

Loon Call Lake

A Brief History of Cottaging on Loon Call Lake





To our readers

The History Team

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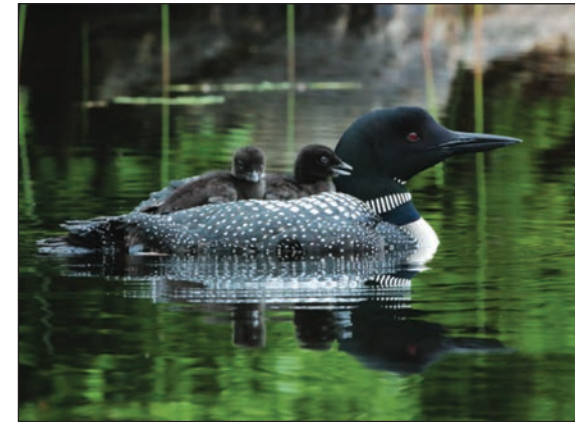
Mary Martini

Lenore Pressley

IN 1822 LOON CALL LAKE WAS CALLED CRAB LAKE. An 1897 map of Peterborough County at the Lang Pioneer village indicated that what is now Crab Lake was once called Loon Lake. Others have suggested that Loon Call Lake originally referred to a small lake, really a marsh, north of lot 69. In 1950 the Department of Lands and Forests (L&F) now the Ministry of Natural Resources (MNR) called it Looncall Lake. In the 1960's, because there was a German born community on part of the lake, locals called it Kraut Lake. More recently it is spelled as two words, Loon Call.

Whatever the name, and whatever the spelling, Loon Call Lake is now the location of 79 cottage lots. These lots, made available to the public in the 50's now have seen 60 years of cottaging. The early cottagers had a quite different cottage experience than those on the lake now. The Loon Call Lake Cottagers' Association (LCLCA) thought it should chronicle these changes, highlighting some of the experiences and anecdotes of Loon Call Cottagers.

The Lake's history is divided into two parts. Part 1-Overview is a narrative describing the nature of the Lake, the people who came and how they worked and played on the Lake. Part 2 – *Loon Call Cottagers Reminisce* provides stories of 32 cottagers who either wrote something about their life on Loon Call or who gave their stories orally to members of the committee who then wrote them up.



Cover photo courtesy: John Rockwood

This book was prepared over a three year period by a group comprising the LCLCA Executive and four other cottagers: two originals – Elke Heidmann and Helen Yielding and two relative new-comers, Mary Martini and Lenore Pressley. Art Direction is by Xenie Smith-Stanko and printing was provided by Don MacDonald (lot 30) and dmdigital+1.

We have done our best to avoid errors and apologize for those that remain hoping none are serious.

Thanks to all who helped. Without you, this book would not have been possible. We hope you enjoy reading *A Brief History of Cottaging on Loon Call Lake* as much as we enjoyed researching and writing it.

The History Team

Dedication

This book is dedicated to the founding cottagers and the people who came shortly thereafter when a few of the early founders decided to sell. There are at least 20 families on the Lake who meet these criteria. Their names along with names of their family predecessors are listed below. We hope we got them all. Another 30 lots have had only two owners. (See Appendix 3) That is, almost 2/3 of the cottages have had two or fewer owners. That's a pretty stable community. Congratulations to all of you.

The Originals and almost Originals

Lot 1	Dr. & Mrs. William McRae	Lot 15	D. J. & Helen Yielding	Lot 53	O. G. Myers
Lot 2	Mr. Henrys	Lot 23	John Essig (Ute's father)		Ron and Sandy Kimball
	Richard Hubert		Ute Lewkowitz	Lot 54	Q. P. Pabert
	Henry & Olga Decock	Lot 25	Ann Dunkley		Ted Burns
Lot 3	Henry Peschynski	Lot 29	Josef Grander	Lot 57	Glenn Guyatt
	Richard Hubert	Lot 30	John Carey	Lot 59	Elmer Lean
Lot 4	Mr. Thomas Kellett	Lot 33	Werner Borgmann	Lot 61	George Riffert
	Calvin & Elizabeth Northover		Ms. Elke Heidemann		Connie Blundell
Lot 5	Mrs. Catherine Kellett	Lot 33A	Mr. Hart Borgmann	Lot 68	J. B. McKinnon
	Elizabeth Nash		Kristy & Jeff Lentine		G. Lapczynski
Lot 8	Magnus Petrie	Lot 38	Hans A. P. Baehr	Lot 69	Bert Mason Sr.
	Jessie Petrie		Frank Baehr	Lot 72	Margret Sprentzel
Lot 9	Mrs. Edythe Went	Lot 39	Michael Lange	Lot 73	Guenther & Ursula Bluechardt*
	Edward G. Dowding	Lot 40	Helmut Kellerman	Lot 75	Mr. Gerald A Waterall
	Dorothy Dowding		Franz Mueller		
Lot 14	William J. Hutton		Johannes Eidnes		
	R. C. Roberts	Lot 41	Fred Possmayer		
		Lot 48	Robin House		
			Linda Jean DeCaire		

** Ursula Bluechardt sold to the Allens in the fall of 2014*

Part 1: Overview



Aerial view of Loon Call Lake looking from east to West

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*Concrete dam view
looking from Lake
and frog*

and a static, controlled outflow, water levels on Loon Call Lake are very stable. Unless there is beaver interference or severe drought, water levels are normally up about 5 to 10 centimetres in the spring and down 10 to 15 centimetres at the height of summer. Although Loon Call eventually drains into the Trent Severn Waterway, it is not one of the lakes used to maintain the water levels in the waterway so there is no radical, man-made water level drop at the end of the summer.

1.4 Wildlife and Vegetation in and around the Lake

Before humans arrived, the land around the Lake was a wilderness filled with a wide variety of mammals, birds, reptiles, plants and trees. Mammals included and still include white-tailed deer, black bear, red fox, raccoon, porcupine, skunk, ground hog, red squirrel, flying squirrel, chipmunk, deer mice, and brown bats. Mammals using the water are beaver, muskrat, otter and mink. There are also moose.

Reptiles include snakes, (garter, green, red-bellied) snakes, and less commonly, the eastern hog-nosed snake, ribbon snakes, milk snakes and ring-necked

snakes. There is one lizard, the (now endangered) five-lined skink. Many types of frogs inhabit the lake among them the northern leopard frog, mink frog, green frog, bullfrog, spring peepers and tree frogs. There are red-backed, blue spotted and yellow spotted salamanders and painted turtles, snapping turtles, Blanding's turtle, and the eastern musk turtle (stinkpot).

There are many birds in the area, even more, if migratory species are included. Common residents are turkeys, ruffed grouse (partridge), turkey vultures, finches, whip-poor-wills, hairy, downy and pileated woodpeckers, flickers, sapsuckers, chickadees, nuthatches, barn swallows, humming birds and crows. Aquatic birds include the common loon, great blue heron, gulls and belted kingfishers. A bird watcher could produce a much longer list.

Trees and shrubs include white and red pine, red oak, red maple, white birch and trembling aspen. In lesser amounts there is white oak, hemlock, tamarack (larch) and spruce. In the small tree/shrub category there is alder, staghorn sumac, choke cherry, willow (shrub types), juniper, hawthorn, blue berry, black berry and others. Aquatic plants include fragrant (white) water lily, yellow water lily (which occurs in the ponds surrounding the lake but not in the lake itself), pickerel weed, water shield (a.k.a. dollar bonnet), pipe wort, lobelia, burreed, a couple of species of pond weed, and chara (which is actually an algae disguised as a plant).

And there are fish. A 1985 fishery survey by the MNR using gill nets determined that the lake contains small mouth bass, splake (a non-reproducing stocked fish), sunfish (pumpkinseed), perch, and sucker. The Lake is regularly stocked with splake.

1.5 Beavers and Loon Call Lake

The beavers (*Castor canadensis*) were here first and controlled the level of the lake itself and all the surrounding ponds. Then came the invading species, the

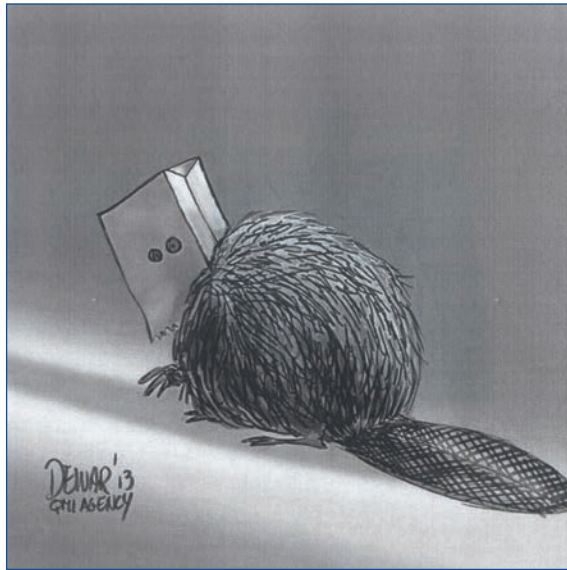


Beaver dams above



Fish stocking & Turtle crossing

cottager (*Homo sapiens*), who tried to tame the land by clearing building sites, building cottages, adding docks, bunkies, outhouses, and then came roads and hydro. The cottagers butted heads over the lake level, some

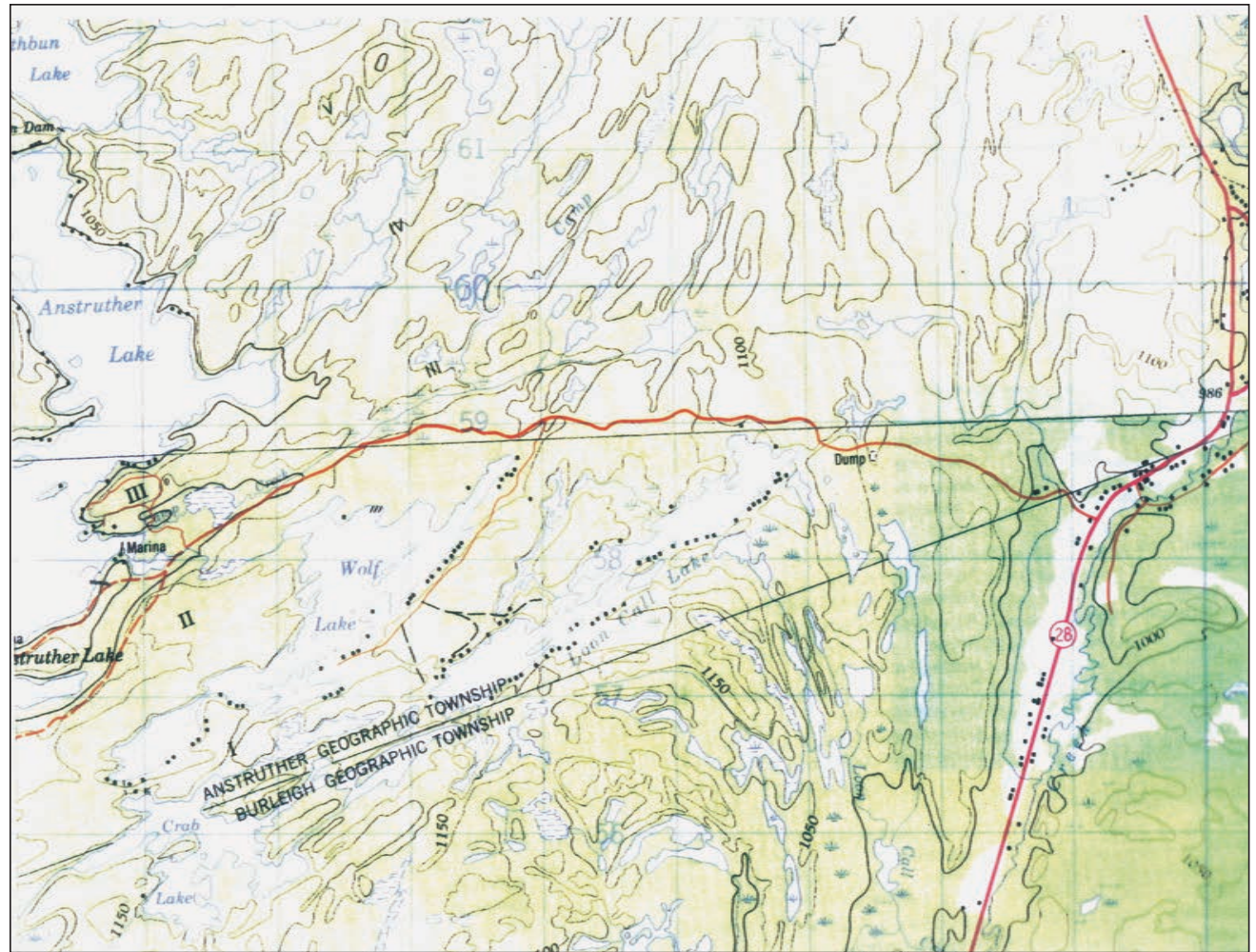


*A Beaver in Disguise
The Peterborough Examiner*

wanted lower because they had low-lying properties, others wanted higher because they had boathouses and the beaver did whatever it wanted. The end result was a concrete dam at the outlet creek which mitigated the cottagers' squabbles but meant nothing to the beaver.

The new roads necessarily crossed marshy/swampy areas and had the prerequisite culverts installed in these areas to maintain water flow. However, to the beaver, the road and its culvert was just a great dam with just one small hole that needed to be plugged. Game on. Each year, culverts are unplugged and dams are adjusted to protect the roads from washing out. A variety of "beaver bafflers" are in place to stop the beaver from plugging culverts and making ponds too high. They work with varying success and require constant maintenance. At times, the man-made concrete dam is submerged, out done by the beaver dam downstream.

Although the friendly battle continues every summer, we must keep in mind the service the beaver provides with its pond building. The dam creates a pond. That pond reduces flooding after heavy storms (like the catch basins that are showing up in suburban areas). It pro-



Map of water basins

vides water during drought and is home for not only the beaver but also fish, frogs, turtles, birds and insects. The pond acts as a reservoir to replenish the water table. Less obvious, it acts as an aid in navigation, connecting water to water and the dam acting as a bridge if you don't like wet feet. Finally, the pond looks good. It is scenic. As you drive in to your lake front haven, your eyes always need to look at *that pond*.

Having to protect your shoreline trees, keeping a cul-

vert clear and occasionally adjusting a dam is a small price to pay for the good the beaver does with that pond.

2 Pre-Cottage Human Activity

There has been a lot written about the early history of the area around Loon Call Lake. Two important sources include: *The Loon Calls, A History of the Township of Chandos* by Jean Murray Cole, Published by the

Municipality of the Township of Chandos, Production IMPAX Graphic Associates, Peterborough; and Up the Burleigh Road. ...Beyond the Boulders by Doug and Mary Lavery, Published by Trent Valley Archives, Copyright Trent Valley Archives, Peterborough for Burleigh Road Historical Society Apsley.

Here are a few highlights from these sources:

- **First Nations** There is no evidence of First Nation settlement in the area around Loon Call Lake. However, First Nations people, being nomadic, were hunters and trappers and probably visited the area as a place to fish and hunt deer, elk, bear, moose and beaver.
- **The Early Economic Base** was the densely forested land of white pine that could be used for producing shipbuilding materials for Britain. Lumber companies purchased large pieces of land. Waterways were essential to move the logs to where they could be accessed and sold. Eels, Anstruther and Jack's Creeks were used in the spring to move the lumber down the streams to locks, dams and slides where they could be accessed. If no waterway was close, the logs had to be moved by horses and sleighs. The logging was completed in the winter when the men were able to cross the ice on the lakes and rivers. If spring came quickly they sometimes had to abandon the logs. As a result many logs were left on the bottom of the lakes as the Myers family (lot 27) found when they cleared the area in their bay for boating and swimming.
- **Hunting and trapping** were important economic activities. The early settlers trapped fur-bearing animals for income and to protect their domestic animals. Later when sport hunters came from southern Ontario to hunt, hunt camps were set up on Crown Land to accommodate and feed the hunters who now hunted for bear and small game and birds as well as deer. Hunting and trapping became relatively more important as the forest industries declined. Both in-



First views of the lake from the landing



Small Island - "Blueberry Island"

dustries suffered as a result of the fires of the early 1900's. Trapping continues in the Loon Call Lake area to keep the beaver population controlled and reduce flooding in certain areas.

3 The Arrival of the Cottagers

3.1 First Views

The first views of the Loon Call Lake by potential cottagers would have been from where the current landing is located. Loon Call Lake was seen as a small lake with placid waters and picturesque islands. Today, the island seen on the right from the landing is called 'Blueberry' Island by many.



Trapper's cabin today

The lake and its surrounding area were quite different from today. Because of the forest fires of the early 1900s the pine and oak trees were relatively small in size. The majority of trees were birch and poplar. There were great stretches of bare rock that could be seen back from the lake. It was possible to walk great distances on the height of rock on the south side of the lake. Burnt stumps littered the forest and blueberry bushes thrived everywhere. There were fewer lily pads and small marshes. There was no poison ivy in the area.

There were lots of bullfrogs, butterflies and birds, particularly woodpeckers. There were many snakes, foxes and rabbits.

