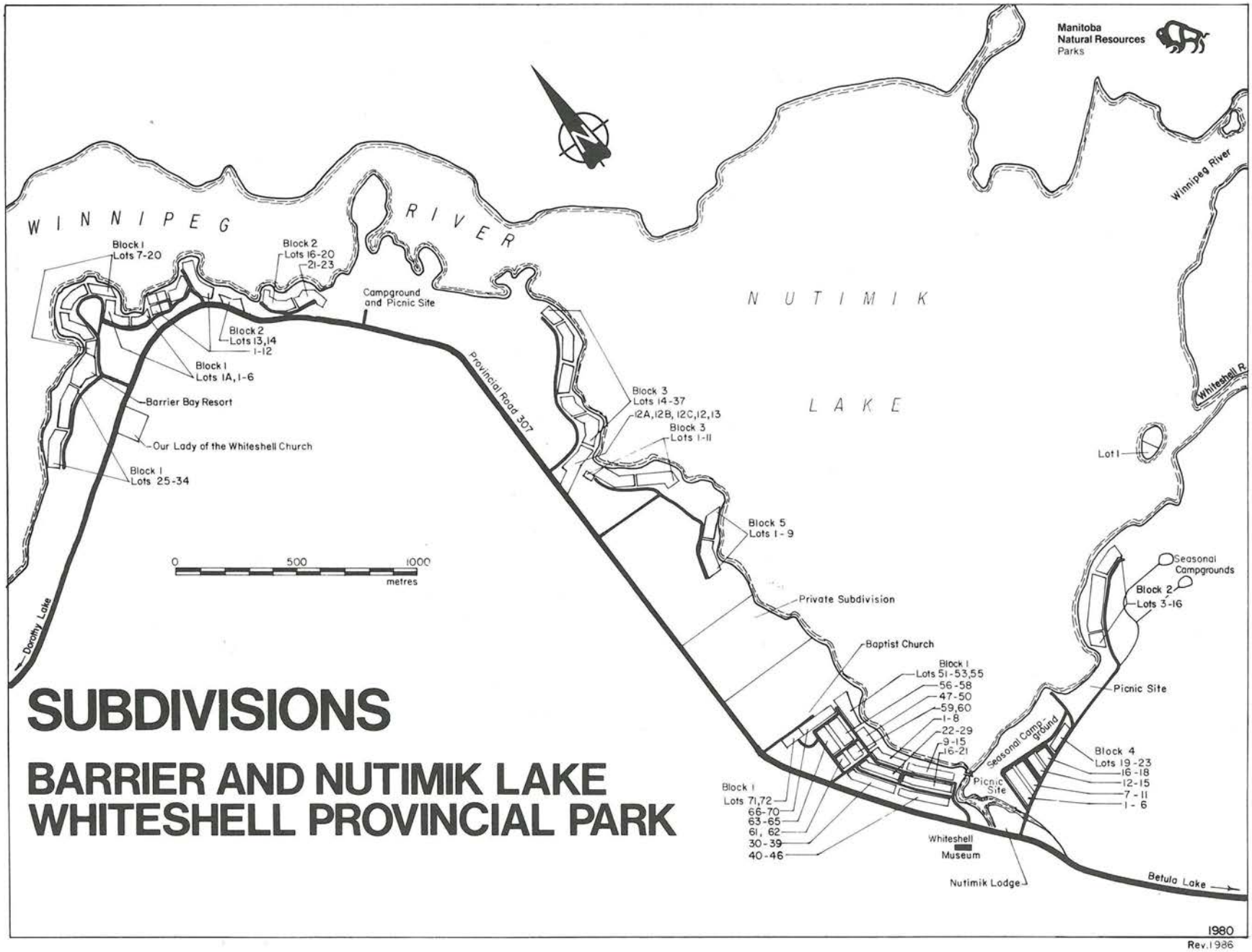
In 1929 Peter went to Winnipeg and attended Wesley College, studying theology. In 1931, he met Annie Cockshott and they were married after a three month courtship. Annie was born in Yorkshire, England, coming out to settle in West Kildonan in 1913, with her adopted parents. After their marriage they returned to the Whiteshell and built their own small cabin 12x12 ft. across the falls from Peter's home, and they continued trapping until 1936.

During the early years they had to fight forest and bush fires to preserve the wild game and through the untiring efforts of Peter's mother and later by his wife Annie, a Mr. A.B. Howell was appointed game warden and began registering the trapping areas in 1938.

Peter and Annie's nearest neighbor was Edwin Vansickel who had his cabin at Nutimik and who before his death donated his land for the purpose of building a Baptist Church, though he was anything but a religious man. This is where the Baptist Church Camp stands today.

Their only visitors were the crew men who came regularly down river from Lac du Bonnet to check on the Seven Sisters power meters. They would come through and have dinner with the Cauxs and it would be a real occasion.

The Shell always remained a place in their hearts of wilderness beauty unsurpassed and where they would have liked to have retired.



SUBDIVISIONS

BARRIER AND NUTIMIK LAKE
WHITESHELL PROVINCIAL PARK

Nutimik Lake

THE GHOST OF JESSIE LAKE (NUTIMIK)
Researched and written by Herb Peters
Lot 20 Steep Rock Rd.

By searching through many "Acts" and provincial documents and talking to many area residents and previous residents, I find at the heart of this history lies the ghost (or what remains after a person dies) of Edwin N. Vansickel (1882-1954). Known by his friends only as "Van".

Let me tell you first what I was searching for.

I have pondered for years, how and why privately owned lands became lodged inside the borders of Provincial Parks without due process. More specifically how property I purchased in 1978 with full knowledge of the Province (e.g. land titles office) suddenly in 1984 was considered by the Parks Dept. to be a part of the Whiteshell Provincial Park. In my search I followed the logical course by seeking backwards, starting with my own title, and I found it to be a small piece out of an original homestead.

Van purchased the S.E. ¼ of Section 12 Township 14 Range 13E on May 4, 1927 known as Dominion Lands. King George V granted him a certificate of Homestead title No. 598121. This consisted of 88.4 acres of the quarter section. The balance 71.6 acres of the 160 acres was under the waters of Lake Jessie.

Van was a Dutch immigrant who had lived in Eastern Canada and fought in World War II where he suffered a mild case of shellshock. For a time he shared his homestead with his brother Harry, until Harry was also granted a homestead immediately north (N.E. ¼ of Section 12) along the west shore of Lake Jessie. Note: Jessie Lake was renamed Nutimik Lake on February 3, 1950. Nutimik is the Cree word for "Up the River."

Van was a commerical fisherman and trapper during the winter months and a water level recorder for the Winnipeg River Hydro Dams during the summer months. He also acted as spotter and foreman to the Forest Fire Rangers.

Trappers in the area often stayed the night at Vansickel's to and from their trapper camps. Other homesteaders along the Whiteshell such as Tom Parks and Peter Caux (at Caux Falls) also often stored reserve supplies of food for trappers who lived at Seven Sisters Falls but had trapper camps as far away as the Big Whiteshell, Lone Island and even Crowduck Lake and Finger Lakes.

Van trapped mainly Heart and Picket Lake, Rennie River, Picket and Beaver Creeks.

Brother Harry died about 1942. His homestead, with exception of the land around his log cabin all reverted back to crown lands because of the absence of heirs. The clearing you see in Block 5, which is used for winter trailer storage was created by Harry Vansickel to satisfy the homestead requirements.

Although Van would have been a lawful heir to Harry's property, he could not gain title to a second homestead because he too was a homesteader. It is commonly believed that this was the prime reason Van began selling his property, because he also was without heirs and his property also would have reverted back to crown land when he died.

Van sold his property in strips running from the shoreline to Highway No. 307 (built in 1949). His log house was on the south end of the homestead (now the Baptist Camp).

This strip he kept to the very end and donated it to the Manitoba Baptist Tri-union in 1954 with the understanding that he be allowed to remain in his log cabin for his remaining years. According to the Baptist Camp Records, Van died just four days after making this agreement. He was found dead by his long time friend Benjamin Kuhn who was delivering food to him. Ida Kuhn, Ben's widow says that Van died while sitting at the kitchen table with his head resting in his hands. Van was buried by the Lutheran Church at River Hills in their cemetery. The headstone is just barely legible.

The property next to the house going north along the shore (now known as the house on the rocks by the Baptist Camp) was sold to Gretzingers, and has subsequently reverted back to crown land. The next strip was sold to Jessie and Clarence Thompson. They had first choice as described elsewhere in this book. They were a great comfort to the aged, ailing Van, who now spent much time reading and largely dependent on friends and neighbors for food and entertainment.

The next strip was sold to a Mr. Helm who later

Edwin Vansickel's homestead title - 1927

Thekeeper
DEPUTY GOVERNOR.

CANADA

George the Fifth, *by the Grace of God, of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland and of the British Dominions beyond the Seas KING, Defender of the Faith, Emperor of India.*

To all to whom these Presents shall come—GREETING:

Whereas the Lands hereinafter described are Dominion Lands within the meaning of the *Dominion Lands Act.*

And Whereas Edwin J. Vansickel, of Township Fourteen, Range Thirteen, East of the Principal Meridian, in the Province of Manitoba, in Our Dominion of Canada, Farmer,

hereinafter called the grantee - has applied for a grant of the said lands and after due investigation has been found entitled to such grant in the terms herein embodied.

Now Know Ye that by these Presents We do grant unto the grantee - all the Parcels or Tracts of Land, situate, lying and being in the Fourteenth Township, in the Thirteenth Range East of the Principal Meridian, in the Province of Manitoba in Our Dominion of Canada, and being composed of

Legal Subdivisions Two and Seven and the West halves of Legal Subdivisions One and Eight of Section Twelve of the said Township. Excepting thereout and therefrom the land covered by the waters of Lake Jessie, at the time of the Survey of the said Lake, as shown upon a map or plan of Survey of the said Township, approved and confirmed at Ottawa, on the 5th day of April, A.D. 1909, by Edouard Deville, Surveyor General of Dominion Lands, and of record in the Department of the Interior, the lands hereby granted

containing by admeasurement together Eighty-eight and forty hundredths acres, more or less;

SAVING AND RESERVING, NEVERTHELESS, unto Us, Our Successors and Assigns, the free uses, passage and enjoyment of, in, over and upon all navigable waters that now are or may be hereafter found on or under, or flowing through or upon any part of the said Parcels or Tracts of Land; also reserving all mines and minerals, whether solid, liquid or gaseous, which may be found to exist within, upon or under such lands, together with full power to work the same, and for this purpose to enter upon, use and occupy the said lands or so much thereof and to such extent as may be necessary for the effectual working and extracting of the said minerals; and also reserving thereout and therefrom all rights of fishery and fishing and occupation in connection therewith upon, around and adjacent to the said lands, and also the privilege of landing from and mooring boats and vessels upon any part of the said lands and using the said lands in connection with the rights of fishery and fishing hereby reserved, so far as may be reasonably necessary to the exercise of such rights.

To have and to hold the same unto the grantee - in fee simple.

Provided, and it is hereby declared, that these presents shall not vest in the grantee - any exclusive or other property or interest in or any exclusive right or privilege with respect to any lake, river, spring, stream, or other body of water, within or bordering on or passing through the aforesaid lands, or in, or with respect to the water contained or flowing therein.

GIVEN under the Great Seal of Canada:—**Witness,** Fredrick Sinwood Blinton Perira, Esquire,

Deputy of Our Right Trusty and Well-beloved Cousin Freeman, Viscount Willingdon, Knight Grand Commander of Our Most Exalted Order of the Star of India, Knight Grand Cross of Our Most Distinguished Order of Saint Michael and Saint George, Knight Grand Commander of Our Most Eminent Order of the Indian Empire, Knight Grand Cross of Our Most Excellent Order of the British Empire, Governor-General and Commander-in-Chief of Our Dominion of Canada.

At OTTAWA, this fourth day of May in the year of Our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and twenty-seven and in the seventeenth year of Our Reign.

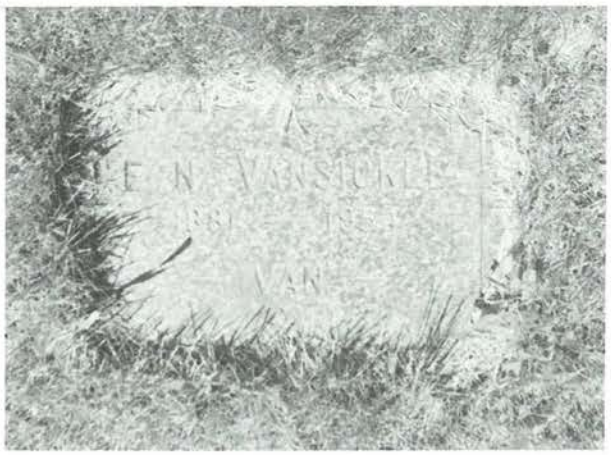
BY COMMAND,

O'Connor
Under-Secretary of State.

for Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

Recorded in the Department of the Interior, the 5 day of May 1927
Liber 985 Folio 9
Registrar of Dominion Lands Patents.

Fiat No. 47474
Homestead No. 598121



Van's gravestone

sold to Art and Margaret Hoffman. The next strip was sold to Fred and Sophie Gerylo who subdivided it into 20 cottage lots in August 1969. This was called Gerylo Steep Rock Road.

The next strip was sold to Bill Howk and later became Howk's Point Road. Howk's Point Road was subdivided into 20 cottage lots by Bill Howk in September 1968 for shoreline properties and September 1969 for the balance. Eagle Bay was subdivided into 17 lots by J. Rogawy and T. Bakensztos in 1971.

The last subdivided strip was sold to Adolf Kuhn who divided it into 18 cottage lots in December 1958. It is named Birch Road. That left a 600-foot strip which was purchased by the Honorable George Tritschler in 1952. He was also the renter of Harry Vansickel's estate from 1942-1952. He is very familiar with the Ghost of Jessie Road.

Life on these properties is very different from living on lease hold land. The owners are all fiercely independent yet very cooperative in communal affairs. Each road has its own village structure. They vote for their management team each year and also democratically decide on what services they require and also what their fees will be for the year. Since all the work including road building, drainage, boat ramps and dock maintenance are self supplied and do not come from the Parks Department, a high degree of cooperation becomes necessary.

In all my searching I have found no evidence that the Natural Resources Department have ever accepted this private land into (from) the Whiteshell Forest Reserve (1931-61) or subsequently into (from) the Whiteshell Provincial Parks (1961 same boundary as Forest Reserve).

Therefore we remain an Island surrounded by this beautiful Park. We also have this ghost named Van, on our Island.

I would like to thank the following for assistance in putting the pieces together in this bit of history.

Charles Hill, Seven Sisters Falls; Ida Kuhn, Stead and Beausejour; Jack Sieg, Coombs, B.C.; Peter Aldyke, Nutimik Lake; Elsie Howcroft, Seven Sisters Falls; Alex Henschell, River Hills; George Tritschler, Winnipeg and Nutimik; Edna Kuhn, Seven Sisters and Nutimik; Juanita Cousins, Otter Falls; Matt Lysak, Winnipeg and Nutimik.

EDWIN VANSICKEL

By Bruce Emes

Van got around both in winter and summer with a team of one, two or three dogs who were well trained and also a team of horses and a sleigh. He knew the Winnipeg River like the back of his hand and he had many friends that he fished with throughout the years.

He was married and his wife died quite young. Apparently she was a good hunter and experienced with the gun. When they wanted fresh meat or fish

Juanita Kondratuk and Vansickel's dog

Edwin Vansickel and his team and sleigh

in the late 1920s and 1930s they went out and shot what they needed. One day in the middle 1930s Van was away for two or three days either at work or for groceries and when he returned he could not find his wife in the house or yard. Looking farther afield he found her dead where she had apparently crawled through a willow fence they had made to keep out the deer. She had shot a partridge on the other side of the fence and while attempting to go through the fence she had accidently shot herself in the chest. She was buried in Old Pinawa or elsewhere in the Lac du Bonnet area like Riverside Cemetery.

Van lived pretty well to himself and was interested in things that were happening along the Winnipeg River. He knew a great many people in the area especially the trappers and fishermen. Van was instrumental in helping the Rangers find and relocate many of the artifacts for the Indian Ceremonial Grounds at Bannock Point. Years ago some of the rocks that formed the snakes, turtles, etc. on this site had been moved and with Van's help and stories and pictures the Rangers put the scene back the way it was.

In 1952 when I took over the Seven Sisters Falls District, the road was gravelled only to Otter Falls, so we had to get our meat and groceries to our Nutimik kitchen by boat. Van made several trips for us in his old boat hauling groceries. Eventually we took over ourselves since our equipment was a little more reliable. Van was a frequent visitor to our kitchen at Nutimik. Whenever we had a special meal like Christmas or Easter we always had Van in for the goodies as we all enjoyed his company. His health started to fail a little. When he wouldn't show up at the camp for a day or two one of the men would run over to see if he was OK. This went on for quite a while. One day in April, 1954, our foreman Ben Kuhn found Van dead in his cabin. He was buried at the Lutheran Church Cemetery in River Hills.

In his will Van left a few acres at the site of his cabin to the Baptist Church for a Youth Centre. It is now built up and thanks to Van's foresight and his love of younger people, the church entertains virtually hundreds of youngsters that would otherwise not get much of a holiday at the lake. The Baptist Church has erected a small cairn at the sight of his cabin in honor of Van.

LAKE NUTIMIK BAPTIST CAMP

Taken from 25 years, Lake Nutimik Baptist Camp
Written and prepared by Wm. Sturhahn

A number of the men from the Whitemouth Baptist Church had for years operated trap lines and cut lumber in the area, now known as the Whiteshell Provincial Forest, part of the great Canadian Shield. They knew every trapper, woodsman and sawmill operator along the course of the mighty Winnipeg River. Two brothers Vansickel owned considerable chunks of land along the river front which they had acquired from the Province of Manitoba before it became a provincial park. But let Rev. Kuhn now relate the course of events, which almost sounds like a saga taken from the Old Tesatment.

"Some time later Mr. A. Kuhn Sr. of River Hills came to our parsonage with information he had received from Mr. Alex Henschel of River Hills, that he knew a trapper, Mr. Vansickel who lived alone at Lake Nutimik, and it might be wise to see him. Mr. Kuhn and I drove up to visit this man. After introductions, I told Mr. Vansickel the purpose of our coming, that we are looking for a campsite for boys and girls. I asked him if he would be willing to sell his property for that purpose. I told him that we would be willing to build a little house for him in whatever town he would choose. He listened intently and replied that the property was not for sale, nor would he move into another house, but that he would give us the land for that purpose, but he wanted to stay in his cabin as long as he lived. We were stunned when we heard this. I then asked if he was willing to sign a paper that he was selling the property to the Manitoba Baptist Tri-Union for one dollar, in order to make it legal. He agreed. (He is supposed to have confirmed his offer with the statement, "I have always wanted to do something for the karken," Ed.) I then wrote: To whom it may concern; he signed; Mr. Kuhn and I signed as witnesses. I gave Mr. Vansickel one dollar. He wrote something on it. What he wrote I do not know. Before leaving I read the 23rd Psalm and prayed. Mr. Vansickel joined me as we finished by repeating the Lord's Prayer in unison. Then we left for home. I took this bill of sale to the lawyers in Beausejour. Four days later word reached us that Mr. Vansickel had passed away. I was told that before his death he wanted me to take him to the bank. I was grieved that I was unable to fulfill his wishes before he died so suddenly. I attended his funeral, which was held in the Lutheran Church, River Hills, to say farewell to a great man with a good heart. Personally, I am convinced that Mr. Vansickel loved the Lord and His children. May God reward him for it."

The Burnsides in front of their first cabin - 1954

NUTIMIK LAKE
MEL, DEAN AND DON BURNSIDE
LOT 17, BLOCK 3

Out lot was picked out by a friend before the lots were surveyed so it is one of the better lots on Nutimik.

When we first went there the roads were more or less just mud and we had to make a road through the bush to get to our lot. We really roughed it in those days.

We built in about 1953 along with the Petrash's. They later moved to Betula. About twenty years later we replaced the first cabin with a new one with sewer, water, winterized, etc.

NUTIMIK LAKE
LORRAINE AND GERRY CAIRNS
LOT 30, BLOCK 1

By Gerry

Our introduction to the lake district, was quite by accident. In 1961 friends, Ross and Mildred Drayson at Lot 1, Block 1, Nutimik, invited Lorraine and I to spend a few days at their cottage. We had never been to the Whiteshell before and we fell in love with the lake district. The following year we again were invited to "Trickle Inn", the Drayson's cottage.

Mildred, on our second visit to the lake noticed a "For Sale" sign on lot 30 and she suggested we take a look at it. The lot is on a slight hill. It was covered with clumps of birch trees along with a hundred and fifty poplar trees. You couldn't see the cottage for the trees.

After touring the cottage, Mildred had planted the seed of ownership. One quick call on the phone to Lorraine's parents, Alfred and Isny Johnson and they arrived. We became joint owners three days later. Great, we thought but we didn't have a vehicle to get to the lake.

So for the next summer, we foisted ourselves onto the Johnsons along with their two daughters, Sally and Charlotte. We were able to go to the cottage every weekend all summer.

The work started and it hasn't stopped. That was twenty-nine years ago. We do love the lake area and we still look forward to weekends and summer holidays at the lake.

When we first started clearing the lot it was the rule that ten trees had to be taken out and "Bucksawed" into stove length wood every weekend. The cottage had windows and doors to be changed plus a thousand other chores to do around the lot.

Lorraine Cairns bucksawing poplar logs - 1962

A note of interest. Alfred Johnson, Lorraine's father, worked on the original Highway 307 in 1947 through the park. He recalled that when building the road they cut thousands of trees to make a corduroy road base as the gravel just sank into the swampy area. Lorraine's mother, Isny, was raised in Seven Sisters and went on to be an all-star senior baseball player in the Winnipeg Women's League. Since owning the cottage we have made the usual renovations, expanding and refinishing the entire inside of the cottage as well as the building of a boathouse.

Our motto at the cottage was "if a tree is going to shed its leaves it has to earn its keep." So with all the poplars out we have planted fruit trees - crabapples, plum, chokecherry, saskatoon and cranberry. The area under the many clumps of birch has been sculpt and fifty junipers and cedar trees planted. There's a natural stone walkway through the area leading to a grape arbour.

Our neighbors in the early years were Louise and Peter Stepaniuk, Don Shearer, and Ed Turner (former mayor of St. Boniface).

We have had our share of fun with bears every year and it's a battle to see if Bruin or Lorraine gets the plums and crabapples. Just this year we were sitting on the patio after dark. Lorraine heard a noise and it was a bear approaching the trees, about twenty feet from us. I got into action and made lots of noise and the bear took off. We got a ladder and got the crabapples before the bear damaged our tree.

A few years ago one bear was a permanent fixture behind out boathouse for two days. The Ranger was notified and they brought a bear trap. Finally the bear was enticed into the trap and taken away. We still have regular visits from other bears, skunks and a beautiful fox.

The Winnipeg River is very unpredictable with the power dams on the system. Lack of rain or over abundance of rain and the river rises or drops several feet per season. In 1964 the waterfall was heavy and the river flow high causing docks in the Picket Creek area to be reaching for the sky. Most boathouses were a half to three-quarters under water.

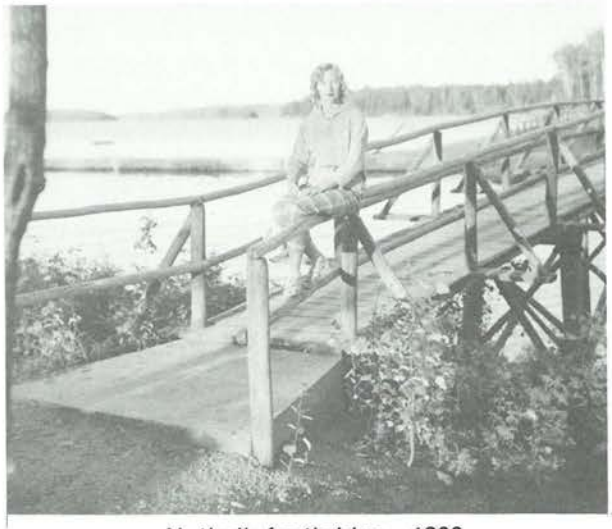
Drayson's boathouse - Oct. 1964

Damaged docks - Oct. 1964

The Drayson's boat in the boathouse was so high the windshield was hitting the rafters of the roof. Ross filled the boat with water, climbed into it and forced the boat deeper in the water and backed it out into the lake! Other neighbors had the same problems. The bank of the river was piled high with goods from the flooded boathouses and it looked like a giant garage sale was in progress.

At about the same time the old log bridge that connects Block 1 to the beach was removed. The old bridge bore heavy foot traffic going and coming from the beach. There was an outcry from the beach residents and visitors. With the bridge gone all the traffic to the beach had to walk an extra mile along the Provincial Road to the beach. This was of great concern as small children were at peril from the traffic.

Lorraine took up the challenge to get a new bridge. She wrote to the Premier, the Natural Resources Minister, the leader of the opposition and inundated the papers with letters to the editor, citing safety as a major concern. After two years of her campaign the government put up a new laminated arched bridge back over the creek.



Nutimik footbridge - 1963

Lorraine and I have made many friends through the years at our Whiteshell Retreat. Water-skiing, fishing and playing bridge with neighbors is a favorite hobby of ours. Pine Point Trail, is a must for us at least twice a year. The nightly walk by the lake is a relaxing and enjoyable outing from spring to fall. Watching the scenery spring to life and eventually falling in cascading golden flashes as autumn comes to an end.

As a photographer, I especially enjoy the beauty of the rugged lake country and the beauty of the seasons. Sturgeon Falls at the top end of the lake and Barrier Bay at the other end gives our lake special photographic beauty for visitors to our lake.

Lorraine and Gerry Cairns

NUTIMIK LAKE
WILLIAM CHISHOLM
Whiteshell 1941 - 1990

In 1941 three workmates and myself went on a fishing trip to Jessica Lake in the Whiteshell, in our 1926 Model 'T' Ford. At that time the gravel road north of Rennie was very narrow and winding, and followed a path of the least resistance. Along the way, tar paper shacks could be seen in which the construction crews must have lived when the road was being built.

The fishing trip proved to be quite successful and we valued the help of two old fellows who ran the campground, and also a doctor who was one of the early cottage owners.

After serving four years in the armed forces, I took up fishing again in the late forties. On the way to my favourite fishing spots in the Whiteshell, we would often stop at the Rennie Hotel where countless yarns were swapped with such grand old fellows as: Alf Hole and Frank Jones of Rennie, Mr. Barkley of Lone Island, Mr. Cooksey of White Lake, Mr. Smith of Betula Lake, and Mr. Carlson, a trapper, Rainbow Falls.

The road north of White Lake was quite a trail with rocky outcrops and ridges to be negotiated which were, in certain places, quite hazardous. Many a sigh of relief was heard at journeys end. The road terminated at Green Lake. If you wished to continue you had to ring a bell hanging on a tree, signalling the proprietor to cross the lake in his boat and ferry you over, after which, you had to cross the Portage into the Big Whiteshell.

It always amazed me to see the ground covered with empty shotgun shells, at locations near the Low Portage between Lone Island Lake and Malloy Lake; at Mr. Barkley's homestead and also at a point of rock separating Jessica Lake and a rice bay on the east side of the lake. The sky in those days must have been black with migrating ducks.

Around about 1948-49 the fishing trips took in Betula Lake, the Rennie River and Heart Lake, then down the Rennie River to the Whiteshell River and also into Jessie Lake (later named Nutimik Lake). When we were first able to drive to the Rennie River bridge it was not uncommon to see 15 to 20 people, young and old, standing shoulder to shoulder fishing from the bridge, and many a good catch of fish was taken home. The trips from Rennie were not always without incident, especially after a heavy rain. The section of the road built around the swamp behind White Lake was built up with sand. Every vehicle that went through formed ruts which became deeper and deeper with their passing, whereupon, the driver would regularly have to get out and fill them in. We often used to camp at White Lake where we used to rent a drum in Mr. Cooksey's ice house to keep our catch cool, and every day he would drop in a new piece of ice. Many a good catch of fish was stored in that ice house.

One day we were cleaning some of our catch when an American couple strolled by. The lady said to the gentleman, "Did you see that big northern these boys had in that tub?"

"I sure did, honey," he replied. "Why, that darned fish goes around that tub twice!"

In one of our early fishing trips into Nutimik Lake we discovered a homestead that belonged to a gentleman called Mr. Vansickel, who had been there for over thirty-five years. He had numerous buildings around his homestead and they had been standing there for so long that they had started to settle into the ground. He used to keep a run of sled dogs which were fed on fish netted in the lake. Sometimes a sturgeon was caught in his net, and these he would smoke. Many a time we were invited to sample his smoked sturgeon, which were delicious, and thereafter listening to his tales about the years gone by. He told us that in one particular year, the sturgeon had some kind of disease and that many had died.

Jessica Lake - 1941

Behind Mr. Cooksey's icehouse with the "around the tub twice" pike - 1947.

He said there were so many piled up at the exit to Nutimik that the barrier looked like a log jam. His wife suffered a fatal accident some years before when she climbed through a fence with a loaded shotgun.

A year or two later a friend and I built a cottage on Block 3 of Nutimik, where we spent most of our weekends and summer holidays. Two years later we sold out. Then I acquired the lot next door where I built a cottage for myself. I got married the following year, and my wife and I started to raise a family, and for the next ten years this cottage was our second home; a glorious retreat away from the noisy city. We share many happy memories of those years spent at the old cottage. The old friends and acquaintances with whom we spent so many happy times. The sheer spaciousness of the landscape where one could breathe in sweet air spiced with a dozen essences of earth, swamp, lake and forest.

I sold the cottage in 1966, and from that time until the present we have camped at most of the lakes in the Whiteshell. For the last seven years we have been camping at Brereton Lake on a seasonal lot. Here again we have made many new friends and enjoyed their company while sitting around the campfire swapping yarns, and I hope to do the same thing for many years to come.

NUTIMIK LAKE
LARRY AND PAT CUMMING
1 ISLAND

By Pat (Sommer)

My husband and I are relative newcomers to the ranks of cottage owners in the Whiteshell, having purchased the island cottage just off New Nutimik beach in October of 1987. My memories of the Whiteshell go back to when I was a small child spending every weekend from May to October at my grandparent's and parent's cottage at Block 2 Lot 11 Eleanor Lake. It is with pure pleasure that I recall the hours my family spent swimming, boating, catching minnows, watching dragonflies come out of their shells, chasing fireflies in the cool evening, picnicking on the rocks, and having singsongs on the dock at night. We learned to love the beauty of a lake sunset and the solitary cry of the loons, to listen for the familiar whippoorwill's call in the dusk, and to rise every morning filled with the anticipation of the marvellous fun that awaited us "at the lake."

It was only natural that after I married, my husband and I would become interested in owning a cottage of our own in the Whiteshell. We were delighted when the opportunity to purchase our island cottage presented itself, and have had three thoroughly enjoyable years of cottage ownership.

We were interested in learning about the history of the cottage and soon found that the longtime residents we talked to had lots of stories to tell . . . the time some kids trapped a skunk and released it on the island, the time a fisherman caught a big sturgeon nearby and when it broke the water in a spectacular leap only a few feet from the dock, the owner at the time, nearly jumped off the dock herself with surprise.

Prior to our purchasing the cottage, it was owned by Nick and Barbara Anthonisen and family for about ten years. It was during their ownership that the New Nutimik campground, beach and boat launch were developed. They tell of how they used to be able to watch deer or bears at the water's edge on a still morning, and were sorry to lose their relative isolation.

Jerry and Juanita Cousins, who also owned the cottage at one time, prior to the New Nutimik development, say they always seemed to strike out for the island from Picket Creek in the worst of weather - it's not a great distance, but can be pretty wild in high wind. They sold the cottage because they were finding they didn't have the time to enjoy it with their developing business.

Since we've had the cottage, we've added a few stories of our own. Early in the spring just after breakup, we were busy up at the cottage and only when it was too late did we realize that our boat,

The Island

carelessly tied up, had drifted away. In a frantic rush, with no other boats in sight, and the water only a few degrees above freezing, we constructed a makeshift raft of styrofoam and 2x4's and paddled almost across the lake to retrieve it. Since that time we've been a lot more careful about securing the boat.

During every season of the year, the island is surrounded by activity. The day fishing season opens in the spring is great fun, with boats of every size and description anchored on all sides, and crowding the Whiteshell River. It's impossible not to get caught up in the excitement.

The summer brings fresh clear mornings filled with songbirds, hot lazy days, and perfect starry nights. We have enjoyed boat trips up the Whiteshell River all the way to Strausel's cottage, to Slave Falls, and to the Seven Sisters dam, often spotting beaver, otters, herons, deer and bears. Bald eagles and pileated woodpeckers are visitors in the tall trees on the island.

In the autumn we witness vast numbers of migrating birds - geese, ducks, cormorants, and a variety of songbirds, passing through on their way to warmer climates. The air is crisp, the leaves are crunchy underfoot, and we lose the privacy that makes our cottage almost undetectable in the summer months. However, there are few people around after October, and having the beach, campground and water finally deserted is a special treat.

We have installed a wood stove in the cottage, so are able to use it all winter except in the really cold weather. It is a completely different world, silent and snowcovered, and we have spent many enjoyable weekends snowmobiling, ice fishing and hiking in the frozen air. At night we listen to the ice creak and thud, and often hear the wolves howling at what sound like our doorstep. Many ice fishermen return regularly to the area between the island and the beach, and we've seen some pretty big northerns pulled out of that water.

We have kept a diary of every time we've been out to the cottage, noting the weather, how the fishing is, significant events, seasonal milestones and so on. We really enjoy looking back and comparing activities and observations from year to year, and look forward to many more years of "marvellous fun at the lake."

NUTIMIK LAKE
MILDRED DEAN
LOT 19 BLOCK 1

The following incident happened in 1981 and proves that the wildlife believe in cleanliness.

We had closed up the cottage for the season. Later in the fall Tom Johnson of the Whiteshell Air Service gave me a phone call to tell me he had seen a prairie chicken crash through a window of the cottage. The next morning we hightailed it out to the lake, opened the door expecting to find a real mess. There was none!. The bird was watching us from up on a drapery rod. We opened the doors and after a little persuasion the bird left.

We started looking for bird "droppings" and we couldn't find any until we got to the kitchen. On a room divider we had a big metal ash tray and would you believe it all the droppings were in that ash tray.

NUTIMIK LAKE
ARROWHEAD LODGE
DR. JOHN AND VI ELIAS
LOT 5 BLOCK 1

By Vi

In 1953 Waldimar Rempel asked us if we would like to spend two weeks at his cottage at Nutimik Lake. We took him up on his offer and fell in love with the place. The following year he and his father built our cottage on the lakefront.

We arrived that August in pouring rain for our first holiday. The road was partly under water - as it was quite often in the early years. Our beds had not arrived, but we did bring a wood stove, an ice box, a battery radio and two Aladdin lamps. There was still lots of work to do but we were happy to be in our own cottage.

The children thought it was great as they could swim when they liked and as there were no cottages behind us they were free to explore the woods. It was also a good place for John to have a few days away from the office. No telephones and too far away to be called back. We soon learned to bring along a few instruments and a first aid kit as Mike Wilson at the store sent anyone with a medical problem or a fish hook to be removed, our way.

A few years later electricity was brought into the Whiteshell. The wood stove went out the door and we were able to have a fridge. In 1967 we enclosed the carport to enlarge the living room and add on a bathroom with our own water system.

John, Doug and Barbara - 1954

The cottage has many happy memories for us. The times the children brought their school friends - too many for all to sleep inside, so the boys were in a tent in the yard. Then there was the day Barbara learned to ride the surfboard. The summer that John and Douglas along with Murray Wiens and the Rempel boys had speed boats. That was a noisy summer!

We spent many hours at Indian Beach and the far shore of the Winnipeg River looking for pottery and arrowheads. The children acquired a great love and interest for the outdoors. This interest stayed with Doug to University and his Ph.D. in anthropology.

There were many fishing trips, alone or with friends and especially the Fly-Ins with Tom and Gerrie Johnson. Two of John's office nurses spent their honeymoons at our cottage.

In 1985 the high water in the lake ruined our boathouse and once again swept away our dock.

John passed away in 1983. I still go to the cottage along with son John and his wife Joyce and their children Joan and Alison; Doug; Barbara and her two children Adam and Heather.

Although we spend very little time there during the winter we look forward to spring and our first visit to the lake. Each season brings it own beauty. May we enjoy many more visits to our cottage.

NUTIMIK LAKE
NILS AND YVONNE HAMMARSTRAND
LOT 4 BLOCK 3

By Yvonne

The year — late summer 1954

The place — Nutimik Lake at Nil's brother and sister's, Bob and Greta.

That's where it began. Bob had just bought a cottage in the Whiteshell and nothing would do but we spent the following weekend with them. Well, we did and fell in love. The lot next door was vacant, so Nils did some inquiring and as a result was able to purchase it from the people who had the lease. Whenever possible, the following weekends were spent in clearing a spot for our cottage. Then the fun began. During the winter Nils spent every spare minute and weekends working on our cottage - prefabing and painting it inside and out. He also built kitchen cupboards and painted them.

In the spring, as soon as weather and roads permitted, Nils, Allan (13), Geraldine (12), and Bob spent weekends carting our cottage down and putting it together. Nils and Bob did the building, Allan and Gerry were the chief cooks, bottle washers, and go-fors. The third weekend in June completed the job. On the last day of school, by the time Allan and Gerry got home, I had the car packed, leaving just enough room to squeeze in five children and myself. Allan was in the back with Elva (two) on his knee and Sandy (six months) on top of the blankets, Gerry, Edward (four), and myself in front. On the way out we stopped to say goodbye to my mom and dad. Their mouths fell open when they saw the car packed to the hilt, and I'm sure they had a silent prayer that we would arrive safely, which we did. We parked in Bob's driveway and rushed over to see our one room, 24x16 foot cottage, with nothing but kitchen cupboards in it. It was beautiful. Allan and Gerry were pretty proud . . . they had played an important part in its creation. Fortunately we had the use of Bob's cabin, so we unpacked the car putting food and blankets, etc. in there. While I set about preparing a meal, Allan and Gerry took Edward and Elva down to the beach. We had supper and then waited for Nils to arrive from work. That weekend we put up partitions and tiled the floor. So, now we had a two bedroom cottage, but no furniture. During that first week Nils and a friend who had a moving van brought down enough furniture (including a woodstove, propane refrigerator, propane lamp and propane two burner) for us to move into our own place. We had one bedroom, the girls had the other, Edward and Allan slept on cots in the living room. After a few weeks I was beginning to feel like a pioneer and I'm sure Allan and Gerry felt much the same way - with carrying water up from the lake, drinking water from the pump and keeping the wood box filled.

Gradually we cleared the lot front and back so that we could see the beach and the road. The big difference between the real pioneers and us was theirs was mostly lifetime and hard work, ours was for a couple of months each year and the work was fun, and was only for a couple of years, just until

we got electricity and running water.

We always came down on the last day of school and stayed until the day it started in the fall. The only time we went into the city was when we ran out of clean clothes, and then it was only for a day and a half at the most. Saturday evening the kids would wait anxiously for Dad to arrive for their traditional swing and I would look forward to fresh groceries.

Around 1960-61 we decided we needed more room, so once again our garage and basement were put to extra use. We added two more bedrooms, a complete bathroom, and lengthened the living room. Boy, to us we had a palace. No more getting up having to step over bodies, which was usually the case because the kids often had friends over. No more going outside to the biffy in the middle of the night, or having to start the fire to make breakfast.

Over the years we have continued to make changes. We moved the wall between the two bedrooms of the living room to make a larger master bedroom and storage room, put shag carpets in all the bedrooms, and insulated it for winter. We got rid of the fuel oil stove and built a very large stone fireplace, added a veranda and two years ago a big cedar deck was added to the porch. The big dock has come and gone.

Our memories are many. I can't begin to list them all. Here are some of the highlights: the many family members who have spent time at the cabin with us; the kids taking swimming lessons at the public beach; our Thanksgiving dinners. They were so much fun. Decorating the cottage with fall leaves. Setting the table that filled the living room. The turkey cooked in an oven that was never the same temperature the whole time and tasted better than any cooked in the city. Friends from out of town spending their holidays with us. Singsong evenings spent at our neighbors, the Partridges. Brian Bruser racing down to the beach and grabbing Elva out of the water, the babysitters were busy building sand castles. Sandy getting lost and after an hour or so of searching, discovered her in her crib, sound asleep. Edward and his cousin stuck in his treehouse, waiting till the bear sitting at the foot of the tree was frightened away. Weekends spent watching our teenagers and their friends skiing.

Mom Hammarstrand and children - 1987

The children still try to get home every year. Three years ago they all came, children and grandchildren, for my birthday. Our neighbor, the Flemmings, lent us their cottage, so between our cottages and a tent we had ample sleeping quarters. It was a wonderful week. I still prefer my cook stove.

NUTIMIK LAKE
BILL AND ALICE KAPLAN
LOT 45 BLOCK 1

By Alice

In the summer of 1954 our good neighbors, Eddy and Mary Klyne asked us to go down to their cottage which they were building at Nutimik Lake in the Whiteshell Park. I guess you can say that we owe it all to them for asking us out to see the beautiful Winnipeg River and we fell in love with the scenery.

Right then we went to the Parks and got our lot next to the Klynes. The lot was a jungle of fallen trees and such big poplars which we knew we'd have to clear before we could build.

There was no road and so we drove through the Klyne's yard as far as we could go, then carried lumber, cement, sand and anything else we needed. There was no electricity and so we had to do everything like sawing by hand.

In those days there was no blacktop, just gravel and mud, and when it rained hard we had to go to Rennie and back to Winnipeg which was a long trip.

We used to come through River Hills and over the old wooden bridge. If the road was very muddy we would park and let the other cars pass and hope they wouldn't slide into us which one man did once.

The road conditions didn't stop us from starting our cottage. We moved in May 24, 1955. Uncle Wilf, my husband Bill and myself were the builders.

I remember we had the walls up, the windows in and only half of the roof shingled when it really started to rain. We had to drill holes in the floor to let the water escape!

Once we moved in I no longer had to put pillows on the floor of the car to make it even for Billy and Allen to have a place to sleep.

Unknown to us the first night we were in the cottage we had a visitor. If Bill hadn't cleaned the windows the day before we wouldn't have seen the paws and nose marks on the windows. A bear had come

to give us the once over. The funny thing was he could have given the door a push and it would have fallen down as it was just set there against the door frame! Bill took an axe to bed with him that night but Bruin didn't return.

In those early days you had a wood stove, coal oil lamps and an icebox. If you made it to the lake early before Mr. Wilson closed the store you had a block of ice to put in the icebox. We also had the outdoor biffy.

Our neighbors on the lakefront had built before we did. If they were going out fishing they would go out into the yard and look for worms. Along would come two baby robins and they would land on their shoulders waiting to be fed. We found out that these robins had been blown out of the tree in the nest. We fed them and taught them to fly and to come when we called "Cheepy". They stayed around for some time and they frightened some people by landing on their shoulders.

Now Bill and Karen and their sons Andrew and David and Allen and Donna and their children Allen Jr. and Sharilyn spend time with us enjoying the park.

Nutimik — 1955

Bill, Allen and their cousin Diane - 1955

Nutimik Lodge - 1950s

NUTIMIK LAKE
FRANK AND DOROTHY MACDONALD
LOT 8 BLOCK 4
By Dorothy

In 1951 Mr. and Mrs. Mike Wilson started the Nutimik Lodge, a Sportsman's Paradise, twenty miles east of Seven Sisters Falls.

In 1955 we bought a lot near the Lodge. On the weekends we stayed at the Lodge while we cleared our heavily treed lot and built our cottage. Some weekends we were so busy we didn't see much of the lake. Work started at 5 a.m. and the few cottage owners at the time didn't mind the noise of hammers or saws because they were happy to have more people around.

Two years ago we had 24 hummingbirds keeping our three feeders busy from early morning until almost ten at night. We have tree swallows every year with the ever present wren waiting for a chance to take over their nest. Among other birds are evening grosbeaks, chipping sparrows, robins, orioles, nuthatches, chickadees, redpolls, purple finches and pileated woodpeckers.

Frank and I celebrated our 50th wedding anniversary at the cottage in 1989. We have three children - Arlene married to Brian and their children, Donald and his wife Darlene, and Laurie.

Our daughter Margaret is married to Bob and our son Raymond is married to Gail. We all look forward to every summer at Nutimik Lake.

NUTIMIK LAKE
ERVIN AND STELLA MARTIN
LOT 30 BLOCK 3

We are newcomers to Nutimik Lake as we bought our cabin in 1981. We had been looking in the Otter Falls area where we had done some fishing and camping and when there were no cabins available we extended our search and found this spot. Although it is a little farther to go than we planned we fell in love with the place because of the cabin,

Rock gardens on the rocks

location, view and the general landscape of the lot. Our lot has numerous outcroppings of rock and we've planted many rock gardens to fit in with the natural terrain. Our cabin is a place to come to fish, garden or just enjoy the peace and quiet.

NUTIMIK LAKE
C. MITCHELL
LOT 12 BLOCK 1

Our cottage was bought in 1962. At the time it was a small fishing hut. With the help of family and friends it was remodelled. We spent many happy and memorable times there as a family.

In 1990 the cottage was torn down and a new one was built. This one is winterized and we look forward to spending more time in the Whiteshell.

NUTIMIK LAKE
"INNER SANCTUM"
MARTIN AND IVY NENIS
LOT 20 BLOCK 3
By Martin

We purchased "Inner Sanctum" in 1961 from the original owner and builder. Mr. Garry built the cabin in 1956 (we found a newspaper from that year which was used for insulation around one of the windows). It was 24x24 feet and was built mainly of Donna-Conna board (compressed cardboard and tar) on both interior and exterior walls. We added a bathroom in 1967. The cabin was heated by a huge oil burner which originally heated a church. When it was fired up, you almost had to walk around in your bathing suit.

By the mid 1960s the lakefront was so eroded from the fluctuating level of the Winnipeg River that we had to move the cabin back 30 feet and bring in 60 loads of fill. We also brought in many loads of rock.

We had our share of animals over the years. Bruce, my son, came in one weekend to discover a flying squirrel which he finally managed to catch in a box. Another time, we had a chipmunk in the oil burner. I put a stick down with a paper bag at the top and he ran up the stick into the bag. He was as black as coal. Another time, our dog was sprayed by a skunk (out came the tomato juice). We've had bears and flying squirrels on the bird feeder and mice in the attic. This year there is a deer living on our block road and we can get quite close to him.

Bruce began renovations in 1987 when my grandson Ian arrived. He replaced the roof, all the windows and some walls. He added a large deck and glassed in verandah and another bedroom. He remodelled the bathroom with all new fixtures and had a holding tank installed. He also installed new siding all around.

Ivy passed away in 1987. I have passed on the responsibility of the cabin to Bruce and Jan and one day I hope they will pass it on to Ian.

NUTIMIK LAKE
ROY SACKVIE
LOT 27 BLOCK 1

Around 1960, when we were still living on the farm, a relative bought a trailer and moved it to the Nutimik campground which was close to the lake. We then went out to visit them some weekends. That is how we started to enjoy going to the lake.

When we moved to the town of Beausejour, we rented a cabin for a few summers at Pinewood Lodge at Dorothy Lake. As we enjoyed camping so much we decided to buy a hardtop camper and went camping, mostly at Otter Falls, as we soon got to know a lot of people that camped there too. We also camped at Betula Lake.

One weekend when we were camped at the Betula Lake overflow, a heavy hail and rainstorm hit. Trees were broken down all around us, some close to our camper, which was not quite set up yet. Everything was wet and things were thrown all over. After the storm was over people had to go and find their lawn chairs which were everywhere. People in tents had to pack up and go home. That weekend we decided to go and look for a cottage.

We looked around at other lakes but found nothing suitable. But then, we were told that there was one for sale at Nutimik, Lot 27, Block 1. The cottage was very small but we bought it anyway. This was in June of 1974 and we took possession on the weekend of July 1, 1974.

We started remodeling and adding on right away for we had three children, two still living with us and a married daughter with two small children. We soon got to know the people in our block and found them very friendly.

We enjoy our cottage very much. It is now winterized with water and sewer, so we can spend weekends there in winter snowmobiling and in summer; fishing, boating and enjoying ourselves.

NUTIMIK LAKE
JESS AND TOM THOMPSON
By Jess

About 1953 we talked with our friend Jack Harris who was putting the telephone line from Seven Sisters east into the Whiteshell Park. He suggested that we apply for a lot along the Winnipeg River as this was just being opened up for cottages. We had been frequent visitors to the area as we loved to climb on the rocks and investigate the woods. We got a piece of property where a little stream flows from the south and goes into Nutimik Lake. It was just a so-so spot. The government had regulations about how long you could own the lot before you had to build to their specifications. Because of work we could only go out a day at a time.

We met Jim Ashbridge who worked at Eatons with our sister-in-law. Jim's father was good friends with a very oldtimer to the area Edwin Vansickel. This Vansickel and his brother Harry, had obtained homesteads side by side along the Winnipeg River in 1927. When Jim Ashbridge heard we were interested in property he suggested that we go and see Mr. Vansickel, who by now was getting on in years and about to sell his homestead. We had met Mr. Vansickel before and like everyone else we called him plain "Van". We had spoken with him differnt times and we often took him out reading material which he appreciated. He always referred to me as "The Little Lady."

So one day I went to see Van. When I told him where our lot was he said, "Oh, that's the old deer wallow."

I said, "Van, I hear you're selling your property?"

He said, "Yes, I am."

I said, "How about selling me a piece?"

Van said, "Little Lady, what piece of land would you want?" You walk down the lake shore to my brother's property line and you pick out whatever site you'd like."

We walked the shore and I chose the section of land with a big rock jutting out into the water and with three bays. This part had been Van's cattle pasture when he had cattle years before.

Van divided his homestead into seven parcels of land running back from the road to the water's edge.

We didn't build until 1975. We did go out most weekends for the day to picnic and enjoy the bush. A lot of times we had to clean up after campers who spent some time there and who left garbage on our property.

NUTIMIK LAKE
"WILLOW DRIVE"
WITOSKI FAMILY
LOT 24 BLOCK 1

We are the Witoski family - Stan, Carol and Len Witoski, Joyce and Richard Gmiterek, Gail and Curtis Baker, Lynda and Glen Kaatz and grandchildren. We're the folks at Nutimik Lake, Lot 24, Block 1, commonly known as Willow Drive.

We bought our cottage from Jack Paluck in the fall of 1978. We had been camping out at Falcon Lake and the Big Whiteshell, but fell in love with Nutimik after camping here for a couple of years. Before Stan retired in 1979, we decided Nutimik was the location for us. In addition to only being an hour from our home in Beausejour, it has so many positive attractions. With the conveniences of a store, museum, beach, boat launching and church, it has become our second home. We come down a great deal during the week for a "mini-retreat" to clear our heads and to get away from things for a while. It's a great place to think, reflect and plan all the good fishing expeditions to come.

The fishing has sort of slowed down the remodelling and addition we put on the cottage. Still, it's almost complete. It's a good place to come to. There's fishing memorabilia of all kinds about the place, but the place of honour goes to the master anglers.

Nutimik is a close-knit community. We have a snow removal committee which has enabled us to use our cottage year round. The neighborhood watch has brought together many new friendships among our neighbors.

The mosquitoes, horseflies, "no-see-ums" are a small price to pay for the tranquil peacefulness. We now have three generations of fishermen who spend a great deal of time out on the water. We have captured so many wonderful memories while fishing. The abundance of deer, beaver, turtles and other wildlife, even the skunks and bears, is part of the Whiteshell's charm. It is hard to describe the serenity one feels out on the lake early in the morning when everything is still and the mist is on the water. The call of the loon is so perfect against this natural backdrop. There are so many different things one thinks of - the turtles sunning themselves on the rocks, the reflections of the trees on the lake, the beaver building their dams and of course the beautiful sunrises.

As we mentioned before, the fishing is one of our

favorite pastimes out here. We enjoy the scenic walks and make our annual pilgrimage up Blueberry Hill. When our kids were younger, it used to be great fun to go to the garbage dump to watch the bears. Now we enjoy our grandchildren's delight in their first beach experience. In winter the wood cutting is a nice change of pace, in addition to the toboggan trails which have become a favorite. We have spent many good times out here with family and friends celebrating birthdays, Thanksgiving and holidays. Mind you, any excuse is a good reason for coming out to the lake to kick back and relax. We are looking forward to the future with our family to make more good memories out at the Whiteshell.

Stan, Carol and friend

Day of Delight

The sun was shining gloriously bright,
Grandsons and I thought we might
Take the canoe from its resting place,
And dip it in the lake to trace
A path across the bay to the lily pads,
All facing upwards to the sun and glad.

Along the shore the reeds grow tall,
One could hardly see the goslings at all,
Playing and frolicking in the lake,
Dipping and diving in the wake,
Near a treed peninsula stretching out into the water,
A glorious site for sons and daughter.

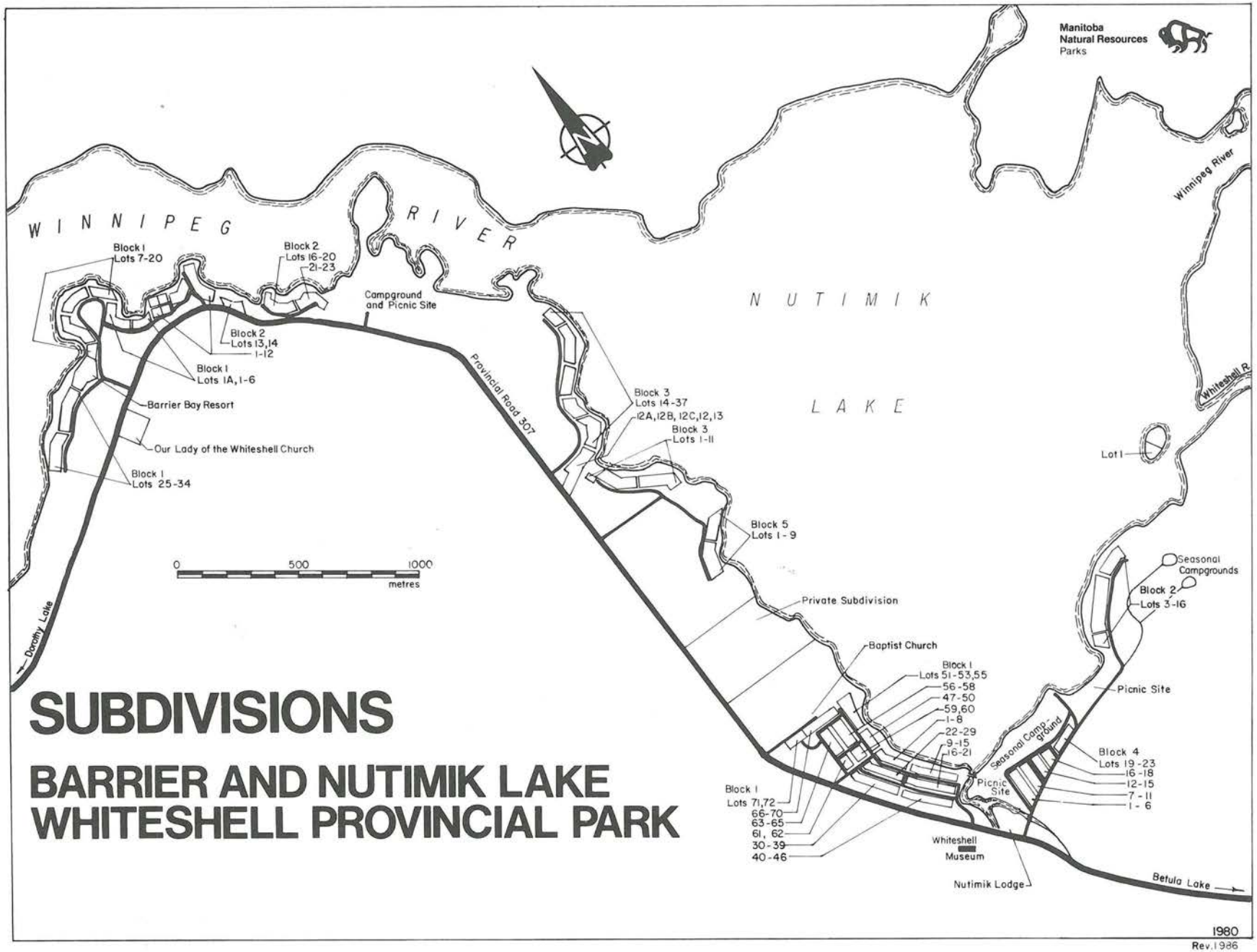
Around the point of land to the other side,
The canoe travelled a path and seemed to glide,
Through the reeds with a fish popping up here and there,
One would like to pocket the visions so rare,
We came to the beach and brought up the canoe,
On the beautiful sands and went to swim too.

Others had visited the beach in the early dawn,
The imprint of the bear and the fawn,
Where they had walked to quench their thirst,
And to be alone they walked first,
The boys swam and played ball,
The rippling water could take us all.

A.B. Ervick

Troublesome docks

Being taught how to fillet your first fish


Manitoba
Natural Resources
Parks
WINNIPEG RIVER
NUTIMIK LAKE
Winnipeg River
Whiteshell R.
Block 1
Lots 7-20
Block 2
Lots 16-20
21-23
Campground
and Picnic Site
Block 2
Lots 13,14
1-12
Block 1
Lots 1A, 1-6
Barrier Bay Resort
Our Lady of the Whiteshell Church
Block 1
Lots 25-34
Provincial Road 307
Block 3
Lots 14-37
12A, 12B, 12C, 12, 13
Block 3
Lots 1-11
Lot 1
Block 5
Lots 1-9
0
500
1000
metres
Seasonal
Campgrounds
Block 2
Lots 3-16
Private Subdivision
Baptist Church
Block 1
Lots 51-53,55
56-58
47-50
59,60
1-8
22-29
9-15
16-21
Picnic Site
Seasonal Camp-ground
Block 4
Lots 19-23
16-18
12-15
7-11
1-6
Picnic Site
Block 1
Lots 71,72
66-70
63-65
61, 62
30-39
40-46
Whiteshell
Museum
Nutimik Lodge
Dorothy Lake
Betula Lake
SUBDIVISIONS
BARRIER AND NUTIMIK LAKE
WHITESHELL PROVINCIAL PARK
1980
Rev. 1986

Barrier Bay

BARRIER BAY
BEDLAM MANOR
USED TO BE AT LOT 19, BLOCK 1
BILL AND EDITH ALDERSON
By Bill

I first became aware of the beauty of the Whiteshell in August of 1939 when in the company of three other fellows, we made a canoe trip in two canoes from Kenora, Ontario to Grand Beach on Lake Winnipeg. At the time it was a pristine wilderness. After leaving Minaki, we saw only about three human beings until we arrived in the Eagle Nest Lake area. We came upon a group of prospectors who had dynamited some sturgeon (very illegal then and now) and they gave us one. A little farther downstream we came across a young couple from New York City, Eldon Morris and his wife. He was a writer and they were on a canoe trip through the area, gathering material for a book. I don't know if it was ever written or published. We shared our sturgeon with them.

Going through the Pinawa Channel we were almost swamped when our canoes were caught in a giant whirlpool just as we left the channel and entered the head pond above old Pinawa Power Plant. We paddled furiously and managed to get clear but our gear was swimming in water in the bottom of the canoes. We were met at the Power Plant by armed guards. It was then we found out that war was imminent. We carried on to Grand Beach where we were joined by fellow Kildonan Canoe Clubbers who were spending the Labour Day weekend there. We had a big party because we thought it might be our last chance for awhile. Our girlfriends (later our wives) met us there so we had quite a time.

Shortly thereafter I joined the Navy and it was 1946 before I saw the Whiteshell area again. Then I made many many trips as the fishing was superb.

Early in 1951, we heard that a road was being built from Seven Sisters Falls into Dorothy Lake and other lakes so we drove there one Sunday for a family picnic. The road was only a mud trail and when we reached Barrier Bay, we found that the lots had been surveyed on the lakefront first.

We met Dave, Rita and Norman Smith who were just starting to build Barrier Bay Camp and on their advice, we picked Lot 19, just below the store. Jack and Kay MacKenzie were also there with us and they selected a lot on the other side of the store. On our way out of the Park, we stopped to see Bruce Emes, the Ranger, and registered Lot 19. The price then was about $10 a year.

We were in the wholesale produce business in Winnipeg at the time and having a fleet of trucks we decided to haul our building materials to the site during the winter of 1951-1952. I neglected to mention that my late brother Glen and his wife Audrey were partners in this project just as they were also partners in the family business.

We bought our lumber from a Mr. Kuhn, a farmer at River Hills, who also had a small sawmill.

We took a big truckload of lumber and materials out there one cold Saturday in January of 1952. After unloading the truck, we didn't have enough weight to get traction to climb the hill from the cottage. Eventually we got a tractor from a logging camp a few miles away to pull us up the hill thus saving us from a night out in the cold.

Glen and I were too busy with our business to build the place ourselves so we hired Henry Reid and Lex Taylor, two carpenters from Selkirk to build the cottage. They went in around April of 1952 and while sleeping in a tent at nights, finished the cottage in a week.

That was when our love affair with Dorothy Lake really began. Every weekend we four adults and the five children (our two boys, David and Chris, and Audrey's boy and two girls) would be at the cottage from Saturday afternoon (we worked Saturday morning) to early Sunday evening.

As I mentioned earlier, the road was very primitive for the first few years and if it looked like rain, we would leave our cars near Otter Falls (the closest gravel stretch) and go by boat to the cottage. If we didn't do that, sometimes late at night, it would start to rain and we would move the cars to Otter Falls while another member of the family would come by boat to bring us back.

Of course we had no electricity and no telephone. Norm Smith had a forestry phone in the store. It was a primitive old crank phone connected to the Forestry Office in Seven Sisters by a single wire nailed to trees along the road. It was out of order

most of the time.

Some of the neighbors I remember are Bill and Mary Chomlak (next door). They now live in Chilliwack; the Frenchs on the other side, the Bernhardts, Bromwells, Kettlewells, Lumsdens, Mackenzies, Buchanans, Fortunes, Dr. Martin and others.

Our both dogs were Cocker Spaniels and one day they were both sprayed under our cottage by a skunk. We washed them down with a few gallons of tomato juice from Norm Smith's Store and then tossed them into the lake to rinse off. Nevertheless, the smell was overpowering for days.

David, our elder son, recalls the day we were lighting a small primus stove on the kitchen floor and it burst into flames. My brother Glen kicked it out the door with a punt that would have assured him a place on the Blue Bomber roster!

Edith and I moved to London, Ontario in 1957 but Glen and Audrey stayed on and kept the cottage. We often commented that we didn't regret leaving Winnipeg but we always missed Dorothy Lake. We used to make the trip from London, Ontario to Dorothy every summer for a holiday. By then they had electricity.

