

NEXT STOP, WINNITOBA!

The story of a summer resort

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P R E F A C E

From Winnipeg's earliest days, residents of the city have shown a lively interest in summer resorts and summer cottages. Lake of the Woods was the first popular vacation area, made accessible by the completion of the Canadian Pacific Railway between Winnipeg and Rat Portage (Kenora) in 1882. "Rat Portage and Lake of the Woods are becoming a summer resort of some importance" noted the 1885 annual report of the Geological Survey of Canada. Other resorts began to develop along the C.P.R. line west of Rat Portage, and soon a few hardy souls were hiking over the portage from Ingolf to build the first cabins on West Hawk Lake in what is today known as White-shell Provincial Park.

The construction of more railway lines out from Winnipeg led to the opening up of many new resort locations. Along the west shore of Lake Winnipeg the C.P.R. line to Riverton gave access to miles of sandy beaches; on the east shore the Canadian Northern Railway laid track to Grand and Victoria Beaches. Another C.P.R. branch took Winnipeggers to Lac du Bonnet, where some changed to the City Hydro tramway (completed in 1908) to travel to Pointe du Bois. The National Transcontinental Railway (of which more later) opened up resort areas north of the C.P.R. main line, notably at Malachi and Minaki, Ontario.

In recent years, the automobile and an ever-expanding network of good roads have greatly increased the number of accessible resort locations. Very few campers today travel to their destinations by train although, as we shall see, some still do so.

There are probably several reasons for the keen interest that Winnipeggers have in summer resorts: the length and severity of Winnipeg winters; the flatness and lack of imagination in the layout of the city itself; certainly the proximity of choice resort locations; but perhaps most important of all, the relatively modest investment required to buy or build a summer cottage. Many cottages are, it is true, luxurious and expensive, but most are well within the budget of the average family. Newcomers to the city are not long in discovering that they, too, can afford to buy or rent their own summer home.

This, then, is the story of one of Winnipeg's many summer resorts. Perhaps the reader will feel that too much has been written about too little, but the authors hope that those who know Winnitoba (and at least some of those who do not) will find the story interesting.

This book was first proposed as a Centennial project at a meeting of the Lake Florence Campers Association held March 10, 1967. The committee was fortunate to obtain the services of a pioneer camper, D. A. Patterson, as its first chairman. Mr. Patterson has compiled the latter portion of the book while the first portion, the general history, has been compiled by A. L. Crossin.

So many people have given so much assistance in this project that it is difficult to single out individuals for special acknowledgement. Particular thanks, however, are due to Miss Mary Cameron, Canadian National Railways librarian in Winnipeg, whose research provided the basic facts needed to begin our story; also to the late Fred McNaughton whose close contact with the community in its early days provided much valuable information; and to Lionel Pugh who literally "grew up" in the community and was able to fill many of the gaps in our story.

It is the authors' hope that this book will give future generations some idea of the excitement felt by so many people over the years on hearing the conductor's call "Next stop, Winnitoba!"

A. L. Crossin

February 15, 1972

EARLY VISITORS

One day in the fall of 1875 a man named William Pearce emerged from the forest on the west shore of a small lake in the Precambrian Shield region some eighty-five miles east of the newly incorporated city of Winnipeg. With the aid of a surveyor's telescope he examined what appeared to be a point of land several hundred feet to the east, and was pleased to see that it would be an easy matter to follow the south shore of the lake around to that point.

William Pearce was the first recorded visitor to the area that we know today as Winnitoba. The lake he had reached is now known as Lake Florence and the point of land that he observed is known as Brownells Point, the location of Parks' summer cottage.

Others must have visited the Winnitoba area before Mr. Pearce. No doubt Indians came this way from time to time in search of game, although it is unlikely that they established permanent camps here. The Ojibways who inhabited this part of the country preferred to settle on the larger bodies of water and along main canoe routes, for they depended on canoes for summer transportation.

The Winnitoba area is bounded on two sides by canoe routes that Indians must have frequently travelled: the Caddy Lake - Whiteshell River route to the west (visible from the C.N.R. about two miles west of Ophir station) and the Rice Lake - Scot River route to the east (crossed by the C.N.R. at Rice Lake station). In the area between these two watercourses the small lakes and difficult portages no doubt effectively restricted travel to a minimum. No evidence of Indian occupation is known to have been found in the Winnitoba area.

With the coming of the white man, the Winnipeg River some twenty miles north of Winnitoba became the principal canoe route to what is now Western Canada. This "Voyageurs' Highway" was heavily travelled for over two hundred years by explorers, fur traders, missionaries and adventurers, but there was no reason for these travellers to linger in the Whiteshell region and it seems unlikely that any of them ever found their way to the shores of Lakes Florence and Nora.

In the early 1870's survey work began for the proposed Canadian Pacific Railway. As the completed main line is located less than four miles south of the present C.N.R. Winnitoba station, it seems likely that C.P.R. survey parties would have included the Winnitoba area in their search for a suitable route.

Location surveys for the C.P.R. line between Rat Portage (Kenora) and the Red River were completed in 1874. In 1875 a telegraph line was erected along the right of way, and in 1877 actual construction work on this section of the railway was begun. The last spike was driven and the C.P.R. opened for traffic from coast to coast in 1885.

Land surveys to prepare the Canadian West for settlement had commenced in 1871. The plan was to divide the land into townships six miles square. Each township would consist of thirty-six sections and these sections, each one square mile in area, were to be subdivided into four square parts known as quarter sections. The quarter section was the unit made available to settlers, virtually free of charge, for "homesteads".

The first task of the surveyors was to mark the township boundaries. William Pearce was given the job of locating and marking the northern and western boundaries of Township Ten, Range Seventeen East of the Principal Meridian. He completed this assignment between September and December of 1875.

The northern boundary of Township Ten runs about three hundred yards north of Winnitoba station and crosses the southern part of Lake Florence, just cutting the tip of Brownells Point. Many decades after Mr. Pearce had established its position, this survey line was used as the base line for Florence Lake Subdivision, located along the east shore. It actually marks the south edge of Lot 1 of the subdivision.

THE ONTARIO BOUNDARY SURVEY

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

This important survey line crosses the C.N.R. at right angles approximately two miles east of Winnitoba station. A sign has been erected by the railway to mark the provincial boundary, but it has been located on level ground nearby for convenience. The actual boundary crossing is several hundred feet to the east, in the very centre of the deep rock cut between Lake Marion and Lake Anne.

THE NATIONAL TRANSCONTINENTAL RAILWAY

Around the turn of the century an idea began to take shape in the mind of the Prime Minister of Canada, Sir Wilfrid Laurier. In more recent terminology Sir Wilfrid's idea would be known as a Vision.

Laurier envisioned a second great trans-continental Canadian railway. The Conservatives had taken the credit for the C.P.R.; this time the Liberals would get the credit. The new railway would be built west from Quebec City, opening up large areas of northern Quebec and providing a direct link between Quebec and the Canadian West. Much of the route would lie north of existing settlements, through unknown country that was bound to be rich in mineral

wealth and other natural resources. And, of course, any scheme to break the monopoly enjoyed by the C.P.R. was sure to appeal to the voting public.

With the enthusiastic support of the Quebec provincial government, Laurier's railway proposal was approved by Parliament in 1903. However, because of political pressure from the Maritimes, the eastern terminus was extended from Quebec City to Moncton, New Brunswick.

The National Transcontinental Railway Act, as passed, provided for a single track railway to be built from Moncton to Winnipeg, Manitoba, where it would connect with the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway being constructed by private capital from Winnipeg to the Pacific coast. The National Transcontinental Railway would be built by the Dominion Government with public funds and would be leased to the Grand Trunk Pacific for fifty years at an annual charge of three per cent of the cost of construction. Total cost of the approximately eighteen hundred miles of railway was estimated at \$50 million.

Survey work began in the fall of 1903 and required some two years to complete. The surveyors' task was not an easy one, for much of the route lay through an almost inaccessible wilderness of forest, granite hills, swamps, lakes, rivers and streams. Some idea of the difficulties encountered in the Canadian Shield region may be obtained from the fact that survey expenses for the section from Lake Nipigon to Winnipeg, a distance of about four hundred miles, were \$335,000. This section included the area known today as Winnitoba, where location surveys were probably done during the year 1905.

P. E. Adamson of Calgary was an engineering student at the University of Manitoba in those days and he worked on the survey crews for the National Transcontinental during the summer months. According to Mr. Adamson, the first survey through the Winnitoba area ran to the north of Marion and Florence lakes. The present route south of these lakes was eventually selected to take advantage of a more favourable crossing of the Whiteshell River.

On September 12, 1905, Sir Wilfrid Laurier turned the first sod for the new railway at Fort William, Ontario. The route of the National Transcontinental actually lay many miles to the north of Fort William, but it was considered necessary to have access to that Lake Superior port in order to obtain a share of the western grain traffic. The Grand Trunk Pacific Railway had, therefore, agreed to build a branch line from that point to connect with the National Transcontinental at Superior Junction, near the present town of Sioux Lookout, Ontario. Sir Wilfrid's act signalled the start of construction for the entire project.

On May 15, 1906, Contract Number 21 covering the 246 miles between Graham (now Sioux Lookout) and Winnipeg was awarded to J. D. McArthur of Winnipeg. Completion date of the \$13 million contract was to be September 1, 1907.

McArthur in fact did none of the work on this contract himself, but turned it all over to a number of independent sub-contractors, each of whom undertook to complete a small section of the line. As prime contractor, however, McArthur was responsible for the work done by these sub-contractors and was, therefore, very active in a supervisory capacity throughout the construction

period. His private business car, the "Lac du Bonnet", became a familiar sight to the construction crews once the track was in place and he could travel back and forth along the line to inspect the work in progress.

Very little work was done on the McArthur contract in 1906, but in 1907 a gigantic effort was begun to rush the job to completion. The government had learned that the Grand Trunk Pacific was making good progress on the Fort William branch and was afraid that the branch would be finished before the main line to the west was ready for traffic. If this happened the National Transcontinental would be blamed for holding up the movement of grain.

So instructions came through from Ottawa that no effort was to be spared to complete the McArthur contract as quickly as possible. Hundreds of men and thousands of pounds of dynamite were sent out along the projected route of the railway and work began in earnest.

The first task was to blast out the rock cuts. This was accomplished by drilling holes in the granite bedrock and inserting dynamite charges which were then detonated. The rubble produced by this process was hauled out and used elsewhere along the line as fill in swamps and gullies.

Dynamite was used on the National Transcontinental in quantities previously unheard of in railway construction. Massive charges of five and six hundred pounds at a time were quite common. The woods must surely have resounded to the thunder from these tremendous explosions.

Accidents were inevitable when such extensive use was made of explosives. One tragedy occurred in a rock cut between present day Winnitoba and Ophir stations, when a dynamite charge exploded prematurely, killing four men and injuring several others. The dead were buried beside the right of way and their graves marked with crosses made of drill steel. These four grave markers are situated south of the tracks and west of Lake Eveline. When last visited several years ago they were still standing, although the forest growth had become so thick that they were difficult to find.

Despite the dangers and the difficulties, life was not too unpleasant for the construction crews. The government was paying the bills, so there seemed to be no need for anyone to over-exert himself or to take any risks for the sake of economy.

After graduation, P. E. Adamson worked as an engineer on the construction of the National Transcontinental. In his own words, "we lived high on the hog. Even when three hundred miles in the bush, we had oranges for breakfast and didn't know what sow-belly looked like". There was evidently no excuse for anyone to be unemployed, because "we could always make a job for a friend by creating a time-keeper's or an inspector's job. If he didn't know enough to appear busy and make work for himself he didn't know the score".

Canoeing was a popular form of recreation throughout the construction period, especially among the many university students who were employed for the summer months. It was common practice for two or three

friends to take a canoe and head out on a Saturday afternoon, returning to camp Sunday evening with tales to tell of new creeks and lakes they had explored. On just such an outing Mr. Adamson discovered a delightful little lake south of Minaki; shortly after, he and his cousin John E. Adamson (later Chief Justice of Manitoba) built a cabin on its shore. This lake is shown on present-day maps as Adamson Lake.

On November 27, 1908, the Grand Trunk Pacific opened its Fort William Branch to traffic. The McArthur contract, however, was far from finished. The rush to complete it seemed to have petered out and, as anticipated, angry complaints were voiced in the House of Commons.

At last, in the spring of 1909, all rock had been cleared from the right of way and tracklaying could proceed without hindrance. In November of that year a train of ten cars of wheat moved slowly over the unballasted track between Winnipeg and Superior Junction, and from there it travelled over the Grand Trunk Pacific branch line to Fort William. However, no other traffic followed. It turned out that this well publicized shipment was a political stunt intended to silence the opposition at Ottawa. The line was, in fact, still far from finished. As late as the following summer there were over a thousand men and much heavy equipment still working on the McArthur contract.

In August of 1910, the line between Superior Junction and Winnipeg was finally opened to traffic. For the next five years this section of the railway was operated by the contractor, J. D. McArthur, while construction proceeded on unfinished sections to the east. On June 1, 1915, the National Transcontinental Railway was declared officially completed and its operation was, as arranged, taken over by the Grand Trunk Pacific. In August of that year the first westbound passenger train steamed into Winnipeg.

The final cost of the McArthur contract was \$78,745. per mile, approximately \$20 million in all and about fifty per cent more than the tender price. The entire railway cost \$169 million, almost \$100,000. a mile. Such a high cost doomed the railway to its later nationalization, for the traffic generated could not begin to pay the annual three per cent charge levied by the government.

It is of interest to note that in 1915, the first year that the railway was fully in operation from Moncton to Winnipeg, the National Transcontinental earned \$281,000. against operating expenses of \$357,000. With interest charges the total loss for the year was \$6 million.

In December of 1918, the Conservative government under Prime Minister R. L. Borden took over the operation of the National Transcontinental and a number of other railroads that were on the verge of bankruptcy. The resulting corporation was known as the Canadian National Railways. The Grand Trunk Pacific was also taken over by the government and became part of the new system in September, 1920.

Under Canadian National ownership much of the old National Transcontinental Railway has been relegated to branch line status. The C.N.R. has, however, continued to use National Transcontinental trackage between Nakina and Winnipeg as part of its main line. This section includes

the entire McArthur contract and of course the route of the familiar "Campers Special". The name of the original railway has passed from general usage but is perpetuated in an abbreviated form in the name chosen for its western shops: "Transcona" (from Transcontinental).

THE SURVEY OF TOWNSHIP 10

In 1909, while construction work was still in progress on the National Transcontinental Railway, a complete land survey of Township 10, Range 17 East of the Principal Meridian (which includes much of the present day Winnitoba area) was made by Dominion Land Surveyor John Molloy and a party of twenty-one men. One might wonder how the government of the day justified the cost of a detailed survey of this township, for, as Mr. Molloy pointed out in his report, the land "is unfit for farming or grazing purposes", and "the largest and best timber has already been cut" (presumably by the railway contractors).

The name Lake Nora appears in Mr. Molloy's report, but Lake Florence is referred to as "Lake No. 1", Eveline as "Lake No. 4" and Marion as "Lake No. 6". "The water in these lakes" declared Mr. Molloy, "as well as in the creeks and swamps of the township is of first class quality". With interest we note that "traces of gold are to be found" and "moose, caribou and black bear are very plentiful, also small fur-bearing animals".

(Evidently Lake Nora was so named a long time ago. It is correctly shown and named on A. C. Lawson's Map of the Lake of the Woods dated 1885, although a map of Manitoba issued the same year shows it as "Lake Agnes").

EARLY PLACE NAMES

Stations were established and sidings constructed on the National Transcontinental at approximately seven mile intervals. Names seem to have been chosen at random as required, with preference given to the names of railway officials and engineers. From Elma to Malachi the original station names were, in order: Hocter, Brereton (now Indigo), Dott (now Decimal), Ophir and White.

The only "local" name in this group was Brereton, named after the nearby lake. Captain J. H. Brereton had been a supply officer during the construction of the C.P.R., and was an early settler in the Whiteshell area. The lake was known by this name as early as 1882.

Hocter and White were probably named after officials of the National Transcontinental. Ophir was rather a curious choice being, like Malachi, of Old Testament origin (1 Kings 9: 28). The Ophir of the Bible was a place where gold was found; perhaps the "traces of gold" mentioned in John Molloy's survey report were found near Ophir, Manitoba. P. E. Adamson suggests that the name may have originated from the fact that an excellent gravel pit was located there. Evidently good gravel pits were few and far between on the National

Transcontinental, therefore, gravel suitable for ballast was almost as precious as gold.

Mr. Adamson personally named Dott, and the story of how this name was selected gives some insight into the casual way many of the station names originated.

Jimmy Dott was paymaster in the National Transcontinental office on Provencher Avenue in St. Boniface. One day in 1909, Mr. Adamson happened to be in the office making a progress report and looking forward to a night on the town - quite a treat for a young man accustomed to working far from civilization. Unfortunately Mr. Adamson was a little short of cash, and his pleadings to the paymaster for an advance on his salary were falling on deaf ears.

Ken Liddell of the Calgary Herald tells what happened next in a column that has been reprinted in the C.N. staff magazine:

"He (Mr. Adamson) was sitting on Jimmy Dott's desk when the resident engineer appeared and asked if a certain siding had been run in. Mr. Adamson said it had, and the resident engineer remarked, 'Fine, now you can give it a name.'

Mr. Adamson looked at the man on whose desk he was sitting, the man who could open the purse strings to an alternative to a walk back to headquarters at Transcona and another of those sessions with the boys.

So Mr. Adamson, a quick thinker, suggested the name Dott. The name was approved on the spot by the chief engineer, although he allowed as how it was hardly suitable for the metropolis that undoubtedly would grow from the siding.

In those days, Winnipeg had considerable of what is known as 'night life', and so honoured was little Jimmy Dott that he offered to throw a party to celebrate.

It was a full dress affair, white tie and tails, with loges at the Walker Theatre where the Merry Widow was playing - Then to a nearby restaurant where the performers always gathered and which was known for its pleasures that were not exactly endorsed by the ecclesiastically-inclined. It was a fine party."

Some years later, for reasons now unknown, the name Dott was changed to Decimal. However, the nearby lake is still known as Dott Lake.

HOLMES' SPUR

In July, 1917, a twenty-six car spur track was installed at Mile 41.0 of the Minaki Subdivision under a private siding agreement signed by W. J. Holmes of Winnipeg. The switch for this spur was located several hundred feet west of the present Winnitoba station and the track ran downhill on the north side of the main line to the water's edge at the foot of Station Bay, Lake Florence. The spur was built to allow timber to be conveniently loaded onto railway flat cars, and there is no doubt that Mr. Holmes had obtained a timber permit to cut in the area. Unfortunately, all records of timber leases in the Winnitoba area were lost when the administration of natural resources was turned over to the Province of Manitoba by the Federal Department of the Interior in 1930.

W. J. Holmes was a businessman and contractor who later became well known as the owner of the old Ampitheatre Rink and as the financial backer of Charles Nelson Pogue, inventor of the famous two-hundred-miles-to-the-gallon Pogue Carburetor. As a contractor, Mr. Holmes specialized in bridge building and pile driving, and the timber permit and spur track may well have been intended to provide him with his own supply of heavy timbers for pile driving. It seems more likely, however, that Mr. Holmes, as a well established and financially solvent businessman, was simply "fronting" for a young friend of his, Henry McNeil Galbraith. Furthermore, by lending his name to the enterprise Mr. Holmes would undoubtedly be entitled to first call on any choice timbers shipped into Winnipeg.

The siding was first known by its mileage, - Mile 41 (forty-one miles from Redditt), and this name remained in general use for about ten years. The name Ophir seems to have been used for the entire area in the early days. Old snapshots taken on Lake Florence and even right along the siding at Mile 41 were captioned "Ophir".

However, a Working Timetable issued by Canadian National Railways, for employee use only, and dated January, 1919, shows the name "Holmes'" (for Holmes' Spur) opposite Mile 41.0. It may, therefore, properly be said that the first recorded "name" for Winnitoba was Holmes' Spur.

HENRY McNEIL GALBRAITH

Harry Galbraith was an independent, resourcesful man who loved the outdoors. Prior to the First World War he had been in the contracting business with his father and brother, building houses in Winnipeg. When wartime shortages shut that business down he was obliged to find some other means of supporting his growing family. He did not like working for other people but his financial resources were meager so there were few avenues of employment open to him.

The available evidence indicates that he arrived at Mile 41 in the summer of 1917 (thus, incidentally, supporting the view that the spur track was installed specifically for his use rather than for Mr. Holmes).

He immediately set to work to build a log house, later known to all the early Winnitoba campers as "Chateau Log". When the house was finished his wife and family came from Winnipeg and moved into what was to be their home for several years.

In the fall of 1917 men were hired, horses and equipment were brought in and logging operations began. Log camp buildings were erected close to the railway spur, land was cleared to provide pasture for the horses, paths were laid out around the campsite and a wagon road was built from Station Bay on Lake Florence to Lake Nora. When the lakes were frozen solid, winter roads were cleared to give access to timber stands in the surrounding country. The portage between Lakes Florence and Marion formed part of a winter road that was cleared at this time.

As the timber was cut it was piled on sleighs and hauled by teams of horses to the spur line. There it was loaded on flat cars for shipment to Winnipeg. Mr. Galbraith sold most of his output to the railway to be cut into ties, but some was sold for pilings and some to be sawn into lumber for building purposes.

The Galbraiths' daughter, Ruth, now Mrs. Robert Walters of West Kildonan, has many happy memories of the days when she was a little girl living in their log home in the woods. In summer the family would often row across Lake Florence to swim at the sandy beach on the east shore. For picnics they usually went over to Lake Nora. In winter when the men were working, the children were forbidden to go near the camp buildings on week days. Sunday was, therefore, very special, because that was the only day they could go over to the cook house to visit "Uncle Tom", the cook.

Evidently Winnitoba's reputation for good cooking began in these early days for Tom (whose last name has been lost over the passing years) was by all accounts a superlative cook. And every Sunday there were freshly baked cookies, tarts and other goodies ready and waiting on the cook house table for the expected visit from the Galbraith children.

On one occasion Mr. Galbraith wrote to his mother, who had recently been widowed, inviting her to come to the camp for a visit. The invitation was accepted, much to the surprise and somewhat to the alarm of most of her family, for it was the middle of winter and the elder Mrs. Galbraith was rather fastidious and in no way accustomed to "roughing it".

In due course the visitor arrived, and all the family's fears proved groundless. She stayed for two weeks and had a wonderful time. She especially enjoyed the meals prepared by "Uncle Tom" and when it came time for her to leave she asked the old cook if she might have a couple of his pies to take back home.

Of course the request was cheerfully granted, and the relatives who met her at the station in Winnipeg were astonished to find that she had come back from the woods with two freshly baked raisin pies. She herself was an excellent cook and particularly proud of her pastry, but her account of the visit to her son's logging camp always concluded with the declaration "I have never tasted such pies!"

In summer the woods operations were closed down, and this was the time for visitors to come. Various relatives and friends knew that they were always welcome to come and bring their families. If all of them could not be accommodated in the house, there was plenty of room in the now empty camp buildings. As a result there were visitors around for most of the summer with different things to do depending on the weather and the interests of each visitor.

From time to time campers who had heard about the place would come to Mile 41 to fish or pick berries. Usually they would set up their tents on "Brownells Point" on Lake Florence. Of course these groups were all male, for women were at that time considered unsuited to camping. These campers were always made welcome at the Galbraith home.

In December, 1918, Mrs. Galbraith took the train back to Winnipeg where she gave birth to a daughter, Anne. Upon their discharge from hospital, mother and daughter returned to their home at Mile 41.

With a new baby in the house the Galbraiths needed a source of fresh milk, so a Jersey cow was bought and shipped to Mile 41. During 1919 this cow was a familiar sight around the little settlement.

In the fall of 1919, Mrs. Galbraith and the children moved back to Winnipeg so the eldest two, Ruth and Jack, could attend school. Mr. Galbraith "bached" each winter from then until the enterprise was sold to the Arctic Ice Company in 1923.

The private siding agreement with the railway remained in the name of W. J. Holmes until taken over by the Arctic Ice Company, and, presumably, so did the timber lease. However, the C.N.R. Working Timetable for October, 1919, recorded a new name for Mile 41: "Galbraith's" (short for Galbraith's Spur).

In 1921 and 1922 Mr. Galbraith obtained in his own name some additional timber leases south of the C.N.R. tracks, but these were fire-killed berths granted for the purpose of salvaging dead timber and were not too productive.

By 1923 the good timber had all been cut and Harry Galbraith moved his logging operations to an area near Fort Frances, Ontario. He later worked near Sprague, Manitoba, and eventually went into the road contracting business. Some of the bridges on Portage Avenue that stood until recent years were built by him.

OTHER PIONEERS

One of the first men hired by Harry Galbraith for the logging venture at Mile 41 was Jack Gray. It is, in fact, possible that Jack Gray was already living in the area when the Galbraiths arrived. Little is known of Jack Gray's background, other than that he was from the Maritimes, that he came to Winnipeg where he worked at odd jobs for a time, and that he was at Mile 41 at the very beginning of logging activity, driving a team of horses

for Mr. Galbraith. Perhaps he had been living in the area for some time - he could have earned a fairly good income in those days as a trapper - but it seems more probable that he first came when offered a job on the logging crew.

Jack was a bachelor, but he did not want to live in the bunkhouse with the other men. He built a log cabin for himself in the southeast corner of Lake Nora in a little bay that is known today as Gray's Bay. This was to be his home for many years as he stayed on to become the first and only truly permanent resident of Winnitoba.

By the time the Galbraith era ended there were probably at the most, three cabins in the Winnitoba area besides those associated with the logging camp. The first to be built was probably Jack Gray's cabin, already mentioned. The next seems to have been the log cabin later known as "Ramona", part of which was still standing in 1970. Built by a C.N.R. employee named "Bug" Sommerville, this cabin sits close to the water's edge facing the railway embankment at the outlet of Lake Florence. The date of its construction is unknown, but would probably be in the period 1921-22.

Another C.N.R. employee named Sherry built a summer cabin about the same time, close to Jack Gray's cabin in Gray's Bay. Little is known about this building which like its neighbour, has crumbled into the forest floor.

THE ARCTIC ICE COMPANY

On June 1, 1923, the agreement covering the private siding at Mile 41 was transferred from W. J. Holmes to the Arctic Ice Company of Winnipeg. It seems reasonable to assume that a similar transfer of timber leases took place at the same time. The C.N.R. Working Timetables continued to show the name "Galbraith's" for Mile 41, although this was shortened to "Galbraith" in September, 1923. In May of 1924, the change of ownership was acknowledged when the name in the timetable was changed to "Arctic Ice Co.".

The Arctic Ice Company of 1923 was a large and prosperous business concern under the capable management of Charles H. McNaughton. The company's purchase of Harry Galbraith's logging operation is somewhat puzzling, for management must have known, or at least suspected, that the area had been pretty well logged out.

One point should be clarified at the beginning of the Arctic Ice story: the company, despite its name, went into the area to cut wood, not ice. In those days the Arctic Ice Company operated both an ice division and a fuel division. The camp at Mile 41 was operated by the fuel division.

There were probably a number of reasons for the decision to purchase the Galbraith business. In the first place, the Arctic Ice people were primarily interested in cutting cordwood to sell as fuel. For this purpose they could utilize smaller trees that would have been passed up by Mr. Galbraith's men. In the second place, they obtained a ready-made logging operation complete with camp buildings and a railway spur at what was, no doubt, a very reasonable price. In the third place, the company was probably sufficiently affluent that not all

new ventures had to be critically examined from a profit and loss standpoint. And last, but by no means least, it seems evident that the men responsible for the decision were much attracted to the scenic beauty of the area and were looking forward to opportunities for adventure in an authentic segment of the Canadian "north woods".

The Arctic Ice Company was taking over a modest but relatively complete logging camp. Mr. Galbraith's log house north of the railway became the manager's residence, office and store. Its new owners soon renamed it "Chateau Log". The railway spur was long enough to handle a large number of flat cars for loading at any one time. Beside the spur track at the foot of Station Bay on Lake Florence was a stable that could accommodate seven teams of horses. On the hill above the north shore of Station Bay was a large log building (50' x 30') which served as a combined cook house, dining room and bunk house. Other buildings on the property were a blacksmith shop, an oil shed and an ice house of twenty-five ton capacity. It is probable that there were also a few rough buildings in the cutting areas along the winter road north of the railway.

The new owners built four or five two-room log cabins for woodcutters and their families on the south side of the railway tracks. They also erected several buildings including a large combination bunk house and cook house near the north end of the winter road at Indian Lake. These buildings were known as the "north camp".

Charles H. McNaughton took a great personal interest in this enterprise, but day-to-day management was left in the capable hands of his nephew, Fred N. McNaughton. At the peak of operations there were about twenty men and sixteen horses working in the woods; also two cooks, one at each of the two camps.

Shortly after taking over from Mr. Galbraith, the Arctic Ice Company officials decided that it would be desirable to have a post office established at their main camp. Fred McNaughton went to Winnipeg and contacted the Postal Supervisor, H. H. Phinney, who agreed to open a post office at Mile 41. It was then necessary to select a suitable name and, in Mr. McNaughton's own words "from a list of about six (available) post office names we both decided that the name 'Winnitoba P.O.' had a good clear ring to it".

On December 10, 1923, Winnitoba Post Office opened for business in the old Galbraith residence ("Chateau Log"). The first Postmaster was D. C. McFee, an employee of the Arctic Ice Company who served in this capacity until April 28, 1925.

The name Winnitoba was acknowledged by the C.N.R. in June, 1924, when it appeared in the Working Timetable as the new name for Mile 41.

Winnitoba is of course a manufactured name, like Mantario and Alsask. The Post Office did not invent it, but simply listed it as a suitable name not previously used for postal purposes. In the early years of this century a large passenger steamer known as the Winnitoba plied the waters of Lake Winnipeg and the Red River. Sir Wilfrid Laurier stood on the deck of the Winnitoba to officially open St. Andrew's Locks at Lockport in 1910.

THE F. T. GRIFFIN

The Arctic Ice Company soon found that heavy costs were being incurred in hauling logs from the cutting areas to the railway spur. Company officials began to cast about for more economical ways of getting the logs out of the woods.

North of the railway there seemed to be no alternative to the traditional method of hauling the timber over winter roads on horsedrawn logging sleighs. The lakes in this area were relatively small and were not connected by suitable waterways, so there was no practical means of floating the logs for any distance.

To the south of the railway, however, was Lake Nora, a sizeable body of water with shoreline close to the Winnitoba loading area. And so a plan began to take shape, first suggested, it is thought, by Mr. McFee.

The plan involved the opening up of cutting areas close to Lake Nora. Logs, cut during the winter months, would be piled along the lake shore so that after spring break-up they could be loaded onto barges and towed to the dock at the foot of the wagon road from Lake Florence. Wagons would then be used for the short final haul from the dock on Lake Nora to the railway spur.

The decision was made to go ahead with this plan. The barges that would be required were built at Winnitoba, and to tow them, a large motor launch was bought second hand from Scarfe's Boat House in Winnipeg. This launch, renamed the "F. T. Griffin" in honour of an Arctic Ice Company official, was shipped to Winnitoba on a railway flat car.

Lake Nora may never again see a boat as large as the F. T. Griffin. Approximately twenty-five feet long with a beam of eight feet, it was powered by an inboard gasoline engine and equipped with a roofed wheel-house.

Troubles plagued this venture from the start. When the flat car carrying the F. T. Griffin arrived at Winnitoba, Fred McNaughton happened to be away to Winnipeg. In his absence the camp foreman took charge of the unloading operations. All hands were conscripted to push the craft off the flat car and onto a wooden skid specially built for the purpose. Two teams of horses were then hitched to the skid, and in this manner the launch was pulled along the wagon road to Lake Eveline, where it was set afloat. Next the foreman sent a couple of men ahead in a row boat to find the channel leading into Lake Nora.

After a diligent search the men in the row boat returned to report that there was no navigable channel between Lake Eveline and Lake Nora. A somewhat crestfallen foreman had to arrange for the heavy wooden boat to be reloaded onto the skid and hauled further down the wagon road to the shore of Lake Nora. When Fred McNaughton returned to Winnitoba he found that the F. T. Griffin was afloat on Lake Nora, but very little was said about its excursion on Lake Eveline.

The hull of the F. T. Griffin was sturdily built, but unfortunately it soon became evident that the engine had, in Fred McNaughton's words, "seen better days". A mechanic was sent out from the Arctic Ice Garage in Winnipeg to put the engine in working order. This proved to be a full time job so the mechanic stayed on at Winnitoba to operate the launch and keep its engine in repair.

There was actually very little good timber close to Lake Nora. After one or possibly two seasons the woodcutters were assigned to more promising areas. The F. T. Griffin was pulled up on shore beside the Lake Nora dock where it lay idle for some time. Eventually it was sold to a tie contractor at Malachi, Ontario. In recent years its remains could still be seen on the shore of Malachi Lake where it had been beached and left to rot.

MECHANIZED LOGGING

In another experiment intended to reduce the cost of hauling logs out of the forest, Winnitoba was the scene of what surely must have been one of the earliest ventures into mechanized logging.

The first winter that the Arctic Ice Company operated the north camp (probably the winter of 1924-25) the hauling of the cordwood was contracted out to Lohr and Kane of Winnipeg. Walter Kane, one of the partners in this contracting firm, was also the owner of Kane Equipment Company and he was eager to try using gasoline tractors for the job.

C. H. McNaughton was skeptical of the claims made for the new-fangled machines and strongly recommended that Lohr and Kane stick with horses. Mr. Kane, nothing daunted, arranged a demonstration for Arctic Ice management on the frozen Red River near the old Norwood Bridge. A steel-wheeled gasoline tractor was driven over the ice surface without difficulty, and soon a number of the machines were on their way to Winnitoba.

The tractors were a complete failure. Hauling a bush sleigh loaded with approximately fifteen cords of wood they could make good headway on land or over muskeg, but once out on the ice of the lakes, the steel wheels failed to grip and simply spun around. Lohr and Kane had to have a carload of horses shipped from Winnipeg to complete the job and Walter Kane had to admit that he had lost money on the contract by ignoring Mr. McNaughton's advice.

MORE MCNAUGHTONS ARRIVE

Unlike Harry Galbraith, Fred McNaughton had not brought his family with him to Winnitoba. However, one spring day in 1925, C. H. McNaughton suggested to his nephew that he (Fred) take his mother, his wife Peggy and son Fletcher to Winnitoba for the summer. All concerned were agreeable, so preparations were made for the trip. Fred tells the story of what happened next:

"At that time (May, 1925) we had Mr. Sommerville Sr. there as watchman. I wrote him, telling of our plans, and asking him in the meantime to give the place a good clean-up; also to remove the shelving and counter out of the office building - all in all a general clean-up so as to give a good impression on our arrival.

Around June 15, we left for the lake on the 8 A.M. Local, arriving at Winnitoba around 4 P.M. (the same day).

Mr. Sommerville, white shirt and all, including his cat, met us all right, and after introductions he started apologies for not having had time to do this and that. He hadn't done a damned thing. Tin cans, bottles (empty), boxes and junk of all sorts were strewn all over the place. My mother called me aside and her first remarks were: 'Fred, what a place to expect your family to spend a vacation!'

I called Sommerville over and said: 'Will you take the folks for a canoe trip around Lake Florence while I inspect the office building.' Finally the trip was arranged and I started for the office and residence building. And what a sight! I opened all windows and doors wide and started tearing down the shelving, counters, etc., and had just finished sweeping and dusting when the family returned.

They seemed quite pleased with the canoe trip. Apparently Sommerville had made them a pot of tea in his cabin. He also caught and filleted a mess of pick-erel which all enjoyed."

It seems evident that after the initial adjustments the McNaughton family was very happy at Winnitoba. Peggy took over the Post Office from Mr. McFee and Fletcher became the first mail boy, meeting the local trains and delivering the mail after his mother had sorted it.

Mrs. McNaughton Sr. took possession of one of the small wood-cutters' cabins on the south side of the tracks, first naming it "Rest Inn" but later giving it the name by which it was known to dozens of early campers, "Way Down Inn". There was no station building at this time and all the campers knew that they were welcome to come into "Way Down Inn" to wait for the local.

Although of advanced age, Mrs. McNaughton returned to her little cabin, summer after summer, for quite a number of years.

AN EARLY DERAILMENT

Although the railway spur ran right down to the water's edge on Lake Florence, flat cars were loaded at a point farther up the hill where there was a slight embankment next to the track. The train crew would "spot" a string of six or eight empty cars at the top of the hill; from here the force of gravity was used to move one car at a time into position for loading. As the cars were loaded they were allowed to run the rest of the way down the hill. When all the cars had been loaded the railway would take them away and leave another string of empties at the top of the hill.

Unfortunately, many of the flat cars used in logging service were old and in poor repair. Great care was needed when easing cars down the hill, as the brakes were often not in proper working order. A supply of horseshoes was kept close to the track to serve as an emergency braking system. Horseshoes, placed on the rails in front of the wheels, could usually be relied upon to stop any runaway flat car.

One day, however, the brakes on a loaded flat car failed completely. Horseshoes were hastily thrown on the track, but the car gathered momentum so quickly that its wheels were able to ride over these obstacles. Away the runaway car went, with Mr. McFee close behind, running as fast as he could go and shouting warnings to anyone in its path.

Fortunately, there were no other loaded cars at the end of the track. A pile of ties that was supposed to act as a buffer in just such an emergency was splintered like so many matchsticks and the runaway car plunged into the waters of Lake Florence. The railway was obliged to send out a steam crane to retrieve its stray piece of rolling stock.

Jack Gray later said that the spectacle of dignified Mr. McFee chasing after that runaway flat car, the earflaps of his leather helmet flapping up and down like a pair of little wings, was the funniest thing he had ever seen.

THE GRIFFIN CABIN

Soon after the Arctic Ice Company had become established at Winnitoba, one of the company officials, Mr. F. T. Griffin (after whom the launch on Lake Nora was named) decided to build a summer cabin on the sandy east shore of Lake Florence. Now as it happened, Jack Gray was about to build a new cabin for himself on Lake Nora. The necessary logs had already been cut and shaped and piled to season. Mr. Griffin purchased these logs and arranged for Jack to haul them to Lake Florence and assemble them on his (Mr. Griffin's) building site. Roofing, flooring, doors, windows and hardware were shipped from Winnipeg to complete what might be considered Winnitoba's first "ready-cut" cabin.

Peeled balsam logs were used in the Griffin cabin, as in all the log cabins built by Jack Gray. Balsam is not generally considered suitable for log construction, but Jack would use nothing else. Fred McNaughton, who helped

in the construction of this cabin, shared Jack's preference for balsam:-
"Peeled balsam logs, sound, straight, when piled right and left to cure for six months make an attractive cabin, especially when finished with two coats of shellac and a recoat every two years."

When completed the cabin was apparently never used by Mr. Griffin. C. H. McNaughton took it over and had a boathouse built in front of it at the water's edge. This structure, the only one of its type ever built in the area, remains in use today and is a familiar landmark to the campers on Lake Florence.

Although situated too close to the water's edge to comply with present day regulations, the "Griffin cabin" was allowed to remain standing because of the excellent state of repair in which it had been maintained over the years. In recent years, however, evidence of serious decay began to appear in the old balsam logs. In 1968, the present owners, the Johnson family, began construction of a large modern cabin at the rear of this historic building, and in 1969 the original cabin was demolished.

I'M ALONE

Another cabin built along the east shore of Lake Florence in the same period, was a small log structure that came to be known as "I'm Alone". Now demolished, this cabin stood a short distance north of the Griffin (Johnson) cabin on what is today the front yard of the Nelson cottage, Lot 7.

Very little is known of the history of I'm Alone. It was evidently built around 1924-25 by "Bug" Sommerville, who had sold his former cabin (Ramona) to Ed Cook and Chester Mountain. According to Fred McNaughton, however, the cabin was built by Jack Davis. Certainly Jack Davis owned the building for several years and as a bachelor was responsible for its unique name.

THE BROWNELL CABIN

Frank Brownell was an executive of the Manitoba Telephone System who had come to Winnitoba on several hunting and fishing expeditions as the guest of Chester Mountain, a fellow Telephone employee who was one of the owners of "Ramona". He eventually decided that he would like to have a cabin of his own in the area.

Jack Gray was commissioned to build the log structure, the work being done probably in the summer of 1925. The site chosen was close to "Ramona" but farther out on the point of land that came to be known as "Brownells Point".

In later years the Brownell cabin was enlarged and used as a family summer cottage, but it was built as a hunting cabin and in these early days was used primarily by Frank Brownell and his hunting companions. There is

evidence, however, that Marie Brownell did accompany her husband on the occasional summer visit to the cabin.

THE PEGGY

At about this point in our story, Fred McNaughton decided that his growing family should have a rowboat. Instructions were sent to the Arctic Ice Company's carpenter shop in Winnipeg and John Chapman, an old and trusted employee, went to work to build the large, sturdy craft that was to become such a familiar and welcome sight to the pioneer campers on Lake Florence. The boat was built of the best lumber available including tongue and groove maple for the bottom and assembled with bolts and copper screws (no nails). When finished it was painted white. On its arrival at Winnitoba it was appropriately christened "The Peggy".

Although built for pleasure use the Peggy became the campers' workhorse. For many years it was relied upon to transport people, building materials, furniture, stoves and on one occasion even a piano. Between such chores it admirably fulfilled its original purpose as the McNaughton family's rowboat.

WINNITOBA IN 1925

In the fall of 1925, on the eve, as we shall see, of new developments, the little community of Winnitoba consisted, as far as we can determine today, of the following:

On Lake Florence there were the Arctic Ice buildings, including the four or five small cabins on the south side of the railway. The cabin Ramona, owned by Ed Cook and Chester Mountain, stood on the south side of Brownells Point facing the railway embankment. Farther out, towards the tip of the point was the cabin of Frank Brownell. On the east shore of the lake stood the Griffin cabin and boathouse, owned by C. H. McNaughton, and I'm Alone owned by Bug Sommerville.

On Lake Nora there were the two cabins in Gray's Bay, owned by Jack Gray and Mr. Sherry.

All the cabins in this scattered community were of log construction and most were in use the year 'round. Of course, as long as logging operations continued there was much more activity in winter than there was in summer. Year 'round residents at the time were Fred McNaughton, Jack Gray, Mr. Sommerville Sr., and Scotty Ross. Scotty Ross, his wife and three children lived in one of the Arctic Ice cabins south of the tracks.

Except for the Arctic Ice Company, all the people who owned cabins at Winnitoba were squatters, i.e. their buildings were located on Crown Land to which they had no legal right of occupation. Even the Arctic Ice buildings had only a temporary right to the land on which they stood, for they had been built under the terms of a timber lease agreement which would in due course expire.

It should perhaps be mentioned that there were a few buildings at the west end of Lake Nora near Ophir Station, somewhat outside the scope of our story. On the lake shore was a cabin believed to date back to construction days on the railway (1907-1908). This historic structure has long since been demolished, but a photo of it exists and is shown on page 75. The railway erected a large section house beside the tracks at Ophir. (This building burned in 1929 and was rebuilt on a smaller scale.) There were also two or three small cabins where the sectionmen lived.

About a mile and a half west of Ophir a house was built around 1922 on the shore of South Cross Lake. This house, which is close to the railway but not visible from passing trains, was for over forty years the home of a Mrs. LaPierre. It is still owned by the LaPierre family and used as their summer cottage.

AN ERA OF DEVELOPMENT

Some time early in the fall of 1925 the Arctic Ice Company inserted a small advertisement in the Winnipeg newspapers, offering summer cabins for rent at Mile 41 of the C.N.R. in the lake country east of Winnipeg.

The ad was noticed by George Gallimore, a teacher at St. John's High School in Winnipeg. He and his wife Madge had enjoyed a wonderful vacation that summer at Malachi, Ontario. As they had travelled down and back on the C.N.R. they had been fascinated by occasional glimpses of sparkling lakes surrounded by magnificent stands of spruce and pine. What ideal country for summer holidays! Perhaps these Arctic Ice cabins were located in just such a setting.

George Gallimore decided that he would like to see these cabins for himself. He persuaded his friend Bill Baskerville, also a teacher at St. John's, to accompany him, and proceeded to make the necessary arrangements with the Arctic Ice Company. On the following Saturday the two men stepped off the Local onto the cinder platform at Mile 41, where they were met by Fred McNaughton's wife Peggy and Mrs. McNaughton Sr.

Evidently the company had decided that additional revenue could be obtained by renting out the camp buildings as summer cottages. Besides, the timber lease would soon expire and if a little summer colony could be developed, the company might be able to sell most of its buildings when it had no further use for them.

George Gallimore and Bill Baskerville looked at all these buildings on the Saturday afternoon but decided that the only ones that could be considered suitable for summer homes were the woodcutters' cabins south of the tracks and these were really too far from the lake.

That night the two friends stayed in the McNaughton cabin, "Chateau Log", and the next day the McNaughton ladies took them out in the "Peggy" for a row around Lake Florence. The men were enchanted by the clear, sparkling water, the fine sandy beaches and the lush forest growth. By the time the

train came to take them back to Winnipeg, they had both decided that they would be back, not to buy or rent any of the Arctic Ice buildings but to build their own cabins on the shore of Lake Florence.

Throughout the following winter, summer cottage construction was a common topic of discussion in the Gallimore and Baskerville households. The excitement spread to their friends and neighbours, especially the Pattersons, the Baragars and the Barbers. On the weekend of May 24, 1926, a party of four, all teachers at St. John's High School, embarked for Winnitoba to pick out cabin sites. The group consisted of George Gallimore, Bill Baskerville, Pat Patterson and Fred Barager, accompanied by Fred McNaughton who had invited them to stay at his cabin.

Once again the rowboat "Peggy" was pressed into service, and before the weekend ended all four men had selected building sites along the east shore. Dr. Barber came down a week or two later and chose a location next to Patterson's.

Unlike any who had previously built cabins in the area, these five men were not prepared to go ahead with their plans until they had established legal right to possession of the land. Letters were written to the Department of the Interior at Ottawa, requesting permission to build summer cottages on Lake Florence. All Crown Land in the Province of Manitoba was at this time administered by the Dominion Government acting through the Department of the Interior. The Department seemed agreeable to the idea of allowing cottages to be built, but requested the applicants to prepare a preliminary survey plan of the east shore of Lake Florence and indicate thereon the lots corresponding to the building sites that they had chosen.

At the first opportunity, the group went back to Winnitoba and paced off a total of twenty-seven lots between the north boundary of Township Ten and the creek from Lake Marion. As required by the Department each lot was one hundred feet wide and two hundred feet deep. When the survey was completed, Bill Baskerville drew up a plan and prepared blueprints to send to Ottawa.

This plan was approved by the Department and each of the applicants was given permission to erect a summer cottage on the lot he had chosen. It was explained that twenty-one year leases would be issued for lots in the proposed subdivision "subject to Parks Regulations in force from time to time governing National Parks". Because no official survey had been made, each applicant was advised that "the boundaries of your lot will be subject to adjustment to conform to any subdivision at this point as decided upon by the Department". The first year's rental was to be ten dollars.