Deadheads left over from logjams were found in the little bays around the lake

There were only two buildings on the lake. One belonged to Milan Sinkora and was at the foot of the big rock (lot 59). It was a big drafty old building with a number of bunk beds. Some people used this building

as the starting point for exploring the area as well as a base while building their cabins. The other building was a hunter's cabin at Windy Point.



Burnt stump



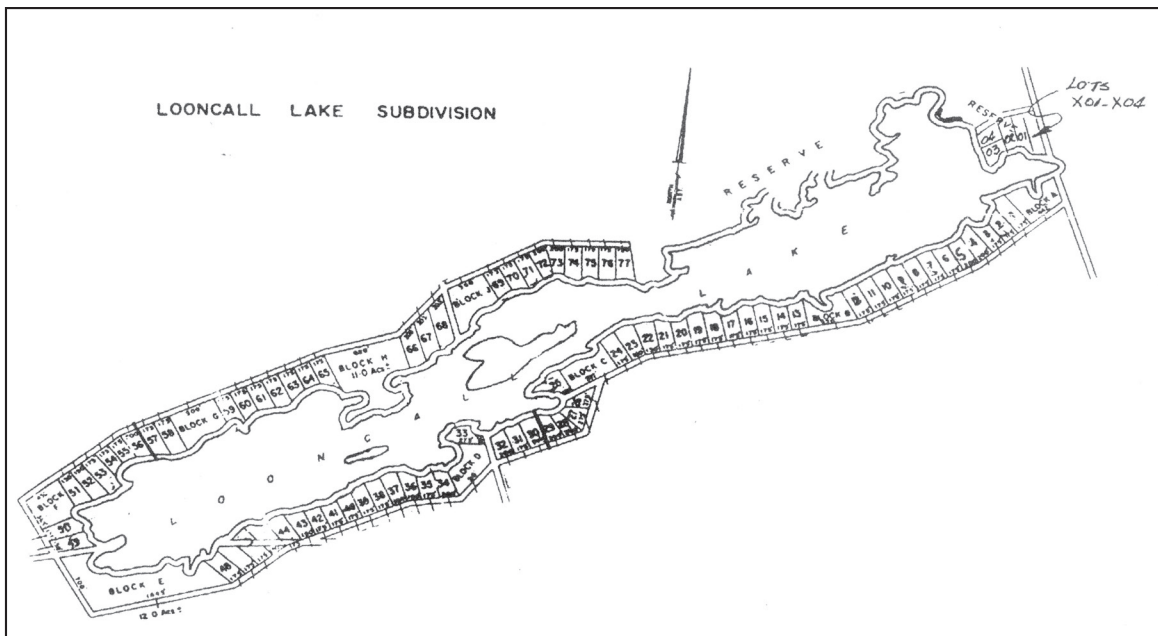
Willie and Jerry Waterall looking for cottages
(Note 1956 Plymouth converted into a
bedroom at night)

3.2 Cottage Lot Sales

In 1957, the Province of Ontario made lots available on a number of area lakes, among them, Anstruther Lake, Eel's Lake and Loon Call Lake. Maps were provided in Apsley and the news of the availability of lots spread by word of mouth. One who spread the word was Milan Sinkora, who roomed in a boarding house in Toronto. Another was his roommate, Helmut Kellerman, the first owner of Lot #40 who introduced many of his German friends, the Bluehardts, Langes, Baehrs, Possmayers, and Borgmans among others, to Loon Call. Others (Franz Mueller) were introduced through association with a German-Canadian society - in Franz' case one in Hamilton.

Frank Baehr describes why so many Germans were interested in cottage properties.

- "Unrest was brewing again in Europe. Especially in 1956, there was the Hungarian uprising and I remember my parents saying that they had lived through 2 wars (WW I & WW II) and did not intend to cope with another one.
- Compared to Canada, Europe was very crowded and Germans were fascinated by the emptiness and vastness of Canada with its huge areas of untouched wilderness. In Germany you could hardly turn around



Loon Call Lake subdivision map

without bumping into another person. Here, there might not be another person closer than many miles away

- *Owning any property, if you did not already have some, was unattainable for most Germans. Thus the availability of affordable land offered the opportunity of fulfilling a life-long dream.*

It was not until 1958 that the lots on Loon Call Lake actually became available. Potential cottagers came to the lake to view the lots for sale. Howard Harris, owner of a farm surrounding the landing had set up a transportation service on the lake and toured some people around the lake for a fee of one dollar. Others hiked around the lake or rowed around the shoreline to find their 'perfect' lots. Bert Mason remembers the story of how his parents found their lot. His dad, Bert Mason....

"went out in a canoe and paddled around the whole lake. My dad was walking across our property when he suddenly had to go to the bathroom. He had to find a tree and some leaves. As the story goes he then

noticed that the land was relatively flat. Flat land, as we all know, is a rarity and he decided that he would bid on the lot. The bid was a silent one, and my parents (I believe) wanted to offer \$50 more than the asking price so my Dad was going to offer \$375. My mom said, make it \$376 in case someone else offers \$375."

Helen Yielding describes the choice of Loon Call as follows....

"We set out to various lakes. One was serviced by not much more than a goat path. Eel's Lake looked huge and unlovely on that day and the waves rolling in at the Anstruther Lake landing resembled the Atlantic Ocean. When we came to Loon call with its placid waters and its picturesque island we were hooked. Howard Harris, the local farmer, agreed to ferry us around the lake to see available properties. He had made the wooden boat we were in and his motor was museum material even then, but his commentary and his assessment of suitable cottage lots were invaluable."

MINIMUM PRICE LIST

The minimum price for each of the lots on the plan of subdivision of Crown land on Loonell Lake, in the Township of Burleigh and Anstruther, shall be as follows:

Lot Number	Minimum Price	Lot Number	Minimum Price	Lot Number	Minimum Price
1 - - -	\$410.00	25 - - -	\$470.00	53 - - -	\$440.00
2 - - -	\$350.00	26 - - -	\$220.00	54 - - -	\$325.00
3 - - -	\$370.00	27 - - -	\$240.00	55 - - -	\$324.00
4 - - -	\$340.00	28 - - -	\$260.00	56 - - -	\$316.00
5 - - -	\$330.00	29 - - -	\$310.00	57 - - -	\$344.00
6 - - -	\$335.00	30 - - -	\$330.00	58 - - -	\$327.00
7 - - -	\$325.00	31 - - -	\$330.00	60 - - -	\$336.00
8 - - -	\$330.00	32 - - -	\$335.00	61 - - -	\$332.00
9 - - -	\$330.00	33 - - -	\$497.50	62 - - -	\$339.00
10 - - -	\$325.00	34 - - -	\$307.00	63 - - -	\$336.00
11 - - -	\$325.00	35 - - -	\$352.00	64 - - -	\$330.00
12 - - -	\$325.00	36 - - -	\$357.00	65 - - -	\$418.00
13 - - -	\$340.00	37 - - -	\$348.00	66 - - -	\$330.00
14 - - -	\$345.00	38 - - -	\$330.00	67 - - -	\$368.00
15 - - -	\$340.00	39 - - -	\$345.00	68 - - -	\$360.00
16 - - -	\$345.00	40 - - -	\$329.00	69 - - -	\$330.00
17 - - -	\$340.00	41 - - -	\$331.00	70 - - -	\$335.00
18 - - -	\$385.00	42 - - -	\$328.00	71 - - -	\$330.00
19 - - -	\$350.00	43 - - -	\$370.00	72 - - -	\$270.00
20 - - -	\$335.00	44 - - -	\$385.00	73 - - -	\$275.00
21 - - -	\$340.00	48 - - -	\$376.00	74 - - -	\$350.00
22 - - -	\$360.00	50 - - -	\$368.00	75 - - -	\$335.00
23 - - -	\$365.00	51 - - -	\$325.00	76 - - -	\$325.00
24 - - -	\$330.00	52 - - -	\$322.00	77 - - -	\$360.00

Original price list

able. We picked Lot 15, paid him for his time and services, (he asked for \$1.00 and we magnanimously paid him \$2.00 which was practically all we had), raced back to the Lands and Forest Department in Apsley to stake our claim and write a cheque for \$375.00

Elke Heidemann describes the search by her family, the Borgmans:

Mother spent many weekends rowing and hiking along the shoreline once the lots had been advertised, and settled on # 33 as her first choice. Sadly, when she tried to register it, # 33 had already been claimed. Two days later, when she went to register her second choice, she was delighted to find out that # 33 had become available again – Farmer Harris's "wild"



Private Landing

cows had come crashing through the bush and had scared Anne Dunkley, the new owner, away.

Once you picked your lot, you went to the land office located in Apsley. The purchase price for the lots included \$150.00 for the survey and \$1.00 per foot of water frontage. Where lots had a significant amount of shoreline a flat fee could be negotiated. Property taxes were charged in addition to the purchase prices. A Bancroft surveying company, McAlpines, completed the original surveys. Willie Waterall noted that his first tax bill was \$25.96.

Once you had the lot, you had two years from the date of purchase to construct a building with a minimum area of 240 square feet and a value of at least \$2,000.

3.3 The First Cottagers

The Harris family was probably the first family to settle on the Lake. Milan Sinkora was probably the first cottager. Many first cottagers included German families new to Canada including Kellerman, Herbst, Lange, Borgmanns, Granders, Essigs and Baehrs – hence the local name of 'Kraut' Lake.

Most cottagers were young working families with children and one breadwinner, and therefore, of modest means. Inexpensive land was a major incentive. There were limits on what they could spend on a recreational property. As Helen Yielding said, after they'd paid their \$375 cheque to Lands and Forests...



Harris Farm



Turkey Road now called Anstruther Lake Road

We didn't have that money either so we hi-tailed it back to Toronto to our friendly bank manager to borrow the money in time to honour the cheque.

Shari DeCaire of Lot 48 noted that her grand parents in 1960 had bought a cottage for \$576 from people who either couldn't afford or were unable to complete the required building by the stipulated time.

3.4 Getting to the Cottage

There was a paved highway from Toronto to Apsley. Anstruther Lake Road (referred to Turkey Road by the locals) was a dirt road that was used to access the landing. In 1959 you had to pick your place to pass another car and treetops hung above the road making it seem like driving through a tunnel. All cottagers parked



Bluehardt building his boat



First boats – Dunkley Dock

boats at the public landing from where, in rain or shine, darkness or light they transferred all their food, gear and clothing from their cars. Many trips were made from the landing on Friday nights in the dark.

The boats themselves were generally motorized although a few hardy souls rowed to their cottages. Most of the motors were very small often no more than 2 to 5 horsepower. Glen Guyatt made quite a “splash” when he bought his 60 hp motor.

In the mid-1960's the cottagers were directed to move their boats from the public landing to the private landing. Harris who had made a few parking spots available owned the private landing and set up some docks left behind by hydro crews. Harris rented these spots.

Of course, just because you had a boat didn't mean that you could get your supplies or material to your site. Ute Lewkowitz remembers that:

“Dad and his friends used to brew their own beer. A friend, Dieter came for a visit to the cottage a couple of times with cases of beer. On one visit, the boat tipped and the beer fell out somewhere between the landing and the island. The beer could not be retrieved and I imagine is still somewhere at the bottom of the lake.”

In the winter there was no access to the landing. Originally, cottagers drove their cars to the Harris farmhouse and walked in from this point. Eventually, Anstruther Lake Road was plowed to the landing. On



The Lapczynski family brought a VW over the ice in 1969

a good winter day, with the right ice conditions, cottagers drove across the lake. *(There are no reports of cars falling through the ice!)*

3.5 Building Permits

It wasn't too hard to get building permits. Frank Baehr describes the following incident.

One Saturday, while we were busy building, we had a visit:

Visitor: “Hi folks, how are you doing?”

Hans Baehr: “Fine.”

Visitor: “I see you are building a cottage. Do you have a building permit?”

Hans: “No, not yet. The problem is that we are only

This Acceptance of Application does not impose any obligation on the Crown to provide a means of access to the land now or at any time in the future.

Under the terms and conditions of sale you are required to erect on the land herein described within 24 months from the date you paid the full amount of the purchase price, -

- A. If sold for private use a cottage having at least 320 square feet of floor space, and in the construction of which you have expended labour and materials valued at not less than \$1000.00 according to the prevailing wage-rates for labour and prices for materials in the locality.
- B. If sold for commercial use a building or buildings of the type required for the commercial use for which the land is sold and in the construction of which you have expended labour and materials valued at not less than \$3000.00 according to the prevailing wage-rates for labour and prices for materials in the locality, and
 - (i) in the case of a regular area, \$2000.00 for each 100 feet of width over 600 feet, or
 - (ii) in the case of an irregular area or of an island, \$2000.00 for each acre over 10 acres, or
- C. Where the sale is for land additional to and abutting land previously acquired from the Crown for commercial purposes you are required to expend labour and materials on the location or on the abutting location, or on both, valued
 - (i) in the case of a regular area, at not less than \$2000.00 for each 100 feet of width, or
 - (ii) in the case of an irregular area or of an island, at not less than \$2000.00 for each acre.

All trees and mineral are reserved to the Crown.

10% of the area sold is reserved for roads.

Colonization roads also reserved.

No trees may be cut, even for building purposes, except by prior permission granted by the local district forester, who will determine payment to be made.

No transfer or other disposition of the land sold, nor any improvements thereon, may be made prior to patent issuance without first receiving in writing the consent thereto of the district forester.

This Acceptance does not give title to the land. Title results from the issuance of letters patent, for which you will make application to the local district forester immediately upon completion of the building conditions.

Sale is subject to cancellation for violation or non fulfillment of any or all of the conditions, and in the event cancellation is effected under authority of The Public Lands Act the land and all money paid remain the property of the Crown, and the improvements, if any, on the land are forfeited to and are the property of the Crown.

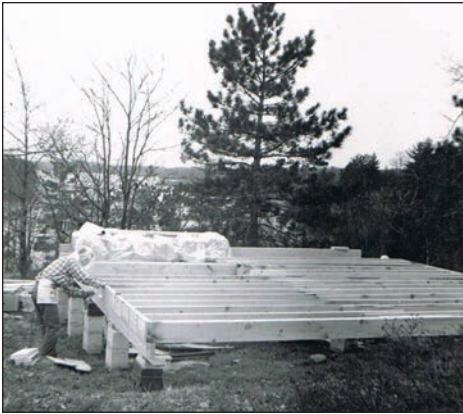
ALL CORRESPONDENCE MUST BE DIRECTED TO THE LOCAL DISTRICT FORESTER.

here on weekends and the office is always closed when we go there.”

Visitor: “No problem. I'm the building inspector. How large is it going to be?”

Hans gave him the specifications.

Visitor filled out a small form and handed it to Hans: “Here is the permit. That'll be \$5.00. Oh, by the way, please don't think I'm rude for not taking my hat off, but I have a frog under it that I caught for bait.”



Dunkley's Cottage



Grander's high building spot

3.6 Building the Cottages

Once the 'perfect' lots were purchased, the 'perfect' building spot had to be chosen. In most cases the location of the building site often depended on how flat the land was, the least number of trees to be removed and the close proximity to building supplies (i.e.; the lake). Some (the Baehrs) however chose higher locations while others preferred more seclusion.

Often the washroom was first on the agenda to build. The Carey's have described setting up their outhouse in the poem titled *The Out House*.

Some cottagers arranged to have their cottage built for them. Prefab cabins were available to purchase. Many built their own. The Baehrs built a "temporary" cottage before their Pan-Abode was constructed a year later.

The Out-House

Now the roof for our outhouse was prefabbed
in our garage,
Driving down 401, drivers saw a mirage,
Heads turned very quickly, tongues started to wag
But we rode proudly along, meantime the red flag
Waved gaily along flying over the trunk
For that roof on the car roof was no piece of junk.

So down 401 and up 28
They all giggled and joked but we had a date
The man bringing our boat promised not to be late.
Imagine, our own boat plus a motor first rate.
And right on the tick of that hour he came
Then he chuckled and laughed – said our claim to fame
Roof out house on car roof should give us a name
For that Guinness Records more than likely would take
That for their year book; first down the highway
And then cross the lake

But we only laughed as we loaded the boat
More gear and more gear. Would this boat stay afloat?
"Don't scratch it", Shaun said, "Lift in onto the deck".
"We can all cross together" I said "What the heck?"
Two friends were with us. They thought it a joke
Roof out house on car roof, then sail off in a boat.
Shaun pulled on the cord and that Johnson went zoom
We sailed down the lake, but there was
not much room.



Carey's outhouse – Fit for a Queen

Four people, one roof, tent, clothes, food, jackets, nails,
and a hammer
If the police came along, we'd end up in the slammer.
We're loaded", Shaun said, "We won't go very fast".
Our Waterall friends stood and waved as we passed.
As we sailed near the island, then out of the blue
Our heaven on earth slowly came into view.
"My God", said our friend, "What a wild rocky lot
A flat place for a tent, there surely is not".

So we landed and searched, a flat place for a tent
Up and down, back and forth, round and round
we all went.

Then finally we found one, a ten by ten place
We pitched that old tent in that tight little space.
Then began on the out house.