We were great Blue Bomber fans and we had an old portable battery radio that we used, to listen to the football broadcasts at the lake. The batteries were good for about one game. They cost about $6 wholesale. Needless to say, we were happy when the electricity service was available.

In 1961, Glen and Audrey and our family all moved to Calgary so regretfully we sold the cottage to Mr. Cowan, who I believe sold it to a relative in 1987.

We have been back many times over the years and are always happy to be there and somewhat sad when it is time to leave.

Note: It was our son David who named the place "Bedlam Manor" because when the four adults, five children and two dogs got together, it was often bedlam.

BARRIER BAY
LOT 17, BLOCK 1
JACK AND LINDA BERNHARDT
By Jack

It hardly seems like 40 years since my family first set foot on our lot at Barrier Bay. It all began in 1951, when my parents, Jack and Min, along with Bill and Mary Chomlak (my aunt and uncle) decided to put up the $15.00 each to acquire the leases on lots 17 and 20. The lots were picked off a map because they weren't accessible by road that year, although we made a trip in by boat later. The following year our cottage was constructed and the unfinished road (from Otter Falls to Rennie River Bridge) certainly made it difficult to bring in building materials. With the help of my grandparents, Alex and Elizabeth Yakel, and four uncles, my parents put up our cottage in three weekends.

I was ten years old when it all started and I guess the rest is history. The long, hot summers spent as a young boy growing up, the arrival of my wife Linda on the scene some 30 years ago, and finally the raising of our children, Warren and Laura has been a memorable experience. We are beginning our 5th generation with our granddaughter Jessica at the cottage now, and although my grandparents and parents have passed on, the "lake" echoes with many memories of laughter and good times. Dad's attire at times certainly suggested he was "bushed", but he loved to putter and was always dressed for the occasion.

Fishing photos, particularly of Mom and her dad, show trophy fish and lots of them and remind one of a few fish stories thrown in. Grandma Yakel is remembered running from the outhouse with her pants down around her knees because the mosquitoes were so bad. And what about all our good neighbours - McCallums, Bromwells, Frenchs - the stag for Norm Smith (Barrier Bay Camps) held at Lumsdens, Chomlaks' 25th anniversary held at our place and a family reunion in 1987 shared between our cottage and Bill and Emma Yakel's.

And as Linda and I sit quietly watching another spectacular sunset, we realize that in all its simplicity, there is a sense of continuity here. The sunsets are just as inspiring as ever, and we see hope for the future in the spruce trees Dad planted years ago, now whispering his legacy.

Linda and I now live part time at Barrier Bay and have experienced the pulse of nature - the excitement of spring sounds in ice breakup and returning birds and the bittersweet smell of autumn in all its serenity. I'm 50 now, and still look forward to making memories at the lake.

And on a final note, after 40 years, Bill McCallum still checks our fridge!

Jack and Min (Sr.), Jack and Linda (Jr.), Warren and Laura Bernhardt - 1980.

Bill, Mary, Cindy, Jake, Jack and Paddy - 1954

BARRIER BAY
LOT 20, BLOCK 1
BILL AND MARY CHOMLAK
Aunt and Uncle to Jack Bernhardt

After spending many years camping and exploring in the Whiteshell with family and friends, we decided to build a cottage, which was accomplished the late winter of 1952. The gravel road went only to Otter Falls, then we drove over the frozen road allowance to the cottage, unloaded the car and trailer and drove back. The road was impassable once the sun softened the surface, so we walked many times. The first Easter weekend was memorable as the shell was completed.

Several cottages were built that year in our area, most with little in the way of conveniences. It was very pretty in the natural state, the only noise would be the songs of numerous birds and chattering squirrels and we always enjoyed listening to the loons. The fishing was terrific. We spent many hours walking and observing the wildlife, especially in the fall and winter months.

Eventually, we fulfilled a long time dream and retired at the lake, which we enjoyed for nine years. We sold in June, 1979 and moved to Chilliwack, B.C. with fond memories of wonderful times at Barrier Bay.

BARRIER BAY
LOT 22, BLOCK 2
BOB AND LILLIAN DILL
By Lillian

We have been owners of our cottage for 30 years. My parents (E. Schultz) purchased it in the fall of 1960. We were the second owners and when my parents passed away, we took it over legally. We have made some changes in our cottage, especially in our property. We got a little tired of having our front

Bob, David, Kevin and Rob Dill

lawn under water, and raised it and put it in a rock wall. Our children were brought up there and enjoyed many years of fun, fishing and water skiing and still enjoy coming to the lake. We had a little trouble with the Parks Board when Kevin, our oldest, decided to put up a free-standing playhouse.

The boys enjoyed it immensely, until they were informed it did not meet the Whiteshell Building Code and would have to be removed. Of course, being 13 years at that time, he wouldn't know about building codes. I phoned and wrote many letters and did manage to get a reprieve for about six years, until we finally decided to give in and remove it. Our second son, David, rescued at least eight people in overturned canoes and boats, that got caught in the high and fast moving water at the Barrier. Our youngest son, Rob, is an avid fisherman and we do have a couple of master angler awards.

BARRIER BAY
LOT 34, BLOCK 1
BILL AND MARGE LINTON
By Bill

We were living in Winnipeg and I was teaching at Daniel McIntyre School. We had camped at Grand Marais but found it noisy. During Easter holidays of 1956, we visited friends in the Whiteshell Park. They knew of a cottage for sale at the end of their road. It was just a shell but we put in a bid and got it. We took the lumber out there by truck while neighbors like Bill Lumsden had to take their lumber in by boat as the road was so poor. In fact, many of you will recall being pulled through the bad

spots by government tractors. One of my first memories the next spring was seeing Norm Smith from the store, cutting ice blocks from the river in front of our lot.

In 1958 the park officials opened the Indian Mosaic Park at Nutimik. The museum had already been built. It was a big affair with a delegation of about 60 from the city. Duff Roblin represented the government, Colonel Simmons from the Parks branch, Harold Potter, Bruce Emes, the Ranger, all the Whiteshell directors including Marge and I, Art Bevin the naturalist, and many more.

The Indians had used our lot for a camping ground long before the whitemen came. The big flat dry rock extends right down into the water and the gentle slope of grassy plain runs up to the trees. This spot is similar to Sturgeon Falls. We must remember that in the days of the Indians, the water was about 12 feet lower. I was digging on my property one day and I found a couple of arrowheads and an axe head in almost perfect condition. It was shaped like an axe on the one side and very sharp. Except for one little nick, it was perfect. I don't know how they could have made it. I have loaned it to the Museum of Man and Nature and in time it will be returned to the Nutimik Museum. My son recently found a black flint arrowhead, almost in perfect condition. It is about 2" long and an inch wide with scallops on each side. There may be more hidden treasure in the mud base of the Winnipeg River but it is only when the river is very low that we have a chance of finding more Indian relics.

In 1964 Hugh Allen from the Winnipeg Tribune came to the Whiteshell and took a lot of pictures. This one was on the back of an August calendar.

I had some large trees in the backyard at the cottage, about 60 feet high and 20-25 inches around. One day I was bucksawing a tree and I had it fall right across the road so it was easy to cut up. Suddenly Marge called, "Turn around slowly!". I turned to see a big black bear standing on his hind legs, waiting to see what was in the log. I picked up the axe and slowly reached for an old washtub nearby. The bear was sniffing and pulling off the bark to get at the ants. I knew that noise usually frightens them away so I banged hard on the tub. The bear let out a roar and raced to climb the telegraph pole but he couldn't because it was too smooth. He dropped down and ran down the road.

A fishing outing at Sturgeon Falls, Winnipeg River 1964 - from the Winnipeg Tribune Calendar.

The saddest memory is the morning of May 24, 1974 when I went down to the dock and there was a lady's body wearing a life jacket floating in the water. We had heard that a young couple on their honeymoon had drowned about 17 days before. I pushed the body to shore and called the police.

BARRIER BAY
LOT 27, BLOCK 1
JOHN AND KATE MACKENZIE
By John

I first became aware of the beauty of Dorothy Lake while on a fishing trip in 1951. The only finished cottage I can remember was at Lot 26 on the lakeshore in a lovely clearing and was known as the Kettlewells. Although there were four owners, I guess Tom signed for the lease. I remember it was a beautiful day, the fishing was very good and when we learned that a lease was available for a year for only $15.00, I was convinced that a cabin on Dorothy Lake was to be our summer home. I was sure that our new location would have good fishing, good boating and we would see much more wildlife than at Victoria Beach where we had a cottage which we built in 1941.

After much persuasion the family, my wife Kate and three children, Judith, Nancy and Bill and a big black dog agreed that we should build a cottage and see if we would like it better on a smaller lake than Lake Winnipeg. At this time (fall of 1951), there was a good selection of lots but (going quickly) and we chose Lot 27, next door to the four (boys) on 26. We started construction in the spring of 1952. We bought most of our lumber from a Mr. Kuhn in River Hills. The lumber was all local spruce at about $75.00 per thousand feet. Mr. Kuhn was a trusting person. We would stop at his house in River Hills, tell him what we required and he would inform us where that type of lumber was piled near Otter Falls and we would take what we needed and pay him on our way home to Winnipeg. I have often wondered how many times he got cheated. One hopes, never.

During the construction of 1952, the condition of the road was very bad from Otter Falls and that modified every move one made. It was necessary when building to keep one eye on the board and one

on the sky and with the first sign of clouds, it was the signal to stop work and shove off or you would have to walk out. Everyone around us were building at the time and the pioneer spirit was very much in evidence. Everyone was so friendly and helpful and it was a very enjoyable experience.

Our level of enthusiasm went to some ridiculous lengths. I remember in 1952 in the middle of winter (24" snow), we drove down to the cottage on a Saturday with a big load of chimney blocks and a toboggan loaded on the car. Then we spent all day hauling them from the car a quarter of a mile to the cottage! (We didn't get around to using the chimney rings until sometime in 1953 and then we could back up to the back door of the cottage.) It was a lovely day, about zero, and we had a lovely time.

Two things stand out in my mind about those days, and have to do with the Kettlewells and Lot 26 next door. There were the four partners in the ownership, one of whom was Allan Murray, who was a very large and strong gentleman well over six feet and weighing very close to 300 lbs. At this time, their cottage was finished and they mostly fished.

I remember admiring their minnows (big shiners, about 4" long). I was informed that they caught them up at Sturgeon Falls and if I liked I could borrow their minnow net and catch some for myself. The first day I had a chance to go fishing, I went over to their boat house where I found the minnow net described. It turned out to be a pole about 15 feet long and 3" in diameter. I could lift it in the middle, but holding the end and swinging the net was beyond my strength.

The other event was about Allen, also. Mrs. Fowler of Lot 25 reported that she saw Allen come out the back door with the cook stove in his arms. He shook out the ashes and took the stove back into the cabin. One felt very secure when Allen was about.

There was a gradual evolution from the primitive to what we have today. Ice for our iceboxes (things never really got cold but just damp), Coleman lamps and then Aladdin lamps were a big improvement. These didn't need to be pumped nor did they sit and hiss at everyone all evening. Trying to take a bath in the tub when the lake was cold improved to showers. Electricity made life enormously safer than using kerosene lamps and finally the telephone came five years before people predicted it would. The downside of course was that the rent went up from $15 to $400 plus and it will likely go much higher.

Cottages have changed hands. They are being bought to be torn down and a much larger, often two storeys high are being built.

It has been a wonderful 38 years and one has no regrets.

Part II
By Kate

As the distaff side of the Mackenzie family, I must add how pleased the children and I have been in the entire Dorothy Lake project and especially the cottage which was built entirely by my husband, John. Our contribution was a layer by layer building of the fireplace, which took quite a few weekends to complete. Local stone was used with an eye to the shape of each rock. We waited for the cement to dry after placing the rocks, before adding another layer so it was a great day when it was finally finished. The best part is that it works beautifully and is a great source of pleasure and fun - marshmallow and wiener roasts, popcorn, etc.

The cottage has grown to a four bedroom home with most of the amenities of the city without the traffic and the congestion. We hope to spend many more of our retirement summers right here where there is still so much beauty and joy in a changing world.

BARRIER BAY
LOT 15, BLOCK 1
SAM AND ADA McCALLUM
By Linda

Trying to put the memories of more than 35 years at Barrier Bay into a few words seems an impossible task. In the early years, there were mice in the dresser drawers; trips to Mrs. Smith for licorice and sunflower seeds, and to wait for Dad's arrival on Friday night; showers outside under the rain barrel; card games by the light of the kerosene lamp; making toast on the wood stove; carting blocks of ice home in the wagon; learning to swim and surfboard and ski; meeting new neighbours and making new friends.

Then we entered the modern age with electricity and running water and bigger boats and motors. The kids were growing up and life in the cottage was changing. Now our summers meant "Happy Hours" and barbecues with friends and neighbours and a seemingly endless parade of sweethearts; mixing cement and building additions to house the new in-laws and grandchildren; a new dock whenever the river was high; horseshoe tournaments and volleyball games; Trivial Pursuit and Slang Teasers by the fireplace; teaching a whole new generation to swim and surfboard and ski.

Our memories include Nugget getting skunked under the front porch; Mrs. Lumsden's chocolate cake; Mom getting lost while picking berries; Maureen's pet mouse, Melvin; Bill and Jack in their tent hideaway; games of Rummoli and Canasta and Aggravation and on and on.

Grandpa Sam McCallum - 1961

The worst of times? I don't think there were any. The best of times? For the McCallums at Lot 15, Block 1, these would have to include Grandma enjoying her first bite of blueberry pie or the first corn-on-the-cob; Bill's birthday parties; Grandpa's smile as Michael or Jenny or Rob waved as they skiied past the dock; watching another "perfect" sunset.

Grandpa Sam passed away in 1989.

Summers at Barrier Bay can't be put in words; you really had to be there - and to all the family and friends who have shared them with us, Thanks! for making the lake such a special place for Bill and Leslie and their son Robert, Maureen and George and their son Michael and Jennifer and her daughter Amanda and I.

BARRIER BAY
LOT 19, BLOCK 2
OTTO AND DIANE RATFELDER
By Otto

We purchased the cottage from Charlie Beenham in June, 1974. That year the water was very high. Charlie showed me around the cabin and when we entered the boat house in our underwear, the water was up to our waist and the boat was floating three feet from the floor.

Our children, Jeff, 8, Dean, 6, and Karen, 3, fell in love with the area. During our first summer, they spent all their time fishing from the shore.

With mice in the cottage, bats in the ceiling and wasps in the walls, we couldn't leave the cottage in the state it was so repair work started in 1975. My father Emmanuel and mother Hulda started to come down every weekend and with their help, we proceeded to rebuild the cottage, boat house, shed

Otto, Erma K., Emanuel, Hulda celebrating Emanuel's 79th birthday.

and outhouse. All the children helped out and Diane worked late in the night when the children went to sleep. Diane stayed at the lake for 14 summers with the children and they enjoyed every minute. As they got older, one by one stayed in the city to work but they come to the lake for their holidays.

BARRIER BAY
LOT 31, BLOCK 1
JIM AND FRANCES REUTCKY
By Frances

We built our cottage at Barrier Bay in 1953. At that time, the roads were very poor. Some places, when it rained, had a tractor on standby to pull the cars through the low places. I remember one time we had to carry some lumber and shingles some distance as we could not drive up to our lot. We had some men help build the shell of the cottage and then Jim finished the inside on the weekends. At that time, there was no electricity so we put in a wood burning stove and an icebox. We used a coal oil mantle lamp that gave off a good light, however, half the time the bugs and flies would break the mantles. We had to be sure and have a good supply on hand. Norman Smith had a store with supplies and ice. Twice a week we had to get ice to keep the food from spoiling. Later we had a propane fridge which was much better. I painted the cottage myself as the two boys, Ronald and James and I stayed there all the school holidays. Jim would come out on the weekends with supplies.

Fishing was good. If you wanted fresh fish, you just went out fishing and got what you needed.

We knew there were bears around but they didn't seem to bother us. We had nice neighbors and if we needed help we could count on them. In the evenings we would get together and have wiener and marshmallow roasts for the children and we played cards and other games.

In 1954, we built the boathouse and put in one of those hand-operated winches to pull the boat out

The Reutcky Family

of the water. When the power came in, we had the place wired and plumbing and a field were added. Our daughter Helen was born in 1967, ten years after the boys. We added an addition to the cottage, enlarging the living room and added an extra bedroom.

We bought a new boat with a 55 h.p. motor in 1974 so the children could water ski and we also built a dock.

Jim passed away in December, 1989. Our cottage is left to the children: Ronald and his wife Dianne and their children, Ron Jr., Jason and Bradley; Jim and Teresa; Helen and her husband Lorne and their son Martin, to enjoy as long as they can.

BARRIER BAY
LOT 21, BLOCK 2
TANNER'S CLOSE
CHARLES AND WIN TANNER
By Win

We obtained the lot in May 1954. Footings were poured in the fall and the cottage was built the following spring. Once the floor was in place, we pitched the tent on the floor while we completed the cottage around it.

The water was very high in 1955, and our boat was tied to the front corner post! Also that year, the mosquito population was extremely high and bothersome. Building was a great challenge. We obtained lumber from a Woodridge sawmill and had it planed at a Steinbach lumber yard. There was no back road cleared from the highway and so all the lumber had to be carried to the lot.

We have been here over 35 years with no regrets and many happy memories.

Every year we have had summer projects of repairs and improvements. We built an extension in 1973, a family room with a fireplace.

Our son, Philip, was raised at the lake. He has happy memories of playing in the sand and water with very good playmates, Kevin and David Dill and

Win and Phillip Tanner - 1965

Dale Dram. They still see each other occasionally.

One summer a chipmunk was locked in the cottage for five days. He was sure happy to see us and when we opened the door, he just shot out. We found he had lived on sugar from the sugar bowl. He had sugar everywhere.

There are eight cottages in our bay. The surnames of the original owners are Rusnak, Heinz, Weyki, Beenham, Dowling, Tanner, Gluck and Kruger. We are the only original owners in our bay.

BARRIER BAY
LOT 4, BLOCK 2
JOE TRONRUD

During early spring in 1950, I learned there were cottage lots in the Northern Whiteshell for lease and as long as some construction was done each year, once completed a 21 year lease would be given with an option for another 21 years.

Being 24 years old at the time, married with one child, a steady job and a love of building and nature, I drove with a friend to Seven Sisters via River Hills (there was no bridge at 307, in fact no 307). The ranger Emes told us the surveyors were just finishing Barrier Bay, Block 2, and if we drove east and met them, we could pick out a lot. Just after passing Pinewood Lodge (being about half the size it is now), the road was a sea of mud, but we met the surveyors coming out of the woods. They had just finished and told us that they thought Lots 3 and 4 were the best. We walked along the survey

Joe Tronrud relaxing

lines cut through the bush and by taking numbers from the newly cut stakes located the lots. The forest was so dense that one had to be within a few feet of the lake to see the water. I picked Lot 4 and returning to Seven Sisters, paid my $15 annual fee and received a permit to build.

It took me six or seven years (for a large number of reasons) to get a cottage together that was warm and waterproof, although not finished on the inside. Of course, there was no electricity. Everything was done by hand, such as cutting the large and numerous poplar and birch trees standing where the cottage was to be built. When the trees were felled, they created a pile 30 feet long and 5 feet high. I had a drainage problem on my lot and after heavy rains, there were millions of mosquitoes. The black flies and deer flies also added to the problem of building without cover. Concrete and mortar was mixed by hand, with the sand and gravel being hauled from the side of the road, just west of Pinewood. Garbage cans were placed at the end of the driveways, only to be knocked over nearly every night by bears and skunks, usually waking everyone up at two or three in the morning.

Around 1952 or so, the lots beside mine were taken and built on. It wasn't till the 1960s that all lake lots were filled and by the 1970s, the second tier lots were built. Electricity arrived! No more coal oil lamps, games by candlelight and bed by ten o'clock. Now hot water from pipes, toast without charcoal, lights after dark and even T.V. (the People's Channel only) until midnight.

Even today, when I push the button on the dishwasher, I remember carrying water from the lake, splitting wood for the stove to boil the water so dishes could be washed. I feel a little like a pioneer who started with a "piece of bush near the water" and who now has a "piece of heaven" in the Whiteshell. All of us fortunate should rejoice and enjoy!

Note: On the morning of August 23, 1990, Joe died in his sleep, three days after the completion of this history. He passed away in the place he loved best in the whole world. It was his "piece of heaven" on earth.

BARRIER BAY
LOT 14, BLOCK 2
FRED AND ETHEL WHIBLEY

By Ethel

In September, 1952, we were camping at Otter Falls in the Whiteshell Forest Reserve. We found out that lots had been opened at Otter Falls, Dorothy and Nutimik Lake for $15.00 per season and we decided to see about getting one.

We looked around at the different places. When it came to Barrier, the only lot left was Lot 14. Oddly enough, my husband had fished on the rocks there, before this and he had fallen in love with this very spot. We put in our application and were lucky enough to get it.

In April of 1953, before spring thaw, my husband started to build with the help of some friends. We as a family started going down weekends in May. There were six of us, two boys, Fred 10, Alex 8, our two girls, Evelyn 3 and Colleen 1½, Fred and myself.

Steve and Leda Kondratuk were at Otter Falls, Mass Haddad was at Pinewood Lodge, Dorothy Lake and Mr. and Mrs. Smith were at Barrier Bay (getting things ready for their son, Norman, to take over) and Mike and Mary Wilson were at Nutimik.

One of our most memorable experiences happened one Friday night. The road into the reserve was still mud and when it rained, it was terrible. It had rained quite a bit that week so the road from Big Creek was just a sea of mud. Fred was sure that our old 1937 Dodge could get through so we drove on and of course, we got stuck. The boys, my husband and I tried everything, but getting out was impossible. Needless to say, the four of us were covered in mud. There was a man fishing at Big Creek. He was waiting for a boat to pick him up. When the boat came, he came over and said his friends would take us all to Otter Falls. There were four men in the boat so altogether there were ten of us in the one boat. The water was pretty close to the top of the boat so we had to just crawl along so as not to cause any waves. When they dropped us off at Steve's, we asked if we could give them something for being so kind. They said, "No thanks, just remember, if you see someone in trouble, don't forget to give them a hand". To this day, we have never found out who they were.

We had no flashlight and it was dark. We managed to get to Steve's but could not get an answer to our knock. Fred had a skeleton key so we

tried it on one of the cabins and we got in. We stayed there for the night and next day, we paid for it. Fred went back to where the car was stuck in the mud. The mailman came along and pulled the car out. We went on to our cabin and had one of our nicest weekends.

In those days of 1950s, we would see quite a few animals in our yard - porcupines, weasels, deer, foxes and bears. We still in the 1980s, see deer and bear, but seldom see any of the others.

The years went by and the family grew up. Three of them met their future spouses at Nutimik Lake.

There were many more experiences that stand out in our memory. One Friday, as we entered the park, one side of the highway had caved in and the bay (trees, telephone poles, etc.) had moved out into the lake. Another year, the army worms ate every blade of grass. Another time when the water in the Winnipeg River was high, we came by way of Brereton Lake. We had three flat tires on the way. At Rennie Bridge, the water was over the top of the bridge. Fred got out and walked over the top of the bridge first to see if it was still there. Watching the bears at the dump was another pastime. Seems it's almost a thing of the past now.

I think the outhouse needs an honorable mention. We have an indoor bathroom now so ours is neglected to what it used to be. Fred learned a lot about nature from ours. Early in the morning, he would sit with the door open and watch the small animals and birds wander about, unaware they were under observation. It is not completely abandoned as it will serve its purpose in the cooler weather when the water has been shut off.

All of our family have a love of the lake that will stay with them the rest of their lives.

Editor's Note: Fred died July 23, 1991.

BARRIER BAY

Some of Manitoba's earliest missionaries and settlers travelled by way of the Winnipeg River and religious services were held from time to time along its banks. La Verendrye first used the route in 1738 and in the early 1840s, Father Belcourt built a chapel at Waassimong where mass was said for the Saulteaux Indians. However, something like 150 years elapsed before mass was again celebrated in this area. This brings us to the story behind the building of Our Lady of the Whiteshell Chapel in 1959.

Our Lady of the Whiteshell Chapel

OUR LADY OF THE WHITESHELL CHAPEL

The history of Our Lady of the Whiteshell Chapel.
written by Rev. Father Ulric Ell O.F.M., 1987

In 1953, September 1st, I arrived in Lac du Bonnet from Trail, B.C. where I had been stationed for the previous seven years. Even though I had been raised on the prairies, in the little town of Sedley, Saskatchewan, I fell in love with the mountains. Naturally, I missed the mountains in Lac du Bonnet, however, I did enjoy living right on the shore of the Winnipeg River. On a hot summer day, I could just go out the back door and enjoy a dip. That made up for the loss of the mountains.

The parish work in Lac du Bonnet kept me quite busy right from the beginning. Besides mass there we had five missions attached to look after. Mass was said in Great Falls, Seven Sisters Falls, Pointe du Bois, Milner Ridge and Maple Creek school district. A year later, Father Hubert McRae, who had just been ordained, was attached to our parish and missions. No sooner had he arrived than Archbishop Badoux insisted that Bisset be added to our missions. That gave us six all together. At some places, we could offer mass once a month and at others more often.

The first big job at Lac du Bonnet was to plan and build a new church. The old church, a log building covered with siding was already 50 years old. After drawing up the plans for the new church, then supervising the whole job and doing about a fifth of the construction, we were able to have the first mass on Christmas Eve, 1955. We didn't have enough money to complete the whole job immediately, so we built the shell, insulated it well and then

added the remainder as the money came in, meanwhile using the church. During my next six years, the church and hall in the basement was completed without debt. In all it cost us $3,000.

Now how did I get mixed up with Our Lady of the Whiteshell?

We can blame Dr. Dwyer if you want to give anybody the blame. I do not think he will mind the blame. Dr. Dwyer had a summer cottage at Barrier Bay. Occasionally he would come to mass in Seven Sisters and even Lac du Bonnet. He asked me to come and offer a mass in the Whiteshell area. Due to the needs of the other missions attached to the parish, I found it almost impossible. After thinking it over, I realized it could be done if we got permission from the Archbishop Badoux to say an afternoon mass at 4 p.m. It was difficult at the time to get this permission. That was before Vatican II. Today we take that for granted. However, Archbishop Badoux gladly gave us that permission.

Now we had permission for an afternoon mass at 4 p.m. Signs were posted in the various stores along the Whiteshell road, that on the first Sunday of August, 1958, mass would be offered in the cottage of Dr. Dwyer at 4 p.m. Only a small crowd was expected. I knew from the boat ride Dr. Dwyer had given me earlier in the summer to convince me that there were a good number of summer homes on the Winnipeg River, we could expect a good attendance. To our surprise, a crowd of 80 showed up. The living room and the kitchen were crowded with people. And next Sunday, about 100 people came to mass. Some of the people had to peek through the windows! So for the next three Sundays, mass was offered on the veranda and the people sat on blankets on the grass. Luckily the weather cooperated and it did not rain.

This initial success made us realize that plans must be made for the future. Immediately a building committee was organized, composed of five members and myself, Dr. Dwyer, Judge Tritschler, Mr. Hookham, R.P. Wilson and J. Rokosh.

One of the first items on the agenda was to look for the best possible site for the future chapel. The aim was to locate it in as central a location as possible. After much discussion and consultation and feeling (we didn't want to cover the whole Whiteshell area), the present site at Barrier Bay, about 17 miles east of Seven Sisters, was chosen. It was felt another chapel could be built in another area later on. Our hunch proved correct as St. Christopher's Chapel at Jessica - Red Rock area was built in 1963.
Ed. note: St. Christopher's Chapel story is elsewhere in this book.

The next step was to obtain the land. Since we were in the Provincial Park, land could not be bought. It could be leased. The task of obtaining

Rev. Father Ulric E11 O.F.M. - 1987

the lease was left to the members of the building committee. They knew who to approach and how to obtain the lease. Three acres were leased for 20 years. It was decided to have the chapel right on what is now Highway 307 so that it could be found by the people wanting to use it.

The decision was taken to clear only one acre of land and the work began once there was no danger of forest fires. Mr. Binda from Lac du Bonnet, a retired foreman of the C.P.R. and Mr. Picard, also from the same place and myself set to work. Judge Tritschler obtained a power saw and also came to help in his spare time. We were amused at his manner of doing things. When the tree was ready to fall, he would step back and cry at the top of his voice, "Timber!" and down would come the tree with a mighty crash. The trees were cut in six foot long pieces and thrown on a pile to burn.

During the winter, plans were drawn up and submitted to the Park authorities for approval. It was to be about 56 feet long and 24 feet wide. It could accommodate about 200 people. There would be no basement. The building would be set on piles six feet deep. The roof had to be sturdy enough to take a heavy snow load, as often in the winter we would get a two foot fall of wet snow and there would be no one to clear the roof.

We had no intention to build an expensive chapel. All that was needed was a place free from bugs, from the rain and the hot sun. Due to lack of funds, it was to be built in stages. We would begin by putting up the shell, then as the money came in, the interior would be completed. We had collected about $500, some from the sale of raffle tickets on a boat and Judge Tritschler loaned us $1,000. and that was enough to begin.

The material was obtained from the Oasis Build-

ing Company in Lac du Bonnet. First the owner helped us figure out what we needed and then hauled it to the site at Barrier Bay.

Once again we relied on Joe Binda, Mr. Picard and Mr. Robillard from Lac du Bonnet. By the way, these men are all deceased as of June, 1987. Every day we travelled from Lac du Bonnet, a distance of 30 miles. Thanks to Father McRae O.F.M. (also deceased), who looked after Lac du Bonnet while I supervised the construction. We only had two months, May and June, to get the chapel ready for the first Sunday in July, 1959. There were some difficulties to overcome, such as the road entrance or approach. This was put in the week before the first mass.

The construction went quite smoothly and with some volunteer help. First we had to measure the exact spot for the chapel. Then we had to dig down six feet for the piers, fill the holes with cement. At that time cement cost only a dollar a bag. Today it costs $8.50 a bag. The lumber and plywood also cost a lot less than in 1987. I wonder if a contractor could put up the chapel for less than $3500. today?

As we were building an occasional deer or bear would wander around. There were lots of birds singing. We could watch other wildlife while we busily erected the chapel.

June 1961 was the end of my association with the Whiteshell as I was transferred from Lac du Bonnet. Father George Hart O.F.M. took over my position. For those who knew Father Hart, he passed away in 1984 from cancer.

I had paid a visit to the chapel in 1986 and I noticed that a good amount of work had been done since the erection of the chapel. The interior walls and ceiling were completed. There were new pews instead of the original benches. A new altar had been put in place. Electricity was installed with electric heaters to take the chill out of early spring and fall. I noticed the beautiful vinyl siding was put on the outside so there will be no need to paint. It gave me a good sense of satisfaction to notice that the people have shown a sense of pride in their chapel called Our Lady of the Whiteshell.

Ed. note: November 6, 1990 Father Ell wrote me.

I have been living in Vancouver for the past three years. For the last year, I have been the chaplain of the Vancouver General Hospital. It keeps me busy even though I am 76 years of age. My health is still quite good, thanks be to God. I still do some downhill skiing.

I still remember the years I spent in the Whiteshell area. Those were happy memories. I still appreciate the good friends I made at that time. A good number have gone on to eternity by now but a few are still around. I met Judge Tritschler when he brought his sister to Vancouver for eye surgery.

Yours in Christ,

Rev. Father Ulric Ell O.F.M.

Ed. Note: Father Ell put up a plastic statue of the Blessed Virgin above the porch of the chapel. He arrived one Sunday morning to find it gone. He never heard what happened to it. One man suggested a truck must have been backed up to the porch and the Virgin was "lassoed". The new one was put up in memory of Catherine Peer.

When the chapel was being built, Mrs. Ellen Dwyer asked, "What will you call it?" No one had thought of a name but Ellen had given some thought to a name and she decided that Our Lady of the Whiteshell seemed appropriate and no one knew of another chapel by that name. Our Lady of the Whiteshell it was.

On August 5, 1984, Our Lady of the Whiteshell celebrated its 25th anniversary.

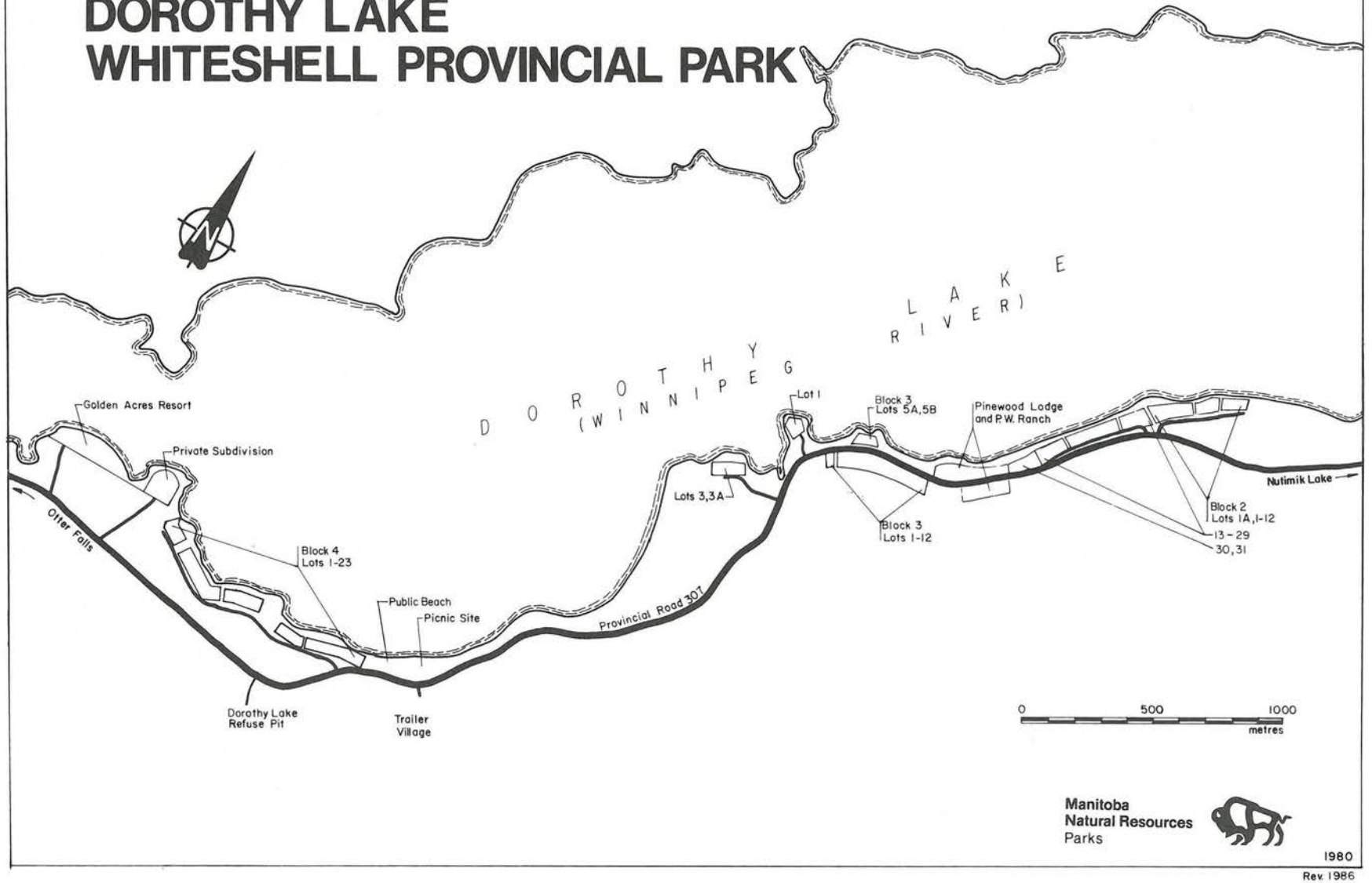
The "Fisherman's Prayer" picture in memory of Frank Malis hangs in the chapel.

Wiener roasts

Roads in 1940s

SUBDIVISIONS

DOROTHY LAKE
WHITESHELL PROVINCIAL PARK



Dorothy Lake

DOROTHY LAKE
LOT 22, BLOCK 2
"WYLDEWOODE"
By Grace Balderstone

We have had our cottage at Dorothy Lake since 1968. Before that time it belonged to Beverly and Marge Kerby. We had been visiting in the area for quite a few years as my brother-in-law and sister, Josh and Dorothy Langton built one of the first cottages at Dorothy Lake. When the cottage next door to them came up for sale we "jumped at the chance" to buy it and we have enjoyed many wonderful summers there.

DOROTHY LAKE
LOT 14, BLOCK 2
WALTER MURDOCK AND MARY BRENNAN
By Mary

Our good friends of many years, Don Rickey and his wife had a cottage on Dorothy Lake in the Whiteshell. They suggested that we get a lot near to them, which we did in 1954. Walter, a carpenter, made a well-built two-bedroom cottage on a back lot across the road from the lake. He put the footings on solid rock and finished the inside of the cottage with knotty pine. The floor was well insulated with buffalo board. We really like it there.

I'd come from Austria where I learned to love nature. When we first went to the Whiteshell there were so many different wild flowers like lady slippers and wood violets. How I enjoyed them. We took our pet budgie down and hung him in the trees so he could talk to the wild birds.

Due to circumstances we had to sell the cottage in 1958. Since then I have had to have nature inside and my house is like a greenhouse. I often recall the days in the Whiteshell and I think of them often and wish I had my cottage again.

DOROTHY LAKE
LOT 8, BLOCK 2
AL AND MARGE CHURCH
By Marge

In 1965 we bought our cottage at Dorothy Lake. Al had attended a banquet and heard this cottage was for sale, so we drove out to see it and were delighted with the location. It was very well contructed with an attractive rock foundation around the whole cottage. It was owned and built in 1954 by Randy Patrick of St. Vital. The original boathouse is still sturdy and standing.

We had just moved from Alberta and were not familiar with the Whiteshell but were impressed with the area, and have since spent our entire summers there. Thanks to Al's retirement, we now appreciate almost six months of cottage life, along with our children and grandchildren.

When we first got the cottage, our boys ranged in age from one to seven years, Murray, Alan, David and Robert. There was many children along the beach to enjoy fishing and all the water sports with, and tennis and golf. The remains of many of their forts are still in the woods. Now we find the next generation forming friendships and enjoying the same activities.

The first year we carried water up the hill for diapers and dishes, but soon purchased a tank to catch rain water, which eased the burden, and soon installed indoor plumbing.

We have had families of mink, muskrat and woodchucks living in our yard - all fun to watch and still a thrill to glimpse any of the forest animals.

Of course we enjoy bird watching and amazed when the hummingbirds arrive before the feeder is up and find them looking for it in last year's location. During a cold snap one late fall, we had 20 hummingbirds scrapping around the feeder for a week - often four feeding at the same time.

Several years ago we added an addition with a sundeck on top, where we would often sleep under the stars. We felt secure because it was up two flights of stairs. Our confidence however was shattered when a very large bear did amble up the sun deck stairs one dark night - but was scared away by loud noise like screams. Another occasion the bear dragged the barbecue off the deck and jumped through a very small shed window just leaving a few tufts of hair behind.

In 1989 we lost a number of very large trees in the strong winds from the Gimli tornado. Power was off for almost a day, and amazing they were able to restore it so quickly with so many power lines down. That was also the year 15 to 20 large rotting

sturgeon washed up on our beach, probably illegally poached, lost or cut loose for some reason. Only the pelicans and gulls could enjoy them until the Rangers picked them up.

How lucky we were to find this cottage with the glorious hill-top view of sunrises and sunsets, storms sweeping across the lake, and the flickering northern lights. We listen to the ducks and geese in the spring and fall and loons and gulls all summer. Even after 25 years, we can't think of a more beautiful place to be all summer than the Whiteshell Provincial Park.

DOROTHY LAKE
LOT 5, BLOCK 4
STEWART AND MABEL CRAMPTON
"CAMP CRAMPTON"
By Stewart

Mabel and I spent many weekends and holidays in the Whiteshell. We usually camped in a trailer. All our gear was under an upturned boat behind the car. Our two boys, Stewart and Ron learned to love fishing and boating and rebuilt a two a half-horsepower Envinrude motor to use on the boat.

In 1957 we discovered that Mr. and Mrs. Epp had decided to travel instead of finishing their cottage. We acquired their cottage along with their closed-in bunt nosed boat, "Gon Fishin." This boat is still on our lot and used as a play boat by the five grandchildren.

Our cottage was finally completed and a boathouse built about 1960. When Hydro came through Mabel's father from Mississauga, a retired country engineer, came to wire the cottage for us. We got a cement mixer about then and a great deal of cement work was done building docks and reinforcing the banks and lakeside. We all attended the Red Cross swimming lessons at Otter Falls including Mrs. Maxwell who was in her 60s at the time.

For several years an annual picnic was held at what is now Dorothy Lake Beach. Stewart and Ron went in the boat race with their little rowboat and the two and a half-horsepower Envinrude. All the boats headed for the Island and when a flare went up they turned and headed back to the beach. The little row boat bobbed around like a cork as the bigger boats went by. I usually supervised the foot races.

Over the years Stewart and Carmel and their children Annmarie and Joseph, Ron and Iris and their children Michelle, Amanda and Stephanie have all enjoyed the lake and the good neighbors and friends. In recent years we usually attend the corn roast organized by the Swanlunds.

In June of 1989, Mabel suffered a heart attack at Beausejour on our way home from the lake and passed away four days later. We do miss Mabel so much.

Ron and Stewart - 1960

Grandma Crampton

Although Grandma you've departed from Earth,
I'm sure in Heaven you'll have a new birth,
We're sad that you're, from Earth gone,
We'll think of you always as our lives carry on,
We're sure that you always knew,
That so many people really loved you,
Even though you've gone from here,
We know you'll always be near,
And now that to heaven you've
wonderfully soared.
We want you to be happy in the presence of the Lord,
And remember Grandma, you're different from the rest,
And we'll always remember you as one of the best!

Annmarie Crampton

DOROTHY LAKE
LOT 19, BLOCK 2
TED AND HAZEL ERB
By Hazel

For several seasons we rented a cabin in Kenora and our boys sure enjoyed it. So the thought came to us one fine day in the fall of 1952, Wouldn't it be nice to have a cabin of our own? So at Fume Yamada's wedding reception, Nobe (Fume's brother) and Ted held a cabin discussion. Why the Whiteshell!

It was a cold day late in the fall that Ted and I, with our family of three boys, went to the Whiteshell. The snow was up to our knees, but all agreed the old spruce and pine trees looked very nice.

A couple weeks later Ted and Harry Enns went down to Seven Sisters to discuss matters with the

Ranger. It would be on Dorothy Lake.

Next Ted and Nobe went down and measured up Lot 19 in Block 2 and it was ours.

In the spring of 1953 along with friends, we went down. There was no road right into the site, so we walked about a mile.

On April 20, Nobe and Ted measured up the site for the cabin. We had to cut down trees and the forms were put in. Our cabin had its start.

A week later, we went down, cut more trees, and carried in (in five-gallon pails) all the gravel. Red, Gary, Julius and I had our lunch outside and arrived home tired but satisfied.

Different neighbours went down on different weekends and helped, namely Red Nichols, Gordon Smith, August Horn, Henry Dipple and Ernie Bacon. Work on the cabin progressed very well. About the middle of July, Nobe hung the door, put in the window, and Harry Verrall came down and stuccoed it. We had a big kitchen and living room combined, and three bedrooms.

As the boys became teenagers, our visits to the cabin were less and less. Finally, when they were married, we sure made use of the cabin.

In 1962, we added on a living room; but as the boys got older, we got more farm work and trucking to do.

The screened-in area we put on wasn't to our liking, so a couple years ago, we built on to the cabin - an area overlooking the lake and a deck.

It's a busy place now. We have the three sons and wives who go, the grandchildren, nine great-grandchildren and their friends.

When we first built, we went down to the lake to wash ourselves, carried water, used a cook stove, and filled and cleaned kerosene lamps. We had a five-gallon crock dug in the ground to keep our food in, such as eggs and milk. Anyone leaving the cabin had to make sure the kindling was in, wood box full, and lamps ready to light.

It's electric now - stove, fridge, lights, microwave and baseboard heaters.

The day we'll never forget would be when the bear came to pay us a visit. The grandchildren and their children were down at the lake. The bear walked up on the deck and looked through the windows. Karen, Tyler, and Teri-Lyne were in the cabin trying to scare off the bear, while Anne and the other great-grandchildren were climbing in the boat in the boathouse for safety. Nevertheless, the bear couldn't have been too hungry. After about 15 minutes, the bear went off to visit the neighbours.

It's fun now. We fish, barbecue, water ski, swim, go boating, enjoy cards, tennis, and, for me, just relaxing.

But . . . Who's going to mow the grass???

DOROTHY LAKE
FONGER
By Don

Around 1960, when our children were about seven, three and one, we bought a cottage at Eleanor Lake from Bill Lillies. He had unfortunately been permitted by the park authorities to build a lakefront cottage on what was really a back lot by dredging out a dried up creek to provide water access to the property.

This action became a bone of contention between him and his neighbour and much trouble ensued between them. To get rid of his problems, Bill sold the cottage to us. Unknowingly we inherited his problems. After several years it became unbearable and we sold the cottage to a priest. This seemed to settle the area down as the neighbours hesitated to act toward the priest as they had to the previous two owners.

A few miles further down the road, on a point of land at Dorothy Lake we went in to look at a cottage for sale. There were two waterfront cottages on the point and the owner of the cottage that was not advertised told me that he would sell his place to me if I preferred it to the one I had come to see. We bought it and had many happy years there with our family.

My family all learned to water-ski at Eleanor and Dorothy Lakes before we left and I once had all three of my children and my wife up at one time behind our hard working little 40-horsepower Mercury motor.

The first time my wife went water-skiing she got to the end of the dock, with her skiis on ready to start, when she decided that she might lose her diamond ring in a fall. She called a young girl out on the dock and gave her the ring to carry back to the safety of shore and the group of adults watching. Unfortunately the young lady dropped the ring through the cracks in the dock into several feet of water before she reached shore. Everyone was pretty unhappy - especially my wife and the mother of the tearful young lady. A number of us searched through the cracks in the dock, but the diamond was not to be found.

At dawn the next morning the young girl's mother got up and went down to the dock for another look in the mirror calm, sunlit early morning water. Under these perfect conditions she spotted a slight sparkle in the water and carefully retrieved the lost diamond. So at least that part of our time at Eleanor had a happy ending.

Eventually our children developed interests in Winnipeg and, rather than fight them to come to the lake with us, we sold the cottage about 1970 to Forrest Hetland and family and built an indoor

swimming pool into our new house on the Red River. Our children then did their water-skiing on the river, showered well and swam in the pool. We moved our lake to the city.

DOROTHY LAKE
"A YEAR IN THE WHITESHELL - 1963"
"BACK OF THE MOON" COTTAGE

By Ruth E. Galbraith

January 5, 1963 — To "Back o' the Moon," where all was cold and peaceful and all was well. We had a real Christmas dinner at the Midwest Restaurant in Beausejour on our way home. The snow was soft and the temperature had risen to 30 degrees above.

March 24, 1963 — The wind was "Chinook" across Dorothy Lake; water dripped from the roof. We walked along our road and smelled the breeze. Men were in ice fishing and a crow or two waited and hoped with them. We enjoyed our homeward ride in the spring stillness, before the summer "rush rushes."

April 13, 1963 — Such a glorious liberation from winter and staying home weekends! More crows and some hawks. Funny how charming crows and hawks are in April!

May 4, 1963 — We moved in a few of our winter stored things. The weather was delightful and the lake "crystal." We came home through the Agassiz Forest Reserve, via Elmo. It was hard to believe that just a few miles to the west is a big city.

May 10, 1963 — Such glorious reflections in Dorothy! It was as if the lake was upside down. Familiar bird calls sounded, but our eave swallows have not returned after three years of nesting. Have they sought a new nest or have their little bodies gone back to whence they came?

May 17, 1963 — The night was cold in spite of roaring fires and electric heating pads, and what a morning we awoke to behold! The lake was fierce with whipping wind and foam-capped waves. Heavy clouds hung threateningly over all; a cold, hail-like nip was in the temperature. Later, snowy sleet began to fall, and for the rest of the day we were gloomy and shivery. There was not the faintest glimmer of the sun, and all of a sudden the daylight began to fade. Smoke puffed from chimneys, lights gleamed, disappointed fishermen were forced to go to bed without being able to tell about the "big one." We would not miss a weekend at Dorothy like this one for anything. We looked forward to really appreciating the sun. And what glorious breakfasts we have in the "Moon" on cold mornings! Why is it that bacon is always tangier, toast is always crunchier, jam is always sweeter, coffee is always hotter down at the lake? When we reached home the humming of the burner in the basement was a cheery sound as I unlocked the door. But the fresh air of the Whiteshell had done, as usual, its good work . . . We were feeling great!

June 1, 1963 — Beans, our cat, and Boston, our dog, smelled sweet and mysterious things and eyed strange sights. Our picture of the foothills of the Rockies pulls at my heart strings, even down at Dorothy. So much of the past is painted into that picture . . . stooks of grain and small clumps of trees! We love our soft water . . . dishes wash so easily in it. We like dipping from our water tank. After all, we turn taps at home. A blue violet is blooming in the wee dug out patch.

June 7, 1963 — June is "bustling out all over." Wild roses are blooming in front of the cottage. Blake caught a fish just around the bend. One tastes as good as two, and gets as golden brown, fried in corn oil. Birds are eyeing our night-light box. If we don't hurry with the bulb, the wrens will beat us to it.

June 14, 1963 — "Sunshine is stealing over woods, over dale, over forest and flowers today," and how we do appreciate it! We boated to Barrier Bay and over to the north shore to take pictures to project on dull winter evenings. We climbed our favorite hill and gazed down at what we call Manitoba's version of Howe Sound, Vancouver. I even took a picture of my old purple sneakers all by themselves, in recognition of their service as climbers. In the channel I took a picture of Blake guiding "Star" proudly across the current. I thought of his grandfather, Captain Ellis, who paddled through the channel with the men who came from the East to bring peace to Red River. What stories the Winnipeg River could tell!

June 21, 1963 — Wild flowers are at their best this summer. We have seen, since early spring, marigolds, coltsfoot, columbine, violets, purple vetch, roses, honeysuckle, and pincherry, blueberry, chokecherry, saskatoon, strawberry and bunchberry blossoms. How glorious was Manitoba's gift from Nature!

July 19, 1963 — Away to Dorothy with our visiting niece and nephew, Ruthie, Bob, for short. Everybody had a boat ride and a swim and everybody had a good sleep, except Auntie, who enjoyed the night noises. Night noises are fascinating . . . the loon's call, honking horns, mysterious sound and finally, the sweet wake-up songs of the birds.

July 27, 1963 — We took our annual ride around the lakes and on to Kenora, and home via Falcon Lake.

September 14, 1963 — My, how our English cousin Grace liked Dorothy!

September 21, 1963 — To Dorothy for the day . . . A long woods walk in golden sunshine . . . vegetables from a roadside stand.

October 26, 1963 — All was cool and crisp, but Dorothy was beautiful as she dreamed of summers past and future, and reserved her welcome for tired

city dwellers who would come again for her refreshment.

Published by *The Whiteshell Echo* 1964

The name of our cottage was changed from "Back of the Moon" to "Stoneflower" in 1966 in memory of our little Boston Terrier who was strong as a stone and gentle as a flower.

DOROTHY LAKE PINEWOOD LODGE BUILT BY MASSID HADDAD

I was born in Winnipeg in 1896. My father, Matthew, was born in 1860 in Lebanon and married my mother, Martha, in Brooklyn, New York. They went to Peterborough, Ont. where my brother was born. They came to Winnipeg about 1895.

My wife, Alice Anne, was born in Wales in 1901. Her family were booked to come to Canada on the Titanic. However, her mother was pregnant at the time and the doctor suggested that they take the next ship, and for that we are grateful. Her father was an electrical foreman for Dominion Bridge. Alice and I were married in 1920.

From 1920 to 1925 I rented space for a grocery store at the corner of Graham and Smith Streets where the present Winnipeg Post Office is located. In 1925 I moved to the corner of Corydon and Daly where we remained until 1948. I thought that I would retire, however, I only had $15,000 which wasn't much money. I was doing odd jobs and wondering what I could do for the next few years. Alice and I both loved the out-of-doors. I guess we heard about the Whiteshell area. I bought a boat and motor during the flood of 1950, and I talked to the Ranger at Seven Sisters. As a result of our conversaton we drove to Seven Sisters and put our boat and motor into the water at Caribou Creek. We went up the creek to Dorothy Lake where we met the ranger. He showed us a location between Otter Falls and Barrier Bay about 15 miles east of Seven Sisters. This piece of land was about 900 feet of lakefront and back up on the rocks about 900 feet. We didn't have to pay anything for the leased land, just the yearly taxes. Here we decided to have our lodge built.

We hired contractors to build a store, with a two-bedroom living quarters, an ice house, a work shop and eight cabins. Most of the lumber was pre-cut in the lumber yard in Winnipeg and taken to the lot in the winter when the ground was frozen. A man wired the cabins and we used a gas-lighting system until the province put in the hydro and phone in about 1954.

While the building was being done I was working at Cassidy Ltd. packing dishes. One day the sales manager and I were talking and he told me about a golfing trip he'd been on and he mentioned the word "Pinewood." I said to myself, "Pinewood Lodge," that's what I'll name our place and it is still called that today.

With my $15,000 I was able to build all I wanted for the lodge and pay for it. Alice and I ran the lodge from 1950 to 1959. Our two grandsons, Douglas and Ron often came to help and some good summers we had to hire the odd person. We didn't make any money running the business but those years were some of the happiest in our life.

PINEWOOD LODGE

DOROTHY LAKE

SEVEN SISTERS P.O., Manitoba, Canada

Pinewood Lodge is situated 15 miles East of Seven Sisters in the Whiteshell Forest Reserve. All weather gravel roads.

Housekeeping Cabins with Electricity — Accommodations, 2 to 6 persons per cabin.

2 Room Cabins — $4.00 per day; $20.00 per week
3 Room Cabins — $5.00 per day; $25.00 per week

Boats—Per hour 50c; per day $2.00, $3.00, $4.00; Per week $5.00, $7.00, $10.00.

Motors—Per hour $1.00; per day $3.00, $5.00 —

Ask about special monthly rates on cabins, boats and motors.

A GENERAL STORE ON THE GROUNDS
Groceries — Gas — Oil — Tackle

From METROPOLITAN WINNIPEG a two-hour drive takes the holiday traveller into a rugged setting of forest, lakes and woodland streams — the Whiteshell Forest Reserve. Sandy shores of lakes accessible by car and bus.
FOR THE SPORTSMAN who thinks the only ideal holiday is a couple of weeks of fishing, the Whiteshell has all the answers. There's lake trout, walleye, bass, northern pike, mooneye, goldeye and rainbow trout. The fish are firm, frisky and come out fighting when they're hooked by an eager angler.
In the beauty of the Whiteshell deer, beaver, muskrat, fox, moose, ducks and geese can always be found.

Your Host and Hostess — MASS and ALICE HADDAD

Winnipeg Address: 465 Centennial St., Winnipeg 9, Manitoba, Canada
Phones: 40-6449 — 40-3869

Now for a few stories of those years

One day we rented out a boat to four men who crossed the lake to fish. The winds got up and the lake became very rough. I sent my son-in-law Gordon Cassie with the big Peterborough outboard to pick them up. He approached the men and said that he would take them back across the lake to the lodge. He handed each man a life jacket. At first they refused but Gordon insisted they couldn't get into the boat without one. Part way back a sudden squall hit the boat, upsetting and spilling them all overboard. Gordon yelled at them to hang onto the boat and to each other. Meanwhile we sent out some other

Americans in a big boat and all were safely brought to shore. This was as close as we ever got to a fatality while we had Pinewood Lodge.

One night I returned late from Seven Sisters and found Alice already in bed. About the same time she heard some heavy breathing and at first she thought it was me. I went to the open window which overlooked a kind of a porch where we kept empty pop bottles and other things. I looked out to see a big black bear standing on his hind feed and scraping at the screen with his front paws. I said, "Boo," and the bear walked slowly away.

Another evening our grandson, Douglas Cassie, had gone down the road to play with a friend. It was dark when he started home down the road. Suddenly he ran smack into a bear. He said, "Excuse me," and ran back to his friend's house. They drove him home.

One evening I was working out back when I heard a noise coming from the front of the lodge and I realized someone had hit one of our flower planters. I came around the store to see an American car taking off down the road to Nutimik. I jumped into our car and took off after them. When I caught up to them I could see they were very drunk. I told them I knew they had hit my flower planter and I wanted $25 damages and if they didn't give it to me I would notify the police. I got my money.

About the winter of 1955 Alice and I spent some time near Palm Springs. We met and talked to a lot of Americans who also were camping there. Naturally we said that if ever they were in the Whiteshell area to come and see us. One day the next summer two huge American motor homes stopped out front. When they got out one man said to me, "Any fish?" I said, "Sure, lots." I took them down to the lake, baited a hook and threw it into the water. Immediately I got a strike - a big jack fish. It sure surprised them and I guess me, too!

At first the road into Pinewood Lodge and on was very bad and in wet weather a real mud hole. Usually we had to leave the car at Caribou Creek. The Kondratuk's at Otter Falls and ourselves got stuck so many times we even thought of giving up our businesses. The government didn't want that to happen and so a better gravelled road was built and the pavement came in 1959.

Alice and I worked hard those nine years trying to make ends meet. We had to work long hours and have the store open from 8:00 a.m. to 9:00 or 11:00 p.m. We sent the laundry in to Winnipeg once a week. Our groceries also came out once a week from George McLean Wholesale. We had no gas pumps but did keep gas on hand for motors. The barrels of gas usually came from Whitemouth.

By 1959 we were getting too old to run such a demanding business and so we sold to Bill Lillies.

Mass and Alice Haddad - late 1950s

He built a stable and a dance hall.

All those nine years we spent the summer at Dorothy Lake and in the winter I acted as purchasing agent for the Winnipeg Winter Club for 15 years.

In 1968 when I was 72, Alice and I went to Vancouver for 18 months. While there I took about 20 oil painting lessons. I painted many pictures which I gave to friends and relatives in California, Vancouver and Winnipeg.

Alice died in 1985 after we had been married for 65 years.

Pinewood Lodge, Dorothy Lake

Pinewood Lodge, Dorothy Lake

Pinewood Lodge, Dorothy Lake

Pinewood Lodge, Dorothy Lake

DOROTHY LAKE
PINEWOOD LODGE
HARVEY AND MARY CARON
By Mary

Harvey and I purchased Pinewood Lodge from Mr. and Mrs. Bill Lillies in the spring of 1969. This was a very new venture for us. Prior to this, we had never heard of the Whiteshell Provincial Park. We thought we'd probably stay for a few years and then move on. Twenty-one years later, we're still here. At the time, we had three young children: Robert, David and Deanne. Patty was born the following year.

We had cabins, boats and motors, a store, a riding stable and a small restaurant. When the children were young, we had hired help but later on everyone pitched in and did their share. We spent summers at Dorothy Lake and winters at Seven Sisters. In 1979 we moved to the lake permanently. Our living quarters were rather small so we closed the restaurant and it became our living room. A school bus picked the children up and transported them to Whitemouth School. (They would enjoy the bus ride this fall, 1990, because the road has been resurfaced up to our place.) At one time there were approximately 20 students on this bus.

The children were growing up and leaving home one by one. In 1982, David who had taken over the horse riding duties from his brother Robert, completed Grade 12 and went on to University. That year we decided to close the riding stables.

All the children have left home now. We are back to running the place ourselves with hired help. They all look forward to coming home on weekends and holidays.

In 21 years there are many fish stories, bear stories, children's stories to tell but one that always comes to mind is the day that we "drowned" our Ford Country Squire. It was a beautiful day and everyone wanted to go water-skiing. Harvey hitched the boat to the car, took it down to the lake, backed it in, put the car in park and went to get something off the dock. When he looked back, the car was well on its way into the lake. The only part that could be seen were the roof-top carriers. Luckily one of our guests had a four by four and was able to pull it out quite easily. We managed to dry it out and get it running. It purred like a kitten (well almost!). It had slipped out of park. We were very careful after that incident.

Over the years we have met many wonderful people; some have come to be very close and dear friends. It has also been a lot of hard work!

DOROTHY LAKE
LOT 5A, BLOCK 3
FORREST AND DORIS HETLAND
By Doris

When we moved from our farm in Saskatchewan to Winnipeg in 1971 our first roots were established at Dorothy Lake. Our friends had introduced Forrest to this area in May of 1971 and when he showed us the park we were all equally impressed. We thought it had everything we wanted and so we bought it from Don and Vivian Fonger before we had even bought a house!

Our early memories of the cottage revolved around the activities of our teenage children and their friends. The weekends were exciting with swimming, boating, canoeing, windsurfing and volleyball games in the yard. When friends and families came to visit from Saskatchewan we had Manitoba play against a Saskatchewan team in some vicious games.

Forrest's involvement in the International Grain Trade brought us many weekend guests from China, Japan, Ethiopia, Australia and Europe. They were all impressed with the beautiful lakes, the clean air and peaceful surroundings, and especially the sunsets. We enjoyed all those people and often their culinary skills as well.

Our cottage has given us the opportunity to meet and enjoy some now long time friendships such as our neighbours, Kay and Ev Kullman. Forrest and Roy have spent many hours fishing and smoking

Forrest and Roy with a friend from Hong Kong with their smoked goldeye.

goldeyes, cutting down trees, repairing and many weekend projects. One particular memorable experience happened during an afternoon of smoking goldeye. The men were waiting for a batch to finish when Forrest pointed to the sky and said, "Look at that bald eagle." Roy replied, "Never mind about the eagle, there is a black bear coming out of the bush behind you!"

I recall another time when we were finishing breakfast at the kitchen table and suddenly a huge buck jumped from the woods behind the cottage and went straight for the lake where he walked in and swam to the other side. Hummingbirds are also a source of entertainment for us.

Now our children, Betty Jane and Ken and their daughter Brenna; Bill and Lori married at Dorothy Lake and their children Carli, Gina and Brett; Barbara and Bob and their children Erik and Jana come to the lake to enjoy the sandy beach and the playhouse at the front of the cottage.

Hetland - Clark wedding at the lake - 1981

DOROTHY LAKE
LOT 10, BLOCK 2
NICK AND MILLI KAMENEV
By Milli

Both Nick and my families came to Canada from Germany in 1948. As young people in Russia we were forcibly taken by train to Germany during the war. Nick spent eight years in a concentration camp. We met in Winnipeg and on our first date Nick proposed to me. We were married a month later.

Nick had discovered the Whiteshell from fishing trips to Dorothy Lake with his fellow workers. He was a tool and dye maker at Bristol Aerospace. After the big flood in 1950 we answered an ad in the paper for a cottage and Nick sent me to see the McIntosh's with the $35 deposit. A few days later we went to see our new property.

We found a mess of destruction from the high water but the beautiful location was what we wanted. The previous owners had no children and the place didn't look as if it had been used much. Mr. McIntosh must have worked for Westeel as there were many boxes and packs of nails and braces.