Dr. Barber and George Gallimore acted immediately upon receiving permission to build. Dr. Barber hired three men from Elma, John Stabinski, Steve Korion and Nick Padolsky to work on his cabin, which was to be of log construction. George Gallimore ordered lumber and supplies and arranged with the C.N.R. for shipment, the boxcar to be spotted on the siding at Mile 41. The Gallimore cottage, built by its owner with help from Bill Baskerville, was the first building of standard frame construction in the little community. Both cottages were completed and occupied in that summer of 1926.

Fred Baragar built the following summer, 1927, assisted by a number of friends and relatives with everyone working under the capable supervision of his father-in-law, John Robertson, a professional carpenter.

Another cottage built that summer was Mrs. Hutcheson's, on the west shore of Lake Florence, north of Station Bay. Mrs. Hutcheson was a cousin of Frank Brownell and she and her two daughters had visited the Brownells on a number of occasions. She had chosen a site in 1926 and arranged with John Stabinski for his crew to build a cabin for her as soon as Dr. Barber's was completed.

In the fall of 1927 the three workmen who had built the Barber and Hutcheson cottages were hired by Pat Patterson to prepare logs for the construction of his cabin. Before freeze-up the necessary logs had been cut and hauled to the building site, where they were peeled, piled and covered with tar paper for protection from the winter snow.

The following spring, 1928, saw two loads of lumber and supplies arrive at the Mile 41 spur. The smaller shipment consisted of flooring, roof boards, interior lumber and hardware for the Patterson cottage. The larger order, consigned to Bill Baskerville, included all the materials needed to erect a cottage of standard frame construction.

John Stabinski, Steve Korion and Nick Padolsky completed the Pattersons' log cabin during the summer of 1928. Bill Baskerville, who was a woodworking instructor at St. John's High School, built his cottage that summer doing most of the work himself. Another 1928 project was a kitchen addition for the Hutcheson cottage, built by Jack Gray.

By the fall of 1928 the little summer colony on Lake Florence was acquiring an air of permanence. In the past three years, six new cottages had been built, five of which had the approval of the Department of the Interior subject to the terms of twenty-one year leases. Frank Brownell began to wonder about the legal status of his cabin on Brownells Point, especially as there was talk of establishing a National Park in the Whiteshell area.

Fortunately, his cabin was just inside the northern boundary of Township Ten and therefore within a surveyed township. On November 17, 1928, Mr. Brownell made application to purchase the north half of the quarter section in which his cabin was situated (NE 34-10-17 E.P.M.).

Title was granted on January 5, 1929. This piece of property, which is still privately owned, is approximately fifty-eight acres in area and includes both the south shore of Lake Florence and the north shore of Station Bay on Lake Nora. It does not include the land covered by the waters of these lakes or the right-of-way of the C.N.R.

Frank Brownell now found himself the owner of the property on which the cabin "Ramona" stood. To avoid any possibility of legal complications he purchased this building from Ed Cook and Chester Mountain. "Ramona" entered a new era as the Brownells' guest house.

At about this time Winnitoba had for a year or two a family of year 'round residents consisting of Scotty Ross, his wife and three children. Scotty, or "Curly" Ross had been a butcher with Piggly-Wiggly Stores in Winnipeg. For reasons known only to himself he brought his family to Winnitoba where they set up housekeeping in one of the Arctic Ice woodcutters' cabins south of the railway. Scotty probably worked for the Company from time to time, otherwise he lived off the land and earned a few dollars by trapping and by acting as guide during the hunting season.

The Arctic Ice Company was actually quite successful in finding tenants for the woodcutters' cabins. Bob MacKay occupied the cabin directly across the track from the cinder platform that constituted Winnitoba station. The next cabin down the hill was empty, but the one next to it was the summer home of Mrs. Ada Bryant. Next came Mrs. McNaughton's "Way Down Inn" while the end cabin at the bottom of the hill was home for Scotty Ross and his family.

Only the MacKay cabin is still standing today, but the path that led to the other four buildings is clearly visible through the underbrush.

THE CHARETTE STORY

On May 6, 1925, application was made in the name of Joseph Charette to acquire as homestead land the south-west quarter of Section Thirty, Township Ten (SW 30-10-17 E). Section Thirty is situated between Nora and South Cross Lakes, just south of the C.N.R. tracks.

Joe Charette was a greenskeeper at the Niakwa Golf Course who for many years had worked during the winter months for the Arctic Ice Company. C. H. McNaughton had persuaded him to file for a homestead and intended that eventually all of Section Thirty would be homesteaded by Arctic Ice people. Mr. McNaughton had noticed that there was much good hay land in this section and knew that the Arctic Ice Company would buy all the hay that could be produced. The company had over one hundred head of horses at this time.

In November of 1925, Joe Charette, his wife and teen-age son, Pompey, stepped off the train at Mile 41. That winter they lived in the cook house, with Joe acting as camp foreman and Mrs. Charette as camp cook. Mrs. Charette had been sworn in as Postmistress before leaving Winnipeg and took over from Jack Gray who had filled in for Peggy McNaughton since her return to the city earlier in the fall.

In the spring of 1926 the Charettes went back to their home in St. Vital, returning to Winnitoba for the following winter. Next spring, 1927, they moved to Ophir to start homesteading.

There was an abandoned log cabin in the woods about half a mile west of Lake Nora and a quarter of a mile south of the tracks, near an old railway gravel pit. The cabin was in good condition, well located in beautiful surroundings with a spring close by, and was fairly close to the quarter section which the Charettes planned to homestead. It became their first farm home.

The Charettes were hard workers and their farm prospered from the beginning. Of course the land was too rugged to allow the entire quarter section to be cleared and cultivated, but there were eventually some one hundred acres of Timothy hay under cultivation in various parcels, also a field of oats about fifteen acres in size. Livestock increased to a maximum of sixteen horses, three milk cows, twelve feeder cattle, several pigs, one hundred chickens, and twelve pheasants. The creek between Nora and South Cross Lakes ran through their property, and the Charettes spent two thousand dollars on a dam to provide a dependable supply of water for their livestock.

Although no dwelling had been built on the quarter section applied for, the government decided that enough improvements had been made to justify issuance of title. Joseph Charette was granted title to his homestead on April 15, 1932.

No one ever applied for the neighboring quarter sections, nor did the Charettes obtain title to the land where their house was situated. When they decided to build a new house in 1937 they chose to stay where they had first settled, only nearer to the spring. The new house, like the old, was therefore located on Crown Land.

The Charettes were good friends to all pioneer campers at Ophir and Winnitoba. Mrs. Charette was famous both for her cooking ability and for her hospitality. The west end of Lake Nora became a popular spot for picnics, as all the youngsters knew that a hike through the woods would bring them to the Charette home. Here they were sure to be offered a glass of farm fresh milk and bread warm from the oven spread with thick layers of homemade butter and jam.

Joe Charette is remembered by the early campers most of all for the signs he prepared reading "Joe Charette His Property". These signs could be found throughout the area, stuck in piles of cordwood that had been cut and left in the bush to dry. The campers were somewhat resentful of the signs which, they felt, reflected on their honesty.

The last straw was a large sign on a particularly meagre pile of cordwood right beside the station path at Lake Florence. Nearby, next to the old Arctic Ice stable, was a huge mound of well-rotted manure. In a fit of indignation some unknown camper removed the sign from the woodpile and plunged it into the manure.

Joe Charette must have taken the hint, as following this incident the signs gradually disappeared.

Pompey was Mrs. Charette's son by a previous marriage. He had been christened Lionel Pugh; under this name he worked on the railway section crew at Ophir for over ten years. Now a resident of Winnipeg he is a frequent visitor to Winnitoba as his brother-in-law, Bill Miller, owns a cabin in Station Bay, Lake Nora.

C. H. MCNAUGHTON'S BOARD WALK

It should be understood that the station path at Lake Florence in the early days was not the path used today. The Winnitoba station platform was located several hundred feet west of the present station, at the point where the spur track (the original "Holmes' Spur") left the C.N.R. main line. It was a long and tedious walk along the ties of the spur track from the station platform to the water's edge at the foot of Station Bay.

C. H. McNaughton decided that this primitive state of affairs could be improved upon. He ordered dock hardware, nails and a wheelbarrow from Ashdown's Hardware in Winnipeg. He and Joe Charette then spent three days sawing lumber and wharf posts at Ophir, where a portable sawmill owned by the Arctic Ice Company was situated. This material was loaded into a boxcar and shipped to Winnitoba. A couple of days later, at six o'clock in the morning, a work party gathered to unload the boxcar. Jack Gray, George Gallimore and Bill Baskerville went to work to make a board walk down the centre of the spur track by nailing boards to the ties. C. H. McNaughton and Fred McNaughton built a carrier to fit the wheelbarrow so that it would carry a substantial load of baggage. At the lower end of the board walk a dock was built out into Station Bay, most of this work being done by Jack Gray and C. H. McNaughton. The cost of the lumber, hardware, nails and freight, plus Jack Gray's wages, were all donated by C. H. McNaughton.

When the Minaki Special arrived on the following Saturday, the campers insisted that C. H. McNaughton have the honor of taking the first wheelbarrow load of goods down the board walk to the dock, to the accompaniment of a hearty three cheers from everyone present.

EARLY RAILWAY SERVICE

The Minaki Special had originated in the early 1920's. During the summer months it operated outbound on Friday evening and Saturday afternoon, returning Sunday (or Monday, if a long weekend), in the evening. The "Local", a freight train with a passenger coach tacked on at the end, was available Monday, Wednesday and Friday for outbound travellers, returning Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. Then, as now, the railway was very reluctant to stop the fast passenger trains at Winnitoba or at any of the other small resorts. Fred McNaughton tells how he would arrange such a stop:

"To have the fast train stop at Winnitoba I always had to contact Stan Dingle, Chief Clerk to the Superintendent of Transportation at Union Station, Winnipeg. He in turn would wire the Stop O.K. to Decimal, where the conductor would pick it up from the agent. Sixty percent of conductors were contemptuous of the public in those days. When I would ask if he had picked up the Stop Wire, likely as not the reply would be 'There was no Stop Order and our next stop is Malachi', just to ruffle you. My answer on such occasions was

'I'm getting off at Winnitoba. If not, someone will catch Hell Monday morning!'"

Fred McNaughton always got off at Winnitoba.

A trip on the "Local" was something that had to be experienced to be believed. A study in slow motion transportation, this mixed train originally operated three times a week each way between Winnipeg and Redditt. The schedule allowed six hours travelling time to Winnitoba, more than enough, one would expect, for a distance of eighty-eight miles. Even so the train was rarely on time, and Winnitoba passengers usually figured on eight to ten hours for the trip. On one occasion a Winnipeg bound Local was so far behind schedule that its operating crew exceeded the maximum twelve hour work day allowed in their union contract and were entitled to "book rest". The train, passenger coach and all, was parked on the siding at Dugald until morning!

The Redditt Local had the distinction, very rare in mixed service, of being a "name" train. Campers and railroaders alike called it "The Blue Flea", a name which is still used to describe the surviving once a week freight-only service. Although this name has probably never appeared in official C.N.R. documents, it has long been in common use in the railway's Winnipeg offices. An early map of the surveyed lots at Winnitoba even goes so far as to show the main line of the C.N.R. as "The Blue Flea Line".

As traffic dwindled the Local was reduced first to two trains a week, then to one train a week each way. In recent years the passenger coach was dropped. Some campers are no doubt glad that they will never again have to ride the train, others miss the leisurely pace which allowed the traveller ample time to adjust mentally and spiritually to his changing environment.

In an emergency the railway could be very helpful. Fred McNaughton recorded one such instance:

"One Saturday evening, I was out in front of 'Chateau Log' preparing for the weekly Saturday night bonfire and marshmallow roast, when I noticed Reg Kerr (weekend visitor of Dr. Barber) running up the spur track towards the main line. I called and asked 'Where are you going?'. He said he was going to Ophir to phone for a doctor to attend Dr. Barber, who was very ill. I told him to wait, that we would try to stop the fast train which was due in about thirty minutes. We hurried and got all the spare newspapers, rags, etc., we could muster at and around 'Chateau Log', along with kerosene and gasoline, which we placed between the rails. We heard the fast passenger whistle through Ophir, and when it came around the corner into the rock cut, we put a match to the pile of paper soaked with kerosene and gasoline. When the engineer and fireman saw the huge flame, they applied the emergency brakes and stopped the train within its length. It was dark at the time, and the sparks from every wheel looked like dozens of grindstones all in action at the same time. Reg Kerr and the conductor canvassed the passengers for a doctor, without success. The conductor set up the

"emergency phone and contacted Malachi, Ont., and they advised that a freight from the East would be going through Winnitoba at 3 a.m., and the C.N. doctor would be on it. We met the train and hurried the doctor (Dr. Pike), by boat, to Barber's Point, and he stayed with Dr. Barber until late Sunday afternoon. Some time later, I met Ed Cook, the engineer. He told me that when he and his fireman first saw the flames, they pictured a broken rail or stalled train. He just pulled the emergency brakes, held his head down and muttered a fast prayer. A few days after, the sectionman left us a box of flares for future use."

THE GREAT WHITE HUNTERS

Another story told by Fred McNaughton gives some insight into the adventure and excitement of life at Winnitoba in the 1920's.

One fall day the Mayor of Winnipeg, Ralph Webb, phoned Fred McNaughton at the Arctic Ice office to ask if two visitors from Chicago could be accommodated at their logging camp. These men, who had come to Manitoba to hunt deer and moose, were Major Allison and Jack Hipplewright, President and General Manager respectively of the American Railway Boiler Arch Corporation of Chicago, Illinois. His request meeting a favorable response, Mayor Webb had his chauffeur drive the two men over to Fred McNaughton's office where arrangements for the hunt were completed.

The Americans caught the Tuesday night fast train for Winnitoba carrying the key to "Chateau Log" and a letter to Mr. and Mrs. Joe Charette asking that Mrs. Charette feed them and that Scotty Ross act as their guide. On Thursday night Fred McNaughton and Jack Bevis, also with the Arctic Ice Company, took the train to Winnitoba, having first arranged a stop for the westbound Sunday night train so the group could return to Winnipeg.

By Saturday night they all had their deer, but the Major wanted a moose. He was to be the guest speaker early in December at the annual banquet of the Locomotive Engineers Association in Chicago, and he was anxious to have a big moose head to display at that event.

Then, as now, Sunday hunting was not allowed, but the nearest game warden was a long distance away. At daybreak Scotty Ross hitched up the horse and cutter and set out with the Major for the north camp. Around noon they found a dandy moose which the Major proceeded to line up in his rifle sight. While he was taking careful aim from about two hundred yards the moose saw him and charged. The Major pressed the trigger but the gun oil had congealed and the rifle failed to fire. Scotty Ross, who was standing over to one side, took aim and fired, dropping the moose almost at the Major's feet.

The hunters arrived back at the cook house just in time for six o'clock supper. The Major arranged with Joe Charette and Scotty Ross to go north the next day and quarter the moose, the head to be carefully removed and sent by express on the Tuesday Local to Darby, the taxidermist on Main Street (near Water Avenue) in Winnipeg. Joe Charette was to keep the meat for the cook house.

During supper one of the Sommerville boys knocked at the door and asked if he could come in out of the cold to wait for the train. Once inside, he began to quiz the Major about his moose. Fred McNaughton became quite alarmed and got everyone away from the supper table by telling them that it was almost train time. Taking the Major aside, he warned him that Sommerville might be planning to make trouble.

Soon the train arrived and the hunting party climbed aboard for the trip back to Winnipeg. On Tuesday, as arranged, the moose head was delivered at the taxidermist's shop.

Wednesday morning Mr. Darby phoned Fred McNaughton to report that Game Branch officials had seized the head, claiming that the animal had been shot on a Sunday. Someone had tipped them off, there was no doubt about that, and the finger of suspicion certainly pointed at Sommerville. The Major and Jack had left for home and were not available to face charges. Fred McNaughton spent a busy ten days arranging for the head to be released, mounting completed and shipment made to Chicago.

In the midst of this activity Fred received a long distance phone call from Joe Charette, saying that he and his wife had been taken to Elma and needed one hundred and fifty dollars to pay their fine for being in possession of meat from the illegally shot moose!

Major Allison later wrote to Fred McNaughton, telling how well things had gone at the Engineers' banquet. The moose head had been bolted to the back wall of the stage, completely covered with American and Canadian flags. At the moment of presentation the Major pulled a cord, causing the flags to drop away. For several seconds the audience sat in stunned silence, gazing at the magnificent trophy, then burst into wild applause.

The Major never returned to Winnitoba, but for many years he and Fred McNaughton exchanged Christmas cards.

THE END OF AN ERA

By 1929 all Arctic Ice Company operations at Winnitoba had been shut down. The Post Office was permanently closed on November 15, 1927. Joe Charette dismantled two of the woodcutters' cabins south of the tracks and moved them to Ophir, where one became his chicken house and the other a stable. (These had been the second and end cabins respectively, so the stable was the former home of Scotty Ross.) Chateau Log remained in use as the summer home of Fred McNaughton and his family. The three remaining woodcutters' cabins were occupied by Bob MacKay, Jack Cleaver (formerly Mrs. Ada Bryant) and of course Mrs. Jessie McNaughton.

The other camp buildings had no further use. One Saturday night, when the surrounding forest was wet and the fire hazard was low, the old stable was set on fire and burned to the ground. The manure pile next to the stable survived for a number of years and served the early campers well as a source of well-rotted fertilizer for gardens.

In 1929 Jack Gray built a new cabin for himself (of peeled balsam logs, of course) well back in the woods on the north shore of Lake Nora, close to the bay leading to Ophir Station. When this new structure was completed, he demolished his former home in Gray's Bay.

After he had lived here for about a year he decided to move again, this time, as he described it, "closer to civilization". Once again he cut and peeled a supply of balsam logs, assembling them at his newly chosen site in Station Bay, Lake Nora. The truth of the matter was that he was now earning a fairly good income by doing carpentry work and odd jobs for the growing summer community on Lake Florence. It seemed to make good business sense to locate closer to this source of income.

These last two Gray cabins have survived to the present day. The former was sold to the Evans family who used it as their summer cottage for many years; today it is owned by the Irelands. The latter is the familiar "Red Shingles", owned by the Bill Miller family.

THE BIG FIRE

During the hot month of August, 1929, rain was scarce, much of the vegetation became crisp, dry and brown, and the danger of fire became very real. About the middle of the month the smell of smoke was detected in the air. The sky became more hazy every day warning the campers that fires were not too far distant. Then on the night of August 21st, the sun set like a huge orange ball in the sky. Early next morning, on seeing smoke to the north-west over the high bare rock at the end of the lake, Jack Gray, John Baskerville and Bert Gallimore went to investigate. They climbed the rocky cliff and stood still to listen. Sure enough they could faintly hear the sound of a roaring fire in the distance. Bert climbed a tree and confirmed that a forest fire was advancing from the north.

Returning as quickly as possible they warned all the cottagers on the lake of the impending danger and suggested that everyone proceed at once by boat to Brownells Point, to escape the possibility of being caught by the onrushing conflagration. So the campers loaded into their boats whatever baggage and valuables they could, and rowed for the Point.

Fortunately, about the time the flames appeared at the edge of the high rocky cliff the wind suddenly veered and the advance of the fire seemed to stop. Taking advantage of the lull, all those capable of helping in the emergency, regardless of sex, followed Jack Gray back across the lake to the portage between Lake Florence and Lake Marion. Here a back fire was set to the north of the dry creek bed. Everyone filled pails with water from the lakes, and poured it over the vegetation along the creek. Some of the men took axes and chopped down trees and shrubs growing in the area to prevent the flames from jumping over to the evergreens south of the creek. Everyone present will always remember the terrific roar of the flames as the back fire reached the approaching forest fire. It was frightening to see huge trees light up like giant candles and hear rocks exploding from the heat of the flames. Work was kept up day and night for three days until the fire was

successfully checked and all the cottages on the east shore of Lake Florence were saved. It was a very tired group of fire fighters that eventually could relax their efforts and slip off home for much needed rest. Always, of course, a watch was kept to see that patches that flared up here and there were thoroughly extinguished.

Unfortunately, while the advance of the flames was stopped at the creek, it was impossible to stem the advance of the fire to the north and east of Lake Marion. That whole countryside, clothed with a beautiful stand of pine, spruce and birch, was completely gutted by the fire. Only here and there a fine big tree that was singed and denuded of its limbs, continued to stand, later to become excellent firewood for the stoves and fireplaces of the cottages that had been so miraculously preserved.

Some kind, well-meaning soul, sure that the fire would eventually sweep the camp before it, carried dishes and furniture from Dr. Barber's cottage and deposited them in the lake. When finally rescued, the goods were so damaged that everyone felt very sorry about it - especially Mrs. Barber. Others, in their fearful anxiety, had doused their cabins with water, and after the worst was over, came back home to mop up their floors!

It should be recorded that the railway and its employees were very helpful in this emergency. The conductor on one of the trains took the trouble to walk over to the group stranded on Brownells Point and informed them that they were at liberty to stop any train if the situation should warrant it. Nor should the tireless work of Mrs. Baskerville and Mrs. Gallimore be forgotten, in providing ever-ready hot drinks and sandwiches for the weary workers.

Mrs. Jessie McNaughton, Winnitoba's Poet Laureate, recorded the event in the following lines. The reference to the "maidens of the Orkneys" alludes to the fact that there were at the time eight people - all girls - staying at the Baragar cottage, "The Orkneys". All worked right beside the men in the front line of defence against the fire.

ODE TO WINNITOBA FIRE BRIGADE

T'was on August 22nd, the fairest day of the year,
The campers were playing gaily, without a thought of fear
When "Hark!" one said, "what's that I hear? Tis a
woman in distress."
And from the pines a flame shot like old Sanahi possessed.
"To arms!" cried the valiant maidens of the Orkneys along the line.
"Get a pail and make a beeline to help save the beauties of our
clime."

Away they marched, that noble crew
Men and women and children too.
They fought that day and they fought that night
'Till some of them looked as though they were tight.

At last they conquered the fiery blaze
and home they came, weary and dazed,
Too tired to even be amazed.
Just dropped their pails and hit the hay
And slept with minds at ease for many a day.

The grateful campers of this decade
will always remember the Fire Brigade.

On the Labour Day long weekend most of the campers returned to Winnipeg, but no rain had fallen and fires still threatened the Winnitoba area. The following Saturday a crew of about fifteen government firefighters was moved in from Decimal.

Richmond Godfrey was on the train that picked up the firefighters. "On the way down" he recalls "we passed through spots where fires were still burning and the heat was so intense that the coaches were stifling and progress debatable. The firefighters....were a tired and bedraggled squad which had been fighting fires for days without adequate sleep or rest. Arriving between five and six P.M. they set up camp near the spring."

The crew arrived none too soon. That evening around sundown the west wind rose suddenly and soon flames were sweeping down the west shore of Lake Florence toward the Hutcheson cottage where Richmond Godfrey (who had married Marguerite Hutcheson) and Bill Maltman (who a few weeks later married Florence Hutcheson) were staying. The two men assisted the firefighters in stopping the fire just short of the building. They were understandably nervous about spending the night in the endangered cottage, so they crossed the lake to Dr. Barber's cabin where they prepared a meal and had a rest.

Around midnight the two men decided to go back to the Hutcheson cottage for a swim. They found that the fire had flared up again in three places, one of which was dangerously close to the cabin. Had they not returned when they did the building would soon have been lost, but they went back to work with shovels and pails and extinguished the flames once again. Eventually they had their swim and returned to the Barber cabin for some well deserved sleep.

The next day, Sunday, they were back at the Hutcheson cottage to examine the damage done to the surrounding forest. They found that the fire crew was backfiring the area around the spring, where long dry grass was a hazard. Unfortunately the backfire got away from the crew and with a following south-west breeze was soon roaring down on the Hutcheson cottage at express train speed. Richmond Godfrey and Bill Maltman were sure that the building would go this time. However, they hastily cut a firebreak from the dock to meet the point of advance of the previous night's fire, behind the cottage, and began to haul water with which to soak the ground.

They were joined by two of the firefighters who, cut off by the fire, had found and launched a leaky old boat which they paddled, standing up, with their long handled shovels. For a few minutes the four men frantically hauled water, then they all stood back out of the heat, ready to take to their boats.

Richmond Godfrey says he is still surprised that their firebreak held - "It was only due to the fact that the spruce and pine were sparser and smaller the last few yards to the cottage."

Chateau Log was also saved, largely because the McNaughton children had worn a well-trod path around the building during the summer. The cook house overlooking Station Bay did not fare so well and was totally destroyed. Fortunately, the firefighters were able to prevent the flames from spreading to the south side of the railway.

Forest fires were a constant menace throughout the dry years of the 1930's. The railway line was regularly patrolled by section men acting as fire rangers, and the air was often thick with smoke from fires in other parts of the Whiteshell. At times the fires were fairly close to Winnitoba, but the community was never again threatened to the same extent as in 1929.

WHITESHELL PROVINCIAL PARK

The reader will remember that the first group of campers to seek government approval before constructing their cabins was obliged to deal with the Department of the Interior at Ottawa. The first survey plan drawn up by the Department using Bill Baskerville's preliminary survey as a guide was captioned "Sketch Plan of Proposed Subdivision at Florence Lake Recreational Area, Manitoba". In the leases the area was described as the "Florence Lake Reserve". There is some evidence that a "Lake Nora Recreational Area" was later set up to include Florence, Nora and Eveline Lakes and the land surrounding.

The Dominion Government was anxious to establish a National Park in Manitoba, and by 1928 a bitter dispute was raging as to whether the Riding Mountain site or the present Whiteshell Provincial Park (known then as "the eastern site") should be chosen. The eastern site was favoured by Parks Branch officials, but the rural members of the Manitoba Legislature put up a strong fight for the western location. In Ottawa, a petition in favour of the Riding Mountain site, drawn up by W. J. Ward, M.P. for Dauphin, and presented to the Minister of the Interior, was signed by every rural Manitoba Member of Parliament except Dr. Bissett of Springfield. By 1929 it seemed that Ottawa, tired of the wrangling, was washing its hands of the matter and that Manitoba would get no park at all.

Finally, on January 25, 1930, the Dominion Government announced that a national park would be established at Riding Mountain. Provincial government officials immediately began making plans to claim the discarded eastern site.

On July 15, 1930, Manitoba's natural resources were transferred from Federal to Provincial control. Legislation to establish the Whiteshell Forest Reserve was drawn up and passed by the Manitoba Legislature in 1931.

The campers at Winnitoba, therefore, now had a new landlord. All lease agreements with the Department of the Interior were transferred to the Manitoba Department of Natural Resources. In 1933, surveyors were sent to

Winnitoba to lay out proper lot boundaries on Lake Florence. They found that few changes were necessary in the existing boundaries, laid out in accordance with Bill Baskerville's preliminary plan of 1926. An individual lot was surveyed for the Hutcheson cabin on the west shore. A number of lots were surveyed on both Nora and Eveline Lakes by the same survey party.

The Provincial authorities continued the lease system established by their Federal counterparts. As the existing Federal leases expired, they were replaced by Provincial leases. All buildings at Winnitoba today are, therefore, situated on leased land, with the exception of the Parks' cabin on the former Brownell property which is held under clear title. Strictly speaking, this fifty-eight acre parcel of land is not part of the Whiteshell at all, although it is indistinguishable from the land surrounding it.

In the early 1950's, the name Whiteshell Forest Reserve was changed to Whiteshell Provincial Park, a name more in keeping with the present emphasis on recreation and conservation in the area.

EARLY DAYS ON LAKE NORA

Lake Nora was slower to develop than Lake Florence. By 1930 Jack Gray had built three cabins, two of which were still in use, but the first one (in Gray's Bay) had been demolished. It is doubtful that the Sherry cabin (also in Gray's Bay) was still standing in 1930. At the west end of the lake, near Ophir, was the cabin dating back to the days of railway construction.

It was probably in 1930 that Harold Bridger built a small cabin on the point of land at the entrance to Station Bay, Lake Nora. This building was destroyed by fire in 1935. The property (Lot 2, Block 2) is now occupied by the Nettleton cottage.

In the fall of 1930, a C.N.R. employee named Hank Diedrick decided that he would like to build a cabin on Lake Nora. He chose a site in a little bay on the south shore of the lake, near the outlet from Bear Lake, and made arrangements with Pompey Charette (Lionel Pugh) to cut and pile the necessary logs. The following spring Hank and his two sons started construction.

Their building site was located on the north shore of the bay facing south so was not visible from the main body of Lake Nora. After a while Lionel Pugh's curiosity got the better of him and he paddled into the bay to see what the new cabin looked like. He was not too impressed by what he saw. The logs had been used in their unpeeled state to build a one room, flat roofed cabin that stood on high, spindly piles or stilts. Lionel remembers counting fourteen steps up to the front door. The structure looked as though it would have been right at home in the swamp country of southern Louisiana.

The Diedrick cabin collapsed in a high wind during the summer of 1934 and was never rebuilt. However, because the building was in existence at the time of the 1933 survey, its site is permanently recorded as Lot 11 on the plan of Nora Lake.

Another Lake Nora cabin built around 1930 was situated on the west shore of Station Bay adjoining the Brownell property. Its owner, a bachelor named Bennett, sold it in 1933 to Edgar Brown of the C.N.R. The Browns were delighted with the location of their new summer home, but decided that they could improve on the cabin, which was really little more than a shack that had not even been built on the square. In 1937 they began construction of a new cottage and in 1938 the original building was demolished. The Brown family still occupies this location which is known today as Lot 1, Block 1, Lake Nora.

The three remaining woodcutters' cabins, occupied by Bob MacKay, Jack Cleaver and Mrs. Jessie McNaughton should perhaps also be classified as Lake Nora buildings of the 1930 era.

On Eveline Lake, probably at about the spot where the ill-fated F. T. Griffin was launched and later retrieved, a little cabin was built by a man named Fred Popp. This is the only cabin known to have been built on Eveline, although in 1933 the government surveyors laid out no less than fourteen lots along the north and east shores. Fred Popp's cabin was in use until recent years, but it has now become dilapidated.

THE EARLY 1930's

The early 1930's saw a number of new cottages built on Lake Florence. The Robertsons had been frequent guests at the Baragar cottage; in 1930 they built "Femin Inn" on the next lot to the north (Lot 26). Mr. Robertson and Mr. Reekie did most of the work, assisted by various members of their respective families.

In 1932 the Pincock cottage "Bonavista" was built mid way between Pattersons and Baskervilles (Lot 20). J. C. Pincock and his family had rented the Patterson cottage for two years before deciding to build for themselves. Mr. Robertson, having completed his own building, agreed to take on the job, assisted by George Pincock (age eighteen) and Bert Gallimore (age sixteen).

The following year, 1933, Mrs. J. F. McNaughton decided that her much loved "Way Down Inn" was too small and primitive and too far from the lake for maximum use and enjoyment. She and her daughters, Jessie, Gladys and Gertrude (now Mrs. Walter Tyson), chose a site on the east shore of Lake Florence and hired Jack Gray to build a cottage. As had been anticipated, Jack did an excellent job. Cedar lumber was used throughout; the faint aroma of cedar can still be detected by visitors. Its owners named the cottage "Alteora". After construction had been finished, the property was surveyed as Lot 13.

Norman Gordon and his family had enjoyed a holiday in the Baragar cottage "The Orkneys" in 1930. On their return to Winnipeg they applied for a lease on the vacant lot between Robertsons and the portage to Lake Marion (Lot 27). The following summer they were again able to spend some time in the Baragar cottage. The Orkneys was not available in 1932, but the Gordons

were able to rent Brownells' "Ramona" for the summer. In 1933 they built "Bobshirdon", named after the children Bob, Shirley and Don. Norman Gordon did much of the work himself, but had invaluable assistance from Bert Gallimore and his future son-in-law, Graham Pincock. With additions made in 1961, this cottage now accommodates Mrs. Molly Gordon, her son Bob, his wife Evelyn and their eight children.

Another cottage built in 1933 was Bob Swann's on Lot 11. Its present owners are Mr. and Mrs. Dave Lawson, but many campers probably still associate it with Mr. and Mrs. Ted Moorby, the owners from 1937 to 1958. Ted Moorby added to the original building, which had been quite small, and made many improvements to the cottage and its grounds. One such project was a large stone fireplace with the head of a dog (the family's cocker spaniel) carved in the stonework over the mantel.

Unfortunately, the Barber cottage was totally destroyed by fire in 1933, the result of being struck by lightning. No one was injured, as the building was unoccupied at the time.

Also in 1933, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. McNaughton both died very suddenly. Their son, Clarence, was not interested in taking over their summer cottage, the former Griffin cabin on Lot 3, and he arranged for its sale to Matt Irwin. The property was again sold in 1948, this time to the Johnson family who are the present owners. (As has already been mentioned, the original building was demolished in 1969.)

Arthur and Greta Floyd were friends of the Pincocks and had rented the Hutcheson cabin in 1933. In 1934 they made arrangements with the now experienced carpenters, George Pincock and Bert Gallimore, to build a cottage on the vacant lot between McNaughtons and Swanns (Lot 12). The completed structure was named "Washademoak".

When Arthur Floyd retired in 1947, the cottage was sold to two sisters, Grace and E. B. Dolmage. They, in turn, sold to Mr. and Mrs. Wilf McCorquodale in 1957.

While all this construction was taking place on Lake Florence, only one new cottage appears to have been built on Lake Nora. Five young men from Transcona - Johnny Day, Albert Thompson, Phil Blais, Art Moore and Jimmy Taylor - pooled their resources around 1933 or 1934 to build a cabin on the island (Lot 6, Island 1). They sold the building in 1935 to Helen Duncan, who later married Fred Osinski. This property is still owned by the Osinski family.

COMMUNITY DEVELOPMENT

As its population increased, the little community acquired some of the amenities of a civilized summer resort. A private mail bag service had been provided since Winnitoba Post Office was closed in 1927. The Winnipeg Tribune made arrangements for newspaper delivery which have continued to the present day. Ice for refrigeration was supplied from a number of ice houses, most of which were built on a co-operative basis to serve three or four cottages. At first ice-cutting bees were organized each winter by the men from the various cottages; later on arrangements were made with Pompey Charette to keep the ice houses filled.

The first outboard motor made its appearance at Winnitoba around 1930, when Brownells brought in a small (one or two horsepower) Evinrude machine. The general opinion of outboard motors at that time was that they were noisy, dirty, smelly, unreliable and totally unnecessary; however, this one was clearly understood to be Mrs. Brownell's and as such was grudgingly accepted by the other campers. Several years elapsed before George Gallimore, who had been one of the most outspoken critics of the "put-puts", brought in the second machine. Resistance to the outboard motor seemed to crumble with the arrival of the Gallimore's little Evinrude (which is still in working order) and soon most of the campers had one or more machines.

Several campers planted gardens, but most had only indifferent success due to the thin soil and abundance of wild life. The most notable exception was Mrs. Brownell who, being undoubtedly blessed with a very green thumb, was able to coax flowers to bloom in magnificent profusion around her cottage all summer long. Fred Baragar had good success with a vegetable garden after building a high wire fence around it and bringing in many bags of topsoil and manure from the family farm at Elm Creek, Manitoba.

A custom that started in the early days was the Sunday evening Sing Song. The campers would gather in someone's cabin or, if the weather permitted, outdoors and sing hymns. Hymn books were bought, and these are still in use, inscribed and numbered in Mrs. Gallimore's clear handwriting. Perhaps one reason for the success of Sing Song was that at collection time no one was expected to contribute anything. The plates that were passed around by the children were filled with candy!

At first George Gallimore would lead the singing, possibly with the assistance of a mouth organ to find the right note. Everyone agreed that a piano would be a great help at such gatherings, so the Robertsons decided that they would try to find one that would be suitable for the lake.

In the spring of 1932, Mary Robertson noticed that Eatons was advertising reconditioned pianos at bargain prices. Alice Robertson and a musical friend, Grace Spear, volunteered to go to the store and look over the selection. If they could find a piano that was not too big and heavy and was reasonably priced, they were to buy it.

They came home with the news that they had bought a piano and had arranged to have it crated and shipped to Winnitoba.

In due course the instrument was unloaded onto the Winnitoba station platform. The first task was to remove the crate. In spite of the instructions given to the shoppers, the piano looked huge, and seemed to be very heavy indeed. Fortunately, a good number of willing workers had assembled at the station and soon the piano was started on its way down the long wooden sidewalk to the dock. (It must be remembered that the station had not yet been moved from its original location in front of Chateau Log.) It was not an easy task to guide that big piano on rollers along the narrow two-board walk, but this part of the job was eventually completed without mishap.

For the trip across the lake it was decided to put the piano in one boat and the oarsmen in another. Jack Gray was to ride in the boat with the piano, to balance the cargo and keep it steady. Once again all went well. Even the weather co-operated with light winds and calm seas.

The instrument was put ashore in front of the Robertson cottage. The volunteer laborers pushed and pulled it inch by inch over the rocky shore and up the path to Femin Inn. At last the piano was safely installed in the Robertsons' living room, where it has remained to this day.

Shortly after this monumental moving job was completed, Mary Robertson received the following statement in the mail:

Winnitoba, Man.
July 4/32.

To:
Miss M. Robertson

Statement of account re moving piano from Mile 41 to Mile 49 $\frac{1}{2}$.

Prof. advice Miss I. Robertson \$10.00

for service rendered:

Mr. Wilson	5.00
Mr. McMoran	5.00
F. McNaughton	2.50
J. McNaughton	5.00
G. Gallimore	5.00
Mr. Robertson	5.00
Use of boats	2.50
Refreshments	1.50
Mr. Gray	3.00
Damage to sidewalk	4.00
Damage to foundation of dock	5.00
Severe shock to community nervous system	10.00
Anticipation to general disturbance of this peaceful village	<u>25.00</u>
Total	\$78.50

Kindly give this your immediate attention

G. Gallimore

For many years the Sing Songs were held around this piano and Femen Inn became the official "church", with Mary Robertson or Florence Baskerville acting as pianist.

Mary Robertson still shudders when she remembers being told that Jack Gray, who accompanied the piano in that overloaded and unstable boat, could not swim a stroke!

THE TRANS CANADA HIGHWAY

The first Trans-Canada Highway (now Manitoba Highway 44) was built through the Whiteshell area and opened for traffic in 1932. West Hawk and Caddy Lakes were now accessible by road for the first time.

That summer, Glenn and Jack Robertson decided that they would like to see how construction was progressing on the new road, so they set out by canoe for West Hawk Lake. The portage between Nora and South Cross Lakes was the Charettes' wagon road, which went right by their house. Mrs. Charette met the two travellers and tried to persuade them to turn back, warning them that there were many bears in the woods and they were sure to be attacked. Mrs. Charette did not like bears and considered them to be very dangerous animals.

The Robertson brothers were not easily dissuaded, however, and they continued on their way, arriving on the south shore of West Hawk Lake by evening. They walked a short distance inland and set up camp on the north shore of Hunt Lake.

They had still not seen the new road, so after dark they started out along a path that seemed to lead in the right direction. After they had walked some distance, Glenn in the lead, suddenly cried out and his shadowy figure dropped from Jack's sight. The path had been cut by the excavation for the new road and Glenn had tumbled down the embankment.

Glenn was badly cut and bruised, but with Jack's help managed to return to their camp site, where he spent the night in considerable pain. The next day Jack walked up the road to a construction camp, and found that there was a first-aid station there with a qualified attendant. Jack went back and brought Glenn to the first-aid station, where his wounds were dressed and proper splints and bandages were applied.

The next day Glenn declared himself fit for the return trip and the two brothers started back to Winnitoba. Once again Mrs. Charette met them on the portage. When she saw Glenn's bruises, bandages and torn clothing she exclaimed "The bears! The bears got you!" No amount of explanations could convince her that Glenn's injuries had been caused by anything other than those savage animals whose attack she had predicted.

THE 1932 BOUNDARY SURVEY

Another event of 1932 was the re-survey of the Manitoba-Ontario boundary. The section between Lake of the Woods and the Winnipeg River, surveyed in 1897, had become difficult to find and many of the monuments were in poor condition. Between June 28 and September 20, 1932, a survey party under the direction of J. W. Pierce retraced this section, working south from the Winnipeg River. Forest growth was cleared from either side of the line and new concrete monuments and rock posts with stone mounds were erected. Of the original 82 monuments placed along the approximately 59 miles of boundary, 80 were located by Mr. Pierce's party.

As the surveyors worked their way south into the area between Marion and Anne Lakes, their presence was discovered by curious campers from Winnitoba. For the next week or two the most popular form of entertainment at Winnitoba was watching the survey party at work. Fortunately the surveyors did not seem to mind having all these spectators around, and the campers reciprocated by inviting the surveyors back to their summer homes for meals and social events.

The survey party set up camp at Scout Beach on Lake Marion as they worked their way through the Winnitoba area. Their previous camp site had been on Hello Lake and when they moved on from Lake Marion they established their next headquarters on Long Pine Lake near Ingolf. (The sandy beach on the east shore of Lake Marion had been known as Scout Beach since the very early days when a party of Boy Scouts under a Mr. Dundas had camped there.)

THE LAKE FLORENCE CAMPERS ASSOCIATION

On November 11, 1932, an organizational meeting of the Winnitoba Cottagers Association was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Baskerville, 254 Lansdowne Avenue, Winnipeg. The minutes record that the following members were present:

Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Baskerville
Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Brownell
Mr. and Mrs. George Gallimore
Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Patterson
Mrs. J. F. and Miss Jessie McNaughton
Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Pincock
Mr. and Mrs. F. D. Baragar
Miss Mary and Mrs. J. B. Robertson
Mr. Harold Bridger

First President was Bill Baskerville. Frank Brownell was elected Vice President; Fred Baragar, Secretary; and Mrs. Gallimore was the First Treasurer.

The first item of business at this meeting concerned railway fares, a topic which has continued to be of interest right up to the present.

"There was a discussion of railway fares and it was the general opinion that lower fares should be sought from the railway. This matter was referred to the executive to take up, along with other matters, with the railway authorities."

One of the "other matters" discussed during the meeting was the location of the station platform. For some time there had been agitation to have the Winnitoba stop moved closer to the landings on Lake Florence and Lake Nora. The following motion was unanimously passed:

"That a petition be drawn up to ask the C.N.R. to change the station to a point eastward of the present position and approximately at the present rail stand, and further that the Railway Company be requested to build an adequate shelter."

Before the meeting adjourned, the petition was drawn up and signed by all those present.

The new Association does not seem to have been successful in obtaining lower fares, for the meeting held the following year, 1933, passed a motion "that the executive approach the railway in order to get more equitable train fares". Better results were obtained in the matter of the station platform, which was indeed moved as requested. The Association was not prepared to rest on its laurels, however, and at the 1933 meeting asked its executive "to continue their work to obtain a shelter at the station platform".

This entry appears in the minutes of the 1934 meeting:

"The meeting received with satisfaction the report of the committee on the railway shelter. As a result of their work the Railway in 1934 had placed at Winnitoba a very satisfactory shelter and platform. Mr. Brownell had been chiefly responsible for getting this improvement."

This shelter, which is the one still in use today, was moved in from Pine River, Manitoba. It arrived with the name of its former location still on it, causing local wags to suggest that the name Winnitoba be changed to Pine River to save the railway the cost of painting a new sign.

In other business at the 1934 meeting a committee was appointed "to work towards more equitable railway fares to Winnitoba".

It should be explained that the complaints about railway fares seem to have been justified. Fares from Winnipeg to Winnitoba were the same as those from Winnipeg to Malachi or even to Minaki, and this situation continued for many years. Some relief was provided in 1935 when the fare to Malachi was reduced and tickets for Winnitoba could be purchased at the Malachi rate. A graduated scale of fares based on the distance travelled to each station was not instituted until 1940.

Other matters appearing frequently in the minutes of the Association concerned water supply for drinking purposes, dams and lake levels, public docks and paths, re-stocking of the lakes with fish and the cutting and stock-piling of ice in the community ice houses. The 1934 minutes reported the marriage of Jack Gray; in 1935, the Secretary was instructed to write to Harold Bridger, expressing the regret of the community at his loss sustained in the destruction of his cottage by fire.

Harold Bridger's cabin was located on Lake Nora, and it will have been noted that he was one of the founding members of the Campers Association. Edgar Brown, also of Lake Nora, was very active in the activities of the Association until his death in 1945. As more campers located on Lake Nora, however, there was little interest in joining an organization whose members were almost all from Lake Florence. In 1952 the names of the Association was changed to the Lake Florence Campers Association, in which name activities have continued to the present.

The Lake Nora campers have their own Association, although it has been less active than its Lake Florence counterpart. From time to time the two groups get together for social events during the winter; these have proven to be warm, friendly gatherings enjoyed by all present.

THE WATER SUPPLY

In the early days at Winnitoba everyone obtained drinking water from the spring. This abundant source of clear, cold water was located close to the original logging camp buildings and may well have been a factor in choosing the camp site. Few people in those days would drink the lake water without first boiling it. The spring was, therefore, a real asset to the community. Charles McNaughton called it "Excelsior".

For a number of years a daily excursion to the spring was part of the way of life at Winnitoba. Campers along the east shore of Lake Florence had to row or paddle across the lake to fill their pails, but no one ever thought that this was a hardship. A time came, however, when some of these campers began to wonder if drinking water could be obtained closer at hand.

In 1933, the government was prevailed upon to dig a well on the east shore close to "I'm Alone". Plenty of water was found, although it was somewhat murky in appearance. To serve the cottages at the north end of the subdivision, another well was dug in 1936, this time close to the portage from Lake Marion. The minutes of the 1936 annual meeting of the Campers Association reported that "the well dug this year had been a partial success".

In due course someone thought of having the water tested for purity. Samples were taken from the spring, the two wells and from the lake. When the results came back the purest water was found to be not from the spring or from the wells but that taken from the lake itself. As the campers learned of this report the two wells gradually fell into disuse, although a number of people continued to use the spring. In 1938 the government installed concrete cribbing and a pipe to bring the spring water to a more convenient location next to the railway right of way.

Two further attempts to obtain good well water were made in 1941 but in each case the results were unsatisfactory and the wells were filled in.

Most campers today obtain their drinking water from the lake. Some carry it to their cottages in pails, others pump it up through hoses laid along the lake bottom. However, the path to "Excelsior" remains well worn, indicating that some still prefer the traditional Winnitoba source of water supply.

JACK GRAY - CONCLUSION

Mention has already been made of Jack Gray's marriage in 1934. Jack was no longer a young man and most of the campers considered him to be a confirmed bachelor. Besides, he really didn't have much opportunity to meet eligible members of the opposite sex.

Romance came into his life one evening when, invited to join a card game at the home of Art Delronne, a member of the Ophir section crew, he was attracted to a young lady who was visiting the Delronnes. Before long, Jack and Violet were man and wife.

The minutes of the Campers Association meeting in 1934 record that "the Treasurer was asked to collect \$1.25 per cottage to purchase a wedding gift and Christmas hamper for the happy pair".