They hammered and sawed.
Shaun dug a big hole but I turned the first sod.
A one-seater special was ready by night,
We girls cooked up some chili while there was daylight.

A lovely oak seat, truly fit for a Queen
Installed by these masters, so shiny and clean.
"No flush!", said our city friend, "That's a disgrace".
Then she screwed up her nose and made a bad face,
While I sewed up a curtain of white lacey cotton
She grumbled and grumbled, "This place is rotten".

As night fell we four scrambled into the tent,
Into our sleeping bags, four of us went.
We all settled down and we four seemed content.
"Don't worry", said Shaun, "Need anything, call,
My flashlight is ready. Happy dreams to you all!

Typically the outhouse was built first followed by either a temporary cabin or the permanent cottage. Usually the cottages had one large room and possibly a screened in porch. During construction a few folks opted to bunk at the trapper's cottage.

Most of the supplies were purchased locally. The supplies were delivered to the landing where boats were used to bring lumber and tools across the lake. The local lumberyard, McColl and Perdue, across Anstruther Lake Road on Highway 28 was extremely busy on Saturdays. Ches McColl was a well liked and generous. Jerry Waterall notes that:

"Ches was wonderful explaining we should put picture windows in the front now or we would be back next year, also to put two windows in a bedroom for ventilation, etc., etc. He said not to worry about the expense, pay him when we had the money. When an unexpected financial obligation occurred, Ches said pay when we can, don't worry. Nothing was in writing and when we finally settled up he would not accept any interest - what a guy!"

Harris offered his services and his boats to deliver supplies across the lake. Depending on the size and quantity of the lumber, it was often required to have two or three boats joined together, creating a makeshift catamaran or even a tri-maran. Given that the boats were small and powered by 2-stroke 2.5 to 5 horse power motors, it took as much as 3 to 4 hours to move between the landing and the lots at the north east end of the lake. Many cottagers have reported that supplies were lost in the lake – including full loads of wood, motors and even a refrigerator. Still today the use of boats is still an important means of transportation!

Harris was also generous to the cottagers. Terry Dowding writes that:

In 1974 we installed electricity and needed a cedar pole to support the wire from the mainline. We asked Howard Harris if he would be able to find us one. He said sure and a few weeks later provided it for us. He cut down the tree somewhere in the bush, removed the bark, towed it with his tractor to the landing, towed it to our lot behind his boat, and lugged it up

on the shore. My father hadn't discussed the price beforehand so he was a bit leery about how much it would cost for all this work. He asked Howard how much he wanted. Howard answered "Is \$20.00 too much.?" Later several men from around the lake helped us pull it up the rock and stand it on end with a block and tackle. Those were the good old days.

Not all supplies were purchased. Old railway ties provided timbers for cribs for a number of docks. A sink was once used to mark a large rock on a channel. The first Baehr cottage was partly built from...

"a raid of the ample store of abandoned drill samples. For posts and supports we used dead trees from the forest, we bought a door and a window from a wrecker and only had to buy the roofing material and nails new from the nearest lumber store. I believe our total costs were about \$35.00."

Some got their water from odd sources. Jerry Waterall noted that:

"A number of us got our cold, clear wonderful tasting spring water from a pipe with fast flowing water until we were told the drill hole had found uranium. Not wanting to light up at night, we immediately changed our water supply."

Ann Dunford who now owns the cottage at Lot 34 observing that the cottage was built by Fred Cole wrote:

His wife, Bunny, told us that when the cafeteria at the hospital in Peterborough was taken down, anything useful was directed to Loon Call Lake, rather than the dump. Roof trusses, windows, doors, floor tiles and cabinets. Still all there today as everything was built to last. After the floor was laid in a true random pattern – 7 colours – they had a dance. It must have been good times.

Septic tanks were eventually added. These varied in design. Some were actually built into the cottage foundation.



Baehrs temporary cottage



Furniss Family transport fridge across lake

It took time and co-operation to construct a dwelling. Everyone helped each other and the cooperative spirit that characterizes Loon Call Lake began. This cooperation ranged from advice to work. Frank Baehr writes:

We had a handyman do the support pillars for us, but when we had done the floor, Horst Herbst visited us and with his sharp eyes he saw that the foundation was slanted toward one corner. The handyman had used a defective level and always checked in the same direction, so that the error was not noticed before. Fortunately, thanks to Horst, we noticed it before there was too much weight and we shimmed the cottage up to make it level.

Others (John Carey) advised on roofing while still others helped with electrical issues.



*Lange Cottage being built
by hand*



*Horst Herbst's
CB/TV tower*



Peaceful

There were no modern amenities available including hydro, telephone service or roads. As a result, cottages were built with hand tools including, handsaws and pulleys and land was smoothed with shovels and pick-axes. Horst Herbst needed a 16 foot 8" by 10" beam. He cut a 16" log to these dimensions with a handsaw.

3.7 Early Life on Loon Call Lake

Before the arrival of road and hydro, living on Loon Call, though now full of nostalgia and a certain amount of romance, was not easy.

There being no power, ice was brought in from Harris store of ice at the landing. He cut ice in the winter and

piled it at the landing where it was covered by a large pile of sawdust. There was also a small shed at this location where you paid \$0.75 for a 25 pound block of ice or \$1.50 for a 50 pound block. This was an honour system and upon your arrival at the landing you got your ice and placed the money in a container in the shed.

Jack Dunkley had a root cellar with a galvanized top. It was three feet deep. The family could leave on Monday and the cellar would still be cool on Friday.

Propane was the cooking fuel of choice.

There were no phones until the early 70's with the early being crank operated. In the early days people used horn signals, sometimes quite complex, to let people in their cottages know that someone had arrived at the landing. Of course there was a risk here. You had to carefully count the number of honks. If you missed one beep you may head cross the lake in the dead of night to meet a group of complete strangers standing at the landing. People also used Citizens Band radios to communicate. Horst Herbst built an 80' CB/TV antenna (rebuilt after a windstorm in the '80's) that stands on lot 35 to this day...the CB still works.

People still look back with some nostalgia on these times, but Helen Yielding's comment suggests that it wasn't all that much that fun all the time.

I was personally glad to be rid of my ancient propane fridge which managed to get cool just hours before it was time to leave. The propane stove was reliable but frightening and the ambience of coal oil lanterns for light was fading fast. Lugging the 180 lb. propane tank up our hill after towing it for hours across the lake was losing its charm. And the rotary hand pump for water from the lake was less endearing as our family grew. Dave wired our cottage, survived the hydro inspection and life took on an easier aspect - lights, pump, fridge and non-exploding stove.



*Willie and Jerry Waterall Cottage in
the early 1960s*



Willie and Jerry Waterall Cottage today

3.8 Hydro

Hydro came into most areas in the early sixties although it was later for some. Sean Carey describes how they came to his lot.

The Hydro crew came from Quebec - a group of three men that had been installing poles all over northern Ontario. Their arrival was announced by the roar of chain saws and the crashing of trees. They had just cut down and limbed several large pines that were lashed together to form a raft. Onto the raft went a large compressor, winches, wire rope, tools and dynamite. At the back was attached a large 75 HP motor and off they went.

When they arrived a Carey's cottage, they dragged a compressor hose and a jackhammer up the hill. They drilled several holes at a previously marked spot in the rock. The holes were loaded with dynamite and an old tire was put on top. Wires were attached to blasting caps and the resulting explosion left a clean hole not to mention a few small rocks on the roof. They attached the winch to another hole in the rock, pulled a rope through it and dragged a pole up the hill. Then with long pike poles and a lot of grunting, the poles were lifted into the hole. Everything was loaded on to the raft and they were off to the next hole. Every property owner was paid a sum for the pole on the property. Sean remembers getting something like \$30.00 for his pole.

4 Roads

4.1 Early Travel

By the time the cottagers arrived there was a paved road to Anstruther Lake Road. Anstruther Lake Road itself was just a dirt road as are the fire routes now. There were no cottage roads. All transportation from the landing to the cottage had to be over water. This had to change. As Elke Heidemann has said:

Everything had to be rowed across the lake, usually around midnight on a Friday. Since the rowboat, fully loaded, barely cleared the water, Heidi and I were sometimes unceremoniously dumped at the little island when wind and waves became a problem. It then fell to Hart to row all the way back to pick us up. The romance of being stranded on an island at midnight faded during the cold and rainy fall weekend nights!

4.2 Cottage Roads

There are two main road systems around Loon Call Lake, one at the northeast of the lake known as Jessica

Drive and one in the northwest feeding off Wolf Lake Road. The Wolf Lake section was built first. The two roads do not join because of the large swamp that separates them and lack of interest in connecting the roads. Around the year 1998, Ontario introduced the Fire Route Numbering system. Jessica Drive is Fire Route 55 while the roads off the Wolf Lake Road serving Loon Call Lake number 58F and 58D. Other roads include FR 56 (built before the landing was established (i.e. before 1972) and FR 57 - built around 1980.

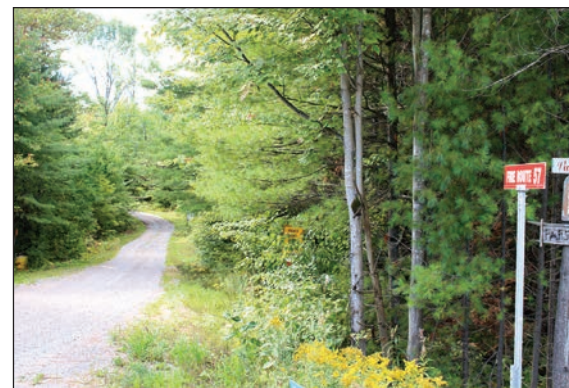
4.2.1 FR 58F

The first of the two longer roads to be built was Fire Route 58F. The Wolf Lake Road was built around 1970. Glenn Guyatt tells of the time he was in a local restaurant around 1982 and overheard several people talking about the extension of Wolf Lake Road. Glenn immediately joined in the conversation asking if the people involved would also be interested in building what is now 58F and said that he could raise \$7,500 to build a road off the Wolf Lake Road. He further said he would collect the road fee (approximately \$20) and did so for many years. FR 58 was built in 1972-1973 up to Lawrence's and then extended in about 1990 to its present termination at Lot 33. FR 58F was built in 1982-1983 and was built as one section. FR 58D was built at the same time as 58F.

4.2.2 Jessica Drive - FR 55

By 1982 there had been 2 attempts to put in a road but they both fell through. Part of the problem was that the road allowance at the back of the lots was mostly in the swamp. To get a road required permission to cross private property -13 separate lots.

Jessie Petrie and Ute Lewkowitz led the charge to build FR55. Ute who lived at Lot 25, and who was an LCLCA director canvassed everyone. Brian Webster was the main force for extending the road to lot 28.



FR 57 entrance



FR 58F View of Lake

Not everyone wanted the road. As Jessie Petrie after whom Jessica Road is named (not quite accurately as her name is Jessie not Jessica) puts it:

"That was the summer of 82 and it rained every Friday night all summer. Of course, there were lots of bugs too. I think that really helped to get people to join in. Also, the original owners were getting older. When they were younger, they definitely didn't want a road but as they aged, some thought if they didn't have a road they wouldn't be able to manage a boat ride and hike up to their cottage.

Some cottagers sold because they heard a road was going in..... Some people bought because they heard a road was going in and some people joined the road, not because they wanted a road but since it was going



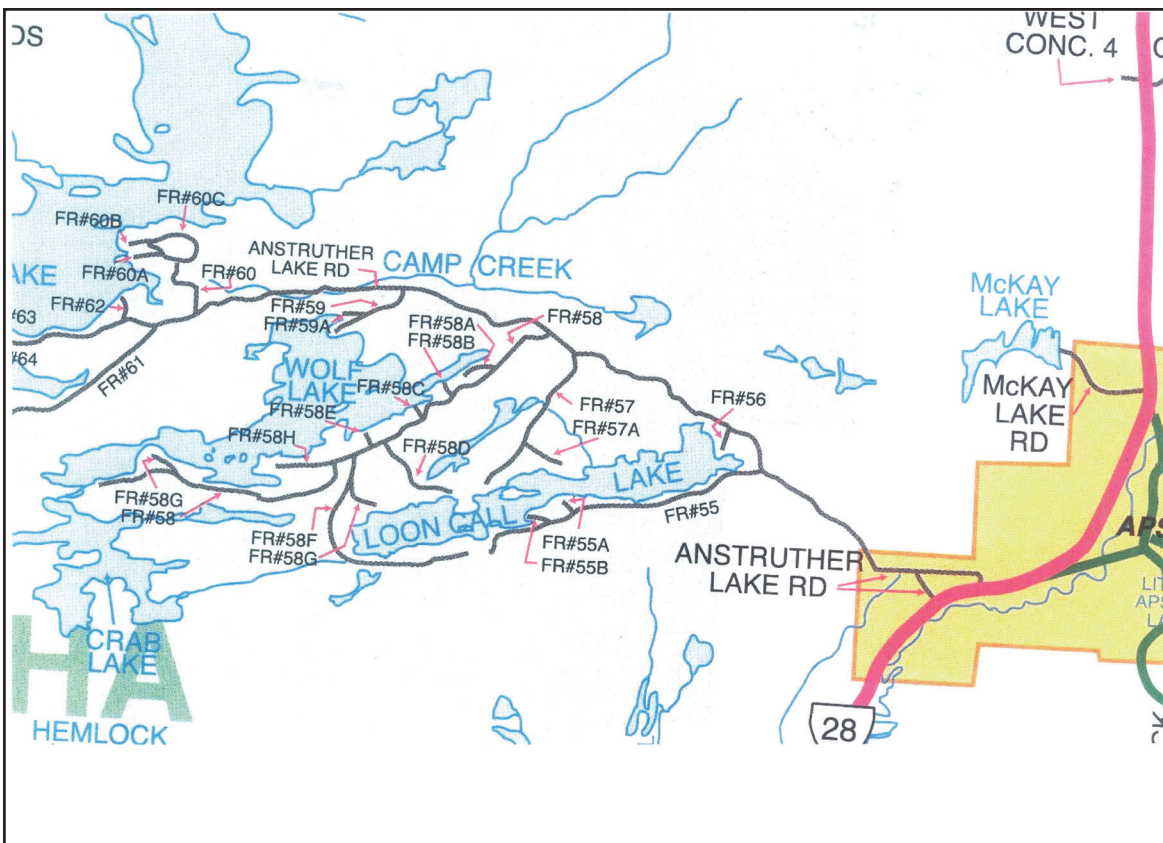
FR 58D entrance



Jessica Drive -FR55

in and going quite close to their cottage, they might as well join. However, they would have preferred not to have a road at all.

It took 3 years to get the road. We had meetings with contractors, meetings with lawyers, meetings with the township and meetings with the cottagers. One of the biggest hurdles was getting permission to cross Mr. Harris's land. Where the gate is and down to the road was his land. The property had to be severed and deeded to us. All this took time and of course, money. Luckily, Albert Trotter, the contractor, went to school with Mrs. Harris and I doubt we would have got permission if he hadn't acted on our behalf. I had great support, during this time. George Dowding was the treasurer and did a wonderful job



Map of Roads for Loon Call Lake and adjacent lakes

of keeping the books and investing our money. He did this for over 20 years. Dave Yielding went with me to convince people to let us cross their property even if they weren't joining the road. Ute, as I said before, got the ball rolling. (I doubt that she even knows that). We didn't have 100% participation but over the years the cottagers that weren't on the road did join us and paid what we paid to build the road. That money was used for maintenance. Now we have 100% participation."

Of course, as Jerry Waterall has noted there were other means of (friendly) persuasion while getting support for FR57....

"My neighbour, Gil, and I went to visit a new owner

to explain the road situation (their percentage of original cost and the annual maintenance fee). We had a few drinks earlier and the new owners were perfect hosts with insistence on us keeping up with them. The only question that was asked was: "What happens if we don't join?" I said, 'You have a vehicle that comes over a private road, the vehicle has four tires but only one spare, and I have no control over the others'. After much laughter they joined the road association."

4.3 Route and Construction Procedures

Individual Fire Routes were built at the initiative of groups of cottagers. The driveways to each cottage



Dirk van Laren replacing a culvert

were typically built at the same time under a separate contract. For the most part, the routing was on Crown Land. If the FR did traverse private property, easements were required. Likewise, driveways crossing private property also required easements; some of which are codified and some are not.

Prior to construction, the route was determined by walking the “bush line” three or four times and marking the route with stakes or flags. The persons involved in determining the route were typically two workers from the contractor and an MNR representative as an MNR permit was required. The route tried to avoid major rocks, gullies, wetlands, etc. As a result, the route had a tendency to follow contour lines and go over hills/large rock outcrops. No blasting was done. Fill was brought in via trucks from local borrow pits with gravel brought

in from local pits and Jack Lake. Due to tight budgets, there was only a small amount of gravel initially placed over the fill. Construction typically took place from early spring through late fall. There was no winter construction. Culvert size was determined by viewing the size of the drainage area, the amount of water flow, etc. The construction crew typically consisted of three people. Equipment included a bulldozer, a front-end loader and a part time backhoe.