Nick and I and our two children Helen and Eugene decided to make a "firm" foundation and we worked around the initial shell of a cottage to build what we have now. I still have my old hatchet I used to clear the land. I demolished the boathouse by myself and got rid of the lumber.

We always had a cat and I'll never forget the day the cat chased a bear up a tree. I remember the garter snakes and other animals and even a pet raccoon.

I have a degree in music and every spring I would partially dismantle my piano and take it to the cottage to enjoy during the summer and bring it back to the city in the fall.

Nick was a very sociable person and he loved to give advice. The neighboring cottagers also loved to hear Nick's stories. Our neighbor, Al Church, all in fun, nick-named Nick, "The technical genius of Dorothy Lake." Also Nick was a lover and defender of all wildlife. Nick died in 1977.

I still love to go to the cottage and do what repair work I can using Nick's old tools. Helen and her three boys, Danny, Paul and Michael and Eugene and Ruth and their children Nicki and Alysson come to the cottage every summer.

DOROTHY LAKE
LOT 1 GOLDEN ACRES PLACE
JOE AND PAT JOHANNESSON

1950 — Our first camping trip was in the back of a half-ton pickup truck. It was primitive, but we discovered the Whiteshell this way and fell in love with it.

1958 — With a proper trailer to live in we returned to Otter Falls camping on a seasonal permit and began many years of re-visiting this primitive beauty of a place. With the addition of a boat and motor we soon covered the lakes and bayous from Seven Sisters to Nutimik.

We also enjoyed the fellowship of many like - minded campers and boaters. These were good days; the fish were plentiful and waterways were pristine.

1965-1968 — We moved our trailer to a new woods campsite in Dorothy Lake Trailer Park village on a seasonal basis. Here we had use of Mile 14 Beach on Dorothy Lake. We had many old friends here from Otter Falls campsite.

Otter Falls Camp was no longer seasonal.

1968-1970 — We relocated our trailer at Jack Sieg's Golden Acre on Dorothy Lake. This was private land which Jack Sieg bought from the Hudson's Bay Company. He also kept the area in a park-like state. It was a very pleasant location, with a store for staple groceries, confections, etc.

1970 — We purchased a cottage on part of Mr. Sieg's land known as Golden Acres Place. This is a point of land jutting into Dorothy Lake Narrows and had a nine-lot layout in a circular pattern with central access road. All are waterfront lots.

We have been here to this day and have enjoyed all the comforts of a second home.

DOROTHY LAKE
LOT 30, BLOCK 2
WILLIAM AND MARY KNAPP
By Mary

Bill was born at Whitemouth and spent his early years there. This area was home to him and he loved fishing. Being hairdressers in the 1950s we only had Saturday afternoon and Sundays off. We often visited Bill's mother at Seven Sisters and often had picnicked at Otter Falls. We knew White Lake had opened for cottages and we decided to get a cottage within driving distance of Winnipeg, so we could go down one day and back the next.

In 1953 when our younger daughter, Linda, was three or four we looked for a waterfront cottage with a safe beach for her to play. We applied and got Lot 30, Block 2 at Dorothy Lake. Bill rented a cabin weekends from Mass Haddad at the Pinewood Lodge while Bill built our place.

A good neighbor, Marion McIvor, usually greeted us when we arrived on Saturday afternoon with an invitation to go in for tea and a visit. Oddly enough 35 years later, Marion still remembers my special "Whiteshell Meal" I made for her family.

In the 1950s my sister-in-law and her husband came out to visit us. Drinks were served. Someone alerted the area that there was a mother bear and her two cubs approaching our yard. I called Linda in from play. My brother-in-law, drink in hand went out into the yard for a closer view of the wild company. Mother bear put her two cubs up the tree and then she also climbed into the branches. Stanley went to the bottom of the tree and fearlessly looked up at the three black animals. By this time people had congregated and cars had stopped to see the sight. Eventually the mother and cubs climbed down and ambled away.

This was just one of the animal stories we experienced over the years. Bill would often put a piece of bread in his back pocket and I've seen him climbing a ladder and a squirrel ran up his back and stole the bread. Bill taught Linda how to lie perfectly still with a piece of bread in her hand and a Canada Jay would come and take the bread. Also the squirrels became very tame and a cheeky little fellow got so bold, as soon as we arrived at the cottage he was right there asking for a handout. Linda claimed him as her own special pet and named it "Suzy." One day we heard her talking and went out to see her having a conversation with Suzy saying, "Are you mad at me Suzy? Why won't you take this nice bread?" The squirrel would come just a few inches from her hand and chatter at her for all it was worth.

I recall one fall there were many deer in the area, so one evening we went "deer watching" as we called it. We drove as far as the Museum at Nutimik. We had a flashlight in the car and Bill drove slowly and every so often Linda would direct the light to the side of the road and it would reflect the deer eyes. We counted 14 deer between our place and Nutimik. What a thrill! There was so little traffic then the deer had no reason to be frightened and they would just lie there like cows. Those are the memories I treasure.

I recall when a groundhog hid under a bush in the yard and our dog "Blackie" barked and barked at it until he was hoarse. Finally, Bill threw a pail of water over the two of them and that ended the noise.

The chipmunks loved to eat the marigolds.

One of the worst memories of the Whiteshell was the day I went picking red mushrooms and I got lost! My hubby went fishing after supper and I decided to go down the old riding academy trail, no longer used, and pick mushrooms. I hadn't counted on the trail having grown up so thickly and I soon realized that I was lost. I said to myself, "Don't panic," but a force inside me told me to keep going. I was driven on and into a swamp. I would trip and fall and get up and race on through the thick bush. Finally as it was getting dark I heard a dog bark and I headed for the sound. I came out at Highway 307 and then I knew my way home even though it was 11 o'clock and quite dark. Meanwhile Bill came in from fishing and seeing I'd not returned he called the Mount-

Bill receiving a sleeping bag as a prize at the fishing derby.

ed Police. The police and I arrived home about the same time. Later Bill asked me if I'd thrown the mushrooms away and I said, "No." Next day I was bruised and sore.

In the early days at the cottage I'd often take baskets of laundry to iron to the cottage. While Bill fished I'd iron in the clean air of the cottage.

The sunsets looking across Dorothy Lake are too beautiful to describe. It really makes you feel close to God.

Our cottage was a retreat from the pressures of business and the busy city. You always came back to the city refreshed and ready to go for another week.

When our cottage got to the stage where we could stay there we sometimes spent an evening with our neighbors, the J.B. Demetriofs and their two youngsters, Melvin and Marilyn. A small bonfire was built on the beach for the children to roast marshmallows and we'd have a singsong. Sometimes the girls put on an amateur show and we had many chuckles. By time the evening was over the girls, especially Linda, had more marshmallows in her hair and on her clothes than in her stomach.

Our elder daughter, Evelyn, was in her 20s when we first went to Dorothy Lake. She came down as much as she could and helped with the building. One weekend she brought an artist friend and they sat on a rock painting the beautiful scenery. I still cherish the picture Evelyn did for me of the view across the Lake. Evelyn graduated from the school of social work and then went out into the work field. A couple of years later she moved to Vancouver and then to Toronto where she still lives.

There have been many changes and improvements in the Whiteshell since then but those early days were good days. We worked hard but we enjoyed every minute.

My hubby died in 1979 but I still go down to the cottage.

DOROTHY LAKE
LOT 24, BLOCK 2
ED AND EILEEN LAIDLER
By Eileen

In the late 1940s we used to play cribbage with two other couples, Jim and Poppy Williamson and Johnny and Arlee Queau. One evening in 1948 when we were playing, someone said that they had heard that the government was opening up lots in the Whiteshell. The three couples decided they would all get cottages and help each other build. We were able to get lumber from a sawmill in River Hills and we paid the man when we could.

There was no road to our lots, only a trail. We had to cut down trees and move rocks. A big strong young man named Peter Dyck helped us to build a ramp out of logs and no nails. It lasted for years.

One of the biggest problems at first, was the poor road through River Hills and into the park. If it even looked like it might rain, everyone packed up and headed out of the park. Often 40 or 50 cars would be in the line-up and if anyone got stuck, the others helped them. The steep hill near River Hills was dangerous too.

I remember us visiting Eileen's mother in Ontario who owned a small old farm. She gave us old kerosene lamps to use, patchwork quilts and other camping things.

We all had a great time and lots of parties over the years. I remember H.B. Kerby, two doors from us, who nick-named his place 'Rum Haven.' He would be over visiting Jim and sometime after midnight they would stop and sing under our bedroom window.

Arlee and Johnny moved to Wobagoon, Ont.

Our daughter Sharon, her son Michael, his daughter Cassandra and son Aaron, make four generations of Laidlers who enjoy Dorothy Lake.

Ed and Eileen Laidler - 1970

DOROTHY LAKE
LOT 21, BLOCK 2
LA TALL PINES
JOSH AND DOROTHY LANGTON
By Josh

The road into Seven Sisters went in at Zeig's corner store (building still there), then north along the Winnipeg River to River Hill's bridge, across the bridge to the top of the hill. At the small store and church, we turned north again to the town of Seven Sisters, once known as "Tin Town."

There was no No. 11 or 307 as it is now known.

I don't suppose there are many people that can remember the lumber mill that used to be just east of the Seven Sisters dam. I believe there is 37 feet of water covering the location now.

The road was passable, but just.

We had heard of a new section opening at Dorothy Lake and in the summer of 1949, we went in and searched out a lot, one of 26 in the development. I had hunted ducks, geese and deer there, so was well acquainted with the area. We looked over the available lots and chose Lot 21, Block 2, Dorothy Lake, because we liked the approach to the water. There were many, many rocks, large and small with which we built a sea wall to stop the erosion of the bank.

That fall we cut the trees to make room for the cottage and put in the concrete footings. During the following winter we built the walls, in sections that bolted together. This was done in our yard at Bird's Hill. In the spring of 1950, as soon as the snow was gone, we went down to the lake and put the floor down, hoping to arrive before the frost came out, but the sun beat us to it. Just east of Otter Falls we got stuck on the hill. We had to cut spruce trees to get boughs to pack under the wheels to get up the grade. (Quite a chore) but finally got up the hill with no more problems, and finally we arrived at the lot. After a great deal of maneuvering we had the truck backed up to the floor of what was to be the cabin.

We immediately set about putting the walls up and very soon had the shell of the cabin in place, also the roof. The ranger went by about 4 o'clock in the afternoon and couldn't believe we had installed the building in that short of a time.

We now had a shelter to go to, so were able to go down on weekends. That summer we had continual rain and as soon as a black cloud showed up, everyone headed for home. Some of the cars would slide off the road and the men in the ones behind would roll up their pants and get the cars back on the road. The road No. 1 east, was bumper to bumper all the way home. We were always glad to arrive home in one piece.

Needless to say, it took a number of years to complete the cabin and as time went on, the roads improved, the power came in (what a blessing). We now could use the electric winch to move the rocks to stop the erosion of the bank. Seventeen years later, we decided to build a boathouse. The second year our second boy, Glen, and his aunts painted the boathouse and since the loons like our bay they decided to paint loons on the one side. They were done in oil paint and even when the boathouse was repainted several times the loons showed through, three dimensional.

By this time the children were interested in waterskiing so we bought a large boat and they and their friends had a ball.

Betty, our youngest, was frying bacon and eggs for supper and a bear about two years old stood up at the screen. She called out to me and I pushed the screen door open and pushed it off the steps which were about five feet from the ground. The neighbors were loading up to head home, had the car door open and partly loaded and the bear ran over and sat beside the car for quite some time. Needless to say, they stayed in the house until he ambled away.

After 40 years and three generations at the cabin, our three children, Jim, Glen and Betty and five grandchildren, we now drive in on a beautifully paved road, with shoulders nicely trimmed, far exceeding anything we ever expected.

DOROTHY LAKE
LOT 15, BLOCK 4
JOHN AND DOREEN OSLAND
By Doreen

Uncle Chris Thomson and his wife, Aunt May decided that they would like a cottage in the Whiteshell. When we heard lots were surveyed at Dorothy Lake my family accompanied them to select a lot. They chose Lot 15, placed the bid and it was accepted.

Construction started after clearing an appropriate place. The lumber, sand and gravel was transported down the lake from the Dorothy Lake Beach via a barge especially built and powered by a 12-horsepower motor. Later some of the lumber and supplies were hauled through the bush from Highway 307.

Uncle Chris was an ingenious fellow. He built the cottage and finished it inside and out so it was just "like a doll house." He built a stone fireplace and they made all the drapes.

The Thomson's didn't have any children of their own but they adopted our two girls Gail and Carol. For 27 years we all shared wonderful summers together at the lake. In 1982 Uncle Chris died and Aunt May sold the cottage to John and I. Our daugh-

Gail and Carol and their children - 1987

ter Gail and her husband Blake with their children Karen and Ross and our other daughter Carol and her husband Dale with their children Maureen, Scott, Kevin and Alison spend most of the summer enjoying the sandy beach, swimming and other water sports.

In 1986 an addition was added to accommodate the growing family and it is a meeting place for all our friends from many parts of Canada, U.S.A., Ireland, France and New Zealand.

DOROTHY LAKE
LOT 3A "BEAVERDELL"
ROBERTSON
By Ella

We frequently visited our good friends Alice and Mass Haddad at Pinewood Lodge. My husband decided that we just had to have a cottage of our own. In the early 1950s we were lucky enough to find a lot that had been overlooked. It was considered an isolated lot. As an isolated lot we had to build a bridge over quite a wide ditch and also had to build our own road. As some of the land was low it had to be corduroyed. Luckily there was a gravel pit across the highway so we had all the gravel we needed. The beaver had cut down a lot of trees around the lot that is why we chose the name "Beaverdell."

A good friend, Lorne Kirby helped my husband build the cottage and fireplace. Several times during construction the lake was high and flooded the road so the material had to be transported by boat from the highway. We got the stones for the fireplace wherever we could find them. It took a lot of stones. The fireplace was the divider between the kitchen and living room.

Mayor Steve Juba looked at the lot next to us but decided there would be too much work to clear the lot before a cottage could be built, so he went elsewhere. In the early 1960s the lot was leased by Earnie Malchuk. Th lot was 3A. The government built a new road in to the lots and it was a good thing as the road we built was falling apart. We also had electricity brought in. Ice was getting hard to come by for the icebox.

Ella and Bill Robertson on their 43rd anniversary celebrated at Beaverdell - 1975.

After my husband Bill passed away in 1978, I had to sell the cottage. I couldn't keep two places going. Gerry and Margaret Monaster bought my cottage. I know they will enjoy it as much as we did. It is a lovely spot.

DOROTHY LAKE
LOT 26, BLOCK 2
FINLEY AND KAY SCAIFE
By Kay

Finley and I bought this cottage from John and Arlie Queau who had built it in 1954. The Queaus had two children, Charlie and Peggie. We had two girls, Elizabeth and Barabara and later a son Robert. We now have a third generation as Elizabeth and her husband Jim have two children Karen and Robert.

The early days were times of cooking on the wood stove and getting ice blocks from Mr. Haddad at Pinewood Lodge.

As well as the swimming, boating and fishing offered by the Winnipeg River, we have enjoyed learning its history and finding arrowheads on the beach. We also like to identify and photograph wild flowers and birds, hobbies of the family over the years.

Speaking of birds, one incident the family remembers is when Finley was casting from the shore and he hooked a passing sea gull. The bird was gently reeled in and the hook released and thereafter he tipped his wings as he flew by.

Barbara, Liz, Kay and Robert Scaife - 1964

The last few years have been special, as Finley's retirement has allowed us to spend more time at the lake.

DOROTHY LAKE
LOT 5, BLOCK 2
JOHN J. AND MARION THOMAS
By John

I first went to the Whiteshell before the government even thought of opening it up for cottagers. My friends and I would travel down the gravel Highway No. 44 about 100 miles to a spot just past Hansons Creek, before the Bear Lake Camp (no longer there) was located and we'd walk the trail into Bear Lake. We would cross the railroad tracks, pass the log house on the Sorensons' homestead and in about another mile get to landlocked Bear Lake. Here the fishing for jack fish was extremely good. The fish were so big we'd fillet them and burn the carcasses on the shore. Whenever I think of those days I still smell the burning fish. We'd wrap them in wax paper (no Saran or foil in those days), put them in a gunnysack and throw them over our shoulders for the walk back to our car that we'd left in the Sorensons' yard.

Sometimes Mr. and Mrs. Sorenson would have us stay overnight and we slept in the old log cabin on bunks made of logs. The springs were made of rope and canvas sacking and the mattress was stuffed with straw. We'd often take down a bottle with us and share it with Mr. Sorenson who would join us at the log cabin. He and his dog would stay until the bottle was empty.

One time we had a dozen beer with us and we put half of them in the Sorensons' spring well to keep cold for our return trip home. We had just put them in the car after a hot day of fishing when Sorenson and a friend, all black and sweaty from fighting a forest fire, came along. We talked a moment and I said, "What would you give for a cold bottle of beer?" He said, "$100." I reached in and handed him a cold bottle of beer. They got down on their knees to thank me.

A year or so later we heard about a boat maker in Kenora who sold boats for $40. My three friends, a doctor, a dentist and an insurance agent and I put up $10. The one fellow went to Kenora for the boat and oars. We were so happy to have a boat. Other people were using Bear Lake so we chained the boat to a tree and put a padlock on it. Next week when we arrived we found someone had cut down the tree and our boat was gone. Later we found it on the other side of the lake.

We fished in different lakes. Before the coming of blacktop, we'd leave early in the morning to beat the traffic going east and leave early in the afternoon on a Sunday so as not to have to eat dust from the gravelled road returning.

I wanted a cabin of my own and a place to leave all my stuff. I'd heard that there were lots opening up in 1949. I went along some of the Forestry trails trying to find these on my own without success. Finally I went to the Forestry in Winnipeg and they showed me a map as to where exactly these lots were.

I had difficulty locating the lots until I talked to the ranger and he suggested I see the foreman of the work crew and ask him to let one of his men accompany me. We found a board on a tree that simply said, "No. 5." It was a city block from the roadway through heavy bush. When we got back to the roadway I stuffed some Kleenex into several trees along the route so as I would be able to find it myself next time.

Other people were also looking for lots. Four of us, Thompson Lot 3, Hendricks Lot 4, my brother-in-law Ivanhoe Lot 6 and us in Lot 5 decided to build together. It seemed like a good idea but in the end it didn't work out.

We set about to carry the building materials from the road to Thompson's place. We had to make cement pilings to build the cottage on. I borrowed a boat from Steve Kondratuk to get the bags of cement to the lot. We just used the gravel from the shoreline of the river. We made a mixing box out of two by fours and plywood (no cement mixers at that time). We'd mix the gravel, cement, and water by hand and wheel it to where we needed it in the wheelbarrow. One weekend we were working at this and there came a heavy mist. The men said, "John, I think we'd better get out of here now before the

road becomes impassable." We covered the mixing box with green evergreen bows, put the bags of cement on top, then more bows leaving an air space and then covered it all with a canvas tarp.

We got to Pinewood Lodge about 3:30 to find a dump truck and a car each with one person in the vehicle stuck in the mud. By the time we got them out and ourselves through, more cars had arrived so we helped each other until 8 o'clock when we all safely arrived at Otter Falls. I remember having to go to the river twice for water for our car radiator. Next weekend when we stopped at Kondratuk's at Otter Falls, Leda told us that if we had looked back down the road the week before we might have seen a woman and a child who were stranded overnight at the mud hole. Luckily it was summertime.

The Thompson cottage got built and then I inquired around for a carpenter. I found Eddie Romans and he put up my frame. While building we were able to use the Thompson cottage. One day Mass Haddad from Pinewood Lodge came to our place and asked "Who is doing all the hammering?" Mass said that he wanted to get someone to build a cabin or two for him on Lots A and B. When Eddie finished with our place he built the cabins for Mass.

Now for some other memories over the years

The Forestry put an access road to the right and left off Highway 307 to the lots in Block 2 at Dorothy Lake. There was one low spot at Lot 9 where the water always accumulated and it was hard to get through. By then I had a Peterborough fisherman's boat and I went across the lake and found four tarred planks four inches thick and 10 inches wide and 10 to 12 feet long, likely from some bridge work farther up the river. I dragged them back to the low spot. I needed some long spikes and I had trouble locating where to buy them, but eventually I did get some for about six cents each. I dug a trench across the road and built a wooden culvert which lasted over 18 years. Later the Forestry replaced it with two galvanized ones.

There was quite a thick forest of trees between the row of cottages and the highway and the children liked to play there. I got permission to clear the tangled dead underbrush and pile it on the road so the rehabilitation men could burn it in the winter. Now the children had more fun in the woods.

One day my son Jim and I were about to stop fishing and head for home. We were standing on the skid way off the dock and Jim begged for just one more cast. He did and he caught the biggest jack fish. I broke the handle off the net trying to land him. Then I grabbed a gaff and got it ashore. We put a wire through its mouth and gill, so we could take it to Otter Falls and have it weighed. It was 22¾ pounds and Jim wanted a picture of himself and the fish. People stopped on the road to see the large jack. It would have been a master angler's but there were no awards then, so we ate it.

In the early 1950s the Winnipeg River flooded and the road near the river was a sea of water. From "Checkpoint Charlie" (the Forestry shed) until high ground about a half mile beyond, the road was covered with muddy water. The Forestry put wooden stakes on either side of the roadway to mark the road. You could drive through this water, but when you did the car muffler was under water and it sounded like an outboard motor. If you once stopped the water would go up into the muffler and you'd never get started again.

The cottagers were told over CJOB radio station to go to Dorothy Lake via Rennie. This meant an extra 40 miles each way. I talked to Sommers the forestry man and he said that nothing could be done. I tried to get in touch with Gurney Evans, the Minister of Public Works, as by then the road in the park was under their jurisdiction. He didn't return my call. I got ahold of the directory of Public Works and I phoned the Deputy Minister. It turned out that he and I had worked together in the 1930s. I explained our road problem to him and suggested to him what could be done to improve the road. I said that we needed some heavy equipment machinery like a backhoe that could dig out the sponge rubber clay, bring in large boulders, put rough gravel with rock in it on top and pack it down to firm base. He asked me if I thought the machines could work from both sides of the troubled area and I was sure that they could. I couldn't believe my ears when he said that they'd start the next day! Two digging machines and 10 trucks got started the next day. Early Friday afternoon I arrived at the project site and talked to the foreman. He said that cars could get through and if there was any problem the machines would pull the vehicles through. I returned to Seven Sisters and telephoned my son to call CJOB and put it on the air that the road was now open via Seven Sisters. It was open after a fashion but the Ranger, Bruce Emes said that they needed 40 loads of gravel to complete the job. I hesitated for two days before I again called the Deputy Minister and stated the situation. They got the gravel.

The road was still not good by today's standards but it was gravelled and you didn't get stuck. Over time potholes developed and these were bothersome. I usually left Winnipeg early and it took me an hour and a half to get to Seven Sisters and another hour and a half to get to Dorothy Lake, because I carried a spade in the car and I'd stop at the potholes, fill them with gravel and pack it down. It made it easier for those who followed behind me.

Our son Bob moved to California in 1952 and I thought that was the end of the world and we'd never

see him again. About five years later Steve and Leda Kondratuk and the children made a trip to California and went to visit Bob and his family and took movies on their camera. After they returned Leda invited us for supper and to see the movies of our grandchildren picking oranges off the trees. I decided that California isn't the end of the world after all and we have made many trips over the years.

I used to buy peanuts by the bushel for about two or three dollars to feed the chipmunks and squirrels. The animals soon knew me and they would climb on my back or into my pockets.

One time my wife, Marion and I were at the lake and our son Jim and grandson David arrived for a visit. We had been enjoying some birds, likely chickadees and they were very tame. I told my son and grandson that when we sat outside the birds would land on my outstretched hand. They looked at each other in disbelief. Just then I said, "There's the bird now." I called and he came and sat on my hand. Then he flew away and it seemed he must have had a girlfriend for another bird came back and sat on my hand. "Now do you believe me?" I said.

Another time my grandson then about eight and I were watching two little grey birds trying to catch grasshoppers. The birds were too slow. I thought "How can we catch the grasshoppers? I know, put a cap over them as they land." David caught one under his hat and gave it to me. I held its wings a few moments and it sort of paralyzed it a little. I called the bird and at the same time I threw the grasshopper about five feet and the bird got it. We continued this proceedure for a while until Jim called for us to come to the boathouse and help him. A little while later David said, "Look who is here." It was the two little birds, they had followed us. David decided that if the birds were going to adopt us they should have names so we called them Peter and Paul.

In May 1990 Marion turned 87 years old and in September of 1990 we celebrated our 65th wedding anniversary.

DOROTHY LAKE
LOT 5, BLOCK 2
JIM AND DOREEN THOMAS
By Jim

My first remembrances of the Whiteshell are the fishing trips to Bear Lake with my dad John J. and a number of his friends. I was a preschool tyke and my dad carried me into the lake on his shoulders. I remember the 100-mile drive down old Highway No. 44. To get to the lake and have a day there, we had to leave the house before sunrise and in the rolling hills between Whitemouth and Rennie, we would often be driving in the fog especially at the bottom of each hill. In this area we would often count 100 or so deer at the side of the road. After we passed Rennie we would turn off the highway onto a farm trail, which left the highway between two white road markers exactly 100 miles from Winnipeg. Then we would cross the tracks and go into farmer Sorenson's yard. He and his family and his big friendly dog would usually meet us. From there, it was a mile or two walk to the lake. I remember the open meadows of tiger lilies; the swampy parts we had to go through in the spring; the final steep decent to the lake; and then the log we had to go over to get to a good solid fishing rock. When you slipped off the log you were in waist deep water. I remember the big jack fish that were hiding in the crevices in the rocks under the water and how we would entice them out to bite on our hooks. I also remember the garter snake that slithered between my feet as I was fishing. The final remembrance of these wonderful days is cooking our catch over an open fire on the rocks. This was the life!

From there, our fishing trips took us to Bird River (when the road was just a mining road and the ruts were a foot and a half deep); McArthur Falls; and both sides of the old Pinawa power plant. I remember one late fall day when it was already snowing and my uncle caught an 11½-pound pickerel off the island on the other side of the power plant.

Finally in 1948, when I was 14, we started going to Otter Falls and finally dad purchased Lot 5, Block 2, Dorothy Lake. This was two miles beyond the end of the finished road. A logging road continued but it was not drivable in the summer. The only way into our lot was by boat. We stayed at Steve Kondratuk's Otter Falls cabins and took the boat in from there. The next spring we took our lumber into the site by truck before the frost was out of the ground. The cottage was built during an 80°F heat wave in April. The last 40 years I've spent growing with the area. We went through floods, fires, times when animals were in abundance, the coal oil lamps, and some weekends when after a heavy rain, we were lucky to get out of there. One Sunday in particular, we had 21 cars and one truck in convoy and it took us five hours to drive the three miles from Pinewood Lodge to Otter Falls. There are many other Whiteshell stories that could be told, but I'll close with this thought, "We are who we are because of the environment we live in and the impact of others on our lives." For me, the Whiteshell and the people there have had a major impact on my development. I wouldn't have had it any other way.

Now our daughter Brenda and her husband Michael and their son Vincent; our daughter Janice and her husband Jon and their daughter Brittney and our son David are the third and fourth generations at our cottage.

DOROTHY LAKE
LOT 5, BLOCK 3
BERT AND CHARLOTTE WARREN
By Charlotte

The Warren cottage was built in partnership by Bert Warren and Ernie Goodison in 1954. Soon after it was erected Bert bought out Ernie's share when a death in the Goodison family made it necessary for Ernie to sell his interest in the cottage. However, he and his wife Marge often visited and enjoyed fishing on the lake until they moved to B.C. in the 1960s.

Bert loved the lake and the cottage. He often referred to Block 3 as "Bus Driver's Hill," as in the 1950s and 1960s there were six Winnipeg Transit men and their families on the hill — Ernie Hales, Keith Kraeling, Lloyd Whitcomb, Clarke Winters, Ernie Goodison and Bert.

The cottage roof often rang with laughter as friends, family and neighbors shared many afternoons and evenings just visiting or more often gathered around the table for a rousing game of cards.

Bert found the lake and cottage very peaceful and an ideal setting for recuperating from his many operations. He passed away in 1973.

Our son Jack and his wife Reta have three children. Darren and his wife Bev and their daughter, Kiera; Cindy and Hali. With all of these to enjoy the swimming, water-skiing and other things, yes, the cottage rafters still ring with laughter.

DOROTHY LAKE
LOT 6, BLOCK 3
LLOYD AND LOTTIE WHITCOMB
By Lottie

About 1950 we started going to the Hart Lakes and the Whiteshell area on fishing trips and picnics just for the day. At that time there was only mud roads and we often had mud up to the axles or pushed gravel with the bumper to get there. We always had to make sure there was a car ahead or behind in case of trouble.

A few years later we had a small trailer and with our two small daughters Louise and Loretta we parked at the Betula Trailer Park run by Jim and Laura Smith. There was a great community spirit there. Almost every night there would be an open fire and Lloyd would play the guitar and our girls and other campers would gather around for a singsong. It was great fun and great memories. We did this for five summers. Then my father who lived with us developed Alzheimer's disease and we felt we had to build a cottage to accommodate the whole family. Our location at Dorothy Lake soon was labelled "Bus Driver's Hill" because on both sides of us

1968 - Lloyd and Lottie getting goldeye ready for the smokehouse.

Winnipeg Transit Bus Drivers settled. Lloyd was a long time bus driver - 39 years! He knew all the fishing holes in the area and he even went sturgeon fishing near the falls one day and rescued a man who had been thrown from his boat. It is quite treacherous there.

We often had gatherings at our cottage of neighbors and friends enjoying smoked goldeye - expertly done by Lloyd in an old refrigerator behind the cottage.

Lloyd was nicknamed the "Whistler." You could hear him for miles around at the cottage and out on the lake fishing. His dog accompanied him. I was usually inside the cottage painting portraits and making decorative lamps of poured resin.

We saw a lot of wildlife in our area. We saw our first cougar at the creek close to the cottage. It had a long swishing tail with a black tip. We often heard timber wolves on the hill behind us. On one memorable trip we saw a bear, moose and a deer along the roadside. Often a black bear would come to the neighbor, Warrens, back door.

Lloyd was president of the Transit Game and Fish Association. In the early 1950s Lloyd got the present property for the Association through Bruce Emes, the Forest Ranger. The men found a small shack and hauled it to the property. Later an addition was added to become the beautiful place it is today.

We spent many lovely Christmas and New Years holidays at the cottage. Folks from Seven Sisters would come and help us shovel snow and we all enjoyed lots of singsongs and fellowship together.

In recent years our daughters with their families, Louise and Garry and their two daughters Leanna and Laura and Loretta and her husband Bill and

their sons Gregory and Daniel come to enjoy cottage life.

One of my most vivid memories was of us watching the Voyageur Group that crossed Canada by canoe in the Centennial Year, 1967, from our front window as they made their way through the Whiteshell up the Winnipeg River.

DOROTHY LAKE
LOT 25, BLOCK 2
JAMES, HELENA AND BARRIE WILLIAMSON

The Williamson tradition of going to the lake was started by James, Helena and Barrie. The lot was purchased in 1951. The road at that time came in from Seven Sisters Falls to Pinewood Lodge. When it rained you had to be pulled through mile 7 and 8 by tractor. The lot was cleared the next year and building started in 1953. The original cabin had three bedrooms.

By 1960 the third generation started when Barrie married Claudia and they had three children, Sandra, Jim and John. The cabin has since been expanded and a new kitchen, sunroom and deck were added. In 1984 an additional four bedrooms were built for the expanding family.

In 1988 the fourth generation was born with the arrival of Sandra's daughter Heather.

James passed away in 1988. It is interesting to note that he was the first person to drive road No. 307 from Seven Sisters to the town of Rennie. He followed the grader as it finished the road.

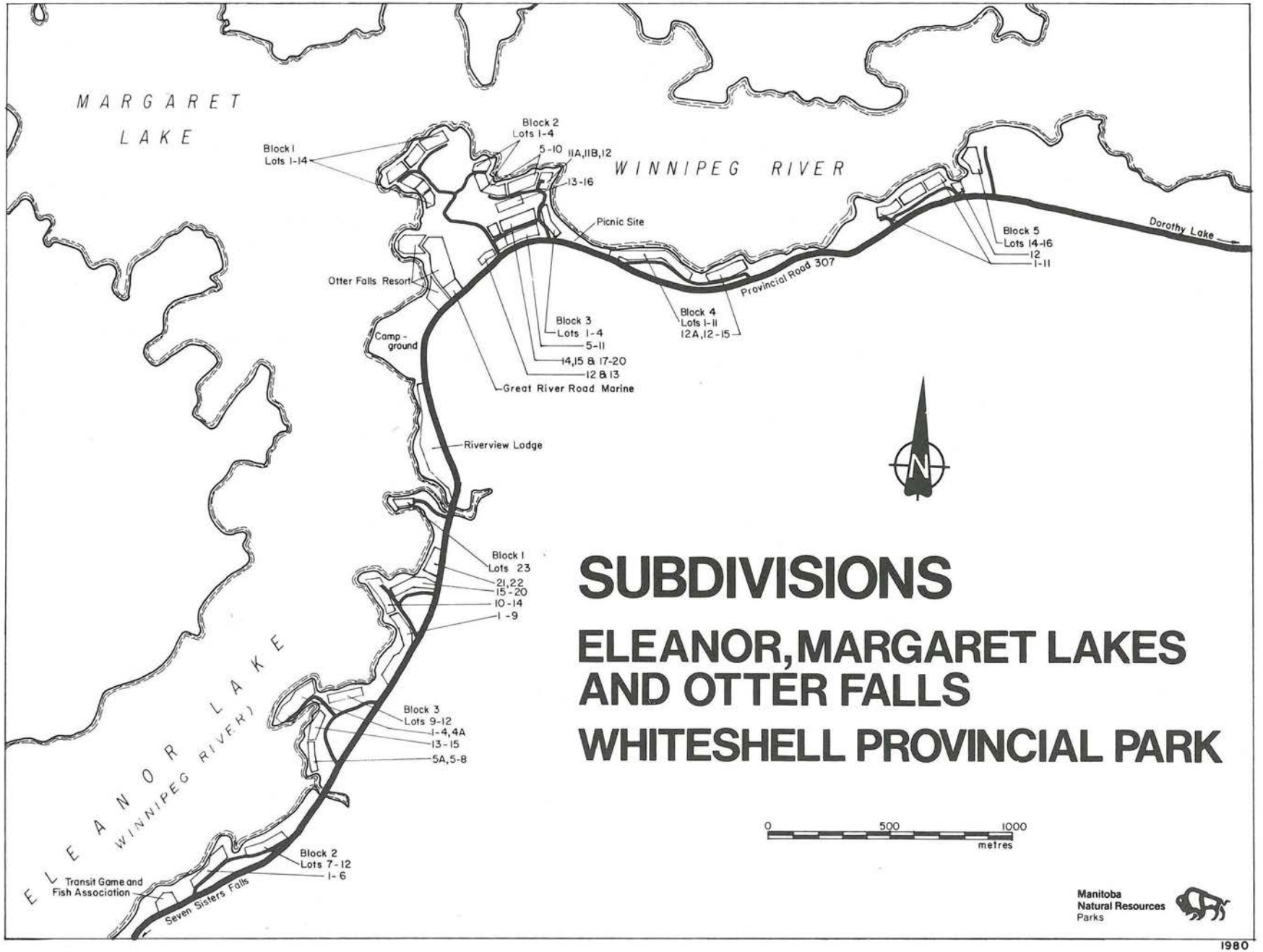
Whiteshell Echo, Fall 1984

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 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 forget 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.



SUBDIVISIONS

ELEANOR, MARGARET LAKES AND OTTER FALLS

WHITESHELL PROVINCIAL PARK

Otter Falls

OTTER FALLS

Otter Falls was originally called Nikikwanokus, a Cree name meaning otter-landing place.

OTTER FALLS
LOT 8, BLOCK 3
MARGARET LAKE
ERNEST AND AGGIE ABRAHAMS

Aggie and I were first introduced to the Whiteshell in 1957. My brother-in-law, Martin, wanted me to assist him in scrubbing the lot and constructing his cottage at Eleanor Lake.

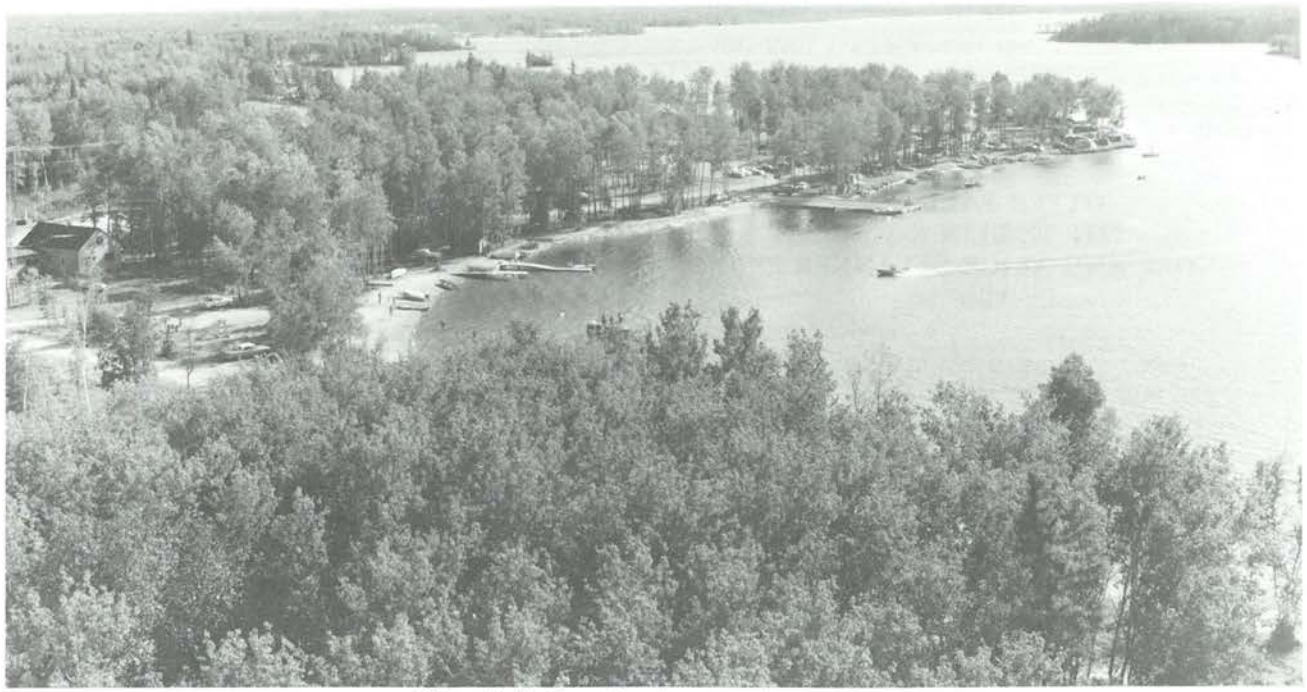
We started renting for weekends and holidays at Otter Falls in the early sixties. After we acquired a boat, it meant hauling it everywhere we went. Mrs. Kondratuk advised us to rent a cabin for the season. A cabin was about $189. a season at that time.

Our son, Art, learned to water-ski when he was just five years old which enticed a lot of youngsters to do the same. He and his friends still get together every summer for skiing.

We gave up renting for a year and tried camping

Lining up to get a campsite - 1957

Kondratuk kids hauling rocks for cottage owners.



Otter Falls from the tower - about 1964

Aggie, Ernie, Art, Krista and Chantel - 1988

and going to other places, like the Lee River. None were the same for fishing and other activities as Otter Falls, besides our youngsters, Art and Shirley, had grown up there and that's where their friends were.

We were fortunate to rent Cabin 18 from Kondratuks and we stayed there until 1980 when we purchased "The Farmer's" cottage, as the local people call it. We have done a lot of repairs and look forward to spending our retirement there with our children, Art, Shirley and her husband Les Hjorleifson and their children, Krista and Chantell. At 62 years of age, Ernie still water-skis.

OTTER FALLS
LOT 5, BLOCK 2
JOHN AND BRENDA BARBOUR

Ted and Ella Jaycocks built the original cottage. They were friends of the family and when they decided to sell, we bought it. We have added a large addition as our family has grown. We have four children. Heather married to Scott and they have two children, Sean and Courtney; Douglas; Glenn married to Paula and Cheryl.

OTTER FALLS
LOT 10, BLOCK 3
NOEL AND ALICE BELANGER
By Alice

Our cottage was constructed in 1964 by Gordon Brown and purchased by my husband Noel and I on June 1, 1966. We have four sons: Dennis, Noel, Gerry, Gilbert and two daughters, Noella and Eileen. After having tented for four years in a 12x12' tent, this was a dream come true. Landscaping the lot required a lot of work as many tree stumps had not been removed.

During the early years, it was a hangout for teenagers for blocks around. On September 15, 1971, a surprise birthday party was held at the cottage to honor the twins, Noel and Noella on their

Noel and Alice Belanger's 40th anniversary - 1988

21st birthday. It had been quite a chore to keep the two away all day while I prepared the food for the 25 guests.

Over the years, the cottage was always a place for enjoyment. A new generation of seven grandchildren now enjoy their visits to the lake.

On July 31, 1988, Noel and I celebrated our 40th wedding anniversary at the cottage. The front yard was covered with mobile homes, trailers and tents as 40 relatives, some from as far away as California, spent the whole weekend celebrating the occasion. This was a very memorable event in the life span of 25 years at Otter Falls.

Noel passed away in 1989 but he had been privileged to spend ten happy years in retirement at the place he dearly cherished. This cottage will always be considered the "home away from home" for the Belanger families.

OTTER FALLS
FORMERLY OF LOT 14, BLOCK 1
SHERMAN AND LILLIAN BLACK
"BLACK MAGIC"
By Sherman

I have distinct memories of the Whiteshell as far back as 1930. At the time, I was employed as a salesman of the Winnipeg Free Press, scouring the country for places to get more circulation and I ventured down a trail just past Rennie, enroute to Kenora on the old No. 4 Highway. Not far along that narrow road, after passing the main lines of the C.P.R. and C.N.R., I came to Brereton Lake. The picture in my mind is of one building. I don't recall if it had overnight accommodation or not but I could get something to eat. The shoreline was on the left and there was a lone picnic table. The lake was not clear but more like rainwater. I was told there was a fishing camp further up the road at White Lake but I didn't investigate.

In 1950, I was told that the Province was leasing out lots at Otter Falls. We went down one Sunday and picked Lot 14, Block 1. My friend, Jack Cummings, had Lot 12 and he wanted me to take Lot 13 but Lot 14, the last one before the falls, appealed

to us. We were there until 1978. We built according to the required plans. We put the footings in that fall and in the spring, we put a floor over the footings and beams 2x6'' planking. We nailed into 8x6'' to make a 40x30' impressive base. The locals coming into the store wanted to know if they were building a dance hall at the falls. We bought materials by the $100. as soon as we could accumulate that amount of money.

It would be easy to write a book about those years. We scarcely missed a weekend travelling the 75 miles over crowded roads. We left on Friday as soon as my conscience allowed me and during the building years, the car was always loaded down with equipment or furniture. Two precarious trips were when I had concrete blocks for the chimney on the top of the car and when we took down the refrigerator. We put up two tents at first, a bell tent for our two boys, Don and Alan, and a larger tent with a wooden floor for Mom and Pop. Mosquitoes were nightly pests and in between the sound of slapping could be heard, ''Got cha yu budgar''.

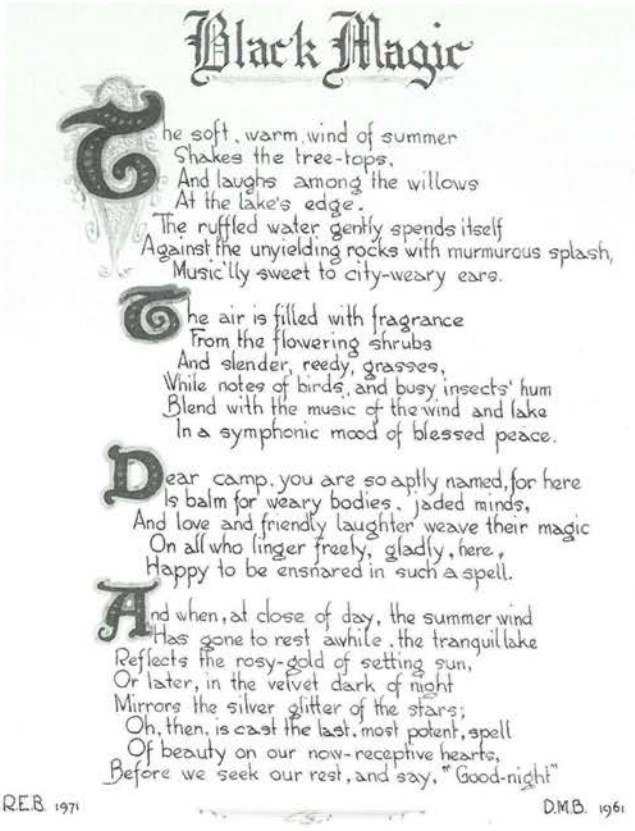
We hauled lots of gravel from a pit by the store. I can remember trying to handle a loaded wheelbarrow while Alan and Donny, 14 and 18 years of age, labored in the soft mud road, pulling on ropes attached to the front of the barrow. The five Kondratuk children would fill a ''flat bed'' wagon attached to a small tractor called a ''Mayrath''. We could hear the roar of the midget machine from afar and would be watching for it when it pulled into the yard, dripping gravel from a cart with no sides and watching as the crew jumped off and put their shovels to work.

In 1978, I was 76, and we were going to Sarasota, Florida every winter. The short period each spring and fall when we felt it was necessary to have lodging in Winnipeg seemed an unnecessary short period. We tried six months in the Whiteshell and six months in Florida but it didn't work out. We finally decided to sell the cottage and rented accommodation in Winnipeg year round.

I have missed the lake. The early morning ''skinny dips'', canoe trips, fine neighbors, wonderful nature. Where else could you watch a bug crawl out of the water and in the space of an hour transform itself into a beautiful butterfly? or lure a chipmunk into getting six acorns in his mouth before heading for the hole in the lawn to prepare for a long cold winter? or stand in the safety of the boat house door and watch a beautiful specimen of a wild cat as he sat on his haunches and watched the boats go up and down the lake.

We all enjoyed the cottage life and having lots of friends to share our enjoyment. Our two boys grew up and married. Don and his wife Evelyn and their son Tim live in Vancouver. Alan and his sons Kevin and Darryl are here in Winnipeg. Lillian died January 22, 1991.

The poem ''Black Magic'' was written by my sister-in-law, Doris on August 6, 1961 and artistically printed and framed by my brother Raymond. It has hung in our den ever since.



Black Magic

The soft, warm wind of summer
Shakes the tree-tops,
And laughs among the willows
At the lake's edge.
The ruffled water gently spends itself
Against the unyielding rocks with murmurous splash,
Music'lly sweet to city-weary ears.

The air is filled with fragrance
From the flowering shrubs
And slender, reedy, grasses,
While notes of birds, and busy insects' hum
Blend with the music of the wind and lake
In a symphonic mood of blessed peace.

Dear camp, you are so aptly named, for here
Is balm for weary bodies, jaded minds,
And love and friendly laughter weave their magic
On all who linger freely, gladly, here,
Happy to be ensnared in such a spell.

And when, at close of day, the summer wind
Has gone to rest awhile, the tranquil lake
Reflects the rosy-gold of setting sun,
Or later, in the velvet dark of night
Mirrors the silver glitter of the stars;
Oh, then, is cast the last, most potent, spell
Of beauty on our now-receptive hearts,
Before we seek our rest, and say, "Good-night"

R.E.B. 1971 D.M.B. 1961

OTTER FALLS
LOT 9, BLOCK 5
DAVE AND ANN COLLEN

We all know that the Whiteshell is one of the most beautiful places in North America. For most of your life, you dream of having a cabin anywhere and when you get a cabin in the Whiteshell, you can say your dream came true.

We camped in the Whiteshell for many years but the last years were spent in the Otter Falls Campground.

We would take the grandchildren on a drive to the dump to see the bears. Then we would drive around and see the cabins and dream some more. One day we decided to see if there were any cabins for sale. Who do you see? Well, Kay Burwell. Everybody sends you to see Kay. We looked at a few cabins but they were not for us. Finally one did come up and we made an offer and we waited and hoped that the bid would be accepted. What a disappointment when someone else put in a better bid. There goes our dream and what a letdown. We thought we would have to be content with camping. Next year while camping and fishing on the Winnipeg River, we saw Kay's place so we stopped to say, "hello". It was our lucky day! Kay told us about a place coming up shortly. We went back to the campground, got in our car and went to look at it in the next hour. This was our cottage we hoped. We gave Kay our offer and held our breath for a week for we knew what it was like to lose out on a bid. We finally heard that the place was ours. That was years ago.

Time goes by and we have enjoyed our cabin immensely.

OTTER FALLS
LOT 11, BLOCK 1
JIM AND ROSE COLLINS
DIJADA
By Rose

The road sign at the entrance to our driveway reads DIJADA, Block 1, Lot 11. We hung the sign in 1957 when we purchased the property. The name is a compilation of the names of our three children, Dianne, Jamie and Dawn.

Our family had enjoyed summer vacations in accommodation we had rented from Steve and Leda Kondratuk, operators of the Otter Falls Resort. When we heard that a cottage in the area might be up for sale, we immediately approached the owner. We had an interesting conversation, he was probably sizing us up. Were we the kind of family that were worthy of occupying his very special home away from home? He was an avid fisherman and when he learned that our son, then age 10, loved fishing - that I am sure tipped the scales in our favor. Mr. Breitenfeld named a price, we agreed, shook hands and the cottage was ours!

The four room cottage had been built by Mr. Breitenfeld's brothers, who were European trained carpenters. The cottage was built three feet off the ground to allow the free flow of air under the building and has a peaked roof so that we never have to worry about a pile up of snow on the roof in the winter time. The building is as sound today as the year it was built.

Times were certainly different then. Hydro had not come through our part of the park, so many chores had to be performed every day. The wood box had to be kept filled - all cooking was done on a wood stove, except in very hot weather when we used a small Coleman stove out-of-doors. Water for washing dishes, etc. was hauled, by the pailful, from the Winnipeg River; water for cooking and drinking was carried from the pump. Ice for the icebox was pulled in a wagon from the Kondratuk ice house. Needless to say, in hot weather, the load got lighter during the ten minute walk home. Light was supplied with Coleman lamps. How I dreaded lighting them!

Highway 307 from Seven Sisters to Otter Falls was a challenge. The road was gravel covered and we "ate dust", especially when a car would speed past us on the road, raising a cloud of dust and gravel (no air-conditioned cars in those days - cool air was provided by open windows). Many is the cracked headlight that had to be replaced because of the gravel. In the early spring, the highway at Big Creek was often under water. Thanks to an enterprising farmer with a tractor, we would be, for a nominal sum, pulled through the treacherous part safely.

We had wonderful neighbors! I think it was their sense of adventure, friendship and helpfulness which made Block 1 so special. The Blacks, Lil and Sherm - at Black Magic, the Hutchko family, Pat and Ike Sutton, Jack and Annabelle Cunnings, Lil and Jack Christie and their boys, Stan and Edith Kennaugh, the Millar clan and of course, our relatives, the Collins and Kowalski families who shared Lot 2. The Kondratuks were always there to help, I don't know what we would have done without them.

Our children all learned to swim at the beach through the auspices of the Red Cross. One year, we mothers decided to take swimming lessons, too. The children were appalled and disappeared from the beach whenever it was our turn for lessons.

I would stay at the lake with the children, during school summer vacations; my husband would drive out for the weekends. We loved roughing it, the animals, the natural beauty and serenity of our property. I never worried about being alone as our

dog, Stormy, a Black Labrador, was always with us. A bear came to visit on a regular daily basis and Stormy would chase him and tree him in a large oak at the entrance to the falls. This became almost a daily ritual. The neighbors, hearing the excited barking of the dog, would knowingly say "Stormy has treed the bear again".

Stormy wasn't so lucky one Thanksgiving Day in 1960. We had decided to have our turkey dinner at the cottage. It was a beautiful fall day. My husband with the children and the dog drove to the Dorothy Lake garbage trail, parked the car and went for a walk. In their absence, I stuffed the turkey and put it in the oven to roast and continued with other dinner preparations. A couple of hours later the family arrived home - not with their usual exuberance but sadly and with great concern. Stormy had chased and treed a porcupine which in turn defended himself by releasing quills. The quills had lodged in the dog's mouth, face and throat. We realized that the dog needed professional attention and quickly. He was in obvious pain and discomfort. Because of the quills, he could not close his mouth nor drink any water. We checked with the neighbors to ascertain if any of them had had a similar experience and would know what to do. No one had. We didn't dare pull out the quills as we knew the barbs would tear the very sensitive lining of the mouth. We drove to the Public Telephone booth on No. 307 and I phoned every animal hospital in the area. As it was Thanksgiving Day, the veterinarian was either not available or the telephone was not answered. There was only one thing to do and we did it! The turkey was taken out of the oven, we packed up and left for home.

In Winnipeg, we ran into the same problem. Animal hospitals were not open on a holiday. We were getting desperate. The next name on my list was Dr. Gomori. I phoned him at his home number. When I explained the situation, this kind man said "Bring the dog to my apartment and I will see what I can do". The time was 6:30 p.m., the time most people were sitting down to a festive dinner. The good doctor said that we would not be intruding - the dog's comfort was of primary concern. My husband drove Stormy over and left him. Several hours later, Dr. Gomori phoned to say that he had removed the quills. Stormy had been given an antibiotic injection and was sleeping comfortably. In a few days, the dog was back to his usual high spirits and energy. To us, Dr. Gomori was the epitome of a professional, a veterinarian and a lover of animals.

We have had our share of scary times at the lake. I recall a storm that blew in out of the west, late one evening in July. The winds reached almost gale force, lightning streaked the sky. Suddenly we heard a loud noise and knew that something had been struck by lightning. We didn't dare go outside but stayed in the cottage, in the dark, and watched in fascination the fury of the storm. The birches and poplars were lashed around like so many blades of grass, branches snapped off the trees like toothpicks and the rain, when it started, came down in sheets.

The next morning, the sun rose on a scene of devastation. Several trees had been uprooted, a large oak tree, not 30 feet from the cottage had been struck by lightning and our boat had been swamped.

The threat of forest fires is always present when drought conditions prevail. I can recall one day in May - we had driven out to "open the cottage". We had unpacked the car and hauled boxes and bags of groceries, bedding and the usual assortment of items that one brings out on the first trip of the season. I was getting lunch ready when I heard a knock on the door. A park officer informed me that a fire had started to the southeast of Otter Falls, was heading in our direction and because of the south wind and the dry conditions in the bush, there was a real threat and danger. Decision had been made that everyone had to vacate their cottage and leave the park. How much time did we have, I asked. One hour maximum, was the reply. My husband and I looked at each other - what should we take? furniture? T.V.? clothes? bedding? What did we take? Ourselves and the cottage log/diary. One last look at the cottage and then we drove away with a prayer on our lips that the fire would, by some miracle, be stopped. Our prayers were answered for the wind shifted and the fire headed for swamp land where it fizzled out.

Our pleasures at the lake are varied but simple: entertaining and sharing with friends and family - three generations; swimming in the fresh, clean Winnipeg River, canoeing, kayaking and my favorite - rowing, walking, berry picking in the quarries off the Fire Break Road, exploring unsettled areas and watching the birds and animals that come to our feeders.

The installation of hydro made life at the cottage so much more comfortable. Out went the big wood stove, although we kept a wood annex that I still take great pleasure in using on chilly mornings. In came a sparkling new electric stove and fridge. Out went the Coleman lamps to be replaced by electric lights. A few men grumbled about the loss of the ruggedness of cottage living. We women shouted "HURRAH!"

Over the years, we have enlarged the original cottage to accommodate a growing family and added a water system with all the convenient amenities that "pumped in" water allows. We are fortunate to have Don Hill (Seven Sisters) perform the building and maintenance jobs for us.

Although, over the past 33 years, we have made

Dress-up time - Chris, Zoë, Kathy, Charis and Andrea - 1982.

changes to the buildings and the grounds, our view remains the same as it was the first time we stood on our property. We face northwest and daily enjoy an unobstructed and spectacular view of sunsets that are unique to this part of Manitoba. We are indeed fortunate!!

Our children: Dianne and Barry and daughters Andrea and Kathy; Jamie and Valerie and their son Kyle; Dawn and Jim and their children, Christopher, Charis and Zoë join us at DIJADA for memorable times together.

OTTER FALLS
LOT 4, BLOCK 3
JOHN DONAL

I had a hairdressing and styling business in Winnipeg after I was discharged from the Air Force in 1946. I had Sundays and Mondays off. My friends were Steve and Leda Kondratuk at Otter Falls Resort. I'd first been to the Whiteshell in 1956 when I rented a cottage from them. They suggested I get a cottage near them on the Winnipeg River. The forest ranger, Bruce Emes, told me there was only Lot 2 in Block 4 left. At that time, the front lot cost $50. and the back lots $25. This was a lakefront lot between the Klapeckis and Jarmeks. I applied for it and got it in early February, 1958. I was excited and pleased to have my own property. Every Sunday after church, my wife, Helen, would pack me a big lunch and I headed to the lot. As the snow gradually melted, all I saw was a mass of dead logs lying criss-cross all over the place. As soon as I could, I started to clear the property and plan where I would build the cottage. By spring, I found there was a swamp between the road and the lake where the cottage would go. I cut the logs and made myself a corduroy road across the swamp.

I started the cottage as soon as I could get material in by road. I'd pick up a trailer load of lumber from Schick's Lumber on North Main and head to the park going by way of River Hills and across the narrow bridge we all dreaded. The road was so wet and muddy, I'd have to stop and clean the dirt off the windshield as the wipers couldn't keep them clean.

The park regulations stated the cottage must be at least 20x24' with 8x8" blocks put on cement footings. I'd seen cottages built too close to the ground and in high water, they were almost flooded. I used three cement blocks on top of one another with a steel rod running down the middle and filled with cement, as I had no rock to build on. I knew wooden blocks would rot, especially if water ran near them.

While I was building, I'd rent a room at Kondratuk's Resort. Leda would get up and make me breakfast at whatever time I wanted.

I had my brother Tom help me build on his days off.

We had a lot of fun those early years, playing tricks on one another and helping each other as we struggled to build. I recall trying to give Steve a haircut in his garage. The clippers wouldn't work on AC/DC and Steve giggled all the time.

One day, I had a friend out and we were busy fishing and working and the time flew. Suddenly he looked at his watch and said that he just had an hour and a half to get to work at the hospital. There was no time to do the dishes so I put them in the fridge and sure enough, they kept fine until I returned two weeks later! People never let me forget that story.

I finally got the place built to my satisfaction and I loved that cottage. One day Helen and I were in the restaurant at Otter Falls and we were talking. Suddenly Helen said, "I'd like to sell the shop and the cottage and move to the States." because she never was fond of the lake life. Someone must have overheard her comment. Next day, I was out fishing and two ladies arrived at the cottage door and asked my wife if they could see the cottage as they heard it was for sale. She showed it to them. They wanted to know when I would be back and Helen said in a few hours.

I came in from fishing and Helen told me the story and how the women were to return with their husbands. I said, "I don't want to sell and leave here".

I was still trembling when the men arrived, a man named Crowe who had a cottage at Dorothy Lake and his friend Wareham. I took them around to see

the cottage, the boat house and the lot. They asked, "How much do you want for it?". As I said, I didn't really want to sell so I decided if I put a high price on it, they wouldn't want to buy, I said, "$6,000'.

They offered me $5500. and I said, "No".

Later they returned from the car and said, "We'll take it".

Now we were in trouble. Helen said, "Well, there's another couple who spoke for it and we'll have to talk to them." (a white lie).

The next Sunday we were just getting ready to go to church at the Lady of the Whiteshell when the man arrived with the cash in his hand. I stalled him again but finally decided to do the honorable thing and sell to him and we could get another cottage as we'd be making double on the sale. The next spring we bought a cottage from Mrs. Olford in Block 3, just at the point.

My wife died in 1969 at 49 years of age.

As I said before, we had a lot of fun in the Whiteshell. I became known as "The Trickster" and here are some reasons why.

One day it was drizzling out when my friends, Adolf and Gordon came by wanting a beer. I took them inside and got them one. I asked where their wives were and they sluffed it off with "they'll be along". Helen came to the door and asked me if I had any toilet paper. I said, "Sure, but come on in and use the inside toilet." She refused and I gave her a four roll pack. Then Jackie came to the door and asked me if I had any paper towels. "Yes, but come inside and wash" "Oh, no", said Helen, "We'll wash outside", as I handed her a double roll.

In a few minutes, the ladies came in and had coffee and we talked before they all left. In the morning when I went outside, the whole yard and outbuildings were covered in toilet paper and towels.

Toilet paper decorating the trees

That time the friends got me but usually I got them.

Adolf Kovaks and I planned to go fishing early one morning. That night I took my stapler and covered all his windows with black tar paper. In the morning, he awoke after a deep sleep but it was still dark so he dozed again. When he awoke it was still dark. This continued for some hours until he became suspicious and went to the door, opened it and saw bright sunshine, 11:00 a.m.

Roy Page and I always were having water fights. As often happened, a group of friends were sitting around, talking and drinking one sunny day. Roy and Sam went inside to get refills. I quickly went to the neighbors where I got a pail of water and a ladder. I climbed up on the cottage with the pail of water. Sam came out with the drinks and everyone pretended that nothing had happened. Out come Roy with the waterhose attached to the tap and saying, "Where's John?" everyone said, "Over there" as they pointed in different directions. Eventually Roy stepped out from the protection of the canopy over the door and I threw the water on him. He said, "You got me, John." and I said, "All good things come from Heaven".

Ed. Note: On May 17, 1987, John was honored by the Members of Our Lady of the Whiteshell Chapel. He received a framed certificate for 29 years of service as a "good and faithful servant". John had served in various positions since the chapel was built in 1958. "Well done, John." John died in 1989.

OTTER FALLS
LOT 20, BLOCK 3
GEORGE AND ANNE DEMANIUK

By George

In the early 1960s, we camped at Lake Nutimik as we liked the Whiteshell area. We enjoyed it very much for its beauty and it being not too far from home.

One day we went out looking for a cottage to buy. As we were driving around, we spotted a small, partly built cottage at Otter Falls. It looked like it was abandoned, sitting in the bush with the grass and shrubs growing around it. I went to the store at Otter Falls and enquired who owned this place. Mr. Steve Kondratuk looked up his list and said it belonged to Stardom of Seven Sisters. I made an offer and we bought this very unfinished cottage.

On the long weekend of September of 1966, I took my axe and some tools and a lawn mower and started to clear the brush and the grass which was about three or four feet high around the cottage.