Jack took his bride home to his log cabin in Station Bay, Lake Nora, where they lived for three or four years and where their son, John Gray, was born. Finally the need for a steady income to support his family forced Jack to move to Winnipeg, where he found work with the Manitoba Telephone System. (No doubt Mr. Brownell had a hand in this matter, for jobs were few and far between in these Depression years.) With Jack's departure, Winnitoba lost its handyman, its year 'round watchman and its link with the early days of the community.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Cleaver bought the Gray cabin, selling their former location beside the tracks to Mr. and Mrs. A. Hay. A short time afterwards Jack Cleaver died and the property was sold again to Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Miller. Their son, Bill, owns the cabin today, but in recent years it has been used most frequently by Lionel Pugh and his wife, Eleanor, who is Bill Miller's sister. It seems appropriate that Jack Gray's cabin is being used by someone who knew him well and greatly respected him.

The Pughs' daughter, Susie, and her husband, Barry Raeside, have taken a keen interest in "Red Shingles" (the cabin's official name) so it seems evident that this historic building will continue to be well maintained for many years to come.

Perhaps it should be mentioned at this point that while the Hay family settled very happily into the old Cleaver cabin, which they christened "Sun-Set Rest", Mrs. Cleaver's conscience bothered her about the transaction.

Evidently the building was pretty ramshackle and was severely infested with mice. Besides, it was situated on Crown Land without any lease agreement. The Hays had paid the Cleavers \$210.00 for the property; when Mrs. Cleaver died it was learned that in her will she had left \$200.00 to Mrs. Hay.

A PIONEER FAMILY LEAVES

The year 1934 marked not only the marriage of Jack Gray but also the departure of a family with close ties to the community. Fred and Peggy McNaughton had bought a house on the banks of the Red River in suburban Fort Garry; this was to be a year 'round home and summer cottage combined. In 1934 they sold their historic "Chateau Log" to the Smith family.

Perhaps other factors were involved too. During the previous year both "Uncle Charlie" and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. McNaughton, had died; also Fred's mother had moved from her little "Way Down Inn" across the track to the new "Alteora" on the far shore of Lake Florence. But the McNaughtons took many happy memories of Winnitoba with them. In a letter written in 1967 from Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan, (their home since 1948), Fred McNaughton was able to declare: "Boy oh boy, I can still taste the fried pickerel and blueberry pie!"

In recent years the connection between Winnitoba and this branch of the McNaughton family was re-established when another Charles H. McNaughton, a son of Fred, purchased the Gallimore cottage. Chuck and Shirley McNaughton's three daughters have the distinction of being fourth generation Winnitobans!

A LANDMARK VANISHES

In the mid-1930's the C.N.R. sent out an extra gang from Transcona to pull up the spur track at Winnitoba. Except for a short piece next to the main line, the track had long since fallen into a state of disrepair. After the station platform was moved farther east, the old board walk had been allowed to disintegrate, so the siding was no longer a convenient place to unload lumber and supplies. Any camper ordering a car load of lumber there-after asked the railway to unload it at the (new) station platform or at the east end of the rock cut where the distance to either Lake Florence or Lake Nora was very short indeed.

Obviously the spur track had outlived its usefulness, so it was removed.

THE LATE 1930's

From the mid-1930's to the outbreak of World War Two, there was, despite the Depression, a fair amount of new construction at Winnitoba. Hugh and Mildred Cowan became interested in the Lake Nora area after seeing pictures taken by Johnny Day, and in 1937 they built their first cottage (now Jacksons') on the island (Lot 5, Island 1).

William Sutherland had resolved to build a cottage at Winnitoba after spending a weekend there as the guest of Bob MacKay. He first cleared a site on Lake Nora, but eventually chose Lot 5 Lake Florence where, assisted by his three sons, Jim, John and Hector, as well as by several friends, he built in 1937 the cottage that son John and his family occupy today.

Also in 1937, George Gee built a cabin at the west end of Lake Nora (Lot 2, Block 4), later sold to the Stefan family.

Al Sparks built a small cottage on Lot 9, Lake Florence in 1938. In 1946 this property was sold to Ron Shearer, who added a kitchen and made other improvements.

Another Lake Florence cottage built in 1938 was Walter Nicklin's on Lot 6. Walter had been a frequent guest of Jack Davis in "I'm Alone" on Lot 7, and he eventually decided to build on the adjoining lot.

Dr. Harold Waldon of Vita, Manitoba, built on Lot 19, Lake Florence in 1939.

Also in 1939 or thereabouts, Tom Campbell built a cottage on the high rock next to Jack Gray's old home on Lake Nora. This building (on Lot 6, Block 1) is owned today by the Pratts.

No discussion of new construction at Winnitoba in the late 1930's would be complete without mention being made of the Charettes' new house. Construction of the two storey log structure started around 1937, and when finished it was a very comfortable home indeed, with electric lights and running water from a sump. Pompey, who was working on the C.N.R. section crew at Ophir and living at home, designed the house and did most of the work on it. Everyone was well pleased with the result.

THE WAR YEARS

During the years of the Second World War, 1939 to 1945, there was, as might be expected, very little building activity at Winnitoba. Building materials were not available, and many of the young men of the community (as well as some who were not so young) answered the call of king and country and were away for all or part of this period. Some, indeed, did not return.

In 1941, however, the Hay family built their "Bonnie-View" cottage on the point of land facing the island on Lake Nora, next to the site where Harold Bridger's cabin had stood. On completion of this new building, the

Hays abandoned their old "Sun-Set Rest" over by the tracks. Today the Hay cottage (Lot 1, Block 2) is occupied by their daughter, Shirley Harding, and her family.

Another cottage was built on Lake Nora in 1945, as the war years ended. Hugh Cowan's brother, Bob, built on the island (Lot 2, Island 1) with much of the work being done by Hugh. This cottage is owned today by the George Lanigans, who bought it in 1956.

THE CHARETTE STORY - CONCLUSION

In 1943 Pompey Charette moved to Winnipeg. He had been promoted to Section Foreman earlier in the year, but was soon "bumped" by another employee with greater seniority. Much as he enjoyed living at home, he was discouraged to find that even after ten years' service on the railway, he was unable to hold the only good job available at Ophir. He resigned and accepted an offer from Frank Brownell to work for the Manitoba Telephone System in Winnipeg.

Mr. and Mrs. Charette continued to live in the family home until their deaths in 1948 and 1950 respectively. Pompey, now known to everyone as Lionel (or Len) Pugh, was anxious to retain ownership of the house, partly for sentimental reasons and partly because he felt that it would make a very acceptable summer home. He applied to the Provincial Government for permission to lease as a summer resort lot the property on which the house stood (the reader will recall that the house had been built on Crown Land), but before arrangements were complete the building was destroyed by fire. The cause of this fire, in 1952, was never determined, but it is thought that transients may have been living in the building.

With the house gone, Lionel allowed the lease arrangements to drop. On August 12, 1953, the Charette quarter section was taken over by the government as part of Whiteshell Provincial Park. Lionel Pugh and his wife, Eleanor, are still frequent visitors to Winnitoba, however, as Mrs. Pugh's brother, Bill Miller, owns Jack Gray's former cabin on Lake Nora.

ALEX THE TRAPPER

Lionel Pugh had put up ice in the community ice houses for a number of years. His departure created something of a crisis in the community, as there seemed to be no one else available to do the job. Fortunately, someone had heard that a young man from Elma was now operating a trapline in the Winnitoba area and might be agreeable to acting as iceman. The trapper, Alex Kolanski, was contacted in the fall of 1944 and he agreed to put up ice that winter. He continued to perform this service to everyone's satisfaction for a number of years, until he moved away from his cabin on Lake Doreen.

Alex still lives in the Whiteshell (at Bernard Lake) and is an occasional visitor to the Winnitoba area. Shy and retiring by nature, he has often come and gone before anyone was aware of his presence. Over the years he has been a good friend to the campers, although only a few have come to know him well.

DISASTER AT DUGALD

The Campers Special was involved in a disastrous railway accident at Dugald, Manitoba, on Monday, September 1, 1947. The inbound Special, travelling at full speed, ran into a transcontinental passenger train that was standing on the main line. Many lives were lost in the collision and resultant fire. Fortunately for the people of Winnitoba, the train was running in two sections to accommodate the heavy Labour Day Weekend crowds. The first section had stopped to pick up the Winnitoba passengers; it was the second section that was involved in the wreck. One camper from Lake Nora, a member of the train crew named Skogsburg, was killed.

REFRIGERATION

In the fall of 1949, Alex Kolanski sent word to the campers that he would no longer be able to put up ice for them. That winter the section foreman at Ophir, Paul Kuzak, took on the job, but it seemed that once was enough. In 1950 Wilf Anderson, a tourist outfitter at Rice Lake, Ontario, undertook to put up the ice, but he, too, backed out after doing the job once. The Campers Association contacted several likely prospects from Rennie, Manitoba, to Malachi, Ontario, but there was just no one available who was willing to put up ice at Winnitoba.

During the summer of 1952, most campers were without ice. Many dug holes in the ground and buried pails or garbage cans, where perishables were stored. This system was not too satisfactory, especially when bears discovered the buried goodies.

Someone had noticed an advertisement in the newspaper offering used kerosene refrigerators for sale. Several campers felt that this advertisement presented a possible solution to the ice problem. Dr. Waldon offered to get in touch with the advertiser, and he found that the machines were located near the southern border of North Dakota. A large number was available at what seemed to be reasonable prices.

In December of 1952, Dr. Waldon drove to North Dakota and purchased eleven refrigerators. Arrangements were made to ship them to Winnipeg, from where they were taken by truck to Elma and loaded on the Local. Dr. Waldon and three friends went down to Winnitoba to take the shipment across the lake.

"It was late on in the winter when they arrived" writes Dr. Waldon "and we had had a few warm days. The lake was dotted with pools of water and patches of soggy snow. It proved almost too much for the four of us to move one on a home made sled. We struggled with them until about 9 o'clock and then staggered to bed. At about 2.30 A.M. three of us were awakened by the fourth who announced that the lake had frozen hard. We jumped into the collars and with comparatively little trouble moved the refrigerators to our side of the lake; we took some into the cottages and others to the door. In the morning we caught the train for the city.

"We are happy to report that all the machines worked well and with one exception all are still in use."

THE POSTWAR YEARS

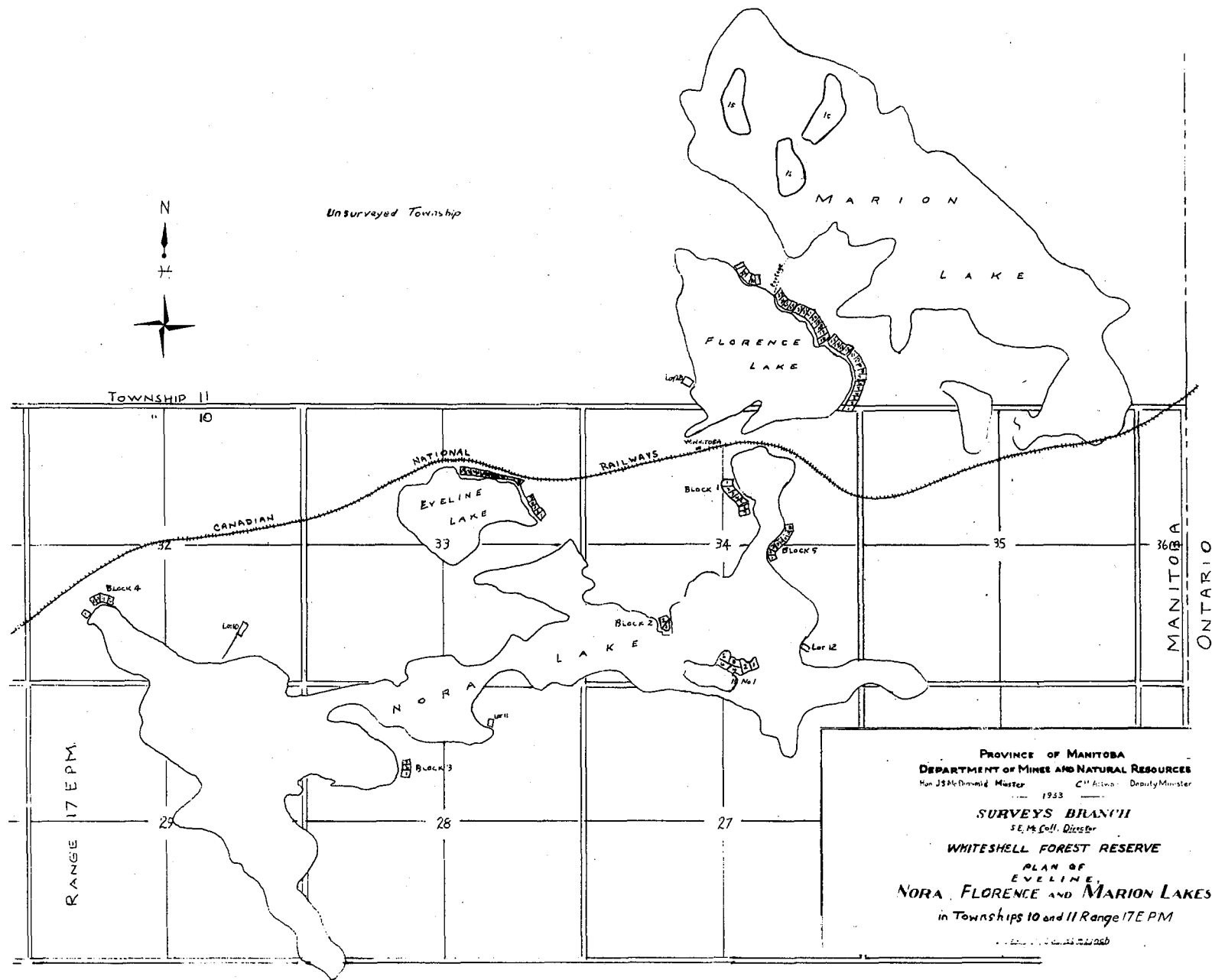
Many cottages have been built at Winnitoba in the years following the Second World War; a recital of new construction by date, lot number and names of builders would be tedious for the reader. Much of this information will be found in the accounts of individual cottages, beginning on page 109. The total number of cottages at the resort today is 48, of which 31 are on Lake Florence and 17 on Lake Nora. Many of the cottage owners are second generation Winnitobans; at least two are third generation (Chuck McNaughton and Liz Beazley are both grandchildren of Mrs. Jessie McNaughton).

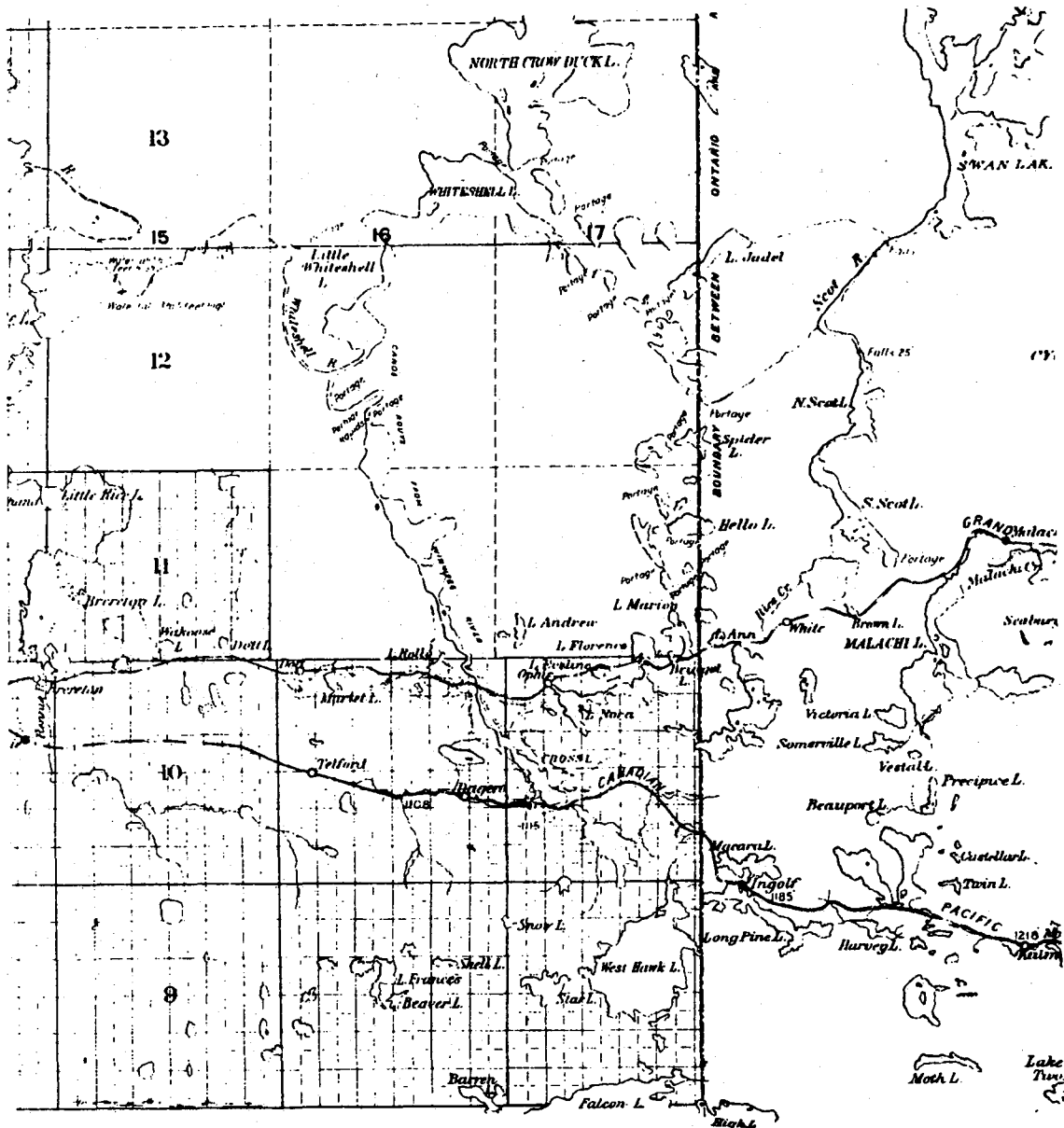
Winnitoba has been spared much of the so-called "progress" that has come to other parts of Whiteshell Provincial Park in the past twenty-five years. Roads, electricity, stores, garbage collection and telephones are lacking in this area, as are problems of traffic, pollution and overcrowded campgrounds. Progress is measured in terms of new cottages, new docks and community projects such as the magnificent set of concrete steps built by the Lake Nora campers in 1954. These steps replaced a formidably steep, muddy path leading down from the railway tracks to the dock in Station Bay.

From time to time the C.N.R. has threatened to reduce or discontinue its passenger services on which the campers are totally dependent. Indeed the Local has already been discontinued, or rather transformed into a freight-only service. There have been occasional interruptions in the railway's operations caused by strikes or derailments, but otherwise most campers have been satisfied with the service provided and hope that it will continue. Most recognize that the wilderness atmosphere that prevails at Winnitoba would be lost if the area were accessible by road.

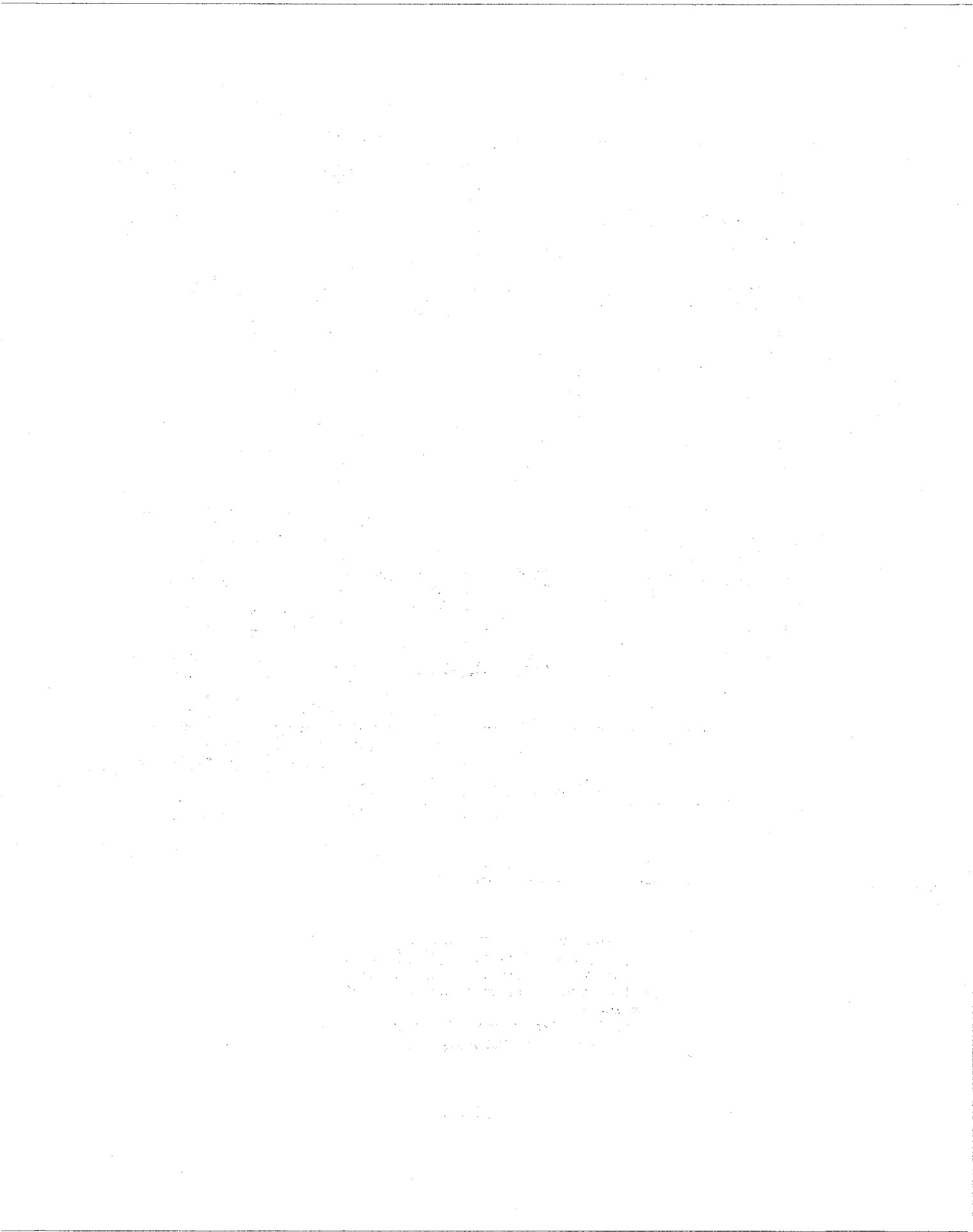
INTRODUCTION TO PART TWO

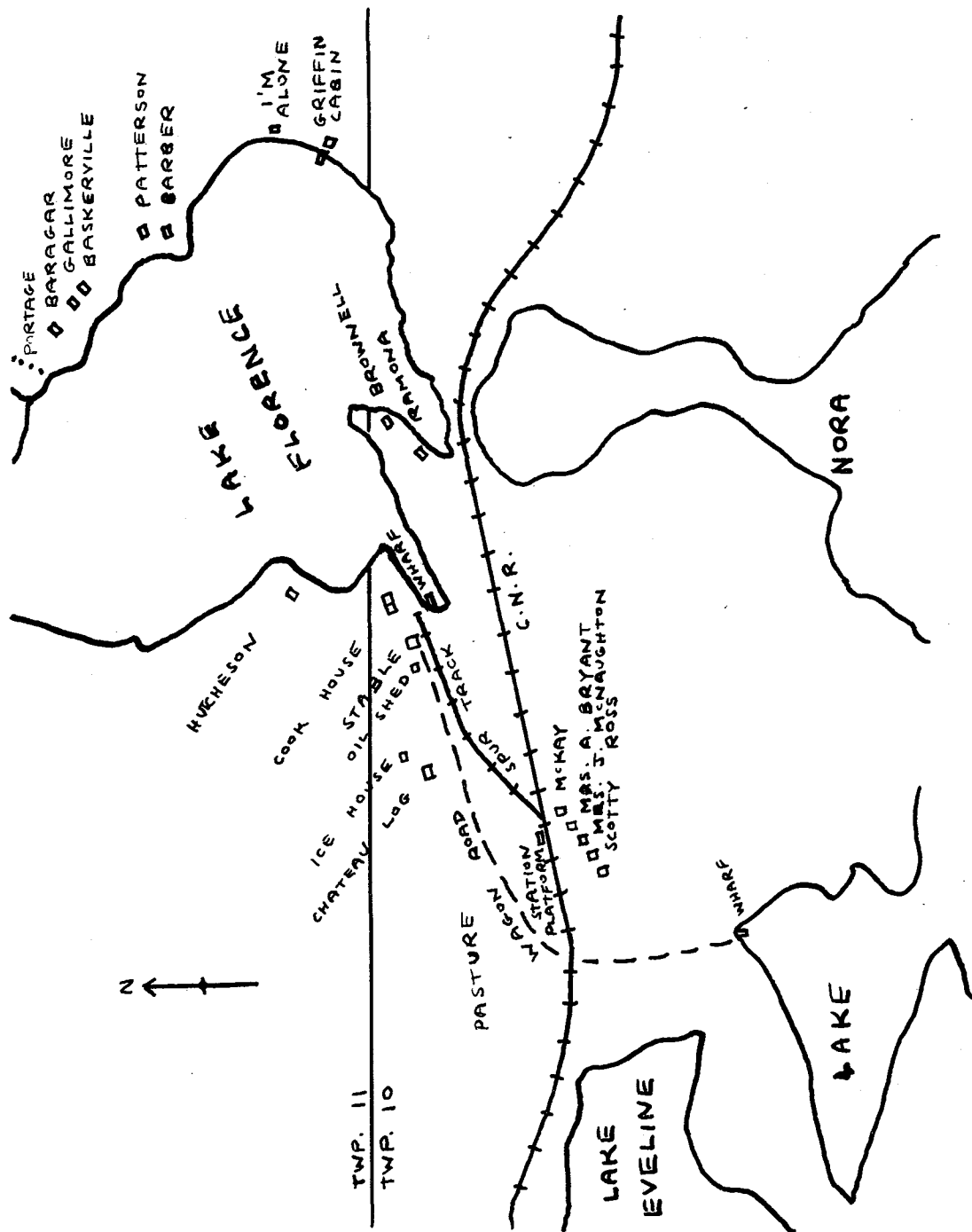
The foregoing has been an attempt to present, in roughly chronological order, the history of Winnitoba up to the early 1950's. This information will provide the necessary background for Part Two of the book consisting of stories of many of the individual cottages. Some repetition has been unavoidable, but it is hoped that the reader will not find too many discrepancies between the facts and figures presented in Part One and those given in Part Two.





Portion of Cross Lake Sheet, Sectional Map 74, dated February, 1913; first map to show the Winnipeg area in detail. Note portages shown to north of Lake Marion. (Courtesy Department of Energy, Mines and Resources, Ottawa.)





Winnitoba in 1928.
(Based on map drawn by Fred McNaughton.)

READ UP

No. 36 Sun. Tue.-Fri.	Special Saturday only	Special Friday only	No. 4 Daily	No. 2 Daily	Miles	STATIONS	No. 1 Daily	No. 3 Daily	Special Sunday only	No. 35 Mon. Thu.-Sat.
P.M. 10.30	P.M. 1.30 (Effective June 22)	P.M. 5.00 (Effective June 22 to Sept. 1, inc.)	P.M. 6.00	A.M. 10.00	0.0	Winnipeg	P.M. 8.15	A.M. 8.45	P.M. 10.45 ▲	P.M. 9.10
					7.1	Transcona				
				10.27	22.5	Dugaid	f 7.45			
					29.5	Elm				
					30.5	Vivian				
					40.0	Hazel				
	f 3.00	f 6.36		11.37	47.9	Lewis	f 6.36			
					55.0	Elma			f 9.20	
	f 3.20	f 6.55			64.8	Hector				
					70.0	Brereton (See Note)			f 8.57	
					77.1	Decimal				
	f 3.47	f 7.22			84.6	Ophir				
					87.5	Winnitoba			f 8.27	
					92.6	White				
	4.04	7.38	b 8.43	12.55	98.7	Malachi	b 5.12	b 5.57	8.11	
	4.16	8.50	b 8.50	13.8	108.2	Wadena	b 5.29	b 6.24	8.58	
6 1.30	4.30	9.00	9.08	1.25	114.4	Minaki	4.42	9.29	▲ 7.45	5.54
	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.		P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.

Campers' Specials stop at Brereton Platform instead of at Station.
Stops on signal for passengers to and from Winnipeg, Sioux Lookout and beyond. c Mon. Wed. Sat.
 * When Monday is a holiday, Sunday Special will return from Minaki 7.45 p.m. Mon. instead of Sun.
 Mixed train Lvs. Winnipeg 8.00 a.m. Mon., Wed., Fri; arr. Minaki 3.30 p.m. Lvs. Minaki 7.35 a.m.
 Tues., Thurs., Sat; arr. Winnipeg 2.00 p.m.

No. 51 Fri. only	No. 45 Daily ex Sun.	No. 43 Daily	No. 41 Sat. only	No. 39 Wed. Sat.	Special Sunday only	STATIONS	No. 40 Daily ex Sun.	No. 42 Su.We. Sun.	No. 44 Sun. only	No. 46 Daily ex Sun.	No. 52 Sat. Sun.
P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	A.M.	A.M.	lv. Winnipeg	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.
5.50	6.25	1.30	1.10	9.00	10.00	West Transcona	8.40	9.25	10.20	11.50	8.35
	6.38	1.44		9.14	10.14	Parkmount	8.23	9.47		11.32	8.7
						Sirida Hill					
						Manlius					
						Gonor					
						East Sekirk					
						Sample					
						Labau					
						Anterbury					
						Beaconsia					
						Balsam Bay					
						Grand Beach					
						Belair					
						Amanda					
						Hillside Beach					
						Albert Beach					
						Victoria Beach					

No. 43 stops on Friday at Seaboard. No. 40 stops on flag at all stations Saturdays only and Seaboard Mondays. Trains Nos. 39, 40, 42, 43 46 stop at West Transcona for passengers to and from Beaches only, and at Belair, Amanda, Hillside Beach, Albert Beach for passengers to or from Winnipeg only. On Tues., 45, 46, "Moonlight" will not run on Fridays only (beginning June 22) between Grand Beach and Victoria Beach, account no train operating on Fridays direct to Victoria Beach. Mixed train Vrs. Winnipeg 10.25 a.m. Mon., Wed., Fri., to the Beaches. Returns Tues., Thurs. Sat., to June 19, then Tues. Thurs. only. Stops on signal.

C.N.R. Resort Timetable, 1928.
(Courtesy Mrs. F. D. Baragar)

MINAKI LODGE

**In the Beautiful Lake District
114 Miles East of Winnipeg**

114 Miles East of Winnipeg

OPEN JUNE 23 TO SEPTEMBER 3

**Rates \$5.00 per Day and upwards
Special Weekly Rates. AMERICAN PLAN**

Special Weekly Rates. AMERICAN PL

Fishing

Boating

RETURN FARES

FROM Winnipeg:	Minaki Wade	Malachuk
1/2-week-End Tickets -	\$4.20	\$4.20
Season Tickets-----	5.30	5.30

ASK FOR ILLUSTRATED DESCRIPTIVE TOIDB

GRAND BEACH HOTEL

OPEN JUNE 29 TO SEPTEMBER 3

Rates \$4.00 per Day and upwards

Special Weekly Rates. AMERICAN PLAN

Dancing Every Evening

**except Sunday at Grand Beach
In Canada's Finest Pavilion**

RETURN FARES

FROM	Beach	Beach	Beach
Winnipeg:			
Moonlight Tickets, \$	0.75		
10-Trip Tickets---	1.00	\$ 1.25	\$ 1.25
50-Trip Tickets---	10.00	12.50	12.50
Week-End Tickets.	2.45	2.95	2.95

TRAIN SERVICE

SUMMER SEASON

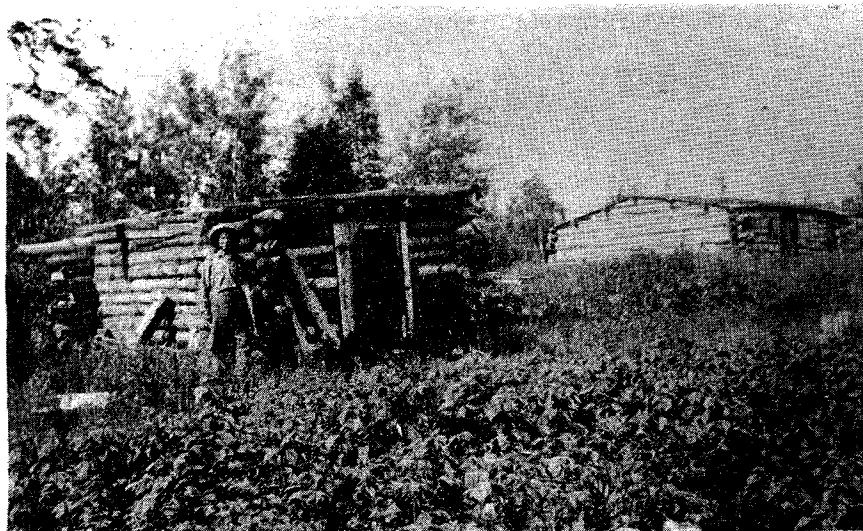
1928



MINAKI RESORT

AND TO THE

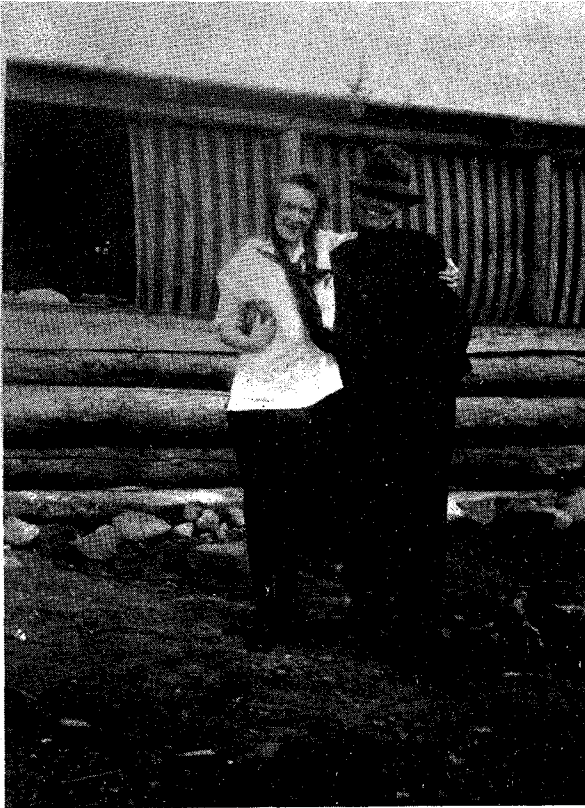
BEACHES ON EAST SIDE OF LAKE WINNIPEG



Blacksmith Shop (foreground) and Cook House
in Galbraith days. Man unidentified.
(Courtesy Lionel Pugh)



Cook "Uncle Tom" and Cook House in Galbraith days.
(Courtesy Mrs. Robert Walters)



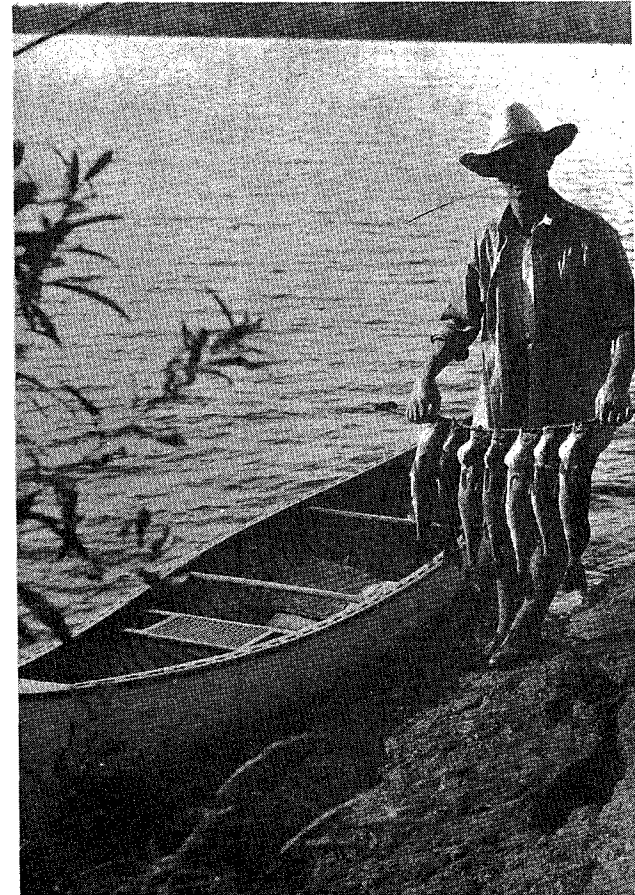
Galbraith house (later known
as Chateau Log) around 1920.
Beatrice O'Donovan and friend
in foreground.
(Courtesy Mrs. Robert Walters)



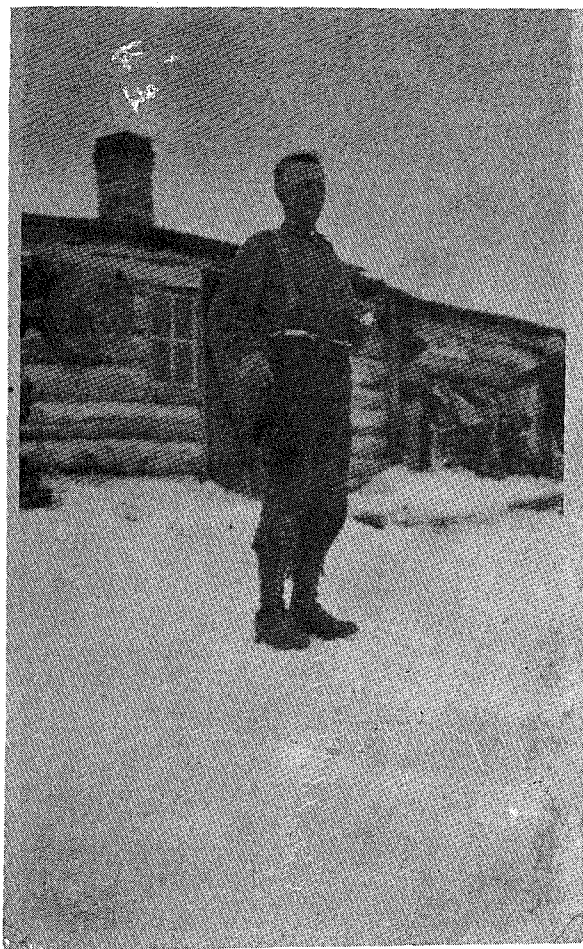
Winnitoba businessmen, circa 1925. Left to right:
D. C. McFee, Harry Galbraith, Charles H. McNaughton,
Mr. Sommerville, Sr. (Courtesy Miss Jessie McNaughton)



Jack Gray
(Courtesy Mrs. F. D. Baragar)



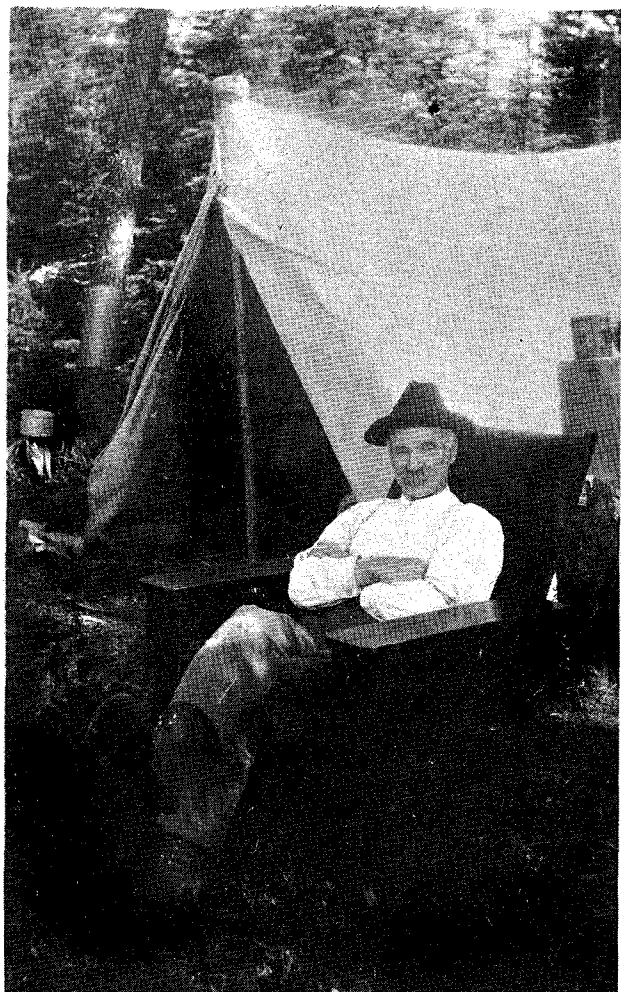
Jack Gray and his canoe
(Courtesy Mrs. F. D. Baragar)



Joe Charette and Cook House,
Winnitoba.
(Courtesy Lionel Pugh)

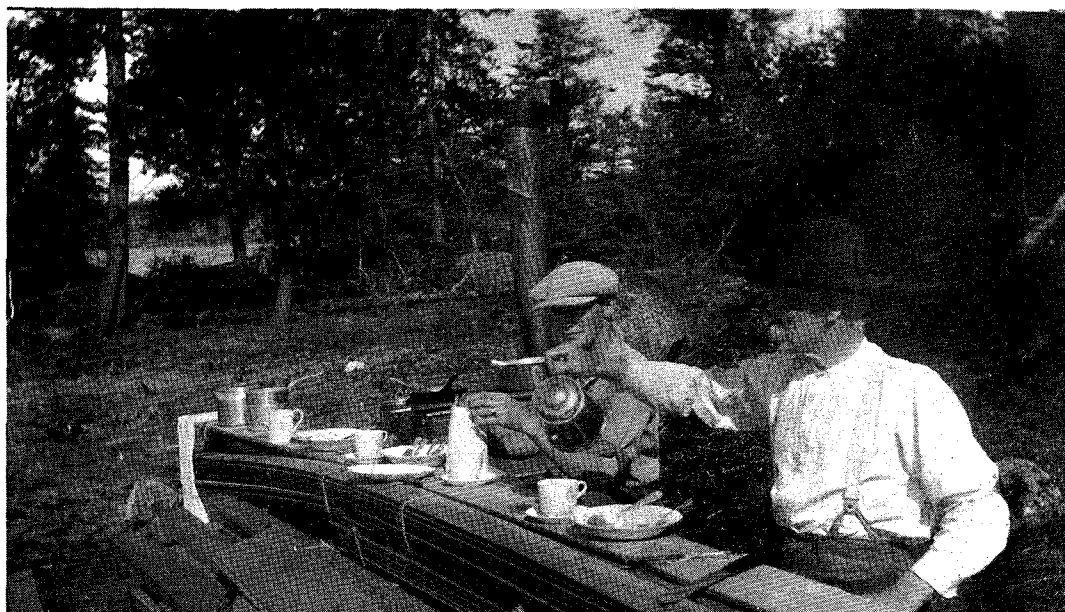


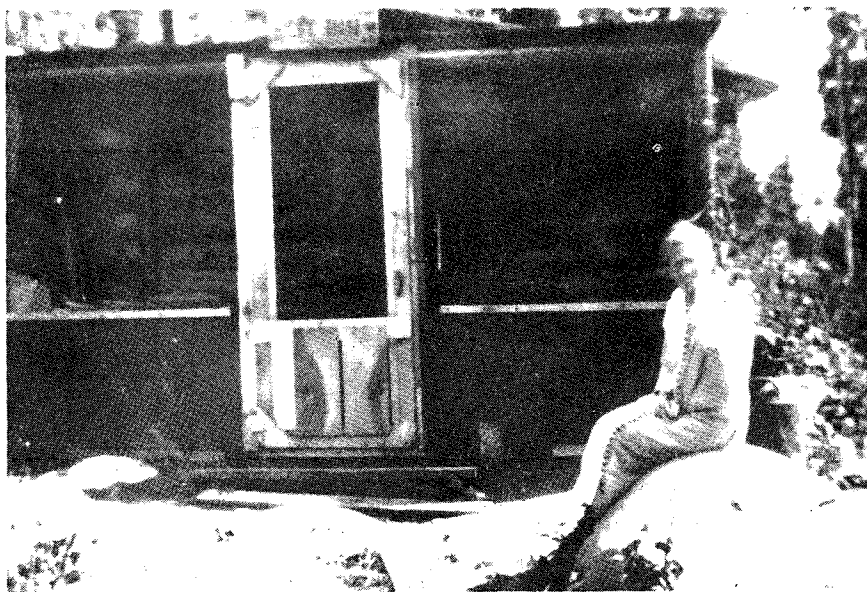
Pompey Charette (Lionel Pugh)
and "F. T. Griffin" beached on
Lake Nora at Arctic Ice dock.
(Courtesy Lionel Pugh)



Left - A moment of relaxation for John B. Robertson during construction of the Baragar cottage, "The Orkneys", 1927. Chair in photo is still in use in the cottage.
(Courtesy Mrs. F. D. Baragar)

Below - John B. Robertson and son, Glenn, during construction of the Baragar cottage, "The Orkneys", 1927.
(Courtesy Mrs. F. D. Baragar)

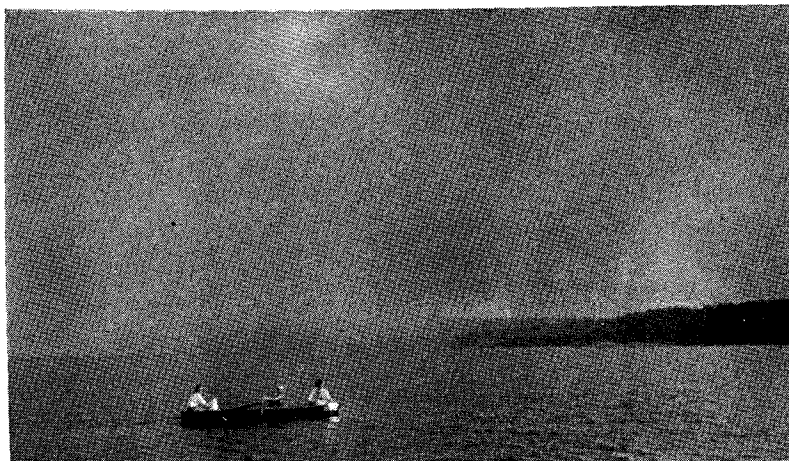




Mrs. Jessie McNaughton and "Rest Inn".
(Courtesy Miss Jessie McNaughton)



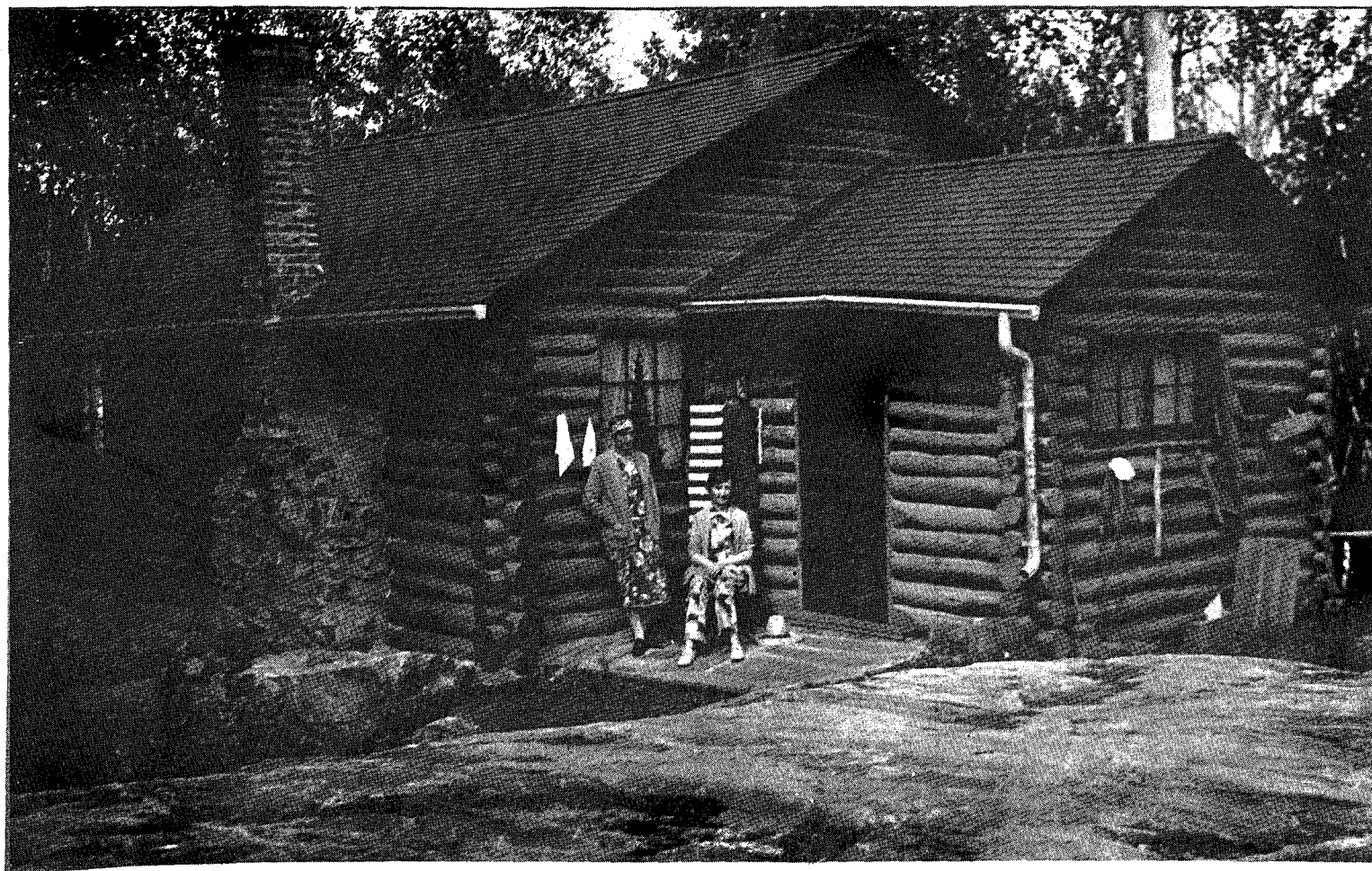
Brownells Point, August 22, 1929. Refugees
from the Big Fire.
(Courtesy Miss Ida Robertson)



Forest fire as seen from Brownells Point,
August 22, 1929. Firefighters (left to
right): Ida Robertson, Jean Robertson,
Mary Roberts.
(Courtesy Miss Ida Robertson)



Mrs. Charette and new
home, Ophir.
(Courtesy Lionel Pugh)



Rare photo of Dr. Barber's "Pine Lodge",
destroyed by fire in 1933. Visitors are
Norah Fry and Molly Eade.
(Courtesy Dr. W. H. Barber)

1. *Pharmaceutical industry* – The pharmaceutical industry is a major player in the healthcare sector, responsible for the development, production, and distribution of drugs. It is a highly regulated industry with significant research and development costs. The industry is often criticized for high prices and lack of transparency.