4.4 Road Associations

Each fire route now has a road association responsible for its maintenance. The associations collect annual dues from each cottage on the road with the dues often pro-rated based on the length of the road they use. The executive of each association is responsible for maintaining the roadway which involves removing fallen trees, filling potholes, regrading, adding gravel, crushed asphalt or granite and repairing/replacing culverts. Most of this work is done by local contractors.

The annual budgets for these associations can be as high as \$6,000 a year. As the property on which the roads are built is owned by the MNR and is within the Park, restrictions have been placed on when maintenance activities can take place. Typically work must be done before Victoria Day and after Labor Day to avoid disrupting nesting turtles, etc. Additionally, permits are required for major work such as culvert replacement.

4.5 Replacing a Culvert on 58F

Work that was carried out in 2002 illustrates the complexity of the work that the Associations do in addition to the annual grading. In 2002 a culvert washed out and had to be replaced. The work cost about \$4,000. The construction activity was organized by Dirk van Laren who served as secretary of 58F Road Association for 13 years.

Additionally, beavers have significant impacts on the



Digging out a culvert blocked by beavers



Gabion cage used to cover end of culverts



Beaver dam causing water to flow over roadway



Removal of trees blocking roadway

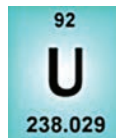
roads. They build dams on the lake side of the road causing the water level to rise above the road. They have also blocked culverts causing the water to go over the road or have built dams on the land side of the road, causing the water level to be above the road which can result in the potential for major erosion if the dam breaks.

Beavers also have a habit of cutting down trees which then fall on the roads. They strip the trees of their branches and leave the trunks blocking the roads. As a result, many cottagers carry buck saws in their vehicles.

Another area of ongoing maintenance involves trees coming down due to storms. A typical example was by lot 48 in the summer of 2013. A major storm blew several large trees across the road and left several others hanging dangerously over the road.

5 The Uranium Threat and the LCLCA - Don't Mess with Loon Call

5.1 The Uranium Threat



In the early 1950's deposits of uranium were discovered in rock formations south and west of Bancroft. Three mines were developed: the Dyno Mine at Cardiff, Faraday Mines just east of Highway 28 and the Madawaska Mine nearby. At each of these 3 locations shafts were sunk and large quantities of ore removed. The town of Cardiff was built to house miners and the town of Bancroft grew substantially during this boom. The boom lasted roughly 10 years until 1964 when the mines either consolidated or closed. Laws regarding tailings, extraction methods and cleanup were lax at the time and most people weren't aware of either the dangers associated with uranium extraction or the rights of mining companies under the Ontario Department of Natural

Resources.

Even today there are safety concerns around the mine sites; areas of tailings are still visible from Highway 28 near Bow Lake, where the area is fenced and posted with warning signs. Prospecting continued in adjacent areas and mining companies applied to the Ministry of Natural Resources for licenses to sample drill in promising areas. In the early 70s, one such mining company, Camindex Mines, found ore-bearing rocks between Loon Call Lake and Wolf Lake and attempted to stake a claim. Cottagers at the south end of the lake had been finding abandoned barrels and tools, sometimes on the land or at the bottom of the lake. Core samples were also common; (some people used them to sharpen knives.) No cottagers were really concerned until one Sept. morning in 1968, Helen Yielding heard a news clip on CBC radio. It reported that a leaked document in a brown paper envelope had been sent by a person in the Ministry of Natural Resources to a cottager on Anstruther Lake. This document contained information about the granting of a permit to Camindex Mines, a firm delisted from the Stock Exchange for financial reasons. Helen's husband, Dave, was president of the Cottagers' Association, a very casual affair, but on hearing such news the executive leapt into action to find out the details.

Frank Baehr, Jerry Waterall and others met at the Yielding home in Thornhill to plan strategy. Luckily a neighbour was a mining engineer familiar with uranium extraction and its impacts. He put the group in contact with mining authorities. The Apsley Council appeared to be in favour of the mine. According to the Minutes of the Apsley Council's Oct. 3rd meeting "a delegation composed of Mr. J. Waterall, Mr. Urquhart



and Mr. Hoffman from Looncall Lake Cottagers Association attended Council to request support to discourage mining in their area". Mr. Waterall made several points: past mining experiences were unsatisfactory; no watershed feasibility study had been done; and, economic prospects were borderline. The Association therefore demanded that the proposal be governed by the Environmental Assessment Act.

The Council acted on a recommendation for a public meeting to discuss this proposal on Sat. Oct 9. Letters were sent by the executive to warn cottagers on both lakes of this threat to cottage lands and it was decided to meet as a group at Erwin Seider's cottage before meeting with mining and Council officials. The Seider's cottage was filled with angry cottagers, all of whom had come by boat, and who contributed \$100.00 each for a war chest. More than \$1,000.00 was raised in less than 10 minutes.

Everyone, whether pro or con the mine, was astonished at the size of the crowd that turned up for this meeting. The Council chambers were too small so the attendees were sent up the road, each carrying a chair, to the local school gym. Somehow news of this event had spread to other interested parties. Staff from the Environmental Studies Programme at Trent University wished to speak; the presidents of the two lakes' cottagers' associations had speeches prepared; mine officials were there to defend their interests. Best of all environmental lawyers assessing the impact of the new Environmental Assessment Act that had just passed at Queen's Park were present with their views. All of this, including the parade of chair bearers, was recorded by CHEX TV news. Several local newspapers as well as the CBC were also recording the details.

On Oct. 24 at the Council meeting, Reeve Reynolds "gave a resume of the situation" and C.C. McCormack moved that ".....as a condition of the lease or license issued to the proponents of the proposed Uranium

A Uranium Mine, A Disaster

*It was the late sixties, I've forgotten the date,
Perhaps the seventies, a terrible fate
Was descending upon our beautiful lake.
It made all the cottagers shudder and quake.*

*A uranium mine was the very worst kind,
The thought of pollution drove us out of our mind.
To face this disaster we all were so torn –
We all felt so helpless, then a committee was born.*

*A real skillful leader was needed to take
Our complaints and our fears for our picturesque lake.
Dave Yielding filled that bill and the job was begun
A war chest set up to put the mine on the run.*

*Two hundred dollars from each cottage lot
Build a sizeable fund, for everyone thought
It would help pay expenses, then on Thanksgiving day
We all were invited to a meeting to say
We wanted all of the miners to just go away.*

Their awful proposal chilled us to the bone

*Dave fended them off, made our wishes known.
But before I go on, I must tell you our crowd
Overflowed that small council room,
we were so proud.*

*A lot could not hear, so we picked up our chair
And strode up the road to a big school and there
We each had our seat and could hear every word.
What the miners were saying was just so absurd.*

*But Dave handled them wisely and we were so proud,
So lucky we were to have Dave in our crowd.
But those miners that winter did come
and they drilled,
Core samples were taken, some oil drums were spilled*

*Some were left on the ice when they went away,
We thanked our dear God that they did not stay,
Pay tribute to Dave for he was the best
To have had him then, we were truly blessed!*

Olive Carey remembers
the uranium mine in verse.

ad hoc and ultimately permanent organizations such as the road associations (dealt with in Section 4) and the LCLCA.

Jerry Waterall has reported that the original constitution for LCLCA was drafted by Charlie Taylor who became the first president. Other members of the executive included Gil Rick, Hugh Hougham and Jerry Waterall. It is not clear when the Association actually was formed. The first financial report on file is 1968. The Association already existed in the late sixties at the time of the threat of the establishment of a uranium mine on the lake was a major impetus (see Section 5). It is likely that issues such as the need to control water levels leading to the construction by MNR of a concrete dam in 1972 reinforced the need for organizing to get things done and protect the lake from outsiders. Over time it has developed a mandate that has evolved, confirmed by the executive in 2012 to:

- Support a healthy and sustainable environment;
- Represent common interest matters to all levels of government including – township, provincial and federal;
- Facilitate the recreational events which achieve a great sense of community; and,
- Promote an effective and ongoing communication with all of our membership and respects the diverse needs of the membership

The Association has taken responsibility for the major lake wide social events (the Regatta and Corn Roast) and for representing the community on issues of importance to cottagers. Among these have been:

1. The creation of a dam to maintain water levels
2. The stopping of a uranium mine development
3. Representations to the local municipalities, initially Burleigh Anstruther, later Burleigh, Anstruther and Chandos and now North Kawartha Township on zoning matters ranging from frontages and setbacks to “cottage boathouses”.

Mine at Looncall Lake and Wolf Lake... (it) be required to carry out an Environmental Assessment under the Environmental Assessment Act prior to the mine going in to production and further that the clerk forward a copy of the resolution to the Ministry of Natural Resources, Mr. Clarke T. Rollins, M.P.P. and to cottage residents who have written to Council on these matters. Carried”. On Nov. 9 a letter from the” Canadian Environmental Law Association re: Uranium Mine at Looncall and Wolf Lake” was tabled at Council. Unfortunately, the contents of that letter are no longer available.

The public meeting helped lead to the withdrawal of the mining proposal although the cottagers were wary for several years. The ‘war chest’ was returned to the

original donors greatly enhanced with a sizeable interest that had accrued. Best of all we made history in that our challenge was the first to be considered and supported under the new Environmental Assessment Act.

5.2 The Loon Call Lake Cottagers Association [LCLCA]

“We came to Loon Call to have fun with our friends and families, not organize and sit on Committees”

Variations of this theme have been expressed by many cottagers on Loon Call Lake. Nevertheless the need to act cooperatively for events such as the Regatta and Corn roast and to achieve common ends as well as responding to pressures from off the Lake (e.g. the uranium threat and the creation of the Kawartha Highlands Provincial Park) have led to the creation of

LOONCALL LAKE COTTAGERS' ASSOCIATION		
TREASURER'S STATEMENT AS OF JUNE 30, 1968		
<u>RECEIPTS</u>		
Membership Fees	66 @ \$2.00 = \$132.00 2 @ \$2.15 = 4.30	
		\$136.30
Bank Interest		.86
Donation from the Weiner Forest Committee		14.80
		\$151.96
<u>DISBURSEMENTS</u>		
Bank Charges (exchange on cheques)		1.05
BANK BALANCE AS OF JUNE 30, 1968		\$150.91
Signed: <i>M. C. Todd</i>	Approved: <i>Jerry Waterall</i>	
Murray Todd Treasurer	Jerry Waterall Auditor	


Treasurer's report 1968

- Cooperation with other Lakes through the North Kawartha Lakes Association and the North Kawartha Lake Stewards Association.
- Involvement in the development of the Kawartha Heights Signature Site Charter and regulations including (successful) representations to limit the use of ATVs during the summer months, limitations on the hunting season (there is no hunting in the Park between the Victoria and Labour Day Weekends).
- Representations to the Municipal Property Assessment Commission.

An ongoing relationship with the Kawartha Highlands Provincial Park has given cottagers an opportunity to participate in various nature walks and wildlife protection exercises. Recently, turtle eggs were incubated and hatched by the Park biologist. Cottagers were invited to assist with releasing the endangered turtles into the wild. (*see Turtle Diaries next page*)

In addition the Association prepares and updates a

Small item reclaimed from basement flood zone



LOONCALL I

1980 - 1981 EXECUTIVE

President	- J. Waterall
V-President	- B. Holmes
Treasurer	- E. Seider
Secretary	- U. Grander

DIRECTORS

W. Borgmann
D. Brooks
J. Carey
G. Guyatt
U. Lewkowitz

NOTICE

DATE: Sunday, June

TIME: 11:00 a.m.

PLACE: Lot #35 - Hc

1980-81 executive 1/4 paper from Jerry Waterall with original Loon Call Lake logo

"Tips for Cottaging Lightly" and provides a welcome package for newcomers to the Lake. (See Appendix 2)

The Association does this through an executive comprising the President, Past President, Secretary, Treasurer and Lake Steward and eight area directors elected every two years at an annual general meeting. This meeting used to be held at the landing but is now held at the Apsley Legion Hall. Typically the Mayor of North Kawartha and the Superintendent of the Kawartha Highlands Provincial Park give updates on developments in each of their respective organizations. Other private and public organizations also have spoken to the group.

Loon Call has been fortunate in the willingness of people to serve. Over the last 20 years for example, 20 different people have served on the executive while another 17 have served as directors. That is, almost half of the cottages on the lake have been directly involved



Park Entrance sign

in the running of the organization. (See Appendix 4) This of course does not count those who run the roads associations, help out at the corn roast and regatta and serve on committees such as the environmental committee. Nor does it include people like Tom Parsons or Murray Rochon who have built the loon platforms in an attempt to restore loons to the Loon Call Lake.

6 Social Life

6.1 It was Different Then

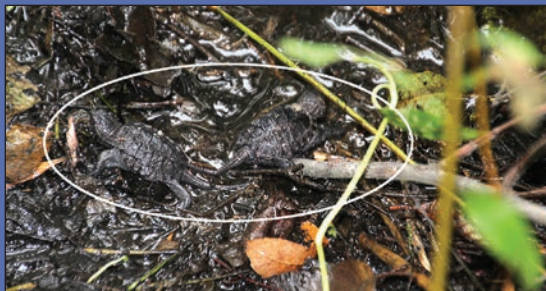
Unlike now, when people drive directly to their cottages, during the first twenty five years of cottage life at Loon Call, everyone had to pass through the landing. They parked their cars in spaces eventually marked by Howard Harris and took their boats to their cottages. Most came up on Friday nights and left late Sunday. People were therefore in much closer contact and generally knew who was at the lake and who wasn't. This made for a much tighter community. People living in different parts of the lake from different parts of the Province if not the country and the world regularly met and got to know each other.

Loon Call Cottagers did not come to the lake just to work on their cottages, though sometimes it may have

Turtle Diaries . . .



Young boy handles turtles hatched at the Ministry of Natural Resources labs



Turtles returned to the swamp near their original nest



Jack Dunkley and his band

seemed that way. Among the rewards of work were the parties. In Elke Heidemann's words....

"Social life was very active. One of the early centres was Milan's cozy little cabin on the island where Jack Dunkley and his band entertained often and, when Milan left at the end of the weekend, his route across the lake was often marked by a string of empty beer bottles dancing on the water in memory of another party weekend.

There were corn roasts, masquerade parties organized by Mother, dances at the Wateralls, the pièce de résistance being the big concrete platform, Bert Mason in lederhosen!, not to mention the regular pilgrimages along the "Nikolashka Trail". This had become a magnet on the north side of the lake for afternoon imbibers. It led from # 60 (Glasstetter/Webster) to the Schwendts (Parsons), was well travelled, and was duly celebrated in more or less melodious song (usually in German) that could be heard across the lake. "

The party mood of early LCL is summarized in Elke's mothers little poem (used with Elke's permission)...The Nikolashka Trail named after a popular drink based on a shot of vodka poured over a bit of ground coffee, a bit of sugar and a slice of lemon.

The Nikolashka Trail

*Too many people know a lovely spot
Where men and women haven't got
For that matter
During Sunshine or bad weather.*

*Some People there on Looncall Lake
Have the spirit which will make
A very sad man quickly happy
In no time then he will be nappy.
The spot is the Nikolashka Trail
Where whisky flows and also ale.
It starts at Werner – Wally's place
Where usually they set the pace.
They don't have any water pump,
Around them then do clear the swamp.
They do work hard to make their lot
A very lovely looking spot.
While Werner's busy drinking beer
Wally's cleaning far and near.
We do not need a water nozzle,
Wally got a lot of muzzle,
We'd rather have a sauna bath
And Wally also waters grass.
When you're there you have a drink
Of Rebenwater, That's no stink.*

*You hover over then to George
Where Elsie, standing on the porch
With Vodka ready to pour in
She even may commit a sin
To serve this stuff well before noon
Their rule strictly, "Not too soon.
As soon as Midday does arrive
Pauline and Mary will then dive
To give a drink to everyone
They always have their job well done.*

*A few steps further is a hut,
It's Erwin's and you know that nut.
A Nut he is, but you be beware,
We wish that everyone would care
As much as he does for his friends.
If one in need is, then he tends to
sacrifice his own needs –*

*These are the honest many deeds.
He smokes his pipe, runs out of matches
In fishing doesn't ,make the catches.
Yet still he caught a tender fish –
From all of us, best cordial wish
To both of you to be content.
We have to pass one cottage then
To reach the friendly George's den.
George Riffert and his brother Joe
Had virtually away to blow
The rock with dynamite to set
The larger cottage on its bed.
Early mornings sleeping round
Suddenly the world's turned round.
An explosion could be heard
Shattering the hut and dirt.
And if you had a love affair –
Nothing bodily to wear –
It blew you practically round
A new position then was found.*

*Next to George is Rudy's tent
And this is where the trail does end.
Rudy drags some dirt around,
Evelyn puts plants in ground.
She loves to feed the coons at night,
They get a lot not just a bite.*

*The other day some friends dropped by
Not a cloud was in the sky.
We were drinking and quite merry
As Wally Schwendt did lose her cherry,
She didn't feel a bit of shame,
She practically enjoyed the game.*

*Some dear friends visit our trail.
Bert Mason Shows up without fail,
And sure as hell who makes a call?
Nina Furniss and her Paul.*

*And now my friends, this was the tale
Of our Nikolashka Trail.*

6.2 The Corn Roast

The Corn Roast evolved from a family gathering of about 20 relatives at Bert Mason's cottage on the Labour Day weekend. (It was held on Labour Day because corn didn't ripen then 'til late summer, so September was the time for corn roasts.) The Mason bonfire was close to the shore and could be seen by many cottagers. Very quickly the corn roast expanded and ultimately more than 200 people attended. Bert Mason and his family organized the music and dancing.