That same fall, Harry Solomon and I loaded about 40 sheets of Veneer plywood and some windows on top of Harry's old car and we went to

The Demaniuk Family

rebuild this cottage. On Saturday, Dr. Peter Palaschuk, on the way to Nutimik, stopped at Otter Falls and invited us for a little party at his cottage. We accepted the invitation. We did not unload the plywood but we went to the party with the plywood still on top of the car. We had a wonderful evening, as Dr. and Mrs. Palaschuk were very nice hosts. The party was over about 2 a.m. and we started going back to the cottage. My friend Harry, was not familiar with the area. He asked me which road to turn on to go to the cottage. I told him to look for two biffies on the right side of the road, then turn to the right. All of a sudden, we were by the small park and I saw the biffies. I told Harry he has to turn right immediately. No sooner I said that, Harry slammed on the brakes and the 40 sheets of plywood went flying over the car and onto the road.

As we were picking up the plywood, the forest ranger came along. He asked us who we were, where we were staying and where we were coming from. I told him we were coming from a party and we had this plywood on top of the car. He looked around and told us to make sure we went straight home after we picked up the plywood because we could cause an accident. We picked up the plywood and went to the cottage.

As we only had one old bed and no mattress, just a few blankets, we took turns in sleeping as it was cold and one of us had to keep the fire burning in the wood stove all night to keep ourselves warm.

It took us some time to finish building the cottage which we enjoy during the summer.

My wife Anne and our children, Judy and Mike and their son David and daughter Cathy; Brian and his wife Darlene and their children, Tanya and Mark; and our daughter Pat still enjoy the summers at the cottage.

Verna and Walter Domanski's 25th anniversary, 1983 with Allyson and Mark.

OTTER FALLS
LOT 4, BLOCK 1
WALTER AND VERNA DOMANSKI

We purchased our cottage on November 11, 1975. It was an old cottage that was in need of major repair. As a result, we demolished the cottage in July of 1977, and a new building was framed on the August long weekend with the help of family and friends.

Our two children, Allyson and Mark, who presently reside out of the province, have excellent memories of the lake. We all share one great memory, that being the day we celebrated our 25th wedding anniversary at the lake on August 13, 1983. We hosted a dinner party for family and friends and around 80 joined us in this celebration. We asked a neighbor of ours to bring a few bags of ice from town for our refreshments - he brought 900 pounds of ice for our party. Despite the fact it was 85 above, we had an iceberg sitting on a sheet of plywood for a couple of days post party.

We are very fortunate we have wonderful neighbors and a great location.

OTTER FALLS
LOT 1, BLOCK 1
THE FABBRIS

Our cottage was built in 1950 by Nello and Nolamie Fabbri, with the help of our family. The veranda was added on in 1956. Our family fully enjoys the Whiteshell and anticipate many great pleasurable years ahead at Otter Falls.

OTTER FALLS
LOT 10, BLOCK 2
GERMAIN
By Nap

How nice to travel on a wonderful road to the cottage! We must thank the Provincial Government for their effort this year, 1990. It is a wonderful improvement. Our venture to the Whiteshell goes back to the early 1940s and 1950s. Then you had to travel through River Hills and beyond on a mud road that was a single lane with a by-pass at different intervals. The person who was closest to the by-pass pulled in and let the other car pass. You could never be sure if you would arrive at your cottage. You most likely would get stuck in the mud along the way, depending on the weather. I used to carry a set of chains and a good tow rope in case I got stuck, hoping someone would give me a pull. It sure could be a frightening experience.

We had a small Austin car and it got us to the cottage. Steve and Leda Kondratuk operated a small store and repair shop. The mud hole at the back of the store, Steve made into a nice beach. He worked very hard to make this a real swimming area.

Here are some of our experiences. We were the last car to cross River Hills bridge before it collapsed. You can imagine how we felt when we looked back and saw the bridge gone. Another time we were down at the cottage for a week and on our way home, we ran into a forest fire between Eleanor Lake and Seven Sisters. The fire was on both sides of the road and we had no choice but make a run through it if we wanted to get home and back to work. Our daughter never forgot the experience and she wrote an essay about it for the Winnipeg Free Press which got her an award. We were indeed fortunate to get out alive. Our son helped us very much and enjoyed boating.

The material to build the cottage had to be brought in on the roof of the car. It has been a wonderful experience to have such a nice cottage as we have today.

Germain cottage with totem pole

OTTER FALLS
LOT 2, BLOCK 3
SAM AND ELLA GOWRILUK
By Ella

We bought our lot late in 1961 from Steve Kondratuk. On it was a small two-bedroom cottage. We were unable to drive the car into the yard due to the tall trees and the thick overgrown bush. The beach front was quite a mess, with the remains of a broken down dock and rock piles. We had a very big job ahead of us.

Our weekends were short as Sam worked most Saturdays until noon. We would be packed and ready to go in our red Pontiac, the minute he got home from work.

Our children pitched in to help as much as they could. Dennis was 11 years old and a great help to his dad when clearing the yard. Karen was eight and Jim was six and they also helped.

In 1963, we added a living room and a third bedroom and since we were outgrowing our little green fishing boat, we bought a large pontoon boat. When the goldeye were biting, we'd take as many as ten people fishing on it. Many great times we had on this large boat as we slowly cruised down the waters of the Winnipeg River. Thanksgiving became an important family tradition at our cottage. It is so beautifui there in the autumn. Best of all was the aroma of the turkey and pumpkin pie baking in a wood stove (a heirloom of Sam's parents).

We managed to spend a few Christmases at the cottage. This depended on the weather and of course, the condition of the road. Often, Sam and the boys would go down the day before to shovel the driveway, bank snow around the cottage and get it heated with the wood stove.

The children enjoyed skating and toboganning, and snowmobiling. We weren't as successful with ice-fishing as we were with fishing in the summer.

It became a family tradition for the children to run around the outside of the cottage in winter, barefoot! It was pretty funny to see them run in and straight to the wood stove to warm their cold feet.

Sam could tell you many good "fish stories", some of which were probably true. Over the years, he had many a fishing hole that produced Master Angler awards for pickerel, Jack, goldeye and whitefish.

I spent summer holidays with the children at our cottage. We had many fun-filled, happy days. All three of them became accomplished water-skiers so the pontoon boat was traded in for a faster boat. Since we were there all summer, it made sense that the children got their summer jobs at Otter Falls. Dennis and Jim both worked for the Parks Board for many a summer. Karen worked for Zechel's at

the Otter Falls Resort and later as a student nurse at Pinawa Hospital. The children always had lots of friends out at the cottage. There was always someone to go hiking with, berry-picking, swimming, water-skiing or to play hide-and-seek.

We had some scary moments as well. Strong winds, heavy rains and lightning would down a tree and cut off the electricity and create some excitement. Some summers the bears were present a lot. Once a ranger had to cage an all-too-frequent visitor in our yard.

By 1972, we realized the need to enlarge the cottage again, and added the running water. It was so nice to have the indoor bathroom and not to carry pails of water daily. It is hard to believe we have spent 31 years of our lives at the Otter Falls cottage.

Jim's love of the outdoors led him to obtain his Forestry Degree at Lakehead University in Thunder Bay. He and his wife Anna and son Lewis now reside in Victoria. Karen and her husband Rick, and children, Breanna and Michael, still enjoy weekends with us. Dennis and his wife Belle, first met at Otter Falls, and still spend their summers there with their children, Erin and Evan.

Snowmobiling on the Winnipeg River - 1964

Sam and I find ourselves spending time at the cottage with the grandchildren and I am doing the same things with them that I did with my children. We have enjoyed the same wonderful neighbors over the years and now see their children and grandchildren. We have spent many a great time playing horseshoe, fishing, long walks and talks with our dear friends. We, and all our family always look forward to another beautiful, happy summer.

OTTER FALLS
FORMERLY AT LOT 11, BLOCK 3
GORDON AND ANN HENSCHEL

In 1958, Ann and Gordon Henschel began to build their cabin on Eleanor Lake. Gordon had obtained the lease to build two years earlier. He had done the clearing and put in the foundations. With Ann as a new wife in 1958, they went to work on what was to become one of the unique cottages on Eleanor Lake. It was, by the standards of the day, a large, outstanding building. The lot was located on the end of a long peninsula, placing the cabin a third of the way across the lake.

Ann and Gordon lived with their three children, Kathy, Marty, and Lorece, in Seven Sisters Falls, ten miles from their cottage. Gordon worked as a powerhouse operator, but much of their time was spent commuting to the lake. Year after year, they were clearing, building, rip-rapping shorelines, packing diapers, bottles, baby food, tent, toys and kids back and forth.

As a family of five, in 1964, they decided to make major changes in their lives. Gordon was ready for a career change so Ann and Gordon both decided to finish their high school education and made long range plans to attend university. The plan began with a move to their cottage, lock, stock, and barrel. An aggressive move indeed, for the rules were not too clear whether or not one could become a full-time resident of the Whiteshell. The proverbial bull was taken by the horns and from the spring of 1964, the family lived in their cottage until the fall of 1966, two winters and three summers.

A great advantage to the young family was the fact that Ann's parents lived at Otter Falls Resort year round and Gordon's parents lived at Riverview Lodge during the summer. The parents put up with the borrowing of tools and requests for assistance while the young family tried to "do their own thing".

Ann's father, Steve, will never forget the day he lent Gordon his three-ton Fargo truck to haul some gravel for a little road building project on his lot. Steve cautioned Gordon to be careful with the brakes and pump the pedal well ahead of time. Fine! First Gordon had to gas up the old vehicle. Approach-

ing the gas pump in front of the garage, it was time to apply the brakes. Pump! Pump! Pump! ceeeerash! . . . right into the front of the garage, moving the wall inward about eight inches into the office. Oil cans and every kind of garage paraphernalia went flying across the room. Steve was standing by scratching his thick shock of hair. His now famous laugh was non-existent. Sons-in-law!

The summers were idyllic in a cabin surrounded by water, sparkling sunlight, and the joy of children at play in a completely natural environment. For two summers, Ann took the Red Cross canoeing lessons at Otter Falls. She would go back to the cottage and practice with five and six-year-old Marty and Kathy. Most of the family's time was spent in or on the water.

The winters were another story! It was the winters that brought them down to the level of survival. They had built an immense fireplace to enhance the idea of natural living. As a cautious admission to the severity of the Manitoba winters, they did install a small potbellied woodburning stove in the kitchen. Nonetheless, these folks were not greenhorns. Gordon had cut, hauled, and piled a half dozen cords of beautiful, cured birch firewood for the fireplace that accepted four foot lengths.

The fireplace, aesthetically beautiful as it was, did them out of their fuel by Christmas! Gordon was back in the bush, up to his knees in snow, cutting feed for the monster they had created! All that burning did not keep away the intense cold of that first winter. Ann's dill pickles froze in their jars in the cupboard and they sometimes awoke in the morning to find the edges of their blankets frozen to the wall . . . the interior of the cabin a balmy -10 C. The back bedroom had no heat and often Ann could be seen reading a book in bed, wearing mitts and a toque. How did the kids survive? None of the three had colds during both winters!

During the second winter, they were better prepared with the building completed, properly wired and insulated. Life got back to normal . . . studies continued, and Ann taught their oldest daughter, Kathy, grade one by correspondence; good practice for what was to become a teaching career for both of them a few years later.

During the last summer in their cottage, the family increased by one with the adoption of two and a half-year-old Wally.

In the fall of 1966, in a flood of mixed emotions, the cottage was sold to the Harvey Zechel family. Ann and Gordon went on to university to become teachers in Northern Manitoba and now reside in Port McNeill on North Vancouver Island. Kathy and Marty became Red Cross Canoeing Instructors and for one summer, taught canoeing together in all of the communities on North Island. Kathy put herself through university, teaching canoeing and swimming, skills that had their foundation at the cottage. She was a high school art teacher for five years on North Island and is now a full-time mother. Kathy and her husband, Don, live near Port Hardy with their three children, Carissa, Bryce, and Kimberly.

Marty and his wife, Cindy, moved to Otter Falls in 1982 where Marty completed a two-year Mercury outboard apprenticeship program with Jerry Cousins at Great River Road Marine. They moved back to North Island in 1987 with their two children, Alycia and Travis. Marty owns and operates Integrity Marine in Port Hardy.

In 1982, Lorece and her husband, Dennis, also moved back to Manitoba. Dennis worked as an autobody man during the day and in his leisure time, studied for his Commercial Pilot's Licence. At the same time, Lorece took a correspondence taxidermy course from K & D in Winnipeg. A year later, they moved back to North Island where Lorece is presently working as a taxidermist out of her home. They live near Port McNeill with their two children, Derek and Rita.

Wally returned to Vancouver Island after living in Winnipeg for several years where he worked at a variety of jobs. He prefers working on commercial fishing boats.

Gordon is a full-time artist and Ann operates the Henschel Fine Arts Gallery out of their home. They still return periodically to visit Ann's sister, Juanita Cousins at Great River Road Marine, and for Gordon to paint the Whiteshell. They always take a peek at the cottage that meant so much to the whole family.

Editor's Note: Gordon's paintings are at the front and back of this book, "Barrier Chute", "Rainbow Falls", and "Spring on the Pine Point Trail."

Kathy and Marty Henschel - 1964

OTTER FALLS
MY QUARTER CENTURY SERVICE FOR THE PROVINCE OF MANITOBA

By Orest Kalin

I was born and raised on a farm at Ethelbert, Manitoba until my late teens. My love for the great outdoors started when dad had a contract with the C.N.R. to supply them with railroad ties. This we did until 1945. I'll never forget sawing the logs into ties at a Duck Mountain Forest Reserve and trucking them to Garland. It was a distance of 35 miles and quite an accomplishment for us. The area where we cut the ties was called East Blue Lake which is a beach and campground now. The aroma of jackpine sawdust filled my nostrils and from which I couldn't resist from that time on.

In July of 1946, we moved to Elma, a little town 60 miles east of Winnipeg, near the Whiteshell where dad had a store. I did not like the life of a clerk in a grocery store.

Seeking a change, I went to work for the C.N.R. extra gang near the Manitoba-Ontario border at a station called Winnitoba, then west to Ophir, Indigo, Decimal and Hector. We moved east to Redditt, Ontario, near Sioux Lookout. We were raising the main C.N. track. The way this was done was there were push cars with a capacity of about one yard on the track which were filled up with gravel by men and hand shovelled onto the push car, drawn by a gas-powered motor, dumped along the track where there was not enough gravel to fill up the space once the track was raised. The gravel was temped underneath the ties by men with shovels and electric tempers handled by men. On the average the gang raised a mile a day if there was not too much gravel required. An operator on a gas machine raised the track, next to him were men temping and shovelling gravel underneath the ties to pack the gravel, then four men with electric tempers (power was supplied by a portable generator) temped underneath the ties to make certain the track would not sag.

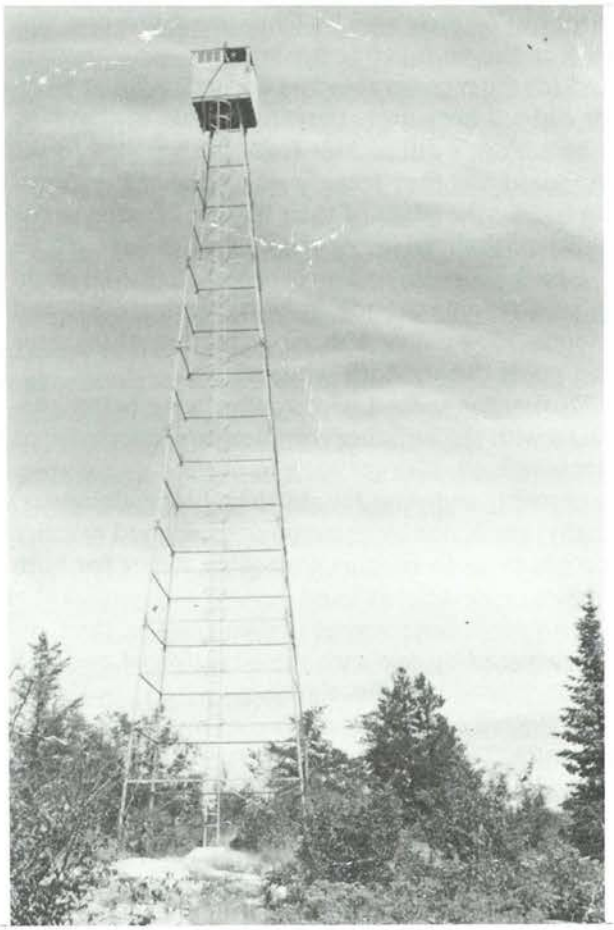
Harvest time was approaching and I decided to quit my job and I hitchhiked west on a freight train to Elma.

Due to a mishap I lost my right arm. After a month in the Winnipeg General Hospital, I was back home, helping in the general store. During a brief conversation with a customer, he informed me that there was an opportunity for work at Falcon Lake. I applied and was accepted as an axeman, cutting survey lines under the direction of Major Hunt in December 1954.

Once the lines were cut, then brushing commenced. Brushing means cutting brush and trees at least four feet wide for a path, so the men on a transit (a surveyor's level) can see clearly for a long way down the path, with no obstructions to hinder their work. I worked there for two years. I was laid off when funds budgeted for were used up.

Again I returned home. A few months later, there was an opening for a towerman at Otter Falls, on the northern end of the Whiteshell Park. I made arrangements to meet the Ranger, Mr. Bruce Emes at Seven Sisters Falls, on a Sunday afternoon. Arriving at his office, he drove his truck and I followed in my car to Otter Falls tower. When we approached the base and I looked up, it sure did look high. Up until then, climbing a roof of a house to clean the chimney was high enough for me. Anyway, we headed up. I stopped for a breather half way up. There was a magnificent view from the top for miles and miles in all directions. Once you reached the top, there was an opening and a trap door. When you went through the door, you were inside the tower. On climbing down, Mr. Emes said, "You have the job". I was a towerman for 25 years. After a few years of experience, I could climb the 78 steps in a minute.

A fire tower is 90 feet high with hoops every six feet or so and a person can lean back and enjoy the view as you climb to the top. The tower is a six-foot square cabin with sliding windows on the up-



Tower - 1959

per portion to facilitate locating smoke or fire. Inside is an adelaide, which is a round piece of plywood upon which is a plastic circle, starting much the same as a compass with north being 0, and a bar swings back and forth with a slot through the centre. To find the direction of smoke from a fire, the man takes a reading of the smoke as to direction, records the bearing of smoke in his daily report book and also time and radios to Rennie which is the headquarters of the Whiteshell.

If another towerman a few miles away can spot the same smoke, he too radios his bearing to Rennie. Each tower has a map of the Whiteshell area, divided into sections, townships and range, and a pin with a string attached to reach to the edges of the map. Now to pinpoint the exact location of the smoke, makes it easy, since two towers report their bearings, wherever the two strings cross, that is the location of the smoke.

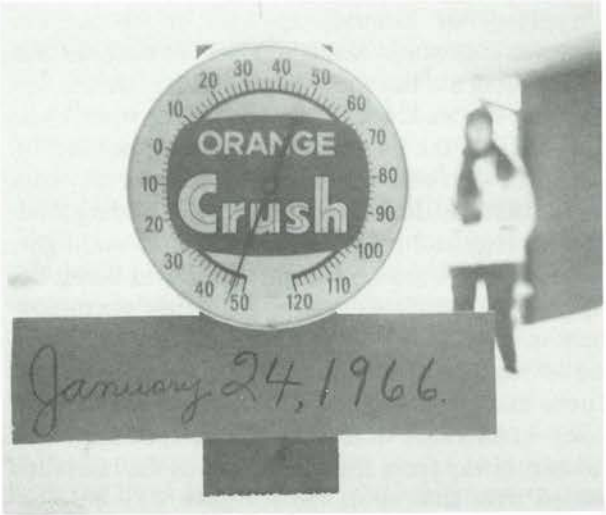
In the spring of 1957, the Otter Falls Campground was not like it is today. It was a strip of higher land along the shore stretching west to the present beach, which was used for camping. My first residence was a converted beach change house moved near the highway. I worked there all summer. It was while there I started to court Rita and we planned to marry later in the year.

I hinted to Mr. Emes that I intended to get married in 1958. A new residence and office was built by Ben and Bill Kuhn of Seven Sisters. There was no power in our part of the Whiteshell until 1958 so we used an icebox, naptha for the lamp and a battery radio which consisted of two large dry cells "B" and one battery "A".

I helped Steve Kondratuk cut ice to fill his large ice house with blocks covered in sawdust, ready to sell to the cottagers the next summer. Another time I ran his Allis-Chalmers caterpillar tractor.

Some of the projects were brushing the telephone lines from Seven Sisters Falls to the junction of 309 to Big Whiteshell Lake and also the hydro line right of way along the same route but on the opposite side of the road. One cold frosty morning, I recall the crew from Nutimik Lake Camp and I were brushing near the Rennie River, east of Nutimik, when it was -52°. The Rehabilitation crew from Bannock Point refused to go out if the temperature dropped below -40°F. Why we went out to work in that cold I'll never know.

Orest Kalin and Steve cutting ice blocks - about 1957



Another winter project was to brush fireguards 100 feet wide along the former Kenora line to the steel line from Slave Falls and south to Highway 44, a distance of 14 miles. The original Kenora line was a wooden pole hydro line, later replaced by a steel one.

In the summer of 1958, there was a big forest fire. It started in the bog and spread into the Whiteshell Park. The bog is the area known to the people of Seven Sisters Falls and Whitemouth as the area east of Whitemouth, stretching into the park on the west side, along the fireguard road, running south off No. 307 (six miles east of Seven Sisters) to No. 44, a distance of 14 miles. That was my first experience as a firefighter carrying a back pump and a four-gallon tank of water through the bush to put out the hot spots. I wouldn't wish that job on anyone as the intense smoke, the heat, the deadfalls to climb over, etc. is most difficult. I wish to see people who throw away live cigarettes, cigars, and ashes which can start a forest fire, be a firefighter for awhile, and then they'd never be careless again. When the fire reached Eleanor Lake, it jumped the road into Block 2. The fire boss, Bill McGinnis, from Rennie and I backfired it in the ditch, just before Block 1. We held it there from spreading and Roger Guiboche on the pump, held it from destroying Block 2.

The following year, we cleared the fire-killed trees on the road allowance on what is presently Block 3 and surveyed the area for cottages. That is the reason that Block 3, Eleanor, is in the middle, because

Block 1 and 2 were already built up.

During those first few years, I was laid off for the winter months as firetower duty and campground attendent were seasonal jobs and the department of finance had a limited budget. In later years more funds were available so work was promoted year round.

The winter following the big fire, 1958, Wally Chryplywy of Beausejour went in to salvage whatever logs would make lumber. We hauled some for Forestry use but the logs got holey after the one summer. I worked for Wally one winter when I was laid off from the Forestry. He had a timber sale on the north side of Dorothy Lake, just across from the Barrier. My duties were to keep the landing loaded with logs and make tea for lunch at midnight. I didn't like the graveyard shift but it was better being gainfully employed, rather than draw unemployment insurance. When we were closing the camp in the spring, everything had to be trucked out on trucks and sleighs. The final crossing of the Winnipeg River came and also a slush spot appeared about midway from the shore. Just as the last truck passed over that spot, the ice gave way but fortunately it rose up again. Someone above was looking after us as we were all safe and sound.
Ed. Note: Wally Chryplywy's story is elsewhere in this book.

You will notice that sometimes I was at the Otter Falls tower and sometimes at the Nutimik Tower. One year there was a big fire east of Crowduck, Saddle and Echo Lakes. From the Otter Falls tower, I could see over 25 miles and watched the flames burst into the air when the fire hit a coniferous bluff of trees. One spring while at the Nutimik tower, I was joined by 13 Winnipeg Canoe Club members. With the adelaide in the centre, there was just standing room only.

Other years, I recall staying at the West Hawk Lake Camp and driving to Falcon Lake, south shore, 1½ miles south, to cut cedar trees for telephone poles to service the area from Seven Sisters to the Big Whiteshell and Rennie. Crews were sent all over the park as the need for work arose.

If there was no brushing or cutting to be done, we built wooden picnic tables at the Nutimik yard for campgrounds at Otter Falls, Dorothy Trailer Village and beach, Opapaskaw, Nutimik and Betula. Peter Sorenson was the carpenter.

Another winter we built garbage cages, under the direction of Charlie Hill, enclosed in wire to keep the bears out. These proved invaluable once park activity increased and the bears became a problem.

In the early days, my job at Otter Falls was twofold. When dry periods were in existence, I had to spend my working hours on the fire tower from 10 a.m. until 5 or 6 p.m., depending on the severity

Bob Siedel painting picnic tables

of the fire hazard. Early in the mornings, I would clean the pit privies (outside toilets), put paper in the dispensers and then go to the tower. One day my boss approached me and said that he had a complaint. There was no toilet paper in the toilets. I replied that I had placed some in every privie prior to me going to the tower and that I could not be in two places at one time. He then realized that I needed help, especially in the busy time.

One night about 2 a.m., a knock came to our door. My wife heard it and I got up and got dressed. A man said the people next to him were very rowdy and noisy. I walked to the spot with my flashlight to survey the situation. There were a group of noisy youngsters loading all their belongings into a boat and they took off before a word was said.

Another episode took place on a Sunday afternoon. A mother and her three youngsters remained at the campsite after the husband went back to the city to work. One of the children fell off the slide at the beach and broke her arm. The mother was distraught as no one would drive her to the Beausejour Hospital (Pinawa was not in existence then). Being a civil servant, I felt obligated to her and I agreed to drive her as soon as I finished work. In Beausejour, they put on a cast, obtained some pills and we returned to Otter Falls. A few years later, this same family came camping to Otter Falls and during my routine duties, a lady approached me and asked me if I remembered taking them to the hospital. I said, "Yes".

Campers as a rule were kind and obedient, especially since I resided on the premises. People appreciated the fact that I was available round the clock. My wife, Rita, assisted a number of people who had cut their fingers, toes, needed slivers removed and needed bandaging. Some would forget camping supplies like a cooking utensil and Rita

would gladly help them out and they were thankful.

Many a camper wanted to start a campfire in the designated site in the campground and he or she would start to split a block of wood and would give up. If I happened to be near by, I would give them a helping hand. Time and again I would swing the axe and hit the same spot, usually in the centre, turn it over and the block would fall apart. The camper would ask me, "How come you can hit the same spot time after time?" My reply was that experience is the best teacher. Experience is something that no one can take from you. Another of my mottoes is "Hire a handicapped person on their ability, not their disability".

A drum of fuel is about 450 pounds and if it is lying horizontally, I can set it up with one hand. I am proud of my achievements. When we were hauling rock from the fireguard pit to Nutimik Lake to build the breakwater in front of Block 1, I learned to back onto the ten foot wide spot in a hurry and I made five trips a day like the other fellows.

There were winters when there was tree cutting done for firewood for the various campgrounds. Also spruce was cut at Nutimik and Slave Falls on the Winnipeg River for lumber to make tables, washrooms, offices, etc.

Over the years, the Forestry Branch had hauled fill (dirt) into the Otter Falls Campground because it had been a swamp. They filled in about half of the campgrounds. Because the centre was swamp, there was over four feet of fill needed. Grass was seeded and the area was divided into lots. There were 25 electrical hookups and 45 unserviced sites, including the lakeshore for tenting as this is and always has been a favorite site for campers. It used to fill up rapidly on long weekends and during July and August due to being served with hydro. There was

Orest Kalin - 1964

no hydro at Big Whiteshell or White Lake until the 1960s. Then a three-week limit was imposed on campers during June 15-August 15. After a 48-hour vacancy from the campground, the camper could return if there was a vacancy. This was to give everyone a fair chance.

While working for the Province, we were sent to brush a road allowance on the south shore of Falcon Lake to the ski slope on a cold winter day. The job was running smoothly until the power saw operator broke the chain and we had no spare. It was 20 miles to West Hawk Lake for a new one. In the meantime, axes had to be used to replace the saw. There was a large poplar tree ahead which was at least 2 feet in diameter, that had to be chopped down. I asked fellow employees how long it would take them to chop it down. Some said one hour and some ¾ hour. To me it was a challenge and to prove my ability, I had it down in 30 minutes.

Before the hydro came in, we had our own light plant at the Nutimik yard. This was turned off in the late evening and had to be turned on again early in the morning. I remember what fun it was for us in the bunk house to see who would get up first and rush to turn on the plant, the cook Nick Reyko, who slept in the kitchen complex or Roger Guiboche, who slept in the bunk house with the rest of us.

Once the hydro came in 1958, it was a big help to all. I particularly liked having flush toilets to clean instead of the pit privies or biffies and no more ice blocks to cut and handle.

During another period, I was put in charge of a group of inmates from Bannock Point Rehabilitation Camp. We were cutting rails and fence posts, south of Betula Lake. Some of these can be seen forming part of the rail fence on P.R. 206, past Bird's Hill Park. After a week of this stress at a laborer's wage, I said that they either raise my wages or look for another person. They chose to forfeit the project.

After a few years permanent service with the government, I became involved in union activities. First we were known as the Manitoba Government Employees Association and then as Area 5 of the Trades and Operations Component. My feeling was that since we were paying union fees which was compulsory, we had a right to know what went on in the association. I became a stewart - a person who can identify a grievance and seek remuneration from the employer, when the steward feels there is justifiable grievance and not just a complaint against a foreman. A steward has to interpret the terms of the contract and how it affects the employee. Therefore, he has to be knowledgeable in all aspects of the M.G.E.A.

I attended schools or unions in Winnipeg, Bran-

don and Hecla Island. Later I was a member of the Constitution By-Law and Structure Committee, attending conventions in Winnipeg, Brandon, Portage la Prairie and Dauphin. At the Dauphin Convention, I was asked to say a few kind words to the delegates and the ladies in the kitchen in Ukrainian. Since I am of Ukrainian decent, I was happy to say a few chosen words to the delight of all present.

The office and residence we lived in at the Otter Falls Campground for 17 years had many fond memories for me. The building was moved by Arnold Golke of River Hills to Lac du Bonnet as an office for the Department of Natural Resources, in 1976. In its place, a small office was built at the Nutimik yard and moved on a lowbed truck and trailer to Otter Falls. By then we had moved to the Seven Sisters Trailer Court.

When the province brought in a clause in 1983, stating that any employee with 25 years of service or more and who was over 55, could retire in dignity with no penalty, Roger Guiboche and I took advantage of it. My years of service were wonderful, no bosses behind my back, no one to hound me, working in the great outdoors, breathing the fresh air, doing what I liked best, serving the public to the best of my ability. Many times I would be in the washrooms filling the dispensers with paper and replacing soiled towels from the continuous roll at 10:30 p.m. and campers would say, "How many hours do you work?" My reply was "As many as necessary."

Rita and I often look back and reminisce about the years at Otter Falls. I often think of the day we were building a change house and shingling the roof. A deer got up from laying in the middle of the campground and she looked around and walked away. Rita tells the story of when I returned one day, she told me that a stranger had stopped in front of our garden, tippy-toed across it, ambled down the highway and swam to Carter Island, due west of the campground. The stranger was a moose!

Another memory that sticks out above all others is the story of a family from Illinois who used to camp at Otter Falls for a number of years. They had two teenaged sons. These sons served their war time, came home and married local girls. Twenty years later, the parents and married sons travelled to Kenora. The parents drove up to Otter Falls, just to see if Orest was still there. After a lapse of 20 years. Now if that did not bring tears of joy to both of us, I don't know what else will.

We enjoy Seven Sisters Falls where I am treasurer of the Seven Sisters Community Club Inc. and very active at the curling rink.

Orest and Rita Kalinovich - 1984

Well drilling rig - Jack, Seig, Bruce Emes (Ranger), Ronnie Coyne, unknown, Bob Smorang, Willie Hertlog, unknown.

Nutimik fire shed - unknown, Les Urbanski, Adolf Kovacs, Roger Guiboche, Greg Legall, Paul Duncan, "Chef" Vialoux David Patkan.

OTTER FALLS
LOT 3, BLOCK 1
EDITH AND STAN KENNAUGH
By Stan

In November, 1959, we found our spot at Otter Falls. With a lot of help from friends and neighbors, we managed to "rough it" with the wood stove for heating and cooking and lighting, courtesy of a couple of kerosene lamps. But what a day of rejoicing when electric power was brought in. Shortly after that momentous occasion, many of the old wood stoves were consigned to the dump. I'm happy to say we still have ours, although like its owners, is showing its age.

In our pre-Geritol years, we would often drive down on a quiet winter weekend, park the car just off the main road, load our supplies onto a toboggan and break trail to the cottage. Seldom were those roads ploughed. Once settled in, we would try ice fishing. About all we ever caught was a cold but the fun was worth it.

Summer was always a busy time. Always a few jobs to be done but lots of time to enjoy the many activities available. Weekends were always looked forward to, by we unfortunates who were working, as then we could join the family for a few hours of relaxation.

The fall windup was looked forward to with a great deal of pleasure. Each year, a different cottager would host a block party when BYOB meant Bring Your Own Barbecue, and anything else you wanted to cook on it. They were always good parties, especially next door where our "stereo" for dancing on the lawn was a portable wind-up gramaphone, and the cool drinks were kept in a wheelbarrow full of ice. We wouldn't have traded it for the Waldorf and the biggest band in the land.

Over the years our kids have grown up, enjoying weekends and holidays at the lake. Now they and our grandchildren are doing the same thing, but with more sophisticated entertainment. Bob (Dianne) and children, Laurel and Suzanne, Bill and his children, Robin, Shannon and Brianne and Susan (Bob) and their children, Joel and Faye.

We've seen many changes over the years, but one thing has remained unchanged - we are still blessed with good friends and neighbors.

Kennaugh Family - 1963. Edith, Stan, Bob, Bill and Susan.

OTTER FALLS RESORT
By Leda Kondratuk

In the late 1940s, we were living in Gladstone, Manitoba. Steve, my husband, owned and operated Gladstone General Repair and Machine Shop. We had four children: Ann, Leon, Bruce and Juanita. In 1948, we decided to take what would be our first holiday. I had belonged to the C.G.I.T. when I was a teenager, and knew they had a camp at Lake Brereton. We decided to go there. Steve built an aluminum travel trailer for our camping trip. He had never seen an Airstream but it was surprisingly similar.

Very first time to Whiteshell. The Kondratuk Family - 1949.

In the summer of 1949, the six of us along with my sister Marylou and her husband Percy Millions arrived at Lake Brereton to spend two weeks. Little did we know at the time, but this holiday was to influence the rest of our lives. We thought it was a lovely spot, and we all agreed we would like to live by a lake like Brereton. We did not realize the work we would have to do in the next 22 years. We talked to the man who rented us a boat. He told us that Laura and Bill Smith were starting a resort at Betula Lake. We drove to Betula and saw the cabins under construction. Later we heard there were to be more concessions opened up on the Winni-

peg River, east of Seven Sisters Falls. Before our two week holiday was over, Steve and Percy had gone to Winnipeg to see what was available. They were informed that some concessions would be opening up along the Winnipeg River, just above Diversion Dam which could be bid on.

Road under construction - July 1, 1949

We drove to Seven Sisters Falls and went east but found the road ended at Caribou Creek, about two miles east of the present park entrance. We took the children back to Seven Sisters Falls and left them at a little park by the powerhouse. We drove back to Caribou Creek and the four of us walked as far as Diversion Dam. It was really a beautiful site! Then we walked over the rocks as far as Dorothy Lake. It was quite late by the time we got back and the children were starting to worry about us.

Proposed road to Otter Falls - July 1, 1949

We submitted an application for the concession before we returned to Gladstone. We had been thinking of selling the Machine Shop anyway, because Steve was having back problems and the welding was really bothering him. Thinking back about all the hard work he did clearing lots, building roads and buildings, I think the Machine Shop was a cinch. After almost a year of waiting, we finally received a letter saying that if we were still interested, we should fill out another application form. We did and in a week we had a concession on the Winnipeg River. That part of the river was called Margaret Lake. We were to build a store, garage and cabins.

At Easter time, we left Gladstone with the whole family. When we arrived at Seven Sisters Falls, we stopped to let the Forest Ranger, Pat Fitzmaurice know that we were going to Diversion Dam, however, Pat had gone up the river by boat. Mrs. Fitzmaurice advised us that we could not get there because the road was impassable. We were so disappointed as we were all looking forward to starting our new venture. We had to return to Gladstone. After Easter, the children had to go to school so Steve left for Diversion Dam by himself. He was anxious to start building the store and eight cabins we planned to start with. Due to high water, he was unable to get to the building site. He waited two weeks in Beausejour for the road to dry up. At Beaver Lumber, where he was purchasing the material, he precut all the lumber for the store and the eight cabins. That kept him busy while he was waiting. It also saved him a lot of time later as there was no electricity for his power tools at Diversion Dam.

When the road was dry enough, Beaver Lumber delivered the first load of material. Steve immediately started to build a cabin. He had taken our travel trailer to the site and lived in it while he finished that first cabin.

It was hard for Steve to decide where to build the

Steve and Ann and their catch of fish

1950 - Original Otter Falls store and trailer Steve built.

cabins and store. There was water, fallen trees, swamp, garter snakes and mosquitoes everywhere. There was an old log building on the property across the bay. We never knew what it had been used for, but we thought maybe it had been a trapper's cabin. It was a real job tearing it down with just hand tools. Steve chose to build the cabins on higher ground and even built some on the high flat rocks. He wanted to build the store as close to the proposed road as possible. He had to haul dirt to fill in the low spot between the store and the lake.

While Steve was trying to get started on this new project, the children and I were in Gladstone. When school holidays started, we joined him. Meanwhile, Steve had asked Beaver Lumber to bring two bedsprings and mattresses with the next load of lumber. When the truck arrived, there were the two bedsprings on it, but there were no mattresses. Beaver Lumber had none in stock! It rained again and the truck could not come back for a long time. We solved the problem by gathering spruce boughs and piling them on the bedsprings. Every morning, when I reconstructed the bed, I would pull out the larger branches that had stuck into my back all night and replace them with smaller branches. By the time we got our mattresses, our beds were reasonably soft and comfortable.

We got very cold in the cabin at night because there was a hole in the roof where the chimney was being built. As soon as Steve got the chimney finished, we were able to use our wood burning cook stove. That was a real luxury! We had no furniture that first summer, but we did have coal oil lamps. We didn't have refrigeration or ice so we had to use powdered milk. My mother, Fanny Bell Belton, came from Plumas, Manitoba to be with us.

She brought her bamboo fishing pole and some fish hooks. Steve made a pole ladder from the shore to a huge rock so we could climb over to the rock. While we were all helping Steve, Mom would sit on the big rock and catch a fish or two for our supper. The big rock is still called "Grandma's Rock".

Grandma's Rock and a little fisherman

Steve and I enjoyed our first summer at Diversion Dam and I know the children did too. By the time the summer was over, they could all climb trees and swing out on branches as good as Tarzan. When school started, our expedition was over and the children and I headed back to Gladstone. It was hard for them to settle down in school, however, they were glad to see their friends again as we had been quite isolated all summer.

1950 - Cases of dynamite to blow up Diversion Dam.

Diversion Dam - 1950

1950 - Diversion Dam blown up

When Steve started to build the store, the picturesque Diversion Dam was still in place. There was a beautiful sandy beach below the dam at the time. The dam divided Eleanor Lake from Margaret Lake. In the summer of 1950, the area of land that is now Otter Falls Campground was flooded. As this was the original planned site for our project, it was impossible to build our resort until an alternative more suitable location was chosen. In the fall of 1950, Steve was there to see the dam blown up. One hundred and forty cases of dynamite were used. Some damage was done to the store and cabins.

By Halloween 1950, we were ready to leave Gladstone for good. The Machine Shop had been sold, and our house was rented out. We rented a big house in Seven Sisters Falls from George Rerick. The three oldest children started school there. While we lived there, the little house beside ours caught fire four times. We were afraid our house would burn down so we hauled some of our possessions to the lake and left them in a snowbank all winter. We thought they would be safer there than in the house.

Steve drove out to the lake daily and worked during the winter. By spring, he had the store and living quarters ready for us. The store was heated with a "Warm Morning" brick-lined upright heater with draft control and an airtight heater. It was still cold when we moved, and the children would heat up rocks and sad irons in the oven of the cook stove, wrap them up in towels and use them as bed warmers at night. We were so anxious to get out of that house and we had to move before the frost came out of the dirt road.

The Mayrath - Bruce, Juanita and Leon

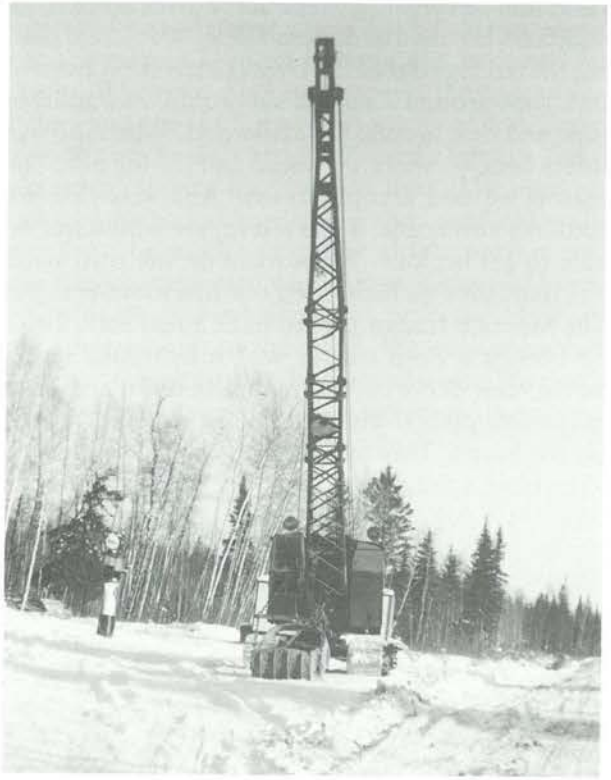
After we moved from Seven Sisters Falls to Diversion Dam, Steve drove the oldest children to Caribou Creek with our unique Mayrath four passenger garden tractor that we had brought with us from Gladstone, and from there with our 1947 Frazer Manhattan car until the end of the school term. One morning when they were going to school on the Mayrath, a deer ran right up in front of them and stopped. It was completely exhausted as it was being chased by a timber wolf. When the wolf saw them, it left the deer alone.

Mayrath

In 1950, none of the places in the area had an official name, but the early trappers named the nearby falls "Otter Falls". We later chose "Otter Falls" for the name of our resort. Soon after, the campground and blocks were named "Otter Falls".

Steve and his helper, Romeo Bedard, augured test holes in many places before they found good tasting water. In 1951, they dug the well the hard way, with shovels. The well proved to be excellent but it was a long way from the store and living quarters. It was quite a feat for the children to balance their bicycle while carrying pails of water!

About 1952, Frank Watson, a contractor from Winnipeg, brought a dragline in to finish pulling the stumps and clearing the roadway from Otter Falls to Rennie River.



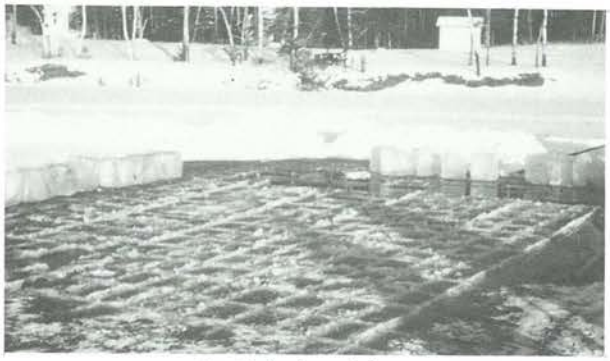
Watson's drag line

Later Steve built two horseshoe-shaped counters in the store and we began to serve coffee and lunches. As the roads continued to improve, our coffee shop was soon too small.

A hand gasoline pump

Steve installed a gasoline pump before he built the garage. It was a very tall hand pump with a glass storage tank, and didn't need electricity to operate. It metered gas in gallons and half gallons, one had to guess for quarter gallons. This was a welcomed service as the fishermen needed gas for their outboard motors and cars. When we got the hydro in 1957, we bought electric gas pumps. The old classic gas pump was eventually bought by a collector and shipped to Halifax. It was difficult running a business in those days without electricity.

In September 1951, Ann continued her education in the two room school at Seven Sisters Falls where she stayed with Clara and Tony Frantz. I taught Leon, Bruce and Juanita the full school term by correspondence, a full-time job, as it was very distracting for the children. They always wanted to go swimming or outdoors at noon hour and recess. As soon as a customer would come into the store, they would all disappear!



Cut blocks of ice

In 1952, we stayed at Otter Falls again all winter. We sent Leon and Bruce to Langevin School in St. Boniface. Ann and Juanita went to St. Charles Convent. The children thought we were mean and just wanted to get rid of them. We missed them as much as they missed us. We just didn't have any other choice, as they had to attend school. Right after the Christmas concert at Langevin School, Bruce got sick and needed his tonsils out. We took him to the Beausejour Hospital. We decided to bring Leon home too as he missed Bruce so much. Next Juanita got sick and had to have her tonsils out. After the operation, we kept her at home. Ann finished her school term in St. Charles. We tried to enrol the children in Beausejour School but because we didn't live in the district, they would not accept them. To solve our problem, we bought a house in Beausejour and sent them to school there after all. We drove them to school Monday mornings and brought them home Fridays after school. They were much happier with that arrangement. In the winter, I stayed with them while Steve kept on building cabins.

In 1952, we bought iceboxes for the cabins and our kitchen. Steve cut ice out of the river and stored it in sawdust in a large building behind the store. Next he built a garage and a big ice house. The ice house was a busy place when the cottage owners and fishermen started coming out. We sold ice for 25 cents a block.

We used to rent cabins Friday and Saturday nights to the people from Selkirk and Winnipeg, who were

Steve and block ice making equipment - about 1957

clearing their lots and building cabins. The price of a small housekeeping cabin was $4.00 per night. It usually rained on weekends and was lovely on Mondays. I had to wash the towels and bedding outside. The water was carried from the river and heated on the cook stove in a boiler. Steve put a gas engine on the washing machine. After putting them through the wringer, I hung all the clothes on a line, and after they were dry, I ironed them with a gas iron which worked very well. I was glad I didn't have to use the old sad irons. I still have my gas iron to remind me of all the sheets I ironed.

Leda Kondratuk doing the washing

One time when we came home, there was a muddy print of a bear's paw high up on the store door. I was glad we were not home when he came to visit. Over the years, we had many visits from bears. We were always very careful with our garbage and therefore we never had any damage done by them.

When we first came to Otter Falls, the shoreline was mud banks with cave-ins and the whole bay was full of old logs and driftwood. After Diversion Dam was blown out, the water went down a lot and left a real mess. Steve asked several park officials if they thought a beach could be built. There were no beaches along the river in the whole area. They advised him to forget it. Steve never gives up once he makes up his mind to do something. We started pulling the old logs out of the river ourselves. We would tie a rope around Ann and she would take another rope and tie it around the driftwood. When she was safely back on shore we would pull the log out. The reason we tied a rope around Ann was that we couldn't swim, and if she fell in, we would not be able to get her out. We worked on the driftwood any spare time we had during our first summer there. The Mayrath tractor proved to be a real help. Later we bought a Ford tractor with a hydraulic scoop on the back. Steve cut the mud bank down and filled in the low places. Then he hauled sand and put it on the beach. This took too much of Steve's time so he hired a dragline to finish the beach. When our boys were big enough to drive the tractor, they hauled sand hour after hour to add to the beach. Each year more sand was hauled. The sand washed into the river and one could walk on sand quite a long way out. We walked into the water and picked up any sharp stones, cans or bottles. When lots of people started using the beach, more cans and bottles were thrown in. Even after all of our work cleaning the beach, Ann got severely cut on the bottom of her foot on a broken bottle. Steve had to rush her to the doctor in Beausejour. This ruined Ann's whole summer as she couldn't even go in the lake swimming, nor could she do her work, not to mention her suffering.

Otter Falls Beach under construction

One cold winter night, a man knocked on our door, about 11 p.m. He was really cold. He said a friend was following him, but another one was still in their stalled truck. He asked Steve to help them. Steve could not start our car as it was parked outside and had not been used for a week or so. We didn't have electricity so it couldn't be plugged in. It was about 35°F below zero.

Steve had to use a blowtorch to heat up the little air-cooled engine but did manage to start the Mayrath. The man stayed at the store as he was too cold

to help. Steve set out alone and did meet the second man, about a quarter of a mile down the road. Steve told the man to keep on walking and he would be alright. When Steve got to the truck, the doors were locked and the third man was asleep inside. Steve pounded on the door and finally woke him up. Steve was getting pretty cold by that time. The man inside said he had a wooden leg and could not walk very far. He said he would be alright until morning. Realizing the man was in grave danger of freezing to death, Steve helped him onto the Mayrath and brought him to the store. We gave them hot soup and they stayed in the store all night. We don't know who they were, but they were working on the road. We never saw them again.

Big Creek - 1954 flood

Rennie River bridge

Flood of 1954 - Original ice house. Boat tied to dining room door.

In the spring of 1954, the water on the Winnipeg River kept rising until a major flood occurred. The water even flooded the road at Big Creek to the extent that at times, it was impassible. We used to leave our car there and travel to Otter Falls by boat. One day, the milk truck driver was on one of his weekly trips to Otter Falls when, because the water had been continually rising, he discovered that he couldn't get past the flooded road. He met a forestry jeep there, and decided to send us a supply of milk and 2½ gallons of ice cream. It hadn't occurred to him that if he couldn't get through to Otter Falls, our customers couldn't either! When the ice cream arrived at our store, we realized we would have to run our lighting plant (our only source of electricity) day and night until the water went down just to keep the ice cream.

At the time, there was no regular telephone service in our area, but we had a very primitive telephone which was connected to the local forestry camp, in case of fire. So we cranked out the appropriate number of rings on the old phone to invite all the forestry workers over to the store for free ice cream. They all came over after work and ate the whole 2½ gallons of ice cream.

The flood of 1954 made it impossible to carry on any kind of business. We decided to take on the job of running the Seven Sisters Falls Store and Post Office in the powerhouse company town site. The children really enjoyed being in a real school for a change. As a matter of fact, the school was in the same building as our new store and living quarters.

The next year, my sister Marylou and her husband Percy Millions ran the store and lunch counter at Otter Falls. Marylou wrote the Otter Falls news for the Whiteshell Echo during her stay there.

Ann, our oldest daughter looked after the rental cabins all summer. Leon and Bruce helped Steve look after the grounds and the garage and boat rentals. The boys sold ice, and delivered ice to the rental cabins on their bicycles and on the Mayrath tractor, which usually attracted a large following of other children! They cut, split and delivered firewood for the cabins, and were always hauling sand for the beach.

Now Great River Road Marina. The ice house is on the right.

Juanita and I stayed in Seven Sisters and ran the store, then went to Otter Falls on our days off to help the rest of the family with the resort.

Steve originally built the garage to use as his own workshop for the resort maintenance work, and his rental outboard motors. He always developed new mechanical skills quickly and it wasn't long before he began to fix the small three horsepower outboards for the few fishermen in the area. As the years went by, and more and more people were getting into boating, they started to bring in large engines for repair, and soon water-skiing was catching on. Any outboard motors that had to be repaired were left at Steve's Garage. He checked them over Sunday night to see what parts were needed. Early Monday mornings, he went to Winnipeg and picked up all the outboard parts he needed, also the groceries and meat needed in the store. By the time the boaters came back on Friday night, Steve nearly always had their outboards running again.

He had outboard motors lying all over the garage floor, but he always knew at what point he was at with each one. We used to rent out wooden boats until Steve learned how to make fiberglass boats. He heated the garage all winter and had a real boat factory on the go. He manufactured all of our rental boats after that, plus he made all the fiberglass boats for Nutimik Lodge.

Most of the boaters in those first years were fishermen. I wish I had kept a journal of all the fish stories we heard over the years. We enjoyed each and every one of them.

Later on, more and more families started coming to the lake for holidays. We were getting busier and busier in this resort business. It was really very hard work.

Then in 1956, Percy Millions, my sister's husband, was killed in a car accident. Marylou left Otter Falls and moved to Chicago.

We couldn't manage both businesses so we sold the Seven Sisters Store and moved back to Otter Falls in the spring of 1957. We had to drive the children to school by car, but on nice days, they would bike the 11 miles on the gravel road.

That same spring the forestry started cutting the right of way for the new hydro lines. Bruce and Leon got a job cutting trees and clearing brush near our place, along the highway for this project. We were very excited over the expectation of getting the electricity. Steve and Bruce got all of our buildings wired for electricity.

It was an extremely busy summer, with all this happening, plus all the vacationers, tourists and fishermen around. My sister Bessie McDougall came out to help us with all the work, also my mother was with us as she always loved Otter Falls.

Farewell With Memories

Many of the campers around Otter Falls, who started to clear lots, mix concrete, and drive a few nails in the spring of 1950, will remember the family endeavoring to establish themselves at the Otter Falls Store and Cabins. It was a big job they had set themselves; a store, cabins, garage, ice-house, beach — plus service to a hundred and one "do it yourselfers" who all seemed to come to Steve for advice or borrow a mixer or a tool.

They were a good natured family;; Mom and Pop with the kids — Anne, Leon, Bruce, and Juanita — the oldest being nine years old when the great adventure was started. It was amazing to the campers how they all pitched in, and how all the various sections of the enterprise moulded into an efficiently run business. Leda and Anne and Juanita in the store and cabins. Steve, the builder and mechanic, ably assisted by Leon and Bruce.

Leon became known to most of the campers almost at once, as he was very proficient at handling the "Mayrath", a midget tractor, with a large flat trailer, and he hauled an untold number of loads of gravel from the old gravel pit to the harassed amateur builders, who found it hard enough to get over the muddy roads, let alone haul gravel in. Leon generally had a full crew along, who were only too w' ling to handle a shovel for the fun of riding along on top of the gravel.

Leon graduated from the Mayrath to the boats, and the ice house, leaving the aging vehicle to Bruce and his cohorts. He was able to fathom most of the troubles of the outboards, and was one of the main cogs in the building of the beach, which today, caters to the enjoyment of so many. It would be hard to estimate how many tractor loads of sand Leon was responsible for in bringing it to its present condition.

All up and down the highway, Leon was a familiar sight every week-end, serving out ice to the campers. It was an arduous, thankless job, but it is doubtful if any of us ever found him in any but a cheerful mood, and more often than not, a wise crack would come from him, bringing a smile from his purchasers.

For seven years, from the age of eight to fifteen, it was the privilege of Otter Falls campers to know Leon. All too short a time — but we have very pleasant memories. It is heartbreaking that the full Krondratuk team could not complete the game, and thus all share in the triumph together, but the Great Referee of this world makes the decisions, many of which we poor mortals fail to understand, and Leon has been called to another plane of Life.

We, the campers of Otter Falls, will miss him. We will see so much of him, so much of what he has done around the Otter Falls corner, that his acts will live long in our memories. Our hearts go out to the balance of the team left to carry on and win the game. The loss will be a heavy burden for a long time, but it is our hope and prayer scars of loss will heal, that Faith in a future reunion will prevail, and that the wonderful memories of fifteen wonderful years together will build a monument that will reconcile the spirit and give the strength to carry on.

A tribute to Leon by Sherman Black

Then tragedy struck again! On July 29, 1957, our oldest son, Leon, was drowned in a terrible boating accident at Sturgeon Falls. He was two weeks from 16 years old. This tragedy left our family devastated. It was near impossible to carry on the business for the rest of the season. Everything reminded us of Leon, he had grown up at Otter Falls and really loved the place. However we had many friends in the local campers and cottage owners who really helped us in our time of need. We especially appreciated Dr. Stephen's help and advice.

In the meantime, the power lines were near completion, and by late August, we turned on the switch - at last! We couldn't believe that we could turn on lights anytime we wanted them. We gladly got rid of our 32-volt lighting plant and all the 16-2 volt batteries we had in the basement. Also the 110-volt lighting plant which Steve built from a combine en-

American tourist shaving in Steve's garage.

gine and 110-volt generator. It had been kept in the garage and had supplied power for the garage and cabins.

We had to buy a refrigerator for each cabin and one for our own kitchen, also a freezer for ice cream and meat, a cooler for drinks and milk. At last we were able to have real waterworks! No more barrels of ice melting in the kitchen for our wintertime water supply. I wonder how many people could do without electricity today.

During all the time that Steve was building roads, cabins, boats, sidewalks, the beach and doing landscaping, plumbing and electrical wiring, he still managed to keep all the outboard motors in good running order for our resort as well as customers. He became a Scott outboard dealer and he as well as Ann, Bruce and Juanita all took outboard motor repair training courses over the years. Steve used to work on outboard motors until 10 or 11 p.m. at night. The garage was always a busy place. Ann and Bruce got to be very handy around the garage. They used to look after the boat and motor rentals so Steve didn't have to leave his work in the garage.

Steve built the children a giraffe slide

Steve didn't forget the small children playing on the beach. He put up swings and built a wooden giraffe slide for them. The giraffe became a favorite place for the parents to take pictures of their children.

Otter Falls Beach and Motel - about 1963

In 1962, Steve, along with his ever faithful and hard working family construction crew began building a six unit modern motel on a hill with a lovely view of the beach and Margaret Lake. This was no easy task, as the hill where the motel now stands used to be a gravel pit which had been the gravel supply for the local road building. It had taken Steve two years to fill in that hole, and build a hill with his limited heavy equipment which consisted of an old two ton gravel truck and a small front-end loader and backhoe that Steve had built onto one of his caterpillar tractors. Then, the winter before the construction began on the motel, Bruce worked for Wally Chryplywy in a logging camp on the northwest end of Dorothy Lake. This gave Bruce and Steve opportunity to acquire logs and lumber locally. They brought home enough material to get 50,000 board feet of lumber for the ongoing resort construction.

A sawmill was set up by Bill Ziske, across the main road from the resort. Steve's little caterpillar tractor was used to drive the sawmill. They stored all the rough lumber in piles and had it planed on sight as it was needed. Steve had wanted a special design for the knotty pine that was similar to a baseboard design from years gone by. This design was not available, so Steve designed the special cutter knives for the knotty pine. These special planing cutter knives were made up by Brown and Rutherford, Winnipeg. To this day, lumber finished with this same design is still being used.

The knotty pine was set aside for special interior. All the slabs were cut up and used for firewood in the cabins and store. The sawdust was used to pack ice in the ice house, but the ice house days were fast becoming obsolete.

Shortly after the motel was built, the wilderness across the river was being developed into the modern town of Pinawa. We became involved with this development, when we boarded a lot of the construction crew, electricians, plumbers, and other tradesmen. We served the men an early breakfast, packed all their lunches, and prepared a delicious home cooked supper in the evening. They stayed in our motel. We were still using the lunch counters in the store and dining room in the back of the store, as our new restaurant had not been built yet.

Catering to local workers. Note the lunch pails - 1965.

The engineer who was responsible for the installation of the first reactor at the Pinawa Nuclear Plant, and who was from Peabody, Massachusetts, was a guest at our resort during those early construction days. He was with us so long, he was like a family member, and took great delight in lending a hand on our busy weekends.

Several of the very first family residents of the town of Pinawa, lived in our cabins while waiting for their new homes to be ready.

Later we had another construction crew that was building a control dam at Betula Lake. One Thursday evening while that crew was staying at Otter Falls, Juanita and her husband Jerry, decided to go to Whitemouth for a drive. When they tried to get back to Otter Falls, they discovered that the road east of Seven Sisters was blocked by huge snowdrifts. They took refuge at the Seven Sisters Falls Tourist Hotel for the night along with one of the construction workers who was staying at Otter Falls. In the meantime, Bruce was working night shift on a front-end loader at a Pinawa gravel pit. He did not realize how bad the snowstorm was until his friend, Ed Rerick, came with his big truck to check on him. They partially loaded the truck with gravel for weight then left for Seven Sisters. By the time they got to Ed's place, it was after 5 a.m. This of course was the infamous snowstorm of March 4, 1966.

We weren't prepared to cook for all those men over the weekend, as they were supposed to go home, but they also were stranded. Ann and her husband Gordon were staying at their cottage on Eleanor Lake with their children. Gordon drove his Snowcruiser snowmobile into Seven Sisters, then Bruce and Juanita brought it back to Otter Falls with a sleigh load of supplies for the stranded men. The men entertained themselves by using Steve's snowblower to clean off all the roads and driveways in the yard. The snowplow never got through until late Sunday, everyone sure cheered.

Juanita, Steve and I did all the cooking for those work crews. We really had our hands full in those days, but the winters passed quickly and we really enjoyed having them.

OTTER FALLS RESORT

MARGARET LAKE
SEVEN SISTERS FALLS P.O., MANITOBA, CANADA
Located 11 miles east of Seven Sisters Falls in the Whiteshell Provincial Park, 75 miles from Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada

– NEW MODERN MOTEL –
2 people, $7.50 per day; 4 persons, $10.00 per day
6 Unit Showers and Tubs
SWIMMING, SANDY BEACH, CHILDREN'S PLAYGROUND, PONY RIDE

– HOUSEKEEPING CABINS –
2 ROOM CABINS — For two persons — $4.00 per day; $25.00 per week
2 ROOM CABINS — For 2 to 4 persons — $5.50 per day; $30.00 per week
3 ROOM CABINS — For 4 to 6 persons — $6.00 to $7.00 per day; $35.00 per week
Spring-filled Mattresses, Linens, Bedding, Cooking Utensils, Dishes and Cutlery included in above prices

– OTTER FALLS STORE –
Groceries, Meats, Soft Drinks, Cigarettes, Ice Cream, Souvenirs, Fishing Tackle and Bait, Hunting and Angling Licenses, Chip Stand, Lunches, Meals

– BOATS –
$1.00 minimum charge; $2.00 and $3.00 per day, according to size; per week, $14.00. Life preservers, 25c per person per day

– MOTORS –
Per hour, $1.50 ($3.00 minimum charge); per day, $5.00. Gasoline extra

– OTTER FALLS GARAGE –
IMPERIAL OIL PRODUCTS
Credit Cards honored. Gas, Oil, Atlas Tires and Tubes, Fan Belts, Tire Repairs, Welding. First Class Mechanic.
Outboard motor gas and oil, also repairs
SCOTT OUTBOARD DEALER

STEVE AND LEDA KONDRATUK – PROPRIETORS
PHONE OTTER FALLS 1000
SEVEN SISTERS FALLS P.O., MANITOBA, CANADA

Otter Falls brochure - 1969

We rounded out our resort business by building a new and modern restaurant which opened in 1966. The interior walls were built with fire resistant gyproc, and then covered with our very special natural Whiteshell grown knotty pine. Steve built

1969 - Kondratuk Family.Restaurant in background.

a large fireplace out of stones we, as a family had gathered from all over. We had even brought one large stone from Georgian Bay, Ontario. Another was brought back from Gem Lake during an eight day canoe trip by Ann, Gordon, Bruce, and Juanita. The granite mantel was cut and polished at nearby Cold Spring Quarry. We really enjoyed the fireplace on those long winter nights. Steve built the rest of the inside north wall, the outside front of the store and the restaurant with granite from Cold Spring Quarry. One large stone looked like a map of Manitoba, so Steve put it near the store door.