2. *Healthcare providers* – Healthcare providers, including hospitals, clinics, and individual practitioners, are the primary users of pharmaceuticals. They play a crucial role in the delivery of patient care and are often the target of regulatory scrutiny.

3. *Patients* – Patients are the ultimate beneficiaries of pharmaceuticals. They are often the most vulnerable in the healthcare system, particularly when it comes to access to affordable and effective treatments.

4. *Regulatory agencies* – Regulatory agencies, such as the FDA in the United States, are responsible for ensuring the safety, efficacy, and quality of pharmaceuticals. They play a critical role in the approval and oversight of drugs.

5. *Payors* – Payors, including insurance companies and government programs like Medicare and Medicaid, are responsible for paying for pharmaceuticals. They often face challenges in controlling costs and ensuring value for money.

6. *Pharmaceutical associations* – Pharmaceutical associations, such as the Pharmaceutical Research and Manufacturers of America (PhRMA), represent the interests of the pharmaceutical industry. They often lobby on behalf of their members and can influence policy.

7. *Academic institutions* – Academic institutions, including universities and research centers, are often involved in the discovery and development of new drugs. They play a key role in advancing medical knowledge and innovation.

8. *Biotechnology companies* – Biotechnology companies are increasingly involved in the development of new drugs, particularly in the areas of gene therapy and personalized medicine. They often collaborate with pharmaceutical companies.

9. *Generic drug manufacturers* – Generic drug manufacturers produce generic versions of brand-name drugs. They play an important role in ensuring access to affordable medications.

10. *Healthcare reform advocates* – Healthcare reform advocates, including patient advocacy groups and policy think tanks, work to promote reforms that improve the healthcare system. They often focus on issues like drug pricing and access.

11. *Pharmaceutical distributors* – Pharmaceutical distributors, such as wholesalers and mail-order pharmacies, are responsible for getting drugs from manufacturers to patients. They play a key role in the supply chain.

12. *Pharmaceutical sales representatives* – Pharmaceutical sales representatives, often called "detailers," are responsible for promoting drugs to healthcare providers. They play a significant role in the marketing of pharmaceuticals.

13. *Pharmaceutical investigators* – Pharmaceutical investigators, often called "detailers," are responsible for conducting clinical trials and other research. They play a key role in the development of new drugs.

14. *Pharmaceutical manufacturers* – Pharmaceutical manufacturers are responsible for the production of drugs. They play a key role in the supply chain.

15. *Pharmaceutical packaging* – Pharmaceutical packaging, including blister packs and vials, is essential for the safe and effective delivery of drugs. It plays a key role in the supply chain.

16. *Pharmaceutical distribution* – Pharmaceutical distribution, including shipping and logistics, is essential for getting drugs to patients. It plays a key role in the supply chain.

17. *Pharmaceutical storage* – Pharmaceutical storage, including warehouses and distribution centers, is essential for keeping drugs safe and accessible. It plays a key role in the supply chain.

18. *Pharmaceutical disposal* – Pharmaceutical disposal, including the safe destruction of unused drugs, is essential for protecting the environment and public health. It plays a key role in the supply chain.

19. *Pharmaceutical research* – Pharmaceutical research, including the discovery and development of new drugs, is essential for advancing medical knowledge and improving patient care. It plays a key role in the supply chain.

20. *Pharmaceutical marketing* – Pharmaceutical marketing, including advertising and promotion, is essential for getting drugs to patients. It plays a key role in the supply chain.

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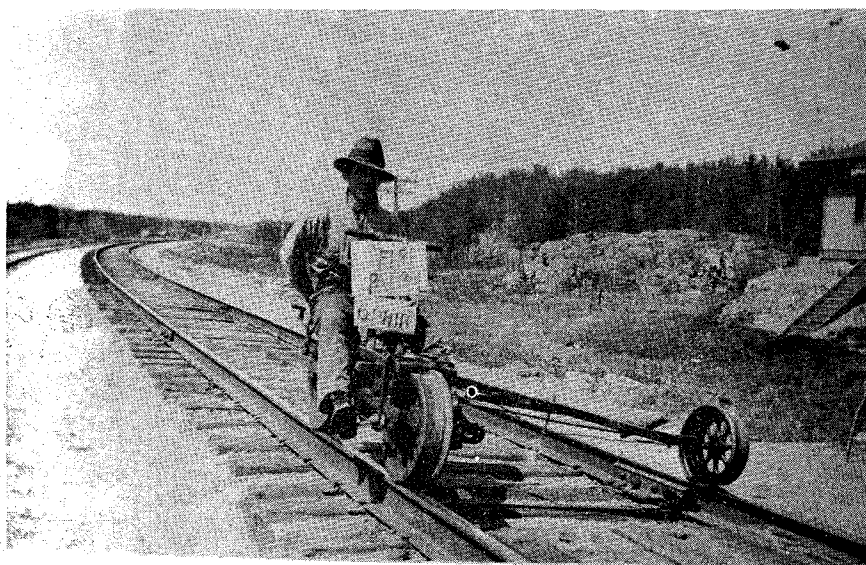
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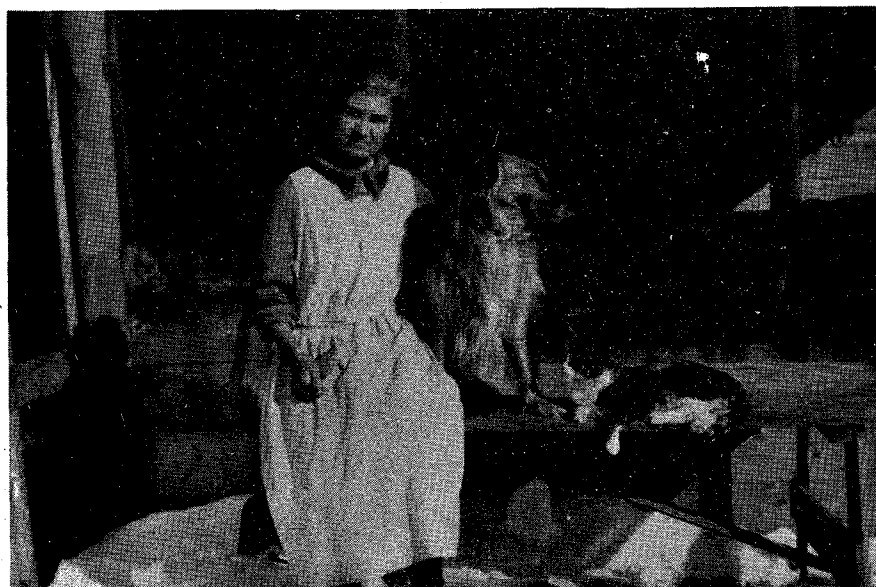
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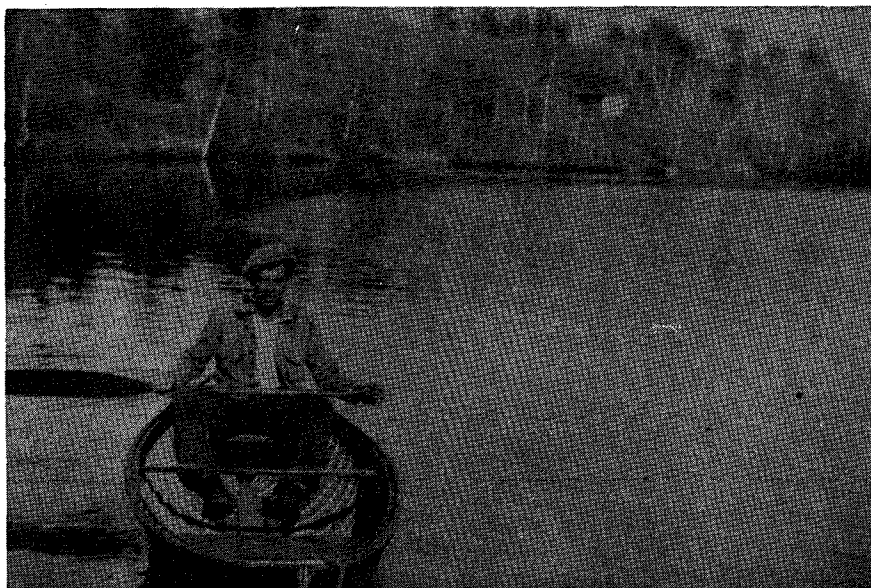
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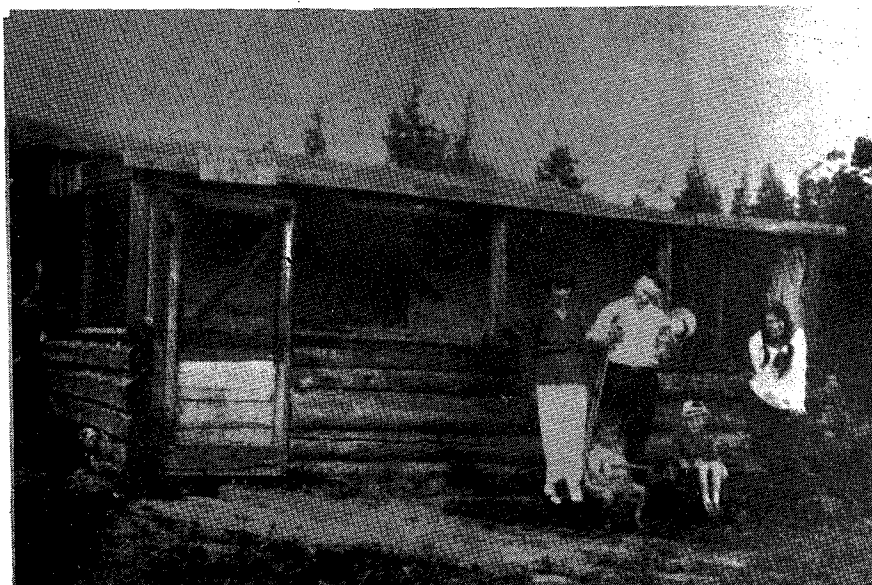
Ophir Fire Patrol - early 1930's. Joe Michalchysyn,
Sectionman. (Courtesy Lionel Pugh)



Mrs. Charette at the old home, Ophir.
(Courtesy Lionel Pugh)



Dick Smith in Evans' canoe on Lake Nora near
Ophir Station. Cabin in background built
during railway construction.
(Courtesy Lionel Pugh)



Fred McNaughton and family at Chateau Log.
(Courtesy Miss Jessie McNaughton)

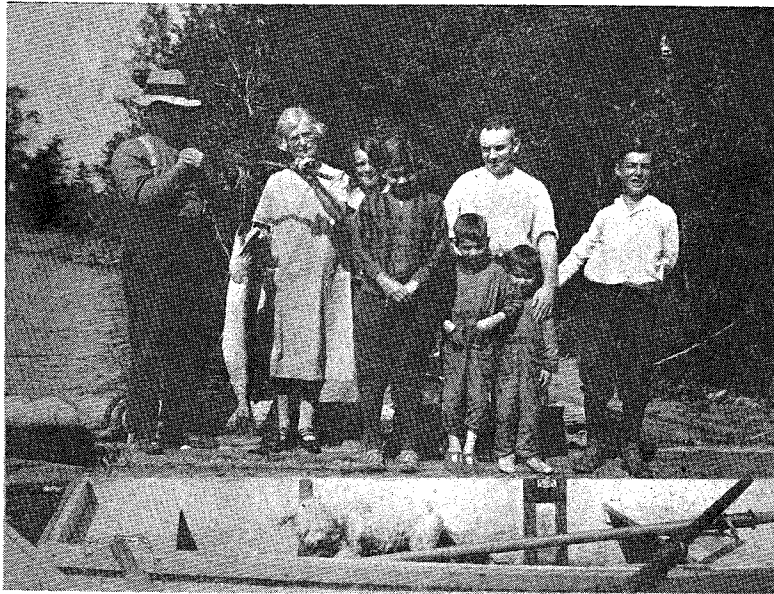


Jack (l.) and Fletcher (r.) McNaughton in the famous white rowboat "The Peggy" on Lake Florence.
(Courtesy Miss Jessie McNaughton)



One hour's catch (about 25 fish) taken crossing Lake Madge in the 1930's.

L. to R. - Graham Pincock, Bob Lyons, Norman Gordon, J. C. Pincock, George Gallimore.
(Courtesy D. A. Patterson)



George Gallimore's first big fish.

L. to R. - Bill Baskerville, Mrs. Madge Gallimore, Florence Baskerville, John Baskerville, Fred McNaughton with sons Fletcher and Jack, Bert Gallimore.
(Courtesy Florence (Baskerville) Jay)



Some Lake Florence Campers - late 1930's.

L. to R. - Graham Pincock, D. A. Patterson, Norman Gordon, Molly Gordon, Mary Robertson, Madge Gallimore, Mrs. J. C. Pincock, Olive Marion Pincock, Fred Baragar, Dr. J. C. Pincock, George Gallimore.
(Courtesy D. A. Patterson)



Along a portage trail - 1930's.

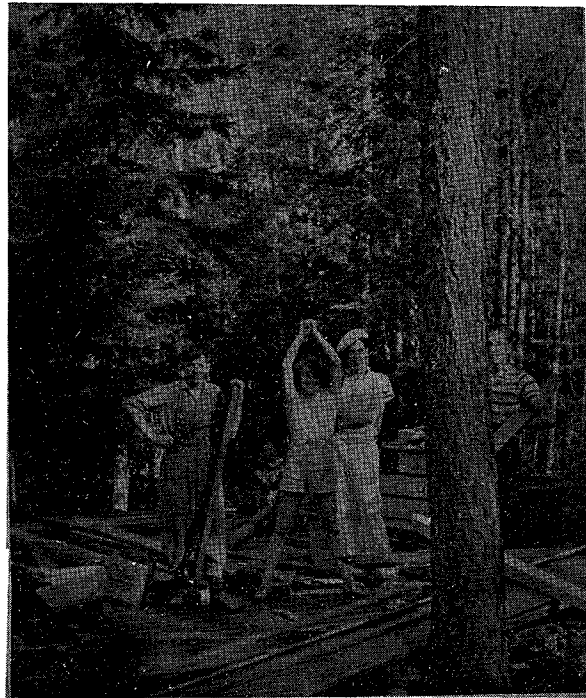
L. to R. - Arthur Floyd, George Gallimore, Dr. J. C. Pincock, Olive Marion Pincock, Bob Lyon, Muriel Reekie.
(Courtesy D. A. Patterson)



Picnic on Lake Marion, 1930's.
(Courtesy D. A. Patterson)



Picnic Group, 1930's.
L. to R. - Mrs. J. C. Pincock, Olive Marion
Pincock, Molly Gordon.
(Courtesy D. A. Patterson)



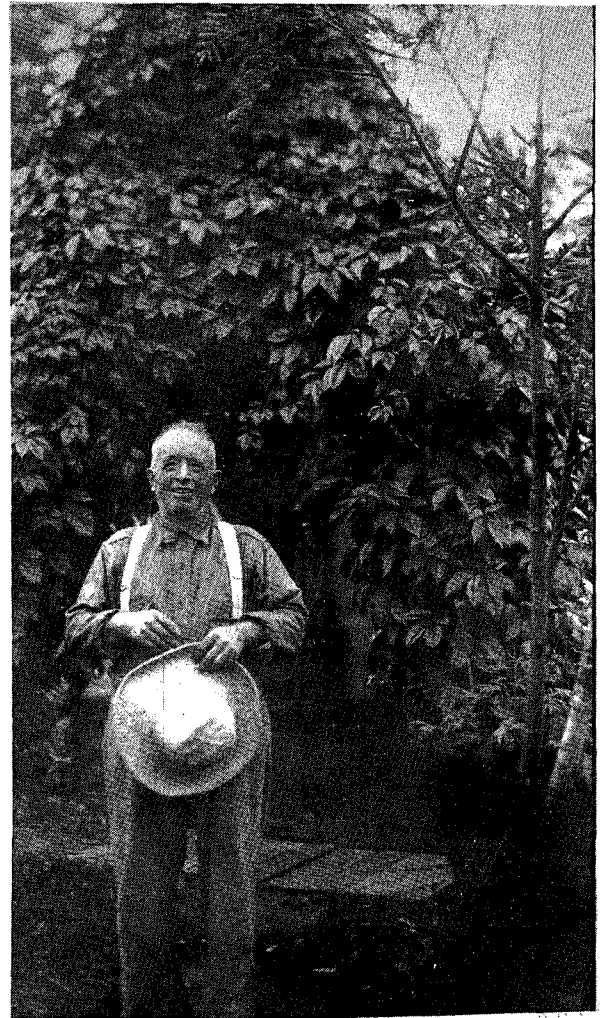
Building the new Brown cottage,
Lot 1, Nora Lake, 1937.
(Courtesy Mrs. Agnes Brown)



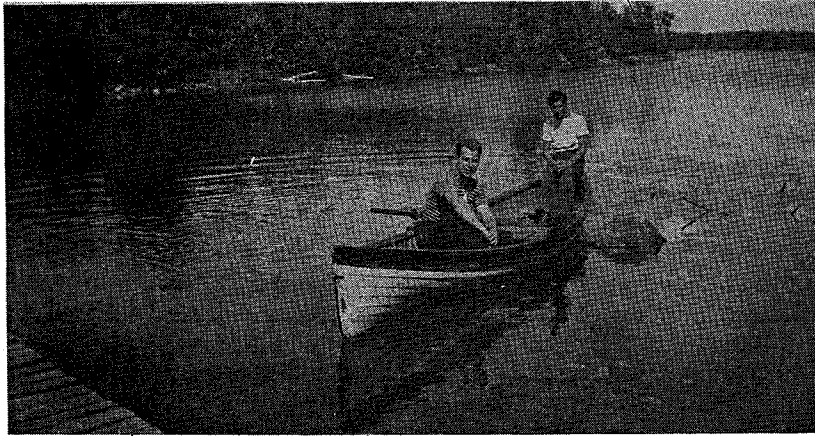
Hugh Cowan building his first cottage
on the island, Lake Nora, 1937.
(Courtesy Hugh Cowan)



Mrs. Gray with son, John,
age one year, and friend,
Brock Godfrey, August, 1937.
(Courtesy Richmond Godfrey)



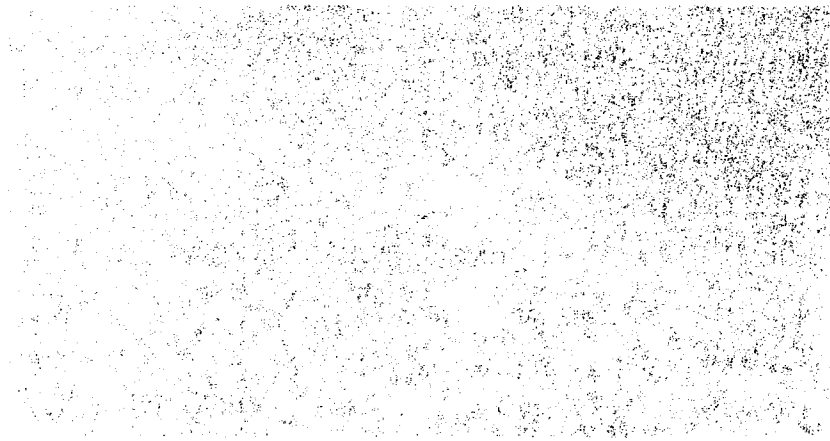
"Grandpa" Morrison at first Hay
cottage, "Sunset Rest" (ex Arctic
Ice woodcutters' cabin) circa 1937.
(Courtesy Mrs. A. Hay)



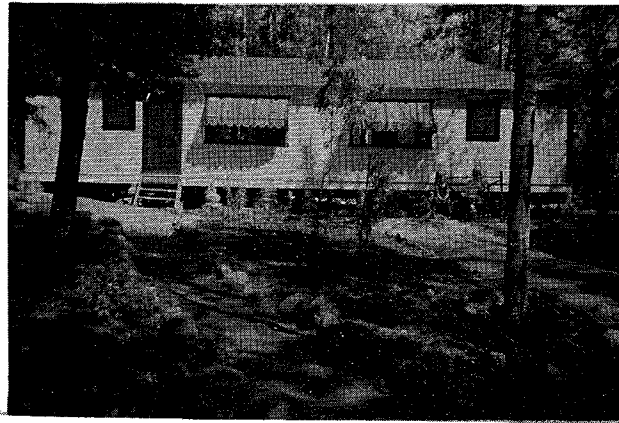
Jim and John Sutherland and the original
Sutherland boat.
(Courtesy Jim Sutherland)



William Sutherland
(Courtesy Jim Sutherland)



1. 1990年12月，在《中国环境报》上，刊登了“中国环境状况令人堪忧”的标题，并附有“中国环境状况令人堪忧”的副标题。



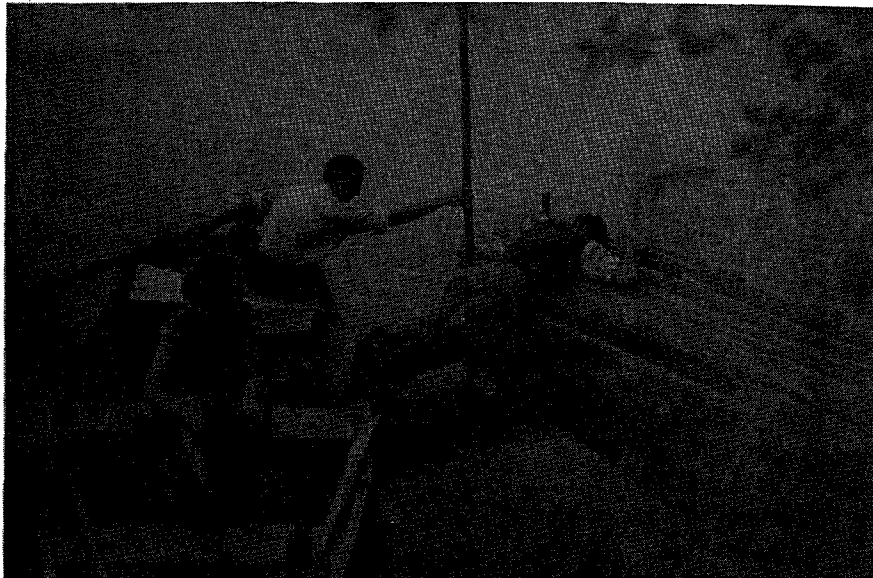
Moorby cottage (Lot 11 - Lake Florence) on completion of new east wing, 1938.
(Courtesy Mrs. E. C. Moorby)



Waiting for the "Local", Circa 1940.
Canoes are being taken back to Winnipeg for the fall duck hunting season.
(Courtesy D. A. Patterson)



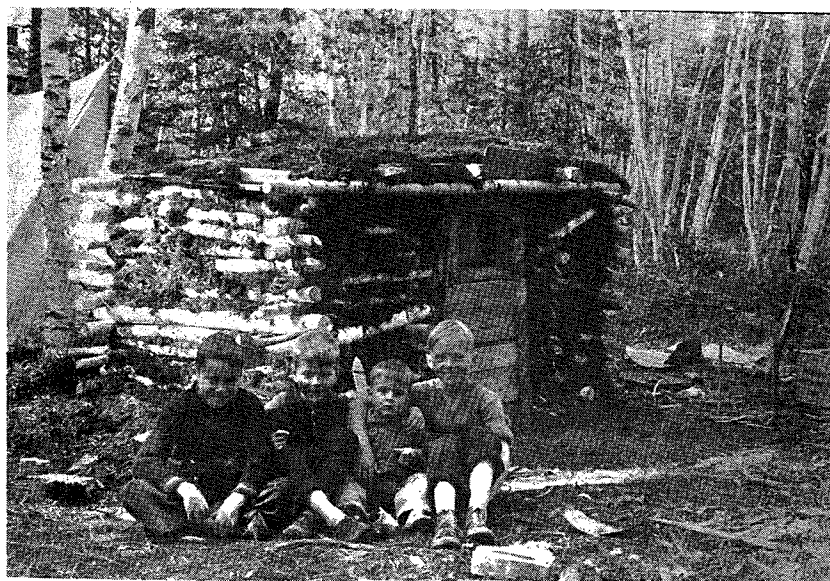
Winter view of "Sunset
Rest", first Hay cottage,
next to C.N.R. tracks (ex
Arctic Ice woodcutters'
cabin). Approximate
date 1938.
(Courtesy Mrs. A. Hay)



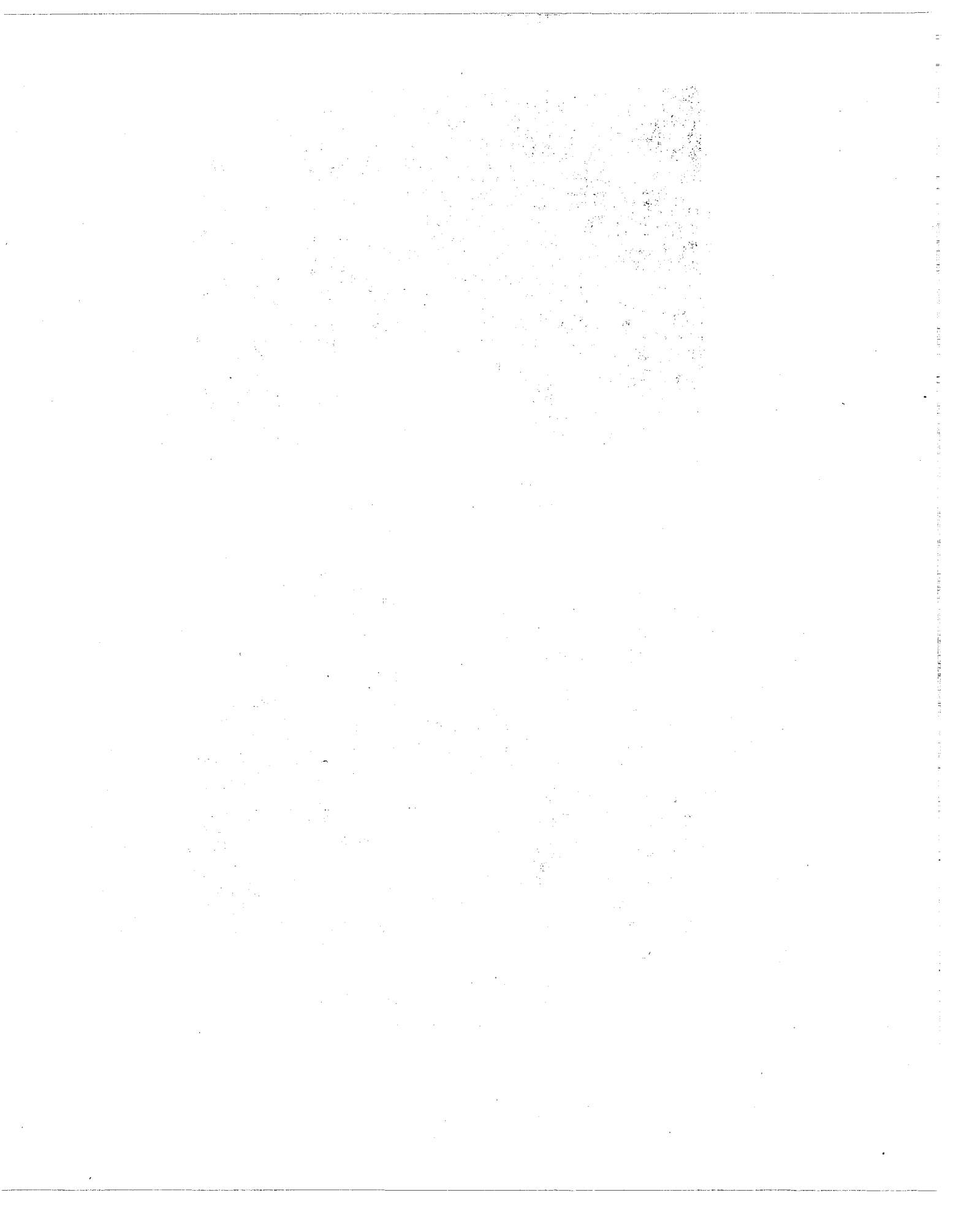
"Almost a nasty accident!" - Nora Lake.
(Courtesy Mrs. Agnes Brown)



Childhood Days
(Courtesy Mrs. F. D. Baragar)

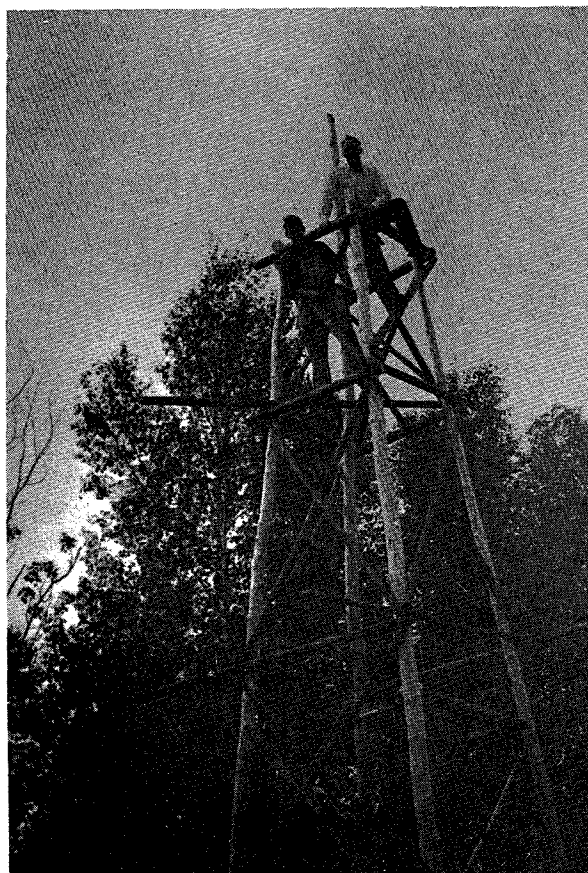


Wildwood Days
(Courtesy Mrs. F. D. Baragar)





Patriotic citizens of Winnitoba waiting for the
Royal Train, 1939.
(Courtesy Miss M. Robertson)



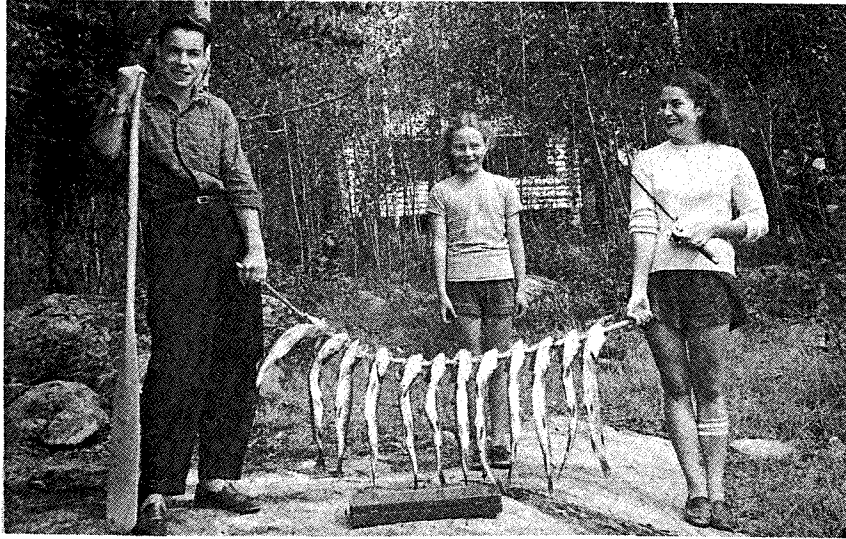
Building Windcharger tower,
Hugh Cowan cottage on island,
Lake Nora, 1942. (Tower blew
down in 1943.)
(Courtesy Mrs. Mildred Cowan)



Dr. Waldon and assistants hauling bagged sawdust
for icehouses, March 1946.
(Courtesy Mrs. Ted Moorby)

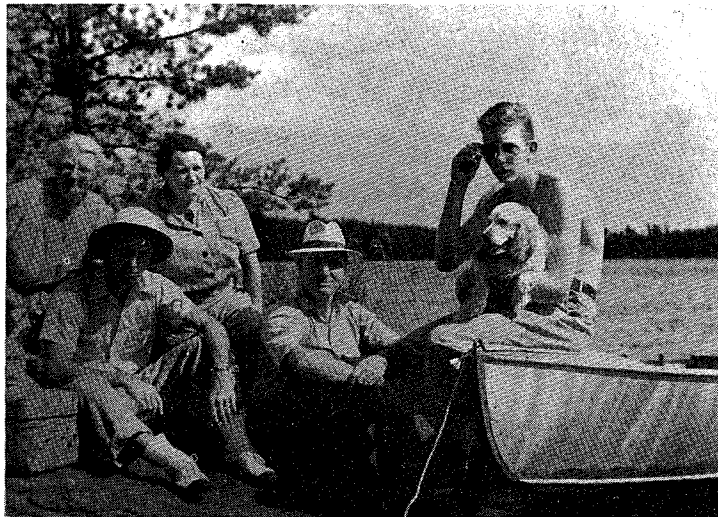


Arthur Floyd preparing picnic lunch,
Shirley Portage, Lake Marion, 1946.
(Courtesy Mrs. Ted Moorby)

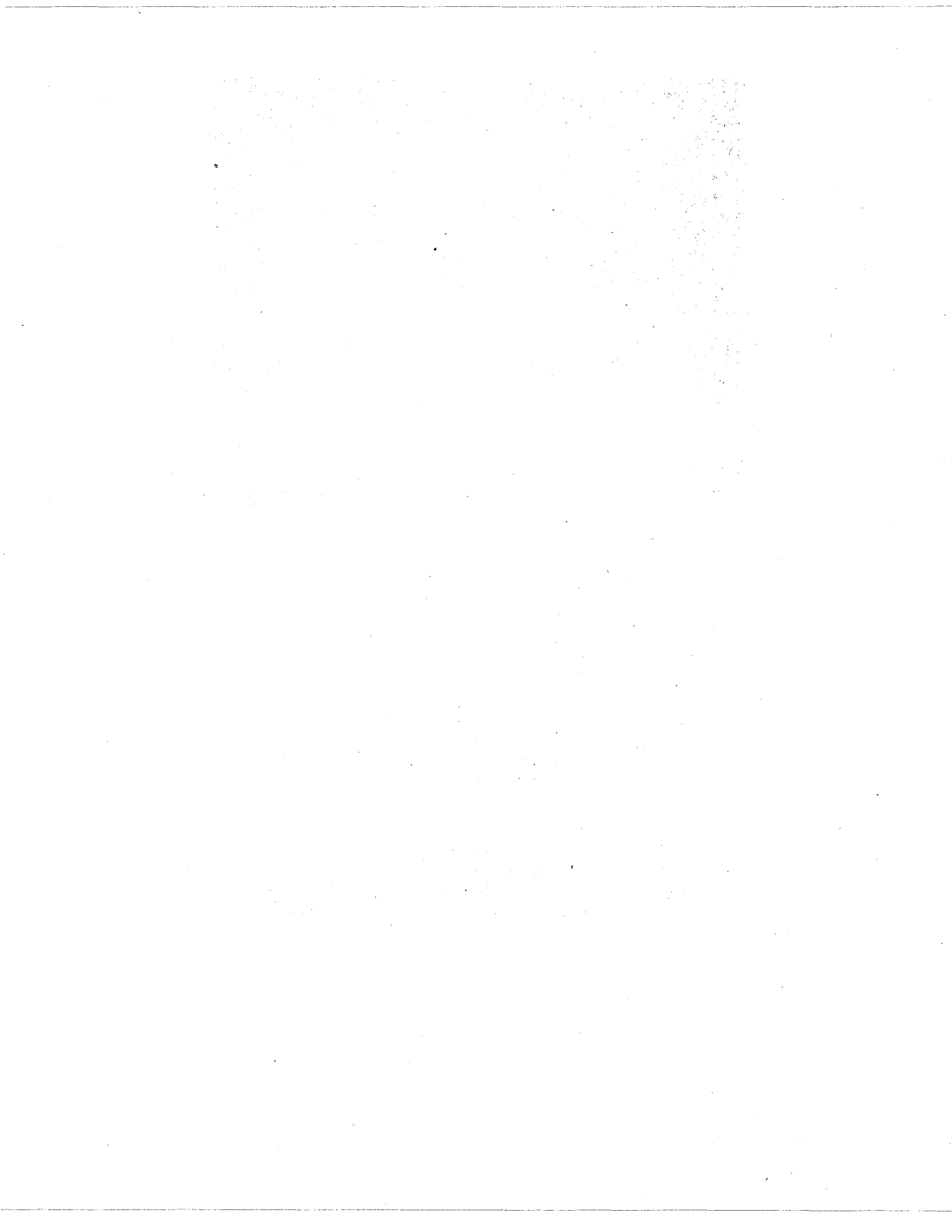


A satisfied trio and catch.

L. to R. - David Patterson, Elizabeth Tyson, Margaret McNaughton
(Courtesy D. A. Patterson)



Picnic party (Moorbys and Floyds) at the
Shirley Portage, Lake Marion, 1946. Dog
is Rusty, Moorbys' cocker spaniel.
(Courtesy Mrs. E. C. Moorby)



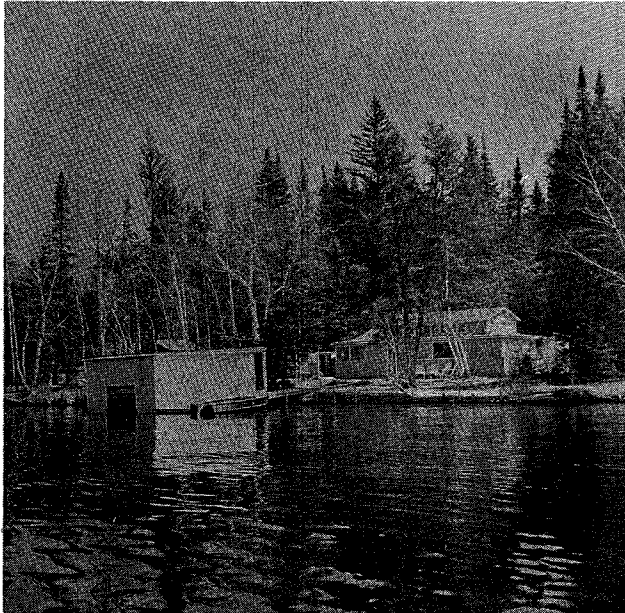
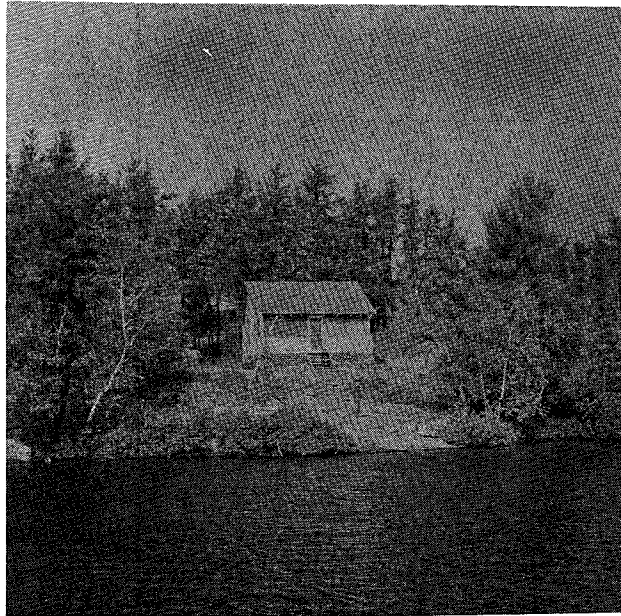


Lake Nora Campers at Mrs. Charette's birthday party,
1947.
(Courtesy Mrs. Mildred Cowan)

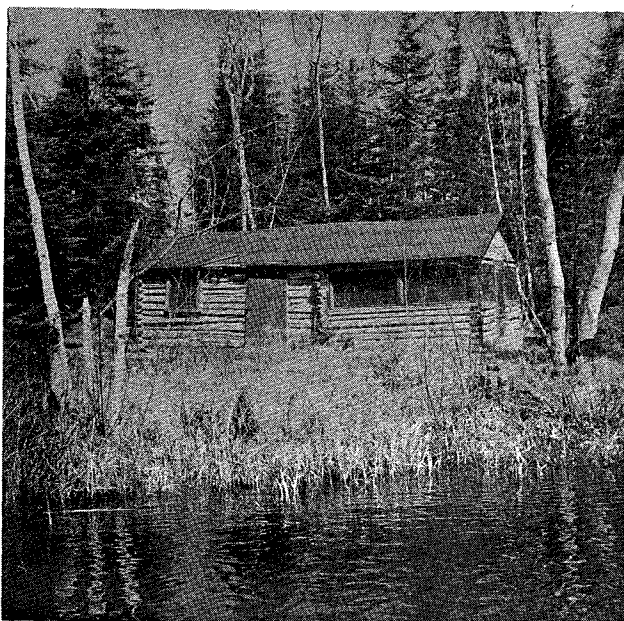


Derrier cabin, facing
C.N.R. tracks opposite
old station platform,
Winnitoba, 1968. (The
sole remaining wood-
cutters cabin.)