Bert Mason became a legend in his own time at the lake. A big man (6'2") who claimed that he never weighed more than 240 lbs. (his sons noted that was the maximum weight that could be shown on his scale) Bert Mason was at the centre of most social gatherings. He was known as the Burgermeister



Concrete dance floor outside Mason's Cottage

of Loon Call and was appropriately equipped with a Burgermeister's chain and cup. The Masons ran the Corn roast for years. After a number of corn roasts at the Masons, the cottagers joined together to have a dance floor built at the Masons by sharing in the labour and costs of material. The group got together to bring the

corn and husk it ready for the evening and gathered the firewood. John and Bert Mason remember roping the shore to provide dock space for visiting boats. Their job was to act as valets receiving the guests and then "parking" the boats at designated spots along the roped shore. In 1965 Bert Mason became ill and from then on the Loon Call Lake Cottagers' Association took over the responsibility of running the corn roast, rotating the location until the late sixties when it moved to the Landing. Bert Mason died in 1967.

The Corn Roasts were jolly affairs and captured in this poem by Olive Carey (above).

Helen Yielding notes that in most years some of the cottagers were still dancing and singing at 4 a.m. There were other parties from the lots on top of the hills and others on lot 30 where once Jerry and Willy remember....

"Some people were feeling so good that we had to roll them down the hill and into their boats. One young

Regattas, Corn Roasts and Hot Dogs, by Olive Carey

*I believe every year from the first year to this
A regatta was planned with never a miss.
Many great races for both young and the old
And on that fun day, many stories were told.*

*Many ribbons were fluttering and the winners were proud.
On the landing there gathered a big happy crowd.
To watch all the events and to enter in,
Some took part for the fun and some took part to win.*

*There was a lot more excitement coming their way
When all of the races were finished that day.
The dock was towed home and they went home to wait
For the annual corn roast, also planned for that date*

*Now the big festive corn roast slated for five
And beginning at five, they began to arrive.
While bright coloured lights shone from tall trees
A big bonfire burning with just the right breeze*

*Big pots were steaming, boiling wieners and corn.
Great smells in the air and somewhere music was born.
For many years, Phil Dunkley and his wonderful crew
Shouldered the work for me and for you.
Corn tender and sweet, then some years ago a dessert table*

*was planned
Now I hate to tell you, that should have been banned.
To top hot dogs & corn, ladies brought their favourite
sweet*

Cronuts at the Ex, they surely did beat.

*We all munched without guilt, then far too late
More pounds we put on, those desserts are first rate.
While great music played we danced round and round
Perhaps, if we danced more, we would lose those extra
pounds.*

*There was always a singsong, and the chords filled the air
At that time of night, no one seemed to care.
Then completely exhausted in our boats and cars
We drove happily home while watching the stars.*

*But what I should have told you the first corn roasts and
race*

*Were not at the landing but at Bert Mason's place.
He made a long platform of concrete for dancing and fun
And that is where our regattas and corn roasts begun.*

*After 62 years we know Looncall Lake is the best
For our many great cottagers, Looncall surpasses the rest.*

*boy drove his 6'2" father home around mid-
night in his large boat. The kid was so short he had
to stand on the seat in front of the steering wheel."*

Dancing and music were big parts of the corn roast. The Mason brothers remember two incidents in particular. One concerned Guenther Bluehardt who ran a sound system business. Apparently Guenther would sit quietly playing records from early evening 'til about 1:00 p.m. Then, suddenly he would get up and he and his wife, Ursula, would dance non-stop until at least 3:00 a.m. This pattern persisted for years. A second concerned Horst Herbst and Chrysta Brugerman a large, strong lady who it was said, could hold five pitchers of beer in each hand.. Horst was a big man at the time, weighing in at perhaps 250 lbs. He got a bit rowdy and Chrysta told him to quiet down. He didn't so Chrysta walked over to him marched him down to his boat and told him to stay there. He did!

One of the interesting things about Loon Call was

that there were unwritten rules for kids. There was kid's curfew of 10:00 pm. It wasn't a law, but you knew if it was dark, and there were boats in the lake it was almost 10 and the kids were on their way home. Another one was that the morning after the corn roast at the Masons, all the kids had to convene at 8:30 to clear up the bottles and debris.

6.3 Other Gatherings

There were other parties. An Oktoberfest was held up to 15 years ago usually using the Mason outdoor dance floor. The regatta was held earlier on the Civic holiday weekend (the first Monday in August) when the water was warm enough to swim in. The regatta and Corn Roast were combined in 1993 when Phil Dunkley took charge. By that time corn had become available by mid-summer. Scott Phillips has been running the Regatta more or less since his arrival on the lake in 1995. One event that is no longer included is canoe jousting. Two canoes, each manned by a paddler at the stern and a jousting pole with a padded end would charge each other trying to knock the other canoe over. Apparently no one was ever hurt.



Phil Dunkley and crew 2007



Laser racing Regatta



Franz Lange Laser racing



VanDrunen's dock being used as a raft



Scott Phillips and Regatta helpers

6.4 Winter

For many cottagers, the Loon Call Lake season starts around the Victoria Day Weekend and ends around Thanksgiving. That's not so for everyone; at least one family lives on the Lake year around and another considers it their permanent address although they do not live on the lake in the winter. Several others have tried wintering over (Horst Herbst, Glenn Greer) for several years and found it too lonely. A few (Websters, Raddens, Parsons, Greens and others) come up around Christmas and during the winter. But in the early days, before the roads which are now generally impassable in mid-winter were built, many people would come to the lake to ski, snowmobile, ice fish and generally enjoy the beauties of winter. New Year's parties were quite common. As Elke Heidemann recalls....

New Year's parties with bonfires on the snow-covered rocks, and mock turtle soup - a tradition at Horst Herbst's cottage - were always a highlight of



Dunkley family skiing across the lake



Loon Call "Winter Serenity"



Early Loon Call winter

the winter.

Then there was also the winter (1970) when Hydro trucks, carrying the poles necessary for the power lines, had driven across the ice and made safe tracks. My husband, Jerry, decided this was the ideal time for skijoering, so we attached ropes to the VW Beetle and skied up and down the length of the lake in the most glorious winter sunshine! Everyone should be allowed to experience something like that

But while winters could be fun they were also dangerous. Milan Sinkora apparently suffered a broken ankle when the children's snowshoes he was wearing broke. Milan froze to death. He was found by Helmut and his son Jerry.

7 Special Memories and Anecdotes

People on the Lake have lots of special, cherished and amusing memories. Thirty-two cottagers have written about the history of their cottages. Those are presented in Part 2. Still more may be found in Olive Carey's "Loon Call Tales". Of course, some may have been embellished over time.

7.1 Building Permits and Inspectors:

7.1.1 The Honey Jar

Sean Carey drew up his own plans but before he applied for a building permit, Howard Harris advised him to purchase a jar of honey. The person that issued building permits also had bees and sold honey for \$2.00 a jar. Sean met the official, purchased a \$2.00 jar of honey, paid \$10.00 for the permit and received the building permit then and there.

7.1.2 Looks Good to me!

Sean Carey was working on one of the piers when he heard a boat. He turned and the fellow in the boat yelled, "Are you Carey?" to which Sean replied, "Yes". The building inspector identified himself and yelled, "Looks good to me." It was simpler then.

7.2 Building

7.2.1 Filling in the Lake:

Another Carey story involves gravel, a commodity essential to building just about everything. Sean estimates that he brought some 250 tons of gravel in 2.5 ton loads. To transport the gravel from the landing to the cottage, he built a small raft and put a 10 HP motor on the back. He would arrive at the cottage, transfer the motor from the boat to the raft, run to the landing load the raft to it's capacity and usually a bit beyond, slowly motor down the lake to the cottage and shovel the gravel off. He would repeat this process 5 to 6 times a day until the 20 to 25 tons were transported to the cottage.

This did not go un-noticed by others on the lake. One day at the landing, a group of kids came up to Sean and asked what he was doing with the gravel. Sean replied, "The problem with the lake is that there is too much water in it and I'm filling it up." The kids thought I

was nuts.”

Shortly after his meeting with the kids, Sean was at the landing for yet another load and heard a couple of men coming to the landing in a row boat. Their voices were carrying across the water and easily heard. One man asked the other, who it was at the landing. He said, “Oh that is Sean Carey, he’s nuts.” As they came ashore one of the men man asked Sean what he was doing and Sean replied, “Filling in the Lake”.

7.3 Travelling Around:

7.3.1 Mattresses

“On May 60th 1959, we arrived at the landing so excited that we scarcely noticed the swarms of mosquitoes. My old car was filled with gear and bore a mattress, bedsprings and a kitchen table on top. The way it was tied on meant that I had to enter and exit through the driver’s window. Dave’s Volkswagen bug was dwarfed by ladders, lumber and a boat. We crossed the lake, the boat barely above water and gasped with delight at our cabin. The front door was 3 feet above grade and the builders had locked it securely without telling us where they hid the key, so I had to be pushed in through a window which, that day, had seemed to be my lot in life. We hauled in the soggy mattress (of course it had rained on the way up), the table, our Coleman stove and ice chest and set up cottaging.” (Helen Yielding)

7.3.2 Walking Home at night

When I was 16, I started going to dances at the marina on Anstruther. They even brought in local bands. Boy, I was angry that that lake was rough when we bought because that’s where I wanted to be. When I was that age, I thought there were a lot of great guys on that lake...used to walk to the dances and hope

for a ride back to Looncall. If I didn’t get a lift, it was a long and scary walk back in the dark, let me tell you. Mind you, I never walked it alone; I always had a girlfriend with me. (Jesse Petrie)

7.4 Contraptions

7.4.1 The Guyatt Airplane

Glenn Guyatt is famous for his plane. He built an airplane at his home. He wanted to bring it to the Lake, and a friend offered to tow it. When it was assembled, the friend asked Glenn, if he might take it for a spin. Glen agreed and the friend took Glenn’s plane for its maiden flight. The plane took off and flew around a bit but then stalled in mid air and became stuck in some tall trees. The trees were too tall for the pilot to climb out and the Peterborough fire department and their high-rise ladder was called to help the pilot out. They arrived 12 hours later. The plane was stored in the barn and then sold. The Guyatts never flew their plane.

7.4.2 The First Water-Ski?

The Masons were the first people on the lake to water ski. It wasn’t really much like a modern water ski. It was more like a 3 ½ by 5-foot door. To stop the front from cutting into the water and sinking its rider Bert Mason fastened a metal baffle. Though not comparable to a water ski experience today, especially since it was often pulled by a no more than a 5.5 hp motor, it was a start. Interestingly that water ski still exists and is owned by a friends of the Masons on Chandos Lake. (Bert Mason)

7.5 Winter Stories:

7.5.1 Eggs in Winter

We had left milk and eggs on the fireplace hearth that



First water-ski?

night and they froze solid. Next morning we played catch with a frozen egg, dropping it at will without breaking the shell. (Jerry Waterall)

7.5.2 Sauna and Snowmobiles:

In the seventies, snowmobiling became popular and a group of friends would gather at Horst Herbst’ Sauna. Breaking a hole large enough to dive into the lake when the ice was a foot or more thick was a big job so instead, pails of water would be collected and people coming out of the Sauna would dump the water over themselves to cool down. One year, that amount of cooling wasn’t enough for Irwin Seider who jumped naked (except for his boots) on his snowmobile and

cruised around the island to the great astonishment of a number of people staying there. (Bert Mason)

7.6.1 The Big Animal

"It was just past dusk the day John and Olive Carey came over to work on building our fireplace. Our outhouse was only boarded half way up at that early time. Olive and Willie went to the outhouse and shortly we heard loud screams. John and I were in our bare feet and without a flashlight. So I grabbed the coal oil lamp and John grabbed a handsaw. Bravely we ran up the path toward the outhouse - with the women screaming "It's a big animal!"- but we kept going in our bare feet anyway. I guess we scared the animal more than it scared us, as we arrived safely. In the morning we found the large hoof prints of a moose - no doubt coming down his previous ravine path to get a drink at the lake. Saw the beautiful moose later on. (Jerry Waterall)

7.6.2 Raccoons

"One morning en route to an early morning swim, we found a raccoon tangled in the fishing net in our boat. Dad was able to cut the raccoon free from the net but there was a fishhook in its paw. Ann Dunkley came by. Dad and she went in the boat to the vet. There was no vet in the area that wanted to help so Dad ended up driving all the way to Peterborough. Dad held the raccoon and the vet got the hook out. The raccoon hid under the steering column in the car when he brought it back to the cottage. We gave the raccoon milk and eggs. The raccoon drank it and left. The next day the raccoon came back with its mother and siblings. They visited us every night that summer. Next year the same raccoon, which we named Rikki came every day and ate out of my son's Michael hands. Michael enjoyed feeding the raccoons. We always had to keep the screen doors closed so that animals would not come in. One time Rikki came in and got into all the cupboards so we stopped feed-



Michael Lewkowitz feeding Rikki

ing them. Shauna, Michael's wife, had four baby raccoons come in while she was at the cottage and had a hard time to get them out. They were so frightened that they climbed up the curtains." (Ute Lewkowitz)

"Refrigeration consisted of ice blocks dug out of the sawdust in Farmer Harris's barn, and perishable supplies were kept cool in a pit dug into the soil (where possible). Raccoons soon found this out - and we found out that they knew one Sunday morning because of our dog that went crazy at the foot of our big white pine whose bark glistened in the morning sun. At the top of the tree sat a scared raccoon that had been into the food pit and had eaten a whole pound of butter and was now suffering from a severe case of diarrhea! (Elke Heidemann)

7.6.3 Bears - Party Animals?

Most cottagers see bears from time to time. Some

have got quite close although apparently no one has ever been hurt on Loon Call Lake by a bear. The Martinis (previously Herbst cottage at Lot 35) have had a couple of experiences. It is said that at one of Horst Herbst's BBQ's, a bear decided he could not resist the smell of the BBQ climbed on to the deck, grabbed some food and took off.) More recently, a bear had smelled some fresh peaches that were sitting on the counter and had her paw on the window and was trying to figure out how to open it. Luckily, the window wasn't open very wide and the owner was able to crank the window tightly enough to make the bear withdraw her paw. When the window was closed the bear made a snort, lightly slapped the window frame and turned around and sat down with her back to the window. A few seconds later her two cubs appeared and the three animals ran off.

7.6.4 Beavers

The important role that beavers play in marinating wetlands and lake water levels was described in the first chapter. But beavers can be a nuisance and so cottagers on Loon Call have tried many methods of control. Syd Bowcott describes a variably successful project.

"Our cottage road crosses some wetlands which are inhabited by beavers. The beavers kept trying to block the culvert. Initially we put a plastic barrel over the end and used piping as intakes to the barrel. The beavers then packed so much mud over the barrel and beside it that the pipe was crushed. The beavers also built a dam on the lakeside of the culvert that also backed up the water. It seemed that whatever we did the beavers were getting the best of us. We would clean things out one day and the beavers would pile mud and sticks back on that night. This went on for years. Finally, we cleaned everything out once more and put a gabion cage over the barrel and the end of the culvert. This evidently has confused the beavers and has now worked for almost two years!"

7.7 A Mysterious Fire at Burns Cottage [lot 54]

In the fall of 1983, just after Labour Day, fire destroyed the Burns cottage. Art Redhead who was renovating Charles Taylor's cottage on Lot 43 (Vaccaro) across the Lake called the Apsley fire department. Too late, all they could do was to contain the fire and protect the forest and neighboring cottages. How the fire started was never determined. It was thought, as lightning strikes had been reported on Chandos and Coon Lakes, that lightning was the cause. What doesn't fit in with lightning theory is the disappearance of a brand new boat motor. One would have thought that some identifiable remains of the motor would have been found on the site but none was and the origin of the fire remains a mystery.

8 Loon Call Lake Today

8.1 Today's Cottages

Sixty years later, the cottages on Loon Call Lake are generally much more elaborate than the original cottages. Some cottages such as the Possmayers' original A-Frame and the Hartog's lakefront cabin have been completely replaced with modern year around homes. Others such as the Guyatts, Bowcotts and now the Hunts have undergone or are now undergoing a series of additions that have double or tripled the size of the original building. Still others, such as the Martinis have focused on maintaining the buildings as originally designed. Some have preferred to stay rustic.

Almost all cottages now have septic tanks, most of which are in good condition. Many cottages have dish and clothes washers and a full complement of electrical goodies including Wi-Fi installations. Yet quite a number of cottagers have limited their renovations to plumbing and electrical installations and have maintained the original dedication to a simpler life style.

Roads have been improved considerably with hills

made less steep; grading improved and harder granite and recycled asphalt services applied. For some guests it may still seem like a long drive to certain parts of the lake, but it is far cry from the time only 16 years ago when Diane Hunt observed as she followed the agent to what was to be her cottage...