Steve and Bruce built a rock retaining wall, which still stands today, and a wooden dock behind the store on the beach. This was a very busy place as it was the center point of our boat rentals, and docking for boaters needing gas, store and restaurant facilities. The rock retaining wall stopped the shoreline from caving in and acted as a breakwater for the beach.

When more and more seasonal campers stayed at the campground, they decided to have a fall windup. That started us having a Thanksgiving dinner for them each year. We took great pride in preparing the huge golden turkey, the numerous specialty salads, and the decorated pumpkin pies. By the time we left Otter Falls, there was over a hundred people gathering on Thanksgiving weekend for the dinner. We enjoyed this annual windup as much as they did. Leo Mol, sculptor and artist, spent Thanksgiving weekends at Otter Falls, attended the dinner, and sketched and painted the beautiful fall colours.

During the 20 years of construction and operation, our business steadily grew. Our workload really increased. The restaurant business was overwhelming, especially on weekends. Sometimes we couldn't close up until well after midnight. At the height of our resort operation, we employed ten girls to help me with the restaurant, store, and cabins. From time to time, we employed married couples, who lived with us year round. The woman helped me in the kitchen, and the man was Steve's helper.

In 1970, we decided to sell our resort and leave Otter Falls. The girls were both married and Bruce was attending the University of Manitoba. We sold it to Jackie and Gordon Zechel who are still there. Steve operated the garage for another year, then sold it to Jerry Cousins and our daughter, Juanita.

We moved to Winnipeg. It was a drastic change for us. I hated it in Winnipeg, and believe it or not, I was lonesome. Steve was lost without his garage.

Not long after we moved to Winnipeg, we bought a store in Harding, Manitoba. I ran the store until Steve finished at Otter Falls and joined me. We kept the store and post office there for five years. After we sold the store in Harding, we moved back to Winnipeg, where we lived for a few more years, then moved back to our home in Harding. The population of Harding is 19 at the present time. We like it at Harding as the people are friendly and are like one big family. We have a flower and vegetable garden, plus raspberries, strawberries, plums and apples. We do lots of travelling. We go to Phoenix, Arizona every winter and visit my sister, Marylou, who spends her winters in Phoenix, but who lives in Comox, B.C.

After she graduated from MTI, Ann's first job away from home was in Atikokan, Ontario. In 1958, Ann married the boy next door, Gordon Henschel from Riverview Lodge. They have three children, Kathy, Marty, and Lorece, also an adopted son, Wallace. In those early years of their marriage, Gordon worked at the powerhouse in Seven Sisters Falls and Great Falls. Later, Ann and Gordon moved to Winnipeg, attended university, became school teachers, then moved to Cranberry Portage where they lived for several years. After working in Port McNeill, B.C., for several more years at their profession, they both retired from teaching and became totally involved in the art world. Now Gordon is a very well known full-time artist, specializing in watercolours. Ann didn't want to be left out so she went to Vancouver to take courses in matting and framing, then she set up her own frame shop, where she frames all of Gordon's paintings, and does custom framing. They are real entrepreneurs and have a very successful and thriving business at Port McNeill on Vancouver Island. All their children and grandchildren live on the island. We go fishing for salmon and cod with them every summer, and at the same time, get to visit with most of our grandchildren and great-grandchildren.

After leaving Otter Falls, Bruce went to the University of Manitoba and in 1973, graduated with a Geological Engineering Degree. In 1970, Bruce married Beth Ball from Birtle, Manitoba. Beth

studied nursing, and graduated with an R.N. and B.N. Bruce worked for seven years with Manitoba Hydro in Jenpeg, then eight years with the Department of Indian Affairs. He travelled extensively in the north to the Indian communities. He recovered ten tons of gold concentrate and artifacts from Island Lake, where a tractor train with big skis on the front and tracks on the back, had gone through the ice in 1936. Bruce and Beth now live in Winnipeg with their children, Tammy, David and Dana.

For two years, Bruce has been working at his own engineering company, North Man Consultants, and recently signed a ten year joint venture contract as a Ukrainian construction company with the city of Kiev and the Ukraine Gas Company. Like his parents, another entrepreneur!

Juanita, on the other hand, still lives at Otter Falls. She married Jerry Cousins from Whitemouth in 1965, and have a son, Michael. They lived in Winnipeg for a short time, where Jerry worked for H.C. Paul Limited and received his Mercury Outboard service training. Then in 1972, they bought Steve's busy outboard motor repair shop, and renamed it Great River Road Marine. They brought with them the Mercury Outboard franchise. They remodelled the shop right away, then disassembled the old ice house, and rebuilt it into a warehouse in 1975.

Their marine business increased every year. Then in 1982, they diversified into the camp engine sales and repair business, and purchased their first airplane, a 172 Cessna Hawk X P floatplane. Jerry, Juanita and Michael all obtained their pilot's licence in 1983. The same year they began their annual floatplane adventure to northern Manitoba, Saskatchewan and into the Northwest Territories to visit their camp customers and repair outboards as needed. For three and a half years, Ann's son, Marty, worked with Jerry and Juanita in their outboard shop. With his training and knowledge he picked up at Otter Falls, he was able to return to Port Hardy, B.C. and open his own outboard dealership.

Jerry and Juanita were five time winners of the Prestigious Dealer Congress Award from Mercury Marine during the late 1970s and early 1980s. By 1990, the business outgrew the shop at Otter Falls, so they purchased a suitable building and lakefront property in Lac du Bonnet, to open another marine store called Watertown. The small outboard shop at Otter Falls continues to be a very busy repair shop, serving a real need in the Whiteshell Provincial Park.

After we left our home in Gladstone in 1950, and began our resort business, at Otter Falls, our social life was very limited. We did some curling and square dancing in Seven Sisters Falls. Our children missed out on all of the sports such as curling, hockey, and baseball, but they all enjoyed their years at Otter Falls.

Our customers who came back year after year became our friends and we always looked forward to seeing them each spring. We joined the Manitoba Tourist Association and every spring and fall, we had a three day convention at which we met the tourist camp operators from all over Manitoba.

All in all, our life at Otter Falls as resort operators was always hard work, but interesting. We met many, many wonderful people from all over Canada and the United States. Anytime we return to visit Otter Falls, we are proud to see the continuing growth of the resort and the marine business, and we hope that their success continues in years to come.

We celebrated our Golden Wedding Anniversary in 1985, and Ann, Bruce, and Juanita, along with their cousins, Beverly and Catherine, put on a celebration which included a church service, dinner and dance in Plumas. The band was made up of Gordon, Juanita, and her son Michael. It was something we'll always remember. It was nice being back in our hometown which we left in 1946.

OTTER FALLS RESORT
1970-1990

By Jacqueline Zechel

Otter Falls Resort, the gateway to the northeastern area of Whiteshell Provincial Park, is located on Highway 307, about 120 km. east of Winnipeg on Margaret Lake. The landscaped grounds slope down to a broad, sandy beach on the shore of Margaret Lake. The location makes it a central focal point for a wide variety of year-round outdoor activities in a setting of Precambrian rock, mixed forest, lakes and rivers.

We, the Zechels, purchased Otter Falls Resort from Steve and Leda Kondratuk in April, 1970 - so we count our years in summers! We arrived with three small children - Kimberly, Jacki-Jean, Gordy and one on the way, Curtis (born the month of October in Pinawa Hospital) and Gord's brother, Harvey and family. We have had other partners after Harv left. They were Jerry and Ingrid Zechel and Mom and Dad Zechel, whom have all moved on to other ventures.

So much to learn about the operation of a resort, whose facilities consisted of a general store, restaurant, 11 non-modern cabins, a 5-unit motel and boat and motor rentals.

There are lots of memories from the last 20 years - both happy and sad. Our children went to Whitemouth School, which meant that the first years here, they were driven to Seven Sisters Falls (12 miles away) to catch the school bus. This was twice a day, and when some were in kindergarten, three times.

Aerial view of Otter Falls Resort. Taken by Juanita Cousins

We always looked forward to Pinewood Lodge crew moving out in the spring so you could take turns driving. It was great when the Marina contracted for the school bus run to Seven Sisters Falls.

The first year we were here, we lost a cabin to fire. It was an especially dry year, but thanks to our staff, neighbors and Parks Department, it was contained.

In the fall of 1972, the male partners decided to try their hand with a Rupp dealership - sell a few machines and rent some. Selling was okay but rentals were something else to speak of! For those of you who don't know or have forgotten, a "Rupp" is a snowmobile. In fact, Gord still has his Rupp jacket!

The first snowmobile trails were cleared by the people who pioneered this area, and we in turn continued clearing trails. We met Tom and Genie Johnston and family from Whiteshell Air Service at Nutimik Lake. Tom had a drag for grooming the trail and would travel through the bush to Otter Falls by snowmachine and we would drag it back to Nutimik. Now there are excellent trails throughout the Whiteshell Park.

There are ski trails that start in the staging area, directly across from the Resort - a 7.9 km groomed trail and a 3 km groomed trail for the novice.

In 1972 the Youngs bought Riverview Lodge and although we didn't have a lot of time to meet over the hectic summer season, we all got to know each other quite well later in the season. Molly and Max left in the fall for Weslaco, Texas, and Helen, Leslie and Jeff moved into Otter Falls with us (actually the kids and I) for the winter. Gord worked in Winnipeg for the winter during the week, so it was great having someone here.

One day Helen and I had to learn how to change a tire. It goes something like this: First you require two jacks. One goes under the bumper and gets jammed when the car starts to roll towards the glass door in the restaurant. Then Helen runs in front of the car to hold it. I put logs in front of the wheels so it doesn't run over Helen. Parks staff pass on their way home (you think help is here), give us a friendly wave, and carry on. Thanks, Gary! You've now used the second jack. Pump up the tire with a hand pump. When it's time to pick up the kids from school, you jump in the car (take the jacks our first), drive as fast as you can to town to have the tire fixed. This was one of the many little episodes that happen, and all have some good memories of that winter. Gord and I found a great friend named Helen (you too, Adolf).

Our customers are great and quite a few have an exceptionally good sense of humor. Especially Bob Watson, who couldn't tell us (two couples) apart. So he named us Mr. and Mrs. Otter and Mr. and Mrs. Falls. Gord and myself were the Otters. A few years later, Bob gave me a corn broom with a plaque on it reading "Mrs. Otter - Fastest Witch in the West", all because he had seen me escorting some unwanted customers out the rear door. This broom is still in use, Bob!

Another one of our customers thought nothing of covering the restaurant window with a large sign reading "Free Coffee This Morning". Mind you, John never complained when we put an Open House sign on his cabin.

The years pass swiftly and you realize all the happenings are too numerous to mention - high water, forest fires, snowstorms, bread strikes, being evacuated - meeting people you've developed strong bonds with. Some are still here in the area and others have moved on to other places.

There has been lots of upgrading and remodelling at Otter Falls Resort over the past years and

we still continue. The resort is situated on eight acres of land and offers a full range of services, especially designed to accommodate people who enjoy the outdoors. There is a general store, restaurant, modern cabins, light housekeeping motel, beach, motor boat and canoe rentals.

In 1986, we celebrated our 25th Wedding Anniversary at Otter Falls with our children, family and friends, and three years later we celebrated Mom and Dad Zechel's 50th Anniversary. Our children have all graduated in Winnipeg. Kim is married (and we are grandparents to Eduard and Erin), Jacki and Gordie are engaged, and Curtis, along with the others, all live in Winnipeg.

Kim, Curtis, Gordon and Jacki. Gordon and Jacqueline Zechel.

Otter Falls Resort

OTTER FALLS
LOT 7, BLOCK 5
DR. LAWRENCE AND FRANCIS MACKEY

By Francis

We acquired our lot in 1952 through the help of Dr. Stephens, who was a classmate of my husband. We had the trees cleared and the next year, found us ready to put up the cottage. The building was completed by the end of June and we were ready for our holiday. The furniture arrived Saturday morning and we moved in. Sunday arrived extremely hot, humid and still, typical cyclone weather. That evening we experienced a major storm, strong winds, lightning and heavy rain. The trees were snapping all around us. Until you have experienced lightning with all the rock formations, your knowledge is strictly amateur. One evening, Dr. Stephens was out on the rocks and he was unfortunately struck by a lightning bolt. He was carrying a pair of pliers in his back pocket and that imprint was burned onto his skin. They took him to Winnipeg by ambulance but before they got to the hospital, he had regained some feeling in his legs. Apparently when you are struck by lightning, you get a temporary paralysis. We knew this story of Dr. Stephens so on the day after our first experience, we rushed into the city to put insurance on our new acquisition.

The roads in those days were gravel. For years we crossed a crooked bridge at River Hills. I'll never forget along the roadside, there were lovely flowers and fruit trees.

Our block consisted of the Ivorys, Bevis, Gibsons, Stephens, Hills, Wilsons and Thompsons (replaced in a few years by the Bill Donalds). The Zellners were the last cottage to be built in our block. Most of the cottages had young people and we enjoyed a happy association with all our neighbors.

The first years on our arrival, one of the first duties was to go to Kondratuk's Store for a block of ice, then to the pump for drinking water, then check the two gas lamps and the lantern to see they had fuel and trim the wicks to make sure they were ready for use. The Kondratuk's store and garage were where we got our main supplies and we had a friendly relationship with them. Next we had to be sure there was dry kindling on hand, wood for the cook stove. It baked and cooked well even by an amateur.

With the arrival of electricity in the late 1950s, we acquired a 1932 Model Maytag washing machine and for some reason, it became known as "Mabel". She put out a sparkling clean wash. We don't have a picture of it but it is similar to the Kondratuk's. Our "Mabel" remains in use although it sits outdoors.

Many summers the bears were frequent visitors. One day my mother was using the outside facilities when a bear came down the path. Fortunately she remained inside until the bear ambled off.

I remember the Hill boys, Ken and Wally, devised some ingenious schemes to frighten the bears away from the garbage cans. One devise was much like a farmer uses with his cattle. When the bear touched a spot of wire near the cans, he got a tiny jolt of electricity, just enough to frighten him away.

We saw lots of deer, porcupine and even a moose outside the cottage. One moose completely destroyed my umbrella clothes line when his antlers got caught. We've seen otter, beaver and even a mink.

One Sunday, Lawrence and our son-in-law, John, went out for a few hours fishing. When they hadn't returned in seven hours, we became concerned and recruited Ken Hill to search for them. The fishermen were not far up the lake but John had a 24-pound sturgeon on an eight pound test line. By the time they landed the fish, the men were about done in. We enjoyed the fish smoked, as did many of the neighbors.

Another day we had a visitor who caught a 27 lb. Northern and he was using a goldeye hook. We had both fish recorded in plywood tracings. (We placed the fish on a piece of plywood, traced around them and cut them out.) We then hung them on the wall. Lawrence made a tracing of the largest pickerel he ever caught, a seven and a half pounder.

There was a bird our family was not familiar with - a piliated woodpecker. One summer we had one we saw frequently to our pleasure.

We had some yearly events. One was a swim across the lake. All the young people including our daughters, Andrea and Linda participated accompanied by adults in boats. Another was the golf tournament at Ivorys, the August long weekend. After two days of golf, we finished with a party and the winners' names were inscribed on our trophy.

In 1976, Lawrence passed away.

Events at our cottage have been the "best of times" but also the "worst of times". In 1984, the tragic death of our beloved granddaughter, Kirsten, only child of Andrea and John left us devastated. She fell off a car at the dump when the young folk were fooling around and hit her head on a rock. For three hours, while we frantically waited for the ambulance to arrive, people took turns applying artificial respiration but to no avail.

Times have changed. John passed away in 1986. Except for my cottage, all the original cottage owners are gone. Wally and Vivian Hill have taken over his mother's cottage, Mr. Zeilner's son-in-law occupies Lot 1, the Donald family are leaving, the McFarlanes who bought Dr. Stephen's place have been there quite a few years.

I am getting elderly now but I still spend time there each summer as the cottage holds an important spot in my life and the lives of Linda and Glen and their sons, Cameron, Christopher and Scott. The oldest and youngest are avid fishermen and enjoy the lake. I have many pleasant memories and especially of the beautiful sunsets.

OTTER FALLS
LOT 2, BLOCK 1
NORM AND RUTH MCKIBBEN

This lot faces southwest onto Margaret Lake on the Winnipeg River.

Percy and Marylou Millions built the original 24x30' cottage in 1955. Percy died in 1956 so Steve and Leda Kondratuk, the developers of Otter Falls Resort, bought the cottage. It was then rented to "Granny" Collins and Betty and Bernie Kowalski, Granny's daughter and son-in-law.

The lot was quite low and flooded during periods of high water. Collins tells us that they travelled right to the door by canoe and that passing boats caused waves to splash up through the floor boards. Later the lot was raised by hauling in loads of sand and the cottage was moved back farther on the lot.

Bill Puloski bought the cottage in 1967 and then sold it to Noel Belanger Jr. in 1973. Noel added a boathouse and installed a fireplace. We bought it from Noel in 1981. We have added water and a sewage system plus more bedrooms and a porch.

Shortly after buying the cottage we had to replace the screen door as a bear tried to share our bacon and eggs one morning. That was our introduction to the wildlife here, fox, otter, deer and birds of every kind. Our dogs have more than a nodding acquaintance with the skunks!

It is a tradition with our family to spend Christmas and New Years at the cottage. We put lights on the spruce tree by the road and on those in the yard. We bring in pine and cedar branches as well as a tree and make the place quite festive. We now hang 23 stockings on the mantle!

OTTER FALLS
LOT 15, BLOCK 5
"ROBBIE'S ROOST"
By Carolyn Robbie-Craig

Robbie's Roost was purchased in the spring of 1960 by Dr. Bob and Mildred Robbie and Company of Beausejour. At the time, the company consisted of Denis, Carolyn (me), Jon, Lorne and Grandma Robbie. Then Autumn, the last member, appeared a year later and Tauser, the family dog, completed the assemblage.

The cabin had three bedrooms, a kitchen, and a small eating area. It was a tight fit for eight people and a large dog but the ride to the lake was even more so. All would be crammed into the car, precariously holding their breath for 45 minutes. It wasn't too long before a station wagon was bought for the weekly pilgrimage.

By 1967, the growing company brought about the realization that an expansion to the cabin was a necessity. Blueprints were drawn up and when the sawdust settled, there was a much larger and roomier place for everybody to spread out.

The weekends and summers seemed forever busy at the Roost. There were swimming lessons to be taken, rock gardens to be built, fish to be caught

and blueberries to be picked. It was also the site for lively games of Kick the Can and wiener roasts for the block kids and Hands of Bridge for the adults. On a more serious note, it was also the place for cottagers to get cuts sutured up or fish hooks removed if any had need of such attention. Dr. Bob always kept spare medical supplies in an aluminum tackle box in case any mishaps occurred.

Over the years additions have been made to the Company through marriage: Judy to Denis, Doug to me, Karen to Lorne, Randy to Autumn and Katie to Jeffery who are the little members of Denis and Judy. Others sadly have passed away: Bob Robbie in 1979 and Grandma Robbie in 1981.

In both winter and summer, the Roost has held fast as a favorite get together for all. Cross-country skiing, hiking, and scrabble tournaments have been added as new interests but old ones such as swimming, blueberry picking and wiener roasts remain favorites, too and hopefully will for many years to come.

OTTER FALLS
LOT 2, BLOCK 4
OTTER FALLS MEMORIES

By Gwen Smith

My first memories of Otter Falls begin in 1953 when I was a teenager and my father had just purchased a lot on which to build a cottage. The family all travelled down to help clear the brush from the lot. The Otter Falls store marked the end of the half-decent road, and from there on your progress depended on the weather. The side road leading down the newly-surveyed Block 4 was always bumpy and if it rained, you could depend on getting stuck at least once during the weekend. However, whenever a racing engine or spinning tires were heard, most of the neighbors would be out to help push the stuck car out of the mud. During the early stages of construction of our cottage, my dad, Jack Horn, suffered a heart attack and the building was taken over by a band of relatives led by the Horn brothers from Oak Bluff. August and Fred Horn and their families each left a boat at our place for years - ready to be put into the water whenever they came down. It was an exciting time for a young teenager like myself when the cottage was being built. For quite a few weekends, there were lots of people on hand, all having a great time doing their part in the building. A small white cottage with blue trim was the end product of all the work and that remained until 1979 when we began construction of a new cottage out of the old.

Over the course of 35 years, some of the cottages in Block 4 are still in the same families as they were when originally built. Our first next-door neighbors were the Forrest family, who still have a place on Eleanor Lake. Ted Davis owned the yellow cottage next to the beach and recently sold it to his nephew, Barclay Oliphant and his wife, Diana. A frequent visitor there was Ted's mother, Clara Davis. "Ma Davis", as everyone called her, was 103 years old when she died in 1986. Lloyd and Irene Atkinson were our neighbors on the other side until they sold their place to the Cottams. It was then bought and added to by Jim and Irene Saunders, then converted to a winter home by Kovaks who now live there all year round.

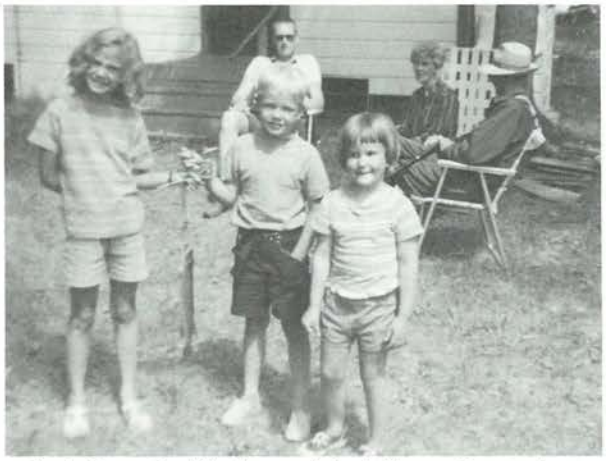
The Kondratuk family owned the Otter Falls store and garage. They were a mainstay of the community and many of the services they provided were not available anywhere else nearby. Nearly everyone was building in those days, and if you needed a hammer, a stovepipe, or a minor part for your car, Steve Kondratuk could usually be depended upon to come up with it. The whole family was involved in their business, even at a young age. Leon (before his tragic drowning) and Bruce, both worked with their dad in the garage, and had fun driving around on the "Mayrath". Juanita (the youngest) and Jerry Cousins still run the garage and marina. Ann (Henschel) was my friend and we had many good times, usually after Ann had finished her shift, working in the store. There were a few wiener roasts at the old "snake pit" near the falls where the beginning of Block 2 was later built. Someone must have seen a snake there once - probably before my time!

Swimming lessons at Otter Falls always seemed to fall on the rainiest weeks of the summer. My sister, Nancy (Gray) took lessons for a few years and became a good swimmer, either in spite of or because of the hardships of having to wear a hat and jacket, wrapped up in a blanket while she waited her turn to swim. We have experienced years of high and low water on the lake, and there were two years when some cottages were flooded. In 1954, Dorothy Lake went over the banks at Block 4. Again in 1974, we could put a canoe in the lake from the access road and paddle past both our back and front doors, right out into the lake. Boats we saw from our dock progressed from fishing boats with 5 h.p. motors to 25 h.p. motors, pulling surfboards or skiers to the big inboards we see now. In between there were sailboats of all sizes. Some Sundays, the lake is dotted with colorful sailboards and on occasion, we've watched people parasailing from the beach.

Our family has spent many happy summers there, and after his retirement, my dad did a lot of electrical wiring for cottages in the area. After his death, my husband Dave, and I took over the cottage. Our daughters and son enjoyed the lake through their childhood and had fun doing a lot of the things we

did as kids - picking berries near the dump, swimming, canoeing. When they first learned to paddle the canoe, we used to tie it to the dock with a very long rope; then, if they tipped, they had life jackets on and were only a few yards from shore. Our son, Neil, learned his love of fishing at Otter Falls with his friend, Gord Wareham and they spent many weekends catching pickerel from Gord's small boat. We often bore them with tales of the times when we first had the place and there was no electricity - no TV at the lake in those days! Also there were times when we got eaten alive by mosquitoes when the screen doors weren't tight. We don't miss those times, but some things never change - the sound of birds singing in the mornings, the fresh air, the beautiful view from our front window, and many more sights we could all name.

Eva and Jack Horn - 1968



Back: Dave Smith, Eva and Jack Horn. Front: Janet, Neil and Carolyn - 1970.

OTTER FALLS
LOT 6, BLOCK 2
TEAGUE
By Lorna

Al's brother Gus owned a cottage at Eleanor Lake. He told us about a cottage for sale at Otter Falls and the price was right. A lot of work was needed to be done, starting with 20 loads taken to the dump. Lots of work and fun. We are a family of five, Al, myself, Ross, Linda and Blair and this was a two bedroom cabin. The first thing we did was to add on three bedrooms, a large and small deck on two sides and another one out to the lake, plus a dock and two sheds. We bought the cottage in 1976. We would load up the car with the five of us plus two Siberian Huskies. How we ever managed, I'll never know. The dogs took up most of the room.

I remember one beautiful summer day, our son Blair was fishing off the dock and I happened to look outside just as a big brown bear sauntered across the front yard towards the gully where Blair was fishing. Our female Husky looked at the bear and started to follow it. I let out a scream and Al grabbed a big board and started after the bear. The bear casually turned in another direction and soon was out of sight.

Another time we were coming home from Eleanor Lake and there, standing on our door step was a huge bear. Our older son had gone to unlock the door and one look at the bear sent Ross scrambling back to the car. We honked the horn and the bear took off.

We have a lot of friends come out for the weekends. The children enjoy water-skiing, bonfires, cards and barbecues. In winter, they cross-country ski and ice fish. One summer when the children had friends out, they caught a large Jackfish with an otter in its stomach.

We love the lake and its peacefulness. The big city seems so far away.

OTTER FALLS
LOT 1, BLOCK 5
ZEILNER BROWN

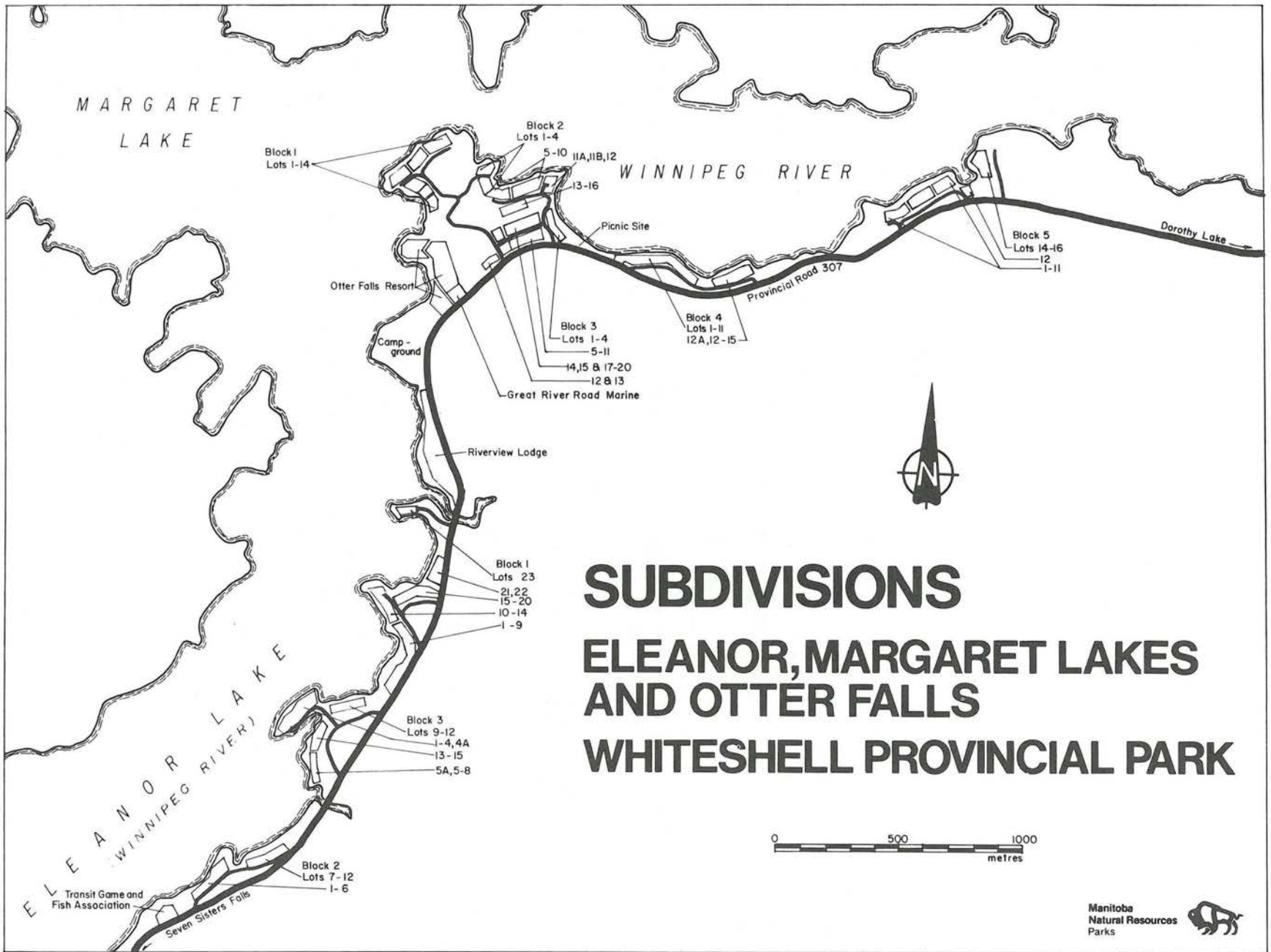
This cottage was started in 1953 by Otto and Molly Zeilner, with help from their four children and one son-in-law to be. It is now owned by daughter Molly and the son-in-law who helped build it, Bill Brown. The fourth generation of the Zeilner family. Josua spends time there with his grandparents.

This cabin was the last lot to be allocated in Block 5. It is unique in that it is built entirely of cinder blocks, which is now covered with cedar. The cinder blocks keep the cabin very cool in summer and retains the heat in the cool weather.

Otto was known to most cottagers in the area as the plumber who could always be called upon to repair a filter or pipe, supply a needed part or put in a septic field.

Molly and Otto helped build "Our Lady of the Whiteshell Chapel" and later helped with the maintenance of it.

Molly died in 1973 and Otto in 1986.



SUBDIVISIONS

ELEANOR, MARGARET LAKES AND OTTER FALLS

WHITESHELL PROVINCIAL PARK

1980

Eleanor Lake

ELEANOR LAKE
LOT 1, BLOCK 1
FRANK AND DORIS CHONSTKE
By Doris

It was May 1955, when we first went to the Whiteshell for a long weekend with friends. We got hooked into the life of boating, fishing, and getting away from it all. The following weekend we went looking for a cottage. Eleanor was five years old and Sharon only 10 months, but we persevered in the primitive conditions, especially the muddy roads. When it rained, cars were stuck all the time. Frank came from the country and pretty well knew how to drive on a muddy road and thankfully we never got stuck.

We found a 16 by 24 foot cottage that Gary Kuhn was building at Eleanor Lake at Lot 1, Block 1, and moved in July 1. Ours was the first cottage going in. Fred Henschel had a store a mile down the road and at that time he sold ice blocks, which was our only means of refrigeration.

September 1985, was a record year for wild mushrooms (pidpenki), so with our neighbors, John and Vicky Frederick, we went several times to pick them. Then one day, on our own, Frank and I ventured out, beyond the dump. After an hour of picking it was time to go home, but it was three hours later after walking, arguing, biting flies, and finding so many swamps in the bush (we never knew were there) that we finally stopped for a break to try to get our bearings. Thank God a glimpse of sunlight gave us some direction, and we soon heard car traffic on the road. Jeff Jorgenson came by once we came out to the road and took us back to our car. Never again did we go into the bush without anyone knowing where we went. Although I had taken a couple of apples in my pocket and I had some matches with me, who feels like eating at time like that.

In 1987 and 1988, we were overpopulated by skunks, and had lots of fun (if you can call it that).

Over the years our family and cottage have grown, and we are still here enjoying the boating, fishing and getting away from it all. Hopefully we will have many more years to come, in the area, as with all the improvements who wants to leave now.

Eleanor and Barry and their sons Ryan and Adam from Calgary; Sharon and Dr. John and their sons Andrew and Matthew; and our son Michael, all come to the cottage to enjoy the boating, fishing and the relaxation in the area.

ELEANOR LAKE
FORMERLY OF LOT 19, BLOCK 1
"COZEE NEZT"
GORDON AND SHIRLEY GELLER
By Shirley

In 1956 Gordon and I acquired our lot on Eleanor Lake and built our "Cozee Nezt" the following summer.

When we first started to travel to the lake, I remember the planks of the Seven Sisters bridge popped up as we drove over them, the washboard road and the low-boy that got stuck and having to wait hours before we could pass. Those were the days!

Chonstke Family - 1987

We spent many birthdays, anniveraries, Thanksgiving and good times at Cozee Nezt. People were friendly, helpful and concerned, like the time Ad Schwanke, Tom Forest and Gordon went fishing. The sun was setting and they were not back. Gordon Alderson, our neighbor and I sat on the lake's edge waiting for their return. Every now and then Gordon would say, "If there isn't any sign of them shortly, I am going to pull my boat out and look for them." Suddenly we were relieved when they appeared against the skyline. I recall the many times we spent, into the wee hours, playing cards with the Forests. After the Schwankes built their cottage, the neighbors helped them celebrate.

There was always much work to do around the cottage but it wasn't a chore or a hardship as it's different working at the lake. It was pleasure mixed with pride and left you with a great feeling.

I became the correspondent for the *Whiteshell Echo* for Eleanor Lake and this gave me the opportunity to meet all the cottagers, see their achievements and gather news.

Manitoba has a little bit of many provinces, the rolling hills of Alberta, the flat prairie of Saskatchewan, the lakes of B.C. and the most beautiful sunrises and sunsets. Many a morning I would have my coffee on the porch watching the sunrise. The glorious colors of the sunset in the evenings were breathtaking and words cannot justify the scene.

My husband passed away in 1978 and I kept going to the lake until I finally sold it after 30 years to Robert and Barbara Town on August 1, 1986. Our daughter Anita, lives in Toronto and like most children brought up on the lake, she loves it there.

Now my life is starting all over as I am getting married to Rick Barron shortly, selling my home and moving to Winfield, B.C. into a new mobile home. The neighbors are once again very friendly, helpful and concerned and several people are from "Friendly Manitoba." Our trail park is a short walk to Duck Lake, so once again we will be fishing and spend much time in the outdoors. Anita and I will always have many fond memories of our time spent at Eleanor Lake.

ELEANOR LAKE
RIVERVIEW LODGE
By Kay Henschel

Riverview Lodge was the first lodge built on the northern entrance to the Whiteshell and is still the first one the traveller meets when entering via the Seven Sisters Falls way.

Riverview was built by Fred Henschel, a local resident from the River Hills area, who was a fur trapper in the Whiteshell area from 1931 to 1971. His registered trap line centered on Eleanor Lake where

Riverview Lodge - 1949

the lodge is located. During that time he also had a mink ranch in River Hills until 1949 when he and his wife, Kay and son, Gordon, started building Riverview.

1949 was a wet year. The road from Seven Sisters Falls went as far as Big Creek. From there the building supplies had to be hauled by boat - a veritable flotilla of small craft piled high with lumber, nails, shingles, windows and all the makings for the new cabins. Some of the lumber had been milled the previous winter near the lodge on Eleanor Lake and made the task a little easier. But a wet year meant mosquitoes and the builders spent the summer trying to live with the problem.

A small boat shed served as home that first summer and nights were spent under a mosquito net. Two cabins for rent were built that summer and a log building followed the next winter which doubled as a residence and an ice house during the summer of 1950.

After the first cabin was finished and furnished, a few adventuresome tourists walked in from Big Creek and a little later, as the road was extended, from Caribou Creek. Walks of four and three miles respectively. Finally in the summer of 1951 living quarters were built beside the road and in 1952 a store was added to this structure.

There was no hydro for the first few years. Wood stoves were used for heating and Coleman mantle lamps had to be lit every evening by the tourists after instruction by Fred. Later a generating plant was installed which served the lodge well until hydroelectric power eventually made its way into that end of the park. Iceboxes were replaced by refrigerators.

Riverview Lodge was especially known and respected as a fishing lodge. Fred and Kay had a fleet of 25 boats and motors and during the summer Eleanor Lake was humming with activity. Tourists loved Fred's homespun humour: "The fishing's so good you have to stand behind a tree to bait your

hook.'' People really valued his knowledge of the area and common sense approach to the land since he had virtually lived in that area of the Whiteshell since 1931. He not only knew the old timers such as the Vansickles intimately but he was one himself. Tourists loved to hear his stories about trapping and hunting in the old days. The site of his main trapper's cabin was only two miles away at the mouth of the English River; and an alternate camp stood where the town of Pinawa was situated.

Fred experienced the Winnipeg River before the hydro dam was built and raised the water to a level which obliterated dozens of rapids and falls. La Verendrye, the French explorer had described this stretch of water as the most beautiful area between Montreal and the Rocky Mountains. As we roar along the river today with our high powered boats, we little realize the beauty that must have been. Perhaps it is better that we don't know what we sacrificed when we eliminated our iceboxes and Coleman mantle lamps.

Fred and I sold Riverview Lodge in the spring of 1962 to Ernie Bacon of Winnipeg. Since then it has changed hands several times.

ELEANOR LAKE
MAX AND MOLLIE YOUNG
ADOLF AND HELEN KOVACS

By Helen Kovacs

Max and Mollie Young started visiting the Whiteshell in the 1960s — camping at White Lake with friends. That was during the time of square dances, etc. at the cook shack every Friday night with almost all the families taking part.

In 1967 when Rainbow Falls Resort went up for sale by Jack Alexander, friends encouraged Max and Mollie to try it. Mollie was cooking at the Marion Hotel in Winnipeg at the time and Max was a carpenter for Winnipeg Construction, but they decided to take the gamble. This was a new experience for them, but they loved the work, people, and they were able to take some time off in the winter to travel south. In May of 1972, their daughter, Helen and her family moved from California to help at the resort. By the time she got here, Max and Mollie had decided that they'd try and sell. Mollie had some health problems and the business had become quite demanding. So up for sale the resort went, and within two weeks it was sold. The whole family was depressed and in tears — it was going to be so hard to leave so many good friends! And now, they had two families' belongings to store while they all found a place to stay. One truckload went to Dauphin and one to Sioux Lookout to their children's homes, and then the second week someone that camped at White Lake called to say that Riverview Lodge was for sale at Eleanor Lake. Max and Helen went and looked at it, and because it was on a much smaller scale than White Lake (and they needed a place to live), they bought it. Mollie hadn't even seen it!

Riverview Lodge was another challenge for Max and Mollie. There were no shower facilities or indoor washrooms, so small adjustments were made to make the place livable for two families. Max and Mollie lived in the old log cabin and Helen and the children in the back of the store. One fall day when they were sitting and watching television, Mollie mentioned that the living room and kitchen were quite small and it was too bad there wasn't a little bigger living area. Before the half-hour television program was over, Max had the wall between the two rooms taken out!

The first thing Mollie did was start selling her homemade pies and buckets of chicken. The little store had a lunch counter with five stools, and as the home cooking became popular, a little table was added, then another. One September long weekend was particularly memorable. A get-together was held around the store for all the guests in the cottages. They originated from Ireland, Scotland, Holland, Czechoslovakia and England — it was like the United Nations. Instruments were brought out and a wiener roast was held. A good time!

It didn't take long before Max got itchy feet, so plans were made for a new restaurant and living quarters at the west end of the property. Max built the 36 by 66 foot building by himself, even digging all the piers for the foundation by hand — in clay! He always believed ''if there's a will, there's a way.'' The new building opened on May long weekend, 1974.

Helen had planned on spending the first winter at Riverview in the old log cabin, but Jacki was kind enough to extend an invitation to live at Otter Falls Resort, so Helen and the children spent the first winter there, and the friendship has become a very treasured and lifelong one.

They shared many good, but also many frustrating times:

Remember when there were no telephones except for the pay stations at each resort? The inside phone was only an extension, and because you couldn't call out from inside the house, if you had to make a call at -40°F, you had to go outside, make the call and put in the money, and then run as fast as you could to continue the call inside. And all the phones from Otter Falls to Nutimik were on the same line, so you didn't have much chance of making calls on a weekend. More than once there was an emergency, and if you asked someone to clear the line so you could contact the R.C.M.P., they just stayed on the line to find out what it was. The next step then was to drive to Seven Sisters and make the emergency

call. Water lines were also a challenge for Jacki and I. We spent many an hour trying to get the water going at Otter Falls and Riverview. Everything happened from pumps quitting to mice chewing on heat tapes and shorting it out.

Many new friends were made and good times were shared with customers and guests. The business again became quite busy, and in 1977, Max and Mollie decided it was time to retire. The Whiteshell was now a part of them, so they purchased a cottage at Golden Acres and sold the business.

Max and Mollie still spend summers at the lake and have been "Winter Texans" for almost 20 years. Helen and her husband, Adolf Kovacs, purchased a cottage at Otter Falls, as they also couldn't bear to leave the Whiteshell. Helen and Adolf work for the Department of Natural Resources — Helen at Whiteshell Headquarters in Rennie, and Adolf is maintenance foreman for Seven Sisters District. Their children, Leslie and Jeff Lincoln, have grown up in the Park and like all others, have many great memories from growing up here. One especially memorable time was when Sam, the fox, visited the house regularly. He became so tame that he used to sit and wait for the school bus with the children. He was fed eggs as a regular treat, and one time Jeff lay down on the grass and put the egg in his mouth to see if the fox would come for it. The fox walked round and round, but wasn't quite brave enough to take the egg.

Jeff and his wife, Raquel, live in Pinawa, so they haven't really left the area. Leslie lives in Winnipeg.

Max and Mollie Young

Helen and Adolf Kovacs, Leslie, Jeff Lincoln

ELEANOR LAKE
LOT 22, BLOCK 1
TONY AND STELLA HOOKHAM
By Kathy

The summer of 1956 was a very busy one filled with lots of fun, excitement and hard work, clearing the land and pouring concrete footings to support our summer haven. Next summer the walls started to go up. We were looking forward to the day we would be able to sleep in our cottage. Well, this memorable day did come and memorable it was! The top boards to close off where the roof meets the walls were not in place. That summer had been one that was infested with great numbers of those pesty creatures Manitobans know so well, as "mosquitoes." These openings were a highway to those unpopular insects and caused quite a disturbance during the night. Needless to say we slept very little. The next day my father and brother Antony managed to close the openings off.

A great challenge to us and many other cottage owners was to find a way to stop the erosion at the waterfront. One year we hauled in loads of sand. This was great at first, giving us a sandy beach, but soon the sand washed away and more of the bank began to crumble. Next we tried boards across the shore line but this didn't work very well either. Finally one of the neighbors and ourselves had loads of rocks brought in and they are still in place protecting our land.

Our haven on Lake Eleanor has provided us with many happy memories. As young children Mom would spend the summer months at the lake with us. Dad would come down for the weekends and his vacation. I can still remember us sitting on the roadside waiting for his arrival.

Mom and Dad's silver wedding anniversary - 1969

Sometimes when Dad was in the city, there would be a terrific thunderstorm during the night. Mom would let us all get up and she would serve us hot chocolate and cookies around the kitchen table.

Dad's favourite pastime was to go out in his fishing boat with a *Saturday Night* magazine and head to his favourite fishing spot. He would drop his line in, sit back and read awaiting a nibble. It was always a treat to have fresh pickerel for a meal. We could often see Dad coming to shore just as the sun was about to set.

Mom loved the fresh air and peacefulness of the lake. She would always come down to the lake with a stack of books and spend a lot of time reading by the waterfront. Mom also enjoyed blueberry picking and coming back to the cabin to make blueberry pies with ice cream. This was the favourite of all. We always found the road to the dump which we called "Garbage Road" to be the best for picking those berries. Sometimes we were fortunate to gather enough raspberries for a pie.

As children we spent many hours in the water swimming and horsing around. We all took swimming lessons at Otter Falls when the Red Cross Safety came out to give lessons. As we grew older water-skiing became our favourite. Sometimes we would gather with neighboring cottagers to go skiing. We also had fun building forts and I remember the teeter totter my brother made from a fallen tree trunk. It seemed to us to reach way up into the sky.

My brother, Antony always liked to have a project on the go. One year he built a hydro-plane that he named, "The Scarlet Pimernel." This fast little boat brought us hours of fun and laughter.

Our younger brother John had a great love of the lake. He would have lived there year round if he could have found employment nearby. Instead he had to settle for weekends and a month in the summer. John had many friends who would share an afternoon with him. As a child John was the one we always had to rush into Whitemouth hospital to have a fish hook removed from his foot or have a finger repaired that had been caught between the cogwheels of an old windup record player. John died in 1990.

Dad was one of the founders of Our Lady of the Whiteshell Chapel and was very active with the church committee until he moved to the states 14 years ago. Dad still comes back every summer to visit and see his friends. Mother died in 1973.

Tony and his wife Judy and their children Delia, Kenneth and Sarah now live in New Zealand. The rest of the family - Elizabeth and Helmut and their son Mark; Sheila and Bill and their children Brad, Beverley, Stacy, Shannon and Suzie; John's wife Brenda and their sons Ryan and Rory; and my daughter Karen and son Ryan still enjoy the pleasures of the lake much as we did when we were children.

ELEANOR LAKE
LOT 12, BLOCK 1
PETER AND ROSE KONDRA

By Rose

Our first adventure in the Whiteshell area was camping in our trailer at Lake Brereton in 1954. Next year we spent the summer at Big Whiteshell Lake and then three years at Otter Falls.

As the children were growing older we needed more room so we bought our first cottage at the Big Whiteshell Lake high on a flat rock with a beautiful view of the lake. We spent two summers there. The road to the Big Whiteshell then was gravel and dusty and it took a long time to get there usually late at night. We decided to buy a cottage closer to Winnipeg on the Winnipeg River.

In the spring of 1962, a friend of ours, Matt Solonyka, told us that their neighbor at Eleanor Lake, Mr. M.O. Monchamp, was selling his cottage. We bought the place. It needed a lot of repairs that summer. We sold the Whiteshell Lake cottage to a Prof. Jones. There was always a lot of work at the cottage but we had fun, too.

Our older son, Zenon, spent part of his honeymoon there in 1962. At the time we bought Marusia was 17 and Peter Jr. was 10.

The lots here have lots of trees and bush. Our children would play hide and seek with Ed and Pat Solonyka. They also read comics in a tent pitched between the cottages. In the evenings we visited and read stories of pioneer days in Canada and what life was like in the Ukraine in the late 1800s written by William Dolinski. Sometimes we played conasta. All our neighbors are very good and cooperative.

We remember the summers when our grandchildren were growing up and they spent the summers at the cottage. Marusia and her husband, Robert Foster, with the help of our grandchildren built a tree house. The children spent many happy hours housekeeping and playing there. Then we received a letter from the Parks Board ordering us to remove the tree house because it was damaging two trees. (The trees are still alive.) In 1990, the beavers cut down six trees on our lot in one week!

We have all loved the cottage and the various activities we could do. Even my Dad at 80 years of age planted a cedar which is over 20 feet tall. Each of the grandchildren planted a tree, watered it and watched it grow.

Reforestrations - 1973

Most of all the children enjoyed the water. They built sand villages and mazes for the blood suckers. They did a lot of water-skiing, canoeing and windsurfing. In the evenings we played charades, cards, skits, scrabble, jig-saw puzzles and read.

In July the blueberry picking began. Then we had blueberry pancakes, blueberries and cream, blueberry betty, blueberry pyrohy and blueberry crepes. We also froze a lot for the winter. In the fall we picked mushrooms. We all enjoyed the wild flowers. At times we were fortunate to find the Indian pipe - a rare species of herb in front of the cottage or back in the trees.

We enjoyed having friends over. One older couple, biologists at the University of Manitoba, spent a lot of time with us. As soon as they got out of the car, she would say to her husband, "George, breathe deeply! Breathe! Breathe!" They loved the fresh air, the smell of the lake, trees, leaves and grass. So now every time when we get out of the car at the cottage we say, "Breathe! Breathe! Breathe!"

In the evenings we enjoy going to the garbage dump with the grandchildren to watch the bears.

One evening in July, 1990, our grandson Alex and his wife Jeanette from Edmonton went to the dump to see if they could see a bear. Peter and I went by boat to English River to enjoy the scenery and see what animals we could see. Peter Jr. and Marilyn from Hamilton stayed home to rest and read. Who had the most excitement? A young bear came around our cottage, peeked into the windows and went off into the bush to visit other neighbours. Peter and Marilyn were the winners.

We love going for boat rides when the lake is mirror-still. The various rock formations and trees reflected in the water is a most beautiful picture. At night when the moon is full you can see the trees reflected in the water and the stars seem to be falling down on you, but when there is no moonlight it is pitch dark.

The northern lights put on a show which rivals some of the television productions. We love to hear the cry of the loons and the whippoorwills in the evening.

One year when the water was very high the shoreline started to cave in. We had to buy loads of stone and work like slaves to save the bank.

Our daughter-in-law, Marilyn, is a master swimmer from Hamilton, Ont. She has swam Lake Ontario both ways and she loves to swim across our bay up to 14 times. We enjoy watching her and she enjoys the fresh, clean water at Eleanor Lake.

Sometimes I wake up at night and when the moon is full, I sit on the sofa and look out over the lake which is as still as a mirror. The trees are motionless and no animal or bird is stirring. Everything is peaceful and quiet. How wonderful nature is! It will be here for ages. We are just passers-by. Let us look after it and enjoy it and pass on the beauty to the next generation.

ELEANOR LAKE
LOT 14, BLOCK 1
"LITTLE BROWN JUG"
THOMPSON — WILLIAMS — McLENNAN

In the summer of 1956, Ruth Cooper, Edith Williams, Enid Thompson, Joyce Pollitt and Vera Baker climbed into two small English cars each weekend and set out to explore the summer resort areas of Manitoba. With tent, bedrolls and a 10.5-foot canoe on top the Morris Minor, we visited many areas. We have fond memories of that summer including the weekend when we got one of the cars stuck on the causeway to the ferry to Hecla Island and subsequently discovered Anamah Bay. (On a later weekend we did make it to Hecla.)

While that summer had its special adventures, we did decide that we would like to find a "spot" of our own where we could go each weekend without the complications of camping. Enid's father suggest-

ed: Why not look around the "new" road through Seven Sisters?

And so, in the winter of 1956/1957, we headed out to No. 307, crossing the Whitemouth River at River Hills, as you did in those days, and met Leda Kondratuk at Otter Falls Resort. Through hip-deep snow, Leda took us to see No. 9 cabin. The decision was made immediately, having fallen in love with the view of Lake Margaret, Leda, and her delicious sandwiches made with homemade bread.

The summer of 1957 saw the four renters, Ruth Cooper, Edith Williams, Enid Thompson and Joyce Pollitt ensconced in No. 9, having been assisted in moving by John LeMaistre and his sons. Frequent visitors included Win Cooper and Vera Baker. The Barnards occupied the other "large" cabin on the rock. Daily or weekend campers came to the smaller "pink" cabin in between. Among the latter was Marj Felstead and her dog Chipper who joined us in our later adventures.

Our first contact with Mr. Barnard was when Enid, Vera and Enid's dad broke the pin on the motor while fishing in Pinawa Channel. They had left their aging Cocker, Binkie, in the cabin, believing that the heat of the sun in the boat would be too much for her and that they would not be away more than a couple of hours. They looked all through their gear for anything which might serve as a pin; they even tried rowing against the current! Time went by toward sunset. Then, around the bend came Mr. Barnard and a friend. He cut a nail to serve as a pin and followed them back to the cabin. It was there that they discovered that they were neighbors! An anxious, excited, and very hungry dog greeted them!

Our adventures at No. 9 were many. At first the cabin was not finished inside. Then Steve Kondratuk lined it with pine boards. It was beautiful and bright. We painted it "harvest yellow," borrowing Bruce Kondratuk to paint the peak since none of us was anxious to climb that ladder. We had a wood stove; we set up a two-burner Coleman for hot weather; we had an icebox. Each weekend, we would stop at the garage and Bruce would go up into the "loft" above the garage and get us a chunk of ice. For lighting we first used a coal oil lamp; later an Aladdin and finally we could play cards at night with a Coleman hoisted to the ceiling!

The cabin itself consisted of one main room and semi-partitions to create two bedrooms. With double beds in the small rooms, there was no space to move around. And so Enid and Edith enrolled in a woodworking course one winter and returned to the cottage with two sets of sturdy double bunk beds and two substantial four drawer chests to furnish the bedrooms for the four and who were at the cabin each weekend. Those bunk beds (now cut in half) and the chests of drawers serve to this day in our present cottage.

With the sometimes gravelled condition of the road we now know as No. 307, it was usual to have at least one flat tire on one of the cars; the windshields of all cars coming in were always stone-bruised or cracked; in the spring or after a rain, it was unusual to get through that road without being stuck at least once.

One hot summer day we set out in our wee boat and we had barely left the shore when we noticed smoke rising from the high rock behind the cabin. We returned to the dock and ran up to the rock to find that a fire was indeed taking hold. While one rushed to the store to give the alarm, the others grabbed towels and blankets, dunked them into the lake and rushed back to the fire. (We later learned that wet blankets is not the best way to fight a fire!) Those returning to the fire soon noticed that the fire was moving toward a number of small thoroughly dead balsam trees lying across a rock space with tops down into the gully and road behind our cabin and the cottage belonging to Nello and Nolamie Fabbri. We quickly pulled those trees away and heaved them down into the gully leaving the bare rock space between the fire and the gully. By that time the fire crew arrived with water tank and shovels. We figure that we saved the Whiteshell from a bad fire that weekend as well as learning something about fighting fires!

During our years at the cabin, Don Collins who occupied a nearby cottage with his parents and brother Murray and collie dogs regularly took Joyce and Enid fishing down into the Pinawa and Sharkey channels. One summer day it was decided we would go further afield. Also "Granny Collins" as she was known to all of us, wanted to have her hair washed and set in curlers. We all set out to go above Sturgeon Falls. Joyce drove Granny Collins in her car to the beach at Nutimik Lake while Don and Enid with collie dog Tartan went to Nutimik in Don's 16-foot boat. While Don maneuvered the boat, with only Granny aboard up the Sturgeon Falls, Enid, Joyce and Tartan walked the short portage to be picked up on the other side. It was a gorgeous day. A picnic lunch was eaten; a fishing line was thrown in and a good sized goldeye caught; Joyce washed Granny's hair and set it with curlers. Suddenly we noticed big, black clouds forming behind us. Quickly we got into the boat, split up going down Sturgeon Falls, as we had done coming up, and got out into Nutimik Lake. Wow! Where had that beautiful day gone? We bucked waves; we shipped water; we passed the island; we got to the high shear rock on the east side of Nutimik. Suddenly Don "ordered" Joyce and Enid to jump out to steady the boat so he could get his mother ashore. With cameras strapped to necks they did just that. As soon as the boat was close

enough to shore a seasick-looking Tartan took to land and disappeared, to turn up later at the car at Nutimik beach. Don carried his mother up the cliff while Joyce and Enid stayed in the water to hold onto the boat. Don later returned to the boat while Joyce went up to walk Granny to Nutimik beach and the car. Don and Enid with a half-filled boat managed to make the beach where they dumped the boat and saw the others off in the car. It took three launchings from the beach before Don and Enid managed to get the boat away from the beach without swamping. Back at the cottage, Granny made a huge pot of spaghetti, had her hair combed out, and all got dried and warm. In all the confusion, the fish was lost as well as the basin used to wash Granny's hair!

Of those on this outing, only Enid survives. Joyce Pollitt, who later went to England died of cancer there; Don Collins was killed as a passenger in a taxi in a traffic accident in Winnipeg; Granny and Tartan died in old age.

Throughout all the years, the Kondratuks, as well as being our landlords, have been our friends - Steve, Leda, Ann, Bruce and Juanita. We remember Leon as well - it was a sad day when he drowned.

For a few years, Bill and Norah Nowell worked for the Kondratuks. At that time their son Rickie was about age five. He used to spend many weekend hours at our cabin or at Enid's sister's cabin nearby. Dorothy Keith who had become a regular at No. 9 at that time used to take Rickie on picnics - loaded up with peanut butter and jelly sandwiches. Enid's sister-in-law still hears from the Nowell's every Christmas. At last contact, Rickie was taking university courses and doing well.

While we all love the water and swimming, we did not water-ski. Edith was itching to give it a try. One day Nello and Nalomie's daughter offered to take her out. On the first run around the bay, Edith did very well. She stayed up. On the second round it was suggested that she should try kicking off one ski as they came around near the dock. Meantime, Enid was on the dock taking movies of this great event. As Edith came by the dock and kicked off a ski, she hit the water so hard, face down, that she knocked the bands off her teeth! We managed to get Edith to shore and revived. Needless to say, she had a mighty sore mouth and jaw for some time. Fortunately she worked for the dental college. That ended any interest in water-skiing. Enid was annoyed that she had become so interested in watching Edith fly through the air that she had forgotten to keep her finger on the camera trigger. What a movie that would have made!

It was in those days at cabin No. 9 that we first noticed the beginnings of the Pinawa Townsite in the early 1960s. On a boat trip with Don Collins, on a cool and drizzly fall day, we came upon two bedraggled men on shore near the Pinawa Dam. At their request, Don agreed to take them on board to transport them to Otter Falls. In conversation with them it was learned that they had walked through the bush from near Lac du Bonnet to assess whether or not they would bid on a contract to clear brush for the new townsite. And this was happening while we read in the papers that the Federal Government had not yet decided on the province to receive the new nuclear research station! By the next year, while the debate was still reported in the press, we noticed clearing and tree-tagging in the area we now know as the Town of Pinawa.

With the development of Pinawa, we soon found that our interest in fishing the Pinawa Channel dwindled - just too much action and too many power boats. It makes us think about how the original cottagers in the area must have noticed change when many like ourselves began moving into the area.

In our last year at No. 9, 1964/1965, we again thought about change and about having a cottage of our own. We looked far and wide at cottages for sale. Our searching took us to Brereton and to Falcon Lakes and to all areas in between. In spring, fall and even in the winter months, we looked over the areas. We remained wedded to what we called the "north" Whiteshell. One day in early May of 1965, while at the cabin, we noticed an ad in the newspaper for a cottage at Eleanor Lake. We drove down to Otter Falls Store, knowing that Leda Kondratuk would know about any cottage for sale. She greeted us with the information that the cottage had already been sold — however — she also told us that she had just been handed the keys for a cottage which was about to go on sale — also at Eleanor Lake. Well, we had to see that cottage right away! However, Leda was busy at the end of a long weekend and she could not leave the store. We waited and waited. Finally Leda decided that she could send Juanita with us and the key to view the cottage. When we arrived with Juanita we laughed - you did not need a key as you could climb through the back window openings!

We immediately fell in love with the location - a beautiful point with water surrounding all sides! The cottage was a mess, never having been completed. It was obviously well occupied by the mice and the squirrels. We thought that it was just what we wanted - a cottage we could finish to our own likes; in the district of our choice; with good water frontage. We had decided that we did not want grass to cut - we learned about that later and still experience it today!

On the drive back to Winnipeg excitement was high. Enid's father advised that if we wanted the cottage, we should make an offer. How much? He would take an old friend, Dave McQuade, to look over the cottage the next day. A key? We told them

they would not need one. They reported the next evening that the basic materials used in the cottage were sound and Dave suggested the value of the structure. From that we made an offer. How surprised we were when our offer was accepted. Then all the excitement and scrambling for funds really began.

At that time the three purchasers were Edith Williams, Enid Thompson and Dorothy Keith, since Ruth Cooper had married John English and left the group in 1964.

We were broke but had committed ourselves to bring the cottage up to the standard required to support transfer of the lease. Again our friend Dave McQuade came to the rescue. Returning from a visit to Grand Beach he reported running into some old farmer cum carpenter acquaintances who would soon be ready to take on further work. And so July 1, 1965 saw us as the new owners of Lot 14, Block 1, Eleanor Lake, complete with monthly payments, and the farmers in the place to provide a livable cottage. Our first actions were to invite all our friends to enjoy the swimming and to help with: shovelling out the dead mice etc., and cutting down the knee-high grass from the front area. To our surprise, as well as the three poplar trees (which later fell down on the cottage) the front area was covered in stumps from previously felled balsam trees. We could write a book about the next several summers it took to chop and pry out the over 70 stumps we found. Now we have a beautiful front area dropping down to the lake, crowned with spruce we have planted and bordered with other spruce and pine we have also planted - but - we also have grass to cut!

Little Brown Jug. Note the flagpole.

In July, 1966, Dorothy Keith left for the United States and Molly Phair (now McLennan) joined as an owner. In those early days we did many things to set up the cottage and had help from many friends. We moved the dock, which we had built, from No. 9 to the new cottage with the help of Nello Fabri and his friend Luigi. With the help of other friends we painted the cottage medium brown with white trim. On one day we counted 38 people on the lot - all helping. Luigi poured a cement back platform and steps using an old bed spring which Nello and Enid hauled out of the dump; a group of girl-guides arrived to plant trees to earn a badge; Art and Maisie Preece arrived with new arms for a chair; while other friends were still painting or clearing up the grounds. In 1966 Luigi installed an acorn fireplace. With the help of many neighbors, in 1967, a flagpole purchased from the Pan-Am Games sell-off was cemented into an old outdoor barbecue on the front rock. This serves to this day as a landmark and sailors' guide up and down the length of the Eleanor Lake portion of the Winnipeg River.

We have added a verandah, bedrooms, a full bathroom, a deck, electric heat and the "piece de resistance" - a hot and cold water system for both winter and summer use.

In 1966, when the painting had been completed, we stood back to admire: we were thrilled with the cottage, the grounds and the fact that, from whatever window you looked out, you could see the lake. What to name the cottage? The name had to be original and not otherwise used in the district.

The waterlevel was high at the beginning of 1966. We were not familiar with that part of the river. At what level would our cottage site flood? While we later learned that in low water (when they reconstructed the dam at Seven Sisters) we had more rock down to the water and that at high water we could not flood unless the whole Whiteshell drowned, the question remained: what was our water level? That led to the suggestion of the name "Plimsoll Line." That was not popular with all and would not likely be understood. We kept searching for a name.

Those were the days when we all had demanding city jobs. The weekends at the lake were a real break. The mornings began with a swim before breakfast and a swim before bed at night. We experimented with recipes and dinners were gourmet. Our pre-dinner ritual was drinks on the rock by the shore. Some would throw in a fishing line; we caught as many fish there as in Pinawa Channel.

One day as we stood back again and looked at the cottage, someone suggested that it looked like "the little brown jug." That was it - we all agreed that that would be the name of our cottage. Since then we have been known by many other names!

While No. 14, Block 1, Eleanor Lake has on its

entrance sign - "Little Brown Jug," we are known in other ways in the district and by our friends.