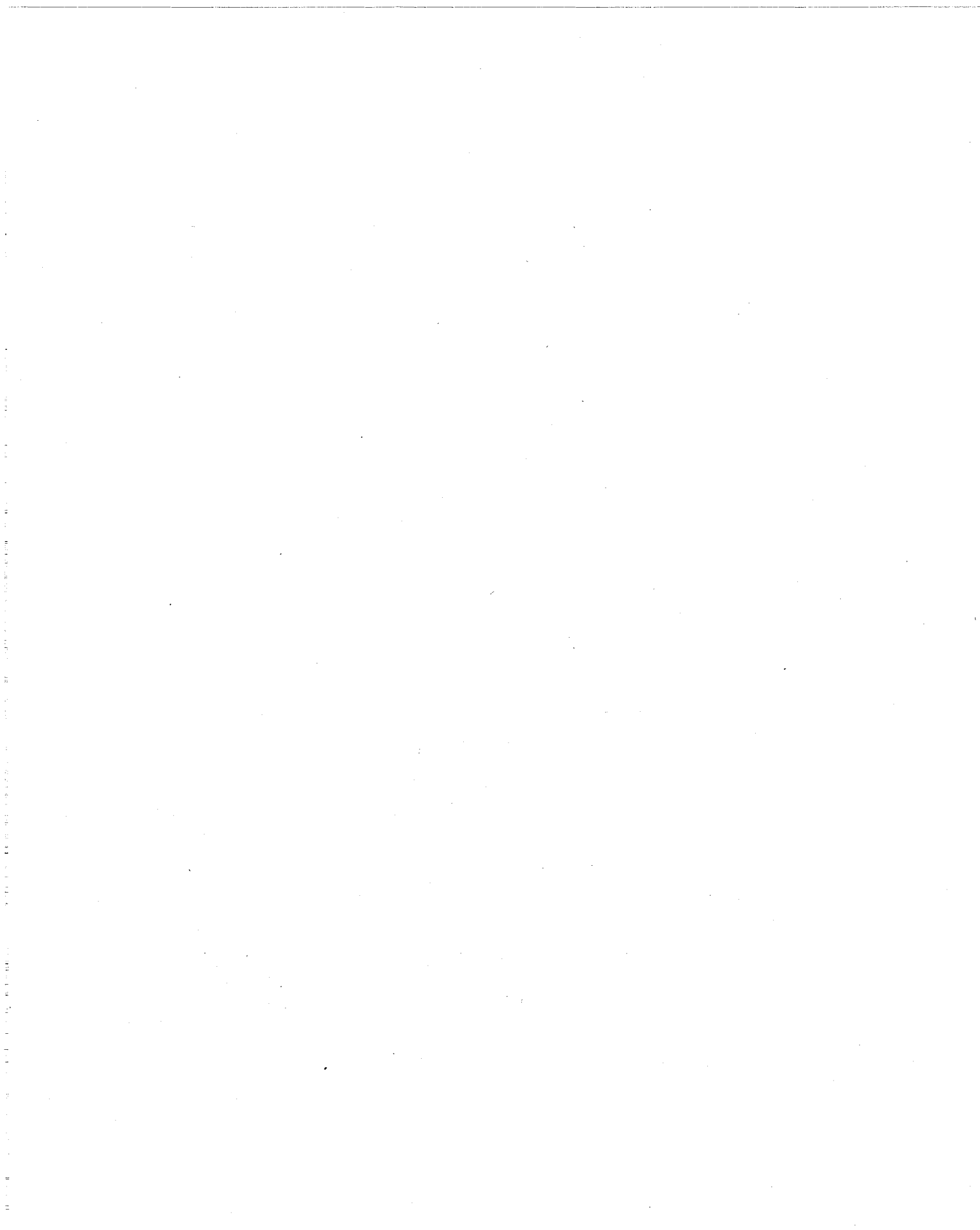
Hutcheson (Calder) cabin,
Lot 28, Lake Florence,
1968.



Griffin (Johnson) cabin
and boathouse, Lot 3,
Lake Florence, 1968.



Cabin "Ramona", Lake
Florence, 1968.



BROWNELLS POINT - PARKS' FOLLY

The Brownells' Summer Home

Mr. Frank Brownell, a telephone executive, became interested in Winnitoba prior to 1924, when he used to go there to hunt deer and moose. An old cabin which, apparently, had belonged to a Mr. Cook, a railway man, served as headquarters. It is not hard to understand why Frank soon became interested in the property and set about to persuade his wife Marie that the wilderness and seclusion were no cause for terror. When you think of how much a part of the place she became, this seems hard to believe.

Some time between 1924 and 1926 they commissioned Jack Gray to build them a cottage and a boat which he did. And as Mrs. Brownell was very fond of flowers, a garden began to take shape adding much to the attractiveness of this summer home. Indeed it became a centre of attraction for the whole community for many years to come. Years later, when their boat ceased to be seaworthy it was given a berth up on the rocky point, filled with soil, and planted with flowers that danced in the breeze, spreading beauty and fragrance all around. Bees and hummingbirds alike hummed and buzzed about in their search for nectar.

The railway station has always been a lodestone attracting the campers who came early to while away the hours till the "Local" or the week-end special came puffing in. Invariably, Mrs. Brownell was there to join in the fun. Every Sunday night you would find Frank there also. Marie's familiar voice and jolly laugh, and Frank's many amusing stories told with a face lit up with twinkling eyes, added a spirit of joviality to every gathering. With their passing, how they have been missed.

Parks' Folly

Quite a long time ago, before campers began to arrive and build summer homes at Winnitoba, Frank and Marie Brownell were already well established. Mrs. Brownell would be there long before summer holiday time and Mr. Brownell would be down on the week-ends. So naturally they were looked upon as "old timers" although they did not actually get title for their fifty-eight acres of property until January 5, 1929.

But time takes its toll and eventually due to failing health they were not able to spend much time at the lake, so Mrs. Brownell decided to sell.

About this time a couple of Mr. Parks' neighbours, went over to Brownells' place to cut some of the trees that had fallen down on the property and asked Johnnie if he would care to come along. While over there he casually remarked what a beautiful piece of property it really was and expressed an interest in buying the place. This got back to Mrs. Brownell, and she told someone that if Mr. Parks was really in earnest about it, she would sell it to him. Mr. Parks had been very much taken with what he had seen that day and

realized that here was an opportunity for his family to have a cabin all their own, which would be less crowded than the one in which they lived as partners. Here, too, was an opportunity to gain a place on the very same lake as their near relations, the Lawsons. Incidentally, Mr. Parks, during the Second World War had been taken prisoner in the Hong Kong struggle, and forever after had longed to live in a location with plenty of space in which to putter about at will and be absolutely free. Well, here was such a place. So the Parks accepted Mrs. Brownells' offer and thus gained title to the place in August, 1961, and took it over.

As the log cabin on the property was over 30 years old, they found that some repair was needed to the verandah and roof, to put it in good shape again. It had a good wharf and a small boat which Mrs. Parks used for fishing on Florence during the week.

To the question, "How do you like Winnitoba?" Mr. Parks eagerly replied, "Oh, it is a lovely spot! I do not know anywhere nicer, and I have seen quite a bit. The people are pretty nice too. You couldn't get a more friendly and co-operative bunch. Everybody is a neighbor." Mrs. Parks certainly echoed these sentiments.

And so Brownells Point has changed to Parks' Folly, but the people who have known the place for many years will see little folly attached to the transaction; and to them the old name will, no doubt, long be kept in remembrance. And while the garden may well be made smaller due to the labor involved, the lawn will be carefully tended and kept green in their memory.

THE MITCHELL CABIN - LOT 1

Two men who work with the same kind of tools are likely to be interested in building, if the tools concerned are associated with making things constructed of wood. Bill Mitchell and Bill Shakespeare were two such men. One day, while the two were at work, Bill Shakespeare asked his mate, "Would you be interested in building a cottage at the lake?" This touched off a note of real interest because he and his wife Isobel had often discussed the possibility of having a summer cabin on some lake where they could go to enjoy their holidays together in the open, with their small daughter Jean; and when he went on to say that they had just taken an option on a lot at a place called Winnitoba on Lake Florence, in the Whiteshell and that there was another lot right beside it that was available, this was something requiring immediate attention. They talked it over and arranged on the very next week-end for the two families to go down to Winnitoba to look the situation over. They would stay at Paul Bretan's cabin, Lot 8, with his permission; and this they did. Then, without delay, at the first of the week, Mrs. Mitchell went to the Forestry Branch and settled for Lot 2. It was fortunate for them that she did so because, at that time, lots were getting scarce. This was done during the summer of 1953.

While the Shakespeares went ahead to build their cabin in the spring of 1954, the Mitchells took the year to make their plans for the cottage and to build a boat preparatory to the venture they would undertake during 1955. Their garage became quite a centre of interest because there the boat took shape. When it was finally finished they painted it red. As you may expect, this red boat was to become quite a striking object on Lake Florence for many years to come.

One week-end in the spring of 1955, there was quite a stir around the Mitchell home, for Bill, together with his brother Jim were about to take off on the first leg of the big adventure of building a summer cottage at the lake. During that week the materials needed for building the bunkhouse, together with a few pieces of furniture, had been ordered and shipped. As the Shakespeares were not going down that particular week-end, the men had obtained permission to use their new cabin for living accommodation. A pleasant train ride that evening brought them to Winnitoba.

In short order they had the new red boat down to the wharf and were on their way across the water. Early the following morning, after a good camp breakfast of bacon and eggs, they lashed their boat to the one built by Bill Shakespeare, as previously arranged, attached the outboard and went over to the station. On this they loaded the materials for the bunkhouse and took them back across the lake to the lot.

Once landed on shore and carried well back on the lot, all was in readiness to go to work on the shelter. By the time the week ended, the little building, eight by twelve, was completed, roof and all, and the furniture moved in. You may be sure they returned home very tired but well satisfied with what they had accomplished. They had made a good beginning.

Of course, the materials for the cabin proper, which would next require attention, had already been figured out and ordered to be shipped during the coming week. The newly built temporary quarters would be pretty crowded to accommodate not only the men themselves but their wives Isobel and Irene and their small families. Additional food, clothing, and cooking utensils would also be required, and the children made ready. It was truly a moment to relax when packing was over and everyone was seated on the train and it began to roll. But once arrived at Winnitoba all was bustle again. However, it was a new experience getting everything off the train, down to the wharf, and loaded onto the boats. Crossing the lake was fun too. The new quarters in the woods were a novelty also.

And now during each week-end in June this was to continue. The women did their part carrying out the household duties, providing for the needs of the families and of the men as they transported the building supplies across, toiled to cut down trees for a clearing on which to place the building, prepare the foundation and floor, and erect the framework. Only when this was all done would Bill be able to continue more or less alone to complete the cottage during his summer holidays.

Fortunately Jim would be able to continue to give some help when his holidays came along; and kind friends and neighbors were always willing to lend a helping hand whenever needed, a fact that has endeared the people of Winnitoba to all newcomers.

An incident that occurred during the transporting of the building materials across the lake to the lot bears repeating. On that particular week-end the Shakespeares were also down to continue work on their cabin that was partly finished the previous summer. On this occasion the two Bills undertook to bring across some of the materials for each of their cabins. There was lumber for the Mitchells and bricks for the Shakespeare chimney, and piled on top for good measure was a chesterfield. All went well until they reached the open water of the lake; then the wind and the waves took over. No amount of sailor craftsmanship would persuade those two boats which were lashed together to head in the right direction. Like two wild horses they set back their ears and headed for the far shore. In this case there was only one thing to do to this wild pair - let them go. If there were any of the Lees or Walkers around they must have wondered what was coming. However, unlike the Apostle Paul's shipwreck, the sailors did not have to cast any of the cargo into the sea, nor were they obliged to abandon ship and swim for the land. But they did have to lose several precious hours till the wind ceased. Today, each piece of lumber has found its niche in the Mitchell cottage, and the Shakespeares' chimney smokes as peacefully as any on the lake.

Like other cottage owners who delight in making improvements, the Mitchells have continued "to improve their lot" over the years - a better wharf - better facilities for heating and lighting the cabin - another boat or two - possibly an addition to the cabin (the Mitchells have added a wide verandah-like room across the front of their cottage) - you name it and it's likely there. An uncle who visited them from Scotland last summer expressed great surprise to see what people, from all walks of life in this country, have the opportunity to enjoy! One thing, however, he would have been satisfied to forego - the mosquitoes - although even these he was ready to risk in order to gather some of our delicious blueberries.

THE SHAKESPEARE COTTAGE - LOT 2

"And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in running brooks,
Sermons in stones and good in everything.
I would not change it."

Wm. Shakespeare - "As You Like It."

I wonder how many summer resorts there are in Manitoba, or indeed, in Canada that can boast of having a Shakespeare family in their midst; and of these how many have a William Shakespeare? To many people the very name must call up happy memories of nights spent attending Shakespeare's plays or even acting in them. Yet, believe it or not, our Bill Shakespeare is a descendent of the family of which the famous poet and playwright was a member. While Bill was visiting in England some years ago, he went to see Anne Hathaway's Cottage and signed his name in the visitors book. The attendant saw what he had written and said "You Canadians are always fooling", but became very surprised when she found out that his name was really William Shakespeare.

The old timers at Winnitoba will remember the Local that ran from Winnipeg to Minaki each Tuesday and Thursday during the summer, going back around noon and returning through Winnitoba about four o'clock. It was on this train that Bill and his wife and David travelled one July day in 1953, from Brereton to Winnitoba and returned a few hours later. It was while they were there on that short visit, that they had their first glimpse of Lot 2, which was to be the site of their future summer home. Brereton enters the picture because, for about four years prior to this, the Shakespeares spent their holidays and week-ends each summer with Doreen's parents who had a cottage there. You may well wonder why the Shakespeares did not take a lot on Brereton Lake which Bill admits himself is quite beautiful. The real reason was that by going farther away they would be able to locate in an area where there were no cars running around. While it may be an advantage to reach your cabin from home by car, it so happened that Bill did not have a car at that time, and considered the train the best means of travel for them. Then, too, they felt that a long drive out to a cottage and then back again each week-end, would be tiring as well as time-consuming. Indeed they had already found this out as they travelled each week-end to Brereton with Doreen's parents. Ophir seemed to them a possible place that would fulfill their requirements, and they considered it seriously. Then one day while riding on the bus in the city, someone chanced to remark to Mrs. Shakespeare that Winnitoba, which was nearby, was "a nice place". And, as Bill said, "That is how we came to go there, because just two days later my wife went into the city and arranged to get Lot 2 on Lake Florence, which she was told had a sandy beach." When eventually they went to see the lot in 1953, they found it very much to their liking. It so happened that, at the time, there were few lots available. Even Lots 1 and 2 had, up to that time, been reserved

for public playground purposes. Fortunately the government had just at that time decided to release them, which proved very fortunate for the Shakespeares, and the Mitchells who built on Lot 1, next to them. At that time, it appears that the Shakespeares were not acquainted with any of the Winnitoba people, although they did know a few people on Lake Nora including the Cables, but knew nothing of the lake itself.

Activity about Bill's back yard in Transcona that fall gave evidence that plans were on foot to build something. He actually laid out and set up the small one-room place that was later to be taken down, shipped, and re-assembled on their lot in Winnitoba for use as their living quarters while building their summer home. It was planned to be small but very compact. It would be sheeted with plywood, properly roofed in, and given a good coat of paint. On the floor Linoleum was to be laid. A good cook stove, bunks, a table and chairs were purchased to complete the furnishings.

Plans were made to ship everything for their new summer home in three lots. First they would send everything down to complete the "bunk-house" including the furniture. Along with this would go two boats, one made of plywood and the other of fibreglass, to be used to transport the materials from the station wharf to the campsite. A $4\frac{1}{2}$ H.P. outboard motor was to go along for power.

It is interesting to note here that the fibreglass boat was among the first of its kind to be built. As no framework was visible on the bottom of the boat, one felt insecure when stepping into the bottom - but it was quite safe.

A few days later the second consignment of building materials was to be sent. With these, Bill would erect the framework for the cottage itself and add a roof. The third lot would not be sent down till the following spring, 1955. This would consist of the material needed to complete the building.

Everything went according to plan. The first shipment went down the week of the 24th of May, 1954. These materials were placed across the two boats as Walter Cable had instructed Bill, the outboard was attached, and the materials for the bunk house were successfully floated across to the campsite.

Soon the little house took shape and in a surprisingly short time the building was occupied. Mr. Cable promised Bill that if he was down for holidays when the materials for the cottage arrived, he would give him a hand to transport them. And this he did.

Before the cottage could be built, the area on which it was to be placed had to be cleared of a heavy stand of Balsam and the surface rock underneath cleared. This proved to be a rough, heavy job. It was on this rocky base that the house was to be built. The back of the house would rest on the solid rock - while three naturally placed big rocks, together with another that the Shakespeares maneuvered into position - completed the supports for the floor. On these rocks the sills for the floor were laid and shimmed with small flat rocks until level. With this done, the floor, which was twenty-

eight feet by eighteen, was quickly laid. After that it was a matter of building the framework for the walls, sheeting them in and adding the roof. With the cottage thus closed in, it could be left until the next spring, 1955.

Early in the spring of 1955 came the third lot of materials including the door and windows, the cedar siding and the cinder blocks for the chimney. As the weeks passed all of these things were built in place and the house was at last completed. It was a happy day for the family and they looked forward to many years of happy holidaying in this dream house come true.

David grew up to be a teenager who excelled especially in the water. Moreover, he taught his young sister to be a skilled swimmer who navigated the full length of Lake Florence by the age of ten. Out in life at an early age, he became an instructor in swimming in the Pan Am Pool and later in the Mounties where he found his niche.

GLEN COVE - LOT 3

It is quite possible that few people at Winnitoba ever heard of the Griffin Cabin, yet anyone who has ever lived there will know what place is referred to if you simply mention that it is "the cabin with the boathouse over the water at the east end of the lake". Originally owned by the Arctic Ice Company, it apparently was built with the expectation that it would be taken over by Mr. Griffin, who was employed with them. This, it seems, did not happen. However, Mr. C. H. McNaughton, President of the Company, was quite fond of Winnitoba and became anxious that his family - the wife and daughter particularly - should come down and take over the cabin. The family who were very fond of a lake-side vacation, however, were used to spending it in a summer hotel or lodge where every comfort and convenience was available. They felt that they were not capable of coping with conditions at Winnitoba. However, C.H. persisted, and had a cousin, Rod McNaughton, and Jack Gray make improvements on the cabin. They built a verandah extending along the front and sides, and a dining room with large windows that would give a lovely view of evergreens and ferns. They also heightened the roof and placed a row of small windows, high across the front, which brightened the main cabin. Then, he brought the family down to see the cabin. Almost right away they fell in love with the cabin, and Winnitoba, and settled in to enjoy it.

The following spring, sure enough, C.H. and his family were back again. But tragedy struck for the daughter died that very year. However, the next spring found C.H. and his wife once more back again. This time they brought a housekeeper to look after them and enjoyed the summer.

The next summer turned out to be their last. Both took ill and passed on. After this, Clarence, their son, who inherited the place but was not interested in retaining it as a summer home, came down to close up. This was 1933. Soon after that he sold it to Mat Irwin. For the next fifteen years, indeed until Mrs. Irwin passed on, this was the place they loved to call their home in summer.

The log cabin was then bought in 1948 by Mr. & Mrs. Stanley Johnson, who with their two daughters, Doreen and Eileen, and their son, Frank, have shared the cabin each year since. Even though the girls are now married and live in Alberta, each year sees the whole Johnson family, including Frank and his wife, at the summer home with the parents. It is indeed a lively place!

From 1948 to the present is quite a long time, and has required a number of changes to the cabin. The tamarack logs that were used to build the extensive verandah suffered severely from weathering so that much repair became necessary. About five years ago the boathouse had to be practically rebuilt. In place of a gable roof you will now find a flat one.

At last it became evident to the Johnsons that their best plan would be to build a brand new cabin. This they have now done. Frank has taken a big hand in this, but Stan with his wife Ann, who have been retired for

some time, have done their full share. Mrs. Johnson recalls how they assisted in bringing across the lake some of the materials needed for the new home. Carrying down from the station to the water, some 495 scantlings, and then transporting them across the lake, was one of the ways in which they helped. On one trip with the lumber, Stan recalls that they ran out of gas close beside Brownells Point. So from here they had no alternative but to paddle home across the lake against a wind. They could not row because the lumber prevented them from fitting the oars into the oar-locks. For paddles, of course, they were obliged to use the heavy oars. "I'd look at the Point," Stan said, "and think I'm not moving at all. That experience I shall never forget."

"When it came to bringing over the heavy 2 x 10s, Stan and I tried," Mrs. Johnson said, "but one board and I was all in." Anyway, Frank was down each week-end so the work went ahead. His wife helped mother about the house and Frank, who had so often helped the neighbors in their building operations, got all of the proffered help he needed. In this way the rest of the materials required for the new house were brought down from the station and loaded on two big boats, "And as if that were not enough," chuckled Mr. Johnson, "they piled the cement-mixer together with the cement, on top of that." Thus, in one trip the rest of the supplies for the new home were brought across.

After that for some months, when holidays and week-ends allowed, hammers were heard in the land.

At last the banging ceased. The family had all gathered home. The neighbors who had been associated with the project gathered around. And thus on July 1st, 1969, there was held the official opening of the new cabin amidst fun and rejoicing. It was a memorable day for the Johnsons and their friends.

For the Johnsons, Winnitoba has become an integral part of their life the year around. Had you been at the lake a number of times last winter during the snowy weather you might have been surprised to see Stan Johnson with his son Frank, each bundled up in a ski suit, gliding briskly along over the drifted lake headed for their camp on a ski-doo. Cold? "No, not with one of those weatherproof suits!" Pretty soon the snow was shovelled from the door and they were inside, the kettle was singing and they were sitting down to a cup of piping hot coffee.

Half an hour later, the camp was closed, the shovel was safely stored away, the engine was again revved up and the sled was headed west, over Florence, over Nora, down Caddy, and off by car for the city again. Winnitoba can be fun, even in winter!

DEVON PORT COTTAGE - LOT 4

The Dawsons and Quinns

On a week-end visit with the Shakespeare family, Lot 1, back in 1956, the Quinns had their first introduction to Winnitoba. Now, fifteen years later, they are just as much in love with the place as ever. However, at that time, they only had a taste of what was in store for them. The next year they came back again for another week-end which raised their interest still more. Then on the third year, they arranged with Mrs. Haack to have the use of her new home that she had built with the aid of her son Jack, to replace the "I'm Alone" on Lot 7. This plan was made possible because another son had won a lovely cottage on Falcon Lake and invited his mother and brother Jack along with his wife, to come and enjoy the newly won cottage with him.

And so it was that the Quinns were able at last to come to Winnitoba and spend their first full summer in Mrs. Haack's cabin on Lot 7. Jim Quinn who loves the out-of-doors was naturally very pleased as were his wife, Ethel, and their two daughters, Doris and Kathleen (Kay) who was the younger.

In turn, for the use of the cabin, Mr. Quinn bargained to tear down the old "I'm Alone" cabin and pile the lumber and logs well back on the lot behind the new house.

The Quinns liked the location and tried to persuade Mrs. Haack, although unsuccessfully, to sell her house. However, for the next two years they were given the privilege to return and, in appreciation, continued to add improvements. But still Mrs. Haack remained unwilling to give up her place and the Quinns, therefore, were still without a cottage of their own at Winnitoba. To explain the eventual outcome it will be necessary to bring the story of yet another family up-to-date.

THE DAWSONS

Herald George Dawson came to Winnitoba in 1948. He came with the express purpose of building a cabin for his family and brought with him from the Fort Rouge C.N. shops, a fellow employee named Roy Gregoire, a carpenter. The part of the cottage not completed that summer, they finished the following year, 1949, and added a dock for the boat with its three-horse outboard motor.

Thereafter for some twelve years, the family consisting of George, his wife, Mathilda, their daughter, Barbara, and Donald George (Donnie) the younger, came to Lake Florence every year to enjoy their week-ends and summer holidays together. To them, their cottage and Winnitoba meant much.

Unfortunately, after spending each summer for thirteen years at Winnitoba, George took ill and died. A year or two later Mrs. Dawson turned the cabin over to Barbara, her daughter, who meanwhile had married George

Hossard. It is pretty evident, however, that this couple finally planned to give it up, for one day the following April, 1961, Jim Sutherland met Mr. Quinn at work and, knowing that he was still hoping to procure a cottage of his own at Winnitoba, informed him that he had learned that the Dawson cottage on Lot 4 was for sale; and that if he were interested, he would try to find out for him, how much Mrs. Dawson wanted for it.

That there might be a house for sale at Winnitoba was news indeed for Jim Quinn. He, therefore, immediately requested Jim Sutherland to please find out what he could.

You may be sure that Jim Quinn hastened home that very day for a consultation with the family. Apparently, too, he had recently heard there was a possibility that the Bretan cottage, Lot 8, might also be available, another factor to be considered. The decision the family arrived at was that if the price was right, they would like to have the Dawson cottage; and so it transpired.

THE QUINNS

At last the Quinns would have a summer cottage which was their very own. And on the long week-end of the 24th of May they arrived at the lake preparatory to moving in. During the three years' stay in Mrs. Haack's cottage they had collected together quite a number of things hoping that some day it would be their own. But now they would have to move to their new location. How often on moving day the weather turns wet. It was no exception this time. Jim says that on that day "It rained cats and dogs." Added to this trouble was the fact that their old outboard "cut-up" so badly that for much of the time it was necessary to row!

The Quinns had bought their cottage without ever seeing the inside. Needless to say that Mrs. Quinn, in particular, was very pleased when she found that the house had good floors, well laid, and each room had a ceiling. The furniture which had been left by the Dawsons with the house was quite suitable.

Jim, who always is happy when doing things to improve his home in town, was soon busy doing things about the cabin. For one thing, there was no shed at the back for storing articles such as tools. Before the summer was over this was completed.

The next year's project was a boathouse. Then the next few years he spent changing the house itself to suit their ideas. At the front next to the lake the Quinns added an additional room with a wash room at the one end. So that the house would present a unified appearance, they took off the imitation brick covering and replaced it with plywood. At the front, siding was added to the lower half of the walls. Then the ladies dressed it all up by giving it a couple of coats of golden brown paint, with the windows, of course, suitably painted to match.

On the inside, all the walls and ceiling then were covered with stained plywood which just made the place look like new.

I wonder if there ever comes a time when all the chores are done! Well, not as long as there is a wharf to be fixed. As the old one needed a lift, Jim decided to build a new one which is larger and supported with adjustable metal posts. With this arrangement, the wharf which must be taken out each fall to avoid damage by the ice, can be taken up and again replaced in the spring in a comparatively short time.

The impression must not be gained that life at the Quinns is all work. Far from it. One of their pastimes is hiking. On their wandering they come across the various animals native to the place. Most years there is the odd bear about. They wander through the camp quite casually and seem to go on about their business. Occasionally they tossed a few stones at one but it pretended not to be at all concerned. Even when hit with a sling-shot, one of them just trotted a few steps, then stopped and glanced around with a look which said "I can't just believe that you are in earnest. I don't bother you." And if you want to know something about the birds of the district, just consult Jim or his daughter, Kay.

For many years before coming to Winnitoba, the Quinns used to drive every summer to Grand Beach for their holidays. They enjoyed it until they got a taste of Winnitoba. From then on there was no other place. Here they find Nature as they love it; and here they find a community to their liking. From early May when the family first come down together, until the summer is ended with the long week-end in August, and again at Thanksgiving, some or all of the family may be found on week-ends and during the summer holidays, in their favorite haunt. Indeed even at times during the winter when the place is a veritable fairyland, you may not be surprised to see Jim, possibly along with Kay, gliding over the lake on skis, or tramping about over great mounds and hills of glistening snow.

THE SUTHERLAND STORY - LOTS 5, 15 & 16

It may be said that the majority of the campers who built and settled the south-eastern portion of Lake Florence were railway people; a number still are. One of these early families was that of the Sutherlands. William Sutherland, is father of seven - three boys and four girls - all of whom are well acquainted around Winnitoba. On invitation of a friend of his, Bob Doherty, Mr. Sutherland went to Wade, to pay him a visit at his summer place there. He liked so much the rugged lake country with its rocks and hills and evergreens, that he was inspired to look for such a place in which to build a cabin of his own, somewhere in that part of the country. At the same time he was not convinced that Wade might be the best place. Wade, he thought, was rather far to travel on a week-end. About this time, as it happened, another good friend of his, Bob McKay, who occupied a cabin at Mile 41, now Winnitoba, just across the tracks from the siding, also invited him to come to his camp for the week-end. This location proved equally attractive and had the added advantage of being considerably closer to Winnipeg. Then, shortly after that, on another week-end, he arranged to come down again and bring along his three boys, Jim, John and Hector. Once arrived, you may be sure that the Sutherlands lost no time in looking for spots they thought might be suitable as building sites. The first one that took their fancy was on Lake Nora, along the east side of the bay, adjacent to the railway near the narrows where Walter Cable is now located. So satisfied were they that this was a good location that they set about without delay to clear a campsite. As they moved to and fro, by boat from the landing by the railway, to the site, it soon became evident that they would likely need more than one boat, so they began to wonder whether there might be some lots vacant on Lake Florence that they would like.

Now it so happened that Mr. Sutherland knew Mat Irwin who owned the Griffin cabin at the east end of Lake Florence, the cottage with the boathouse over the water. He also knew Jack Davis who was located only four lots away from Mat on the lot now held by the Nelsons. So it was not long before they had discovered that there were three choice lots available, and they had chosen the second one north from the boathouse (Lot 5).

Clearing was soon underway preparatory to the building of their new summer home. Mary, (now Mrs. Jim) says that the shore was covered with rocks and stones so that, as it was, it would not be at all satisfactory for swimmers. However, everyone got busy clearing away the stones that later were used to build a retaining wall and a solid buttress for the wharf. The sand, located right there beneath the rock, served in making the cement. With the stones removed by hand and rake, the beach now proved to be excellent for swimming and for the boat.

During the coming winter, plans for the cottage were drawn up and approved. Then in the following spring, 1937, the lumber and other building supplies were ordered and shipped. At the lake, everyone pitched in and before long, thanks to the help of friends and neighbors, the lumber was all

carried down from the station to the shore. Here it was piled right in the water to form two large rafts. Gradually, of course, as the lumber piles grew, the bottom lumber sank down into the water. Finally all the building materials for the cottage were loaded and one by one the rafts were edged out into the deep water. As there were no motor boats to tow these two heavy rafts across the lake to the building site, they had to be dragged by row boat out through the bay and across the open water. It was 'slow going' and the rowing was hard; but eventually the rafts were safely across. Now came the task of carrying the lumber and supplies, piece by piece, from the rafts up to the building site on shore. While the dry lumber seemed quite heavy when carried from the station down to the rafts, it was at least twice as heavy when being transported dripping wet from the rafts to the shore.

As happens so often, the building of a summer cabin is generally a "do it yourself" proposition; so it was with the Sutherlands. Jim says that his dad was "somewhat of a carpenter" at least. Moreover, he had with him three boys eager to learn and do their share of the work. Besides this, two or three shopmates volunteered to come down and "lend a hand". Walter Nicklin was one of these. Incidentally it was at this time that Walter got his first "taste" of Winnitoba which eventually led to his locating there. As you may imagine with so many eager beavers about, it was not very long before the cottage took shape and was closed in to the place where it was liveable. "Mind you, there was still plenty to do," as one of the boys remarked; and I am sure that everyone who has ever built a summer cabin has experienced this - indeed, does there ever come a time when there is nothing more to be done? But this surely is as it should be. Yet we must never get so busy that there is not some time left to enjoy the environment, relax, go fishing and berry-picking, take frequent dips in the lake, and to do many other things that you had always wanted to do someday.

Boats were a matter of some concern in those early days. A number were homemade but quite seaworthy. The first boat belonging to the Sutherlands was one that had been used for quite a number of years on the Red River in Winnipeg. It was a Peterborough Rawleigh type, sharp at both ends. It was an old boat even then and needed new ribs, so staves were procured, shaped and soaked in the family bathtub for want of a proper vat. It is vividly recalled that an electric immersion heater was used to heat the water. As you may know, this can be a very dangerous way of heating if a "short" should develop and electricity escapes into the water. Well, without anticipating this, Jim put his hand into the water, possibly to check whether it was heating properly, when in a flash he nearly "hit the ceiling"; it was just a miracle that he wasn't electrocuted! Today, this boat, long since retired, may be seen lying at anchor on the front lawn of Jim's present summer home, proud of its cargo of pretty flowers. Jim recalls buying spruce from which he carved out a pair of oars for the boat. Once started, he made two more pairs - one for Mat Irwin and one for Jack Davis at five dollars a pair - Big money!

With Time, Comes Change

As the Sutherland family grew up and got married, it was a pretty well foregone conclusion that more summer homes would be needed at Winnitoba. Hector was the first of the boys who, with his family, elected to carve out a summer home for themselves. They chose to locate on the rocky promontory known as Barber's Point, that lay just across the bay from his boyhood summer home. It was here that a fire of unknown origin, most likely due to lightning, had completely wiped out the fine log cabin built by the Barbers back in 1927. The house that Hector and his wife, Marian, planned is located just behind the original cabin built by the Barbers. Bob, the older of the family, together with his sister, Mary Ann, now both almost fully grown up, share in the responsibilities of the home. Recently you may have noted the fine dock built by Bob, that hugs the rocky shore by the base of the cliff.

Jim Sutherland and Family - Lot 15

The last to leave the Winnitoba family nest was Jim, who with his wife, Mary, and their family of three, Peter, Wendy and Linda, rejoiced to see the day when they would have a summer home of their very own. Their choice of location was Lot 15 which is nestled in a lovely cove hard by the sheltering ridge of rock on which his brother, Hector, and his family settled.

Clearing was commenced in 1963 and continued into 1964. As in the case of the other dwellings, everyone pitched in to make the third Sutherland home at Winnitoba a reality. Jim declares that without the help of so many friends and neighbors, it would have been almost impossible for him alone to have erected the heavy walls. Clearing the lot in front of the house of its many large trees and great stones was in itself a stupendous task.

Incidentally, two Americans, Floyd Gusse and Al Hagman, who enjoyed visiting at the Patterson cabin, took real pleasure in helping to clear the front yard. Later on the Sutherland boys had the pleasure of visiting with these South Dakota friends in their own land, and hunting with them.

The great circle of large stones, now painted in various colors and located in the midst of the lawn, serves as a giant firepit and as a witness to the work that had to be done in making the clearing. There was a time when this lot was not considered suitable for a summer cabin. But the transformation has surprised everyone. Most of the trees are gone but enough remain to add dignity to the scene. The stones are now an attraction and the wet soggy ground has given place to a well-drained open lawn clothed with velvety green grass. Now flowers of many varieties and hues bloom everywhere and lend interest to the rising slope toward the west of the lawn.

John Sutherland, as it were, inherited the homestead - the original cabin built by his father, William, and the family. Today it looks almost city-like with its large well kept lawn. A verandah and kitchen have been added since. As, with the other Sutherland homes in Winnitoba, modern water works and plumbing leave little to be desired. The dock has long been one to be envied because, extending out from the solid cement buttress, a T-shaped

dock serves to break the force of the wind and waves that sweep across the full length of the lake, and thus protects the boats sheltered within. And back over the gently rising hinterland, blueberries and other fruits are found in plenty. Lake of the Clouds, a small body of water completely sheltered by trees, adds a surprising touch to the landscape close behind.

A True Winnitoba Fish Story Gets into Print

Mrs. Jim Sutherland with her children and her niece, Marjorie, from Edmonton came down to Winnitoba on the Thursday Local one day a few years ago, and were met by Hector and his wife, Mary, who were down on their holidays at the time. They had planned to go home over the lake in their Peterborough, which Linda, their daughter, could run. Their niece would go with them in the boat along with young Peter. However, Mary Ann, Hector's daughter, asked to go along too, in the larger boat and climbed in. In that case Hector suggested that he should take Blackie, Jim's big dog, because he weighed nearly 100 pounds. But Blackie had another idea - he wanted to stay in his own boat too, and he did. Here is Mrs. Jim Sutherland's version of what happened. "We got out of the bay by Brownells Point when all of a sudden something went swish past my ear and there before us was a big Jackfish in the boat. Linda shut off the motor. Everyone was frightened to see the big fish, nearly two and a half feet long, in the boat with them, and I couldn't swim. 'All sit still', I shouted, 'you are in the boat.' Even Blackie was scared and acted as if he wanted to jump out, but didn't when told to sit still. All of a sudden little Peter said 'Will this help?' He had a little cowboy belt on with a little stilleto attached - it was a rubber one. I looked at that and thought, 'well, he was pretty smart to think of it anyway.' But I said it would not be much good. However, it gave me an idea. I pulled my shoe off and gave it to Linda, 'Here, hit the fish with this.' She did and it straightened right out. Blackie gave a low growl and squirmed and appeared eager to get in his licks.

Well, Hector and Mary arrived home before we did and he came over to pull our boat up onto the shore when we arrived. "Did you catch a fish on the way over?" No, he said, we didn't have our lines out. I said, neither did we, but we caught a fish. Yeah, he said, and proceeded to pull the boat up. "I'm not fooling, Hector, but you can have it for your mother-in-law after Jim sees it." Jim was coming down Friday night and we thought we would put it on ice in Irwin's boat house, as we had no ice box or fridge at the time. Hector was still not paying any attention. So when he yanked the boat up, he looked! Was he ever surprised!! "Gee, you are not fooling," he said, for he could see that we had no line.

Well, we went into the house and I said "That should be one for the 'I Saw'." "Why not", Marjorie said. So we composed it and I suggested that she send it in. I knew that if I sent it in under the name "Mary Sutherland", Jim would get a terrible ribbing when the men of the shop saw it for they would recognize my name; so Marjorie did.

By the time Jim came down Friday evening, he had seen the paper, but we did not know he had, because we didn't take the Tribune. When we got into the house and the kids got their treats and had gone out, I said to Jim, "Wasn't that something! Marjorie got the key ring and the passes to the show. Jim

turned to me and said, "Mary, now you can level with me, the kids are gone." I said, "What?" He said - about that fish. I had the frying pan in my hand ready to make supper and I nearly hit him over the head. "How can you expect people to believe me if you don't believe me! Ha ha." He realized then that it was really true.

When it came to the end of the month, we thought sure we would get the ten dollar prize for the best "I Saw" of the month. Instead we got a letter from them stating that it was good, and worthy of the ten dollar prize, but they could not give it to us because it sounded too much like a fish story!!!

Jim gave me quite a plausible explanation of what must have taken place that day when the big fish leaped into the boat. What is yours?

THE NICKLINS and THE DELALIAUX - LOT 6

For nearly thirty years the name "I'm Alone" was associated with a bachelor by the name of Jack Davis. Jack owned a small log cabin located near the southeast corner of Lake Florence. He was a railway engineer and very attached to the place. When "off his run" he spent much of his time down there. And, probably because he liked to have friends about, he used to invite one or more of his railway buddies to come to the camp for week-ends. This was the time known as the "dirty thirties" when many people worked about three or four days a week and so had considerable time on their hands. One such family was the Nicklins who lived in the same apartment block as Jack Davis - Queen's Court, Transcona.

At the time, Walter Nicklin was not too well, being bothered with his chest and back, and Mr. Davis, knowing of this trouble, invited him down to the camp where he would be able to lie around and bask in the warm sun. The effect was magic and the invitation was repeated again and again with Mrs. Nicklin along. Mr. Sutherland, Senior, another good friend of Walter, also had them over.

"If the sun is so helpful", someone said to Walter one day, "why don't you get a lot and build a cabin for yourselves. We'll help you." And this is what was finally decided. A simple cabin about minimum regulation size, twenty feet by twenty-four, consisting of four rooms, was planned and the lumber sent down. Mr. Sutherland made a boat available and willing hands supplied the motive power to load the lumber and bring it across. Of course, Mrs. Nicklin's brother, Albert Delaliaux, could be depended upon to do his full share. Within three weeks the foundation was laid, the floor was nailed down, the walls were up and the roof was finished. After that the Nicklin family with occasional help was able to complete the four rooms, consisting of two bedrooms, a living room and a kitchen, complete with beds, some needed furniture and a stove for the kitchen. Later a heater was added to take the chill off, on cooler days.

This cabin, built either in 1938 or 1939, as far as can be ascertained, proved to be a boon to Mr. Nicklin particularly, who thus was enabled to get to the lake where he could enjoy much needed fresh air and plenty of sunshine. In all this, Mrs. Nicklin and Albert's wife, Stella Delaliaux, were a great help providing food for the men as they labored. Incidentally, even the men who pitched in to make this cabin possible, were in turn blessed in being afforded the opportunity to spend at least some time at the lake also, where they could fish and swim in the evenings, and generally enjoy a little camp life. In passing, special credit for some of the work done should be accorded to Jim Sutherland and his pal, Jim Taylor, who worked assiduously to help make this cottage a reality.

Now, with the essential parts of the cabin completed, urgency was no longer a driving factor and the Nicklins could take a little more time off to enjoy some camp life before the fall would close in. Any day, you would be able to see them fishing as they rowed up and down the lake.

Of course, Walter had to return to the city each week after his summer holidays had ended, but on week-ends he was always back to enjoy their new found cabin at the lake.

One of the early purchases made for their summer home was a good Peterborough boat and a motor which was used for many years on Florence. For the back lake, Marion, they had a flat-bottomed boat.

Each spring, in May, the family would come down and open up the cottage for the summer. Thereafter Mrs. Nicklin would stay down at the camp as much as possible; Walter would return again to the city during the week. She was always quite at home at the lake even though in May and June there were as yet few people down at their cottages. Almost any day you might have seen Mrs. Nicklin out, getting a fresh catch of fish for the table, or preparing for the week-end when any number of the Delalieux family might also be along. Both of the Delalieux children - Lucille and Rickie - liked the lake; and Mrs. Nicklin was always delighted when Rickie came along when she was out fishing.

On week-ends and when the two families were down for the summer, it was a common occurrence to see these folk going down Marion on a picnic. Sometimes instead, they would go to the north end of Florence and pull up on the bare rock near the sandy beach and enjoy their weiners, hot tea, and other goodies with lemonade for cool refreshment. Of course, when some of the group had to be back at train time the picnic had to be terminated early, but when all could stay down the picnic group would be more likely to return in the cool of the evening very much relaxed.

Mr. Nicklin greatly loved the woods and the out-of-doors. He was always ready to take his wife, Helene, and go for blueberries - partly because he enjoyed the fruit, but also to be company for Mrs. Nicklin when in the berry patch. She never did relish the thought of bears being about. Walter, on the other hand, often used to pick fruit alone. Indeed, the woods had an attraction for him for often he would wander back over the hills alone just to enjoy the solitude. In the fall he frequently returned to hunt.

For many years, especially when younger, the whole family enjoyed swimming almost anywhere along the lovely beach that forms the eastern shore of Lake Florence. For those who love to dive into the cool refreshing waters of the lake - and that is a big majority of the campers - what better opportunity can there be than from the big float located out from the shore where the water has good depth and there are no rocks to fear.

For the last ten years or so, the Nicklins were retired. Even before that time, Walter decided to line the inside of the cottage to make it warmer so that they could stay late in the fall. In fact, for at least two years, they stayed well into November. Their two new aluminum boats, (incidentally they were called Lucibel and Rickie after the children), being lighter, made it easier for them to get about.

Two years ago, Mrs. Nicklin took ill and after a few months passed away. Since then Mr. Nicklin has found it too difficult to navigate, especially in the woods - now an octogenarian - and has turned over the care of the cottage to Albert and Stella who carry on in the Nicklin tradition.

Last summer, Rickie and his wife came to the lake with their first baby, and thus another generation is born. So let us all remember how much joy has been brought to one man, Mr. Nicklin, and his family because a few kind souls, long ago, had the heart to help an ailing man back to health and to a long and happy life in the bosom of his family.

I'M ALONE but NOW I'M MANY - LOT 7

I'm sure that everyone who has resided at Winnitoba has heard of Jack Davis and his cabin at the eastern end of Lake Florence. Mr. Davis was a bachelor, hence the name "I'm Alone". To satisfy curiosity it must be said that the name had no effect on changing his marital state. The origin of this cabin is open to question, but it seems most likely that it was built in 1924 or 1925 by "Bug" Sommerville whose father was with the Arctic Ice Company. Jack Davis, who was a railroader, used to enjoy spending some of his spare time at the cabin. Jim Sutherland remembers meeting Jack one day in the fall of the year, in town, and telling him that he was thinking of going down to Winnitoba to try to get a deer. Jack said, "Go ahead and you can use my cabin." More than that, Jack gave him some shells and loaned him his rifle. On that occasion Jim took another fellow along.

If you are acquainted with the "I'm Alone" lot (now owned by the Nelsons) you will have seen a small log cabin still standing well back on the lot. Well, Mr. Davis, who had already sent lumber down for the roof and floor of that cabin, bargained with the boys to get out logs for the walls and build the cabin. This they did, for the depression-day price of twenty dollars. Thus Jack got his tool house.

After Jack Davis died the "I'm Alone" passed to Mr. and Mrs. Alex Gushawady. Then after a few years it was sold to Mrs. Haack of Transcona.

Those who remember the cabin no doubt will recall that it was built close to the shore. A footpath follows near the shore line of the lake and runs hard by the cabin door. This path proved very disconcerting for Mrs. Haack, the new owner. She declared that people passing by would deliberately look through her windows to see what was happening inside. So the final upshot of this was that she had the cabin torn down and a new one built in its stead, but placed well back from the path. It was her son, Jack, who had the old cabin torn down by Mr. Quinn and then, with the kindly assistance of the neighbors, particularly Albert Delalieux and Jim Sutherland, erected the new one to take its place. One of the things that Mrs. Haack insisted upon was that the windows be placed high up on the walls so that she would no longer be subjected to the gaze of curious passers-by.

Soon after this, Mrs. Haack's other son had the good fortune to win a fine summer home on Falcon Lake. After that time she seemed inclined to go there rather than come to Winnitoba, where she did not relish crossing Lake Florence alone in the boat. Jack, the son who had helped her a good deal at the camp, obtained a different type of employment about that time in Transcona. Thereafter, it was simpler for him to go by car to his brother's camp on Falcon, than to take the train to Winnitoba. So from that time on, the family found it more satisfactory to rent the Winnitoba property to Jim Quinn and his family, who have been coming to Winnitoba quite regularly ever since.

Some time during 1966, Ken Nelson along with his family were cordially invited by Frank Johnson (Lot 3) to come down to Winnitoba for the week-end. It so happened that just prior to this, they had been told that there was a cabin for sale at Winnitoba, by Mrs. Haack. So after getting a glimpse of Winnitoba, they were really interested to see this summer home. Next day, Frank took them over to the place. The camp was closed up tight, of course, and the windows at the front were too high to see what the cabin was like inside. However, they went around to the back. Here they got a piece of log to elevate them and thus were able to see the large room inside that served both as kitchen and living room, and also the two bedrooms at the west end.

So satisfied were the Nelsons that this cabin would suit them that they decided to buy it. But soon they were to learn that there was an obstacle in the way! People told them that it was very doubtful whether they would be able to get the camp because apparently Mrs. Haack just wouldn't sell it to anyone. Anyway, when they returned to the city, they lost no time in going over to see her. Mrs. Haack knew Ken right away and said, "Oh, Tiny, I've known you ever since you were three years old."* We felt quite pleased, you may be sure.

Once the Nelsons had acquired the "I'm Alone" lot with the comparatively new house on it, built by Mrs. Haack, they lost little time clearing away any debris remaining from the old log cabin that was still there on the front lawn. They neatly piled the materials near that second small log house already mentioned that now is used as a gas and fuel oil shed. Two of the logs from the old cabin today serve as clothesline poles for the new home.

As Mrs. Nelson simply is not tall enough to look out through the high windows - even from the inside - two of them have been enlarged and lowered, making a view of the lake something to enjoy. The walls of the living room and bedrooms have been neatly sheeted inside and ceilings added. Running water is now a feature of the home.

A large boathouse, with a choice launch to match, are dreams that have come true especially for Mrs. Nelson who made them her own project. And already there has been laid a foundation for an addition to the home. When completed, the new part will become their living room, an extra bedroom and washroom.