"I thought that I was in the movie Out of Africa because the road was so hilly, windy, dangerous in some areas and the vegetation so wild compared to what we were used to. Moments of nausea kept surfacing and I just wanted to arrive at our destination quickly."

All cottages have shared in the price increase of cottage properties with assessed values in 2012 ranging from \$200,000 to more than \$500,000 and the average cottage somewhere in the \$350,000 range.

8.2 The Environment

Yet with all these changes it appears that the environment has been maintained at more or less the quality that the first cottagers found in the 1950's and 1960's. This is particularly interesting in light of a 1972 study commissioned by the Province to determine the capacity of the Lakes of Kawartha Highlands Provincial Park to accommodate cottagers. The study concluded that Loon Call Lake because of its small size and relatively shallow waters was an environmentally vulnerable lake which should have no more than 17 cottages. (By that time the Lake had 79 cottages.) With four times the calculated ideal number of cottages, one might have thought that the environment would suffer setbacks. As appendix 1 shows, there is little evidence of this. In general what has happened is:

- All indicators suggest that water quality has been maintained. The average viewable depth over the 4 decades is about 4.6 metres...unchanged. Nutrient levels as measured by phosphorous and chlorophyll are also unchanged and the lake is low in calcium



Willie & Jerry Waterall cottage in the early 1960s



Willie & Jerry Waterall cottage today

which inhibits the growth of zebra mussels and explains why Loon Call Lake is zebra mussel free.

- Some of the marshes have begun to fill in; but this is natural as the marshes have become more mature and woody and less hospitable to certain types of wildlife, most likely nesting loons.
- There are more weeds
- There appear to be fewer amphibians...particularly frogs
- Trees have grown bigger.

In short, the people of Loon Call Lake have been pretty good environmental stewards.

Hat's off to us!

9 Appendices

9.1 Appendix 1: A Note on the Environment

9.1.1 Water Quality

By most measures Water quality in the lake has not changed much, for example:

- Clarity: Secchi disks are used to test the clarity of the water. The average viewable depth over the 4 decades is about 4.6 metres It is more or less unchanged.

Loon Call Lake Secchi Disk Readings – Available Years
Metres of Visibility

Decade	YEAR									
	0	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
1960's									3.8*	
1970's								4.2	4.0	3.9
1980's	4.2	4.2	4	3.8	4.2	3.7	4.3	4.2	4.5	5.4
1990's				3.9			3.7	5.2	5.4	3.3
2000's	4.3	4.7	4.4	4.9	4.6	5.4	4.8	4.4	-	4.9
2010's	4.9	4.2	4.8	5.0						

*Datum based on single reading by Lands and Forests

- Nutrient Levels: The level of nutrients affects algae and weed growth. The chemical commonly used as indicator is Phosphorous as it is one of the limiting factors in plant nutrients. Phosphorous levels have averaged about 6.5 ug/L (micrograms per litre) or parts per billion. That is, there is no data indicating that the lake is gaining nutrients.

Loon Call Lake, May Total Phosphorous Readings
Available Years
(ug/L = parts per billion)

Decade	YEAR									
	0	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
1990's							4	8	7	4
2000's	4	9	17.5*	8.8	5.8	6.3	6.4	-	6.9	5.9
2010's	5.0	5.8	5.6	5.7						

1996-2001: based on a single sample using an older less accurate test
2002– Present: based on a pair of samples newer more accurate test

* Sample likely contaminated

- Chlorophyll Levels indicate the amount of algae growing in the water and is therefore another, albeit, indirect indicator of nutrient levels. The more nutrient, the more algae. The east basin averages about 3 ug/L while the west basin is slightly better at about 2.5 ug/L. Both are slightly up from the 1972 level of 1.5 ug/L. Based on these levels for chlorophyll, Loon Call Lake is low in nutrients.
- Calcium Levels: The microorganisms at the bottom of the food chain require calcium for body building (shells, skeletons). The lower limit for their requirements is 2 to 3 mg/L (as parts per million). Our data averages out to about 7 mg/L amount so our micro-organisms are happy. On the other hand, zebra mussels, because of their large numbers and very rapid growth rate, require much higher levels of calcium (10-12 mg/L). Zebra mussels are not happy in our lake. We can thank our granite bowl of a lake for the low calcium levels. The lakes to the south of us with limestone (a calcium compound) are zebra mussel friendly.

Loon Call Lake May Calcium Level Readings
mg/L = parts per million

Decade	YEAR									
	0	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
2000's		9						-		5.4
2010's	9.8		6.9							

- pH – (Acidity Levels:)A pH of 7 is neutral, less than 7 is acidic, greater than 7 is basic. Loon Call Lake's surface water is neutral and becomes slightly acidic (pH 6) as depth increases. A pH of 6 does not harm most organisms
- Dissolved oxygen (DO) is the amount of oxygen dissolved in the water. It is necessary for the life of aquatic organisms. The 1972 Lake Alert Study and the 1982 MNR Fishery Study tested the surface water



Pond behind dam



View of Lake looking west

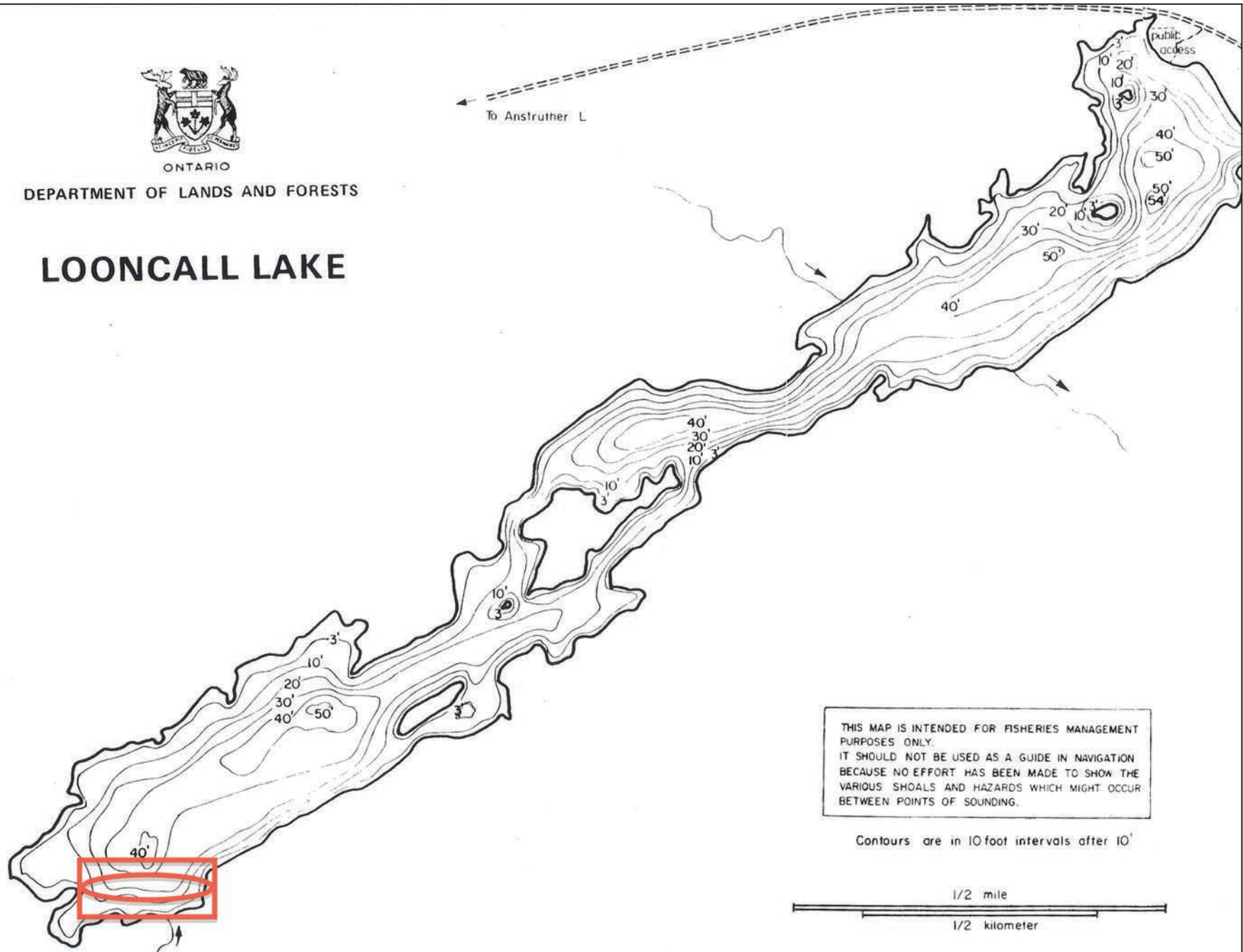
and at depth. The news is not good. Just after ice off and just before freeze up the water in Loon Call turns over because the water is at more or less the same temperature from surface to bottom and thus at the same density. Only in the spring and fall is oxygen rich water sent to the bottom. By mid summer, the lake aerobic bacteria have used the oxygen for respiration and totally depleted the oxygen in the bottom water. The lack of oxygen at the bottom means the lake cannot support lake trout. Splake (a sterile hybrid between lake and speckled trout) regularly stocked in the lake probably live in the area just under the level where the temperature is lower but there is still some oxygen.



ONTARIO

DEPARTMENT OF LANDS AND FORESTS

LOONCALL LAKE



The 1972 Lake Alert Study concluded that Loon Call Lake was very vulnerable to “artificial inputs of nutrient”. This remains the case and means that cottagers on Loon Call Lake have to continue to be very vigilant in keeping their septic systems healthy and ensure that nutrients do not escape the cottage and end up in the lake. So far, mostly, so good.

9.12 Other Environmental Indicators

Two of the most commented on changes are the reduction of the number of frogs and the loss of Loon nests. Both seem to be related to longer term and more widespread changes in the environment and are not necessarily specific to Loon Call Lake. That is, the maturing of the Lake’s marshes is a probably a factor in the loss of nesting loons something which was common up until only a few years ago. It is to be hoped that the construction of artificial loon platforms will encourage loon nesting.

Many of the people interviewed also noted an increase in the amount of weeds. This is difficult to quantify but it may be so and may be part of the natural ageing of the Lake. Compared to other lakes in the Kawarthas, Loon Call seems to be doing well.

9.2 Appendix 2: Tips For Cottaging More Lightly >>



Loon Call Lake Cottagers Association Tips For Cottaging More Lightly

1. **Don't use soap or shampoo in the lake...ever.** Bio-degradable soap only breaks down on land, not in the water. Stock up on greener cleaners.
2. Reduce water consumption and save your septic system.
3. Sniff out a sick septic tank and have your tank pumped regularly.
4. Stoop and scoop after your pooch.
5. Kick the lawn habit especially close to the water; allow it to return to natural vegetation; and don't use fertilizers.
6. Don't use lead weights when fishing and fish only during the fishing season. Don't bring in live baitfish; it is prohibited in the park.
7. Boat responsibly, especially in narrows and near marshes; wakes are a common cause of baby loon deaths. Wakes are also rough on the shoreline, docks and swimmers.
8. Sound travels farther over the water; please be sensitive to others and respect the North Kawartha Township noise curfew of 11:00 pm.
9. Maintain your boat and motor. Refuel on land where spills can be picked up.
10. Reduce light pollution.
11. Keep the water edge natural. A permit may be required for any work below the spring high water mark. Dock extensions now require a permit from the Park and only natural wood or MicroPro Sienna pressure treated wood) is allowed below the water level.
12. Park rules prohibit ATV use except for cottage access or during the Hunting Season. This effectively means that ATVs cannot be used on trails or roads between May 24th and September 1, and then only with a valid hunting license.
13. Let your guests know what is acceptable on an environmentally sensitive lake.
14. Include these and other tips in any rental agreements that you may make.
15. Post these tips permanently in a highly visible place in your cottage.
16. In doubt about something...ask your director, or a member of the Lake Steward Committee! We will be glad to arrange for a site visit, suggest an expert or point you to helpful information sources.

Persistent problems with neighbours including noise and loud parties are best dealt with through conversation. If you are uncomfortable or intimidated about talking to your neighbour, we would first suggest consulting the By-law officer for the Township of North Kawartha at 705-656-4445 Ext 23 referencing the noise By-law #17/04. If you feel threatened, we highly recommend removing yourself to a safe area and consulting the police and phoning 1-888-310-1122 for a non-emergency or 911 for an emergency.

9.3 Appendix 3: Loon Call Lake Cottagers

Lot	Name	Lot	Name	Lot	Name	Lot	Name
1	Bruno Schweizer	19	Ronald Hosey	37	A.H. Lithgow	63	Irwin Seider
	Mr. Staples		Sarah Meades		Horst Kaether		Anne & Wendell Keller
	Dr. & Mrs. William McRae		A.B. Partridge		Fred Nonnenkamp	64	Sandy Robinson
2	Vic Valiant		Stan & Lauren Liberty		Bruce Billinghurst		Jerry Prajs
	Richard Hubert	20	Elfrida Degeorgio	38	Hans A.P. Baehr		Michael Fick & Vickie Fowles
	Henry & Olga Decock		Edda Holy		Frank Baehr		Brian & Eva Saunders-Chau
3	Henry Peschynski		Mark Tinkler	39	GINETTE & Michael Lange	65	Werner Schwendt
	Richard Hubert	21	Charles Holy	40	Helmut Kellerman		Heather & Tom Parsons
4	Thomas Kellett		Bernard Roy		Franz Mueller	66	Glenn Greer
	Calvin & Elizabeth Northover	22	Philip Mahon		Inge & Johannes Eidnes		Janice & Steve Manias
5	Catherine Kellett		James & Laurie Henderson	41	Fred Possmayer	67	Manfred Brasche
	Elizabeth Nash		Keith Batten Burgess	42	Klaus O. Miettenen		Bronwyn & Murray Rochon
6	Arthur Urghart	23	John Essig		Gary & Sandra German	68	J.B. McKinnon
	John & Susan Weston		Ute Lewkowitz		Jim & Diane Hunt		G. Lapczynski
	Stanley Barber	24	Dorothy Brown	43	Charles Taylor	69	Bert Mason
	Ingrid Thompson		Roger Von Katwick		Steve Vaccaro	70	Mrs. Russell J. Sage
	Don Green & Carolyn Smith-Green	25	Ann & Jack Dunkley	44	Madeleine Hougham		Josephine & Douglas Cane
7	Kurt Schachtschneider	26	Ernest Boyle		Rocco Parzanese		Mike & Jaquie Cane, Paul Cane, Michael Fellowes
	Mr. & Mrs. Gerd Wagner		Gord Boyle	48	Robin House	71	Thomas Farh
	Laurie & Scott Phillips		E. Butwell		Linda Jean DeCaire		Walter Lange
8	Magnus Petrie		Henry & Leah-Ann Wutzke	49	Werner Brueggermann		Amelie & Hans Smolarek
	Jesse Petrie	27	Marcello Taylor		Sue & Ross Murray		Francois Collat
9	Edythe Went		Susan Meyers	50	William E. Munroe	72	Margaret Sprentzel
	Edward G. Dowding	28	William Ulmer		Sid & Hilda Reinsma	73	Gunther & Ursula Bluehardt
	Dorothy Dowding		Brian Webster & Margaret Colquhoun	51	McMaster		Carolyn & Greg Allen
10	Frank Toth		David & Lenore Pressley		Axel Kuhn	74	Gilbert Rich
	Xenefon Gournaropolous	29	Josef Grander		Ian Godfrey & Barbara Mizkiel		Alan Milnes
11	Milan & Susan Heran	30	John & Olive Carey	52	H.D. Flick		Carol & Barbara Gregory-Kraler
	Paul Beske	31	Eric Barber		John & Claire McGrath	75	Willie & Gerald Waterall
	Penelope Paterson		G.E. Painter	53	O.G. Meyers	76	Basil Jesshope
	Paul Roper		Don & Linda MacDonald		Ron & Sandy Kimball		M. Vankessel
	Susan Beattie	32	Arthur Johnson	54	Q.P. Pabert		Rainer Stimming
	Gord Boyd		Reynolds		Ted Burns	77	Bruce Emonson
	Bonnie Boyd		Raymond & Karen Dupont	55	E. England		Peter Vanier
12	Don Brook		Bonnie Painter		Joseph Ridpath	Island	Olga Bura
13	Harry Osborne		Dirk & Hedy Van Laren		Helen Kabriel		Paul Radden & Mary Louise Colquhoun
	George Fellowes		Syd & Dee Bowcott	56	Wallace King		Plan 24
	Gary & Bridgitte Huthinson	33	Werner Borgmann		Iris Coulter	1	W.A. Chase
	William Hutton		Elke Heidemann		Michael & Teresa Prior		Leslie & Scott Gannon
14	R.C. Roberts	33A	Hart Borgmann	57	Glenn & Doris Guyatt	2	Mr. & Mrs. Howard Harris
15	Dave & Helen Yielding		Kristy & Jeff Lentine	58	Jacob A. Dake	3	Elgin Peters
16	Nina Furniss	34	Fred Cole		Charles Driscoll		William Milne
	Michael Lieberman		Allan I. Smith	59	Elmer & Beth Lean	4	Ritchie
	Sue Hannah		Ann and Bob Dunford	60	Rudy Glasstetter		Nick Borian
17	Paul Stein	35	Horst Herbst		Brian Webster & Margaret Colquhoun		Henry Van Drunen
	Peter Klug		Mary & Malcolm Martini	61	George Riffert		
	Camille Gardynik	36	Catherine Lithgow		Connie Blundell		
	Eric & Diane Challenger		Brian Adeney	62	E. Snell		
18	John H. Hosey		Vickie & Jim Hartog		Christa Bruegermann		
	Frits Timmerman & Claire Cullen				Jan & Terry Dowding		