One summer, a friend from across the back bay told us that they had brought down a young niece and nephew. En route they had pointed out the town of Seven Sisters and taken the kids to see the dam. While they were on their dock and looked across at our dock where we sat with some friends, one of the youngsters reportedly said "so there are the seven sisters!"

As the years have passed and we are now all retired, we find that we are most often referred to, by our friends and neighbours, as "The Ladies of The Lake."

As the years passed and we did not have to spend all our time working on the cottage, we began to enjoy the district in all seasons as well as all the wildlife. Our major adventures include:

The Break-In - April, 1967: This was a heartbreaking and exciting experience for us. Fortunately there was no vandalism.

It all began with an R.C.M.P. phone call to Enid on a Saturday night. "Did she own a fishing tackle box? What color is it? What does it contain? Where is it kept?" Those questions lead to the statement that the police believed that our cottage had experienced a break-in. "Who were our neighbors - names and city addresses?" We gave as many as we could and agreed to be at the cottage early Sunday morning. What an experience!

First we were asked to provide an inventory of everything that was missing. That was difficult in the short time allowed. We were asked, along with several neighbors who had been notified, to follow the R.C.M.P. car to a site east of Lac du Bonnet. It was only as we were driving out of our lot that we noticed that our aluminum boat was missing.

Once at the farm site we were asked by the R.C.M.P. to assist in searching the premises and to report, and where possible, to identify ownership of goods located. In the farm house we found our clothing, blankets, coffee mugs, dishes, lamps and mirrors. A dish containing candies which had been on our coffee table was now on a coffee table in the farmhouse - still with the candies. In a loft, our boat was located along with a cash register and tools belonging to others. In a gully, covered with straw some of our neighbors located their outboard motors as well as others belonging to persons unknown.

Again we were asked by the R.C.M.P. to provide a list of all items we claimed as belonging to us and to put such items into a pile. It was then that we were thankful that the boat was there. An R.C.M.P. car arrived with a boat trailer in tow. Our boat was placed upon it and all our goods were put into it - covered by bedspreads we claimed.

We were fortunate in that all items taken, except one mirror, were located. The bothersome part was that we could not take any items back to the cottage. All had to be transported by the R.C.M.P. to Whitemouth and held until after the trial of those apprehended. It was not until mid-July that we were able to travel to Whitemouth to accept return of our belongings. We do thank the R.C.M.P. for what was good work in spotting the break-ins and for the courteous manner in which they dealt with us.

As mentioned, our chief summertime activity, apart from painting and grass cutting, was swimming. Our boats which began with a small aluminum boat and outboard bought from, and brought over by, our friend Roy Helyar at Lee River, progressed to a runabout with 40-horsepower motor only to return in later years to the small aluminum boat plus a sailboat and canoes. The water level through the years has been high and low - the lowest being in those years when repairs were being made to the Seven Sisters dam. The high waters seem to coincide with high water in the Lake of The Woods and the opening of the Keewatin dam. In either situation - high or low water - we continue to be able to enjoy our waterfront. In the low water years, we had a longer sloping smooth rock beach to the water. In high water, we can swim right off the higher level rock.

The low water years, however, did take a toll on our dock and boat. Being left high and dry for three years, they deteriorated. Again friends came to our rescue as John Lemaistre and Chuck Fry built us a new floating dock and John replaced the wooden gunwale on our aluminum boat.

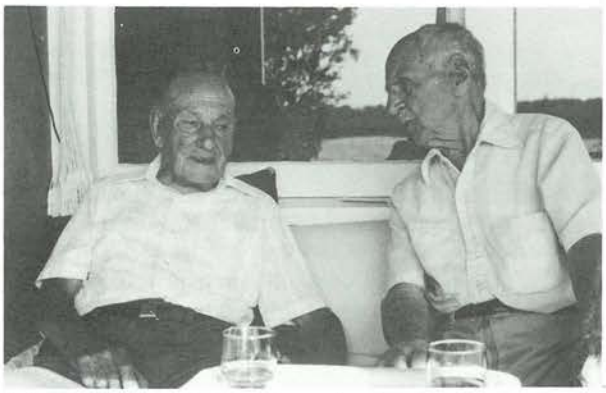
Our dock is possibly unique in that the deck over styrofoam floats is constructed of metal walk sections used in farm barns. It provides a light, yet sturdy and lasting deck surface.

Summer always leads to fall and to winter. Each year during the summer months we prepare for winter vacations at the cottage. Edith located a wood chopper which can be used by those of us who cannot swing an axe. Each summer she faithfully chops the wood which she and others have cut up with a small power saw for storage in the verandah.

A favourite spot has always been what is known locally as the English River (not its proper name and not The English River). Every year, including the low water years, we have been able to drift, by canoe or small boat, through the opening below Otter Falls and up to the beaver dam. There we can count on seeing the Great Blue Heron, usually deer and bear and always many ducks. Since the low water years, however, we have missed seeing the turtle sunning on the rocks.

It was Molly and Annette who brought down the "wee" styrofoam sailboat. It was Molly who first, and through the years, persistently sailed it. It was

Enid who persistently kept watch and often had to rescue Molly, using the small boat. The first adventure was the day that Molly first put the sailboat into the water. Soon after leaving the dock, she dumped. Sometime later Molly called out - "someone get the directions." As Enid called out the directions under "How To Right Your Sailboat After A Dump," Molly managed to right the boat and never forgot that lesson!



John McNeill and Bert Phair, both over 100 years old.

How many cottagers can say that they regularly had one, and often two, campers over the age of 100 years?

Molly's father, Bert Phair, was a regular at our cottage for several years - first helping and advising and later advising only - on such things as how to remove stumps, install a new door, sharpen a saw or axe, how to use putty and fix windows or screens as well as how to pluck and roast a grouse (it had killed itself flying into the cottage) and how to eat asparagus. After 1982, when John McNeill, the father of Enid's sister-in-law immigrated to Canada at the age of 100 (Bert Phair had then reached that age) we regularly had these gentlemen at the cottage. Both reached the final age of over 105, both lived at home with family and both spent time at the lake up until their final year.

We enjoy the waterfowl, the land birds, and all the wildlife in the Whiteshell. Here are two of our experiences with Mergansers.

One Friday evening of a long weekend, we noticed a Merganser fly off toward the lake from an area alongside where we parked the car at the cottage. This spot was some 25 feet inshore. Being curious, we looked over the ground and immediately grabbed the dogs. There was a nest with eggs in it. We were concerned about the duck and her nest. We moved the car to another location and stayed away from the area which we could view from within the cottage. Those poor dogs wondered what happened to their usual freedom at the lake as they were kept on leash. As the weekend progressed without any sign of the duck's return, Molly phoned her friend Al Hochbaum, then Director of the Waterfowl Research Station at Delta who advised that if the duck did not return by the time we would be leaving for the City on Monday we should put the eggs into a brown paper bag filled with moss and bring them back to the city. He would be in the city on Tuesday and would take the eggs back to the station to be incubated there. We did and they were hatched! The other good news we heard was that, being so early in the season, the duck would likely start a new nest immediately and lay another clutch of eggs.

A few years later, we were sitting on our verandah when a Merganser suddenly flew directly toward the screen and then as suddenly dropped down tc disappear under the cottage. Again it was "keep track of the dogs season." Repeatedly that spring, as we sat on the verandah, the swoop would come, and despite our knowing what it was, we would all regularly duck just as the duck would regularly drop down to scramble under the cottage. Some of us were rewarded one day as we watched mother duck lead her ducklings to the water. This incident was reported by Peter Taylor in his book "Wings Over the Winnipeg."

Feeding the hummingbirds is fun. We find that the plastic feeders with perches hung with the use of a cut and molded coat hanger to keep them from swaying in the wind is our most successful feeder. Severai of these hang outside the front windows around the deck. We can watch the birds at close range either from inside the cottage or while sitting on the deck. This closeness does not seem to bother the birds although their zooming around our heads sometimes disturbs us or our company. If we do not get these feeders out early enough in the spring (between May 7-10) the hummingbirds are zooming around the windows telling us to get busy.

In 1987 we were disturbed to arrive at the cottage to find some feeders knocked off their holders. It was strange. There were no puddles or stains on the deck to indicate that an excited or avarice squirrel had done the damage. While Edith remained at the cottage alone one night, she heard a noise which seemed to come from the deck. Arising, she was surprised to see a two to three-year-old black bear lying on his or her back on the deck with a feeder in his paws and drinking the syrup much as a baby drinks from a bottle! Edith witnessed this again the next year. She should be so lucky; the rewards of a light sleeper.

We do not know which season we like best. There is much to be said about summer, especially the early spring when the daylight is so long and the forest is becoming alive again. Still we wonder if we like the wintertime at the cottage the best. From our earliest years in the Whiteshell we have gone down in the winter. We recall a time when we were still in No.

9 cabin when we took turns, on skis, being towed behind the car from Otter Falls to Brereton. You could not do that on today's road.

In the early winters at the cottage, we nearly froze until we re-insulated and added winter heat. Now we have the comfort of a hot shower after skiing. In those years there were no government-maintained ski trails. We did find some trails first started, we believe, by Harvey Zechel. To these we added many of our own, packing them through the trees and tagging them so we could find them again. The snow seemed very deep in those years. Enid's little Cocker, Misty, learned quickly that she would bog down in the snow and she also learned how to ride on the back of Enid's skis when we were packing. As we were still working then, we had only weekends or vacation time to go to the cottage. We used to laugh at the fact that we would spend all our time on one trip to pack trails only to find that they had blown in the next time we arrived. Still, it was fun. We always packed a lunch, enjoyed it sitting on a log, and stayed in the forest all day. By late winter, we did have skiable trails. Regularly a grouse would spring out of the snow nearby, a deer would peer at us from down the trail. In the spring the rabbits appeared and we even found some snow fleas. At the pace of those days, you could really enjoy the woods, no matter how cold the temperature. You could not get lost, for even if our trail-making did not take us where we expected, you could always return on the track you had made.

Nowadays we ski on the prepared trails. We spend New Years at the cottage and at least one other full week. The mode now is for fast skiing. Although we do appreciate that ski trails are prepared since we could no longer cope with the trail packing we did in earlier years, we do regret that some of the trails have been so widened that they are exposed to wind, sun deterioration and unthinking snowmobilers. While we still occasionally have a grouse fly up, we no longer see the deer - only their tracks.

Winter enjoyment is now eased in several ways. With snow-cleared blacktop, the road is more accessible; with the assistance of Jackie Zechel or her sons we can have the heat turned on so that the cottage is warm when we arrive; and we can arrange for the plowing of our bay road so that we can take our cars right up to the cottage. With more neighbors now using their cottages in the winter we have all combined in Block 1 to hold a block sale to pay for the plowing.

All and all, it is obvious that we have enjoyed many past years in the Whiteshell and look forward to many more. Through the years there have been so many experiences, some perhaps unique to us and others typical for all who experience the Whiteshell. Many cottagers have dogs which, in their behaviour, will lead to episodes with skunks, woodchucks, and with woodticks. The weather itself will periodically continue to provide stories, winter and summer. We have had our share of trees down on the roof, or on the wires; of shingles blown off and of boats and docks blown around. Still we are fortunate to have our Whiteshell.

Edith Williams, Molly McLennan and Enid Thompson with "Bonnie".

ELEANOR LAKE
LOT 7, BLOCK 3
NELSON — MELNYCHUK — KOWAL
By Sharon

My memories of Eleanor Lake go back to 1955 when as a little girl of four we crossed the lake by boat to visit Uncle Matt Solonyka in Block 1. My Mom, Stella and Dad Hillary, my sister Bev and I used to go every weekend in the spring and fall and we spent our summer holidays there. The floor would be covered with sleeping bags as often more than 20 children slept in the three bedroomed cottage. What fun we all had! We didn't have hydro at the time and we used an icebox outside to keep our perishables. Sometimes the skunk would manage to get into the icebox and eat our food. Then the rest of the weekend we ate sardines and pork and beans.

Highway No. 307 used to be narrow and gravelled and if it rained it was not very good to drive on. One Saturday on our way to the cottage another car was coming from the opposite direction and mom wanted to give the man enough room to get by. He got by alright but we slid into the ditch and had to get a man with his tractor to pull us out. Worse still, the chocolate cake on the back window fell down on top of us.

By 1970 my sister and I were getting bigger and we wanted to bring friends out to the cottage. Mom and dad decided we should get a cottage of our own

not too far away. Luckily we were able to purchase Lot 7 from R.P. Curmay. It was only a 12-foot square shell. We loved the spot and my parents soon had the cottage our summer home.

When we first purchased our cottage we could never figure out what our next door neighbors, the Suominen's were doing. They would go into this little building by the water in the evening. After several minutes they would go into the lake for a swim and then back into the little building. This went on almost every evening even on the cool autumn nights. We'd be freezing outside with our parkas on and they were swimming.

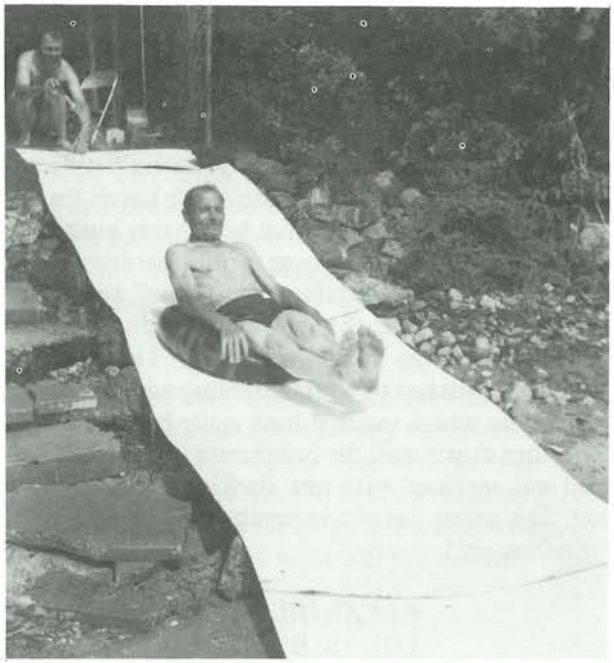
The following year we found out they had a sauna in the little building and that explained the swimming. One morning Irene asked us to join them for a sauna. Well, we were very leery because we did not know what to expect or what to wear. This was 1971 and saunas were very new to us.

One afternoon we saw Irene going into the bush. She told us she was going to get branches with leaves to beat us. Well, that was it, now for sure we were not going into the sauna. So we invited friends over and told Irene we were very sorry we couldn't join them.

Several days later they invited us again. This time my parents were at the lake and they said, "We'll try it." We did and we haven't stopped enjoying saunas! The leaves are used to beat your arms, legs and back, and is it ever invigorating. Many evenings have been spent together with a sauna and swim followed by coffee and a good time together.

My mom retired in November of 1989. At first she kept busy with Christmas and helping Bev move etc. By February she was bored. The cottage was not winterized and so she and dad couldn't go down there. Both parents are very active and one day they said to Bev and I, "What would you think if we built a new winterized cottage?" We thought it was a great idea but a lot of work. By March the folks had started to haul away the old cottage which had grown to 24 by 40 feet. Luckily they had a truck. By May, 1990 the new fully winterized 1,376-square foot cottage was started.

The Nelson, Melnychuk, Kowal families



Dad and his homemade slide

We all spend every weekend and all our holidays at the cottage. The family has grown. I married Norm Melnychuk and we have three children Ian, Jan and Holly. Bev married Perry Kowal and they have a daughter Carla. We all fit in and have a great time.

ELEANOR LAKE
LOT 10, BLOCK 2
"THE NIELSENS"
By Kathy Rose

Our lot and cottage were originally won in a raffle at the Red River Exhibition in 1958. My grandparents, Mozens and Magna Nielsen bought it from the winner, Alex Railian. The lot was a piece of brush-covered swamp. My grandfather, my uncle and my father spent many hours clearing brush and hauling fill before the cottage could be moved onto the lot.

The cottage was left to all the grandchildren in the early 1970s. Since then my sister Barbara and her husband Leigh and their children Cole and Chad; myself and my husband Don and our children Jared and Karin; my brother Steven and his wife Sharon and their boys Bruce and Bryan; brother Rob and Julie and their son Alexander and brothers Dave and Jim, all spend as much time as we can at the cottage.

We all have many wonderful memories - from

swimming lessons at Otter Falls to the dreaded night-time trip to the outdoor privy.

Many changes have been made since then, but the one thing that will stand out in the memory of anyone familiar with our block is "the Guillotine." Grampa and his cohort Louie Rose built this engineering monstrosity to create a safe haven for the beloved cedar boat. Our boat house was built atop a cement channel. The boat would be driven into the boathouse and a large "guillotine" type door would close off the channel, thus leaving the boat afloat without the waves to disturb it. The iron guillotine was worked by a large steering wheel and pulley system which made it look quite barbaric! This was torn down with the boathouse in the late 1970s and was replaced with new decking over the channel, but many people remember it vividly as the "Guillotine."

ELEANOR LAKE
LOT 13, BLOCK 1
WHISKEY JACK LODGE
MATT AND MARY SOLONYKA

By Mary

In the early 1950s, my late husband, Matt, learned from business associates in the construction business that there were lots available for leasing in Block 1 at Eleanor Lake. We were fortunate to obtain a lot on the point. It was fairly private as it was the second one from the point.

In the early days, there wasn't road access and we had to transport everything across the water from the main road. This included all the building material for the construction of the cottage. By the late 1950s, with the help of our relatives, we had added a large dock and a boathouse with a sunroof. We thought that the cottage should have a name and chose "Whiskey Jack Lodge" after the whiskey jack birds that visited the cottage in those days.

As our lot faced the length of the lake westward, we had problems with the land being washed away by the waves eroding the shoreline during periods of high winds and water level. The men initially built a barricade along the shore using heavy steel posts and planks. Although this arrangement served its purpose for a few years, it was eventually demolished by the high water and high winds and we lost at least 15 feet of land. We then had many loads of boulders trucked in and we lined the shore with them. They have served the purpose ever since.

The men loved their fishing and Matt along with his brother-in-law Hillary Nelson built a 17-foot wooden boot, named Muskie, that was used for pleasure and for fishing pickerel at the Narrows. They also built a smaller wooden boat, named Pike, that was used for trolling and a small five-foot boat, named Minnow, for the kids to paddle around in. They sure made good use of it.

The men used to go fishing before sunrise for a couple of hours and bring back a bunch of jackfish while the women would prepare breakfast on the old wooden stove. I have always liked the smell of burning wood and the taste of toast made on a wire rack that was placed on top of the stove.

We always had a lot of friends and relatives that would spend the weekends with us. My son, Ed, and late daughter, Patsy, along with their cousins and friends would spend time swimming or fishing off the dock. They used to have fun feeding the squirrels. Occasionally they would tie a string around a peanut and pull the peanut into the cottage to see if the squirrel would follow it in. It usually did.

In the evenings, the kids would play catch or hide and seek when it was pitch black outside. There was never a dull moment. On clear nights we would watch the stars that seemed so bright. Also the full moon shining with its reflection on the water was a beautiful sight.

We all enjoyed nature's treasures such as the haunting call of the loon or the unique sound of the whippoorwill at night.

In the early days there was no electricity, so we had table lamps that used naptha and also a kerosene lamp that had to be pumped up every so often. Most evenings we would play card games such as canasta or rummoli until late at night. Those were the happy good old days.

Matt and Patsy have passed away. Ed and his family now live out east in Mississauga, Ont. However, whenever they are back this way, a trip to the cottage is a must.

I am very thankful to have very considerate and helpful neighbors over the years which means a lot. The relatives still come and help maintain the cottage. We spend many weekends together reminiscing about the old days and some of the pleasant and not so pleasant moments.

Such as the time in 1965, when Matt decided that we should go for sturgeons above Sturgeon Falls near Nutimik Lake. The water was high that year and once we started going up the falls, we found out that the old 25-horsepower motor didn't have enough power to take us up. In fact the boat was just holding its own with all the water rushing around us, until we pulled out the paddles in desperation and started paddling. That gave us the extra edge that we needed over the falls. I will tell you one thing, our minds weren't on catching sturgeon after the experience. We were wondering if we would make it back safely down the falls. Matt assured us not to worry as we approached closer to the falls. It seemed like a split second for us to go down the falls and land by the shore across the bay, thank God. We all

agreed, especially Patsy, that there wouldn't be any more sturgeon fishing in the Muskie unless we bought a larger motor. Oh, we did catch small sturgeon that we later smoked in our smoke stand. They tasted pretty good.

Then there was the time that Ed was going fishing alone, when Matt tells him, "Oh, come on, take your Mom along." So across the lake we went to the far shore to do a little trolling. Before we even were settled, I had my fishing line in the water and was snagged. I began to jerk the rod and finally yanked the spoon out with such force that it landed on the kerchief on the top of my head. Luckily it missed my face. Without thinking, I grabbed the spoon and pulled it out. Soon after I felt something warm trickling down my neck. I kept sponging my head with water all the way back to the cottage. That was the end of our fishing that day. The wound on my head healed pretty well on its own.

We still chuckle about the time when a skunk happened to pass through the yard one afternoon. My late father, for some reason, without realizing the consequences, grabbed a broom and started chasing him. Well, with all the commotion of everyone trying to stop Dad, it's a wonder that we weren't all sprayed. Meanwhile the skunk took its sweet time to head into the bush.

In the early 1960s Patsy used to bring along girl friends to the cottage. One of them became Ed's fiancé during a trip to the cottage in December, 1971, when he gave her the engagement ring there. It was a very happy occasion.

Over the years, the place has changed. Several years ago, we had to remove the dock and the boathouse since both were badly damaged by the high waters. We sure miss them, however with the salvaged material, we extended our shed and put up a shorter dock to sit on and fish from.

Patsy Solonyka - 1943-1967

Ed and Pat with Tanya and Matthew - 1988.

Usually in fall, our neighborhood squirrel becomes very desperate and builds not one but sometimes two nests in our shed, one strictly of grass and leaves and the other of insulation. I don't have any idea where it gets it all. One time I removed a couple large pails of insulation just to discourage it.

When the Muskie was retired, quite a few years ago, we pulled it up on the shore and planted flowers in it. During the last few years, we even tried planting a garden. As the boat became more rotten, a ground hog made its home there and cleaned out our garden. We decided to take the boat apart. As we were doing this, we found the ground hog at the bottom of the boat and not very anxious to move. This past summer, we put another old boat in its place. Next summer we plan to put in another garden and to fence it. Sure looking forward to spring, but can't help but wonder what will our ground hog do now come summer.

Patsy died in 1967 at 24 years of age.

ELEANOR LAKE 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 deteriorated 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 by then, late in the afternoon and we were left with no alternative but to turn around and retrace our route back down that wildnerness trail. It seemed like 50 miles all the way to Hadashville before we came to a con-

necting 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 on the 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 stayed overnight 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 1940s and were constantly enthralled 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 blistery, half raining and half snowing, but with every cast, I hooked a fish, mostly northern pike but also quite a few walleyes. 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 then manager of the Hudson Bay Company 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 Rennie 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 depature 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 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 1940s. 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-horsepower 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 favourable 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 1950s 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 12-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 premised 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 interventing 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 1955/1956, 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 fiberglass 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-horsepower 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 water-skiing children and their friends.

For a number of years after 1957, my parents divided their time between the cottage at Falcon in which whey 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 Eleanor - 1989

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 30 years between 1940 and his passing in 1970 he made the Whiteshell his prime staging area.

Linda, Helen and Patricia - 1957

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.

ELEANOR LAKE
LOT 8, BLOCK 3
VILJO AND IRJA (BILL & IRENE) SUOMINEN
By Bill

We bought our lot in 1958. In the spring a bad fire went through the area started when a farmer was burning his stubble. The government offered to return our money if we no longer wanted the burned lot. We went to see it and it didn't look too bad but all the under brush was burned along with the pine and birch trees. The poplars weren't affected too much. After cleaning the burnt bush we were totally black, except for our teeth.

At first there was no road to the cottage. We walked through the bush from Highway 307 to get to our lot. We stayed in a tent until we had the cottage built and boy was it cold! We had a company from Beausejour deliver the bricks for the chimney. They left them by the highway and we carried them by hand through the bush to the cottage. The next morning at 7:00 a.m. a crew was out building our "road," and they had it finished in three hours. Needless to say, it was not a good road. In fact, it was so bad that some people hauled their building materials by boat.

Once one of our friends got stuck and we pushed and pushed with no success. We piled rocks around the wheels and the mud was flying. We were absolutely covered in mud. I went to the lake and swam for the first time with all my clothes on and wearing my ski boots!

With no hydro we dug a hole in the ground and placed a pail inside to keep the wieners and bacon cool. We put the lid on the pail and a big stone on top but in the morning the food was all gone. Some animal must have had a good feed!

Being from Finland we built a sauna the following year. It drew a lot of attention because few people knew what they were.

We were young and full of energy back in the 1950s and we enjoyed the hard work and the joys of having a cottage.

ELEANOR LAKE
LOT 16, BLOCK 1
GUS AND JOAN TEAGUE
By Gus

This cottage was owned by my wife, Joan's parents, Joe and Emily Kizuk. They bought it in 1954 from J. Williams. I first visited there when I was 21 years old in 1958. We had many years of fun and relaxation. Mr. Kizuk and I were great pals and we fished a lot and enjoyed our coffee breaks? Joan and I took our babies to the cottage and now our children are bringing their children. When Joe died I carried on with the cottage and Emily at 77 still enjoys coming down to the lake.

Some memories that I can recall . . .

An uncle tried to light a lamp hanging from the ceiling and as he reached up his pants fell down.

One day I started to chase a bear in the bush and he turned around and he did the chasing.

An older couple had capsized their boat and fortunately I was able to save them.

I enjoy looking at the sunsets in the evening and seeing the stars come out at night, and trying to count them.

ELEANOR LAKE
LOT 4A, BLOCK 3
HERB AND MIN THOMPSON

We got our lot the spring of 1959 and were one of the first cottage owners in Block 3. It was the standard 20 by 24-foot cottage. This was also the year of the raging forest fire which destroyed majestic trees 50 feet tall and more. Our children and our grandchildren have enjoyed being at the lake. We all like the peace and tranquility Lake Eleanor provides.

Whiteshell Trappers 1929-1991 Lumbering

EMMA AND ALEX HENSCHELL
By Alex

My dad, Emil and mother, Bertha, homesteaded along the Whitemouth River near Seven Sisters about 1900. Dad was not a hunter but mother was not afraid to shoot anything like skunks or foxes who tried to get her chickens, ducks or geese. I was told that one time she went to open the water hole in the river to give the cows a drink and her dog went through the bush chasing a deer out onto the slippery ice. The deer fell on the ice and couldn't get up so mother took the axe and chopped off its head. Then the neighbors and us had fresh meat. In those days without deep freezers the neighbors would always share fresh game or fish with each other. The original farm (homestead) with the log cabin that belonged to my dad has been handed down from my father to me, and now my son Ray lives there in a modern home.

I went to a one-room school with about 50 pupils in Seven Sisters, about a one-and-a-half mile walk from home. In the winter my brothers and I walked along the river setting traps to catch weasel, mink and muskrat. At the age of nine I bought all my own clothes from trapping money. At about 16 years of age I worked for other farmers by the month. In those days you'd get $15 or $20 a month for a 10-hour work day and you know that I saved money and bought a car next to new. It was a Ford Roadster. You could buy it for $600 or so and gas was 20¢ a gallon.

In 1929 I went to fight bush fires north of Nutimik Lake (then called Jessie Lake). Our boss or Forest Ranger was a good old guy named Edwin Vansickel who everybody called Van. He owned property on the west shore of the lake beside his brother Harry. Harry was the cook at camp and a darn good one, too. After putting out the fire at Nutimik we went by canoe and airplane to Lake George where there was a big fire which took us a few weeks to put out. We lived in tents. In the evenings we went fishing but we only had a spinner and a rolled up string line but the lake had so many trout that we nearly got one with every cast. One of the local trappers with the firefighting crew was Adrian Caux. We got to know him well and later when we trapped in the Whiteshell we had to go past his place and we often stopped in because he wouldn't let anybody go by without having coffee with them. I remember he used to say "Lots of water in the Whiteshell River."

Alex Henschell, Ben Pommer, and Harry Henschell "New Trappers"- 1929.

In the fall of 1929 after fire fighting, my brother Harry and Ben Pommer and I made up our mind to go trapping together. We made a list of things we'd need and being our first time trapping it was hard not to forget something. We knew we had to have stove pipes, saws, axes, lamp oil, guns, shells and traps. At the time we didn't know anything about snares and if the canvas canoe got a rip we had to have something to fix it with or get some spruce gum to patch the hole. Our first mistake was starting out too late but we got from Seven Sisters Falls up the Whiteshell River past Caux's place, over two portages before putting up the tent for the night. When we got up in the morning the river was frozen over and we couldn't continue by canoe. After waiting a day or so the ice was strong enough to walk on. We couldn't stay there so we split oak trees for runners and we walked back to Mr. Caux's place and borrowed some tools to make a sled for each of us to pull. There were about eight portages up the river before we reached Betula Lake. Around the rapids the ice stays pretty thin and one of our sleds broke through the ice in about five feet of water. We lost some stuff off the load. One thing was our 30-30 rifle that we had to fish off the bot-

tom of the lake with nails on the end of a stick. We got to Betula Lake, then called Birch Lake and after it was good going. We only had three rapids to cross after that but we had to get further away so we wouldn't be on somebody elses trap line. (Until 1941 there were no registered trap lines). We studied the map and it showed a portage to Meditation Lake but we couldn't find it so we made our own portage, and once through the swamp we had good going on mostly rocks. As I was walking toward the lake on a flat rock carrying a heavy pack and a 22 rifle I looked up and here was something I'd never seen before in my life. There in front of me were about 30 caribou standing looking at me. I put my pack down and seeing as it wasn't far from the lake I thought I'd try and shoot one but all I had were short shells in my 22 rifle. I thought if I am going to shoot one it might as well be one with big horns. I shot him in the head but all he did was shake his head and away they all went. I never saw them again but they stayed around Horseshoe Lake. Each year they went further north until they stayed north of the Winnipeg River.

At Meditation Lake we found an old broken down camp where we stayed awhile before continuing to Horseshoe Lake. We built a log cabin there and even put logs on for a roof and then filled the cracks with moss to even it out. Lastly we put tar paper on top to keep the rain and snow from dripping on our bunks and our spruce bough, reeds and grass mattress. We did not trap much but got weasels, mink and muskrats and one day we got a few otters but we didn't know what they were. We skinned them like mink and stretched them the same way and later when we got to the storekeeper who bought fur he told us what they were. The storekeeper, Mr. Grubert, was the one who had grub staked us to go trapping all for about $40 - $50 for food and shells to do us until Christmas. We came back home at Christmas and after we had sold our fur and paid our bill at the store we had enough left for a big Christmas party and a lot of good and bad memories.

In January 1930 Harry and I headed back to our trap line. The snow was so deep now and the slush ice was everywhere. We'd picked up some dogs to pull our toboggan but we had to go ahead of the dogs to break trail and had to stop and scrape the slush ice off the bottom of the toboggan. It slowed us down so much that it was getting late when we had to cross the Whiteshell River to go to Fisher Lake. Harry went ahead of the dogs to cross the river where the slush was 10 inches deep. He made it across wearing his snowshoes but the dogs got stuck in the middle of the river. I took my snowshoes off and helped the dogs and toboggan onto the other shore. My feet were soaked almost to the knees and we still had about nine miles to get to our camp. The going was tough and we couldn't see our trail where we had gone before Christmas. We got across Fisher Lake and on the two mile portage to Meditation we lost the trail because it was dark. We had to stay in the bush all night. We made a fire but it was hard to find firewood in the dark. After a while we had a good fire going but I did not have a change of stockings so I tried to dry out my footwear but I didn't do a good job. When we got to camp at Horseshoe Lake next day at noon I found out my two toes on one foot were frozen. As a result I didn't do any trapping for a few weeks until my toes healed. The one big toenail finally came off after a lot of pain and it had quite a smell. I couldn't go to a doctor as the dogs couldn't pull me. I was lucky not to lose my foot with only home remedy like foot baths to help heal.

After a month or so we packed everything up and left Horseshoe Lake for that year and made plans to go elsewhere the next winter. When we stopped at Vansickel's place on our way home I told him I'd stay at his place in the spring to look after his horses, dogs, chickens, and pigeons and check the Winnipeg Electric watergauges below and above Sturgeon Falls, which Vansickel had to read twice a week. When I came back to stay at their place I took Van to Heart Lake to trap with his dog team where he stayed in a tent. Then I took Harry to White Lake for the spring muskrat trapping. I did some trapping around their place in my spare time and I used his dogs to check the water gauges. Mr. Vansickel had a lot of guns of all kinds and he told me I could use any of them but not to waste too many shells. I mainly used his 22 rifle and I didn't always hit things I aimed at so when he came back one day I told him about that gun. He said, "Let's see about that gun!" He took a milk can and put it on the ground 50-60 feet away and shot "bang, bang!" and the milk can kept rolling. "It must be you," he said, "not the gun."

When spring trapping was over and the Vansickel's came back from selling their furs Van loaned me a canoe to go home. Harry took one canoe and I returned Van's canoe to him. We went over Dorothy Lake up to the Barrier Chute where there was sort of an island just above the rapids or chute, and from this island to the shore is a narrow strip of rock about 14 feet wide where we wanted to portage over. Just before we got there we saw something swim across from the other side of the river to the island. We stopped at the rock and Harry said, "Stay here and I'll go and see what it is. If it's a bear I'll shoot it."

Harry went over there where there was quite a lot of bush and suddenly he yelled, "It's coming!" and with that we saw a big cow moose. I hid be-

hind a little bush by the rock. The moose was so close I could almost touch her, but I was relieved to see her go by. When Harry came down the hill here was a young moose following him so we petted him and he went wherever we went. Harry said, "You stay with him and I'll go up the hill because I think there's another one up there." Sure enough, he found one more baby moose but this one put his head in the grass to hide and wouldn't come. Harry picked him up and carried him to us but as soon as he put him down the little moose ran into the bush. He wouldn't get tame like the first one. We played with this one for a long time and he wouldn't leave us. Finally, Harry told me to go part way up the hill and he'd have the canoe in the water ready for me to jump in. I went up the shore a little and then ran back as fast as I could and jumped into the canoe and do you know that little thing went right into the water and swam after us. We paddled along the shore until he got tired and went ashore where his mother was all the time.

This wasn't the only time I'd seen an incident like that. When I was small, oh, about knee-high to a grasshopper, my brother Louis trapped beaver two miles west of our home in about 1923. He and his partner brought home a small moose and kept him overnight. People from all over came with their box cameras to take his picture. That one made so much noise all night that mother said Louis had to take him back where he got him from and he did.

For the early fall moose, deer and bear season I went to guide for a man who had a bunch of Americans in for the season. They could shoot one moose, one deer and one bear. We set up tents for sleeping and for cooking. We took them up the Winnipeg River from Pointe du Bois to Eagle Nest Lake where a trapper, George Fingler, had a cabin. He also was one of the guides as was my brother Harry. We stayed there a month. The four guides had to do the cooking and cleaning up and we had good times because when the weather was good we hunted and if the weather was bad we didn't go out. All the hunters got what they came for.

The next summer one of the guys, Alex Sayborn, from Philadelphia came to see me and took me to Winnipeg with him. He wanted to build a hunter's lodge in the Whiteshell and I was to be hired to help cut and peel logs, buy groceries, etc. He even brought out some tools for me to use but the Forestry wouldn't give him a permit. He sent me a cheque in the fall and a list of groceries and supplies needed for a month's hunting and told me where to meet him. This time they came by plane and landed on a lake where I was with all the supplies. He brought a Mr. and Mrs. Everhart with him. I was to guide the woman which was not easy. If we walked a hundred yards she'd ask "How many miles have we gone?" I selected places depending on the wind where we could sit and watch from the rocks or by a large opening where her smoking couldn't be smelled. Anyway, we had luck as one day a big bull moose came into the opening after I'd called him by making a female moose sound. She shot him and they took pictures of her and the moose and it was in the Free Press saying about "The only woman to shoot such a large bull moose!"

Alex Sayborn was a war veteran with his left arm shot off above the elbow but he was a good shot. We used to call him "One shot Sayborn." One lovely evening with no wind and the sky full of stars we sat outside enjoying the fresh fall air. The Northern Lights came flashing right over us and were so bright and colourful and dancing. Those Americans who had never seen Northern Lights before couldn't get over that beautiful sight. They said, "It's worth the price of the trip alone just to see those Northern Lights." Alex wanted me to go to the States and he'd set me up in a business with Ford Motor Co. but I chickened out. I didn't want to leave all my friends and go to a strange country and how could I leave my trap line?

From our Crowduck main camp about six miles there was a little lake we called Rat Lake, half in Manitoba and half in Ontario. Whoever got there first would set muskrat traps on the whole lake. I got there first one year and set my traps. Later the White Dog Reserve men came quite a long way with a dog team only to find I'd set traps first. They decided to stay overnight by the open fire but they were short of food. They took the muskrats out of my traps, skinned and roasted them. When I came back next day I could see where the fire had been and all that was left were the muskrats tails. But do you know what, they did not take my muskrat furs — they put the skin back in the trap. Now don't you let anybody tell you that all Indians are bad.

Once in about 1923 we started to go that 60 or so miles to the trap line with the dog team in winter and we had to cross Eleanor Lake and when we were about a mile from the Diversion Dam at Otter Falls we could see a man walking from the Dam to his cottage. He'd seen us coming so he went to his cottage to start the fire and have coffee ready when we got there. There were two men who worked cutting or chiseling the ice away from the dam so it wouldn't freeze over. In 1919 two brothers Eric and Charlie Gustafsen worked there. Eric had an accident and slipped or fell in the water and drowned and because he went under the ice they didn't find him until the spring thaw. Now Charles Gustafsen was working there with a Mr. Malmgram and they were so glad to talk to someone and were so happy if we brought a newspaper. I don't think they had a radio. We travelled that way to our trap line in

1929 over Eleanor, Dorothy, Nutimik, Betula, Fisher, Meditation, Horseshoe, Bedford and Big Whiteshell. It took a couple of days.

The Diversion Dam was built by Winnipeg Electric in 1916 across the Winnipeg River to divert water to the Pinawa Channel. There was also another dam between the two big islands called Sharky's Dam that was built mostly of rocks and planks. Diversion Dam was built of cement and was at least a quarter mile across. They also built cabins for the work crew and these were later used by the men who kept the dam free of ice. The dam had a drop of about 12 feet. Below the dam the fishing was really good and we often stayed at their cabins and fished.

In later years Emma, my wife and I had our honeymoon there and 50 years later we returned for our 50th wedding anniversary. The old Pinawa River Powerhouse was shut down years ago.

There were quite a few settlers and trappers from Nutimik Lake to Mallard Lake in the early years. I've mentioned the two Vansickel brothers, Edwin (Van) and Harry. Then there was Jack Parks who lived at the big marsh where the Whiteshell River and the Rennie River meet. That's the best muskrat country around there. At Heart Lake, Mr. and Mrs. Edwards lived. Up the Whiteshell River by the first falls Pete Caux and family lived on the east side of the falls and Adrian, the father and family on the west side. They farmed and trapped. (Their story is elsewhere in this book.) You could never get by their place without coffee and a talk and because they had two girls Frances and Betty it made it easy for us young bucks to stay a while. One of the girls played a harp and the other a mandolin. We knew Adrian from our fire fighting days at George Lake. They always were happy to talk to someone and hear news or get newspapers. They always had their own milk, cream, cheese, butter, wool for clothes, etc. They coloured the wool and made the nicest rugs. The girls also trapped up the river five to six miles and they'd go by canoe or dog team. Betty could handle the gun like a pro. One time when I arrived at their place my feet and socks were wet. Mrs. Caux made me take off my socks and she gave me a dry woollen pair to put on. She said that she'd wash my wet ones and next time I came by we'd exchange them. However, she got sick with cancer and was in the hospital a long time. Then Frances nursed her mother and gave her pain medicine and when I came by the next time Frances was crying and told me her mother was gone.

The next trapper from the Caux's was a bachelor Tom Reid on Jessica Lake. He didn't have a dog team but he had a Shetland pony which he used to go around to his trap line. He cut hay with a scythe in summer to feed in winter. In summer he put a bell on the pony's neck to ward off wolves and so he could find the pony when it grazed. Next trapper was Jim (Scotty) Hamilton who lived at the river just down from Lone Island Lake. In dry years before they put the dam at Jessica outlet, the water in the river was so low that a loaded canoe touched the river bottom and you had to walk one behind and one in front of the canoe to get it over the rocks.

Frank Hardisty

On Lone Island were two brothers Frank and Bill Hardisty who lived there all winter and then stayed by the railroad tracks all summer. Bill had property on the west side of Lone Island but he didn't stay there much. Frank had a really nice big roomy cabin and he was a great talker. Sometimes we left our 100 pound bag of flour at his place because he didn't have any mice. Here's a story told to me by two trappers who trapped around Whiteshell Lake before my time. Ed Sieg, son of old Mr. Sieg and Julius Kuhn were on their way to Whiteshell Lake with all their stuff and they came to the portage at Mallard Falls. When they carried their first load across the portage here is an old man, Frank Hardisty they learned later, beside his canoe holding his stomach saying "Brandy, brandy!" Well Ed and Julius weren't boozers so they couldn't give him any brandy but they might have had a bottle of home brew along as medicine but nothing else. They went back for more of their load and each time they carried some of the old man's stuff to help him out, until they had everything across the portage. Hardisty then got up, thanked them and added "The older you get the smarter you get."

Jim Finley was a trapper at Mallard Lake. His cabin was on the west side of the Falls and also had a quarter section of land which had nice timber on it. He sold some to Mr. Baribeau and Armstrong who floated the logs to where Castaway Cabins Landing is located. Baribeau and Armstrong had a sawmill near my brother Harry's camp in Castaway Bay so the lumber from the logs made the cabins. There were lots of trappers before us such as Hughie McInnis, Jim Finlay, Ben Kuhn and his brothers Julius and Leonard, J. Carlson and the Miers Brothers.

Trapper Paul Miers in 1920s

One weekend Harry and I thought we'd visit our neighbor, Paul Mier's camp to the east on Crowduck Lake. When we got close to the cabin we heard voices inside so we thought he had visitors. We knocked and Paul invited us in. He said "I guess you heard me talking to myself. I always do." He had tame mice for company and the mice would come out when he called them. He was lonely and we invited him to our cabin. Later we did spring muskrat trapping together. He told us how he got snow-blind one winter because he had one glass eye and the strain on the one was too much and he had trouble seeing his trail back to camp. He had to crawl on his hands and knees and feel the trail all the way home. After that spring's trapping he gave it up and I bought all his equipment. He said that he wanted to get married and farm out west and he did. Even with one good eye he found a girl for himself. His pet mice were no pets of mine and they had to go.

In the 1930s two Durant boys were at Crowduck Lake for a year or two to try out some new traps they invented. One day as I was making a new set of traps for mink I was looking for a stick to fasten the trap to but I grabbed one that was close to shore and there was a trap on the end belonging to Durant. I tried to re-bait it for them but I didn't know how because it was a snare trap with a spring on it. It was the first I'd ever seen. I didn't know Durants had a trap there because it had snowed and I couldn't see any tracks.

Another trapper was named Walter Bushby and my brother Fred and a George Carlson. The biggest trappers of all were the four Siegs, Ed, Gus, Rudolf and Jake. They trapped in the Whiteshell from 1912-1950 or so. Their main camp was at Horseshoe Lake. In the early years they said they shot caribou there.

Our son Ray has a trap line that consists of the north part of Crowduck Lake, Side Saddle Lake, Horseshoe Lake plus smaller lakes. We are proud that he has part of the trap line that Emma and I trapped for so many years. Our son Robin has the trap line Fred used to have which was from Seven Sisters to Dorothy Lake. Our boys grew up on the trap line and we hoped they learned some good things from their old man.

Emma and the boys Robin and Ray

Now to return to Harry and I. We went to Big Whiteshell and had our camp at the narrows of Big Whiteshell and Little Whiteshell and a lot of other lakes. We each went our own way to set traps, make camps or shelters and often didn't see each other except on weekends when we'd get together to skin our catch, bake bread or bannock, wash, change clothes and sometimes have a bath whether we needed it or not.

One time Harry had been hunting along the shore as the ice was just forming. He returned at noon and said that he'd seen a bear track in the snow and the bear had crossed over the ice on the narrows between the lakes. Harry was going after it and I wanted to go along as I'd never shot a bear. Harry followed the tracks and I circled around until the bear came my way and then I followed the bear and Harry circled around hoping we could get the bear to go into a swamp where it was fairly open with just a tree here and there, and a little brush. I came to a windfall and the bear came around trying to escape. I shot him but I'd always heard stories about bears playing dead so I walked far around the windfall and here I saw there were two bears.

This big hungry old male bear had found a female bear in her den sleeping for the winter. He dug her out and killed her and she was three quarters eaten up. Harry came and we skinned them both and carried the hides home. It is not just bears who kill and eat their own. A male mink will kill and eat other mink.

I once found a fawn that didn't want to leave his mother at mating season and an old buck with his sharp horns didn't take kindly to that. He pinned the fawn against a jack pine and killed it by piercing the fawn's chest with the old buck's antlers.

I have a similar story about a bull moose. This happened east of Betula Lake. One fall Em and I went to the cabin above Betula Lake to take in everything for the winter like food and blankets and to cut wood for the stove. It was October, the moose mating season. We heard a flock of ravens making so much noise in the bush up the river. I said to Em, "The wolves must have killed a deer up there." A week later when we returned the ravens were still making a noise so I went to see what had happened. I saw a cow moose that had been horned to death by a bull moose. I could tell by the broken poplar trees where the fight had been. Here was this horny bull trying to mate with the cow who maybe had been bred before or maybe she just said "no". He didn't want no for an answer. Maybe its not just humans who do rape. The ravens, vultures, crows and foxes had eaten the moose except for a few scraps of skin and bones.

One year we caught a timber wolf in a trap by two toes. We saw it was a female of about a year old. We decided to keep her and raise our own husky sled dogs. We kept her at the Whiteshell Camp all winter. In the spring I was to take her home in the canoe, over 40 to 50 miles of lakes and rivers and across 16 portages. Harry went home a different route.

It was not an easy task to transport a wild wolf that far. I tied a long chain to a sort of muzzle I'd ripped up so she couldn't chew it up and so I could lead her across the portages. To put the muzzle on her I chased her around a tree until the chain was tight. Then wearing gloves I jumped on her and grabbed her ears and fastened the muzzle. Unfortunately, she bit one of my fingers but I didn't let go. I was able to get her into a canoe and in about three days I stopped at Vansickel's at Nutimik. He was glad to see me. His boy, Vince, was with him. Vince said we'd have to give the wolf a bath so we took the boat and made her swim behind. I finally got her home to Seven Sisters Falls and I tried to introduce her to some male dogs. The dogs were afraid of her and she never got tame. After keeping her for three years we gave up on her.

Our female wolf we had for three years

Around 1934-35 the government was building a road to Big Whiteshell. At Lone Island there was a Relief Camp and also at Green Lake. In those days Welfare was different. In the 1930s young men worked in camps like this for $5 a month and room and board and they slept in a tar paper shack. They dug ditches and built roads with a pick and shovel, wheelbarrows and planks.

Bridge being built at Basket Falls, White Lake.

The finished bridge

One fall when we were going in to trap, the government was building the road from Rennie up to the Whiteshell. We couldn't get through some bad spots so the bulldozer pulled us through. When we got to the bridge at Basket Falls the bridge wasn't finished. The men laid planks across so we could get over. It was pretty shaky but we were glad to get through. Sometimes we left the car at the main "road" close to Big Whiteshell Lake until we went home for Christmas. It was so cold then that the car wouldn't start. We had to build a fire under the oil pan so that it would heat up the oil and we could crank it to start the motor. One December there was

a heavy snowfall and we had to tramp the snow down in front of the dog team with our snowshoes so the dogs could pull the toboggan out to our cars. Harry had a 1929 Ford Model A and I had a 1931 Model A. Harry thought we'd have to walk but I thought we should try the cars. Deer hunters had been in so the bottom of the road was packed but loose snow was on top. We put chains on the tires, dug out some stones to put in the car trunk for weight, heated up the motor, put the dogs in the car. We went in low gear and slowly made it but the snow pushed in front of the cars sometimes up to the brace between the lights. Then the fan would pull the snow onto the distributor and the car would stop. We'd have to wait until it dried up again. In the meantime the other car would pass until he got stuck. We leapfrogged like this for about 20 miles until more traffic made the going easier. One fall Harry and I decided we needed more traps after we were at our camp. If we put a mink trap down other trappers would set one on each side of ours and we could see we needed more traps. I volunteered to walk back home and go by bus to Winnipeg to get them. I took my packsack, grub, and hatchet, map, compass and matches and set out across country. Harry had taken me by canoe to the landing. I had to keep a straight line to reach the Slave Falls Power Line because I knew there was a footbridge across the Winnipeg River which I knew wouldn't be frozen yet. I went those 15 to 20 miles through the bush, sometimes I could run on the rocks and do you know I hit that transmission line and footbridge almost dead on. I stopped at Vansickel's for coffee. They wanted me to stay and talk but I was in a hurry.

That evening I got as far as Otter Falls. In those years there were no cottages but my older brother Fred and his partner Bill Howk and a trapper's cabin north across the river from Otter Falls, but too far across to call. I built a big fire as by now it was getting dark. I could see their light through the cabin window. How to get their attention? I didn't want to camp out all night by an open fire and freeze. I took a fire brand and waved it in the air. One of them saw it and he came across by canoe to get me. Boy was I glad I didn't have to spend the night out.

Next day I got home and headed for Winnipeg. I didn't know much about the city but I finally got to Sidney I Robinson's fur house to look over the traps. He brought out different kinds. I liked the one-and-a-half Triumph Trap with a high grip and light. I asked how much a dozen and he told me. I was hemming and hawing and I said it was too much. He said it was the best he could do. I thought a moment and asked, "What would you let me have them for if I took 20 dozen?" Oh, that was different. I could get them for 50¢ a dozen cheaper so I bought a heavy duty packsack, put the traps in and carried them to the bus. I tell you I had to rest along the street.

All this took a few days so by then the small rivers had frozen and I got the dogs ready with more food and started the tough trip back through the bush as some lakes weren't safe to go on. From Eleanor Lake I took an old logging road to Picket Lake, across it towards Heart Lake with no road or trail at all, over an area where railroad ties had been cut and the logs and trees were sticking out so it was a continuous gee and haw to the dogs and lifting the heavy toboggans. I reached Mr. and Mrs. Edwards at Heart Lake and they were sure suprised to see me. I stayed the night. Next day I took the Rennie River and marsh until I hit the Whiteshell River past Caux's and up the river over Betula, Fisher, Meditation, Horseshoe and Bedford Lakes and back to Big Whiteshell and camp. Now we had enough traps especially on Crowduck where the other trappers had placed a trap on each side of each of our mink traps. Now we did the same to them. The open trap lines didn't work. Next summer they picked up their traps and we talked to them and showed them a map and we came to an agreement where each would trap and it worked out well. Registered organized trap lines came in about 1941. Before there was electric power for deep freezers or fridges in the Whiteshell my brothers and I cut blocks of ice for the stores and lodges. At first we used an ice saw by hand and tongs to pull out the 2x2 foot blocks. Most lodge owners needed 150 to 200 blocks to be cut and placed in their ice houses and cover it all with sawdust. Fred had Riverview Lodge by then. We fixed up on a sled a circular saw with an air cooled motor to cut about ¾ of the way through and then we'd split the rest. It was a big job to get out the blocks and into the ice house. We filled ice houses for Pinewood Lodge, Nutimik, Big Whiteshell and Inverness Resort at Brereton Lake.

I wanted to expand so Harry and I divided the trap line and I moved to Crowduck Lake where I spent about 25 years. A number of these years I was alone in Paul Meir's old cabin. It's not much fun all by yourself. I had a mouth organ and a mandolin and some books. I tried a crystal radio set and later I had a one tube radio and a nine volt battery with earphones. The reception wasn't very good. I built another cabin on the north end of Crowduck closer to the Winnipeg River by the Falls. Below the falls the creek went into the Winnipeg River and the Ontario boundary line. Farther on the river on Boundary Lake which is part of the river, a creek came in from the west. I'd trapped beaver there the year before with good success. The trouble was it was so far to walk from the camp. So this spring I took traps, grub, tea pail, and an old blanket that I could leave there. I set all the traps and looked

around for a place to bed down for the night. I found in the rocks a cave-like crack where there was an opening further in like a fireplace where the smoke could go out when I made a fire. After gathering spruce boughs and grass I had my night's lodging ready but it was only three o'clock. What could I do in the middle of nowhere? I remembered a neighbor trapper lived about two to three miles north at Eagle Nest Lake. Why not visit him? I took my 22 rifle, and a hatchet and started out, blazing the jack pine trees as I went so I could find my way home. I was completely dressed in khaki brown. I saw by their tracks where two deer had just passed by. I thought it was funny I didn't see them because they had been chased.

All of a sudden five or six deer were coming straight at me so I stood behind the tree I was blazing. All of a sudden I realized they were not deer but wolves and they thought I was a deer. I dropped the axe and grabbed my gun and started shooting and missing (I think) and yelling. Finally I hit the front one and they all turned and ran into the bush. One did come over the hill later for a look at me and I hit him but I couldn't find him. I was shaking for hours after.

The spring of 1936 we came home from muskrat trapping and my sister had a friend staying with her at our home. She was a cute little redhead and I took a liking to her. Later I started making quite a few trips to Beausejour where Emma lived. Being out in the bush on the trap line I was getting lonesome and by now I realized there are two kinds of people, male and female. I thought it would be nice to write to Em but I had no paper or envelopes — a trapper has to make due with things so I looked for small birch trees and cut off bark to use as paper. After I wrote all those sweet nothings in pages after pages I rolled them up and sealed them with wax and wrote the address on the outside. The nearest post office was Pointe du Bois, about 30 miles away. I knew a trapper Ewald Tittlemier who had a cabin at George Lake so I could visit and mail my bundle. Those letters and trips must have helped because in 1937 Em and I were married. I married a woman who was a joy and pride all my life.

We had a very nice wedding at Emma's parents' place on the farm. Our honeymoon as I mentioned before was an outdoor affair at Diversion Dam near Otter Falls. We took a canoe, our fishing gear, food, blankets, a gun and mandolin. We spent a week at the peaceful camp where Winnipeg Electric had made log cabins for the men who kept the dam free of ice.

We only saw two people all week. I found out I'd married a good cook and we had a wonderful time. We used the lake as we did for the next 50 years on the trap line together for water to drink,

Emma on our honeymoon - 1937

cook and wash. As I mentioned before we returned there 50 years later for our anniversary. That place is now the Otter Falls tourist camp and the dam is not there. We paid our entrance fee to the park, set up our tent and had a nice time remembering. In the evening a group of friends came to help us celebrate. It wasn't as peaceful as it was 50 years before with the cars, motorboats and other campers all around us but one thing was for sure they had better insect dope to keep the mosquitoes away. Fifty years ago we used a smudge pot.

Em became my trapping partner. She'd never been in a canoe before we married and never shot a gun. We trapped together about 20 years on Crowduck. After our two sons Ray and Robin got older and had to go to school Em and the boys stayed in Seven Sisters. Before the boys were born Em and her chum Milly Blaney went deer hunting for five or six years and they always got two deer. One year Em got her moose hunting license and went with me to Fisher Lake where she shot her first moose.

Em with our catch

Alex and his catch.

One fall Emma and I were taking all our winter stuff in a 17 foot canoe to Crowduck Lake. The weather was bad and the waves were high and choppy. We had a two horsepower motor mounted on the side of the canoe and we started out along the shore and in the shelter of an island. The wind and snow was so bad we waited on the island until evening when the wind usually goes down. We set out later thinking the wind had gone down but it hadn't and it blew so strong it knocked the paddle out of Em's hands and the waves splashed over the motor and stalled it. We tried going with the wind as by now there was six or seven inches of water in the canoe. By good grace after much difficulty we got to the shore which was so rocky it would have smashed the canoe. I jumped into the icy water up to my waist and Emma handed me the supplies and I threw them on the shore. When we were safely on shore we got a big bonfire going and it took quite a while to get warmed and dried out and for me to stop shivering. We had about two miles more to get to the cabin but Emma said, "I'm not going in that canoe again." I took the perishables in the canoe and Emma walked the shoreline at least one mile. By then the waves seemed smaller and I pulled into a bay and persuaded her to come into the canoe. We got to the cabin just before dark and we were sure glad to be home and by the red-hot stove and to get something to eat. The 100 pound bag of flour and oatmeal was soaked for ¾ of an inch all around the outside. Everything had to be dried out or we would have to do without them. When we went in like that to stay until Christmas, if we ran out of something we just did without. If we ran out of coal oil for the lamp, we'd go to bed earlier or melt tallow or bear grease and put a piece of wick or a piece of fleece-lined underwear over the edge of a can called a bitch light.

One Christmas at Crowduck Lake I nearly shot a man. I was at my main cabin and decided not to go home for Christmas. I decided I'd sleep late, have a big plate of pancakes, read all day and take it easy. No such thing. I woke up early and got thinking of all the good times we had at Christmas with friends. No, I couldn't stay so I packed a lunch and went about nine miles to the line cabin where I'd left my furs. I made a fire in the stove and as it was too early to stay inside I went up past the Falls to a creek where I had a wolf snare near where wolves had killed a deer the week before. There was no wolf in the snare so I walked towards the creek and there was what I thought was a deer or wolf at the creek edge. I pulled my gun up and as there was a tree I leaned it against it so I had the thing dead on target but I didn't pull the trigger. I thought I'd let it lift its head up first as I knew I could get it before it got to the bush. To my surprise a man stood up. Here it was Christmas Day in my grounds at my camp and I had never seen a human track or knew anyone had traps there. It must have snowed after this guy set his traps so he was digging them out. When I talked to him and told him how close he came to being dead he laughed. I knew I was a good shot and I wouldn't have missed. It turned out it was Ben and Leonard Kuhn from Whitemouth. Leonard stayed in my cabin to make supper while Ben went to pick up some traps. We all stayed in the little one manned camp, 6x7' inside and with only a single bunk. They had to sleep sitting up against the wall or wood pile. I don't think we said "Merry Christmas" that night.

One year, November 25, the biggest part of Crowduck Lake was open water but our two mile bay where there is a lot of wild rice growing and where we had the cabin was 3-4 inches thick. I put on my skates and took about 30 traps and my gun and a thin stick to test the ice with and I planned to set traps around this bay. The ice was good but the rice and boggy patches and maybe a spring stayed open. When blowing snow blew over it, it all looked like the rest of the ice. The wind was at my back so I was clipping along about 30 miles per hour and I was about half a mile from shore when all of a sudden if felt hollow and I stopped. If I'd have put my legs apart I might have sailed over the spot which was only about 60' across but when I stopped, the ice broke and I went up to my ears in water. I tried to get the packsack off my back but it was filled with water and the traps. The small packsack straps were so narrow they cut in my shoulders and I couldn't get them off. I threw my gun on the ice so when I drowned, they'd know where to look for

me. I did call but half a mile away against a 30 mile per hour wind was useless. Emma said the dogs did bark and she went out to the lake but I was so low in the water and the snow blowing she couldn't see me. I had to do something quickly. I put my stick across the broken ice. I took off my big gloves and reached down and unbuckled the packsack and down they went to the bottom. I pulled on my wet gloves and now as I was lighter, I kicked as hard as I could and got on my pole that I'd laid crossways. I got out and kept rolling until I was on solid ice. Now I had to get back against a strong wind. It seemed I was in the water half an hour and my clothing was frozen stiff. When I got to camp, Emma cut the clothes off of me and put me to bed with a hot water bottle and heated stones wrapped in towels. Then the bed felt as if it was jumping. Em was a good doctor for next morning I didn't even have a cold.

I got a stick ready and I put 4-inch nails in the end and I took the canoe to the water hole and I fished out my pack and traps which were lying on the boggy bottom, about 8 feet down. Later after the ice was all frozen over, I went around the lakes on skates for about a week. The 12 miles of Crowduck Lake was like a mirror. I was able to do two days travel in one day but it didn't do my skates much good when I had to walk on the rocks to get to the traps.

Em stayed home on the farm one fall so I went in for three days to Crowduck to check my traps. When I got to Big Whiteshell, the wind was high and there were whitecaps on the lake. I had a freight canoe and a motor and I knew how to dodge behind islands so I made it there okay, but not everybody did.

Two men and two women went across Big Whiteshell in an overloaded boat, trying to get to Castaway Cabins. They all drowned and when I came back to the Big Whiteshell, I saw things floating like bread and camper's supplies. I knew something had happened. The ice came soon and by dragging and breaking the ice, the Forest Ranger or Police found one female body but the others stayed under the ice all winter. In spring I didn't stay at Crowduck until open water. I took my dogs, canoe and sled to go home one early frosty morning and when I got closer to get off the lake, I noticed something in the ice. I told the dogs to go to the spot and here was one man floating with his shoulders and neck up and his head down. The ravens or crows were circling overhead. I went up to him and put his parka hood over his head to keep the birds away. A little farther on there were two more bodies, a man and a lady. I put their parkas over their heads too. I went on shore and told Ken Mckenzie, the tourist operator about the bodies and I left my canoe there. I drove home and had a quick snack then went to Whitemouth to the police. I wanted to take them there but they'd already gone. I went home and later in the papers, there was an article that an unknown Ranger had found the bodies. Now I was known as "The Unknown Ranger".

There were lots of wolves in the Whiteshell years ago and you could see up to 12-13 in a bunch. Sometimes you could find deer killed all over and not even any eaten off the carcass. Lots of times I would take a killed deer away and feed it to our dogs. One spring when the snow was hard the wolves could travel on top of it but the pregnant deer broke through and she didn't stand a chance on a lake we called Double Lake, north of Mantario. The lake is deep with high rocks around it. In spring the north shore was free of snow and the deer were sunning themselves there. That spring about six or seven wolves came through and I counted six deer they had killed and only one had they eaten and then only a little of it. How many deer did those wolves kill as they travelled through? All that BS that wolves kill only what they eat just isn't right. I trapped from 1929-1991 and I would say a wolf will kill an average of ten deer a year. A wolf lives about 15 years so if you kill one wolf, you save at least ten deer. One year I snared and trapped 14 wolves.

Another of our most vivid memories was once when we went by canoe to Little Whiteshell Lake with all the wild rice and ducks. We fancied a duck for supper so we shot in the air. It was a quiet day and the whole lake full of ducks rose into the sky and blotted out the sun and the sound of their wings was like a heavy storm.

I came from a family of seven boys and we were all trappers in the Whiteshell from 1929 on except John. Louis trapped as far as Horseshoe Lake. Fred had his line at Otter Falls and when registered trap lines came in, about 1946, I helped him build Riverview Lodge at Eleanor Lake. After he sold and went to BC, our son Robin took over his line that runs from Seven Sisters to Dorothy Lake.