Asked how she likes Winnitoba, she replied "Love it!" These sentiments were echoed by Ken. As for Lloyd and Soney, their two children, there just isn't a dull moment. Ken looks forward to the day of retirement when, with all the building and fixing completed, he hopes to have time on his hands to enjoy their home and visit with old friends.

* Ken Nelson is so tall that he has been nicknamed "Tiny" by some of his friends.

THE LEWIS COTTAGE - LOT 8

While in this record the cottage name bears that of the present owners, the cottage had its beginning over twenty years ago, when Mr. Ray Gregoire built it for himself. His introduction to Winnitoba was through the Nicklins and the Dawsons, good friends of his. When the Dawsons built their cabin on Lot 4, it was Ray Gregoire, a carpenter, who assisted him. Following this, Ray got the urge to build a cabin for himself and obtained a lease for Lot 8. Here he built in 1946 and for the next few years spent his holidays there. Then in August, 1952, he sold his cabin to Mr. and Mrs. Paul Bretan of Transcona. For a decade and a half after that the Bretans spent every summer at the lake. Not only did they like Winnitoba immensely as a place of beauty in which to relax but felt much at home because so many good friends from Transcona had their summer cabins there also. However, eventually, due to the failing health of Mr. Bretan, which made it very difficult for them to get to the lake each summer, handle the boat, and carry the supplies and water up to the cottage, they felt it imperative to sacrifice their peaceful haven and sell. This was 1964.

It so happened that in the spring of 1964, Jim and Mary Sutherland undertook to build their present home at Winnitoba. One of Jim's friends from the shop, Art Lewis, volunteered to lend a hand, and, on invitation, came down to the lake one week-end. This was repeated again and again. Then in August the invitation was extended to both Art and his wife, Hazel, to come down for the week-end. That started something!

Till then the Lewis family had not considered getting a cottage for themselves at Winnitoba. But when they learned that the Bretans, Lot 8, had their cottage for sale, as did also Mrs. Haack on Lot 7, they had the urge to see these cottages and secured the keys. Possibly they might like one of them? Well, by the middle of September their minds were made up and they decided on the Bretan cabin. They liked Lake Florence which was neither too big nor too small and they liked the location of the cottage on the lake. Moreover, they liked the idea of travel by train. They had travelled around for a good many years by car and found the traffic getting more and more difficult to cope with. Then, too, they had found that at many resorts where they had visited, while you may be "at the lake" your cottage was likely located two or three streets off the water front. Here in Winnitoba you were living right on the lake shore, surrounded by trees and close to nature, primitively beautiful. This seemed one of the last places where you were free to do as you liked, free from the hustle and bustle of busy resorts with cars milling around, and well away from dusty roads. A paradise indeed!

There was an additional reason why, to Art Lewis in particular, Winnitoba struck a familiar note. It seems that Art's dad had a cottage at Minaki for many years and the Winnitoba country was very similar.

Individuals and families have different likes and dislikes regarding the plan of a summer home. This was true in respect to the Lewis family. To make the interior of their new found cottage conform to their ideas and needs, they commenced by taking out the whole of the inside of the cottage and rebuilding it to their liking. They realized that there was not enough room inside for the three bedrooms that they wanted, so built in two good sized ones and planned to attach a third one to the back of the house which could, on occasion, serve as a "guest house". And for the general needs of the home, a pump to send water up from the lake has been installed.

In order to have the space required for a living room in the main part of the house, the Lewises are now planning to build a kitchen, ten by fourteen, at the east end of the house.

When the family took over the lot it was literally choked with so many trees that not enough light filtered in to take a picture of the cottage to send to their son, Jimmie, so part of the trees have long since been removed. Now the lake appears in full view from the cottage and the beautiful sunsets can be enjoyed throughout the summer.

In June, before many people have taken to the lake for the summer, the Lewis family are already there and find that the wild life is very much in evidence. Rabbits in goodly numbers are seen playing about on the front lawn and in the woods behind. On one day there would be many more than on another, as if some conference at times must be in progress. The odd black bear, on occasion, would amble by. It was common to see a cub stroll up their path quite unconcerned. A little startled call by someone (guess who) and it would scamper into the woods. Cheery voices from the trees let the world know that building was in process up there too. One interesting innocent-looking creature decked out in stripes of black and white came to the front steps almost every day one spring, as if waiting for Jimmie. Mrs. Lewis laughingly remarked that it looked as though the two were beginning to "go steady". At least it can be truthfully said that the Lewis family are certainly wedded to the place. To them it is "a place of beauty and a joy forever".

THE SHEARER'S "AUBARON" - LOT 9

Ron Shearer heard about Winnitoba from Bill Baskerville, a co-worker with Ron on the staff of Norwood Collegiate, and a long-time summer resident on Lake Florence. Ron and his family became interested in the place and were afforded the opportunity of spending at least a couple of weeks there in August, 1945. This was made possible because Bill had decided to spend his holidays that year with his brother down in Ontario. Although the cottage had been rented for July it was still available for the first two weeks in August. Needless to say they availed themselves of this offer. The opportunity was appreciated both because of what they had heard about the place, and also because they already knew quite a number of residents there. Actually there is much to be said for being able to take over a summer residence, made to order, where there is not a multiplicity of chores awaiting you everywhere you turn. Anyway as it turned out, the Shearers fitted in beautifully and took to the lake like ducks to water.

One day while peacefully gliding down along the lake shore in a very safe and comfortable canoe provided for them by Mr. Baskerville, they were hailed by someone on the dock just nicely beyond Barber's Point. It was Mr. Tyson and his wife, Gertie, nee McNaughton. In the course of the conversation that ensued, the Shearers asked whether there might be other cottages that could be rented another year as they would like to come back. Then it was that they found out that just a little way further along the shore there was a cottage, sometimes empty, belonging to the Sparks, who had built it some six years previously, but now were thinking about selling, although that was not generally known. At present they were away, but the Tysons thought that the keys might be at Moorbys. So they disembarked and went up to Ted's cottage, which was not far away, to enquire, as they certainly would like to look at the place.

Mrs. Moorby was at home, but when they explained their errand they found that Mrs. Moorby was quite surprised to learn of this, and said she was very sure that the Sparks had no intention whatever of selling. So under these circumstances they would not bother to ask for the keys. However, they did go down to the lot to look at the outside of the cabin. They quickly realized that it was a little limited in space but this could be remedied.

The next spring, Mr. Floyd, Lot 11, learning that the Shearers were hoping to rent a cottage for 1946, offered to let them take theirs for July, because they planned to go to Ontario for that month to visit with their daughter, Lillian, and her family. Mrs. Shearer, however, suggested that before they rented again they should find out whether it still might be possible to buy the Sparks cabin. Whereupon they went to see them. "Give me an offer" said Mr. Sparks. This they did, and the house was sold. Thus the Shearers had acquired a cottage of their own at Winnitoba even before seeing what it was like inside. Knowing that Mr. Floyd had offered his cabin for July, Mr. Sparks wanted to be assured that Mr. Floyd was satisfied with the arrangement.

It appears that the government was not wholly convinced that the house had been completed to specifications, so before they would lease the lot, the local ranger was required to inspect it to make sure that everything was in order. He reported that roll roofing now on the cabin was not fire-proof and would have to be replaced with asbestos shingles, and that a chimney would have to be added. With a promise that these things would be done, they gave permission for the sale and lease.

Acquiring a summer cottage at Winnitoba is always a thrill; it was true with the Shearers. So, as might be expected, on the Friday of the week of the twenty-fourth of May, which was the first opportunity they had to go to the lake that spring, Ron took the train, to be followed the next day by the rest of the family. This gave Ron a chance to air the cabin and the mattress, and to see what they had inherited. True, he found that the cottage was a trifle lacking in space but, with spirits high, he knew that this was something that could in time be remedied.

Next day Ron was over to the station early to welcome his wife, Audrey, and his nine year old boy, Barry, and to tell them what the cabin was like. Mrs. Shearer had brought along a pie that she had baked and this would be their dessert on that very first evening. The Sparks had left the contents of the cabin for them and it was not long before they were across the lake and had the evening meal ready for the table; the pie was already in the oven. In due time the dessert was brought, but "Oh Sugar" as Bill Baskerville used to say, the pie was still almost cold. Disappointment indeed! But, as always happens, campers are never stuck for long. It was the stove that was at fault because the oven had been pretty well burned out with long use. Anyway they would only be there a couple of days now, and getting a new stove would be simple. They would bring it along, when they came down for their holidays.

Unfortunately, although the Second World War was now over, they had not realized that stoves were one of the commodities in short supply. However, as it transpired, Ron had a fortunate connection with Eatons that saved the day. A stove would be ready for them when it was time to return to the lake. On the day that it arrived at Winnitoba, Fred Baragar spotted the stove and said to Mrs. Shearer, "You are setting a precedent by bringing down a white enamel stove! Oh, why is that? Well, all the ladies will now be wanting an enamel stove!" Anyway we may be sure that Mrs. Shearer's next Winnitoba pie was something to be appreciated and remembered.

It gradually became evident that when a cottage has been procured, it is not the end of all responsibilities. Right away the cottage would need to be extended to include a kitchen. And, of course, that roof would have to be shingled and a chimney added. The boat that Mr. Sparks had built was sturdy enough and could serve for the present, but there should be a boathouse built to store it during the winter. Eventually they would need a lighter boat for rowing about and an aluminum one would be a necessity because they would need a good boat for Marion as well. Then, too, the dock would not last too much longer; and indeed since then they have built two as replacements.

It is now about twenty-five years since the family first set foot on Winnitoba soil, all of the chores mentioned have been done, and many more besides, such as installing of electric lights and running water for the home.

Moreover, during all of those years the usual enjoyments of camp life have been experienced. Barry, their boy, thought there was no place like Winnitoba. And while he has now gone east to live, Ron and Audrey are as enthusiastic as ever in their appreciation of this chosen summer resort which has grown to be a second home to them. Here, truly, there is an opportunity to build good health, to even save wealth, and to really relax in the pure air of this wonderful haven.

THE FULLERS - LOT 10

One day while George Fuller was chatting with Ted Moorby, Ted casually remarked, "What do you do for a pastime?"

"Go fishing, when I get a chance. We generally get four or five anyway."

"Oh," says Ted, "we throw that many back at our lake."

"Well, I'm from Missouri."

"Come on down sometime and bring others with you," said Ted.

"So we did," George says. "He showed us, all right, for we caught plenty."

Back in town, Ted said, "Don't forget to come again, George, but this time just bring one other with you. It can get too crowded in our boat. We'll go farther afield next time - to Peggy and Shirley - and catch lots of fish." We surely did.

Later, talking over the Winnitoba situation one day, George casually remarked to Ted, "I like it down there." "Well, why don't you come and build? Think it over." He did, and brought his wife, Gladys, too.

Ted showed them the lovely lot right next to his. "It is as good as any on the lake," he said. "It has a good beach, nice sand, a well with a pump nearby, just at the end of the lake, and an icehouse right here if you need ice." So they decided to plunge in and build on that lot next to Ted's. At that time, lots were still plentiful, so they had no difficulty in securing a lease on that very one.

That fall, September, 1949, George Fuller, his wife, Gladys, together with his boy, Lindsay, who was then only a few years old, returned to Winnitoba and, at the Moorby's invitation, stayed in their cabin. Then it was that a start was made on their cabin. As always is the case, grubbing out the trees and shrubs was arduous but not too difficult. "One surprising thing we found," George says, "we also rooted out many snakes that apparently had made their homes down amongst the roots for the coming winter; but they gradually disappeared and must have found new quarters elsewhere."

Having cleared the lot they proceeded to construct the boxes in which to pour cement for 'pads' that would serve eventually as supports to hold up the joists on which the flooring and superstructure could be built the following spring.

Being well on in September at this time, there were no others on the lake except Fletcher Baragar and one of his university pals. They amused themselves fishing, hunting and generally enjoying Winnitoba in the late fall. Soon two of the McNaughtons, Margaret and Gladys, put in an appearance and were so agreeably surprised to have near neighbors, that they stayed for an additional week, and enjoyed boating with the Fullers, side by side, along the lake, and walking up and down the long beach, where (at that time) porcupines were quite plentiful, and where the odd beaver was about. One of them suddenly would slap it's broad tail on the water, when disturbed, to warn its family that danger was near. The whole landscape was simply beautiful with its carpet of colored leaves on the forest floor, making the evergreens stand out in contrast.

In his early days, prior to Winnitoba, George had been a Boy Scout, had gone on trips, and enjoyed camping. He truly loved the out-of-doors, as did his mother before him. Among other places, he had attended scout camps at Ingolf and Lac Lu and so the Whiteshell environment was not exactly new to him. Similarly Gladys, his wife, had always loved this kind of life as well. So it is no wonder that Winnitoba immediately appealed to them.

That fall, when they were about to return to Winnipeg, they met Mrs. Nicklin at the station as she was returning to Winnitoba. It was very evident that there were other people on the lake also, who enjoyed and were quite at home in this wilderness environment.

During the summer, George saw Mr. Ritchie, the Forest Ranger, to find out whether it would be possible to get someone with a team and sleigh to transport across the lake the lumber and other building supplies for the cottage he planned to build the next summer. Mr. Ritchie informed him that there was a teamster named Paul Bezak with horses and sleigh at Ophir, who might do it. He estimated that it might cost around fifteen dollars! So George wrote to him saying he would like him to come to Winnitoba on a definite Sunday in February, if possible. He got a prompt reply saying that he would do the work for the amount stated and would be there. Mr. Bezak was as good as his word for on that date, and at ten o'clock in the morning, he appeared at the station with his horses and sleigh. He had driven down over the ice on Lake Nora and had crossed over the railway near Winnitoba station to get there.

In the interim after contacting Mr. Ritchie, the Fullers had had plenty of time to discuss the plans for their new summer home, and had asked Jack Swanson, a friend at the Post Office whom he had once assisted in building his home, to draw up the blueprints and help figure out exactly what materials would be needed. These eventually had been ordered, sent down, and were at the station ready to be hauled across the lake that day.

At the station that morning to meet the teamster was George and a friend, Wilf McCorquodale, who later as it transpired was to locate in Winnitoba also, and become a near neighbor.

It took two days to take the building supplies across - three loads the first day and three the second. After putting on the first load at the station, they drove the horses down the path, along the dock and out onto the

lake headed towards Nicklin's, where there was a good shore for landing the lumber and not too far from George's lot. When just off Brownells Point where the rock juts up close to the surface, the horses broke through the ice but only up to their fetlocks, but the sleigh being heavily loaded with lumber, submerged, although the lumber partially floated. Fortunately the men were able to remove the flooring which was on top. Then the horses managed to pull the rest onto solid ice and so to proceed on across the lake. Happily, although it was February, the weather was comparatively mild.

Down by Nicklins the ice became slushy and before they could realize the danger down went the horses and sleigh through the ice again. This time the horses stood in about four feet of water with ice and water all around them. The bobsleighs were completely submerged again with the lumber partially floating on top. The driver unhooked the traces and drove the horses up onto the bank.

Then with a long rope, which Mr. Bezak carried, they drew the sleigh and the lumber onto the shore. To dry off the horses they rubbed them down with some hay that he had brought along to feed the animals.

Soon they were on their way back for another load. With the second load, when passing the big hole in the ice near Nicklins, they stayed out about thirty feet, aiming to avoid further mishap. Suddenly, tragedy struck again but this time the water was even deeper. However, they again managed to unhitch and get the horses out onto the bank, and then with the aid of the rope, they again landed safely.

You may be sure that the water in the lake was literally "ice cold". Now they drove the horses up to Mr. Moorby's cabin, fed them the hay, and quickly went inside where they were able to get warm and have some dinner.

By now it was three thirty in the afternoon. The driver announced that he must, without delay, be on his way home, for the horses would refuse to travel after dark because of wolves! How many of the campers at Winnitoba have heard wolves howling at night?! Yet just twenty years ago, they were a menace after nightfall to those horses! Mrs. Brownell used to tell of seeing, through her field glasses, a pack of wolves strung out in single file along the high rocky ridge skirting the north end of Lake Florence. The first animal was a giant timber wolf with his tongue hanging out, leading his pack strung out behind. They appeared tired as they trotted along after the night hunt.

That spring, about the middle of May, George, his wife, Gladys, her sister from St. Vital and children, all proceeded to Winnitoba to build the cabin. It was 1950, the year of the big flood, which explains why the sister with her family came along. However, the flood proved an advantage to the Fullers for it afforded them ample opportunity to get the cabin built early in the year. All pitched in and progress was surprisingly rapid. Even the neighbors assisted as well. George, for instance, recalls that Dr. Waldon and Ron Shearer gave a hand to put on the roof and thus closed in the cottage. By the end of May when the Fullers had to return to the city, the cottage was habitable. Indeed, Wilf McCorquodale with his family were able to come down and spend a happy summer in the place.

It is not difficult to imagine how the Fullers spend each summer at the lake. The days are just not long enough. At first, of course, painting and otherwise completing the cottage demanded the attention of all the family. Their first wharf which Ted helped them to build was considered a stepping off and unloading place and was built too narrow. Care had to be taken always lest someone, all dressed up, would topple in. Their second dock built some years later was a joint project with the Lawsons. Both families needed new docks. During one season they crossed to Marion and cut down tall thin trees which they peeled and hauled home. During the next season they finished the job, making large cribs at least 4 feet wide, which they filled with stones and then added the tops, using poles as stringers. When finished, the docks did not require to be taken out in the winter to avoid damage by ice.

One pastime George and his lads, Lindsay and Ron, enjoy is travelling over the hills and through the woods on foot. One surprising walk took them over to Lake Madge where they found that the water had gone down nearly eight feet! Along the shore line there now was a broad shelf of rock, extending out twenty to forty feet in places, over which they could walk for much of the way along the lake shore.

Another pastime - this one initiated by the boys themselves - is motor skiing. They built their wide ski out of plywood and propelled it swiftly over the lake with an outboard motor. The idea is catching on and affords thrills too.

Being out-of-door people the whole family enjoy all of the activities associated with the water including fishing. So to them for the whole holiday there are no dull moments. Even when raining, games and reading fill in the time.

ARNSIDE - LOT 11

Ted Moorby and Norm Gordon were two very good friends whose pathways brought them together in the course of their duties associated with the King's mail. As might be expected, the conversation sooner or later came to centre about Winnitoba. "When are you going to come down to see the place, Ted?" "Well, just name the week-end and I'll be along", was the reply. And so it transpired that sometime during May, 1937, Ted and two other young men took the train and went down armed with fishing tackle and the needed supplies. The impression gained of Winnitoba on that trip must have been very good for, although Ted heard that there was a cabin for sale farther down the lake at Lot 11, he did not even take time to investigate. When he got back to town, he simply announced that he was going to buy it even though he had not seen it. That was sure proof, if any were needed, that Ted had been greatly impressed with Lake Florence.

The cabin referred to, of course, was the one that belonged to Bob Swan. From a letter recently received by Mary Robertson from Margaret Swan, Bob's sister, we learn some details associated with the Swans and their cabin. Margaret writes:

"My first memory of Winnitoba was of mother frantically baking for the boys: Harold Bridger, Hill Taylor and her son Rob (Bob as his friends called him). How they found Winnitoba remains a mystery but I do know that they came back after that first week-end with the idea that they would never camp anywhere else. They camped near the McNaughton property and were apparently graciously welcomed. After their first few visits in 1929-1930, they found a spot on Nora where Harold built his camp. Here the boys spent their week-ends and holidays until Bob decided in 1933-1934 to build on Florence because it was more accessible for mother and me. Unfortunately, we had only four wonderful summers there before leaving for England."

She writes:

"I have so many memories of our summers there:-

- the blueberries on Lake Marion;
- the different species of birds and wildlife;
- the squirrels running up and down the screens, tantalizing the dogs;
- the campfires on Hutcheson's Point - even though one night while there I fell in and had to be rescued by Fred;
- the fish - I have never tasted any so good since!

- rescuing the dogs from the lake when they decided to jump out of the boat;
- the day the porcupines had to be destroyed - they were making a home for themselves under the cottage. Hence, we named the cottage "Porcupine Lodge".

Margaret adds:

"It was a sad day in September, 1936, when mother and I closed the cottage to go to England. I still hope that some day I shall be fortunate enough to return for a short visit to renew old friendships and refresh my memory."

It was the cabin built by Bob Swan in 1933-1934 on Lot 11 that the Moorbys bought even before they had seen it.

While Ted and his wife, Meg, realized full well that the cabin would not be large enough to comfortably house themselves and their three children, Bob, Jean and Billy, indefinitely, it would do quite well for the present.

As soon as holidays arrived, the neighbors found a new family in the Swan cabin on the hill, Lot 11. Before long, Ted realized that there were plenty of things to be done. One of the first of these would be the building of a dock for their boat and canoe. The older children would be able to help too. Neighbors told them where to go to get the long straight poles that would be required to form the cribbing and make the dock. Unlike the usual type of top they cut the poles into about three-foot lengths and nailed them crosswise over stringers stretching from the cribbing to the shore. This made a very fine dock, sturdy in structure and very neat in appearance. This might be enough work for any family for one season, but Ted was no ordinary worker. He was certain that a good dock deserved a well-formed path leading from the cottage to the lake, a distance of nearly one hundred yards. And this is what they did. They made the path nearly three feet wide and lined it from end to end with stone.

Nor was the time all taken up with work. The canoe proved a great source of enjoyment. As yet, the rowboat, though quite serviceable for transporting heavy loads of people and supplies, nevertheless, required real manpower. Today the speedy motor boat is generally the chosen means of travel, but in 1937 the canoe was the favorite means for getting about easily. It was light in weight and easy to paddle; where the flat-bottomed boat was sluggish in water. It was, nevertheless, at that time indispensable for carrying a number of people or a whole load of supplies at one time. Then, too, whenever the lake was quite rough, the flat-bottomed boat was safer. Wood, at that time, was used for fuel and for heating as well as cooking and had to be brought home in these wide wooden boats.

The very next year, 1938, the family was back at the lake again. This year they intended extending their cabin to the east, making it at least double in size. It was a full summer's work but in doing so, it provided two extra bedrooms which added much to the comfort and convenience of the place. For the present, the cottage was quite serviceable, but a kitchen of ample size would be a great help. This they built a few years later at the back of the house.

Leading back to Lake Marion from the cottage is a path made long ago by the feet of wild animals as they moved from one lake to another. This path was shared with the Floyds at that time. A small inlet of the lake meets this path and here Ted and Arthur built a good dock that served the needs of both.

For over thirty years the Moorbys went to Winnitoba regularly to spend their summer vacations. They loved every kind of water sport but probably sailing gave them the most thrills. Ted would laugh heartily and say, "Live dangerously". Despite a heavy metal brace on one leg due to a severe injury during World War One, he never hesitated to go sailing on the roughest days on both Marion and Florence. His sailboat was called "The Lucky Seven", and lucky it certainly was, for on a number of occasions he and his crew would end up in the drink and have to be rescued. The danger lay in the fact that it was very difficult for him to swim far with his leg weighed down as it was with the brace.

But there did come a last time, for on one wild windy day, off Brownells Point, the jib rope got tangled around his leg. The sail filled out like a balloon and the boat rolled over most gracefully, ending with the eighteen-foot mast pointed straight down the water, where it snagged the bottom and held fast. The four occupants, Ted and Bill Moorby, Pat Patterson and his nephew, Earl Calverley, were thrown clear of the ship and found themselves suddenly floundering in a boiling sea. Fortunately, all could swim and made for the upturned hull and grasped the keel. All around were waves slipping against the upturned boat. As long as they could hang on, they were quite safe, for the boat continued to stay right there. The shore was maybe not more than 50 to 100 yards away and a strong swimmer might have made it to land but with that wind it was more than risky. "Let's stay with the ship. Someone surely will recognize our plight." Well, Mrs. Moorby and Mrs. Patterson had actually seen what had happened and Ida Patterson, who was right there, headed for the boat with the 1.1 H.P. engine. Well, it simply refused to kick over so she then grabbed the oars and headed across the water. She was pulling with all her might but the wind was so strong that she was being blown toward the eastern shore.

Meanwhile, rescue was on its way from the west. Mr. Godfrey had also seen what had happened from the Hutcheson cottage high above the water. In a moment he was at the shore and on his way, aided by the spanking wind. Before the stranded sailors realized that possible help was on its way, he pulled up beside them. What a relief that was for they were beginning to tire. One by one they clambored aboard the rowboat and tried to land Ted. However, due to his weight - he was away over two hundred - and his soaked clothing - they simply could not lift him into the boat. There was only one thing left to do. Hang on and head for the eastern shore less than half a mile away. What a relief when his feet struck the sand and he could walk ashore! Four rescued sailors have never ceased to be very grateful to Richmond Godfrey for his rescue that day. And everyone appreciated Ida's attempt to rescue them.

Well that ended the sailing. Neither Mrs. Moorby nor Mrs. Patterson wanted that to ever happen again. At Mrs. Moorby's request, the sailboat was beached on the shore in front of what is now Jim Sutherland's cottage, and there it stayed until it disintegrated - a sad ending to a very fine sailboat, but a happy ending for the crew.

In 1939 war was declared and the older boy, Bob Moorby, joined the Air Force. He trained as a flier and went overseas. Jean, the only daughter, also joined the Canadian Forces and became an officer in one of the units. Eventually Billy learned to fly also. So, like their father, who was very patriotic, the family followed in his footsteps. Two of them - Jean and Billy - returned to civilian life after the war, but Bob, the one who joined first, paid the supreme sacrifice. This was a heartfelt blow to his parents and family.

With Bob's death, some of the family's keen interest in Winnitoba was dampened. Failing health played its part as well. So, in 1957, the cottage was sold and the parents retired to Winnipeg.

I shall never forget how Ted, on the last day when leaving the shore, turned to the Great Spirit of the Wood, raised his hand, bowed slightly, and bade a fond adieu.

New Owners - the Lawsons and the Parks

During the summer of 1957, Mr. Moorby let it be known that they had decided to give up their place at the lake. The reasons were evident. Mr. Moorby's health would not allow him to do strenuous work to keep and improve the summer home in which they all took delight. Bob, their older son, had not returned from the war. Jean, their only daughter, was no longer able to share camp life with them. Even Bill, the youngest, was fast growing up, was employed, and thus seldom home. The camera, which had brought so much enjoyment to Ted when the family were with them, lost its appeal.

So, a fine piece of property came on the market and quickly changed hands. Ron Shearer, a nearby resident on Lot 9, told one of his colleagues in Winnipeg, David Lawson, about it, and intimated that it was an exceptional opportunity of gaining a summer home. The Lawson and Park families, who live side by side along the Red River just outside of Winnipeg, are closely related, as Mr. Park and Mrs. Lawson are brother and sister. Moreover, both families love the out-of-doors. So, the idea of getting this cottage in the beautiful Whiteshell district immediately appealed to them. They lost no time. Both families, except John Parks who was unable to accompany them, took the Friday train and arranged to stay in the Shearer cabin that week-end. The Moorbys were at the lake and had the visitors over to see their home. What they saw pleased them so much that they bargained with Mr. Moorby to hold the cabin for them until the following Friday to give them an opportunity to consult with Mr. Park. Next week-end the deal was closed.

For the next two years, the two families enjoyed Winnitoba together in their new-found cottage, and all rejoiced in the step they had taken. Then, as recorded in the section entitled "Park's Folly", the Parks saw an opportunity to acquire the Brownell property across the lake, and decided to accept. Thus, it was that the Lawsons became the sole owners of Arnside.

The Lawsons have two boys, Michael and Andrew, both in their teens, who love the place. "Here they have a freedom that they just don't get anywhere else", the father says. They acquired a new aluminum boat and motor the very next year; the Peterborough that the Moorbys had was still serviceable for ordinary usage but not safe enough for handling heavy oil drums.

With the advent of a new boat, the dock seemed inadequate, and a new one became an item of priority; this took much of the entire holiday. The front crib is sturdy being six feet by four, and filled with stones. On this were placed stringers that they cut in the woods and peeled. On these was nailed a new deck from end to end. In this sheltered bay such a dock can remain fixed the year around.

Mr. Moorby, with the assistance of a couple of neighbors, built a sturdy cement stand a few years ago. In it a tall straight flagpole was fitted and a stout rope attached for the flag. To Mr. Moorby this addition was his pride and joy, and a flag flew from this mast regularly each day. For Mr. Lawson, this addition has been a source of trouble, because the pole rotted off at the base and the ropes so far have disintegrated with the weather and have had to be replaced with considerable effort. One wonders what Mr. Moorby, who was an ardent veteran, would think today if he were here to know that the Union Jack no longer flies from his old flagpole.

The Lawsons consider the fireplace a pure delight, especially on a cool day, and that the carving of the dog in stone by Ted Moorby and embedded in the fireplace is a masterpiece. Ted roamed far and wide over the countryside to find suitable stone for the fireplace and a proper slab of stone in which to carve "Rusty", the idol of their home. It was indeed a pure "Labour of Love".

Andrew especially and his father are ardent fishermen. The father likes to row rather than use a motor because, he says, "It is amazing the birds and other wild life that can be seen when no noisy engines disturb the peace of the lake."

Fortunately, Dave's wife, Dorothy Anne, is as enamoured of the place as are the rest of the family; so it is not surprising that they all go down to the lake as soon as holidays arrive and stay for the two months if at all possible. Sometimes Dave and his brother-in-law, John, also manage to get down for the odd week-end of fishing. -- So here is another family to which Winnitoba means much.

WASHADEMOAK* LODGE - LOT 12

In 1933, the Pincocks persuaded Arthur and Greta Floyd to come to Winnitoba for a holiday and rent Mrs. Hutcheson's cottage. They liked everything about the set-up and about Winnitoba. So, that summer they procured Lot 12 across the lake and the very next year, 1934, they had their cottage built. Fortunately, at this time, George Pincock and Bert Gallimore, who had gained valuable experience in building cottages at Winnitoba, were available and did the building. The construction was not easy because the cabin was placed on a sloping hill. As a consequence, the front part of the house had to be built several feet above ground level. Fortunately, however, this afforded considerable space underneath for storage of wood, boat, canoe and household supplies. One special piece of equipment stored there was of interest to every cottage owner in the community. This was a large grindstone. The Floyds, being community-minded, decided to provide one, complete with stand and water trough, to be used by anyone with a knife to be sharpened, or an axe to be ground. In those days, we must remember, wood was the chief form of fuel, whether for cooking, heating or for making a good bonfire, and the axe was the indispensable tool by which it was wrested from the forest.

All the neighbors in this neck of the woods used a common path, beautifully shaded, that led over the hill behind the cabins and down to a secluded bay on Lake Marion. There, a good wharf was built by the Floyds and the Moorbys, from which it was a common sight to see a boat-load of people being rowed out on to the lake, headed for a favorite fishing ground, a choice picnic point, or a favorite berry patch. And right here it may be added that later, with the advent of the small outboard motor, much of the labor associated with the flat-bottomed rowboat became a thing of the past.

Most people enjoy fishing. The Floyds were no exception. But their daughter Lillian's interest ended right there. Not only did she decline to eat the fish, she extracted a promise from her parents that if she caught them she would be excused from further participation. "Lucky girl!" - did I hear someone say?

The Floyds had very happy summers in Winnitoba until 1947 when Arthur retired, and before going East to live, sold the cottage to Grace Dolmage and her sister E.B. Since leaving they have been sorely missed by their many friends in the community.

And so Washademoak changed hands. The Dolmages, Grace and E.B., were no strangers to Winnitoba. They had already spent some time in the Patterson cabin and in visiting the Waldons (Mrs. Waldon being their sister, Willard). Moreover, both of them were well known to many of the summer

* WASHADEMOAK - originally was the name of a lake in New Brunswick, and means "clear water". It was in her home on the shore of this lake that Mrs. Floyd lived as a girl.

residents through associations with education. For almost ten years, until 1957 when they sold the cabin, they became an integral part of the community. Only because Grace transferred to the University of Vancouver did they find it necessary to give up their favorite spot on Lake Florence which had become to them a second home.

In 1957, Mr. Wilf McCorquodale purchased Washademoak Lodge from the Dolmages. This transaction may indeed be considered as the culmination of a dream, for, as far back as 1947, Wilf had become aware of the charm of Winnitoba. That summer he and Mr. George Fuller, another friend of the Moorbys were invited to spend a week-end as guests of Ted and Mrs. Moorby. This week-end visit was repeated in 1948 and again in 1949. Moreover, in the fall of these years, Wilf and George were privileged to use the cabin as hunting headquarters. In the spring of the next year, 1950, George Fuller built a cabin right next to Ted's, with the aid of his good friend, Wilf. That summer the Fullers invited Wilf, his wife, their three girls, Melba, Gaye and Lyne, and son, Kent, to become their guests. Needless to say, the visitors promptly fell in love with the place. Then, for the next six years, each summer, these visitors were invited to spend part of their annual holiday in the Fuller cabin. Finally in 1957, when the Dolmage cabin became available, the McCorquodales seized the opportunity to procure it for their very own. And because of their close association with other resident families in the community for almost twenty years, and now permanent summer residents for well over half that time, they have become well established members of their lake.

ALTEORA - LOT 13

You will recall that around 1926 or 1927 the woodcutting lease held by the Arctic Ice Company for the area of Winnitoba expired. The President, Charles McNaughton, suggested that his nephew, Fred, a young married man with two small children, fix up one of the log cabins and take his family to that lovely place for the summer holidays. Thus, Fred with his wife, Peggy, and the two boys, Fletcher and Jack, became the first of the early pioneers to use one of the company cabins purely for holiday purposes. Fred's mother, Mrs. J. F. McNaughton, later known by all the campers as Mrs. McNaughton, Senior, went with them for company. She fell so in love with the place that she acquired one of the log cabins that had been built a short distance south of the railway track opposite to the "Spring". Because the cabin nestled in a cozy hollow, down the path she named it "Way Down Inn", and it became the centre for the early summer campers when waiting for the "Local". Many happy hours were spent together over cups of tea while enjoying good fellowship.

A few years later, in 1933, Mrs. McNaughton, Sr., and her daughters, Jessie, Gladys and Gertrude (Mrs. Walter B. Tyson), decided to build their present cabin "The Alteora" on Lot 13 on the east shore of Lake Florence. It was so named after a pleasure boat on the St. Lawrence River that carried passengers between Montreal and Lachine. It was at Lachine that Mrs. McNaughton, as a girl, had vacationed every summer with her parents.

Mr. Gray, a full-time resident on Lake Nora, carried out the construction of the new summer home. Built on a flat ledge of rock, hidden behind the lovely stand of birch and pine that stretched upward from the sandy shore, this summer home and beauty spot has been a veritable paradise for these early pioneers. The mother, Mrs. McNaughton, Sr., who had the honour of being the first named Mayor of the community, passed away in 1939, but her family and grandchildren continue to enjoy their summer vacations in "The Alteora".

THE BELLS - THE BEAZLEYS - LOT 14

Jack Haack of Transcona learned that a summer cabin that had been occupied by Jack Davis for many years and later sold to Alex Gushawady and his wife was again for sale. As Mr. Haack was interested in getting a cottage for his mother at some lake, he decided to go to Winnitoba and have a look at it. Wishing to have someone accompany him, he asked his good friend and neighbor, Bill Bell if he would care to come along. Bill gladly consented, so one Friday night soon after found the two of them getting off the train at Winnitoba.

That night Jack and Bill found their way over to the cabin where they planned to stay. Next morning they carefully surveyed the cabin and the general surroundings and sized things up. Then, during the week-end they scouted about the lake, met some of the neighbors, and even did a little fishing. Bill says that they were quite impressed both with Lake Florence and with the people, and Jack Haack returned to the city sufficiently convinced with what he saw to lead him to arrange for the transfer of the cabin to the Haack name.

That summer, and for a couple of years following, Mr. Bell, sometimes accompanied by Mrs. Bell, was privileged to visit with the Haacks from time to time and share camp life with them. The Bells showed their appreciation by sharing in the chores about the camp and joining in the fun.

As might be expected, Bill, his wife, Eileen, and their two young children, Keith and Janet, became more and more enamoured with Winnitoba, and eventually they began looking around for a choice lot on which they might build a cottage for themselves. Of the locations not yet leased, Lot 14 seemed to suit them best, so this one, next to the McNaughtons, was chosen.

During the winter prior to building, the Bells designed their cabin and figured out the lumber and other supplies that they would require. To provide quarters in which to live while building, they planned for a small bunkhouse in which they could eat and sleep. For transportation they arranged for a boat with fir sides and a plywood bottom and a three-horse Johnson outboard motor that would be sent down on request.

As Bill did not get his summer holidays till early September he was obliged to do the first part of the building on week-ends, and, until he got the bunkhouse built, he went down alone. Once that was done, the family would be able to come down on week-ends with him; and this they did.

When Bill arrived at Winnitoba that spring, the boat and the bunkhouse materials had arrived. Jack Haack kindly arranged to be there on that occasion. Loading the lumber on the new green boat was soon accomplished and using the Haack boat with Bill's new motor they soon were under way. All went well in the quiet waters of the bay but out in the rougher waters of the lake they discovered that they were slowing down to a snail's pace. Looking around

they immediately discovered that the green boat was shipping water. Due to inexperience they had loaded it too heavily. Would it sink and maybe drag them down too? Fortunately Jack had some experience in handling a boat and so kept it headed into the waves. In this way they reached the far shore and then carefully manoeuvred down the coast to the lot. How thankful they were that the lumber was safely on shore and not strewn over the lake as would have happened had the boat submerged.

After two week-ends of hard work the small sleeping and eating quarters were finished and the family was able to come down to the camp.

Each week-end after that the Bells arranged to pick up at the station the materials needed for the cottage at the time, and in this way the materials for the main cabin were gradually brought safely across. By the end of the summer holidays the Bells were happy to say that the cottage was completely closed in and they could relax. There would be a next year and then further progress could continue.

Each year at camp brings its quota of chores to be done. Besides this, some time must be left for relaxation and for enjoying camp life. Year after year this seemed to occupy most of their waking hours and thus the time slipped by. But the cottage never did get finished to their complete satisfaction. Mrs. Bell enjoyed the cottage when the family were all down but she never did enjoy the water nor the boat. When the family went back to town after most week-ends, Bill would take the children over to the station in the boat, but Mrs. Bell preferred to walk around by the path. This fear of the water and the boat she never did master.

In the summer of 1964, Mrs. Bell, who had been a war bride, decided to return to the old country for a visit. Bill took the opportunity to take the children for a trip to the west coast. They thoroughly enjoyed travel. Then, when the family all returned in the fall, it was decided that while Bill liked the lake very much, everyone, including himself, was very interested in seeing more of the world. The result was that the Beazleys bought the place and the Bells got a tent and later a trailer, and with these they now enjoy the open road and camp life along the way.

Lot 14 under Beazley Ownership

It may be recalled that the Senior Mrs. McNaughton, one time Honorary Mayor of Winnitoba, shared the cottage on Lot 13, known as "Alteora", with her three daughters, Jessie, Gladys, and Gertrude (Mrs. Tyson). Mr. Walter Tyson and Gertrude with their two children shared this cottage with the family for holidays. Their two children, now grown up, were Charles ("Buzz") and Elizabeth. Elizabeth is now the wife of Dr. Gary Beazley. They are the couple who took over Lot 14 in the spring of 1965 from the Bells. Here is her story.

"I have been going to Winnitoba since I was two and a half years old, to the McNaughton cottage where with my family and relatives, I spent many happy summers. Gary first came to Winnitoba in 1959, really a very dampening experience as we disembarked from the train on a dark and rainy

night. Luckily Mr. Bell and his son, Keith, were on hand to give us a very wet ride across the lake in their rather untrustworthy boat. After that we visited Winnitoba every summer until we purchased Mr. Bell's cabin in 1965. At first we thought that we would renovate the existing cottage, but finally decided to tear it down and build a larger one which we needed.

Our first step was to build an eight by sixteen foot Pan Abode cabin* mostly for off-season living. Gary, for example, likes to hunt, and occasionally to go down with the snowshoes and skis. Winnitoba can be an alluring spot anytime during the winter.

The job of tearing down the Bell cottage took two years and our whole family, and resulted in some good lumber, loads of kindling and several pails of nails. Then in 1968, Gary, with the help of a carpenter, built our new cottage which we are currently finishing inside. When finished, the cottage will consist of a large living room with verandah, two bedrooms, and a kitchen. Propane is used for lighting and at present wood is our source of heat.

We hope to enjoy many more years at Winnitoba with our three young children - Gordon, Bruce and Mary."

* A Pan Abode cabin is one made out of factory-shaped logs fitted together as to make a very snug place. Even the floor and roof are well insulated so as to require a minimum of heat to keep the place cozy even in the dead of winter. Gary explained that they toyed with the idea of constructing their whole cabin of this material but decided that the cost would not warrant the spending of so much because of the limited use they would get out of it, as a summer home only.

THE BARBER SUMMER HOME - LOT 16

One of the early cabins to be built for summer use was that of the Barbers. Dr. and Mrs. Barber were close neighbors of the Pattersons and Gallimores in Winnipeg and it was only natural that they would hear, over the garden fence, about the prospects of obtaining a choice campsite for a summer dwelling in the lake country presently known as the Whiteshell. Being lovers of the countryside and the soil, it is not surprising that the Barbers immediately became interested. So, early that very summer, 1926, the lumber, nails, doors, windows, etc. for their new cabin were on their way. This was about the same time that supplies were being shipped by the Gallimores.

Once the plans were made, no time was lost. Already three men from Elma - John Stabinski, Steve Korion and Nick Padolsky - were on the site. They had been employed by the doctor to get out logs for the cabin and to build a boat to transport the building supplies across the lake. They found most of the logs for the main walls chiefly Jackpine and some spruce in the valley behind the camp. On the spot, they cut down and peeled each tree and later actually carried it home on their shoulders. That was very hard work for which these men deserve great credit.

Being skilled in the art of building log cabins, it was not long before a foundation was laid out of stone and the logs hewn and set in place. To build the fireplace these men had to scour the lakeside for suitable stone and haul it home by boat. Lake sand, properly mixed with lime, cement and water, was used as mortar to bind the stone together and chink the walls. The bricks for the chimney as well as all of the other lumber and hardware had to be carried nearly a quarter of a mile down the spur line from the railway and then brought across the lake by rowboat. No outboard motors, but stout oars were the only instruments of propulsion.

In a little over a month the cabin was complete with a painted shingle roof, eavestroughs, and a dock. Even the logs were given a coat of oil to preserve the color. The final touch was the head of a moose suitably mounted - that one of the boys shot right on the premises. And to complete the picture the doctor hoped to get a loon but he declares that this proved impossible because loons always know when you draw the trigger, and dive.

That fall, in appreciation of the splendid job done by John Stabinski, the Barbers gave him the privilege of enjoying a month in the cabin.

Winnitoba meant much to the Barbers and today they retain many happy memories of the times spent in that "little bit of Heaven". To them the scenery was superb, the fishing excellent, the wild fruit abundant, and the water a veritable playground. And who will ever forget the corn roasts

enjoyed around the bonfires held on a Friday night when the doctor came down to the lake laden with armfuls of delicious corn, garnered from his splendid garden in the city.

It was a sad day for the family when in 1933 word came that the cabin had been burned, apparently due to lightning.

INNISFREE - LOT 17

The Patterson Cottage

The log cottage that we planned to build would require the assistance of men qualified to cut down, peel and transport the heavy logs to the building site. This truly was no task to be undertaken by one pair of hands. Fortunately, experienced help was at hand, for in the fall of 1927, after the men who had built the Hutcheson and Barber cabins were free, they were ready and willing to undertake the task. And so, before freeze-up that fall, the logs were cut, peeled and assembled on the site. Finally they were covered with tar paper intended to protect them from the fall rains and the melting snow of the coming spring.

In 1928, when the ice had cleared from the lake making transportation by boat possible, two of the boys - John Stabinski and Steve Korion - armed with building tools, a tent, the necessary blankets and food, returned to Winnitoba ready to erect the cabin. Meanwhile, all of the building materials required for the floor, the roof, the partitions, the doors and the windows had been ordered and shipped by Brown and Rutherfords of Winnipeg to Mile 41.

Soon the boys were busy carrying the lumber piece by piece down the long spur line to the water's edge. Here they loaded it onto the boats and, with some trepidation, managed to row the loads across the troubled waters of the lake. Finally, they carried it up the hill to the cottage grounds.

The builders had advised that by July the cottage would be sufficiently advanced for habitation. This had been welcome information. So by the end of the first week of July, the small children, Ida and David, were quite excited and ready to be off. Meanwhile the whole family was quite busy with preparations. To add to the interest, Georgina's sister, Jean (Mrs. Edgar Calverley of Poplar Point) and her small boy, Herbert, were invited to accompany us on our adventure. None of us with the exception of Dad had experienced a trip on the Local which was destined to leave at eight o'clock the next morning. Well, youth was on our side and we were down at the C.N. station in plenty of time to ship the heavy luggage and carry up the many small parcels to the waiting coach, attached to the back of the train.

Hardly had we time to sit down and catch our breath before we were on our way. Within an hour Transcona had come and gone and we were really bound for our summer home by the side of a lake. It was good to be out in the country again. Everything looked fresh and beautiful. The fields were richly green, and, in the pastures, the cattle and other farm animals grazed on the luxurious growth. Meadowlarks carolled lustily from the fence posts along the way, and small birds flitted busily about. Wild flowers appeared here and there in the grass along the side of the track and swayed in the gentle breeze. Amid these pleasant surroundings we moved lazily along - clickety clack, clickety clack, clickety clack. Within a short time the air in the car began to feel uncomfortably warm, as the bright rays of the sun bathed the landscape, giving promise of a rather hot day.

Before very long there came a muffled noise; the brakes were being applied and the train slowed down. Suddenly all was still. It was Dugald and we had been switched on to the siding there. At the far end of the train we could just hear the chuh, chuh, chuh, of our iron horse as if it were anxious to be off again. But no one seemed to pay any attention to its fretting! After what seemed an interminable time, another train suddenly rushed by. This apparently had caused the delay, for shortly our train began to edge out onto the main line again and soon we were on our way as the engine went chugging along.

From now on, it seemed, every station became a signal for the train to stop and unload local freight. Here and there one or more boxcars had to be picked up or left behind. In this way the hours dragged by. The children gradually grew tired and restless. They would trot up and down the aisle; a drink of water from the tap at the end of the car would be the pretext; soon another. Then "Mother, I'm getting hungry. Couldn't I have a sandwich now?" "Well, pretty soon. You know, I think we'll soon be at Elma. There the trainmen will stop for their dinner. We can all have lunch together there. And at Elma you are going to get a big surprise for the man who looks after the station has a very beautiful garden with such gorgeous flowers. And, who knows, maybe we shall see a humming bird, maybe more than one, dashing from flower to flower and seemingly standing in the air before each one, while it sips the nectar with its long beak."

Sure enough, at long last, the brakes were being gently applied; we were slowing down. Elma at long last! "Now where are the sandwiches and cookies? This is like a picnic, isn't it?" After lunch we all got out of the coach and strolled up and down the platform. Suddenly the children noticed that the engine began to pull away without the train. Where was it going? "You see that big round wooden tank down there with the ball on top? Well, it contains water and the engine needs some to make more steam in order to pull our train." "Oh!"