Highlighted lots have been in the same family since 1960
Source: LCLCA Secretary's & Treasurers' Annual Reports
We did our best, but there may still be errors or omissions

9.4 Appendix 4: Loon Call Lake Cottagers' Association Executive Members, 1958 - 2014

	Past President	President	Vice-President	Secretary	Treasurer	Lake Steward	Cottage Watch Steward	01-09 + X01-04	10-17	18-15	26-33	34-51	52-60	61-68	69-77
1958-1960		Charlie Taylor													
1960-1962															
1962-1964															
1964-1966															
1966-1968															
1968-1970						Murray Todd; Jerry Waterall (Auditor)									
1970-1972						Bert Mason; Jerry Waterall (Auditor)									
1972-1974						Bert Mason; Jerry Waterall (Auditor)									
1974-1976						Bert Mason; Jerry Waterall (Auditor)									
1976-1978		J. Dunkley				Jerry Waterall; H. Hougham (Auditor)									
1978-1980						Jerry Waterall; H. Hougham (Auditor)									
1980-1982	Dave Yielding	Dave Yielding Jerry Waterall	B. Holmes	U. Grander	Gwen and Erwin Seider; Hugh Hougham (Auditor)			W. Borgmann, D. Brooks, J. Carey, G. Guyatt, U. Lewkowitz							
1982-1984		Ute Lewkowitz													
1984-1986						Jenny Potje									
1986-1988						George Dowding									
1988-1990		Brian Webster #28				George Dowding									
1990-1992		Brian Webster #28				George Dowding									
1992-1994	Brian Webster #28	Hart Borgman #33A	Mary-Louise Calquhoun - Island	Dirk Van Laren #32	George Dowding										
1994-1996	Brian Webster #28	Hart Borgman #33A	Mary-Louise Calquhoun - Island	Dirk Van Laren #32	Dirk Van Laren #32	Terry Dowding #62	-	Marilyn McRae #01	Susan Heran #10	Mike Lewkowitz #23	Brian Webster #28	Sandra German #42	Ted Burns #54	Peter Vanier #77	Terry Dowding #62
1996-1998	Hart Borgman #33A	Mary-Louise Calquhoun - Island	Bonnie Boyd #11	Paul Cane #70	Dirk Van Laren #32	Terry Dowding #62	-	Jessica Petrie #8	Bonnie Boyd #11	Mike Lewkowitz #23	Brian Webster #28	Sandra German #42	Doug Driscoll #58	Mike Fick #64	Doug Cane #70
1998-2000	Hart Borgman #33A	Mary-Louise Calquhoun - Island	Doug Driscoll #58	Dirk Van Laren #32	Dirk Van Laren #32	Terry Dowding #62	-	Jessica Petrie #8	Bonnie Boyd #11 - 1998; Dave Yielding #15 - 1999	Phil Dunkley - 1999; Jamie Henderson - 1999	Brian Webster #28	Steve Vaccaro #43	Doug Driscoll #58	Michael Fick #64 - 1998; Heather Brasche #67 - 1999	Paul Cane #70
2000-2002	Mary-Louise Calquhoun - Island	Doug Driscoll #58	Scott Phillips #07	Frank Baehr #38	Dirk Van Laren #32	Terry Dowding #62	Bill McRae #01, Brian Webster #28	Bill McRae #01	Helen Yielding #15	Keith Batten-Burgess #22	Brian Webster #28	Jim Hunt #42	Neil Guyatt #57	Heather Brasche #67	Paul Cane #70
2002-2004	Mary-Louise Calquhoun - Island	Doug Driscoll #58	Scott Phillips #07	Mike Lewkowitz #23	Dirk Van Laren #32	Terry Dowding #62	Bill McRae #01, Brian Webster #28	Bill McRae #01	Helen Yielding #15	Keith Batten-Burgess #22	Lenore Pressley #28	Jim Hunt #42	Neil Guyatt #57	Heather Brasche #67	Paul Cane #70
2004-2006	Doug Driscoll #58	Neil Guyatt #57	Scott Phillips #07	Elke Heidemann #33	Dirk Van Laren #32	Terry Dowding #62	Bill McRae #01, Brian Webster #28	Bill McRae #01	Helen Yielding #15	Keith Batten-Burgess #22	Lenore Pressley #28	Jim Hunt #42	Neil Guyatt #57	Heather Brasche #67	Paul Cane #70
2006-2008	Doug Driscoll #58	Neil Guyatt #57	Murray Rochon #67	Glenn Greer #66-2006; Malcolm Martini #35-2007	Dirk Van Laren, #32-2006; Carolyn Smith-Green, #06-2007	Terry Dowding #62	Bill McRae #01, Brian Webster #28	Bill McRae #01	Helen Yielding #15	Keith Batten-Burgess #22	Lenore Pressley #28	Jim Hunt #42	Neil Guyatt #57	Heather Thornton #65	Paul Cane #70
2008-2010	Neil Guyatt #57	Brian Webster #60	Glenn Greer #66	Malcolm Martini #35	Carolyn Smith-Green #06	Mary-Louise Calquhoun Island	Bill McRae #01, Brian Webster #28	Bill McRae #01	Helen Yielding #15	Keith Batten-Burgess #22	Lenore Pressley #28	Jim Hunt #42	Glenn Guyatt #57	Heather Thornton #65	Paul Cane #70
2010-2012	Brian Webster #60	Malcolm Martini #35	Dave Pressley #28	Syd Bowcott #32	Carolyn Smith-Green #06	Jim Hartog #36	-	Bill McRae #01	Helen Yielding #15	Keith Batten-Burgess #22	Lenore Pressley #28	Jim Hunt #42	Glenn Guyatt #57	Heather Thornton #65	Rainer Stimming #76
2012-2014	Brian Webster #60	Malcolm Martini #35	Dave Pressley #28	Syd Bowcott #32	Carolyn Smith-Green #06	Jim Hartog #36	-	Bill McRae #01	Helen Yielding #15	Keith Batten-Burgess #22	Lenore Pressley #28		Glenn Guyatt #57	Heather Thornton #65	Rainer Stimming #76

Part 2: Loon Call Cottagers Reminisce



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LOT 01

McRaes FR 55 - 74

by Bill & Marilyn McRae

Our introduction to the Apsley area lakes came when one of our daughters had a weekend with friends at a cottage on Chandos Lake. She came home with glowing reports of the beauty of the area. We had been looking to buy a cottage in Muskoka – found it very expensive – so we were curious to look for a cottage around Apsley.

In July 1986 a few of our family made arrangements with a local real estate agent to have a look at some cottages and of course we started out looking on Chandos Lake.

Not seeing anything we liked, the real estate agent told us that a cottage sold on Loon Call Lake had financing fall through and it had just come back on the market. One look and we knew this was the cottage we wanted. We put an offer in and bought it in July, 1986. One of our best decisions as it has proved to be a wonderful family gathering place for a family of eight in 1986 to a family of 28 in 2013!

Now to the history (gathered from Richard Hubert (Lot 3) and Helen Yielding (Lot 15):

I am told that lots opened up on Loon Call Lake in the late 1950's. People could purchase a lot for \$500.00 and had a couple of years to build on that lot. In 1959 Mr. and Mrs. Staples and five

children purchased and eventually built cottages on Lot 1 and Lot 13. They were from Lindsay. Mr. Staples was a shop teacher and to the envy of others had a gas saw – a great asset as there was no road into the cottages and everything was brought over by water from the landing. He took two years to build the cottage on Lot 1.

Sometime in the late 1960's Ursula and Bruno Schweizer purchased cottage #1. Bruno built a large addition to the cottage – living room, bedroom, bathroom and loft over the bedroom. New owners but it was still a family cottage for them. Bruno built a boat house and a large deck overlooking the lake. In 1975 Bruno was killed in an accident on Anstruther Lake Road. Ursula made the cottage her home for several years until she married Jack Lunn. Jack and Ursula made it a cottage again and put it up for sale and that's when we came along in 1986 and purchased



McRae Cottage in 1986

it. A road had been built into cottages 1-25 from Anstruther Lake Road the year before so we had easy access to our cottage.

We enjoyed it as a summer cottage until 1994 when we made it our permanent residence. Christmas holidays brought the family together for skating on the ice, snowmobile rides, cross country skiing and sleighing down the hill. Summer, Thanksgiving and May holidays our family loves to be together on beautiful Loon Call Lake.



Second cottage built by Mr. Staples



Hubert's Cottage today



Original cottage in 1986

LOT 08

Petries FR 55 - 162

by Jessie Petrie

My parents bought the lot in 1958 and built in 1960. They also looked at Anstruther Lake but it was very rough that day and they decided a smaller lake would be better. They bought lot 8 as it was the closest lot to the landing that was not sold.

The only way to the cottage was by boat and we didn't have a boat but Mr. Harris, the farmer, rented boats. He had two maybe three boats. We did that the first year and then were the proud owners of our own boat. We boated in for 25 years. The first 15 to 20 years were fun. Not so much after that, hence the road, but more about that later.

The first year, there wasn't any electricity so we tended to go to bed quite early. Oil lamps don't really give off much light. Luckily the hydro went in the next year. Mr. Harris cut ice, from the lake, built a building to keep it in and sold ice blocks that first year. So we were able to have an ice box.

Having company? Honk 'X' times. Further up the lake they did things like 3 long and 3 short honks, etc.

Parking was very tight at the landing but Mr. Harris opened the private landing and we even had our own spots. That was heaven, at least if you got to the lake late at night you had somewhere to park. I think he charged \$20.00 a year.

When I was 16, I started going to dances at the marina on Anstruther. They even brought in local bands. Boy, I was angry that lake was rough when we bought because that's where I wanted to be. When I was that age, I thought there were a lot of great guys on that lake. Used to walk to the dances and hope for a ride back to Loon Call. If I didn't get a lift, it was a long and scary walk back in the dark, let me tell you. Mind you, I never walked it alone, I always had a girlfriend with me.

As like most of the other kids at any lake, I learned to swim and water ski at the cottage. I knew most of



Petries Cottage today

the cottagers from meeting them at the landing or at the Corn Roast.

As years went by, I decided it wasn't much fun taking the boat to the cottage. At the time, we had a very unreliable motor and most Fridays when I got there, I couldn't get the boat started. The other side of the lake had a road for years and I wanted one too. I waited and waited but no one was talking about roads. There had been two previous attempts to put in a road but they both fell through. Part of the problem was that the road allowance at the back of the lots was mostly in the swamp. Not good. To get a road we would have to get permission to cross private property.

In the end we had to get permission from 13 lots.

I was sitting on my dock one day when Ute (Lewkowitz) came by to collect the Cottage Association fees. I asked her if she would be interested in a road and that's what started the ball rolling. She went around and got yes's and no's as the case might be. I didn't know Ute at the time and had no idea what lot she was from. When I was thinking of a road, I was only thinking of up to lot 12. It seemed like a logical place to stop. Because of Ute the first stage of the road went from lot 1 to 25. Brian Webster was the main force for the road being extended to lot 28. That was the summer of '82 and it rained every Friday

night all summer. Of course, there were lots of bugs too. I think that really helped me get people to join. Also, the original owners were getting older. When they were younger, they definitely didn't want a road but as they aged, some thought if they didn't have a road they wouldn't be able to manage a boat ride and hike up to their cottage. Some cottagers sold because they heard a road was going in. (I heard they bought a cottage on an island so that would never happen to them again). Some people bought because they heard a road was going in and some people joined the road, not because they wanted a road but since it was going in and going quite close to their cottage, they might as well join. However, they would have preferred not to have a road at all.

It took three years to get the road. We had meetings with contractors, meetings with lawyers, meetings with the township and meetings with the cottagers. One of the biggest hurdles was getting permission to cross Mr. Harris's land. Where the gate is and down to the road was his land. The property had to be severed and deeded to us. All this took time and of course money. Luckily, Albert Trotter, the contractor went to school with Mrs. Harris and I doubt we would have got permission if he hadn't acted on our behalf.

I had great support, during this time. George Dowding was the treasurer and did a wonderful job of keeping the books and investing our money. He did this for over 20 years. Dave Yielding went with me to convince people to let us cross their property even if they weren't joining the road. Ute, as I said before, got the ball rolling. (I doubt that she even knows that).

We didn't have 100% participation but over the years the cottagers that weren't on the road did join us and paid what we paid to build the road. That money



The beginning of Jessica Drive

was used for maintenance. Now we have 100% participation.

I haven't actually been involved in the road for the last nine years. Bonnie and Gord Boyd looked after it for eight years. Now Fritz has taken over.

And that is how the road came to be. Now that the lake is in a park, no more private roads will be built.

We are lucky we got the road when we did.

The three best things that happened on the lake, in my estimation, are electricity, phone lines and the road.



LOT 09 + 62

Dowdings FR 55 - 174

by Terry Dowding

Our family purchased Lot 9 on Loon Call Lake in August 1971. It was at the time, the usual 16ft. by 20 ft. prefab cabin, full of mice. The bay was full of logs and the lot was overrun with shrubs and bushes.

In 1974 we installed electricity and needed a cedar pole to support the wire from the mainline. We asked Howard Harris if he would be able to find us one. He said sure and a few weeks later provided it for us. He cut down the tree somewhere in the bush, removed the bark, towed it with his tractor to the landing, towed it to our lot behind his boat, and lugged it up on the shore.

My father hadn't discussed the price beforehand so he was a bit leary about how much it would cost for all this work. He asked Howard how much he wanted.

Howard answered "Is \$20.00 too much.?" Later several men from around the lake helped us pull it up the rock and stand it on end with a block and tackle.

Those were the good old days.

A few years later we built an extension to the cottage which was actually bigger than the original. Of course we had to transport all the building materials across the lake with our 12 foot aluminum boat. One afternoon we were building some piers and ran out of cement. It was about 4:30 and we were worried that the building supply store in town would be closing soon.

My brother and I



Dowdings Cottage today - Lot 9



Dowding Cottage today - Lot 62

quickly jumped into the boat and took off for town. We got several bags of cement, put them in the boat, and started puttering across the lake. Evidently we were being followed. As I got out of the boat to tie it up I noticed that the OPP boat was beside us. The police officer looked at us both and then looked at the bottom of the boat. Seeing the cement bags he said "Are those your lifejackets?"

I was hoping for a

warning but the ticket was \$30.00.

In those days without a road guests would honk 9 times to be picked up at the landing. You had to carefully count the number of honks. If you missed one beep you may head cross the lake in the dead of night to meet a group of complete strangers standing at the landing.

Another problem was leaving the boat at the landing while we went to town. A couple of times we went in to Apsley only to find our boat missing when we returned to the landing. Evidently some guests to other cottages thought it was left there for their benefit.

In 1980 we purchased the cottage at lot 62. It had road access. Mum and dad could leave the bigger boat there and not have to lug the 7.5 Mercury outboard and gas tank back and forth from home to cottage every weekend.

LOT 15

Yieldings FR 55B - 41

by Helen Yielding

It was on a cold, windy August day in 1958 when we came to Loon Call Lake. Dave and I had been holidaying in a poky cabin on Bow Lake during a week of rain. The cabin owner told us that Crown Land had opened up on some local lakes, and, having nothing better to do, we decided to view some real estate. Maps were available in Apsley.

We set out to various lakes. One was serviced by not much more than a goat path. Eel's Lake looked huge and unlovely on that day and the waves rolling in at the Anstruther landing resembled the Atlantic Ocean. When we came to Loon Call with its placid waters and its picturesque island we were hooked.

Howard Harris agreed to ferry us around the lake to see the properties. He had made the wooden boat we were in and his motor was museum material even then, but his commentary and his assessment of suitable cottage lots were invaluable. We picked Lot 15, paid him for his time and services, (he asked for \$1.00 and we magnanimously paid him \$2.00 which was practically all we had), raced back to the Lands and Forest Department in Apsley to stake our claim and write a cheque for \$375.00. We didn't have that money either so we hi-tailed it back to Toronto to our friendly bank manager to borrow the money in time to honour the cheque.

Later that month we put a down payment on a prefab cabin just slightly larger than the prescribed 16 by 20 foot dwelling we were obliged to build within a 2- year time frame and arranged for its construction. That winter we began to collect the necessities of cottage life from friends and garage sales and we bought a 12 foot fiberglass boat and a 5 horsepower motor for our transportation.