Harry or Henry had his main cabin at Big Whiteshell. (Ed. note: Henry's story is elsewhere in this book.) When I moved from Crowduck I got Betula, Fisher, Meditation, Muskeg Lake and Whiteshell River with all the Falls in it that I used to portage around. Lawrence came back from the war in 1945 and he trapped at Nora Lake next to Alex Kalanski for a number of years. Because Lawrence had to go in to his trap line by train, he didn't keep it for very long. Bill trapped around home but he would come to help any of us out in spring trapping and also he liked to hunt deer.

One fall close to freeze up, Emma took sick and in the afternoon she couldn't stand the pain. We had our three-year-old son Ray with us and we head-

ed out. We had to take food, blankets and a flashlight and portage the canoe to Big Whiteshell Lake. We had to break ice to get to Harry's cabin which was difficult to do. Harry helped us to the Relief Camp at Green Lake where there was a stove and Harry, Emma and Ray stayed there. I ran the two-and-a-half to three miles to the Boys Camp at Lone Island and I woke them up in the night. It was stormy and snowing but the man took us to Whitemouth where there was a doctor. He said that Emma had appendicitis. The doctor took us to Winnipeg but we stopped at Beausejour and left Ray with the local storekeeper Paul Rumak who we knew and next day he took Ray to Emma's parents. Before morning, the doctors in Winnipeg Hospital had operated on Emma. I was sure thankful we got her there in time.

One year, October 25, before trapping started and there was so much to do like cut wood for winter, fix the cabin, get the traps and snares ready and of course shoot ducks and catch fish, etc. It was Emma's birthday and that day she seemed a little mad at me. I was quiet and got a dish and put flour, baking powder, salt, sugar, lard, raisins, vanilla and milk and I baked her a birthday cake. After it was cool, I got a big one inch candle and put it in the middle and lit it and took it up to her and sang Happy Birthday. She laughed and she wasn't mad at me anymore. The cake turned out fairly good and we didn't get sick from it. We did our baking in a drum oven which fitted in the stove pipe and by regulating the fire, it did a good job of baking and even deer roasts and ducks were cooked well.

In about 1955, I was in Winnipeg Hospital having a back operation, when I heard a trapper, Lawrence Flatten, had accidentally shot and killed himself. He had the old Caux trap line. I thought if I could get that trap line, it would be closer to home. I wrote the Game Branch to see if I could possibly exchange my Crowduck line for this one. I gave them my cock and bull story of how long I'd trapped in the area, never had any trouble with the law, I was getting too old and found it hard to go all the way into Crowduck, and how I liked trapping and wouldn't like to give it up, etc. In about ten days, I got a letter saying I could take over the Flatten line right away. Now we had a new trap line, Betula Lake, Fisher, Meditation and Muskeg Lake with all those Winnipeg River Rapids. The two camps were in good shape so we used the one about two-and-a-half miles above Betula Lake as our main cabin and we enjoyed it very much. We can go there on weekends or birthdays. When I worked for Atomic Energy with the Environmental Control Group, my boss, Jack Guthrie, and Orv Acres and Dick Stardom often spent weekends there doing research on plants and birds.

Emma and I now live on my dad's original homestead, about a mile from River Hills. We are both bothered with arthritis. In 1991, we will be married 54 years. We both have lots of memories of the Whiteshell. Ray and Erica live next door. Their children are Roger, Perry and his wife Audrey, Marty and Bobbi-Jo. Robin and Eileen and their children, Kevin and his wife Sharon, Brent, Candyce and Raelene complete our immediate family.

Alex and Emma Henschell on their 50th anniversary - 1987

"EARLY LUMBERING IN THE WHITESHELL PARK"
STEVE AND WALLY CHRYPLYWY

By Steve
as told to Orest Kalin

Our first venture into the Whiteshell was in the year 1946 when we met Charlie Fehr at the south end of George Lake and we started to saw lumber for a few years. One log I recall made 1,090 board feet of lumber. From there we moved to the Bird River for two years, sawing lumber and cutting pulp. We moved back to Big Whiteshell in 1950 and spent one year at Crowduck Lake after the big fire. Some of the lumber we sawed went to the Forestry Branch. We moved again to Barrier Bay on the north side of the Winnipeg River, cutting windfalls into lumber for two years. Then we got a timber sale for green spruce which lasted for 16 years. One summer we moved to Betula Lake, on the south side of Highway 307 and cut for the highways branch. While sawing lumber at Barrier Bay and Betula Lake, Bruce Emes was the Ranger. Orest Kalin was one of 35 employees at our camps at Barrier Bay in 1963 when he was laid off for the winter months from the Forestry Branch (His story is elsewhere in this book). We had three sawmills running during the winter months throughout the Whiteshell Park.

While sawing logs into lumber at Barrier Bay, there was a bit of excitement when a truck went through the ice while clearing snow off the roadway so the ice would freeze thicker. The truck went down into 45 feet of water on the north shore on January 1, 1962 and it was pulled out February 15 the same year. A diver wanted $350 for hooking the cables onto the submerged truck. Fred Henschell, owner of Riverview Lodge, heard about the incident. He had a bright idea. As he had an agreement to cut ice for the resort, why not cut the ice above the truck? This he did which saved us a lot of money. The ice was cut into blocks and taken to the resort. Wally and I went to the blacksmith in Beausejour and had him cut two lengths of cable with a hook on each end. The cables were dropped into the water and hooked to both ends of the truck. A log was placed on the edge of the hole and then the cable was dropped over it and attached to the caterpillar tractors. When the signal "Go" was given, both cats started to pull in opposite directions and the truck floated to the top in an upright position. When the signal was given to "STOP", the one cat was put in neutral and the other one pulled the truck and cat away from the hole. The reason for the log was for a smoother operation when the truck was hoisted above the surface of the ice, instead of catching on the edge of the ice. We had quite an audience watching these procedures which lasted about 20 minutes and ended on a happy note. The plugs were taken off the motor and the truck was towed away with water shooting high. The antifreeze in the radiator was intact. The transmission and differential were drained and fresh oil put in. The truck was purchased by Paul Mazur of Beausejour. He filed the breaker points and changed the condenser and it ran shortly after. He used it as a tow truck for eight years.

When the log sawing was finished, Wally and I started crushing gravel for the Parks Branch. A lot of it was used for roads and campsites and also parking lots in the new Nutimik campground. There was a stockpile of gravel at mile 13 on the way to the garbage dump for future use by the Parks.

Wally passed away in 1984 at age 63.

Throughout our years of sawing logs, cutting pulp and crushing gravel, Wally and I had a good relationship with the Ranger, Bruce Emes.

Other sawmills that I knew of in the area were, Wittenberg, Big Whiteshell and Phinoff at the south of Little Whiteshell, Archie Trapp around Crowduck, Henry Fiebelkorn also at Crowduck, Paul Oneschuk across from Nutimik, William Truba, around White Lake and Funks in the Dorothy Lake area and Penners, south of Betula.

In 1963, we rebuilt the road at Caddy Lake from Highway No. 44 to the fish hatchery.

Wally and Steve Chryplywy - 1945

Penner's sawmill south of Betula - 1952

Hauling slabs

Point Du Bois

Reprinted from *Logs and Lines,* a history of the Lac du Bonnet area, November, 1980. Published by the Lac du Bonnet Pioneer Club and printed by Derksen Printers, Steinbach, Manitoba.

POINTE DU BOIS

Yesterday's isolation presented problems and novel ways to circumvent them
By Shath Square

Pointe du Bois, a community of 300 people, situated on the Winnipeg River in the Whiteshell area of eastern Manitoba, is a town that is different. Though set in the wilderness, electric power provides the town with modern conveniences.

Unlike most Manitoba towns, which are characterized by a main street extending into an unlimited field of wheat, Pointe du Bois is so rugged, there isn't enough flat ground for a softball field and not a blade of wheat is grown.

Site Of Hydro Plant

Pointe du Bois is a company town, site of the Winnipeg Hydro electrical power plant. Most members of the community work directly or indirectly for the plant.

Forty years ago, residents lived in near isolation. Their only link to the nearest town, Lac du Bonnet, was the 25 miles of private railway owned and operated by Winnipeg Hydro. Transportation to and from Lac du Bonnet was provided by a gas bus fitted with steel wheels so it could run on the railway track. Because of numerous curves and hills, running time for the journey was at least one hour.

Few people became ill in those days; they simply didn't dare to. With no resident doctor, dentist or nurse, anyone who took sick had to wait at least an hour for Dr. J.S. Wood from Lac du Bonnet. When telephoned, the doctor would jump into the model "T" Ford (fitted with steel wheels) and drive the 25 miles on the track to make his call. Since the car was not built basically for this kind of travel, it occasionally fell off the track and the doctor would have to jack it back on or walk the rest of the way. In later years, for winter calls, the doctor "went modern" and built what probably was the forerunner of today's snowmobile. He designed, with skis and airplane body, a vehicle motivated by a propeller. In this contraption, he drove on the snow between the tracks.

With only one store which lacked refrigeration, fresh meat was impossible to preserve. It became a ritual for residents to shoot a moose or deer each fall to provide fresh meat for the winter. No animal was shot for its antlers. Meat not immediately eaten was preserved in glass sealers for later consumption. A diet of moose meat turned out healthy residents!

Winter recreation centered on the community hall where whist drives, dances and concerts were held. The New Year's Eve dance, a masquerade affair, was the big event of the year. Residents would vie with one another to see who could make the most original costume. One year a male member passed himself off so well as a woman that he received a proposal from one of the young gallants.

Like many Manitoba towns, curling was the favorite winter sport. The rink, with two sheets, had natural ice. With the wide range of temperatures, the ice heaved badly; it required a high degree of skill to get a rock into the 12-foot ring, let alone on the bottom.

Summer sports were boating, fishing, swimming and tennis. Tennis was the most popular. The court was made of concrete slabs and was hard on footwear. The late J.W. Sanger, an ardent player, wore out six pairs of tennis shoes in one season.

With no beach in the area, residents learned to swim well or not at all. An exciting but dangerous game was to swim through the rapids below the power plant for about half a mile down the river and catch a small rock that broke the surface. If you missed the rock, you swam across the river and walked home.

Miles Of Wilderness

From the townsite to Boundary Falls on the Ontario border, 35 miles of wilderness extended along the Winnipeg River. It provided unlimited fishing and boating. One of the pleasures in those days was to cruise slowly down the river in the evening and watch numerous deer and moose feeding in the bays and inlets.

The only transportation in the town itself was a horse and wagon driven by the late John McGraw. There were no automobiles, not even a bicycle. The horse and wagon were used to pick up freight from the post office to deliver around the town. There was great excitement one year when several residents decided to buy cars: not to drive in the town, since roads were unsuitable and there was nowhere to go, but to drive around Lac du Bonnet.

On Wednesday and Friday evenings, the gas bus would go to Lac du Bonnet to meet the CPR train from Winnipeg and pick up passengers and freight for Pointe du Bois. The bus had a two-hour layover. Car owners would travel to Lac du Bonnet, drive around the town for the two hours, garage their cars, then return to Pointe du Bois.

Weekday entertainment consisted of meeting the bus from Lac du Bonnet. Passes were required to ride on the bus, as there was no hotel at Pointe du Bois. Passengers that did arrive usually were people that you'd seen every day for at least 10 years.

Occasionally a resident would bring a relative from the big city of Winnipeg. If the visitor was a young lady, the local swains were in an uproar. For some, a four-day visit ended in marriage and a lifelong stay.

As they get older, most children want to earn some money. In cities it's usually a paper route. At Pointe du Bois, running a trap line was the most lucrative task. After 4 p.m. with the school day over, children could be seen skinning muskrats and weasels they had caught. With muskrats at 65 cents a skin, it took a lot of trapping to make pin money.

End Of Isolation

Though life was pleasant for some, others found the isolation difficult. The government was approached to build a road from Lac du Bonnet. Months went by and nothing happened. The community decided to build their own road. With no power equipment, residents surveyed and actually cut through several miles of bush to begin the highway in their spare time. Finally the government built the road, and today people can drive from Pointe du Bois to Winnipeg.

With the road constructed, there was the inevitable invasion of tourists. Where small trails crept along the river a highway now runs, lined with summer cottages. A tourist camp stands where trap lines were laid. The bays and inlets where the deer and moose fed now are clogged with boats.

Change must come, and change usually benefits the majority.

But I know, as many others, that we had the best of it.

- Out of the past and into the present-day plans of promoters of our heritage. The spirit of centennial year carries on!

Recent discussions by Winnipeg city council on the merits of using Locomotive No. 3, the oldest operating steam locomotive in North America, to haul tourists around Winnipeg as a centennial project, brought back many nostalgic memories.

In her prime, from 1919 to 1927, No. 3 hauled freight and passengers over the 25 miles of private railway owned by Manitoba Hydro. The railway ran between the villages of Pointe du Bois and Lac du Bonnet in eastern Manitoba.

The trip from Pointe du Bois to Lac du Bonnet wasn't only a journey in those days: It was an adventure.

Quick Breakfast

We would rise at 4 a.m., dress and have breakfast quickly to catch No. 3, which left Pointe du Bois at 5 a.m. The early departure was necessary so passengers who wanted to continue to Winnipeg could catch the CPR train which left Lac du Bonnet at 8.

Under the guidance of Peter Riddle or engineer Percy Laurie, No. 3 would pull out of the Pointe du Bois station with its one passenger coach to negotiate the 25 miles of track and — by actual count — the 67 curves in it.

Informative Engineer

When Mr. Laurie, an avid hunter, was engineer, he always made a point of keeping his passengers informed of what was going on up ahead. As we approached Mile 5, we would listen expectantly for Mr. Laurie to give a short blast on No. 3's whistle. When we heard it, we would rush to the windows. It meant he had spotted some game. And, sure enough, we would be treated to the sight of a large moose lumbering off into the woods or a big buck darting off in fright.

Mr. Laurie repeated this at miles 10 and 16, also good hunting spots. It wasn't unusual to see six or eight deer and several moose during the trip.

No. 3's greatest obstacle in its journey was a 500-foot hill. Fortunately, there was a good half-mile of straight track before the bottom of the hill. An air of excitement would grip the passengers as the locomotive gathered speed to assault the hill and words of encouragement would be shouted by younger passengers. No. 3 never failed to reach the top, though its panting would often approach a wheeze as its speed was reduced to a point where you could walk comfortably alongside.

Three miles from Lac du Bonnet, it had to cross the Winnipeg River over a wooden bridge about 600

feet long. Shortly after the bridge was built in 1908, a locomotive had crashed through, killing the engineer. The bridge was rebuilt and reinforced but as a safety measure, No. 3's passengers got out before it towed the empty coach over. The passengers would walk across the bridge and reboard the train on the other side.

The Bridge Walk

A walk across the bridge on an early summer morning could be quite pleasant, but at 11 p.m. with the temperature at 30 below and strong winds from the Winnipeg River sweeping over the bridge, the walk could be most unpleasant.

Though the idea of No. 3 towing tourists around Winnipeg may seem a novelty, it's really old hat. It pulled flatcars of tourists from Lac du Bonnet to Pointe du Bois between 1924 and 1927. In those days, Winnipeg Hydro ran one-day excursions to view its power plant at Pointe du Bois.

Passengers' Problems

At Lac du Bonnet, visitors boarded open flatcars, which had nothing more than a few two-by-fours thrown up to support a beaverboard roof. Long wooden benches running down the centre of the flatcars provided seating accommodations. If the weather was good, the trip could be most enjoyable. If it rained, passengers arrived huddled together like sheep in a pasture during a snow storm. The major discomfort was from the cinders and ashes blown from No. 3's smoke stack as it struggled with the torturous curves and hills to Pointe du Bois.

Plans for No. 3 are still uncertain. Still, I do hope, even if it never runs again, that it will at least be given a place of honor so those who knew it can recapture its spirit when it was sovereign of the 25 miles of railroad between Pointe du Bois and Lac du Bonnet.

POINTE DU BOIS
LOT 1, BLOCK 6
ROLAND AND ESTELLE GOOVAERTS
GEORGE AND FRANCES GOOVAERTS

In the late fall of 1960, together with our dad, we started looking for property to build a cottage. After speculating in other areas, we decided on Pointe du Bois.

When we walked through the thick bush and rocky ground for the first time, we knew there was hard work ahead but we were full of determination. We cleared the underbrush and decided on the building site by the spring of 1961. In June the shell for the cottage was up. The yard work was done over the years. Many trees were cut and others planted. A swamp area was filled with countless loads of rock

Goovaerts, Point du Bois

and sand from a nearby sandpit. This is now a vegetable garden.

In the early years fishing was a priority, then as the family grew, swimming, boating, and waterskiing became our main interests. From time to time, friends came to spend the day and to pick blueberries. Mushrooms were also plentiful.

The cottage became a focal point for family gatherings, long weekends were always a special time. One such weekend stands out in my memory and that of the family and several neighboring cottage owners. On Thanksgiving weekend 1969, armed with a power saw and block and tackle, we proceeded to cut down a tree. In spite of careful calculations, the tree fell against a live hydro wire, shorting and disrupting power to all the cottages and the whole town of Pointe du Bois. It caused a lot of excitement and delayed everyone's turkey dinner. Football coverage on the T.V. and radio also came to an abrupt end. For most of the afternoon and evening, our frustrated neighbors were seen taking walks and eyeing us carefully as they went by.

Neighbors have come and gone, cottages have been passed down to the next generation. We hope that good times we have enjoyed there over the years will continue for us and our children.

POINTE DU BOIS
LOT 9B, BLOCK 7
ALBERT AND LEONA KNOX
By Leona

As we live here all year around, Lot 9B is home for us.

My father, Pekka (Pete) Livo, bought a one-room log cabin from two Finnish bachelors who went back to the Old Country in 1930. Dad had been in Canada since 1924 working in bush camps in Ontario and Quebec till he came west, harvesting in Manitoba

and Saskatchewan. He came to Pointe du Bois in January of 1928 and started work for Winnipeg Hydro on the Section Gang. In later years, he drove the rail bus to Slave Falls and also to Lac du Bonnet. He sent for my mother Alli and brother George and they arrived from Finland in June of 1928. For two years, they lived with the Udds in a tar paper shack up the hill from where our house is now. The first building they built was the steambath by the river; as no Finn would be without his "sauna". Dad added on to the original log cabin and that one room became the kitchen.

I arrived on the scene in 1933 and grew up in this house. We had a large garden on what is now Lot 7 and a barn and pigstye on Lot 8. Later on, dad built a combination barn, woodshed and ice house closer - that building is now a cottage on Lot 9A. We had a cow until around 1940 - after that it was a trip to the rail bus station that brought in milk and groceries from Lac du Bonnet every Monday, Wednesday and Friday. Dad put up ice every winter so we were able to keep food fairly fresh. Everything was put up in sealers for winter. Winter when we had to go out in -30° to use the "facility" - good old outhouse - who said "those were the good old days?"

We always had a big garden and brother George always remembers carrying water by the pail-full from the river when we didn't have rain. Dad later put a hand pump down by the river. It was also coal-oil lamps until Dad erected a windmill which produced six volts of electricity, just enough for electric lights, dim, but lights nonetheless! As I recall, power was put down the 8 Foot Falls road, around 1954 by Manitoba Hydro - boy, running water and an inside toilet!

The sauna was heated every Saturday night, for that was bath night. We had a bath oftener in the summer as it was much easier getting water from the river; in winter you had to chop a hole in the ice. Then for a cooling-off jump into the river. The brave soul who went into the river "first" in the spring while the ice was still in the river or last in the fall was a real hero, or a fool! Albert remembers jumping in the ice hole after a sauna when he was a kid! After sauna we all went to the picture show at the Community Hall.

Memories of taking a picnic basket full of food, water and juices and rowing across the river to pick blueberries in water pails. Of course, the whole family went and quite often friends as well, to spend the whole day. Mom then canned them for winter. Albert remembers doing the same when he was a kid.

The house was heated with the box-stove in the living room and a cook stove in the kitchen, sure was chilly coming down from the attic on a winter morning and huddling in front of the box-stove to get dressed. The cook stove was always long out before morning.

We always ice fished in front of the house. We still do but now we use the snowmobile or A.T.V. to go down to the river.

Jack and Cecilia Knox moved to Pointe du Bois in 1943 with their six children - Laura, Dave, Agnes, Albert, Florence and Bobby. Jack came to work for Winnipeg Hydro as Section Foreman. He worked for C.P.R. previously. In later years, he drove the school bus to Lac du Bonnet. They moved to the "Pointe" in the fall, just in time for the kids to start school in the brand new John G. Glassco School. Jack and Cecilia's children all worked for Hydro at Pointe du Bois at one time or another and now several of their grandchildren also work for Hydro, including our son. All the children were married in St. Mary's Anglican Church here. Jack and Cecilia lived in a Company house until his retirement in 1972. They both loved hunting, fishing and gardening and worked hard all their lives. Mom loved to knit, crochet and sew for her children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren. They lived to celebrate their 60th wedding anniversary.

Albert and I grew up, went to school here and were married in 1953. Our daughter Karen was born in 1954 and son Kevin in 1957. We have two grandchildren, Kristin and Brendan. Albert and I left the "Pointe" in 1956 and returned in 1966. Albert started working for Winnipeg Hydro again in 1967 as an electrician. I also worked part-time for several years and then on permanent staff in the office until I retired last year. Our children both went to school here and then bussed to Lac du Bonnet.

We lived in a Hydro house until my mom passed away in 1977 and we moved in with my dad, Pekka (Peter). In 1980, we bought the house from him and have been renovating and remodelling for the past ten years, so the old house is hardly recognizable from 1930.

Now just a little bit about the fun we have had with bears around here in the past. Our yard is full of oak trees so we have always had trouble with bears, some bears more so than others. I remember Mom would chase them out of the yard with a broom and Dad would throw rocks at them. Now it seems the bears are not as afraid of people. One day Kristin and I picked rose hips to make jelly and I left them in the porch. We were away that night and the bear came in through the screen window in the door and ate the rose hips and also chewed up the ice cream pail. The next night, Albert and I were sleeping upstairs when we heard a noise downstairs. We came very cautiously down and sure enough, he was in again. When he heard us, he jumped back out the window, but then he went to

the garage and tried to rip off the garage door! For the next week or so, he contented himself with climbing the oak trees, breaking off branches and eating acorns. Then one day, Albert was down on the shore, digging the water line, when along came Mr. Bear and climbed the oak tree. I pointed to Albert that the bear was in the oak. He gestured for me to bring him the rifle. I ran down with the gun, just as the bear came out of the tree and ran toward us. Albert fired and I ran into the sauna and shut the door. I've never lived down the fact that I left him to face the bear alone. All I could say was that he was the one with the gun, not me! Luckily it didn't misfire, as he said it could have! Enough of bears, we could go on and on.

The tradition of "Santa" at the "Pointe" Community Hall has been going on every Christmas Eve since before I can remember. Our grandchildren came from the time they were born, never mind our children and us. Therefore we have always had Christmas dinner on Christmas Eve.

Our grandchildren have been coming for Easter every year also; then we have our big Easter Egg Hunt around the yard and in homemade nests under the oak trees, even the "big" kids have fun running around, searching for eggs. They all also enjoy riding the three wheeler, four wheeler and snowmobiles; wiener roasts are fun too at Grandma and Pappa's.

Picking blueberries - 1936

Original house on Lot 9B Block 7

We hope to spend our retirement years here, hunting, fishing in a nice quiet bay, going for long walks, gardening and just enjoying nature in the lovely setting of the "Whiteshell", and we wouldn't trade it for anywhere else.

POINTE DU BOIS
LOT 4
IRENE AND CHUCK MATTHEW

By Irene

I'm having a difficult time writing this story on Pointe du Bois. I am having a mixture of emotions, of fond memories and sadness. Five generations of my family have lived in this little town and now we own a cottage here. I have lived in Pointe du Bois 42 years. Rather than giving dates and statistics, I thought I would like to tell you what it was like to live in this little town.

My mother and father were Rita and Teddy Allen and I consider them among the real pioneers of Pointe du Bois. Although they have passed on, I'm sure they are fondly remembered by many people who once lived here.

Dad arrived in Pointe du Bois in the early stages of the building of the Power Plant on the Winnipeg River. Coming straight from England with his mother, I'm sure he would have had a much more

Rita and Teddy Allen

difficult time had he not been hired by the Winnipeg Hydro. The company town offered him employment, a house to live in and many friendly neighbors.

I will always remember the stories that my mother used to tell us. One was how horrified she was arriving as a young bride to start her married life in a small isolated town. There was only one way in or out and that was by train. She didn't have much time to think about it as she and Dad had four children, myself, Dorothy, Ronnie and Rita. It was a good thing that Winnipeg Hydro built big houses in those days for we eventually had two grandmothers also living with us.

My brother, sisters and I had a very carefree happy childhood. The trees and the rocks were our playground. Mom and Dad never seemed to worry about us for I suppose they knew we would come home when we were hungry.

My mother was terrified of the water and she never did learn to swim but us kids learned at an early age. We would put on our bathing suits and go down to the boathouses and there would be some adults who would encourage us to jump into the river.

Being children, we did not realize the dangers of living in an isolated town. The worst was when sickness struck and there was no doctor except to go by train to Lac du Bonnet. However, we always had a company nurse who lived right there. They may as well have been doctors because those poor girls were on call 24 hours a day. In those days, people had to rely on neighbors' advice and as children, we were to get many bad tasting home remedies.

When I went to school, it offered education from grades one to 12. Winnipeg Hydro must have hired the very best teachers because we have seen some very smart young men and women graduate and go on to further careers. There were only two classrooms and each was jammed with students. I'll always remember us children standing, crying the night the school burned to the ground. One would have thought that we would have been happy.

I think that the Pointe du Bois Supply Store was the busiest place in the whole community. People relied on it completely for their food supplies. As a teenager, I worked in the store and I recall the days the meat came in by train, shipped from Eaton's in Winnipeg. The customers all had to come to the store to pick up their week's supply of meat. All the packages had to be opened and I had to take out the bill which was always covered in blood, to know how much I was to charge the customer. By the grace of God, no one ever had bad meat.

The community hall was the center of activity and there always was something going on there. We had a great social life. As babysitters were unheard of, the children accompanied their parents. We learned to dance at an early age. There was no liquor allowed but some of the men I know weren't beyond taking a little sip behind the paint shed.

A great celebration was planned for the opening of the first road built from Lac du Bonnet to Pointe du Bois. The town was decorated with lights and banners. It was great to have a road but at first no one had a car. When people did get cars, you couldn't count on getting over the road without getting stuck at least once or twice.

Pointe du Bois Boys Hockey Team - 1967

As a young woman, I was home visiting my parents one weekend when I met Chuck Matthew, a young machinist from Transcona who had started to work for Winnipeg Hydro. Little did I know that we would be married and I would return to my home town to live for another 26 plus years. Chuck and I were the first couple to be married in the new Anglican church that had been built.

It turned out that our three children, Gail, John and Heather would enjoy the same happy childhood as I did. There were lots of children to play with and organizations to keep them busy.

Chuck coached the boys' hockey team for years and he was very proud of them.

We all enjoyed the man-made beach. It was a place that we spent a lot of time at during the summer.

While our children were growing up, a new paved road was built into the town and changes began to take place. You didn't notice it at first, but when I look back, sometimes it is with sadness as I see empty houses standing unused and the churches closed and quiet. The school that we once were so proud of is closed and the children are bused to Lac du Bonnet. All that is left of the beach is a little strip of sand as it has been replaced by a swimming pool. Irene Anderson valiantly tries to keep the store open for the remaining families but it is difficult without the customers that she once had.

Pointe du Bois is still a pretty little town that will not change and the campers and cottagers still come in the summer to enjoy its beauty. I still have hopes that again some day I will see the great little town Pointe du Bois used to be.

POINTE DU BOIS
LOTS 14, 15, BLOCK 1
JOE AND ANNIE MIKOLAYCHUK
By Mary

On a clear cold night in February of 1938, the No. 3 train (now known as the Prairie Dog Central) chugged into Pointe du Bois, bringing my father and mother, Joe and Annie and my little brother John and I to our new home.

My father had been in Canada since 1930, working at various farms during the summer and cutting wood in bush camps in the winter. Finally in 1937, he was able to buy a house and send for us. We left Poland, December 28, 1937 and arrived in Winnipeg on January 26, 1938.

John and I were soon busy in school and learning the new language. It was our mother who was very lonely as she missed her family and friends. My father worked for the City Hydro on the section gang during the summer and the bush camps cutting wood in winter. A railway line connected

Joe's Grocery

us to Lac du Bonnet until 1941 when a dirt road was opened. We were no longer isolated but free to come and go as we pleased, weather permitting, of course.

I remember one year we were going to Lac du Bonnet for the July 1st celebrations, leaving home at 7 a.m. to get an early start, only to arrive at 8 p.m. that evening. We had rebuilt every mud hole with willows and a lot of pushing instead of riding in the car.

Inspite of the terrible roads which were only passable in dry spells, people did drive and discovered the great fishing on the Winnipeg River.

My family was soon selling gas from a barrel which my father kept for his own use. Our first gas pump had to be manually pumped up before gas would go into the car. Along with gas and oil and cold drinks, candy, minnows and groceries were added to the store. In the spring of 1965, a fastfood snack bar was added and operated until 1975. After the store was closed, my mother continued to

Joe and Annie Mikolaychuk

live in the house until March, 1988 when she died. Dad had passed away in January of 1969.

John has lived here continually and he is now in a house not far away from our first home. In 1978, my husband Daniel and I built our cottage here. We have two daughters, Nancy and Karen. We are next door to John and Margaret and their children, Barbara and Gary.

POINTE DU BOIS
LOT 9, BLOCK 8
MILLER

By Peggy

My father and mother, Dory and Millie Anderson, purchased the cottage in 1963 from Mr. McTaggart. Both my father and Mr. McTaggart worked for Winnipeg Hydro at the time. Many of the people who worked at the Hydro plant knew my dad.

There was no electricity at the cottage at the time, so we used coal-oil lamps and lanterns and candles, and my mother cooked on a wood stove. The fact that we had no electricity seemed ironic with a hydro plant only three miles away at Pointe du Bois.

The cottage needed a lot of repairs when we first bought it, because it had been empty for quite some time. The clean-up began immediately. All the windows were very small so they were all replaced with larger ones. This proved to be quite a chore because the cottage was built of 8-inch logs and with no electricity for power tools, cutting through the logs was a mammoth task. My mother worked along with dad and with a Swede saw, they cut new window openings, my father on one side and mother on the other.

In 1967 my parents built on a living room or family room. This made the living space much bigger but there were still only two bedrooms.

When my father passed away, mother was tempted to sell the cottage but she decided not to. My husband, Bruce and I would go down to the cottage with mother and help with whatever had to be done. She decided to give it to us in the mid 1980s.

In 1987, we built two additions onto the cottage. We added a third bedroom and a bathroom and storage room. We are still working on the finishing touches of these additions.

We all enjoy our time spent at the cottage. It often doesn't seem to be enough time for us as we have a young family who are involved with hockey or swimming or other extra curricular activities. Consequently we don't usually get down to the cottage in the spring until June and then are forced to close up Labor Day. Fortunately, Bruce and I and our two boys, Scott and Ryan, spend our summer vacation there. I'm quite sure this pattern of lifestyle will change again and then perhaps we can spend more time there and enjoy nature.

POINTE DU BOIS
LOT 1, BLOCK 8
"POHL HOMESTEAD"
WERNER AND ADINA POHL

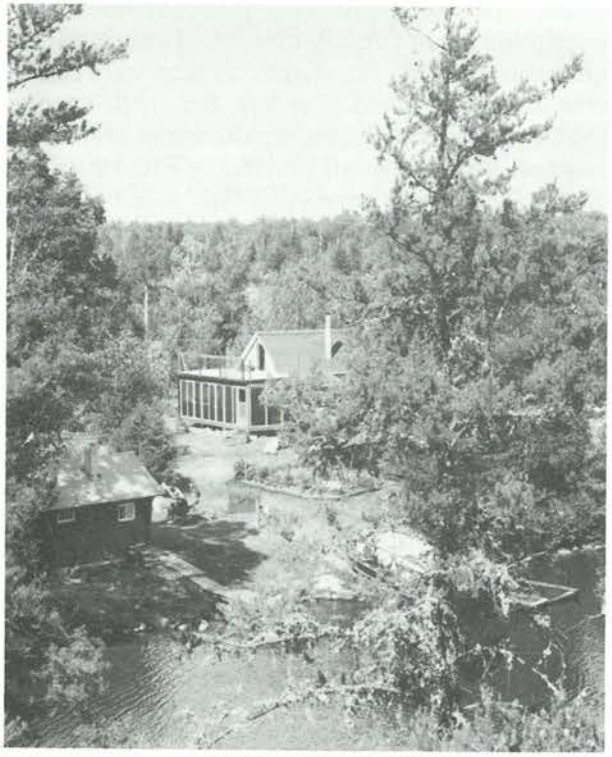
It was in late summer 1979 when we drove to the Pointe du Bois area to view a lot on which to place our trailer. Though not pleased with the lot itself, we were certainly impressed with the surrounding area.

We drove around and bumped into an old acquaintance who heard rumors of a cottage going up for sale. We took one look at the old cottage and the land it was sitting on and said "this is it!"

We bought the place in October that year and after some redecorating and yard work, it has since become the "Pohl Homestead". With the view of the river on two sides and the numerous flower gardens throughout the lot, it has become known as our paradise.

Over the past 11 years, we have enjoyed year around fun, from snowmobiling and cross-country skiing with our two children to hunting bear and deer to fishing for pickerel and goldeye. We have even managed to make an avid fisherman out of our "sitting on the dock sun tanning son-in-law, Dave!"

We certainly look forward to many more years here so that Helga and Dave and their son Matthew and daughter Jaclyn and our son Garry can all enjoy the same fun and share memories.



Pohl "Homestead"

George Lake

GEORGE LAKE
I REMEMBER LAKE GEORGE 1911-1956
By Arthur E. Godsmark

Angling, as Isaac Walton used to remark, was or is just about the last word for the tired family man, the young man, and the sun browned urchin, who often produced more in the way of a catch with a piece of string and a bent pin if we are to believe all we hear. I haven't found things work out in that fashion.

I can remember in 1887 on the river Soar in England, the great competition I had been looking forward to with bated breath for weeks. Each competitor had 100 feet of river bank, and it was drawn for you, you didn't pick the spot — old British fair play. After all these years I can look back over that episode and chuckle over it. We had single hooks to work with and with a bit of bread and a fragment of cotton wool we'd make dough for the hook. There were a dozen prizes, one for example, the best fish of its species. Another prize for the heaviest fish of any species. There were other prizes whose description I can't recall, now, but I can certainly remember some of the results, as they were calculated at the day's end. The best fish of its species and the largest caught during the entire afternoon weighed three and a half ounces. One lucky Briton caught the greatest number of fish, seven all told, total weight of the seven, 14 and a half ounces.

I came out to Canada in August 1901. I will not attempt to suggest that I came here because the fishing at home was not so good. I certainly thought at that time that it was out of this world, so you can imagine what my feelings were when someone took me out fishing in Manitoba in 1904. The previous three years being used by me to learn something about the country, and above all to earn a living.

I could write a long story of my first fishing expedition to Lockport in 1905, when we used gunny sacks to carry away the fish. They were so plentiful that while they didn't actually jump into the boat, the result was much the same, as in an hour or two we had all we could safely get back to Winnipeg.

I am going to take you along seven years, that is until 1911. I could tell you so many things which brought a thrill to the so-called "green Englishman," but in that period I certainly learned a good deal about "angling" as George Butler persists in calling the gentle art of "fishing," as I see it.

The reason I go along to 1911 is because I want to write for a little while about the Lake George Fishing Club, as it is now known. Some of you Whiteshell enthusiasts might like to hear some of its history. I'll try to give it to you as nearly as I can remember. If I omit something maybe some of the old boys can correct me. If I get the odd date wrong you'll realize I am not so young as I used to be.

In 1911 the Winnipeg City Council decided to build its first Hydro Electric plant at Pointe du Bois, the forerunner of a memorable chapter in our history, one which has brought us great blessings and comfort, not fully appreciated by some of us today. The engineers in charge of this project stumbled upon a beautiful lake, approximately two miles east of the Winnpeg River. It was known then as Lake Seigneur. It is now known as Lake George. What intrigued these early pioneers so much was not the beauty of this lovely lake alone, but the lake trout which were found within it in such great numbers.

How did these lake trout settle in Lake George, one of the leftover grooves left by the ice ages? There is a theory that ducks carrying the fertilized eggs deposited them near the lakeshore and so came a lake trout population.

I am trying to get back to the subject of this article yet I keep straying to this gem in the wilderness of the Whiteshell which I first saw 50 years ago. I wish I could transmit to some of the youngsters of today some part of the thrill which came to me on that day long ago, when I came over the last cliff and the lake lay before me.

Well, to cut things short, the Manitoba Hunting and Fishing Club (first President, Charlie Brown) composed mostly of Winnipeg businessmen, purchased a piece of land, or shall we say rock in 1913 and in 1914 built the first lodge. This was of tamarac logs, having a corridor 20 feet wide the full length of the building which was 100 feet long and 80 feet wide. There were 14 bedrooms, a dining room, reception room and kitchen. They were before their time like many good men who preceded them. In 1916 interest died and the club became inactive, so that late that year along with the late Charlie Dure and

George Lake Fishing Club - 1928.

others we took over the premises and in 1917 commenced as the Lake George Fishing Club with a limited membership. We obtained our charter in that year.

How can I convey to you a picture of those 10 years which succeeded our formation of the Lake George Fishing Club? My children were growing up and with them and my wife we made frequent trips to the lake. Bag limits were not as they are today and many of our friends benefited as a result of our efforts. I can still see the sudden storms we encountered on this unpredictable lake, and I cannot forget the glorious sunsets when we sat out of the cliff in front of the lodge.

In the spring and summer does and their fawns were common visitors. The black bear was always with us, and never a nuisance as long as we left a few scraps for him. The skunks and the procupines seemed to be a part of our own family, gentle and harmless. The gulls, from dawn to dusk, wheeled over the lake and inland, the ruffed grouse strutted within 20 feet of us, and accepted us as their friends, which we tried to be; imperfectly in the fall when someone brought a .22 rifle, and appetites were keen.

There is an ending to all good things, so they say, so disaster came at last. In the late summer of 1928, a dry year, no rain, everything favourable for a proper clean up, so we were on the receiving end. The lodge was burned to the ground, only the scorched stones of the fireplace left standing, the remains of iron bedsteads, the ruined kitchen range, nothing left to salvage.

A long time ago someone said that "out of the ashes a new edifice will arise." The Lake George Fishing Club ran true to the old saying, so that in 1929 with the help of a lot of willing hands the present lodge was erected. The old traditions and rules have been maintained, and in the evenings after a good day, with the trout hungry, a few of the old timers will recall the days when Tom Sharpe, Lorne Gibson, J.D. Suffield, Charles Dure, Dave Valentine, Roy Borrowman, Charlie Simonite, Bert Bolton, Sanford Evans, Jock Aikman, Oscar Flanders, Archie Campbell, W.P. Fillmore, Alex McCallum, Herb Quinn, H.G. Williams and Fred Warburton (for 25 years our Secretary), B.B. Smith, our current president and many others I can't recall just now, had a good day's fishing and did not fail to brag about it after a snort or two.

Just a word in closing. In a short time I shall have exceeded by 20 years, the alloted life span, that is; the proverbial three score years and ten. I am particularly fortunate in having many friends among teenagers and the boys in their 20s. Probably that is because they realize that where fishing and hunting and life in the outdoors are concerned, I shall never be older than they are in the spirit of adventure.

The Whiteshell offers a glorious field for adventure, and yet many men when they approach middle age allow that vital spark to die. It is a grave mistake. Maybe I am prejudiced, but I consider that when a man loses interest in the heritage of the outdoors which God has given him, that he is through, and from that point will go downhill. I have seen many outdoor playgrounds in my time, but to me there are none to eclipse the Whiteshell with its own peculiar charm. Make use of it now while you have the opportunity. Tomorrow is too late.

Taken from the *Whiteshell Echo,* March 1956.

GEORGE LAKE

By James W. Astwood

George Lake, or Lake George as it is known to most oldtimers, is situated in the northern half of the Whiteshell Provincial Park, about three miles east of Pointe du Bois. The original survey maps refer to it as Lake George, after King George V who had just ascended the throne. However, this turned out to be quite a popular name with surveyors and the name was changed to George Lake so as not to cause confusion with the Lake George in Southwestern Manitoba.

Lake George, as I will refer to it, is a fairly large lake, being about eight miles in length and approximately two miles in width at its widest point. It runs north-south and is comprised of three fairly distinct sections, each being divided from the other by a "narrows." It is also a deep lake, although not so deep as West Hawk. It reaches a depth of over 100 feet in a few places and consequently harbours a population of both lake and speckled trout.

Lake George was well-known to those engaged in the fur trade, but it took until the building of the

City of Winnipeg hydro-electric plant at Pointe du Bois in 1909 for it to be really "discovered." It became a favorite spot for recreation for both the construction workers on the power plant and for city officials and businessmen. Pointe du Bois could be reached by taking the CPR to Lac du Bonnet and then transferring to the City of Winnipeg railway to Pointe de Bois. This connected Lac du Bonnet with both Pointe du Bois and Slave Falls power plants on the Winnipeg River. Its main source of motive power was the coal burning locomotive "City of Winnipeg No. 1." This engine is still in use by the Prairie Dog Central which operates tours out of Winnipeg.

One of the contractors on the Pointe du Bois power project built a lodge on the lake for use by civic and hydro officials. It was situated on a large rock out-cropping about 50 or 60 feet in height and had a view of the northern half of the lake. This lodge was taken over by a group of Winnipeg businessmen about 1916 as the Lake George Fishing Club. It became a very exclusive "getaway" with only a very limited number of members. The original lodge was built mainly of logs and it burned down during a forest fire in 1929. It was rebuilt and is still in use by members of the club.

With the coming of the railroad to Lac du Bonnet and Pointe du Bois, the area was opened up for homesteading and attracted a number of settlers. Although the lake had been home to nomadic groups of natives for several thousand years, it was not until 1916 that the first permanent residents set up a small colony.

Keizer's Shack - 1919. Charbonneau, Paul Case, McMurray.

When the area was first opened up for homesteading the first settler on the scene was a man named Keizer. His first name is not known; he seems to have been called simply "old man Keizer." He built a pole house near the mouth of Tye Creek about 1916 and had one of the nicest locations on the lake. However, he never obtained title to the property and later built another shack on what has come to be known as "Keizer's Island" in the north section of the lake.

The Borthwick Family - 1920

Borthwick's chickens - 1920

The first real homesteaders were the Phayers and the Borthwicks. William Borthwick married Violet Phayer and in 1917 settled on a quarter section just south of Keizer's place about half a mile off the lake. William's brother Richard settled the next quarter and Violet's brother, Jack Phayer settled on the other side, so that they had three adjoining quarter sections. Charlie Phayer settled on the west side of the lake in a rice-filled bay.

Both Charlie and Jack Phayer were bachelors and did a little farming and trapping, but the Borthwicks' were determined to make a real farm out of their property. Dick Borthwick was a horse lover and was in charge of the stables for one of the Winnipeg breweries. He kept a few horses at the lake but gave up his homestead before obtaining the title. He eventually moved to Regina to run a stable owned by James A. Richardson of James Richardson & Sons Limited.

William and Violet Borthwick had four children; two boys and two girls. They kept chickens, cows and horses and cleared enough land to grow small crops. There was no road into the lake (there still isn't) although the government promised one and had in fact, completed a survey for one.

It was very difficult to bring in supplies as the nearest community was Pointe du Bois, which is about six miles from the Borthwick homestead and on the opposite side of the Winnipeg River. In order to bring in livestock, they had to be shipped by rail to Pointe du Bois and then rafted across the river; herded along a logging road to the lake and then rafted down the lake.

Bill Borthwick Junior tells the story about the time his dad tried to bring a bull down the lake. Apparently he had the bull tied onto a raft and for some reason the raft flipped over. He leaped into the water with a knife in an attempt to free the bull but he was unsuccessful and the bull drowned. That ended his attempts to establish a breeding herd on his homestead.

The Borthwicks' home was built next to Tye Creek for easy access to water but being next to a rushing creek, turned out to be a disaster. One of the little girls drowned in the creek about 1920 and Violet moved back into Winnipeg never to return. Although they had obtained title to the property, the Borthwicks gave up their dream of a farm and went back to city life. In later years they lived on Polson Avenue just west of Main Street.

There used to be a rumour circulating that Charlie and Jack Phayer settled on the lake in order to avoid the draft during World War I. No one really knows for certain but one thing they do know is that they were both characters. Charlie did a little farming but also had a trap line. He kept a number of sled dogs that apparently learned to live on a diet of fish. The lake teemed with jack fish and 25-pounders were not uncommon. Charlie claimed he caught one so big he could not get it into his boat; he had to tow it home to his landing and then shoot it. Talk about fish stories!!

Joe Beck was another of the early homesteaders at the south end of the lake. He was not much of a farmer but apparently was very good at scrounging from the Phayers. Jack Phayer was a great cook and he swore Joe could smell his bread baking from two miles away. Joe's property fronted onto a sandy beach. He built his home just off the beach and planted a double row of spruce trees along the beach as a hedge. He kept it meticulously trimmed at about six feet until he died about 1952. His "hedge" is now a beautiful stand at 60-foot trees.

Joe Beck and bear - 1920

Joe Beck's Camp - 1930

Dorothy Astwood - 1923

There was also a chap named Wilson who started a homestead on the east side of the south basin but he did not last. Joe Beck claimed he once cleared some land for the Grey Nuns near the southeast corner of the lake. Apparently they intended to build a retreat but nothing ever came of it. The beach is still referred to as "Sisters' Beach."

After World War I, came the second wave of homesteaders lead by Joe McMurray who had worked on the Pointe du Bois power plant. Joe convinced a number of his army buddies that this was the most beautiful place this side of heaven (which it is) and 1919 saw a wave of development. Naturally, McMurray had already staked out his homestead. All returning veterans were entitled to an extra quarter, making them eligible for a half section. Joe picked a mile-long beach to homestead on and also bought the adjoining quarters from the government. This gave him almost two miles of lakefront including the best beach in the entire Whiteshell.

Joe's army buddies included William Radcliffe, Paul Case, Cliff Astwood and two others named Hannum and Charboneau. Radcliffe, Case, Astwood and Hannum all homesteaded a full half section each with one mile of lakefront. They all spent the summer of 1919 and the winter of 1919/1920 and built cabins, cleared land and grew a crop in the summer

J.C. Astwood - 1926

of 1920. Homesteading rules required the clearing of a minimum of 10 acres and the growing of at least one crop. When the government inspector saw how rough and rocky the terrain was, he was very generous in his measurements.

No one knows what happened to Charboneau, but Hannum's homestead was next to the Astwood's. He was an American from St. Louis and apparently was related to the Busch family of brewing fame. He never received title to his property and returned to the U.S. However, before he left he gave the property to the Fort Garry branch of the Canadian Legion. The legion intended to build an old soldier's home on the property and in 1921 held a fund-raising gala at the Royal Alexandra Hotel. Nothing ever came of the project and the property reverted to the government.

Neither McMurray, Radcliffe or Astwood were fussy about making their permanent homes on the lake and when they decided not to spend the next winter, it left Paul Case all alone in the northern part of the lake. Since all had obtained title to their property, Paul made a deal with the government to trade his property for a half section on the Winnipeg River near Pointe du Bois. Paul was an artist and a poet and loved the lake, but did not fancy being all alone. He was also a bird lover and during his short time at the lake built a large wire bird cage. It was about 20 or 25 feet long and 10 feet high and was still standing in the early 1940s.

The two Phayer brothers continued to live on the lake until they were both well into their 80s. Charlie almost never came into Winnipeg; he would make trips into Pointe du Bois for supplies but was otherwise fairly reclusive. Jack Phayer had a passion for horse racing and used to come to town for the races every year, staying with his sister Violet on Polson Avenue.

Joe Beck continued to spend a few winters at the lake, sponging off Jack and Charlie. When not at the lake, he roomed with Mrs. Lily Sparrow in the oldest house in Winnipeg located at 99 Euclid

Astwood Homestead - 1927

Avenue. It is a rambling, rabbit warren type log structure covered with clapboard and a visit to Joe in the winter would find you standing on a bearskin rug on a hard-packed dirt floor. Heating was provided by box stoves positioned in openings in the walls so that two rooms could be heated at once. Joe used to make pumpkin wine which he kept under his bed so you needed a strong nose.

Both McMurray's and Radcliffe's homesteads were ravaged by forest fires but both were rebuilt. Joe McMurray sold his property to a syndicate in the 1960s who were going to put in a lodge and cottage development. They were refused permission to put in a road and eventually sold the property back to the government. Radcliffe gave half of his property to the Boy Scouts for use as a summer camp and sold the other half to a fishing camp operator. "Trouthaven" operated for a few years but with the death of one of the owners and insufficient business it was taken over by the bank and sold at a mortgage sale. The present owner still uses it as a summer getaway.

The only properties still in the hands of the original families are the Borthwicks and the Astwoods and both still use them during the summer months. There are no permanent residents left on the lake and it is one of the quietest lakes in the Whiteshell during July and August. There are only 11 cottages on the entire lake, with five of them being located on property that was homesteaded between 1916 and 1919.

Homesteading is no longer permitted and the lake is not open to further cottage development.

Rhoda, Mervyn, Norman, Dorothy Astwood, and Jack Phayre - 1930.

Helen, Donald, Dorothy and Jim Astwood with William Martin - 1945

GEOGRAPHICAL NAMES IN THE WHITESHELL PROVINCIAL PARK

LEGEND:

CPCGN - Canadian Permanent Committee on Geographical Names
SGO - Surveyor General's Office
GBC - Geographical Board of Canada
GSC - Geological Survey of Canada
PNM - Place Names of Manitoba
GTP - Grand Trunk Pacific ? (CN)
CBGN - Canadian Board on Geographical Names
NTS - National Topographic Series; National Topographic Series Map Sheet Number, i.e. (52 L/3)

Akeroyd Lake:
(52 L/3) SE of Lac du Bonnet. Named in 1973 in honour of WWII casualty, Private Robert Akeroyd of St. Vital. Served with the Calgary Highlanders.

Alberts Lake:
(52 /14) SE of Lac du Bonnet. Locally named, after Albert Lapierre, according to the CPCGN, 1976.

Allum Island:
(52 E/14) In Frances Lake, SE of Brereton Lake. Named in 1976 in honour of WWII casualty, Rifleman Harold E. Allum, of Oak Lake. Served with the Royal Winnipeg Rifles.

Argue Lake:
(52 E/14) SE of Lac du Bonnet. Named in 1974 in honour of WWII casualty, Acting Lance Corporal Reginald G. Argue of Moore Dale. Served with Princess Patricia's. Also called (Parsons Lake), after a Parks Branch official.

Astbury Lake:
(52 E/14) SE of Lac du Bonnet. Named in 1974 in honour of WWII casualty, Pilot Officer John W. Astbury, of Portage la Prairie. Served with Squadron 405, RCAF.

Aubin Lake:
(52 L/6) E of Lac du Bonnet. Named in 1973 in honour of WWII casualty, Flight Sergeant John G.W. Aubin, of Carman. Served with Squadron 158, Royal Canadian Air Force.

Augie Lake:
(52 L/5) W of George Lake; 20-15-15-E. Named on March 11, 1987, after the dog who accompanied the fish stocking crew to this lake.

Bagguley Lake:
(52 L/3) SE of Lac du Bonnet. GBC correspondence, 1916, from a Mr. Scott, noted that the lake was named by the early settlers of the area after one of their number.

Barbour Lake:
(52 E/14) SE of Lac du Bonnet. Named in 1974 in honour of WWII casualty, Private Victor Barbour, of Poplar Point. Served with the Royal Canadian Army Service Corps.

Barclay Lake:
(52 L/6) E of Lac du Bonnet. Named in 1973 in honour of WWII casualty, Flying Officer Arnold S. Barclay, RCAF, of Tyndall.

Barrier Bay:
(52 L/4) Locality along the Winnipeg River, SE of Lac du Bonnet. CPCGN records, 1977, noted this was a cottage development built around Barrier Bay: (52 L/4) which was named by the CPCGN, 1973. It was known as Nutmeg Bay in the early 1950s by local fishermen. Barrier Bay came into use about 1955.

Barwood Lake:
(52 E/14) SE of Lac du Bonnet. CPCGN records 1974, stated that the lake was named locally from a play on words and parts of two names of area cottagers or campers, Fletcher D. Baragar and his cousin Tom Wood, who found a canoe portage into the lake. Baragar had also sighted a "bear" in the "woods".

Basket Falls:
(52 L/4) In the Whiteshell River, SE of Lac du Bonnet. Recorded locally during field work with three possible origins given:
a) descriptive of the basket-shaped area around the falls;
b) a berry picker left a basket here, or,
c) an Indian legend - that when the river was shallow the only thing that one could travel down it in was in a basket.

Basket Falls Dam:
(52 L/4) Whiteshell River, NE of White Lake. The local name of the outflow dam for White Lake.

Bass Island:
(52 L/6) In Eaglenest Lake, near the Ontario border. CPCGN records, 1978, noted this as a local name, after the fish species caught around here.

Bate Lake:
(52 L/6) E of Lac du Bonnet. Named in 1973 in honour of WWII casualty, Flying Officer Arthur J. Bate, RCAF, of Transcona.

Beck Lake:
(52 L/3) SE of Lac du Bonnet. GBC records, 1916, noted this as a local name, after an early settler. Land records showed that a Joseph Beck homesteaded on SE 20-14-15-E, just to the W, in 1918.

Betula Lake:
(52 L/4) Locality SE of Lac du Bonnet. Located along Betula Lake and named after it by the CPCGN, 1973. A cottage and resort area noted in the 1966 census.

Betula Lake:
(52 L/4) Was first noted on NTS map 52 L, 1926, and earlier as Birch Lake on a SGO map, 1913. "Betula" is the scientific or Latin name for (Birch) tree.

Betula Lake Dam:
(52 L/4) Whiteshell River, N of Betula Lake. A well-known local name which controls the water level of Betula Lake.

Beyak Lake:
(52 E/14) SE of Lac du Bonnet. Named in 1974 in honour of WWII casualty, Flying Officer Alexander E. Beyak, RCAF, of Winnipegosis.

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

Bigurski Lake:
(52 E/14) SE of Lac du Bonnet. Named in 1974 in honour of WWII casualty, Rifleman Walter J. Bigurski, of St. Germain. Served with the Second Canadian Infantry Reinforcements.

Big Whiteshell Lake:
(52 L/3) Locality on Big Whiteshell Lake. CPCGN records, 1973, noted this cottage area was named after the lake; descriptive, and formerly called Whiteshell Lake but changed to Big Whiteshell Lake in 1976. First noted as Whiteshell Lake on a Department of Interior map, 1902.

Bishoff Lake:
(52 E/14) SE of Lac du Bonnet. Named in 1974 in honour of WWII casualty, Rifleman Emanuel Bishoff, of West Kildonan. Served with the Royal Winnipeg Rifles.
Boatfield Lake:
(52 L/6) SE of Lac du Bonnet. Named in 1973 in honour of WWII casualty, Trooper Jack Boatfield, of Winnipeg. Served with the Twelfth Manitoba Dragoons.
Boon Lake:
(52 L/3) SE of Lac du Bonnet. Named in 1973 in honour of WWII casualty, Bombardier Richard Boon, of Winnipeg. Served with the Royal Canadian Artillery. Locally noted as Long Lake.
Bostrom Island:
(52 L/3) In Crowduck Lake. Named in 1973 in honour of WWII casualty, Lance Corporal George Bostrom, of Winnipeg. Served with the Cameron Highlanders.
Brereton Lake:
(52 E/13) Locality SE of Lac du Bonnet. According to Postal records, the locality was formerly a summer Post Office which opened in 1964 to serve cottagers and vacationers and closed in 1966. Located N of the railway point (see entry below) it was named after the lake, although correspondence from the postmaster, 1964, stated that the name was derived from a long-time resident there. CPCGN records from the PO Department indicated that the summer PO was established in 1939, in NW 8-11-15-W.
Brereton Lake:
(52 E/14) Railway point SE of Lac du Bonnet. On the CN line in 31-10-15-E, named after nearby Brereton Lake and distinct from the locality noted above. The lake was named after a supply officer, Captain Brereton, during construction of the CPR (the line crosses the CNR just to the W), according to PNM, 1933. GBC correspondence from the PM at Rennie, 1916, noted that Brereton camped here in a tent. GBC records, 1935, noted that the railway point was to be changed from Brereton Platform, so named because the platform and shelter were at the end of the lake, as the railway point served cottagers here. (See also Indigo) for railway point; Stovel, 1911, (Brereton); Copp Clark, 1914, (Brereton); GSC, 1921, (Brereton Sta);
Brereton Lake:
(52 E/13) Was first noted on a Department of Interior map, 1877, as Brenton L., and was changed to Brereton Lake by the GBC in 1903. Dept. of Int., 1902, (Lake Brenton).
Brereton Lake Dam:
(52 E/13) Rennie River, N. of Brereton.
Brune Island:
(52 L/3) In Big Whiteshell Lake. Named after a Mr. Stan Bruce according to the CPCGN, 1972, who was believed to have had a logging operation there in the 1930s. Locally also called The Sand Bar.
Cabin Cut:
(52 L/6) In the Winnipeg River, E of Lac du Bonnet. Recorded during recent field work, for a short passage or narrows, so named because two cabins were located there.
Caddy Lake:
(52 E/14) Locality NE 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).
Camsell Lake:
(52 L/6) E of Lac du Bonnet. Named in 1978 in honour of WWII casualty, Flight Sergeant Philip S. Camsell, of East Kildonan. Served with Squadron 61, RCAF.
Canoe Lake:
(52 E/14) NE of Brereton Lake. CPCGN records, 1973, noted this as a local name, descriptive of its shape and also called Rice Lake on an 1898 boundary survey map and Judy Lake. The CPCGN adopted Little Rice Lake because "Rice" was too common and changed it to Canoe Lake following field work.
Canty Lake:
(52 E/14) SE of Brereton Lake. Named in 1974 in honour of WWII casualty, Rifleman Alfred W. Canty, of East Kildonan. Served with the Royal Winnipeg Rifles.
Carberry Lake:
(52 L/4) SE of Lac du Bonnet. Named in 1973 in honour of WWII casualty, Lance Corporal Samuel R. Carberry, of Winnipeg. Served with the Winnipeg Grenadiers.
Caribou Creek:
(52 L/4) Flows NW into Eleanor Lake. Recorded locally during field work as a descriptive name, so called because caribou used to be seen coming out of the bush around the creek mouth.
Carter Island:
(52 L/4) In the Winnipeg River. CPCGN records, 1973, noted that it was named in 1929 by a Mr. K.C. Fergusson, after William Bell Carter, then President of the Winnipeg Electric Co. Also called Scout Island locally since there was a boy scout camp here.
Cases Bay:
(52 L/5) In the Winnipeg River. Recorded locally during field work as Cases Bay, after homesteader, Paul Case, who lived by the bay. Also called Paul Case's Bay.
Caskey Lake:
(52 E/14) E of Brereton Lake. Named in 1974 in honour of WWII casualty, Flying Officer Irvine N. Caskey, of Portage la Prairie. Served with Squadron 620, RCAF.
Castaway Point:
(52 L/3) In Big Whiteshell Lake. Recorded during field work and named after the summer resort here called "Castaway Cabins". Also called Armstrong Island.
Charuk Lake:
(52 E/11) SE of Brereton Lake. Named in 1974 in honour of WWII casualty, Lance Corporal Nicholas John Charuk, of Oak Bluff. Served with the Winnipeg Grenadiers.
Chiesche Lake:
(52 E/14) SE of Brereton Lake. Named in 1974 in honour of WWII casualty, Sergeant Frederick Chiesche, of Alexander. Served with the Royal Canadian Artillery.
Chisnell Lake:
(52 L/4) SE of Lac du Bonnet. Named in 1973 in honour of WWII casualty, Trooper Norman W. Chisnell, of St. Vital. Served with the 17th Duke of York's Royal Canadian Hussars.
Chulkas Island:
(52 L/6) In the Winnipeg River. Recorded during field work as a local family name of a man who had a cabin here.
Clouds, Lake of the:
(52 E/14) NE of Brereton Lake. CPCGN records noted that it was named in the early 1930s (probably by cottagers) because of its elevation, about 50 ft. above nearby Marion Lake, i.e. "in the clouds".
Comstock Lake:
(52 L/6) E of Lac du Bonnet. Named in 1973 in honour of WWII casualty, Private William D. Comstock, of Winnipeg. Served with the Seaforth Highlanders.
Coulombe Lake:
(52 L/3) NE of Brereton Lake. Named in 1973 in honour of WWII casualty, Trooper Albert Coulombe, of Bènard. Served with the Calgary Regiment.