At long last the engine returned and was again attached to the train with a noisy chug, clang, clang, clang - jolt. By now the last passenger had climbed back onto the train, ready and waiting to be on our way again. Now, what is keeping them from pulling out! The children were getting tired. One by one they began to curl up in the empty seats while the few adults stretched out hoping for a little rest too. Suddenly a train rushed by going in our direction. That meant another wait! But at last our train began to move. Slowly it snaked out onto the main line and once again we were off. Soon we began passing through more rugged terrain. Flat green fields gave place to evergreen trees. Look at those bare rocky slopes and jagged rock cuts! I wonder if we may see a deer somewhere along here!

But progress seemed slow - another stop and then another. Once it was to land a camper at a wayside landing. Thus the afternoon dragged on. The hot stuffy coach only added to the discomfort.

Finally late that afternoon the brakeman came through the coach to announce that it was "Ophir next". This time we stopped on the main line. Mile 41 I knew would be next. To stretch my limbs I jumped down from the steps at the rear of the coach. Both lads, David and Herb, wanted down too!

"Well, boys, we must not wander away from the train." While we were gazing around and breathing in the pine-scented air, we did not notice for a split second that the train, without a sound had begun to steal away. In a flash, realizing our plight, I grabbed the two boys, dashed for that receding monster, and hoisted them onto the steps and scrambled aboard. Whew! How I managed it I'll never know! They credit adrenalin I believe.

Whoever would believe that this train could glide away so silently! I've wondered many times since what would have happened had we been left behind. Can you imagine the consternation down at Mile 41 fifteen minutes later when it was discovered that the only one of the family who had ever been to this strange place was missing, and the two young lads with him! Well, thanks be, it didn't happen and I kept my thoughts to myself. There was quite a scramble as we carried all of the luggage down to the end of the car ready to dismount. Mile 41 at last! When the train pulled away again we were truly left behind in strange surroundings. How quiet it seemed!

The last leg of our journey was still in the planning stage. The builders, not knowing just when we were coming were nowhere to be seen. Leaving behind our trappings and the boxes of food and other luggage that we had shipped, we set off down the track. Maybe Mrs. Brownell would be down at the lake. If not we would have to walk around. Opposite the Brownells we scrambled down the embankment, crossed the low marshy ground where we got our feet thoroughly soaked, and then stumbled up to the log cabin on higher ground. Who should meet us at the door but Mrs. Brownell herself! What a welcome! I'll never forget her kindness. "Of course you are not to walk around. Come on, I'll take you across in the boat." All piled in and away we rowed across the lake. Fortunately it was calm. It was a relief indeed to have arrived. After due thanks at the shore, we found our way up to the new cabin that we had never seen before. It was to be "home" in summer for many years to come. Then using a stout pair of oars in our heavy flat-bottomed boat, I was soon back to the siding again to gather our belongings.

Those who have experienced the building of a summer home at the lake know that there is much still to be done before the kitchen is furnished to their liking, the cupboards are built and painted, a dock has been wrested from the forest and the first fish has been caught and filleted. What a thrill is experienced with the landing of the first big one! Yes, there were fish large enough for a thrill in those early days. My first big one was a fifteen pounder caught not far from the cottage on Lake Florence. My fingers would scarcely span the back of its head to lift it into the boat. And when it began to flop about, it made me wonder whether I hadn't better take to the water myself.

The first few days at the lake were rather hectic. There was water to be brought from the spring away across the lake, using a heavy flat-bottomed boat. It simply would not do to drink water right out of the lake unless it were boiled and cooled! The wood stove had to be put up out of doors and cooking done in the open until a chimney could be erected. Wood had to be provided. As the chinking between the logs was not completed and no screens covered the windows and doors as yet, we were not long in discovering that the mosquitoes knew their way around even in the dark. All night long the dive-bombing continued. Zing! Zing! Zing! It was nerve-wracking! To light a

lamp in order to attack the brutes was fatal! Would the night never end? And the next morning, a passer-by might have wondered why there were bed clothes spread over every shrub in the vicinity! It seems that wet mortar is an efficient humidifier. It was little wonder that even our invited guest, Mrs. Jean Calverley, finally exploded. "I do not know why anyone would want to come down to this place for a holiday!" But, need I add, in a few days, after she had caught a few of those golden pickerel, experienced what it is to sleep in an airy cabin free of mosquitoes, swim in the clear refreshing water of the lake, and go boating in the cool of the evening, found that after all this is a great place to spend a vacation.

To the Pattersons, Winnitoba has after forty years never lost its charm. Even our son, David, who lives far off in the U.S.A., on occasion returns with some or all of his family, usually in June, to spend a few days "at the lake". He delights to wander back over the familiar lakes, listening to the call of the birds, watching for a young deer scampering along some sandy beach, and taking the canoe for a paddle over the still waters in the cool of the evening. To him, here is peace indeed. Never will he or his sister, Ida, forget the happy times that they enjoyed with their playmates, swimming, hiking, picnicking, fishing and just playing together, at this most delightful summer resort. Here, too, their parents have found a host of delightful friends both young and old who have contributed much to their life's enjoyment.

SNUG HARBOR - LOT 19

"In 1937", Dr. Waldon writes, "we spent a short time at Lake Brereton at the formal opening of the C.G.I.T. camp. We were so impressed by the Whiteshell that we tried to rent a cottage there for 1938. We were unsuccessful, fortunately, for when we mentioned the fact to Miss Dolmage, she informed us that her Principal had a cottage in the Whiteshell which he sometimes rented. At our request, she phoned Mr. Patterson with the result that we spent a month at Winnitoba in 1938.

Elva, Tom and I took the Local and had our first look at Winnitoba. A young lad, Graham Pincock, was at the train and he helped us to the wharf with our stuff; pointed to a rowboat we might use and said, "Head for that rounded point over there." So we arrived at the Patterson cottage and two days later the rest of the family arrived. We had a delightful month. We liked the area; we enjoyed fishing and picking blueberries; we thrilled about trips back to other lakes, but the thing that thrilled us most was the friendliness of all the campers along the shore.

During the last week we tramped about examining vacant lots and decided to build the following year.

I need hardly say that we spent many hours that winter at plans for a cottage. Then, in the spring, we took a neighboring carpenter to the lake to look the situation over. Soon after, he placed his order for material and went to the lake with two helpers to build the cottage. Mr. Patterson kindly permitted them to use his cottage. Mrs. Krocker, wife of the carpenter, went with them to make the porridge and coffee and fry the fish. We shipped down a used Peterborough rowboat and Mr. Krocker borrowed two other boats and loaded the lumber on them. He put two sets of oars on the Peterborough and used it as a tug. Unfortunately they had a lot of windy weather; the Peterborough stood it for three trips and then gave up the ghost.

We are grateful to Mr. Krocker for the fine job he made of it and also for a couple of ideas such as the hinging of the windows which have added much to our comfort.

We built a good sized cottage for it was our expectation that Mrs. Waldon's mother and two sisters would share it with us. This they did for a few years but when Mr. and Mrs. Floyd left, the girls took over their cottage. (Lot 12).

The building of the cottage was the best investment we ever made."

Lot 19, on which the Waldons built in 1939, is well wooded toward the lake and has a natural sandy beach for bathing. The rear of the cottage rests on a wide shelf of rock that extends some distance back, thus providing

a sunny clearing. A familiar sight is lines of clothes gently swaying in the breeze each week as neighbors round about take advantage of this sunny space on washday.

Dr. Waldon was a very welcome newcomer for up to that time there had been no medical doctor available in the area to take care of possible emergencies.

To the east, running over the hill for a few hundred yards behind the cabins, there is a path, long since worn by the feet of deer and moose. It leads down a steep incline to the water's edge in a small sheltered inlet of Lake Marion. Here you will find several wharves built by the Waldons and their near neighbors. Beside one of these wharves could be seen a small boat built by Dr. Waldon using branches from the woods, suitably shaped by nature to form many of the parts of the craft. Nearby you will find a couple of small boathouses, built on the shore to provide cover for the boats in winter. It is from these wharves that small motor boats may be seen throughout the summer, moving leisurely through the inlet toward the lake - bent on fishing, gathering blueberries, collecting wood for the home fires or on a picnic.

Because Dr. Waldon has this interesting hobby of finding curiously shaped roots, and twigs with interesting grain in the wood, and of weaving them together to construct practical ornaments and articles of furniture, people find the Waldon cottage a place abounding in interest.

Probably no one in the whole community has taken more interest in the flora and fauna of this district than has Dr. Waldon. During his long and distinguished service to the community of Vita, Manitoba, he developed a keen interest in the wild plant and animal life of that district; and this interest continued to grow and develop in Winnitoba. Often he could be seen, armed with his camera, striking out across one of the nearby lakes, bound for some spot where he hoped to obtain a picture of some flower, in a definite stage of its growth. These pictures he always delighted to share with others.

BONAVISTA COTTAGE - LOT 20

By Dr. J. C. Pincock

I first heard of Winnitoba from my oldest sister "Bessie" who had been a guest of Mr. and Mrs. George Gallimore at Winnitoba during her summer holiday. She was so enthusiastic in her praise of the beauties of this place that I was constrained to visit it myself.

For a number of years we had been renting summer quarters at various resorts including Gimli, Minaki, Keewatin-Kenora, and Lac du Bonnet. In 1930 Mr. D. A. Patterson kindly let me rent his cottage at Winnitoba. This gave me an opportunity to become acquainted with this place; and, from the start, my wife and family of four - George, Margaret, Graham and Olive Marion - were delighted with the lakes and hills and streams with their opportunities for fishing and general living close to nature. As Maritimers, my wife and I had been brought up by the sea; and the similarity of the vegetation, the plentiful lakes teeming with fish, completely won us over to become real Winnitobans.

After two good years at the Patterson cottage, we decided to build for ourselves; so in 1932 I employed Bert Gallimore and my older son, George, to plan and build for us. These boys, at that time, were sixteen and eighteen years old respectively. They were University students. Opportunities for summer employment were very rare in what were known as the "hungry thirties", and the boys were glad to take over this task for their board and lodging and a small return in cash for a great deal of work. Because of their youth and no great experience in building, I secured the consent of Mr. J. B. Robertson, who had just finished the Robertson cottage, to keep an eye on the boys and to deal with such problems as cutting the rafters and fitting the windows. Mr. Robertson was an expert craftsman, and, no doubt deserves a great deal of credit for the careful construction of the cottage. So both youth and age combined their talents and energy to construct a cottage which is still in excellent condition after thirty-five years.

I pause here to relate an incident which occurred during the construction of the building. My wife who was keeping house for the boys in the Gallimore cottage while our cottage was being built, went over one day to see how the work was progressing. She found the boys working busily at the roof while Mr. Robertson was fitting the windows below. They were all singing as they worked, the boys sang the then popular "Oh Susannah, Don't You Cry For Me!", but Mr. Robertson true to his eldership in the Presbyterian Church accompanied them with "The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want".

This first part of the cottage, built in 1932, had a large living room with a place for the kitchen stove, a dining alcove, and two good bedrooms. Two years later an extension was built at the back providing quite a large kitchen and two more good bedrooms. This work was also done by the two boys who had by now gained some good experience.

They were also able to earn a little more by building other cottages. They assisted in the building of the Gordon cottage, and built entirely a cottage for Mr. A. E. Floyd. (This cottage was later occupied by Miss Grace Dolmage and is now the McCorquodale cottage.)

The Name of the Cottage

I had rented cottages for so many years and was so heartily sick of it that I felt the only suitable name for our cottage was "Dunrentin", which was the name we gave it at first. Later we decided to change the name and I chose "Bonavista", the landfall of John Cabot when he discovered Newfoundland in 1497. It is said that he named the first cape he sighted after his long Atlantic voyage "Beuna Vista" or good sight. I am sure that all of us have the same feelings about Winnitoba as we cross Lake Florence from the station dock each spring.

THE GREENGRASS CABIN - LOT 21

Have you ever wondered how it was that some summer resident you have just met at the station, chanced to find his or her way to Winnitoba? Most likely you expected to hear that originally he or she had been invited by a friend to come down for a week-end. This seems to have been the usual experience. Not so with Gordon Greengrass. He first came to Winnitoba, not because he had been invited by one of the residents but because he was very interested in fishing and saw by the map that the Winnitoba area contained a number of small lakes that gave promise of being a happy hunting ground for fish.

Thus it was that Gordon Greengrass, together with his brother-in-law and another interested angler had loaded the square-stern canoe onto the Campers Special and headed for Winnitoba one Friday evening in the spring of 1955.

As they were not acquainted with the place their first need, on arriving, was to find a suitable spot on which to pitch their tent for the night. This they located on Florence some distance north of the portage into Marion, and proceeded to erect their tent, bring their supplies over from the station, and prepare the evening meal. Before turning in for the night, they dropped their canoe into the lake once more and had paddled along the shore only a short distance when they sighted a portage which they felt quite sure would lead into the Lake Marion shown on their map. Now that they knew their bearings maybe they had better "turn in" for the night.

As so frequently happens on tenting trips, it rained during the night. Next morning they awoke to find themselves a bit wet and uncomfortable. But spirits could not stay damp very long with the warm sun climbing in the eastern sky. In the distance a pair of loons were calling "Time to get up! Time to be stirring!" Well, with the dry twigs they had gathered and put under cover before retiring, a fire soon was crackling between two big stones and the bacon and eggs were sputtering in the pan.

All that day and on Sunday these eager anglers ranged over the three lakes paddling into numerous small bays where they suspected fish might lurk. And indeed fishing proved to be very good, yielding several nice-sized Jacks as well as a fair number of pickerel.

The time had gone all too quickly; Sunday evening found them hastily preparing the evening meal - fish you may be sure, packing their tent and belongings, and wending their way back over the lake and up the path to the train, headed for home.

For years past Gordon Greengrass had visited a number of summer camps along the main line - Malachi, Ottermere and Rice Lake come readily to mind. Always he had the notion that one day he, too, would build a summer home for himself and the family. So, naturally, as they passed from lake to lake this idea was stirring in the back of his mind. He noted that there

were no campers located on Marion. Nora was larger, there were some cabins, and the fishing was good. Florence was dotted with quite a number of cabins and appeared quite a lovely spot. Here, too, there were, it appeared, a few vacant lots. Back again in the city Gordon talked the situation over with the family. Winnitoba, he commented, looked promising. Why not find out what lots are still available? This they decided to do.

A week or two later found Gordon back at Winnitoba, this time bent on examining the vacant lots yet suitable as cabin sites. Lot 21 on Lake Florence was his final choice. Back again in town, after talking it over at home, he visited the government office concerned, applied, and secured the lot.

Now came the problem of planning the cabin and consulting with lumber firms to get the best deal for the necessary building supplies. These he purchased and ordered them to be sent down on the "Local" the following week. When the next week-end came around, the tent and other camping equipment was once more on its way. This time Violet, his daughter, accompanied the father.

Bill Bell, who had already commenced building on Lot 14, was down at Winnitoba on his holidays at that time. He was at the station when the Local arrived bringing the materials for the Greengrass cottage. Learning that the building supplies on the train were intended for Lake Florence, Bill persuaded the trainmen to put lumber off at the fill east of the station. When Gordon arrived that week-end on the Campers Special he was indeed surprised to find where the materials had been unloaded. But it was not until the following morning that he fully realized what a great favor his Winnitoba neighbor, Bill Bell, had done for him. Instead of being obliged to carry everything from the station down the long difficult path to the wharf, he simply would have to transport it down the railway embankment to the lake shore.

Getting the lumber across the lake to his lot would have to be undertaken in the morning. Meanwhile that Friday evening, Gordon and his young daughter took over the canoe and tent supplies to the new campsite - in preparation for the morrow. After breakfast the next morning while on his way over in the canoe to the pile of lumber, Gordon picked up a second boat loaned to him by Jack Haack, a friend of his from Transcona. This he found on the shore by the "I'm Alone" cabin. Before leaving camp, Dad gave instructions to Violet to the effect that as soon as she saw him come around Brownells Point with the lumber she was to boil water for tea over the open fire by the shore. Of course this would be fun for her. When finally a couple of hours later the boat came round the point, she lit the fire and placed the kettle of water above it across the supporting stones. Fortunately the lake was not very rough and presently the two boats loaded with the lumber came broadside to the shore and drifted in with the breeze. Whoops! The top of the load commenced sliding into the water when the boat nearer the shore grounded. In a moment the captain was overboard, also, frantically endeavouring to recover the loose wet floating boards and drag them to shore. In the midst of this commotion, suddenly Gordon heard a scream: "Oh, Daddy, the kettle of boiling water has fallen into the fire!" Silence a moment. Then, "Never mind, Violet", said the cool-headed captain, "just boil some more."

Before nightfall all of the material was safely across and piled on the shore. Both new residents were tired and hungry. Hot beans never tasted so good. After supper that night, Jack Haak's boat was returned to him with many thanks.

Here again, as has been experienced over and over again by campers at Winnitoba, the co-operation of neighbors has been splendid. For instance, George Gallimore brought over a metal stand to place under their kettle and other cooking utensils to prevent further spills. Because it was raining one day, Mr. Baskerville produced a small oil stove so that the folk could cook indoors. Incidentally, to improve the dry fuel situation, these campers soon learned to gather dry branches and twigs every week-end and store them in the tent so that always they would have dry fuel available when they returned from town the following Friday night.

"In the few week-ends that remained prior to the summer holidays, at which time we planned to finish our cabin", Gordon said, "we hurried to prepare the foundation. Forms had to be built in which to pour the cement to make the foundation supports. Moreover, the gravel and sand had to be found and brought for making the cement. Then flat stones had to be gathered and placed above the cement for additional height. And at the front of the house, where the floor would be exceptionally high because the ground sloped toward the lake, we had to make laminated pillars out of two by eight planks." You can guess that green grass did not get a chance to grow under their feet. But by holiday time their objective had been reached. The foundation had been completed.

The next week in the city was a busy one making preparations to return to the lake for the summer where Lot 21 would continue to be a hive of activity. Besides carrying on the usual week's work, vegetables had to be dug and crated, the summer's supplies had to be ordered and packed. This time, Mrs. Jean Greengrass and Allan would be coming too. How would their tent possibly hold them all, and these supplies! But at last they were on their way.

The very next morning following their arrival, while Gordon was away to the Shakespeare cottage to pick up some of the food supplies that they had left there on their way to the cottage, a threatening storm suddenly gathered. The Pincocks, realizing that Mrs. Greengrass and the children might be frightened, thoughtfully invited them to come to their cottage. At about this time, Gordon returned with the supply of food and joined them till the storm abated.

As the tent was literally full, there was no room for a table even if they had one. However, a door intended for the new cottage was pressed into service as a table by supporting it on two poles extended between trees. Soon, bacon was frying in the pan over an open fire, the tea was made and breakfast was ready. Setting the table was fun, especially for the squirrels that took delight in whisking away slices of bread intended for dinner.

One night, after all were tucked in bed or in bed rolls, the family heard something rummaging amongst the vegetables - what could that be! Surely not a bear! A flashlight revealed that it was an animal decked out in black and white stripes. A skunk! To try to scare it with a boot might result in a

trip to town for fresh vegetables! Finally - which seemed an age - the visitor, full and contented, quietly took its departure, unharmed. Needless to say, the vegetables, smelling quite sweet and fresh, were quickly dragged into the already crowded tent, the flap was securely buttoned down, and everything returned to normal - at least by morning.

Shortly after this Mrs. Greengrass who had been assisting with the work a little too strenuously became ill and had to return to town, leaving Gordon and Violet to finish the building of the house. It must be said that Violet together with her newly found friends, the Pincock girls, became the tent-keepers whenever they happened to be around. It should be added that Gordon had to be watchful strolling along the path in the dusk of evening because neighboring Indians, decked in feathers and carrying bows and arrows, could sometimes be momentarily seen flitting between the stones along the way!

Putting it together on the floor, Gordon now nailed the framework of both of the two side walls, each twenty feet long and eight feet high. The two by six uprights were very heavy and strong. Certainly each wall would be too heavy for one man, and no job for any older man, no matter how willing he might be. Well, who should happen along just about then but Jack Haack from the I'm Alone cabin. "Do you think that you and I could lift this frame, Jack?" "Why sure", Jack replied. So believe it or not they did heave it up in place and braced it at the ends. Then similarly they put the other side up and secured it.

Some time later Jack appeared again and gave Gordon a hand to start nailing on the siding along the bottom of each wall. After that Gordon finished the four walls practically alone.

The heavy rafters came next. Certainly not a one-man job. This time Bill Bell happened along. "Pretty quiet here. I bet these rafters are heavy." His proffered help was gratefully accepted. Gordon was now really "out of the woods". He next sheeted in the roof and covered the boards with shingles. "I never realized how many nails must be driven to build one cabin", Gordon exclaimed.

There remained the doors and the windows which could be managed alone. Dr. Pincock suggested that if Gordon should need any professional advice at any time to finish he was sure that Bill Baskerville would be only too glad to give it. "Well, there was one vexing problem." So Gordon asked Bill. "How do you set the door frames into the wall? Should they be overlapped by the side boards?" "Oh, as long as you keep the rain out and most of the mosquitoes - that's the main thing", Bill suggested. You may be sure that after receiving this technical advice, further building problems appeared simple. "And, by the way", Bill volunteered, "if you will let me have your Swede saw, I'll touch it up so that cutting logs in future will be a simple matter also."

Lest accounting in any greater detail the amount of work required in the building of a summer cabin, suffice it to say that it is quite possible to leave some things to be done another year. It is a relief to know that not even the world was made in one day. The house, of course, should eventually be painted. Then, too, you may wish to build an oil shed, a wood house, a

wash house and even a boathouse. But why hurry? Then, too, there are such small items as the constructing of a wharf out of poles, peeled and brought from the back lake, or even out of stone, cement and gravel, brought from far and near. Incidentally, you will need, unless you are fond of carrying buckets of water, a pump and a storage tank so elevated as to produce water pressure for the home. Invariably the picking of blueberries, the catching and cleaning of fish, and the cutting and hauling of wood, should not be completely overlooked. And through it all, naturally, you will wish to intersperse such other enjoyable activities as swimming, diving, boating, canoeing, skiing, racing, and even indulging in hikes when you feel ambitious. It is conceivable too that you may from time to time wish to relax in the sun or even sleep in the shade, provided, of course, that you be sure to keep the mosquito lotion handy.

Every family that has built for themselves a home in the woods bordering a body of water has had hard work to do at times but has truly loved doing it; and indeed would willingly do it all again if it means the regaining of youth as well.

And it may be truly said that the span of life has surely been extended for everyone who has shared in the bright sunshine, drunk the cool clear water and breathed the wonderful air of Winnitoba - even if it has entailed the building of a summer cottage - to make it possible.

BASKERVILLE (1928) - LOT 22

"Baskervilla"
by Florence (Baskerville) Jay

It was in 1925 that Dad and Mr. Gallimore started to think in terms of a new vacation spot. Dad was getting fed up with nothing more to do in Gimli, the location of our summer home at that time, than cut the grass and work in the garden at the back of the cottage; and besides, John was at the age when there was nothing very exciting to do there but go to town to swim with the gang and possibly drift into the local meeting place - the pool hall; a change was about due.

They saw the advertisement in the paper announcing the retirement of the Arctic Ice Company from the area and the sale of numerous cabins once occupied by the wood cutting staff. One week they boarded the local train (the Blue Flea, as we later called it) and went like the scouts of Biblical days to see what could be seen.

They were welcomed by Mrs. Fred McNaughton (known as Peggy) and her children (Margaret, Fletcher, Jack and Charlie) who occupied a cabin on the hill above the train stop (and that is all it was - a "stop") from the end of June to the first of September. She took them to her cabin and fed them a Winnitoba Blueberry Pie - the like of which neither of them had ever tasted. That was the first nail in their decision to settle.

They also met Mrs. McNaughton Sr., Peggy's mother-in-law, who lived in a little cabin south across the track and down in a little valley. She said she was short on vision but showed them blueberries the size of marbles which she had picked on the hillsides.

The cabins proved to be not quite what the Dads were looking for but the country was - and they chose the sites where they would most like to settle, caught fish and picked berries and came back to show the evidence. I believe that was the week-end when the train didn't stop for them to come home, and they had to wait over until the next day. They fortunately had enough to eat so suffered no hardship, especially with the help of Peggy McNaughton.

The next year, 1926, the Gallimores decided to build - the Baskervilles could not manage it financially. Dad and John went down with the Gallimores and helped to build the cottage. When it was finished, Mother and I went to stay for the last two weeks. Such a lovely time we had! The Gallimores were the soul of hospitality and were anxious to share with us.

The next year, 1927, found us still behind in what it took to finance a building program but we wanted so much to be there that we rented, sight unseen, a log cabin in the little valley next to Mrs. McNaughton Sr. It was a one room cabin with a verandah on two sides, of the vintage of other cabins in the area. We stayed there about a month and finally fled. The

summer was one of the wettest known, and as the rains fell the floods rose in our little valley, and to get from the door to higher ground we had to walk the plank. The poor little field mice, finding the world a wet cold place, sought shelter in our cabin, and it was nothing to look up from your book or paper and see bright little eyes looking out at you from the log ends in the verandah. We got all the mouse traps the trainmen could find in Redditt, tied our dog to the stove leg at night so he wouldn't get caught in the traps and set about trying to eliminate our unwanted visitors. Every morning for days there would be a mouse in each of our seven traps. In the evenings, we used to go for walks along the track and gather up the coal that fell off the coal cars of the trains and use it in the stove to keep us warm. One night we were shocked to find the top of the stove red hot and glowing from the coal fire, and from then on, we were more cautious in its use.

Poor mother tried her best to cope with the situation, but finally was unable and we departed for Winnipeg. During that summer we crossed the lake in our own boat (this at least we had) to swim, and be with the folks on the far shore. That year John was the mailman and met the train daily at whatever time it chose to get to Winnitoba, after which he delivered the mail to the receiving parties. The train was so irregular in its arrivals that no one wanted to come across the lake and wait the endless hours that it took. In subsequent years, this responsibility was shared by other young people in the community.

1928 was OUR YEAR! Lumber was delivered to the railroad end of Lake Florence and was brought across by John and Bert, while Mr. Gallimore and Dad proceeded with the construction. John and Bert lashed their two boats together, and piled the lumber as high as they dared and then rowed together across the lake. I think there were many times when Dad and Mr. Gallimore thought their hearts must be in their mouths as they watched the two boys making their precarious way across the water - but they did make it, and the cottage proceeded steadily to get done, until one day, at the end of July, Mother and I, and a friend who was far from being a camper (Maisie Nimrod) went down to join the builders in a cottage that had no partitions and very little else. Our household furnishings were dumped by the trainman at the railroad end of the lake - and at midnight, when rain was just beginning to fall, the last piece of equipment was put under our roof. How thankful, and how tired we all were! That was the day also that we started out from Winnipeg on the "Local" at 8:00 a.m. and arrived at 8:00 p.m. A hot box in the yard engine, which had been put on the train, caused a long stop-over at Decimal; the trainmen felt sorry for us and shared their tea and fruit cake; we shared our sandwiches with others who had brought nothing at all to eat, thinking they would reach their destination by lunchtime. It was quite an experience.

What wonderful years followed! As others came into the lake area, we became a great little community - sufficient in ourselves at the time, but later to open our ranks to other very fine campers on Lake Nora across the track.

The formation of our own shoreline was such that we had a natural gallery of rock and flat floor that extended into the water. What better place could there be for the Saturday night community bonfires and singsongs! This was, in the early days, usually preceded by a potluck supper, the ingredients

of which were spread out on trestle tables at one side of the rocky slope. Later on, these suppers were sometimes held at the front of Abegweit Lodge, and ended up as a Church singsong at the Gallimores!

The Sunday singsongs were events which all of us will long remember. To this day there are hymns which I associate with special people - especially "Unto the Hills" with Mr. Robertson, and "Marching to Zion" with Dr. Pincock, and "Come Let us Sing of a Wonderful Love" with Mrs. Gallimore. There was some marvellous harmony in those singsongs, which were bound up in the sharing of the "collection" - a plate loaded with homemade fudge or other sweets.

In the early days, we all had rowboats and the adventures that we had on the back lake required that everyone get out of the boat at the shore of Lake Florence and portage boat, picnic baskets, fishing tackle, etc. the length of the portage to the back lake, Lake Marion. I'm sure that every snapshot album belonging to Winnitoba families of that era has a treasured candid shot of the heave-ho-ing that got the family boat into the Lake Marion bay. As children we felt that we were venturing into a strange and far-away land, and the wooding sessions, and the berry-picking parties usually ended up in a Bacon 'n Beans picnic with tea made from water in the old lard pail hung over the flames. Oh Boy! Did that ever taste good!

We made our own fun then. When I think of the tramps up the track to Lake Anne, the hikes to Lake Shirley, the canoe trips to West Hawk Lake, the wonderful moments when we stood in the ankle-deep moss of the woods that skirted Rice Lake - I feel sorry for the kids of today who have to have money to enjoy any kind of time at all. I'm sure all of these experiences helped to shape the future lives of us kids. We developed an ability to help ourselves and to think for ourselves.

At that time our cottage had two bedrooms, a verandah across the front, a living room that was a "Butt and a ben" and a stove in the middle of one side of the room provided heat and cooking facilities. I can remember the wonderful evenings when Bert and the Pincocks (Marg, George and Graham) used to come and play cards with us on the table on the verandah, and then wind up the gramophone, put on the swingiest dance music we could find, which included "There Ought to be a Moonlight Saving Time" and "Midnight on the Ganges", and dance, always being careful not to back into the hot stove on which mother made us hot chocolate to go with cookies. We had a fox terrier named "Dot" then, a dog with an unfortunate past who had chosen to live with us when his master and family moved to Chicago. Dot got very excited when he heard us playing "Git" and other games that required some vocal work from us. Mother had to keep him tied up in the room so he wouldn't dive in and attempt to protect one of us in the skirmishes.

Dot used to sit on the nose of the rowboat when we went out on the water. His big problem was that he attempted to catch the flies that buzzed around his nose and often lost his balance and fell into the water and had to be hauled out by his family.

When we first built, the Gallimores made their dock available to us. A couple of years later, my cousin, Dorothy, and her new husband (they were on their honeymoon) came to spend a week with us, and during that time Telford (Dorothy's husband) gave Dad a hand in the building of a new dock. They built cribs, filled them with stones which were gathered from around the lake, and laid a log platform which could be taken up in the fall and put down again in the spring. In later years the platform was made of boards - sidewalk style.

As the years went by, and we all grew a bit older, the fuel problem became a bit acute. It was too difficult for my father to bring log booms over the back lake, and too difficult to chop huge piles of wood, so, with the help of a friend, we obtained a fuel oil fitting that was set into our wood range, and every year we had fuel oil shipped by the barrel - a rather difficult job to get across the water from the station, but we managed all these things and took them for granted.

The canoe, at long last, made its appearance - however, not without some criticism at the beginning. In fact, the people loudest in their condemnation were the first to put a canoe on the lake. Dad made ours and, as might be expected, it was sturdier, broader, and had more brass screws in it than anyone else's - that being the sure way of my Dad as a builder - but although it was an awful load to portage and we kids struggled to get it across one portage or another, it was safe. Dad was a marvellous craftsman, and we were always proud indeed of the things he made for us.

I don't know how it happened, but our rowboat was slightly smaller than others that had been built. John was at the venturesome age and looking for new thrills, so he made a sail out of awning material we had, and a rig to hold it (I surely do not know the nautical names of things), and a rudder and keel, and he could only go so far and then would have to ship sail and row back to the other end of the lake and start over again. Many times we thought the boat would tip over as we watched from shore, but I do not remember anything serious ever happening so I guess it was pretty well balanced and made.

There came the time when John became interested in airplanes, and after getting his Private License went overseas for further training in big planes. Mother's health became very poor and she found that the life in Winnitoba was not what she needed for best enjoyment. That left only Dad and me - and sometimes, with nobody my own age to chum with, I would have enjoyed a temporary change from Winnitoba. But Dad still loved the life and could hardly wait to get down to the lake, so I always went along. I was working in the schools and with the School Board staff in summer and could only spend five weeks of my summer at the lake. (I always took two extra weeks without pay, over and above my regular three weeks holiday so that we could spend a good holiday there together.) So, friends of ours, the Wagers, started to spend the second month at the camp with Dad, giving him a hand with the jobs and seeing that he was taken care of. Thereafter, I went down for week-ends only.

My mother by that time had passed away and then it was Dad's turn to go and I found myself still loving the old place but not able to take care of it alone. There is nothing more desperate than being unable to cope with jobs that have to be done - and a woman really has her troubles without a man about the place. (We give them credit for being necessary sometimes.)

I had to come to some decision about the problem, so, with a real tug of the heart, I agreed to sell to the Crossins. Alan's wife had been Anne Baragar, niece of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Baragar. They liked the place so much that I felt they would fit into the community and be worthy successors to our Baskerville - and so it was that we transferred the key into their keeping.

I still keep the memories, and they are many and warm ones - of people and places and things done - they will never be forgotten for they are tied up so closely with my family and the days when we were happy together.

"THE BOW and ARROW"

Anne and Alan Crossin were not strangers to Winnitoba, for both had been guests of the Baragars at "The Orkneys" from time to time. So delighted were they at the prospect of being able to purchase one of the charming pioneer cottages at this lovely resort that they were in no way discouraged by the fact that they already owned a summer cottage at Lake Rosina, near Lac Lu, Ontario. Unable to bring themselves to sell their first cottage which was built by their own hands they divide their time pretty well equally between each place.

After taking possession in 1964, the name "Baskerville" seemed to be no longer suitable, so the Crossins renamed the cottage "The Bow and Arrow". This is the name of one of the pioneer cottages at Victoria Beach, originally owned by the well-known Sheriff Colin Inkster, which had been rented by the Crossin family when Alan was a small boy and was his first remembered summer cottage.

"The Bow and Arrow" is famous for its "one man" outboard motor, an old 3.6 H.P. Scott-Atwater, that works fine for Alan but when operated by anyone else promptly "conks out".

Early in 1971 the Crossin family moved to Vancouver and later that year sold their cottage to Dr. and Mrs. A. B. Sparling. Barbara, Art and their five boys have been frequent visitors to Winnitoba.

GALLIMORE - LOT 23

In the Beginning, Mile 41

In the summer of 1925 George Gallimore and his wife, Madge, decided to spend their holidays in the wide open spaces. Their chosen destination was Malachi where, they were informed, they would find nature at its best. A summer cabin along the large lake found in that locality afforded comfortable accommodation and gave promise of a Paradise far from the bustling city. On their way to and from this resort they were captivated by the countryside with its granite ridges partially clothed with poplar and evergreen and with its narrow deep valleys filled with taller birch, poplar and stately evergreens. Lakes nestled everywhere and wild flowers adorned the shoreland. What a place to spend a summer vacation, they mused!

Back home, with holidays over, they began scanning the daily paper, hopeful that they might find a place in the lake country of their dreams, where they might locate for another year or where they might even build a summer home of their own. "What is this! Here is an ad that offers log cabins for rent for \$20 a month at a location designated as Mile 41, along the very route we travelled last summer!" Little time was lost in answering the ad and getting in touch with Fred McNaughton, Manager of the Arctic Ice Company who owned the cabins. Fred even volunteered the use of his cabin at the lake if anyone cared to go down to see the layout. Shortly thereafter George Gallimore and his close friend, Bill Baskerville, found themselves landing at Mile 41 in what is now the Whiteshell area, about 85 miles east of Winnipeg on the main line of the C.N.R. The side of the track at this spot had been levelled and covered with cinders and from there a spur line had been built eastward for about a quarter of a mile down to the lake shore.

As pre-arranged by Fred, these two men were met at the train by Fred's mother, Mrs. Jessie McNaughton, and by his wife, Peggy, who were holidaying at the lake. After showing them the cabins that seemed to be hidden in the woods round about, they directed them to Fred's cabin back on the hillside to the north of the track a short distance away. There they camped for the night.

In thinking over the events of the past few hours as they sat in the cabin that evening, George and Bill remembered with a sense of relief and satisfaction that they had actually arrived. On the way down on the train when the conductor took their tickets marked Mile 41, he became very incensed and blustered, "This train can't stop at every mile post along the way...I have no orders to stop at Mile 41", and he passed on. Now what! Were they to be carried into the unknown beyond! Where would they end! In a little while, the brakeman, realizing their plight, sidled along and quietly intimated that the conductor would, no doubt, get his orders at Elma. Well, to their great relief, as the train approached their destination, it did begin to slow down and they were able to disembark at "Mile 41" after all!

Next day their two gracious hostesses accompanied George and Bill around the lake. At that time it was considered fun to row, even if the big white boat obviously was built to last! Around the shore they found lovely beaches and at the eastern end of the lake a one-roomed log cabin that appeared to be constructed recently. Was it the "I'm Alone" or maybe the cabin occupied later by Charles McNaughton and his wife who added the large boathouse on the shore? As the happy crew finally headed back to camp, and the visitors left by train for home, they carried with them a conviction that one day, not too far off, they would return to build summer homes for themselves in this beautiful vacation land.

During the winter of 1925-26, plans for the building of summer cabins were a common topic for discussion in the Gallimore household and amongst neighbors and friends, especially the Baskervilles, the Pattersons, the Baragars, and the Barbers, all of whom were keenly interested. The week-end of the 24th of May, 1926, afforded the first opportunity to get down to the lake and explore the shore for suitable sites. On this occasion, George G., Bill B., Fred, and Pat P. went together and, at the invitation of Fred McNaughton, who also came, camped at his log cabin.

Next morning after a wonderful sleep in God's fresh air amidst a silence that was actually sensed, all arose and enjoyed to the full a camp breakfast of bacon and eggs. Three of the group then set out for Lake Nora, south of the track, to bring back the famous white boat known as "The Peggy". While this boat was average in length for a rowboat, its sides were constructed of heavy cypress, a full inch and a quarter in thickness, and the bottom was made of choice maple. They found the boat nearly half way down Nora, rowed it back and lugged it up over the track near the vicinity of the railway tunnel. Only stalwart young men could have done that without a murmur. Then with this boat the four visitors set out to explore the shore of what is now known as Lake Florence. They discovered that the south shore of the lake was a beautiful sandy beach, throughout its whole length, but wondered whether the high promontory that lay close behind part of the shore was what they wanted. So, next, they explored the east shore where they found plenty of building sites that suited them in every detail and another beautiful lake in the background. Each chose a location that suited him best. Later, Dr. Barber, who was unable to go down on that occasion, picked out a choice spot beside the Pattersons.

The next problem was to get permission not only to build but to establish title. This appeared to be a real obstacle because at that time, all unsettled areas such as this came under the jurisdiction of the Federal Government centred at Ottawa. Fortunately, however, Bill Baskerville and George Gallimore were acquainted with the Honorable Mr. Heaps, a member of the House of Commons at that time. Through him it was arranged finally that if they surveyed the east shore of the lake, the Dominion Government would honor the lay-out and grant each a twenty-one year lease on the lot of his choice. So, at first opportunity, the four returned to the lake and made a survey of the east shore commencing at the portage. The land along the shore was measured off into lots each 100 feet wide and 200 feet deep leaving a shore-line about 100 feet in depth unsurveyed as required, for a roadway. Each lot was numbered. Bill Baskerville made blueprints of the survey plan and sent them to Ottawa where they were accepted. The applicants were given assurance that, when in future the land would be surveyed officially by the government, each would be given a lot number that contained his property. And now, with this problem settled, building was in order.

The Gallimore Cabin - 1926

As might be expected, the Gallimore cabin was the first to be built. With July came holidays for the family and no time was lost in having everything required to build the cabin, shipped off to the lake. The boxcar in which the materials were loaded was soon on its way and at Mile 41 was sidetracked on the spur line. Here the first thing to be done was to carry the whole of this carload down to the lake shore a quarter of a mile away, taking it along the spur line track. For one man this would have been an endless task, but fortunately, two men from Elma, John Stabinski and his brother-in-law, Steve Korion, were already at the lake and available. They had gone down to the lake at the request of Mrs. Hutcheson in order to build a cabin for her. These two George contracted to help him transport everything from the boxcar to the building-lot across the lake.

As a slight digression it might be recorded here that later on when Dr. Barber's carload of lumber arrived, John Stabinski, who built his cabin, decided that rather than carry all the lumber down the spur line as they had just helped George Gallimore to do, he would release the brake on the car and permit it to coast down the incline to the end of the spur by the bay. Well, soon it was moving merrily along but to John's consternation it refused to be brought under control with the hand brakes. Soon it was approaching the end of the rails by the bay. Maybe you have observed that there is a "stop" built at the end of any piece of blind track. One was there but would it stop this approaching car of lumber? Well, to John's surprise and relief, it did, and now the C.N.R. had one perfectly good boxcar sitting at the lower end of this no-longer maintained piece of track! It was a simple matter now for John and his brother to transfer Dr. Barber's carload of lumber to the boats but might there be trouble in store for the railway that would have to move the locomotive and a number of boxcars of the "Local" down that no longer used spur line to retrieve the runaway? Bert recalls the "Local" crew's consternation and loud protest in having to send a line of cars down to pick up the empty car. "However", as he says, "it was carried out without derailment."

Now let us return to our story. To transport George's building materials across the lake, he had brought down four large oil drums to serve as a raft; he also had his rowboat there. On the raft the men carefully piled the lumber. What they didn't notice was that slowly their raft was sinking in the shallow water as they continued to load and finally it settled into the soft mud at the bottom! Then, only with great difficulty did they manage to edge their heavily loaded raft out into a little deeper water where it remained afloat. Now piling into the rowboat two of the men bent to the oars while the third kept an eye on the precious cargo. All went well until they reached the open water of the lake. While the bay seemed calm, they discovered that quite a wind was blowing out there. Maybe it was due to inexperience, but they did not appear perturbed for out they floated into this larger body of water. Soon the raft commenced to roll and bob up and down on the waves like a cork and the cargo began to shift. John leaped to the rescue and stretched himself across the lumber, holding it with his feet on the one side and with his hands on the other. As the cargo lurched to starboard, down went his head beneath the waves. When it righted again, up he came for air. This continued for over two hours as they made progress very slowly across those restless waves. Finally, tired out but greatly relieved, they reached their destination. Needless to say, much of the lumber was no longer kiln dried!

Now, for a few days George worked alone to get the building under way. Then Bill Baskerville arrived. Erecting the cabin was a joyous experience for these craftsmen eager to do the job. They lived in the old McNaughton cabin that was afterwards owned by the Smith family. Later in the summer when the cabin had been closed in, Bert Gallimore and his mother arrived. The sounds he heard that first night at the lake he still remembers vividly. Some people might have credited them to loons but he was convinced otherwise, for he had been told, and rightly so, that wolves could be heard in the night in those times. In August, John and Florence and Mrs. Baskerville came down also, so that from then on, both families enjoyed the first fruits of the builders' labor. It all seemed like a dream come true.

It was possibly during that first summer that George made his biggest catch of a 48 $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch Jack. "We did not use scales then" Bud says, "but recorded a fish's size by its length. At any rate it was big enough to call for Mr. Baskerville to come out and help. About that time also some perch were caught in Lake Florence although I do not recall hearing of them being caught in later years."

Bert says that the first year at Winnitoba made a lasting impression on this twelve year old boy, unaccustomed to other than city life. From the start the magic of Winnitoba featured people. Yarns spun by the colorful and memorable Mrs. Jessie McNaughton and Mr. Gray did a great deal to make Winnitoba into a boy's heaven. Incidentally it may be added that both John Baskerville and Bert were favorites of Mrs. McNaughton. On occasion they would go over to visit her and come away bearing a delicious blueberry pie, to their delight.

As the years went by, Bert says, "Dad put up partitions and added the kitchen and fireplace to our cottage. We had a practice then of getting flat rock from the far shore of Lake Florence; indeed much of our fireplace came from there. I can still see Dad chipping the long stone that straddled the hearth and praying that it would not crack; it didn't. Like most things made by my father, it was an excellent fireplace and seldom smoked."

Moreover Bert recalls that the boats, including his Dad's, built initially by the first few cottagers who arrived in the late twenties, were sure well made. Each had Cypress sides, an oak bow and fir flooring, all screwed together. They were made to last, and they did.

As might be expected, Bert went on to say, "The most important craft in the Gallimore fleet was "Nerts" an eighteen-foot Chestnut-built prospector canoe procured in 1928. It was just right for the Winnitoba country and featured in some wonderful exploits."

"During the first few years, the wilderness of the country held us somewhat in awe and in those earliest days we didn't travel beyond Lake Marion. The fire in 1929 perhaps helped to broaden our field by making the country more passable. By 1930, a fair amount of our early overland hiking had been done initially with Mr. Gray as a guide. It was about that time, I believe, that Shirley, Peggy, Doreen, Margaret, Madge and Olive Lakes had been explored and got their names."

"Our first canoe trip of consequence which I can recall was taken in 1932. A party of surveyors had resurveyed the Ontario-Manitoba boundary and from their reports of the lakes to the north of Marion, we decided to follow the trail they had left. Dr. Pincock, his son George, Dad and I made the trip. It took us from Marion to Rice Lake to the north, then on to Hello Lake. Still travelling north we reached Lake Mantario the first night. Up to this point portaging was difficult. The fire-killed trees fell in any sort of a wind and made a tangled maze through which we had to struggle. Then, too, the surveyors were hardy types and had taken the most direct route from lake to lake without necessarily choosing the easiest. However, they had given us verbal instructions of their route and we followed them faithfully. We were not experienced voyageurs and "Nerts" was probably the only proper piece of equipment that we had along for the trip. We had neither sleeping bags nor a light tent. We did have a camper's tent but it, along with the blankets and clothing, tended to be bulky and heavy, to say nothing of the good store of food that we took along. However, at that time this meant nothing to us. It was quite a thrill to see Mantario for the first time. The fire had penetrated only part way along Mantario and it was good to see luxuriant tree growth again. I cannot now recall the details of Dr. Pincock's fishing that day on Lake Mantario but I do know he caught our first supper.

"That night we camped on a point toward the north end of the lake. I remember the thrill of being in the wilds far from human habitation. It was awesome to me at any rate and supplied material for a lifetime of storytelling for all of us.

"The next day we worked our way up to Crowduck Lake through a series of lakes and portages. It was wonderful country, scenic and untouched. That night we camped at the back of a rock clearing on the south end of Crowduck. This gave us our first look at that magnificent lake. Dad and Dr. Pincock have since spun that campsite into their memory yarns for a good number of years - especially their thrill of the sunrise over the lake the next morning. Thinking back on it now, our parents must have been in pretty good physical shape. As for George and I, we simply had the energy of young Winnitoba animals."

"We next moved to the Big Whiteshell and Little Whiteshell Lakes. They are well known today but rarely visited then by whites. The former was scenic; the latter was full of wild rice - it fell into the canoe as we pushed our way along to what should have been the mouth of the Whiteshell River. But this was a dry year and the water was so low that we simply could not find it. So now, rather than a hoped-for easy paddle down the river to the railroad near Ophir and then home, we were obliged to retrace our steps. However, especially for us two boys, that simply added to the adventure. Who could complain about going back over that wondrous country, even if it were work!