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, or Russell, 1871. Stovel, 1908, (Cross); Dept. of Mines, 1921, (Cross Lake Sta).
Crowduck Lake:
(52 L/3) SE of Lac du Bonnet. First noted on a Dept. of Int. map, 1902, as Crow Duck Lake. The one word form was adopted in 1948. PNM, 1933, stated, it is the colloquial name for the bird species, the cormorant and is a translation of the original Indian name. Napier, 1858, called it Kakake L. Garland, 1975, noted that the Cree names for cormorant are Kakakeo and Kakakesip. SGO, 1903, (North Crow Duck Lake); field work, 1975, (in part) as (East Crowduck Lake).
Dean Creek:
(52 L/6) Flows E into Parks Lake. Named in 1978 in honour of WWII casualty, Pilot Officer George Dean, of Pine Falls. Served with Squadron 18, RCAF.
Decimal:
(52 E/14) Locality E of Brereton Lake. A former PO that opened in 1925 in 36-10-15-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).
Dorothy Lake:
(52 L/4) Locality on Dorothy Lake S of Lac du Bonnet. A cottage and resort area named in 1973 after the lake on the Winnipeg River (shown on an SGO map, 1913). A GBC letter, 1931, from the Northwestern Power Co., stated that Lake Dorothy was named after the engineer who surveyed the area.
Drummey Lake:
(52 E/14) NE of Brereton Lake. Named in 1974 in honour of WWII casualty, Acting Sergeant Robert R. Drummey, of Lockport. Served with the Cameron Highlanders. A local name, descriptive of shape, is Cactus Lake.
Durban Lake:
(52 E/14) NE of Brereton Lake. Named in 1974 in honour of WWII casualty, Pilot Officer Nicholas F. Durban, of Portage la Prairie. Served with Squadron 7, RCAF.
Duthoit Lake:
(52 L/3) NE of Brereton Lake. Named in 1973 in honour of WWII casualty, Private Raymond L. Duthoit, of Winnipeg. Served with the Royal Canadian Army Medical Corps.
Ellis Island:
(52 E/13) In Brereton Lake. Named in 1973 in honour of WWII casualty, Private Percy J. Ellis, of Wawanesa. Served with the Winnipeg Grenadiers.
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.
Eight Foot Falls:
(52 L/5) Locality along the Winnipeg River. Adopted by Manitoba in 1978 for the area around former Eight Foot Falls which once had an 8 ft. drop before flooding by the dam at Pointe du Bois. The falls were first noted on a Thibaudeau map, 1908. Hind, 1858, showed Roche Brule Portage, noting an "8 foot fall" here.
Eleanor Lake:
(52 L/4) S of Lac du Bonnet. Garland, 1975, noted that the name was suggested in 1922 by (Dr.) Edward Johnson, after Eleanor Eames of Winnipeg, who later became his wife in 1931. GBC records, 1931, in a letter from F.H. Martin referred to it as Lake Eleanor, named after the daughter of a Dr. Hogg, who was with him on the river several years ago. Field work recorded an alternate name of Round Lake (in part).
Emily Lake:
(52 E/14) NE of Brereton Lake. CPCGN records, 1973, stated that it was named by cottage owner Dr. Fred D. Baragar, after his mother (Mrs. Inkerman Baragar) who lived here in the 1920s and 1930s. Also called Island Lake locally.
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 use for hunting. Hunters disliked them because they scared other game birds away and the HB Co. used to give a bounty of 1 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 N from the shape and location. It appeared correctly on a Dept. of Int. map, 1877, which also showed Falcon River: (52 E/11) draining the lake S into the present Snake Lake.
Falcon Creek:
(52 E/11) Flows SE into Falcon Lake and was named in 1974.
Falcon Lake Dam:
(52 E/11) On the Falcon River, SW. shore of Falcon Lake.
Faloma:
(52 E/11) Locality on Falcon Lake, SE of Brereton Lake. Located on and named in 1976, after Faloma Beach, a beach which CBGN records, 1953, noted was "named over 20 years ago". It is a summer resort area.
Fernstrom Lake:
(52 L/6) NE of Lac du Bonnet. Named in 1973 in honour of WWII casualty, Sergeant Harold L. Fernstrom, RCAF.
Fletcher Island:
(52 E/14) In Marion Lake. CPCGN records stated that the island was named in 1927 by some of the original cottage owners, after Fletcher Baragar, son of one of the cottagers, F.D. Baragar.
Forsythe Lake:
(52 L/6) NE of Lac du Bonnet. Named in 1973 in honour of WWII casualty, Private John A. Forsythe, Canadian Army.

Fournier Island:
(52 L/5) In the Winnipeg River. Named in 1973 in honour of WWII casualty, Flight Sergeant Rene J.L. Fournier, RCAF.
Franko Lake:
(52 E/11) SE of Brereton Lake. Named in 1974 in honour of WWII casualty, Rifleman Harry Franko, Canadian Army.
French Island:
(52 L/4) In the Winnipeg River. Named in 1973 in honour of WWII casualty, Lieutenant Charles D. French, Canadian Army.
Fryatt Lake:
(52 L/3) NE of Brereton Lake. Named in 1973 in honour of WWII casualty, Company Sergeant-Major Walter B. Fryatt, Canadian Army.
Furey Island:
(52 L/4) In the Winnipeg River. Named in 1973 in honour of WWII casualty, Private Joseph Furey, Canadian Army. Also called Moose Island locally.
Gibbons Lake:
(52 L/4) N of Brereton Lake. Named in 1973 in honour of WWII casualty, Lance Corporal Ernest W. Gibbons, Canadian Army.
Gillespie Lake:
(52 L/5) E of Lac du Bonnet. Named in 1973 in honour of WWII casualty, Flight Sergeant Hugh G. Gillespie, RCAF.
Gilmore Lake:
(52 E/14) SE of Brereton Lake. Named in 1974 in honour of WWII casualty, Trooper James A. Gilmore, Canadian Army.
Glenn Bog:
(52 E/12) A marsh or peat bog in the area named after the locality name, Glenn.
Good Lake:
(52 L/6) E of Lac du Bonnet. Recorded during field work as a local name, after a trapper with a camp here. Also called Eileen Lake.
Goose Pond:
(52 E/13) W of Brereton Lake. Recorded locally during field work as a descriptive name, as great numbers of Canada Geese congregate here to seek refuge and food. Also called Sanctuary Lake. It is located in the Alfred Hole Goose Sanctuary.
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.
Greer Lake:
(52 L/6) NE of Lac du Bonnet. First noted on a Department of Mines map, 1925. The CPCGN, 1977, noted that it was named after a geologist, Anthony Greer, of Toronto, Ontario, and that a feldspar quarry is located here.
Guttormson Lake:
(52 L/6) E of Lac du Bonnet. Named in 1973 in honour of WWII casualty, Pilot Officer Hinrik Guttormson, RCAF.
Halliday Rapids:
(52 L/6) In the Winnipeg River. Recorded during field work as the family name of a carpenter from Lac du Bonnet.
Hamilton Creek:
(52 E/11) Flows SE into Falcon Lake. CPCGN records, 1974, stated that the creek was locally named after a longtime 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.
Hammerberg Lake:
(52 E/11) SE of Brereton Lake. Named in 1974 in honour of WWII casualty, Private Vernie W. Hammerberg, Canadian Army.
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.
Hartog Lake:
(52 L/6) E of Lac du Bonnet. Named in 1973 in honour of WWII casualty, Flying Officer Martin Hartog, RCAF.
Hawken Lake:
(52 L/3) NE of Brereton Lake. Named in 1973 in honour of WWII casualty, Trooper George S. Hawken, Canadian Army.
Hello Lake:
(52 E/14) NE of Brereton Lake, on the Man.-Ont. boundary. First noted correctly on an SGO map, 1903. The CPCGN, 1961, noted it as Halloo Lake on a surveyor's plan, 1897. Presumably named by boundary surveyors calling to each other around the lake during the survey and echoing "hellos".
Hemenway Lake:
(52 L/3) NE of Brereton Lake. Named in 1973 in honour of WWII casualty, Private Howard M. Hemenway, Canadian Army.
Hesp Lake:
(52 E/14) NE of Brereton Lake. Named in 1974 in honour of WWII casualty, Flight Sergeant William J. Hesp, RCAF.
Hind Island:
(52 L/4) In the Winnipeg River. Named by Manitoba in 1973 in honour of Henry Youle Hind, Canadian government geologist, surveyor and naturalist, who led the Canadian Red River Exploring Expedition and other similar ventures in 1857-58. He was apparently the first to report on geological features and bird life in the Pinawa area. The name was suggested, if the original was to be changed, by Mr. R. Stewart, Atomic Energy of Canada, who noted that the island had earlier been named Channel Island in 1929 by K.C. Fergusson, Superintendent of Winnipeg River power projects, because of its proximity to the Pinawa Channel. The recommendation of Hind was adopted since Channel was a common, duplicated name.
Hnatiw Lake:
(52 E/14) SE of Brereton Lake. Named in 1974 in honour of WWII casualty, Acting Corporal Steve Hnatiw, Canadian Army.
Hoddinott Lake:
(52 L/6) E of Lac du Bonnet. Named in 1973 in honour of WWII casualty, Flying Officer A.J. Hoddinott, RCAF.
Horseshoe Lake:
(52 L/3) NE of Brereton Lake. GBC records, 1926, stated that the lake was descriptively named by a trapper. Also called Little Pelican Lake by local Indians, according to Mr. W.A. Scott, 1916.
Hull Lake:
(52 L/6) E of Lac du Bonnet. Named in 1973 in honour of WWII casualty, Private Herbert J. Hull, Canadian Army.
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.
Indigo:
(52 E/13) Railway point west of Brereton Lake. GBC records, 1935, noted it as a Canadian National railway point in 35-10-14-E, called Brereton Station or Brereton, changed to Indigo, a name characteristic of the area's blue waters.

The change was made to avoid confusion with nearby Brereton Platform, which changed to Brereton Lake (see entry).

Irvine Lake:
(52 E/14) East of Brereton Lake. Named in 1974 in honour of World War II casualty, Private Sidney Irvine, Canadian Army.

Jamieson Lake:
(52 L/6) Northeast of Lac du Bonnet. Named in 1973 in honour of World War II casualty, Acting Company Sergeant-Major James B. Jamieson, Canadian Army.

Jessica Lake Dam:
(52 L/4) Whiteshell River, N. of Jessica Lake. A suitable name for the dam which controls the water level at Jessica Lake.

John Island:
(52 E/14) In Marion Lake, northeast of Brereton Lake. According to CPCGN records, 1973, the island was named in 1927 by some of the original cottage owners on nearby Florence Lake after the son of a fellow cottager, W.F. Baskerville. The son joined the Royal Air Force early in World War II and was killed in 1939 during the Kiel Canal Raid.

Kauk Lake:
(52 L/6) East of Lac du Bonnet. Named in 1973 in honour of World War II casualty, Private Jacob Kauk, Canadian Army.

Kellie Lake:
(52 L/6) East of Lac du Bonnet. Named in 1973 in honour of World War II casualty, Pilot Officer James W. Kellie, Royal Canadian Air Force.

Kilborn Lake:
(52 E/11) Southeast of Brereton Lake. Named in 1974 in honour of World War II casualty, Sergeant Allison F. Kilborn, Canadian Army.

Kirby Lake:
(52 L/6) Northeast of Lac du Bonnet. Named in 1973 in honour of World War II casualty, Sergeant Alfred Kirby, Royal Canadian Air Force.

Kirk Lake:
(52 E/14) East of Brereton Lake. Named in 1974 in honour of World War II casualty, Private Donald J.G. Kirk, Canadian Army. An alternate name noted was Bear Lake, named by an old trapper, John Gray, in 1920, who had a cabin on nearby Nora Lake.

Lahoda Lake:
(52 L/3) Northeast of Brereton Lake. Named in 1973 in honour of World War II casualty, Private Walter R. Lahoda, Canadian Army.

Lamprey Rapids:
(52 L/6) In the Winnipeg River. Previously called Lamprey Falls, deleted in 1947 by the Canadian Board on Geographical Names. The generic was changed to rapids and the name was reinstated by the CPCGN in 1978 to better describe the feature, as dams at Pointe du Bois had reduced the falls to fast water or rapids. "Lamprey" here was probably associated with the parasitic fish species, perhaps sighted here. Place Names of Manitoba, 1933, noted the name as (les chutes de Jacob), called (la chute à jaqueau) in Derouin itinerary, circa 1760, and according to artist Paul Kane, was named ". . . after a man named Jacques who was dared to run his canoe over a fall of 15 or 20 feet of water. He attempted it, but was dashed to pieces". H. Hind, 1857, called them James' Falls and described them as being ". . . about 13 feet high . . . they are considered to be among the most dangerous obstacles on this broken and tumultuous river . . ."

Lancota Lake:
(52 E/14) East of Brereton Lake. Recorded locally during recent field work and apparently the name of a mink ranch here belonging to Mr. Al Rodgers. A suggestion was also made that Lancota was the name of a man who fished here. Also called Rodgers Lake.

Larche Lake:
(52 L/6) Northeast of Lac du Bonnet. Named in 1973 in honour of World War II casualty, Flight Sergeant Joseph A. Larche, Royal Canadian Air Force.

Lauries Creek:
(52 L/6) Flows SW into the Winnipeg River. Recorded during recent field work as a local name, after Jim Laurie, who operated a tourist camp here. Also called Jimmys Creek, Jim Lauries Creek and Warrens Creek.

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

Leitch Lake:
(52 L/3) NE of Brereton Lake. Named in 1973 in honour of WWII casualty, Pilot Officer John W. Leitch, RCAF.

LeVasseur Island:
(52 L/6) In Eaglenest Lake, on the Winnipeg River. Named in 1973 in honour of World War II casualty, Pilot Officer Lucien C. LeVasseur, RCAF. Locally noted as Big Island, a descriptive name.

Luce Lake:
(52 L/3) NE of Brereton Lake. Named in 1973 in honour of WWII casualty, Private Walter G. Luce, Canadian Army.

Lyons Lake:
(52 E/11) SE of Brereton Lake. Noted correctly on NTS map 52 E, 1933, while CPCGN records noted it as Lake Lyons on a 1948 map of the area and that it was named after M.A. Lyons, Deputy Minister, Dept. of Public Works, who retired in 1945.

Macfie Lake:
(52 E/11) Southeast of Brereton Lake. Named in 1974 in honour of World War II casualty Private John G. Macfie, Canadian Army. Local alternates noted were Janice Lake, after a Parks Branch secretary, Janice Schindler, and Wolf Lake.

Madge Lake:
(52 E/14) East of Brereton Lake. CPCGN records, 1973, stated that the lake was named circa 1930, after Mrs. Madge Gallimore, wife of G. Gallimore, the first cottage owner at nearby Winnitoba in 1926, and that maps incorrectly called it May Lake.

Malcom Island:
(52 L/3) In Crowduck Lake. Named in 1973 in honour of World War II casualty, Acting Bombardier Philip Malcom, Canadian Army. National Topographic System map 52 L/3, 1977, incorrectly spelled it Malcolm.

Mallard Falls:
(52 E/14) In the Whiteshell River. CPCGN records, 1974, noted it as a local name.

Mallard Lake:
(52 E/14) Upstream, from which the falls derived their name, was named in 1962. Probably named after the duck species.

Man Lake:
(52 E/14) Southeast of Brereton Lake. CPCGN records, 1974, noted that the name is descriptive of its shape. An alternate name of Beaver Lake was noted on a Whiteshell Forest map.

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. Department of Interior, 1921, seems (Trout Lake).

Marg Lake:
(52 E/14) Northeast of Brereton Lake. CPCGN records, 1973, stated that Lake Margaret was named circa 1934, by

a group of local cottagers out looking for new canoe routes. One of them was Margaret Pincock, (now Gallimore) daughter of Dr. J.C. Pincock, who built a cottage in this area circa 1930. With "her approval" the nickname Marg was adopted by the CPCGN in 1974, to avoid duplication in the area.

McCruden Lake:
(52 L/6) East of Lac du Bonnet. Named in 1973 in honour of World War II casualty, Flying Officer Robert J. McCruden, Royal Canadian Air Force.

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.

McGillivray Lake:
(52 E/14) Southeast of Brereton Lake. CPCGN 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.

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.

Metros Reef:
(52 L/6) In the Winnipeg River. Recorded during recent field work as a nickname of a local resident with a cabin on the point near the reef.

Michie Lake:
(52 E/14) Southeast of Brereton Lake. Named in 1974 in honour of World War II casualty, Sergeant Stanley R. Michie, Canadian Army. A local name was noted as Otter Lake.

Middleton Lake:
(52 L/3) Northeast of Brereton Lake. Named in 1973 in honour of World War II casualty, Lance Sergeant Melvin C. Middleton, Canadian Army.

Millen Lake:
(52 E/11) Southeast of Brereton Lake. Named in 1972 in honour of World War II casualty, Private Howard Millen, Canadian Army.

Mollie Lake:
(52 E/14) Northeast of Brereton Lake. CPCGN records, 1973, noted that the lake was named after Mary Gordon, nicknamed "Mollie", one of the early cottagers in this area, circa 1938-39, while out on a hike with neighbours. Also called Reef Lake locally.

Moosehead Lake:
(52 E/14) Northeast of Brereton Lake. CPCGN records, 1973, noted it as a local name, called such by trapper Alex Kolansky, who has been here since 1944, because the lake is shaped like a moose head. Also noted as Squaw Lake.

Natalie Lake:
(52 L/4) 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 L/4) North of Natalie Lake; 2-14-11E. Named due to its close proximity to Natalie Lake.

Nazarko Island:
(52 L/5) In Winnipeg River. Named in 1973 in honour of World War II casualty, Leading Aircraftsman Walter Nazarko, Royal Canadian Air Force.

Neve Island:
(52 E/14) In St. Claire Lake, east of Brereton Lake. Named in 1976 in honour of World War II casualty, Trooper Allan R. Neve, Canadian Army.

Niemis Cut:
(52 L/6) In Winnipeg River. CPCGN records, 1978, note it as a local name of a person who had a cabin here.

North Cross Lake East Dam:
(52 E/14) Whiteshell River, N. of North Cross Lake.

North Cross Lake West Dam:
(52 E/14) Whiteshell River, N. of North Cross Lake.
Sturgeon Falls, and named by the Canadian Board on Geographical Names in 1953, noting the name was Cree, meaning (sturgeon).

Nutimik Lake:
(52 L/4) Locality on Nutimik Lake, southeast of Lac du Bonnet. A cottage and summer resort community named after the lake, a name chosen by the Canadian Board on Geographical Names in 1950 to replace the then current name of Jessie Lake. A GBC letter, 1931, from the North Western Power Company, stated that Jessie Lake (noted on a SGO map, 1913) was named after a daughter of the engineer who surveyed this area. The Canadian Board on Geographical Names suggested a name change to avoid confusion with nearby Jessica Lake. Nutimik was chosen, from a Cree word meaning (up the river). There was an old settler who homesteaded near the lake years ago, who had said that he referred to his home here as being "up the river" (the lake is on the Winnipeg River) when talking to others.

Olive Lake:
(52 E/14) Northeast of Brereton Lake. CPCGN records, 1973, stated that it was named in 1932 after Mrs. J.C. Pincock (died 1942), one of the earliest cottage owners in this area, by her family and a neighbour while out on a trip retracing the trail of surveyors who had re-surveyed the Manitoba - Ontario boundary. Recent field work recorded local alternates of Papoose Lake and Star Lake.

Olynyk Lake:
(52 L/3) Northeast of Brereton Lake. Named in 1973 in honour of war casualty, Private Harry Olynyk, Canadian Army. Recent field work recorded the local names of Tooth Lake (descriptive of shape) and Little Bedford Lake (located just north of Bedford Lake).

Ophir:
(52 E/14) Railway point east of Brereton Lake. Located on the Canadian National Railway line in 30-10-17-E. Noted on a Stovel map, 1911. Rudnyckyj, 1970, presumed that the name was derived from the Ukrainian word "ofira" meaning (sacrifice). Department of Mines, 1921, (Ophir Sta.)

Otter Falls:
(52 L/4) Locality southeast of Lac du Bonnet. CPCGN records, 1977, noted this as a cottage and resort area named after the former Otter Falls on the Winnipeg River. The falls have disappeared with the flooding of the river due to construction of hydro electric power dams. Otter Falls was shown on a Napier map, 1856. Presumably otters were sighted here at one time.

Owchar Lake:
(52 E/14) Northeast of Brereton Lake. Named in 1974 in honour of World War II casualty, Trooper Russell Owchar, Canadian Army.

Parks Lake:
(52 L/6) East of Lac du Bonnet. Named in 1973 in honour of World War II casualty, Lance Corporal Norman J. Parks, Canadian Army.
Peanut Island:
(52 E/14) In West Hawk Lake. CPCGN records, 1976, noted this as a local nickname, descriptive of its small size.
Peggy Lake:
(52 E/14) Northeast of Brereton Lake. CPCGN records, 1973, noted that the lake was named about 1930 by cottage resident John Gray and other campers while hiking through the area (in Whiteshell Provincial Park), after Peggy Baragar, daughter of Dr. F. Baragar, a cottage owner here in 1927.
Pelechaty Lake:
(52 E/14) Northest of Brereton Lake. Named in 1974 in honour of World War II casualty, Pilot Officer Ingnatius T. Pelechaty, Royal Canadian Air Force.
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).
Pennycook Lake:
(52 E/13) East of Brereton Lake. Named in 1973 in honour of World War II casualty, Private Paul N. Pennycook, Canadian Army. Local alternate names noted were Whiteshell Lake and Lily Lake.
Pinawa Channel:
(52 L/5) Channel between the Lee and Winnipeg Rivers. Noted on a Bulman map, 1897, and most early maps placed the name in various forms along the present Lee River as well. Place Names of Manitoba, 1933, (from Anderson) stated that it was an Indian name derived from a verb, meaning (it is slow, calm or gentle), adding that D. Thompson, 1813, labelled it Pinnowak, noting "the Pinnawas, from the man who discovered it" (Sir A. Mackenzie, according to Place Names of Manitoba). Smith, 1976, noted the meaning as (sheltered water), adding that in 1911, government surveyors named the stream Lee River and that generally the portion upstream from the powerhouse is considered Pinawa Channel while the downstream portion is the Lee River.
Pintail Lake:
(52 E/14) East of Brereton Lake. CPCGN records, 1961, noted it on a SGO map, 1913. Presumably descriptive; pintail ducks were probably found here. These ducks have a long needle-like tail.
Pogue Lake:
(52 L/6) East of Lac du Bonnet. Named in 1973 in honour of World War II casualty, Lance Corporal David J. Pogue, Canadian Army.
Pointe du Bois:
(52 L/5) Community along the Winnipeg River, East of Lac du Bonnet. The post office opened in 1920, in 36-15-14-E. It is also a railway point on a branch of the main Canadian Pacific Railway line and a school district name. Named after the point and falls which Garland, 1975, noted was French for (Point of the Woods). In 1911, the City of Winnipeg completed a power plant here to supply light and power to Winnipeg in competition with the Winnipeg Electric Company. The plant was enlarged in 1920 and 1926 and is a "company town". The building of the power structure eliminated the falls as such, which Hind, in 1858, showed in three sets, labelled overall (Les Portages du Bois) (i.e., portages around the falls, which also had individual names). Surveyor General's Office, 1913, (Point du Bois); 1964 Postal Guide, (Pointe-du-Bois). Bouchette, 1815, (Woody Point) here in the narrows; Napier, 1857, (Pointe des Bois) (beside 3 portages); Dawson, 1858, (Pointes des Bois); Hind, 1858, (3 Pts. Du Bois) and (Pt. Du Bois Portage); Palliser, 1865, (Pt. des Bois). Thibaudeau, 1908, showed (Point Du Bois Falls) which presumably disappeared as such with the dam construction; is not an approved name. The point, approved by Place Names of Manitoba, 1933, is not currently listed by the CPCGN: nor were the falls or portages here officially named.
Post Island:
(52 L/3) In Big Whiteshell Lake, northeast of Brereton Lake. Canadian Permanent CGN records, 1973, noted it as a local name, apparently because there was a small Hudson Bay Company post here in the late 19th century.
Rae Lake:
(52 L/3) Northeast of Brereton Lake. Named in 1973 in honour of World War II casualty, Private Ronald Rae, Canadian Army.
Red Rock Lake:
(52 E/13) Locality North of Whitemouth Lake. CPCGN records, 1973, noted it as a cottage community on and named after Red Rock Lake.
Red Rock Lake:
(52 E/13) Adopted as two words in 1973 over the one word form as noted on a Department of Interior map, 1926. Presumably descriptive of the red coloured, oxidized iron in the rocks around the lake.
Reed Falls:
(52 L/4) In the Whiteshell River. Recorded during recent field work as a local name, believed to be that of an old trapper in the area who was noted for "making Indian antifacts". The name appeared on a recent Parks Branch canoe map.
Regimbal Lake:
(52 L/6) Northeast of Lac du Bonnet. Named in 1973 in honour of World War II casualty, Flight Sergeant Leo J. Regimbal, Royal Canadian Air Force.
Rennie River:
(52 L/4) Flows North into the Whiteshell River. Named after the community situated along it. Noted on a SGO map, 1913.
Ritchey Lake:
(52 L/3) 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).
Rustrock Lake:
(52 E/14) Northeast of Brereton Lake. CPCGN records, 1974, noted it as a local descriptive name, so named by area trapper Alex Kolanski, who lived here for over 30 years, because of the rusty colour of the rock along the lakeshore, presumably from oxidation of iron. Also called Smoky Lake locally.
Ruthig Lake:
(52 L/3) Northeast of Brereton Lake. Named in 1973 in honour of World War II casualty, Trooper Leonard A. Ruthig, Canadian Army.
Rye Lake:
(52 E/11) Southeast of Brereton Lake. Named in 1974 in honour of World War II casualty, Corporal Ernest C. Rye, Canadian Army. A 'local' name used by Whiteshell Provincial Park staff was Edna Lake, after Edna Schindler, an employee in the area.
Ryerson Creek:
(52 L/6) Flows southwest into Eaglenest Lake and was named after Ryerson Lake by the CPCGN, 1975.

Samsons Cove:
(52 E/14) In West Hawk Lake, Southeast of Brereton Lake. CPCGN records, 1978, noted this as a local name, according to Parks Branch staff, after a long-time resident, Mr. Allan Connel Samson, a "pioneer" in the area who spent his summer vacations here.
Sanders Lake:
(52 E/14) Northeast of Brereton Lake. Named in 1974 in honour of World War II casualty, Sergeant George A.P. Sanders, Royal Canadian Air Force.
Scholey Island:
(52 L/3) In Crowduck Lake. Named in 1973 in honour of World War II casualty, Private John R. Scholey, Canadian Army.
Segal Lake:
(52 L/3) Northeast of Brereton Lake. Named in 1973 in honour of World War II casualty, Rifleman Harry Segal, Canadian Army.
Seifert Lake:
(52 E/13) Northwest of Brereton Lake. Named in 1973 in honour of World War II casualty, Flying Officer Harold O. Seifert, Royal Canadian Air Force. Recent field work recorded a local name of Bulldog Lake, apparently so named by area resident Alf Hole (a goose sanctuary was named for him) who shot a deer here after "bulldogging" or steadfastly pursuing it around the lake.
Shakeshaft Lake:
(52 L/3) Northeast of Brereton Lake. Named in 1973, in honour of World War II casualty, Private Ernest A.E. Shakeshaft, Canadian Army.
Sheep Lake:
(52 L/3) Northeast of Brereton Lake. CPCGN records, 1972, stated that the name was locally used by area Indians and Métis. Field work recorded that the name was descriptive of its shape and had been named by Indians harvesting wild rice.
Sherb Lake:
(52 E/14) Northeast of Brereton Lake. Named in 1974 in honour of World War II casualty, Private Charles Sherb, Canadian Army. Alternate names noted by the CPCGN were John Lake (on a trail map, for reference), Otter Lake and Round Lake (too common).
Shiaro Lake:
(52 E/14) Southeast of Brereton Lake. Named in 1974 in honour of World War II casualty, Private Arthur P. Shiaro, Canadian Army.

Shirley Lake:
(52 E/14) Northeast of Brereton Lake. CPCGN records, 1973, stated that the lake was so named around 1931 after Shirley Gordon, daughter of Norman Gordon, an early cottage owner.
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.
Slave Falls:
(52 L/4) Locality East of Lac du Bonnet. The Post Office opened in 1929, in NW 2-15-14-E, and closed in 1931. Located along the Winnipeg River site of former Slave Falls; gone now, following the construction of a hydro power plant, opened in 1931 (from Garland, 1975). Arrowsmith, 1796, mentioned Slave Falls, noting that they were "20 feet high, 100 yards wide, and breaking in a tremendous manner over craggy rocks." Place Names of Manitoba, 1933, noted that the name mentioned by Derouin, in his itinerary circa 1760, was la chute des Esclaves, French for (Slave Falls). The CPCGN, 1968, noted that Alexander Mackenzie (no date) referred to it as Chute à l'Esclave. W.H. Keating, 1823, noted that Slave Falls was called Awakane Pawetik; "awakane" meaning (slave) and "pawetik" or "powestik" as (falls) in Ojibway, (according to Garland, 1975). H.Y. Hind, 1857, gave this origin account: "Tradition tells that a ferocious master, maddened by long continued cruelty, calmly stepped into a canoe above these falls in the presence of the tribe, and suddenly pushing off from shore, wrapped her deerskin robe round her face and glided over the crest of the cataract, to find rest in the surging waters below." Place Names of Manitoba, 1933, (from Anderson's "Net in the Bag") noted that it was so called from a "Sioux woman who had been carried off by one of the Saulteaux and is said to have escaped and drowned herself." Another account represents her to have been "thrown in." A further account in CPCGN records (from field work, 1978), stated that a young Indian girl had been captured by a trapper who used her as his own personal slave; she escaped, was chased and went over the falls in her canoe to avoid recapture. Thompson, 1813-14, (Slave Fall); Bouchette, 1815, (Slave Fall); Hind, 1858, (and anonymous, 1856), showed Slave Falls Portage only and a 20 foot fall.

South Beach:
(52 E/13) Community at the south end of Brereton Lake. A descriptive name in 31-10-15-E, adopted by the CPCGN in 1970. Located adjacent to the railway point of Brereton Lake.
Star Lake:
(52 E/14) Locality southwest of Brereton Lake. CPCGN 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) Southwest of Brereton Lake. Noted on a SGO map, 1913; descriptive of its shape.
Strandberg Lake:
(52 L/6) Northeast of Lac du Bonnet. Named in 1973 in honour of World War II casualty, Warrant Officer 2 Edwin Strandberg, Royal Canadian Air Force. This and nearby Waddell Lake are locally called Apsit Lakes, which CPCGN records, 1977, noted was named after a man who grew wild rice here.
Sturgeon Falls:
(52 L/4) In the Winnipeg River, between Nutimik and Numao Lakes. Noted on a Thibaudeau map, 1908, just east of the Whiteshell River mouth. Confirmed during field work, although the falls is now reduced somewhat due to hydro developments along the river. Farmer, 1829, the earliest source noted, had Barrier Rapid here, while Palliser, 1865, called it Seau F. (probably from the French word "seau," meaning (bucket, pail)). CPCGN correspondence, 1968, (from E. Morse) added that Hind (no date) called the feature Barriere Falls. CPCGN, 1972, noted some confusion as to whether Barrier Falls and Sturgeon Falls were same, noting the use of La Barrière locally for the peninsula or point, extending into the river. In any event, the feature was presumably so named because sturgeon were found here, likely during spawning season, and the falls created a barrier to free movement along the river.
Sutcliffe Lake:
(52 L/3) Northeast of Brereton Lake. Named in 1973 in honour of World War II casualty, Lieutenant Colonel John L. R. Sutcliffe, Canadian Army. A local name was noted as Rice Lake.
Sylvia Lake:
(52 L/4) Southeast of Lac du Bonnet, on the Winnipeg River. Named by the Geographic Board of Canada, 1932. Geographic Board of Canada correspondence, 1931, from Mr.

F.H. Martin, Northwestern Power Company, noted that Lake Sylvia, near Twin Falls, was named after one of the daughters of a Mr. Lee who had accompanied him upriver several years prior.

T-Bone Lake:
(52 E/14) East of Brereton Lake. CPCGN records 1976, noted this as a descriptive local name, since it is shaped like a T-Bone steak.

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.

Tetrault Lake:
(52 L/6) Northeast of Lac du Bonnet. Named in 1973 in honour of World War II casualty, Flying Officer Joseph O.A. Tetrault, Royal Canadian Air Force.

Thoresen Lake:
(52 L/6) East of Lac du Bonnet. Named in 1973 in honour of World War II casualty, Lieutenant Raymond F. Thoresen, Canadian Army.

Toniata:
(52 E/11) Locality on Falcon Lake, southeast of Brereton Lake. CPCGN 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.

Townsend Lake:
(52 E/14) Southeast of Brereton Lake. Named in 1974 in honour of World War II casualty, Corporal George H. Townsend, Canadian Army.

Tugby Lake:
(52 L/3) Northeast of Brereton Lake. Named in 1973 in honour of World War II casualty, Private Reginald G. Tugby, Canadian Army.

Ungerer lake:
(52 L/6) East of Lac du Bonnet. Named in 1973 in honour of World War II casualty, Private John C. Ungerer, Canadian Army.

Valde Lake:
(52 L/6) Northeast of Lac du Bonnet. Named in 1973 in honour of World War II casualty, Pilot Officer Victor L. Valde, Royal Canadian Air Force.

Vier Lake:
(52 L/3) Northeast of Brereton Lake. Named in 1973 in honour of World War II casualty, Private Albert N. Vier, Canadian Army.

Waddell Lake:
(52 L/6) Northeast of Lac du Bonnet. Named in 1973 in honour of World War II casualty, Sergeant John B. Waddell, Royal Canadian Air Force. Recent field work noted it (locally) as one of the Apsit Lakes.

Walters Creek:
(52 L/6) Flows south into Winnipeg River. Named in 1978 in honour of World War II casualty, Aircraftsman 2 Stewart F. Walters, Royal Canadian Air Force.

Wanlin Lake:
(52 E/11) Southeast of Brereton Lake. Named in 1974 in honour of World War II casualty, Rifleman Alphonse V. Wanlin, Canadian Army.

Watt Lake:
(52 E/14) Southeast of Brereton Lake. CPCGN records, 1974, stated that the lake was named after a local trapper and mink rancher, Hughie Watt. He trapped around here for 30 years and was the first registered trapper in the area.

Webb Island:
(52 E/13) In Brereton Lake. Named in 1973 in honour of World War II casualty, Private John Webb, Canadian Army.

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. Recent field work recorded the alternate of White Hawk Lake, probably combining part of the Post Office and lake names.

West Hawk Lake Dam:
(52 E/14) Whiteshell River, N. of West Hawk Lake.

Whillier Lake:
(52 E/14) Southeast of Brereton Lake. Named in 1974 in honour of World War II casualty, Sapper Joseph C. Whillier, Canadian Army.

White Lake:
(52 L/4) Locality southeast of Lac du Bonnet. CPCGN records, 1973, noted it as a cottage and resort development located around and named after White Lake. The lake was shown on a SGO map, 1913.

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).

Whiteshell River:
(52 L/4) Flows northwest into Nutimik Lake, along Winnipeg River. Noted on a Department of Interior map, 1913, and earlier called Sturgeon Dam River on a Vandermalen map in 1827, (although he extended it southeast to Lake

of the Woods). Presumably descriptive, i.e. white shells (likely clams) were found along the river and lake shores (see park entry above also). Recent field work recorded a local alternate (in part) as Twelve Mile Creek, from Jessica Lake to Lone Island Lake.

Wing Lake:

(52 E/14) East of Brereton Lake, on Manitoba-Ontario boundary. Named by the CPCGN in 1974 which noted that this lake was previously called Ann Lake on an 1897 plan by Stewart and Saunders, with Anne Lake on a National Topographic System map, 52 E (1933). The location of Anne Lake was corrected and is now wholly within Ontario. CPCGN correspondence, 1967, had stated that Wing Lake was named after the daughter of one of the early campers at Winnitoba, Olive Marion Pincock, who was nicknamed "Wing". Campers traditionally named lakes in the Whiteshell Park area after girls in their families and as Olive and Marion were already used, her nickname was chosen. However, a CPCGN letter, 1973, noted that the lake was so named circa 1936, because of its shape.

Winnipeg River:

(62 I/9) Flows northwest into Lake Winnipeg. A historical canoe route from Ontario to Lake Winnipeg and points North and West. Spelled correctly by P. Fidler in 1792, who referred to it as the White Water River, Sea River or Winnipeg River (but was on route from Cumberland House to York Factory, so probably referred to the Nelson River. Noted correctly on Arrowsmith, 1796. As summed up by Garland, 1975, the basic names it has had were: Maurepas, named by La Verendrye after Count Maurepas, French Minister of Marine and Colonies; Ouinipique (with multiple variations thereof), called such by Joseph La France who descended it in 1740 (according to Place Names Manitoba, 1933) after he met Indians of the "Ouinipegon tribe" there. A. Mackenzie and D. Harmon called it White River because of the many waterfalls and rapids or ". . . from its foaming water" according to Coues, 1897, who added that the French name was Riviere Blanche, (many of which have disappeared with construction of several hydro power dams along the river). Later, the river was given the name "Winnipeg", after the lake into which it flows. Seaman, in 1920, mentioned that Jean La Verendrye explored the Maurepas River in 1734. Many of the early French maps showed present Lake Winnipeg, but positioned it sideways or horizontally, rather than vertically, with various rivers, real and imaginary, in/out. La Verendrye, circa 1728-1729, identified the river here between Lac des Bois (presumably present day Lake of the Woods) and Lac Ouinipigon (Lake Winnipeg, sideways) as "Riviere ou fleuve d'Ouest," with the river out of the opposite end of the lake, as Fleuve de l'Ouest, leading west through uncharted territory to the "montagne de pierre brillante;" this was La Verendrye's fabled and fictitious route to the "western ocean" which he had hoped or expected to find through his early explorations west of the Great Lakes. If considered a "real" possibility, it would probably apply to the present Saskatchewan and likely, the North Saskatchewan River, unless the Assiniboine River, flowing near, but south of the lake, was intended. None of the literature examined connected this Riviere d'Ouest (or variants) with present rivers in Manitoba.

Winnitoba:

(52 E/14) Railway point southeast 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.

Woodward Island:

(52 L/4) In the Winnipeg River, southeast of Lac du Bonnet. Named in 1973 in honour of World War II casualty, Private Cyril S. Woodward, Canadian Army.

Yuffe Lake:

(52 L/6) East of Lac du Bonnet. Named in 1973 in honour of World War II casualty, Private Hymie Yuffe, Canadian Army.

Zubek Lake:

(52 E/14) Southeast of Brereton Lake. Named in 1974 in honour of World War II casualty, Gunner William R. Zubek, Canadian Army.

Zytaruk Lake:

(52 L/3) Northeast of Brereton Lake. Named in 1973.

ABRAHAMS, Ernest and Aggie, Otter Falls, Lot 8 Bk. 3 287
ALDERSON, Bill and Edith, formerly of Barrier Bay, Lot 19, Bk. 1....257
ANDERSON, Bruce and Hazel, Brereton, Lot 28, Bk. 6 29
ANTON, Family, Brereton, Lot 1, Bk. 5 31
ARNAL, Maurice and Thelma, Brereton, Lot 21, Bk. 9 33
ASTWOOD, James W., George Lake 361
ATKINSON, Jack and Eileen, Brereton, Lot 12, Bk. 14 33
BAKER, Charles, Brereton, Lot 4, Bk. 1 34
BALDERSTONE, Grace, Dorothy, Lot 22, Bk. 2 269
BANNOCK POINT, Dennis Einarson, Betula 230
BAPTIST CAMP, Nutimik 244
BARBOUR, John and Brenda, Otter Falls, Lot 5, Bk. 2 288
BARRIER BAY MAP....256
BARRINGER, Jack and Wanda, Red Rock....102
BEALLY, Harry and Edna, Big Whiteshell, Lot 14, Bk. 5 157
BELANGER, Noel and Alice, Otter Falls, Lot 10, Bk. 3 288
BERNHARDT, Jack and Linda, Barrier Bay, Lot 17, Bk. 1 258
BETULA LAKE MAP 202
BIG WHITESHELL MAP....154
BIEBER, Kathrina and Paul, Jessica, Lot 9, Bk. 6 ...126
BIRD, John and Ivy, Brereton, Lot 6, Bk. 11....34
BLACK, Black Bear Tourist Camp, Hwy. #44 12
BLACK, Sherman and Lillian, Otter Falls, formerly of Lot 14, Bk. 1....288
BLANKENSHIP, Bill and Kay, Brereton, Lot 6A, Bk. 5 35
BRERETON MAP....28
BORGIA, Clark, Comberbach, Cunningham, Jessica, Lot 5&6, Bk. 3 127
BORN, Henry and Mary, Red Rock, Lot 4, Bk. 4....103
BRENNAN, Walter and Mary, Dorothy, Lot 14, Bk. 2 269
BRICK, Roger and Margaret, Brereton, Lot 15, Bk. 1 35
BRITTON, Bill and Marie, Betula, Lot 20, Bk. 2 209
BROKKE, Joe and Muriel, Big Whiteshell, Lot 2, Bk. 9 158
BROWN, Laura Watson, Brereton, formerly, Lot 2, Bk. 1 37
BROWN, Steve and Donna, White Lake, Lot 10, Bk. 4 144
BURCH, Bill and Joyce, Betula, Lot 7, Bk. 1....210
BURNSIDE, Mel, Dean and Don, Nutimik, Lot 17, Bk. 3 245
BUXTON, Jim and Frances, Brereton, Lot 10, Bk. 1 39
CAIRNS, Gerry and Lorraine, Nutimik, Lot 30, Bk. 1 245
CAMERON, Ross and Vivian, Brereton, Lot 51, Bk. 3 41
CAMP ALLOWAY, Big Whiteshell....159
CAMPBELL, Gordon and Jean, Brereton, Lot 2, Bk. 14 42
CARON, Harvey and Mary, Pinewood Lodge, Dorothy 275
CAUX, Family 233
C.G.I.T., Brereton....40
CHISHOLM, William, Nutimik 247
CHOMLAK, Bill and Mary, formerly Barrier Bay, Lot 20, Bk. 1....259
CHONSTKE, Frank and Doris, Eleanor, Lot 1, Bk. 1 321
CHRYPLYWY, Steve and Wally, Lumbering 350
CHURCH, Marge and Al, Dorothy, Lot 8, Bk. 2 269
CLARKE, Charles and Mary, White Lake, G 144
CRAMPTON, Stewart and Mabel, Dorothy Lot 5, Bk. 4 270
COCKSHOTT, Wilf and Elsie, Brereton, Lot 4, Bk. 2 39
COLLEN, Dave and Anne, Otter Falls, Lot 9, Bk. 5 290
COLLINS, Jim and Rose, Otter Falls, Lot 11, Bk. 1 290
CONNELL CLAN, Big Whiteshell, Lot 2, Bk. 4 161
COOKE, Edgar and Rose, Brereton, Lot 10, Bk. 11 41
COTT, Wes and Anne, Big Whiteshell, Lot 16, Bk. 10 162
COX, Jack and Joyce, Big Whiteshell, Lot 1, Bk. 8 163
CUMMING, Larry and Pat, Nutimik, Lot 1, Island 248
DAGERO....3
DEAN, Mildred, Nutimik, Lot 19, Bk. 1 249
DE CAIGNY-CHAMPAGNE, Big Whiteshell, Lot 26, Bk. 1 164
DEMANIUK, George and Anne, Otter Falls, Lot 20, Bk. 3 293
DERLAGO, Lawrence and Dorothy, Red Rock, Lot 22, Bk. 2, Shangri-la 103
DESILETS, Leo and Arla, Big Whiteshell, Lot 9, Bk. 8 164
DILL, Bob and Lillian, Barrier Bay, Lot 22, Bk. 2 259
DIXON, Bill and Jean, Red Rock, Lot 16, Bk. 3....104
DIXON, Frank and Doreen, Brereton, Winnipeg Angling Club 44
DOBEL, Richard and Helene, Brereton, Lot 27, Bk. 9 45
DOMANSKI, Walter and Verna, Otter Falls, Lot 4, Bk. 1 294
DONAL, John, Otter Falls formerly, Lot 4, Bk. 3....292
DOROTHY LAKE MAP 268
DOUGLAS, Don and Audrey, Red Rock, Lot 10, Bk. 2 Shangri-la....104
DUECK, Henry and Elma, Betula, Lot 3, Bk. 4....207
DUNTHRONE, Les and Bea, Brereton, Lot 9, Bk. 5 45
DUTHOIT, Ruth and Russell, Jessica, Lot 9, Bk. 8 130
DYCK, Nick and Lena, Brereton, Lot 9, Bk. 12....46
DYKES, John and Hazel, Brereton, Lot 53, Bk. 3....46
EADIE, John, Big Whiteshell, Lot 8, Bk. 4....165
EDMONDS, Lloyd and Bea, Betula, formerly at Lot 3, Bk. 2....211
EKLUND, Allan and Audrey, Jessica, Lot 1, Bk. 2 130
ELEANOR LAKE MAP 320
EIIAS, John and Vi, Nutimik, Lot 5, Bk. 1 249
ELIASSON, Gissur and Elvera, Red Rock, Lot 11, Bk. 3 104
EMBERLEY, Gordon, Ranger 20
EMES, Bruce, Ranger....16
EPP, E.D., Brereton, Lot 3, Bk. 28 48
ERB, Hazel and Ted, Dorothy, Lot 19, Bk. 2....270
ERSKINE, Tom and Edna, Brereton, Lot 9, Bk. 9 47
ERVICK, Cyril and Blanche, Big Whiteshell, Lot 17, Bk. 1....166
FABBRI, Nello and Nolamie, Otter Falls, Lot 1, Bk. 1 294
FARRELL, Alice and Gerry, Brereton, Lot 11, Bk. 1 50
FERGUSON, Bill and Mae, Brereton, Lot 19C, Bk. 9 49
FERGUSON-STROM, Red Rock, Lot 3, Bk. 4....105
FIJAL, Roy and Lillian, Brereton, Lot 11, Bk. 3....50
FLEMING, Joe and Carole, Jessica, Lot 3, Bk. 3 131
FONGER, Don, formerly at Dorothy 271
FRASER, W.A., Betula, Lot 7, Bk. 4....211
FREDERICK, Heather and Richard, White Lake, Lot 27, Bk. 3....145
GALBRAITH, Ruth, formerly at Dorothy 272
GELLER, Gordon and Shirley, Eleanor, formerly at Lot 19, Bk. 1....321
GEORGE LAKE, Godsmark 360
GERMAIN, Nap, Otter Falls, Lot 10, Bk. 2 295
GIBSON, Don and Irene, Red Rock, Lot 18, Bk. 3 106
GIRLING, Doreen and Les, Jessica, Lot 1, Bk. 5 132
GOLDBERG, Norman and Dorothy, Brereton, Lot 28, Bk. 5 51
GOOVAERTS, Roland and Estelle, Point du Bois, Lot 1, Bk. 6....354
GOWRILUK, Sam and Ella, Otter Falls, Lot 2, Bk. 3 295
GOWRON, Tony and Doris, Betula, formerly at Lot 6, Bk. 2....212
GRAHAM, R.G., Big Whiteshell, Lot 24, Bk. 1 167
GRANT-MOORE-WARD, Betula, Lot 19, Bk. 4....214
GRESKO, Diana and Wally, Jessica, Lot 1, Bk. 7....132
GRIMARD, Lionel and Angelina, White Lake, Lot 20, Bk. 3....145
GUYOT, Dr. Henry, Brereton, formerly at Lot 40, Bk. 3 52
HADALLER, Bill and Nora, Brereton, Lot 6, Bk. 2 54
HADDAD, Mass, started Pinewood Lodge, Dorothy 273
HAMMERSTRAND, Nels and Yvonne, Nutimik, Lot 4, Bk. 3....250
HAMPSON, Orvyl and Mary, Big Whiteshell, formerly Lot 16, Bk. 10 168
HANKS, Warren and Lorna, Brereton, Lot 24, Bk. 3 54
HANSON, Harry and Margaret, Brereton, Lot 55, Bk. 3 55
HANSON, Ralph and Sylvia, Brereton, Lot 36, Bk. 3 55
HARVEY, Alex and Dolly, Jessica, Lot 3, Bk. 1 133
HAYWARD, W.R. (Bob), Brereton, Lot 1, Bk. 10 56
HAZELL, Bob, #1 Isolation 15
HEDLEY, Bob and Irene, Big Whiteshell, Lot 18, Bk. 10 168
HENSCHEL, Gordon and Ann, Otter Falls, formerly at Lot 11, Bk. 3 296
HENSCHEL, Henry (trapper), Big Whiteshell, ...169
HENSCHEL, Fred and Kay, formerly Riverview Lodge, Eleanor....322
HENSCHELL, Alex and Emma (trappers)....340
HETLAND, Forrest and Doris, Dorothy, Lot 5A, Bk. 3 275
HINKLE, R. Brereton, Lot 22, Bk. 4 57
HOBSON-TREFLER, Red Rock, Lot 5, Bk. 1, Shangri-la 106
HOLE, Alfred, Goose Sanctuary, Rennie 15
HOOKHAM, Stella and Tony, Eleanor, Lot 22, Bk. 1 324
HUNTBACH, Percy and Martha, Brereton, formerly at Lot 3 58
INVERNESS FALLS, Brereton....60
ILES, Jackie and Les, Brereton, Lot 5, Bk. 9 59
JESSICA LAKE MAP 120
JOHANNESSON, Pat and Joe, Dorothy, Lot 1, Golden Acres Place 276
JOHNSON, Mary K., Big Whiteshell, Lot 8, Bk. 8 175
JOHNSTONE, R., Brereton, Lot 9, Bk. 11....60
JURCZAK, Albin and Sophie, Red Rock, Lot 10, Bk. 6 107
JUSKOW, Bronc and Barbara, Jessica, Lot 20, Bk. 7 133
KALIN, Orest, Otter Falls, now Seven Sisters 298

KAMENEV, Nick and Milli, Dorothy, Lot 10, Bk. 2 276
KAPLAN, Bill and Alice, Nutimik, Lot 45, Bk. 1 251
KAULFUSS, Horst and Edith, Red Rock, Lot 20, Bk. 1, Shangri-la 108
KEEDIAN, Roy and Annie, Betula, Lot 14, Bk. 1....215
KELLY, John and Sadie, Betula, Lot 11, Bk. 4 216
KEMP, Richard and Hilda, Brereton, Lot 10, Bk. 4 ...61
KENNOUGH, Edith and Stan, Otter Falls, Lot 3, Bk. 1 303
Kennedy, Margaret and Pete, White Lake, Lot 2, Bk. 4 145
KILGOUR, David and Ann, Jessica, Lot 8, Bk. 5 134
KLASSEN, Phyllis and Len, Red Rock, Lot 7, Bk. 1 108
KNAPP, William and Mary, Dorothy, Lot 30, Bk. 2 277
KNOX, Albert and Leona, Point du Bois, Lot 9B, Bk. 7 354
KONDRA, Peter and Rose, Eleanor, Lot 12, Bk. 1 325
KONDRATUK, Steve and Leda, started Otter Falls Resort 303
KOWALCHUK, Fred and Marie, Betula, Lot 13, Bk. 1 216
KOZYRA, Harry and Betty, Red Rock, Lot 8, Bk. 6 109
LAIDLER, Ed and Eileen, Dorothy, Lot 24, Bk. 2 278
LAMPERT, Phil and Ella, Brereton, Lot 11, Bk. 4....62
LANGTON, Josh and Dorothy, Dorothy, Lot 21, Bk. 2 279
LEDERMAN, Bob and Lottie, Big Whiteshell, formerly at Lot 7, Bk. 10 178
LEES, Fred and Frances, Brereton, Lot 33, Bk. 3 63
LEIER-GARDNER, Red Rock, Lot 2, Bk. 1.....109
LETHAM, Ian and Betty, Brereton, Lot 23, Bk. 4 65
LEWY, Walter and Doris, Jessica, Lot 18, Bk. 7.....135
LINDERSCHMIDT, Erick and Rita, Red Rock, Lot 20, Bk. 2, Shangri-la 110
LINDQUIST-KNAPP, first owners of Shangri-la, Red Rock 111
LINDSAY, Pat and Phylis, Betula, Lot 11, Bk. 7 217
LINTON, Bill and Marge, Barrier Bay, Lot 34, Bk. 1 259
LLOYD, Denny and Jean, Betula, Lot 9, Bk. 2 218
LUNDSTROM, Lars and Maria, Hwy.#44 homesteaders 8
LUPTAK, Randy and Judy, Big Whiteshell, Lot 3, Bk. 7 179
LUTHERAN CAMP, by Henry Becker, Brereton 65
MacCHARLES, Bill and Joy, Jessica, Lot 4&5 Bk. 2 135
MacDONALD, Frank and Dorothy, Nutimik, Lot 8, Bk. 4 252
MacDONALD, Jane, Red Rock, Lot 11, Bk. 6.....111
MacKAY-RUCKHALL, White Lake, Lot 1&2, Bk. 2 146
MacKENZIE, John and Kate, Barrier Bay, Lot 27, Bk. 1 260
MACKEY, Lawrence and Francis, Otter Falls, Lot 7, Bk. 5....316
MAIN, Ken and Sue, Brereton, Lot 3, Bk. 4.....66
MAKIN (Indian Head Rock), Brereton 68
MALONE, Joseph and Brigid, Big Whiteshell, Lot 9, Bk. 5....180
MANITOBA HOME FOR BOYS, 1940-41, Big Whiteshell 155
MARLEAU, Lucien and Isabelle, Jessica, Lot 6, Bk. 2 137
MARTIN, Ervin and Stella, Nutimik, Lot 30, Bk. 3 252
MARTIN, Jack and Heddie, Betula, Lot 25, Bk. 6 218
MATTHEW, Irene and Chuck, Pointe du Bois, Lot 4 356
McCALLUM, Sam and Ada, Barrier Bay, Lot 15, Bk. 1 261
McCORRIE, Bob and Lou, Big Whiteshell, Lot 13, Bk. 6 180
McKIBBEN, Ruth and Norm, Otter Falls, Lot 2, Bk. 1 317
MacLENNAN, Ray and Cilla, Brereton, Lot 14, Bk. 3 66
MEADE, Dick and Nell, Brereton, Lot 21, Bk. 3.....68
MENSFORTH, Jerry and Audrey, Big Whiteshell, Lot 7, Bk. 7....181
MIKA-KLAYH, Big Whiteshell, Lot 3, Bk. 5 182
MIKALAYCHUK, Joe and Annie, Pointe du Bois, Lot 14,15, Bk. 1....358
MILES, Pat and Don, Red Rock, Lot 20, Bk. 3.....112
MILLER, Dory and Millie, Point du Bois, Lot 9, Bk. 8 359
MILLIGAN-WILLSON, Brereton, Lot 2, Bk. 5 71
MILNE, Bill and Phyllis, Big Whiteshell, Lot 4, Bk. 9 183
MINNICK, Phil and Bonnie, Jessica, Lot 1, Bk. 2 ...138
MITCHELL, G., Nutimik, Lot 12, Bk. 1.....253
MOBERG, Doug and Linda, Brereton, Lot 18, Bk. 10 73
MOMBAZE, Louise and Genevieve 9
MOORE, David and Vera, Brereton, Lot 18, Bk. 5....74
MORRELL-GALLOWAY, Brereton, Lot 36, Bk. 4....73
MORRISON, Garnet and Myrtle, Big Whiteshell, Lot 11, Bk. 11....183
MORRISON, Louise, Betula, Lot 4, Bk. 6.....219
MULDER-DAMAN-BRAUN, Betula, Lot 2, Bk. 1 220
MULHOLLAND, Katherine and Doug, White Lake, Lot 4, Bk. 3....146
NASH, Frank and Vanessa, Brereton, Lot 3, Bk. 5....76
NELSON-MELNYCHUK-KOWAL, Eleanor, Lot 7, Bk. 3 332
NENIS, Martin and Ivy, Nutimik, Lot 20, Bk. 3 253
NEWSTAEDTER, Henry and Marie, Brereton, formerly at Lot 8, Bk. 6 77
NIELSEN-MOZEN-MAGNA, Eleanor, Lot 10, Bk. 2 333
NORDAL, Marguerite, Brereton....77
NORTON, Harry and Kathleen, Brereton, Lot 50, Bk. 3 78
NUTIMIK LAKE MAP 240
OBERTH, Karl and Regina, Brereton, Lot 20, Bk. 12 80
ORMONDE, Brereton, Lot 4, Bk. 10 80
OSLAND, John and Doreen, Dorothy, Lot 15, Bk. 4 279
OTTER FALLS MAP....286
OUR LADY of the Whiteshell Chapel....265
PACHOL, Ed and Anne, White Lake, Lot 7, Bk.2 147
PALING-EZINICKI, Brereton, Lot 44, Bk. 3.....81
PEARCE, Ruth and Ken, Betula, Lot 29, Bk. 3.....221
PENNER, Henry and Louise, Jessica, Lot 10, Bk. 6 138
PETERS, Bill and Margaret, Jessica, Lot 5, Bk. 1....139
PETERS, Herb, Nutimik, "Ghost of Jessie Lake" 20 Steep Rock 241
PHILLIPS, Allan and June, Brereton, Lot 1, Bk. 4 ...82
PHILLIPS, Jim and May, Jessica, 1A, Bk. 2 140
PINE POINT 231
POHL, Werner and Adina, Pointe du Bois, Lot 1, Bk. 8 359
POINTE DU BOIS 352
POLISH YOUTH CAMP, Big Whiteshell 183
RATFELDER, Otto and Diane, Barrier Bay, Lot 19, Bk. 2 262
RED ROCK BIBLE CAMP, Red Rock....101
RED ROCK MAP 100
REID, Dr. Ian and water skiing, Betula 204
REUTCKY, Jim and Frances, Barrier Bay, Lot 31, Bk. 1 262
RITCHIE, Cal, Forest Ranger....21
ROBBIE, M.J., Otter Falls, Lot 15, Bk. 5.....317
ROBERTSON, Ella and Bill, Dorothy, Lot 3A.....280
ROMANS, Kathy and Ron, Brereton, Lot 18, Bk. 12 84
ROMBOUGH, Ken and Edith, Brereton, Lot 6, Bk. 1 83
SACKVIE, Roy, Nutimik, Lot 27, Bk. 1 253
SCAIFE, Kay and Finley, Dorothy, Lot 26, Bk. 2 280
SCARFE, Bill and Effie, (Jessica Lake Lodge), Lot A, Bk. 2....121
SCARTH, Herb and Rose, Brereton, Lot 29, Bk. 14 84
SCHILLBERG, Ted and Lydia, Red Rock, 7&9, 1&2, Shangri-la....112
SEPTEMBER HOLIDAY, Skelton, White Lake.....143
SHEANE, Chester and Vi, Big Whiteshell, Lot 9, Bk. 6 185
SHEARER, Donald and Mabel, Brereton, Lot 16, Bk. 9 85
SHERSTY, Adolph (Duffy), Big Whiteshell, Lot 38, Bk. 4 185
SHIELLS, Harold and Margaret, White Lake, Lot 9, Bk. 3 148
SHINGLETONS, Bill and Lyla, Red Rock, Lot 4, Bk. 1, Shangri-la....113
SHORE, Neil and Sylvia, White Lake, Lot 5, Bk. 3 148
SCHORTINGHUIS, Frank, Forest Ranger....22
SCHROEDER, John and Heidi, Brereton, Lot 6, Bk. 14 87
SKINNER, Bill and Margaret, Big Whiteshell, Lot 9, Bk. 10....86
SMITH, D&G, Otter Falls, Lot 2, Bk. 4 318
SMITH, Johnny and Rose, Brereton, Lot 12, Bk. 10 87
SMITH, Lawrence and Beverley, Brereton, Lot 12, Bk. 10 88
SOBERINGS, White Lake, Lot 3, Bk. 2.....149
SOBEY, Dick and Isobel, White Lake, Lot 9 Bk. 4 150
SOBOVITCH, Alex and Judy, Brereton, Lot 22, Bk. 9 88
SOLONYKA, Matt and Mary, Eleanor, Lot 13, Bk. 1 334
SOMMER, Elmer, Eleanor 335
SORENSON, Nels and Catherine, Homesteaders Hwy. #44 5
SOROKOWSKI, Joe, Big Whiteshell, Lot 4, Bk. 7 ...189
ST. CHRISTOPHER'S CHAPEL, Red Rock 119
STILLWELL, Eileen, Big Whiteshell, Lot 4, Bk. 5 190
STROM, Harald and Florence, Red Rock, Bk. 25, 1 Shangri-la 111
SUOMINEN, Bill and Irene, Eleanor, Lot 8, Bk. 3 339
TALLMAN, Fred and Alice, Big Whiteshell, Lot 11, Bk. 9 191
TANNER, Charles and Win, Barrier Bay, Lot 21, Bk. 2 263
TEAGUE, Al and Lorna, Otter Falls, Lot 6, Bk. 2 319
TEAGUE, Gus and Joan, Eleanor, Lot 16, Bk. 1 339
THOMAS, Jim and Doreen, Dorothy, Lot 5, Bk. 2 283
THOMAS, John J. and Marion, Dorothy, Lot 5, Bk. 2 281
THOMPSON, Herb and Min, Eleanor, Lot 4A, Bk. 3 339
THOMPSON, Jess and Tom, Nutimik (formerly).....254
THOMPSON-WILLIAMS-McLENNAN, Eleanor, Lot 14, Bk. 1....326
THORLAKSON, Joe and Linda, Big Whiteshell, Lot 6, Bk. 1....193
TINSLEY, Bud and Hazel, Brereton, Lot 19, Bk. 12 88

TORGERSON, Wilf and Evelyn, Big Whiteshell, formerly Lot 7, Bk. 1 194
TRAUTWEIN, Henry and Frieda, Big Whiteshell, formerly Lot 3, Bk. 1 196
TRENHOLM, Harold and Eleanor, Brereton, Lot 13, Bk. 5 89
TRONRUD, Joe, Barrier Bay, formerly Lot 4, Bk. 2 263
TRUSSLER, Jim and Joan, Big Whiteshell 197
TURNER, Charles and Georgette, Betula, Lot 18, Bk. 4 228
TURNER, Ron and Bunnie, Brereton, Lot 26, Bk. 6 89
VACIETIS, Velta and Alex, Red Rock, Lot 10, Bk. 1 115
VANLANDEGHEM, John and Norma, Brereton, Lot 20, Bk. 13....94
VANSICKEL, Edwin and Harry, Nutimik, omesteaders 243
VICK, Jorgen and Marit, White Lake, Lot 13, Bk. 2 151
WADDELL, Ken and Marilyn, Big Whiteshell, Lot 13, Bk. 8....200
WALL, Kay and Bud, Betula, Lot 24, Bk. 6....229
WALLACE, Rod and Laurabelle, Red Rock, Lot 2, Bk. 7 116
WARREN, Bert and Charlotte, Dorothy, Lot 5, Bk. 3 284
WATCHORN, Alf and Ella, Jessica, Lot 23, Bk. 7 140
WEIR, Thomas and Marcella, Big Whiteshell, Lot 6, Bk. 5....200
WHITCOMB, Lloyd and Lottie, Dorothy, Lot 6, Bk. 3 284
WHITESHELL ECHO HISTORY, June Phillips 23
WHITE LAKE MAP 142
WHITTON, Ron and Maureen, Brereton, Lot 13, Bk. 10 97
WHIBLEY, Fred and Ethel, Barrier Bay, Lot 14, Bk. 2 264
WICKANDER BOYS, Brereton 95
WIEBE, Peter and Lily, White Lake, Lot 16, Bk. 4 150
WILFORDS, Joe and Jeune, Big Whiteshell, Lot 8, Bk. 1 201
WILKINSON, Don and Margaret, Brereton, Lot 29, Bk. 3 95
WILLIAMSON, James, Dorothy, Lot 25, Bk. 2....285
WILSON, Cliff and Helen, Betula, Lot 6, Bk. 8 230
WITOSKI, S., Nutimik, Lot 24, Bk. 1 254
WOJNA, Mitchell and Mary, White Lake, Lot 26, Bk. 3 152
WRIGHT, Ross and Anna, Brereton, Lot 21, Bk. 10 97
YOUNG-KOVAKS, Eleanor, Riverview Lodge 323
YOUNG, Elinor and Hume, Red Rock, Lot 2, Bk. 5 117
ZECHEL, Otter Falls Resort, Lot 11, Bk. 3 314
ZEILNER-BROWN, Otter Falls, Lot 1, Bk. 5....319
ZELMER, Allan and Lorna, Brereton, Lot 35, Bk. 4 97

© GORDON HENSCHEL 1990

Manitoba Legislative Library AB GEN c.1
F/5648/.W52/Cot
History and folklore of the Whiteshell Park North
3 6970 00110055 3