"It would take longer going back home by the Crowduck route and our rations were a bit short. However, I suspect that the fathers held back, and so with canned milk and any remaining crusts of bread, the rations spun out, with the aid of good humour. In the end we were not greatly overdue arriving home. The trip had taken about 4 days."

"In 1933, John Baskerville, George Pincock and I followed the same route to Crowduck Lake, then over to the Winnipeg River and up that river eastward to Minaki. We undertook the trip, jokingly, to get a strawberry sundae, and we did! It was a good trip. The Federal 3-mile-to-the-inch maps were very important to us on these trips. We had a copy pasted on stiff cardboard and frequently passed it back and forth in the canoe to judge our position.

"Making camp tended to be a chore. As we did not carry sleeping bags, it was necessary each night, or so we thought, to make a bed of boughs with the ends of the branches forced into the ground. This usually took a long time, but it was considered something that "is done" on a trip; and generally they were comfortable enough provided we had time to collect enough small evergreen branches.

"We were not ardent fishermen and so took time to fish only for our supper. We did, however, take time out for swims, and those stops were really reviving.

"On our way out, we made good time once we reached Crowduck. It was the numerous portages that held us back so far. Now we headed for Boundary Falls which we saw for the first time. From there along the Winnipeg River to Minaki was really exciting due to the numerous waterfalls along the way. This part of the route was well travelled by others and so the portages around the falls were all well marked and relatively easy. When we reached Minaki we called on Mr. and Mrs. Riter - well known in educational circles, who had just recently been married. We became their first and most appreciative dinner guests. Then home.

"In 1934 we made two canoe trips, the last in which I was involved. In July of that year George Pincock, my cousin Bob Gallimore and I made a round trip of about 350 miles - simple to record but it took a lot of strokes of the paddle. On this trip we went up the Whiteshell River, through Crowduck and on to Boundary Falls. From here we went up the English River through Oneman Lake, Kettle Rapids and on to Indian Lake. From here we continued on down through a chain of small lakes to Sand Lake and Minaki. But this time we went on, rather than retracing our route. Our next important point of call was Kenora on the Lake of the Woods, many miles further on. Our route home was to take us through the Lake of the Woods, Shoal Lake, then through High Lake, West Hawk Lake, Caddy, Nora and home.

"We covered that whole route in ten days. This was real adventure. The Whiteshell River was rarely travelled then and it was literally alive with game. Practically every turn of the river revealed a deer at close quarters. The English River brought something else - the waterfalls which were very impressive starting with the sheer drop of Deer Falls (now called Caribou Falls). The Kettle Rapids were wild with long tongues of swiftly flowing waters. Actually they held our interest more than any other natural beauty spot on the whole trip, but I guess they are gone now! - sacrificed to the needs of industry. At Oneman Lake we found a deserted Indian campsite with some winter gear such as sleds and toboggans left behind as well as some wild dogs. The Indians presumably had gone to spend the summer berry-picking near Kenora or Minaki. No doubt they would return eventually.

From Indian Lake down to Sand Lake it was really rough country. On that stretch we encountered a moose feeding along a small creek. Actually we saw no one from Lake Florence until we had reached Minaki. At Kenora we treated ourselves to a restaurant meal. The lakes from Kenora through to Shoal Lake were, of course, much bigger but fortunately for us in our canoe it was never windy or rough. Once far away from Kenora again, we saw no one on the water. At Shoal Lake, however, we were befriended by a farmer who was gracious enough to offer us a work house for the night. He had tamed a deer that wandered around the farm like a pet dog. From then to Nora and Florence our trip was relatively uneventful. I do recall that we pushed on for home the last day rather than stop to set up camp and so arrived home quite late.

The other trip I referred to, taken in 1934, occurred in August. Dr. Pincock, Dad, George Pincock and I took part. This was planned as a fishing trip to end at Boundary Falls via the Whiteshell River and Crowduck Lake; and it was just that. We found that any line thrown out into the Falls made a catch every time; and they were big fellows!

On the way back we encountered high winds and were obliged to stay at the north end of Crowduck for something like 4 days. It was cold at that time of year and the lake was so rough that we would not venture out and jeopardize our lives. But we passed the time by making an effective campsite, including a sizeable earth-rock fireplace. There is a spruce on the beachline of Crowduck Lake near the outlet, with a heavy blaze bearing the inscription:-

August 22/34, From Winnitoba.

J. C. Pincock,
G. Gallimore,

G. L. Pincock,
G. H. Gallimore,

Hic Castra Posita Sunt.

We left this information in case anyone came looking for us.

Eventually we got away by portaging over a height of land to a more sheltered bay, and then crawling slowly along the Crowduck shoreline to the Whiteshell and on back home.*

It is recalled that there was considerable consternation in Winnitoba due to the delay, but knowing the weather was adverse no one panicked. After several days, on being asked my opinion, I suggested waiting one more day, believing that the fisherman would not take any foolish risks. The considered guess was correct. Nevertheless, we were all greatly relieved to have the voyageurs home again. D. A. P.

Lot 23 Changes Owners

Due to failing eyesight it became increasingly difficult for Mrs. Gallimore to move freely about their cabin and around the area, so the Gallimores eventually considered it wise to give up their cottage at the lake. It had served them well for thirty-eight years and naturally they were reluctant to separate from all the familiar associations. But in May, 1964, they finally sold the cottage to Chuck and Shirley McNaughton. In this the Gallimores were very happy that their summer residence was to be taken over, not by strangers, but by the son of Fred McNaughton, the man who with his wife, Peggy, had first arranged for them to come to Winnitoba. Ever after through the years the Gallimores and the McNaughtons were very fine friends. It seemed fitting indeed, therefore, that this place on which the Gallimores had spent half a lifetime in building, improving and enjoying should go to Chuck McNaughton. He, too, had spent his early years at Winnitoba with his parents, and with his grandmother and aunts in the Alteora cottage. And we may be sure that his three daughters, Margo, Mona and Catherine, were thrilled that their parents were bringing them to Winnitoba where they, too, could enjoy their holidays among friends and in a fine cottage situated on a lovely sandy beach.

While Chuck and Shirley may have obtained a cottage ready for occupation there were at least one or two itinerants in Winnitoba who managed to impress them with the fact that they had obtained "a honey of a place". These were a big arrogant female bear and a younger black member of her family who were so rude as to tear sizeable holes in both the east and west walls of their cottage. After the bears had been made to suffer for their sins they were hauled away, one to the tiny island in the southwest corner of Florence and one back into the woods, where they became meat for scavengers.

To recognize the attraction that Winnitoba holds for them the McNaughton family have renamed their cottage "The Anchorage".

"BLUEBELL VIEW" - LOT 24

by Mary Louise Baragar

This lot was chosen for its sandy beach frontage (part of the stretch known as Gallimore's Beach), well forested around the cabin site and the open field behind - profuse with harebell and goldenrod from whence originates the cabin emblem, name and colors.

Access to "The Flat Rock" fronting the adjoining lot, a gathering place for activities of both young and old, as well as the congenial neighbors, were the final deciding factors. We then learned that the rental on Lot 24 had been paid for two years and was registered under the name of Gordon Muirhead, after whose wife Lake Doreen was named. Friends of the Pincocks, they too loved this spot and had already drawn up plans for their cabin. But to their disappointment, a change of jobs made accessibility very difficult and so the same cottage was built in another area to the south. Hence the beginning of our good fortune.

The cottage was built in 1957 by Glenn Robertson with Fletcher assisting. The insulated bedroom extensions were added in 1962 by carpenter Francis Bean before the arrival of the fifth Baragar child. A guest house-tool shed built by F. Bean in 1966 accommodates further overflow. Propane gas lights, the first installed in 1961, proved a boon to our bookworms.

It was in March of 1963 that the lady of the house discovered the beauties and pleasures of Winnitoba in winter. Pure white snow, unmarked, save for fascinating animal tracks, sparkling under clear blue skies, pines laden with marshmallow snow, and the creek trickling through the ice.

It was here at the mouth of the creek that we first observed potatoes, eggs and canned foods, weighted below the surface of the water - the method used by Alex Kolanski, the only trapper in this area, to keep his foods from freezing.

From that date on, not a winter has passed without enjoying these beauties and pleasures - skiing from Calders' Hill, and snowshoeing midst the islands on Lake Marion. To tell it all, some hardships must be endured before such pleasures are obtained. Stepping off a baggage-coach into the -15° weather, straddling heavy packsacks of provisions and donning snowshoes with frozen ties in the hip-deep snow, would not appeal to everyone. After the mile trek across the frozen lake, we entered the comforts of our cottage - mattresses, blankets, and pillows, all frozen stiff. A picturesque sight, huddled around the cast iron heater, still in parkas at 2:30 a.m., sipping hot chocolate, with bedding draped over rafters and chairs. And dare to spill anything - it's the scraper you grab, not the floor rag. But come morning, all this escapes one's memory, as the Whiskey-Jacks flit by the windows, looking for bread crusts.

Perhaps the most unique physical feature of Lot 24 is the new forestation of eleven varied species planted yearly since 1961. Walking along the lakeside path one may enjoy two species not native to this area - White Pine and Red Pine. Now 5 feet tall, their unusually long needles sway in the off-lake breeze. Comprising a total of 300 seedlings are Weeping Birch, Blue Spruce, Scotch Pine, Russian Olive, Siberian Larch, and, more native to this area, the Black Spruce, Birch, Jack Pine and White Spruce which, with the Siberian Larch were distributed to anyone so desiring as a Centennial Project in 1967.

The inspiration for such a project originated from the transplanting of Jack Pine by Fred D. Baragar on the neighboring lot. During the '30's, the area between these cottages was so dense that it was used as a swimsuit changing room. It took only a few fierce windstorms to break and uproot most of the large trees. It was the result of this replacement that started us on what has now become a hobby.

A Winnitoba tradition since 1927, the Sunday Hymn Sing can be heard down the lake from Bluebell View where for the last few years young and old have joined in voice and spirit with the aid of the old piano to keep in tune.

Another of our great pleasures which this location offers is the overnight canoe trips through wilderness country - in the north to the Winnipeg River, south to West Hawk Lake, Minaki to the east, and westward to the Whiteshell River.

THE ORKNEYS - LOT 25

By Edith A. Baragar

When the pioneers (George, Bill, Pat and Fred) went land hunting from St. John's, they were looking not for a temporary week-end spot, but for a perfect place to spend the two summer holiday months. They had to consider cost, convenience and safety. From the moment they looked over the ridge, and their eyes travelled over the shores of Lake Florence, they knew instinctively that they had "arrived". From the first day of discovery to the end of their days, no other spot under God's Heaven held quite the lure or could compare with their love for Winnitoba.

George built in '26, and he and Fred had spent many a long evening during the 1926-27 winter making plans - and as soon as June was ended, no school boy ever left school with greater joy and abandon than did those men, for their earthly paradise. The lumber had been ordered; it was carried plank by board down to the boat, rowed across the lake and assembled on the shore. Good native rocks were found and placed to form good corner stones for the beginning of a firm foundation. Soon the frame was showing through the trees.

Fred Baragar (husband), John Robertson (father) and Glenn Robertson (brother) were the builders - and they busied themselves without respect to contract, time or wages - and they built well. Gallimores provided father with a bed, but Fred and Glenn camped in a tent on the rocky shore where they cooked their meals and slept.

The location was ideal - clean and dry - and reminded father, who was an Orcadian, of the Orkney islands. The cottage was quickly christened "The Orkneys" in honour of the master builder who was so well beloved by all the clan.

The walls were up; the roof was on, when Edith and wee Peggy arrived for their first visit. (Fletcher, a mere new infant, much to his chagrin, was left in Winnipeg.) The screening and partitions were not in place, but in spite of warm offers of accommodation next door, they tacked on the screens and slept in The Orkneys that night.

The lovely bunchberries were thick all around, and since Edith had arrived with a red Hudson's Bay Point blanket (bought with money from a Macleanagram) and the only big chair was a second hand green Morris one, we quickly decided on red and green for our colours, and the Bunchberry for our floral emblem.

Gradually, the other necessities were added - on a shoestring, but a sparkling one!

The natural oval rock at the Front proved a fine name plate, and on it "The Orkneys" was painted. Some years later, Arthur Hearn was visiting at the Gordon cottage and he made his mark by painting the stone again with a white background and fine colored lettering. He made such an excellent job that since that day the painting has simply been renewed, and Mr. Hearn's fine printing has been preserved.

The flagpole was a "must" - and meant a trip to Winejug Bay, and into the swamp where the trees grew tall and straight. They found a worthy one and took it back, and peeled it, and painted it, and hoisted up the good old Union Jack, which proudly flew over the rocky shore through all the years.

The pole was placed near a tree at the back of the Orkney Egg, and for some time was boasted, not without argument, as being the tallest flagpole on the lake. The flag was raised first thing in the morning before the morning dip, and was taken down at sunset, sometimes with a fine ceremonial pull by small hands.

On May 24th, 1954, the biggest trees on the Front were lying prostrate after a terrific windstorm; and the roof of the cottage had been flattened. However, with the good helping hands of George, Glenn, Dr. Waldon and Mary-Ann it rose again.

Twice "The Orkneys" has been struck by lightning. On the first occasion, the 2 x 4 located one inch from the bed was shattered into match wood, and the bolt went down a fishing rod, and through and under the beams, creating thirteen tears before striking the water. Fortunately no one was in the cottage. The second time it happened, we were in residence! Again it struck the same scantling before it circled the house, and left us safely inside.

The Orkney garden added greatly to our enjoyment. The rhubarb which Fred transported from Elm Creek grew so large in the first days that anyone could hide beneath the leaves, and, of course, it provided a fine pie filling before the blueberries were ripe. It was a hard job preparing the soil for a garden - clearing it, carrying earth from the creek, planting, weeding and carrying pail after pail after pail of water! The wildlife thought the garden was planted for their special benefit, so the rabbits, ground hogs, skunks, deer and porkies all arrived. The fence went higher and higher, and to outwit the diggers, even went underground, and was weighted down.

Lettuce, radishes, carrots and beans were planted, and enough potatoes to ensure a meal or two at Thanksgiving time. Raspberry canes - and cosmos along the fence - gave a taste of fruit and a touch of beauty. The garden was fertilized with the remains from filleting, and the great number of suckers caught in the creek on the 24th of May. And, of course, one of the chief uses of the garden was that it provided a wonderful alibi, if any were needed, for the necessity of making a trip to the lake on the Queen's birthday.

The Orkneys fireplace was not built until the second year and then it was a community affair. It was all done by local handiwork, and everyone present took a share in laying a brick. Grandpa Robertson struck the first

match, and helped Peggy light the first fire. "Lang may your lum reek" was inscribed on the hearth, and the quantity of good wood that has warmed our hearth and hearts through the years kept the axe and saw busy through the summers.

The trees were ringed with lengths of stove pipe to discourage the climbing porkies, and all the cabins took constant care in disposing of food scraps so that animals would not be tempted to become troublesome. In spite of precautions, we had a few mice; and more surprising, two wild ducks came down our chimney, and had a bad time of it before they found the open door, and flew to safety. One night, a bat disturbed us, and we had a rare time before we managed to get it into a wide-mouthed jar, and carry it out. (All these, needless to say, happened when the man of the house was in town!)

The cottage was never without flowers. There were marsh marigolds - sometimes early on the 24th, bluebells and Queen Anne's lace, water lilies and bunchberries, fruit blossoms and roses.

There were birds and butterflies, frogs and turtles, a family of ducks in the lake, and partridges drumming in the woods. There was our friend, the loon, responding to our call, and the squirrels and chipmunks getting tame enough to come for a handout. Yes - there were even myriads of mosquitoes and black flies to remind us that we were still in a human abode, and should not expect perfection.

Best of all, there were people - family, friends, children - through the years they came and made "The Orkneys" a treasury of Remembrance.

P.S. "The Retreat", originally the old ice house, was transformed into a cozy refuge from the ordinary hubbub of camp life. George Gallimore put in the floor and windows, and Fred built in the little stove that the Crossins had ordered from Lunenburg, N.S. He also added the little screened-in verandah.

FEMIN-INN - LOT 26

By Mary Robertson

We had heard stories of Winnitoba and its quiet beauty many times. Finally we decided to visit the camp and see for ourselves. Father, Fred Baragar and Glenn Robertson had been down building. Muriel Reekie, Ida and myself took the train one cloudy July day after school had closed. It was a shock to get off the train and watch it disappear, leaving us beside the track, draped in our raincoats, with our luggage heaped beside us, and all the scene blotted out in a heavy mist. This didn't look like any beauty spot -- but it was quiet!

There were trees and rocks to be sure, and we followed our guide along two narrow boards, carrying our suitcases, and being soaked by the drizzling rain. It seemed like a long walk!

At last we reached the edge of the lake - but where was the cottage? Pointing, our guide showed us where it was supposed to be - but we could see nothing except gray sky and water and mist. How could we go across all that water in a small flat-bottomed boat, which had to be rowed? We followed instructions, and got carefully into the boat, almost afraid to breathe. Luggage was piled in also, together with our food supplies. Then the oarsman began to pilot us past rocks in that narrow channel, suitably named the "Dardanelles". Since the oarsman seemed fully at ease we decided to stop holding the sides of our craft so frantically, and draw a few breaths of the pine-scented air. We could see one or two cottages nearby as we began our trip, but a mile across that water seemed almost endless. Rocks to the right of us, rocks to the left of us, water all around us! At last, after being rowed for some time, we began to distinguish a shore line and a big rock that was pointed out to us as our landing place. When the rower safely reached that shore, we felt we had accomplished an almost miraculous feat. Then the smell of the pines and firs, the fresh woodsy odor and the soft warm rain on our faces gave us courage and optimism as we carefully stepped ashore.

We were welcomed and in a few minutes were safely inside the Baragar cottage. What a haven it seemed! Food was ready, and we were ready for it. In the heart of the cottage, a fire was glowing, sending out a cheerful warmth. It was a fine welcome for city folk. The Scotch mist was lifting and soon the sun broke through. We could see the sparkling lake from the verandah, and felt that here was a place of loveliness and rest. The opposite shore could be distinguished and we felt the friendliness of the cottage folk around us. We found our camp beds and made ready for the first night at Winnitoba. We rejoiced that we had come.

That visit to Winnitoba gave us a wonderful idea. Why not plan to build a cottage of our own? In no time we had marked a spot between the portage and the Baragar cottage for our special campsite. Muriel Reekie was anxious to have a share in it also, and was certain her father could be persuaded to assist in the building. We spent the winter drawing plans.

We were very fortunate that the Baragars went overseas for the year 1929, and we had the use of "The Orkneys". Muriel Reekie, Tollie Peterson, Ida, Jean and Mary Robertson were delighted to go down when holidays arrived. This gave us time to lay plans for our own cottage, from the vantage point of next door.

It was a wonderful summer but very hot and dry, which suited lake folk ideally. Company came and went - but towards the end of August we did get anxious when smoky skies showed the presence of forest fires close at hand. Then the "Big Fire", which has been fully described elsewhere, kept us busy for the remainder of the holiday. The rains came just in time and although the "Standing Up" point on the west heights looked very forlorn and blackened - we had all our cottages safe, and our lovely trees and foliage still surrounded us. We were thankful, and had many wonderful experiences to relate to the Baragars.

Father and Mr. Reekie agreed to go down early in 1930 and begin building. When Muriel, Ida, Jean and Mary arrived, they were eager to help in any way possible, hammering nails, sawing wood for window strips and getting meals. We knew that our cottage would be well and truly built on a solid rock foundation with such excellent workmen. It was such fun seeing the doors and windows take shape, and finally have the screening placed around our own verandah.

Our cottage was similar to the Baragar cottage, but contained more bedroom space. The verandah showed our lovely birch trees and a fine view of the lake. We had built so that our cottages would not be too close, and at that time the growth was so thick that we could scarcely see "The Orkneys". One immense spruce towered over the well frequented path.

What a gala day it was when we actually moved into our camp! We had no name, but one morning heard hammering at our front door. Later we discovered our brother-in-law had tacked up a painted sign, and henceforth we were "Femin-Inn".

"Spearie" tested our beach for bathing and declared it perfectly safe and private after a few rocks had been removed. We also used our flat rocks for washing, which saved much pail-carrying. A friend suggested that we try washing our sheets by attaching them behind our rowboat - but our attempt was a failure, as we discovered our shores covered them liberally with sand.

Boat rides were taken regularly, and we all practiced rowing until we could move with ease. In the evenings, we rowed around the lake, and sang until the sun went down. Then fishing - and many a whopper was caught in Lake Florence and Lake Marion. Mother excelled - and broke a record by enticing two fish on one line.

Each year added new experiences, and the days seemed shortened with never a dull moment for any of us. When we got our piano in place, singsongs were numerous and Sunday Church was an institution for many years. The grateful congregation surprised us by presenting our cabin with a beautiful Aladdin lamp, which we treasure as a reminder of many happy Sundays.

We planned a vegetable garden, but abandoned that idea when "Creeping Charlie" took over, and were content with a little garden at the front. After the fire, the blueberries grew so large and were so plentiful that it was a joy to go picking.

A few changes occurred through the years. Unfortunately, Muriel's health prevented her from enjoying further trips to Winnitoba, and she had to give up her ownership in Femin-Inn. Every summer the cottage has been used by family and friends and memories of the lovely summer days at Winnitoba will long be remembered by many, many people.

BOBSHIRDON COTTAGE - LOT 27

The Gordons

It was the summer of 1930, Fred and Edith Baragar were overseas and planned especially to take in the Oberammergau Play being enacted that year in Germany. It was world renowned, a most impressive religious play. This was also the year when the Robertson girls were building their cottage on the lot next to the Baragars. Uncle and Auntie Robertson as they were familiarly known, Edith Baragar and the Robertson girls' parents, were staying in the Baragar cabin while Mr. Robertson was busy building the cottage for his daughters. The girls were fortunate in having him as their builder as he was an expert in that line.

When pretty well completed about the first of August, the girls moved into their cottage and Uncle and Auntie took the opportunity to invite the Gordons to come to Winnitoba for a couple of weeks as their guests. Norman could not get away the first week but Mrs. Gordon (Molly) went right along taking the three children, Bob, Shirley and Don, with her; Norman followed for the long week-end. It was while the Gordons were on holiday here in Winnitoba that they learned there was one lot vacant between the Robertson cottage and the portage just west of it. So impressed were the parents and children alike with Winnitoba that Norman lost no time when back in Winnipeg in applying for a lease on that lot. And as Mrs. Gordon said, "That was it." For the children it meant a chance to paddle and swim in the lake and learn to row Uncle Fred's boat. And for the grown-ups, it meant a chance to fish and generally enjoy camp life with their children in the glorious out-of-doors.

The next summer, 1931, Uncle Fred and Aunt Edith planned to go for a month to Alberta. Can you hear the children shout "Hurray, we can go to the lake again this year!" - and they did. Meanwhile, of course, plans for that new cabin were under way.

The very next spring, 1932, the family were eager to be back in Winnitoba. As the Baragars would be back in their own cabin, a cabin would certainly have to be found for the Gordons. On the Brownell property just across the lake there was an unused guest cabin called the Ramona. Fred told Mrs. Brownell that the Gordons needed a cottage for the summer. "Do you think the Ramona might be all right for them?" she asked. So Fred went over and had a look at it, and said he thought it would be just the thing. As Mrs. Gordon has said since, "The log part was in good condition and we spent a very comfortable summer over in that cottage the year before we built our own. Mrs. Brownell had a beautiful garden of flowers on the grounds; she was a great gardener."

Incidentally, this year was one of the early Depression years and many people, mostly young men, were "riding the boxcars" with the hope of finding work somewhere. Mrs. Gordon tells how "they would find their way over from the track to the cabins, offering help if it might be needed in

payment for a cup of tea and a sandwich which meant much to them. They all were such gentlemanly chaps, not the regular type that used "to ride the rails". Some of these fellows who went through in later years, we remembered; and all remembered Mrs. Brownell. She was wonderful to those boys."

Don recalls, "We all had a wonderful time at the lake that year. Uncle Fred loaned us his boat - the Abby Anne - a red flat-bottomed boat which he built himself. Jim Spencer who just loved boats and fishing was down with us. So we did a lot of fishing, much of it right in Brownells' Bay where the fishing was particularly good that year."

The year 1933 was a memorable one for the Gordons for during that year they built their cottage. Fortunately they were able to stay with the Baragars while building was in progress. Bert Gallimore and Graham Pincock went down that spring after university exams were over and, while living in the Baragar cabin, put in the footings and did the preliminary ground work. Then when the Gordons arrived, Norman was able to spend his three weeks of holidays helping the boys with the building. Their first major job was to transport the lumber and supplies from the station over the lake. Mrs. Gordon recalls how this was accomplished: "The boys tied two boats together, side by side and across them they placed each load of building materials. Norm was present to help and to see that the load was well balanced. Then, with Bert stationed on one side and Graham on the other, the boys slowly paddled the boats bearing the heavy cargo across the lake. There were no motors available in those days! After each load Norm rowed behind in a third boat to insure safety on the way."

With the footings already in place, the builders now made rapid progress as the cottage took shape. Thinking over the situation today, one realizes how fortunate it was that Bert and Graham were available at that time to make the cabin a reality for the Gordons at a very reasonable cost, and at the same time to provide work for the boys in a period of depression when jobs were pretty scarce.

During that summer, Uncle Arthur and Aunt Marion Hearn came down to the lake to visit for a week or two and pitched in to help install the windows and do some of the finishing work. And probably there are not too many at the lake today who knew that it was Mr. Hearn who made the three insignias for the Gordon, the Robertson and the Baragar cottages, yet there are very few people who in passing the Baragar cottage will not have stopped to examine and admire "The Orkneys" - the name displayed on the large boulder, located prominently in front of the cabin.

When asked what activities were prominent in the life of the Gordons, Don outlined several. The children did a lot of fishing, especially in their earlier years. Their dad was one of the most ardent fishermen on the lake and naturally the members of the family were eager to be along. Well, probably not always, for he loved to be over on Marion shortly after five o'clock in the morning and he was never in a hurry to come back home. Auntie Robertson was a close second for enthusiasm. She could stay out all day in the boat if there was anyone who was ready to go along. Indeed, catching two good-sized fish on one hook is a feat equalled by none in her day. Somebody said she learned to swim when she was seventy and certainly she lived to a ripe old age to enjoy the sport. Even rowing a boat was a skill everyone aimed at perfecting, and

in those early days, everyone got the opportunity. There was spring water to be brought every day from across the lake. Wood had to be rowed over the lakes from far and near. Every fishing trip required rowing all the way, often for hours at a time, but of course there were usually at least two in the boat which helped. Mrs. Gordon aptly remarked that she wished she had a dollar for every time she rowed across Florence on the way to and from the station or the spring. And every child who has grown up with Winnitoba can recall many wonderful trips, taken back over the hills beyond the Shirley Portage to visit the many beautiful lakes that forever beckoned; or the trips east, over Marion to Lake Anne or much farther along the railway past the Ontario boundary to the beautiful falls by White. Never did this younger group take canoes - always a flat-bottomed boat more or less hard to row for any long distance.

For the older children in later years and with some of the parents, there were journeys by canoe taken north along the Whiteshell or over small lakes; or south down Caddy, sometimes on quite long canoe trips requiring several days of travel and nights of camping out in the open. The spirit of adventure was ever present. Mrs. Patterson vividly recalls one evening at dusk waiting most anxiously for the return of a group of young voyageurs from a picnic that took them far down the railway! Whatever was keeping them! It's almost dark! Other parents were likewise anxious. Then suddenly from the direction of the portage came the clear reassuring answer - in song. "Pack all your troubles in your old kit bag and smile, smile, smile!"

On many of these scouting explorations with the younger set - and we must remember that they were often gone most of the day - Graham Pincock was recognized as the leader. It was quite a responsibility for him, yet always they returned safely and usually before dusk. Graham had learned much from older members of the youth, such as George his brother, Bert Gallimore, John Baskerville and indeed some of the parents. But sometimes the trails were not too well marked so that in places the going got a bit rough. But invariably the expedition returned and all avowed that they had fun.

World War II happened at a time when the families of the pioneers of Winnitoba were rapidly growing toward adulthood and eventually would become involved. This was the case with the Gordons. Bob joined the Air Force in 1942 and a year later his younger brother, Don, followed suit. Fortunately both were spared to return and got their discharge at the end of the war. All three of the Gordon family eventually were married and, as might be expected, they with their families form a part of the Winnitoba community today.

Bob with his wife, Evelyn, their three boys, Jim, Robbie and Jack, and their five girls, Joan, Kathy, Barbie, Susan and Sandra, occupy the original Gordon cabin with his mother. To accommodate this large family, Bob enlisted the aid of his brother, Don, together with Graham and his son, Don, in 1961, to add two more bedrooms and a good kitchen to the home. A guest house is also in the making.

Shirley, the third member of the original Gordon family at Winnitoba married (Dr.) Graham, and so joined the Pincock group at Winnitoba. Already their family is rapidly growing up. The twins, Margaret and Helen, are married but still return to Winnitoba each summer with their husbands. So does Mary, their other sister.

Since 1955, Don Gordon and his wife, Ruth, naturally make Winnitoba their choice for summer vacations, since they now live in Winnipeg. So another cottage would be needed for them. Fortunately they were able to rent the Baskerville cottage year by year, but in 1960 they decided to build a cottage of their own, for which they leased Lot 18, located between the Pattersons and the Waldons. It so happened that summer Dr. Waldon was called up north on Medical Service so that Don was able to rent the Waldon cabin on the next lot. That summer he cleared the site and with the aid of his brother, Bob, and Graham who by now was quite an experienced cabin builder, the cabin quickly took shape.

It is here that Don and Ruth together with their three boys, Doug, Brian and Bruce, and their daughter, Nancy, have enjoyed their holidays each year since. What fun they all have, water skiing, canoeing, boating and swimming together. They make great neighbors too.

THE HUTCHESON COTTAGE - LOT 28

Mrs. Hutcheson, nee Brownell, was a first cousin to Frank Brownell. During the holiday season of 1924, Mrs. Hutcheson and her two daughters, Marguerite and Florence, came to visit with their relations at Winnitoba. They must have been favorably impressed because Winnitoba was destined to see much more of them in the not too distant future. Marguerite was living at Prince Albert at the time of the visit and, on her return, carried back to her friend, Richmond Godfrey, quite a glowing account of the place, as evinced by her stories of bears, deer, muskies and of a "terrific wilderness spot".

Two years later, while Mr. Godfrey was visiting in Winnipeg, he was invited to come down to Winnitoba where Mrs. Hutcheson and her girls were keeping Marie (Mrs. Brownell) company while her husband was away working in Winnipeg.

Needless to say, he was equally impressed with what he found, for it was while he and the Hutchesons were there that the site of Mrs. Hutcheson's cabin was chosen. At the time, there was talk about some lots becoming available across the lake from the Brownells but as yet they had not been surveyed. However, the site which was finally selected was a natural one, being located directly west of Brownells Point just across a small bay in a lovely spot facing east. That summer, 1926, Dr. Barber had his cottage built by two or three men headed by Mr. John Stabinski, a rural school teacher in the Elma district. These men were to build Mrs. Hutcheson's cabin after finishing Dr. Barber's, but did not get it done until the following year, 1927. Then, that year, Mr. Gray enlarged the kitchen. And so it was that the Hutchesons became an integral part of that growing community. One of the daughters, Florence, married an artist, Bill Maltman. The other, Marguerite, married the young lawyer, Richmond Godfrey, whose visits to Winnitoba have been already recorded.

In recollection, Richmond recounts that "there I courted my life's love, there we honeymooned, there we took our three young blessings even while they still were in the bassinette time of life. There, too, we were able to share our pleasure in the surroundings with members of both our families, a score of them." Each year the garden, so very dear to Mrs. Hutcheson, flourished, nurtured in part by the loads of compost gathered from the old stable found at the end of the spur line by the bay. So the years passed. And at last there came a time when Mrs. Hutcheson too passed to another haven beyond. Eventually the cottage was taken over by the Calders and both the Godfreys and the Maltmans moved to Eastern Canada. In fond tribute to Winnitoba, Richmond writes: "Since coming here, we have driven many of the roads through similar country: Muskoka, Land-o-Lakes, Nipissing and French River, North Bay and the Mattawa, Algonquin Park, Kingston and Kalandar, all without finding a spot we really like. Always we use Winnitoba or Lake Florence as the yardstick and what we see does not measure up. The lakes are too small, or too shallow, the lake fronts not so varied and clean cut. They lack the shelving points or the high rocks and interesting coves; no water has the cold clean sparkle that the old spring gives us. Nowhere are the blueberries so plentiful and luscious, or the fish so eager for the lure. We miss the kingfisher's noisy flight and the blue

heron's silent stance, the loon's plaintive call to close out the day, and the moon's path over the alluring waters. And, of course, the people - such neighbors you couldn't replace even if you could handpick a whole community! So you see we still are hooked to Winnitoba."

THE HUTCHESON COTTAGE IN NEW HANDS

THE CALDERS - LOT 28

Neighbors of the Godfreys in St. Vital, Mr. and Mrs. James Calder, got to know them quite well and used to visit back and forth. Eventually, the Godfreys invited the Calder children, Enid, Alan and John, to come to Winnitoba for a visit a couple of times. How they enjoyed it! Finally Jim and Mrs. Calder were asked down on two different week-ends. It was in this happy way that the Calders were introduced to Winnitoba and its friendly people.

Not too many years after that the Godfreys moved away from Winnipeg and the Calders more or less lost track of them. But eventually they did get word from them again. They were living in the vicinity of Toronto. Mrs. Godfrey sent Mrs. Calder the keys for the cabin and asked her if she would go down to Winnitoba and retrieve the oars of the boat and put them in the cabin. This she did and mailed the keys back. After that there was silence again.

Finally, one day Mrs. Brownell phoned Mrs. Calder to ask if they would care to take over the Hutcheson cabin as the government had advised her that it appeared to be abandoned and was going to be condemned. Then it was that the Calders made enquiries at the Forestry office. The officials were a bit uncertain about transferring the lease as they had not heard from Mrs. Hutcheson or the family for some years. So Mrs. Calder told them that she had written the Godfreys about the possibility of taking over the lease and even had registered the letter to make sure they would receive it; but she got no reply. In her letter she told them that even if she got the place and the Godfreys still wanted to come back they would just quietly leave. Moreover she said that if the Godfreys did not want to come back, to please advise as to the disposal of the contents of the cabin; when they got no reply, they applied to the Postmaster General to trace the letter, all to no avail. Then it was the Calders assumed that apparently the Godfreys did not plan to return to the cottage. Finally the Calders received the lease.

Jim was particularly pleased with Winnitoba. "He just loved it down there", Mrs. Calder says. "When we got on the train and it went bouncing along, Jim just felt that he was off to Happy Land. And when we were walking along the path toward the boat, he just felt as if he had risen above the clouds."

When the Calders took over, there was one fairly good boat but it wasn't new. Then after using it for a number of years, on the last or second last trip down to the lake before he died, Jim had a new fibreglass boat and motor sent down. When it arrived at Winnitoba the family held back, planning to wait till the crowd of week-end campers would move off to their camps before bringing the boat down to the water. To their surprise, however, they saw a parade of half a dozen men coming down the path to the wharf bearing the new boat! How the Calders appreciated that kind gesture on the part of those men that evening, for Jim's health was failing. It was early that winter, December 22, 1959, that he passed away.

Since then Mrs. Calder and the boys have been down only a few times, as she is troubled by asthma attacks. She now spends her time at home, as well as with the various sisters scattered across the West, her brother now in his eighties and living in Seattle, and with her daughter, Enid, now married to a mining engineer in Vancouver. They have five children. Mrs. Calder says she just loves being a grandmother and hopes some day before too long to have the grandchildren down to Winnitoba with her.

The two boys, Alan and John, long since grown up, have found it difficult to spend much time at Winnitoba, being very busy, but they are planning again to return with their mother for holidays and to fix up the cabin as their father had planned to do before illness ended that dream. In the intervening years, a friend of the boys, Mr. Frego, together with his wife and their two children have often been privileged to occupy the cabin and enjoy Winnitoba.

Mrs. Calder is looking forward to meeting the many fine friends in Winnitoba and hopes again to become one of the group. The boys know that their mother cannot now be left alone during the week because she tends to stumble and accidentally might land in the water, and she no longer has her faithful dog that used to keep her company while Jim would be at work in the city. She does hope, however, that some way may be found whereby she will be able to remain at her cottage for the summer months.

THE WALKER CABIN - LOT 30

Tom and Gail Walker are an adventurous couple who love the outdoors. Before discovering Winnitoba they had paddled and hiked into many areas that were off the beaten track. They were always on the lookout for new places to explore, but were somewhat restricted in their travels because they did not own a car.

One day in 1958 their friend, Al Crossin, suggested that they try camping on Marion Lake for a week-end. The Campers Special would take them and their canoe to Winnitoba station, arriving early enough on a Friday evening that they could paddle across Florence and find a camp site on Marion before the sun had set. The Walkers readily accepted this suggestion and began to make plans for a week-end outing to Winnitoba.

The week-end they chose for their outing was a wet one. Rain was falling as they stepped off the train and it continued to fall for most of the next two days. Tom and Gail and their four year old son, Rodney, were soaked, as was their tent, their sleeping bags and most of their food. When, late the next afternoon, word reached Fred Baragar that there was a very damp family camped on one of the islands on Lake Marion, he put on his rain gear and went looking for them. He invited them to break camp and come back with him. They would be welcome to stay in his Retreat (the old ice house, converted into a sleeping cabin) until the rain let up.

The Walkers gladly accepted this offer. With a good fire in the well insulated Retreat they were soon warm and dry again.

For the next two or three years Tom and Gail Walker talked about the advantages of owning a cabin at Winnitoba. In 1962 they learned that a block of six new lots was to be surveyed north of the creek on Lake Florence. They applied for the second lot in the row (Lot 30) and proceeded to order their lumber and supplies.

A professional carpenter was employed (Mr. Landro) and with a large party of volunteers to help, most of the actual construction was done in one week-end. A sturdy dock and a flagpole have since been added, giving the Walker cottage an air of permanence that belies its recent construction.

LEISURE-LEE - LOT 31

Archie Lee first visited Lake Florence as a guest of Fletcher Baragar in 1949. He later took part in a number of canoe trips that started or ended at Winnitoba, and eventually a canoe of which he was part owner was left there for convenience. After his marriage to Kay, Winnitoba seemed a logical place to come for holidays. Archie and Kay spent a short holiday in each of the two Baragar cottages, and one glorious, hot summer in the Robertson cottage.

When the Lees heard about the six new lots being surveyed north of the creek, they applied for the third one (Lot 31). Shortly after the Walkers had their cottage under way on the adjoining lot, Archie was making preparations to build. On a rainy week-end in July, 1962, two professional carpenters arrived and, with much help from friends and neighbors, the framework of the Lee cottage was erected.

By August of that year, the cottage was habitable (just), and improvements have continued to the present day.

LOOKOUT LODGE - LOT 12 (LAKE NORA)

In 1937 Hugh and Mildred Cowan were looking at some pictures that Johnny Day had taken of the Lake Nora area. They decided that this was exactly the type of country that they had been looking for as a vacation spot, so they began to make plans for a cottage of their own there.

Hugh went to Lake Nora the next spring and cleared a building site. Logs were cut and peeled, shingles and even furniture were shipped down. However, Mildred began to wonder if there were any regulations about building cottages in the area, so she began to make enquiries. She discovered that buildings could only be erected on surveyed lots, and that the site where her husband was working had not been surveyed. Nothing daunted, the Cowans applied for Lot 5 on the island and proceeded to build on it.

They sold this cottage to the Jacksons in 1948. In 1951 they built their present cottage on the mainland, on Lot 12. The site for this new building was carefully chosen to provide a view from the east end of Lake Nora through to the shore at the west end, hence the name of the cottage: Lookout Lodge. To comply with regulations special arrangements had to be made to have a lot surveyed at this location.

Hugh and Mildred Cowan have been outstanding citizens of Lake Nora, organizing many community projects and helping their neighbors whenever there was work to be done. Probably the major project was the set of concrete steps from the tracks down to the dock on Lake Nora, built in 1954. When it was learned in 1966 that vandals were breaking into the long unused Smith cabin (the former Chateau Lodge), Cowans organized an auction sale to salvage the contents before they were wrecked. As a result, a substantial sum of money was turned over to Mrs. Smith.

THINGS WE REMEMBER (Hugh and Mildred Cowan)

The time (about 1938) when Hugh Cowan, John Day, Percy Bleakney and Herb Brewster went on a duck hunting trip in October and were swamped by the wind in Nora Lake in the late evening when returning home, in their canoe on which they were using a motor. They had a harrowing experience before all were safely ashore and were thankful to Mr. and Mrs. Delronne who lived at the Ophir end of the lake at that time, for being able to get into their cabin and make use of it while they were away. They lost everything in the canoe but luckily the next spring by using a large hook, they were able to get back the packsack full of equipment. The canoe and the motor were also salvaged.

In May, 1958, it was the end of the long week-end and all were preparing to leave for the train, in fact most had when Donald spied smoke rising on the island. The men went to investigate and found quite a fire burning at the rear of the island, and a wind rising which was spreading it quickly. Word was sent to the train and several of the men came back. Mildred Cowan and Emma Day stayed too, and made lunch for the men later in the evening. The fire was extinguished late that evening but was watched carefully all night. All but George Lanigan caught the train to Winnipeg on Tuesday morning. George stayed to make sure the fire didn't start again. The Rangers paid a visit and made sure everything was all right, and we received a letter from the Forestry Department thanking the residents for taking such prompt action and asking if they could reimburse any of the men for lost working time. However, none of the men accepted any remuneration. They were glad to have been on the spot and able to put the fire out before it had progressed too far.

We remember many birthday parties held on Nora Lake at different times. Each year we went up the lake to visit Mrs. Charette (Len Pugh's mother) on her birthday. We had a gala occasion on the day of John and Emma Day's 25th wedding anniversary, many corn roasts on the rock at Hay's cottage (Bonnie View) and partying and races and swimming parties at the Cowans, both High and Bob's. Everybody helped to build each of the cottages and much fun was found during the times when the lumber for the different cottages was being transported across the lake.

Canoe trips to Lake Mantario were yearly events in the early years, and Mildred went along on the first trips until after the boys arrived. In later years they joined with their Dad and other men in these trips and have pleasant memories of them.

When the first Cowan cottage on the island was being built, the men ran out of bread and were very happy when Mrs. Gray made them a batch of bread. After that they made it a regular thing to get bread from Mrs. Gray for the working crews.

In 1954 the dock on Nora Lake was built and the steps leading up to the track. This was a joint effort of all the campers and many hours of volunteer labor were put in. While the flight of steps seems to get longer each year, as we get older, it certainly beats the way we used to slither and slide up that steep bank during the early years of camping.

The Cable cottage provided an interesting summer for the residents of Nora Lake, when it was decided that it was too hot up on the hill where the cottage was originally built and so the cottage was taken apart and re-assembled down near the lake. This was quite an undertaking and one in which all the campers participated.

The wonderful spirit of co-operation has been evident throughout the years and the days spent helping each other are pleasant memories for all. While there have been many changes through the years, and one generation of children has grown up and in many cases scattered so that they are no longer able to come to Winnitoba, others have come back to the place where they spent such a happy childhood. The Hay cottage on Lake Nora is now owned by Jim and Shirley Harding, Shirley being one of the six Hay daughters who remembered Winnitoba as a happy place.

We remember, also, many trips over to Lake Florence and the fellowship with the campers there, many visits to the Singsong and many inter-lake whist drives and social evenings held during the winter when the campers from both lakes got together for an evening of fun. We miss many of the old-timers who made these events so enjoyable, and we have happy memories of the fellowship enjoyed through the years with the campers on Florence Lake.

A P P E N D I X

Dr. H. V. Waldon

WINNITIBA BIRDS

A few of the birds seen at Winnitoba:- It is, of course, not a complete list. I know I have missed several ducks as well as several songbirds.

I nominate the Hermit Thrush as our community avian emblem. Their call on a calm evening is so haunting.

Loon	Blackbird, Common
Franklyn Gull	Flicker
Osprey	Nighthawk
Kildeer	Sapsucker
Partridge	Owl
Raven	Sandpiper
Crow	Bittern
Rose-Breasted Grosbeak	Herring Gull
Hermit Thrush	Redheaded Duck
Blue Jay	Hooded Merganser
Whiskey Jack	Black Duck
Red Eyed Vereo	Mallard
Robin	Pintail
White Throated Sparrow	Canada Goose

WINNITOBA FLOWERS

Four Provincial Floral Emblems are found here:

Violet	-	New Brunswick
Trillium	-	Ontario
Anemone	-	Manitoba
Wild Rose	-	Alberta

In addition, the following have been seen:

Moccasin Flower (Stemless Lady's Slipper) - This could
be our Community Floral Emblem

Wintergreen Pink - One sided

Bunchberry

Bluebell (There is one Albino near Lake Marion)

Wild Onion

Spreading Dogbane (Interesting firecracker-like pods)

Twisted Stalk

Violets (White, Blue, Yellow)

Pearly Everlasting

Aster, Purple Stemmed

Aster, Many Flowered

Wild Rose

Yellow Clintonia

Two-Leafed Solomon's Seal

Marsh Marigold

Water Lily, Yellow, Sweet Scented (White)

Buttercup

Goldenrod, several varieties

Indian Pipe

Goatsbeard

Daisy

Touch-me-not (Spotted Jewel Weed)

Arrowhead

Columbine

Tiger Lily

False Dandelion

Water Lobelia

Starflower

Colt's Foot

Bearberry

Wood Anemone

Pipsissewa

Cotton Grass

Wild Iris

Twinflower

Cranesbill, Small Flowered

Moss Berries

WINNITOBA FLOWERS (Continued)

Saxifrage
Strawberry
Bluets
Hop Clover
Corydalis (Pink)
Rattlesnake Plantain
Northern Bedstraw
Cow Wheat
Poison Ivy
Pussy Toes

TREES seen at Winnitoba

Jackpine
White Pine
Balsam
Spruce (Black)
Spruce (White)
Tamarack
Cedar (One only)
Birch
Poplar
Oak
Alder
Willow, several varieties
Mountain Maple
Rowan Tree

SHRUBS

Juniper
Spirea
Virginia Creeper
Hazelnut
Labrador Tea
Sumach
Swamp Cinquefoil
Dwarf Cassandra

FRUIT-BEARING SHRUBS

Cranberry
Saskatoon
Chokecherry
Black Currant
Red Currant
Gooseberry
Dewberry
Bristly Sarsparilla
Blueberry
Nanny Berry
Pincherry
Raspberry
Strawberry
Sand Cherry
Rose Bush

I know that I have missed several that should be added to each list.

There are two plants that are exceedingly interesting, that fall into none of the lists submitted:

Coral Root
The Fairy Trumpets

B I B L I O G R A P H Y

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