The following May, black fly season, we attempted to level a location for our cabin. Dave applied for a Building Permit from the official in Apsley who was having a bath at the time and invited Dave to come



Yielding Cottage today

right in. Dave declined and patiently waited. The building was to begin on May 30 and was estimated to take 30 days; therefore it would be finished on May 60th. Dave pointed out that there really wasn't a May 60th but the official said it didn't matter as he was the building inspector anyway.

On May 6th 1959, we arrived at the landing so excited that we scarcely noticed the swarms of mosquitoes. My old car was filled with gear and bore a mattress, bedsprings and a kitchen table on top. The way it was tied on meant that I had to enter and exit through the driver's window. Dave's Volkswagen bug was dwarfed by ladders, lumber and a boat. We crossed the lake, the boat barely above water and gasped with delight at our cabin. The front door was 3 feet above grade and the builders had locked it securely without telling us where they hid the key, so

I had to be pushed in through a window which, that day, had seemed to be my lot in life. We hauled in the soggy mattress (of course it had rained on the way up), the table, our coleman stove and ice chest and set up cottaging.

Building codes were relaxed in those days. Our cabin sat on cement blocks which sat on the ground. Our tiny septic tank also sat on the ground under the cottage and the 30 feet of drainage tiles leading from the out- drain were barely covered with pieces of shingle. We were blissfully unaware of the problems we would face with such shortcomings and just enjoyed the peace and quiet of this piece of heaven.

The lake and its margins were different in those days. Because of a forest fire sometime around the early 1900s there were no massive pines and oaks, just middling size-ones. The majority of trees were birch

This Acceptance of Application does not impose any obligation on the Crown to provide a means of access to the land now or at any time in the future.

Under the terms and conditions of sale you are required to erect on the land herein described within 24 months from the date you paid the full amount of the purchase price,-

A. If sold for private use a cottage having at least 320 square feet of floor space, and in the construction of which you have expended labour and materials valued at not less than \$1000.00 according to the prevailing wage-rates for labour and prices for materials in the locality.

B. If sold for commercial use a building or buildings of the type required for the commercial use for which the land is sold and in the construction of which you have expended labour and materials valued at not less than \$3000.00 according to the prevailing wage-rates for labour and prices for materials in the locality, and

(i) in the case of a regular area, \$2000.00 for each 100 feet of width over 600 feet, or

(ii) in the case of an irregular area or of an island, \$2000.00 for each acre over 10 acres, or

C. Where the sale is for land additional to and abutting land previously acquired from the Crown for commercial purposes you are required to expend labour and materials on the location or on the abutting location, or on both, valued

(i) in the case of a regular area, at not less than \$2000.00 for each 100 feet of width, or

(ii) in the case of an irregular area or of an island, at not less than \$2000.00 for each acre.

All trees and mineral are reserved to the Crown.

10% of the area sold is reserved for roads. Colonization roads also reserved.

No trees may be cut, even for building purposes, except by prior permission granted by the local district forester, who will determine payment to be made.

No transfer or other disposition of the land sold, nor any improvements thereon, may be made prior to patent issuance without first receiving in writing the consent thereto of the district forester.

This Acceptance ~~does~~ not give title to the land. Title results from the issuance of letters patent, for which you will make application to the local district forester immediately upon completion of the building conditions.

Sale is subject to cancellation for violation or non fulfillment of any or all of the conditions, and in the event cancellation is effected under authority of The Public Lands Act the land and all money paid remain the property of the Crown, and the improvements, if any, on the land are forfeited to and are the property of the Crown.


ALL CORRESPONDENCE MUST BE DIRECTED TO THE LOCAL DISTRICT FORESTER.

and poplar. As well, great stretches of bare rock were evident, especially back from the lake. It was possible to walk great distances on the height of rock on the south side of the lake. Burnt stumps littered the forest and blueberry bushes thrived everywhere. The little bays were blocked by log jams; indeed each spring it was essential to be aware of deadheads when crossing the lake. Those floating logs made the bases of many a dock.

By 1959 there were a few cabins/cottages already built. I remember a building at Lot 12 and a cottage was being constructed on Lot 1. Each weekend a few cottagers were boating in lumber, furniture and gear to lots further down the lake from us, but it was still quite uninhabited. We met each other casually at the landing, helping each other unload wood, boats, food and kids. Motors were less reliable then and often

failed to start; many a cottager had to mend a boat before the trek down the lake. Everybody helped others and a spirit of pioneering camaraderie was evident. It took time and co-operation to construct a dwelling without the availability of hydro or roads and brute force to move offending rocks and tree stumps. Even today I marvel at the cottages that were built with handsaws and pulleys, and land smoothed by shovels and pick-axes.

Each succeeding summer new cottagers arrived and gradually most lots were sold. It helped immensely when hydro was available around 1963 and buzz saws could be heard each weekend. I was personally glad to be rid of my ancient propane fridge which managed to get cool just hours before it was time to leave. The propane stove was reliable but frightening and the ambience of coal oil lanterns for light was


DEPARTMENT OF LANDS AND FORESTS
FORM 9
The Public Lands Act

Lands Branch
162252 10M

ACCEPTANCE OF APPLICATION TO PURCHASE PUBLIC
LAND FOR A SUMMER RESORT LOCATION

TO David John Yielding,
(name in full of applicant)
138 Kingsdale Ave., Willowdale, Ont.
(post-office address)


Your application, dated the 22nd day of August, 1958,

to purchase for private use Summer Resort Location being Lot 15, Plan 9,
commercial

Concession , in the Township of Anstruther in the
County Peterboro Looncall Lake
 , containing 1.45 acres,
is accepted upon the terms and conditions of sale, fixed by The Public Lands Act and the
regulations.

DATED the 3rd day of November, 1958
at Toronto, Ontario.

c.c. to
District Forester, Lindsay, Ont.
Mining Recorder, Bldgs.
Dept. of Mines, Bldgs.
EW.


Minister
FOR F.W. Beatty
Countersigned

Mr. David J. Yielding,
138 Kingsdale Ave.,
WILLOWDALE,
Ont.

FORM L-3-A (PLEASE TURN OVER)

fading fast. Lugging the 180 lb. propane tank up our hill after towing it for hours across the lake was losing its charm. And the rotary hand pump for water from the lake was less endearing as our family grew. Dave wired our cottage, survived the hydro inspection and life took on an easier aspect - lights, pump, fridge and non-exploding stove.

At some later point in time cottagers were forbidden to leave our boats at the public landing as the shore was deemed too fragile. We were encouraged to move around the shore to where Howard Harris had bulldozed some parking spots and tethered the floating dock used by the hydro crew. That dock was the bane of my life. When loading the boat it was necessary to stand close to the edge to stow the groceries and laundry. But in doing so, the dock gently tipped with the additional weight and the gear generally got soaked on the bottom. Add a wet and enthusiastic dog or two to the mix and that was the beginning adventure each weekend.

We were on our third septic tank, all hand dug including the furrows for weeping tile to meet the expanding and necessary health regulations when it was rumoured that perhaps we could organize a road committee. After 2 attempts that went nowhere, Jessie Petrie worked her magic and an access road went in behind the cottages on our side of the lake. It was rough and ugly for a while and individual roads branched off to cottages, but now proper septic tanks could be installed, additions to cottages were easier and rough terrain leveled. It was so civilized to drive in and unload the gear without the hassle of bailing a boat, soaking the groceries and preventing the kids and dogs from swimming prematurely. The kids however preferred the boat trip, especially at night, with Dave trying to find the dock with 4 or 5 flashlights slashing the night sky, anywhere but the landing spot. No longer did our visitors sit at the

landing and honk out their arrival announcement - one log horn blast and 5 short blasts, hoping that the wind wasn't blowing the wrong way. Our neighbour, Paul Furniss surprised his family one weekend by arriving earlier than planned and swimming across the lake, after dark, holding his shoes in his teeth.

The Corn Roast and Regatta events evolved from neighbours getting together at Bert Mason's on the Labour Day weekend. We first went in 1961 to a corn roast at Bert's place and came home at a respectable hour since we had a baby with us. The corn roast was a highlight of the year for many cottagers. One year our son, Bob, fell on the rocks and knocked out his 2 front teeth, and most years some of the cottagers were still dancing and singing at 4 a.m. Several cottagers helped build a concrete dance floor on the rocks in front of Mason's cottage to facilitate the good times.

With the coming of cottage roads, cottagers at the landings met less and less. Bigger boats and cottage additions were evident each spring. A few newcomers were welcomed to Loon Call Lake every couple of years. The landscape matured, a dam was constructed to keep the lake level constant. There were losses too. The swallows were less evident, the blueberry patches were overtaken by trees and the lake became a little weedier. The corn Roast/Regatta events stopped for a few years but were revived at different locations with the Public Landing being the logical choice. It is still a highlight of the year for most Looncallers.

The feeling of togetherness was, I believe, a result of a threat of a uranium mine. The location of a potential mine between Loon Call and Wolf lake developed in the late 60s. One September morning on CBC radio there was a short news item concerning a leaked document in a brown paper envelope sent by someone in the Dept. of Mines to a cottager on Anstruther Lake. This document contained information about the granting of a mining permit



*Dave and Helen Yielding (right)
at the Corn Roast in 1998*

to Camindex Mines, a firm delisted from the Stock Exchange for financial reasons. I happened to hear this report and, since Dave was the President of the Lake Association that year, passed the news on instantly. At that time the lake association was a very casual affair but the Executive leapt into action to find out the details. Sean Carey, Gerry Waterall, Frank Behr and several others met at our house to plan strategy. Our Thornhill neighbour was a mining engineer familiar with uranium extraction and its impact. He put us in contact with the Mining authorities. A meeting with the Village Council was arranged to discuss this threat. The Council was in favour of this potential development. They agreed to a Town Hall session to hear from both sides on the Saturday of the Thanksgiving weekend. Letters were sent to cottagers on both lakes about the threat and it was decided that we would meet as a group at Erwin Sieder's cottage before we met with officials from the mining company and the Town officials. The Sieder's cottage was filled with angry cottagers who unanimously contributed \$100.00 each for a war chest. I believe that \$1000.00

was pledged. That afternoon everyone, whether pro or con the mine, was astonished at the crowd that turned up for this meeting. The council chambers were too small so we were sent up the road, each carrying a chair, to the local school gym. Somehow, news of this event had spread to other interested parties. Staff from the Environmental Studies Department of Trent University wished to speak, the Cottage Associations' representatives had speeches prepared, mine officials were there to defend their interests and, best of all, environmental lawyers assessing the impact of the new Environmental Assessment Act that had just been passed at Queens Park were present with their views. All of this, including the parade of chair bearers, was recorded by CHEX TV news. Several local newspapers and the CBC were also recording the details. The upshot of this meeting led to the withdrawal of the mining proposal although the cottagers were wary for several years. The 'War Chest' was returned to the original donors, greatly enhanced with a sizeable interest that had accrued. We made history in that our challenge was the first to be considered and supported under the new Environmental Act.

As for the Yielding family, cottaging continues to be a delight with children, grandchildren and now, great grandchildren eagerly looking forward to a visit each year. As for me, after 58 years here, I still experience the same anticipation of 'opening up' each Spring, meeting up with old and new friends and experiencing what can only be described as an 'alternate state of being' at my favourite place in the world.

For over 50 years the 'old' and new cottagers on our lake have co-operated to care for the lake and its environment. In doing so they have maintained a collective regard and rapport for the lake and for each other that I feel is unique. There is almost a "family feeling" that I hope will always endure.

LOT 16

Furniss FR 55 - 276

by Paul & Nina Furniss

Paul & Nina Furniss left Loon Call lake many years ago; they have contributed their story.

In 1958, Paul, I and our friends drove down from Toronto to look at the lots on Loon Call Lake. The farmer, Mr. Harris, took us around the lake and we chose Lot 19 as first choice and 16 as second choice. Those 2 (lots) being the nearest (that were) available to the landing. Over a toss with a dime, we lost 19 and so bought no. 16. Our friends had Peterboro Lumber build their cottage on no.19, which collapsed a couple of years later, during a bad snow year, the only such incident on Loon Call. During those early years, on weekends, boating around the lake, you would hear hammering all around and often singing while they worked. It seemed like a very happy place to be.

It was great to have the Yieldings as neighbours and their menagerie of dogs. The dogs often treated us as interlopers, since Helen and Dave, were lucky to be able to spend more time at the cottage than us. One lunch time, we were eating outside. I put down a frying pan with some pork chop bones next to the table. Their dog quickly grabbed the frying pan by the handle and disappeared into the woods. We almost died laughing seeing him with the handle in his mouth



Early building days

running off. Dave made the dog show him where the pan was and so we got it back.

One summer, when our Monica was 5 years old, we decided to pick blueberries, way behind our cottage. Before we knew it, we were lost. It was getting late in the afternoon. With our scanty clothing, we dreaded the thought of spending the night with the plentiful mosquitoes. After climbing a high "mountain" Paul saw hydro wires in the distance and we found our way back to everybody's great relief.

We liked to hike to Crab Lake, which our friend Rudy (Lot 63) marked with paint on the rocks. Once we took a bunch of visiting kids with us to Crab Lake and since we did not bring along bathing suits, the girls swam on one side of the bay and the boys on the other.

Talking of bathing suits, when we vacationed in



Transporting supplies



Furniss Cottage today - Currently owned by Hannah

Europe, a friend asked me if her daughters could stay at our cottage. They came with a boyfriend and built a raft and enjoyed sunbathing on the raft in our little bay, all three in the buff. Suddenly, the fishermen found that our bay was the best for fishing. We heard later, that Dave was annoyed that he missed the show, not being at the cottage during their stay.

Our Monica and Ellie Yieldings enjoyed paddling the canoe around the beaver dam. One day Moni canoed with her friend to the little island, where every year the turtles laid their eggs. The kids came back in a hurry and with great excitement. They saw a huge snake, probably dining on turtle eggs. The snake scared the living daylights out of them.

I remember some of the good blueberry years, when I picked blueberries and baked German blueberry cakes right in the cottage. And how good it tasted!

The almost 30 years at the lake were very happy years, which we shared with many friends, who also loved the lake.

LOT 23

Lewkowitz' FR 55A - 31

As told by Ute Lewkowitz

My brother had a mutual friend with the Kellerman's, named Roger. He used to come and stay with the Kellerman's on the weekends. Kellerman was the original owner of Eidnes cottage. In 1959, Roger wanted my father to see Loon Call Lake. Together, they came to see the lake and loved it. For \$365, they bought the lot. This was a lot of money given they were recent immigrants to Canada. My family and Roger split the purchase price.

In the beginning, my family camped on our property. We eventually built the platform for the cabin and started to stay in the cabin. We stayed in the cabin while the cottage was being built. All material for the cottage was brought on the roof of a Volkswagen Beetle to the landing. My dad was able to get 2x4's free from his work. We had a home-made flat-bottomed boat that was used to bring over building supplies from the landing to our property. We use to climb the cliff without stairs and no hydro. I was working for Laidlaw lumber who offered use of their trucks. These trucks brought our ceiling beams

to Apsley. Howard Harris, the farmer in the area, let us store the beams on property at the corner of highway 28. The beams were 40 feet long. We brought them across the lake by balancing them on our boat crosswise. There were seven windows (40"Wx7"H) that were brought north on the roof of the Volkswagen



Lewkowitz cottage today



Platform of cottage



Walls going up!



More walls going up



Michael feeding Rikki

Beetle. The windows were carried together up the cliff to where the cottage was being built.

Dieter Easig was the original owner of the cottage next door (lot 22). He met and married a good friend of Elke Heideman. Dieter and a friend built



Close to being finished



Deer visiting Lot 23

their original cottage with lumber from Laidlaw as well. Some of the orders were mixed up between our cottages.

One morning when we were going for an early morning swim, we found a raccoon tangled in the fishing net in our boat. Dad was able to cut the raccoon free from the net but there was a fish hook in its paw. Ann Dunkley came by. Dad and she went in the boat to the vet. There was no vet in the area that wanted to help so Dad ended up driving all the way to Peterborough. Dad held the raccoon and the vet got the hook out. The raccoon hid under the steering column in the car when he brought it back to the cottage. We gave the raccoon milk and eggs. The raccoon drank it and left. The next day the raccoon came back with its mother and siblings. They visited us every night that summer. Next year the same raccoon, which we named Rikki came every day and ate out of my son's Michael hands. Michael enjoyed feeding the raccoons. We always had to keep the screen doors closed so that animals would not come in. One time Rikki came in and got into all the cupboards so we stopped feeding them. Shauna, Michael's wife, had four baby raccoons come in while she was at the cottage and had a hard time to get them out. They were so frightened that they climbed up the



Painted Turtle behind cottage



Milk Snake

curtains.

I remember Dad and his friends used to brew their own beer. A friend, Dieter came for a visit to the cottage a couple of times with cases of beer. On one visit, the boat tipped and the beer fell out somewhere between the landing and the island. The beer could not be retrieved and I imagine is still somewhere at the bottom of the lake.

Another day, Roger was out boating with his friend, Horst Nussbaum. Horst was wearing a straw hat and he stood up. Somehow both Roger and Horst fell out of the boat. The boat kept on going and ran aground on Horst Herbst shoreline.

My family has had many great memories at Loon Call Lake.

LOT 25

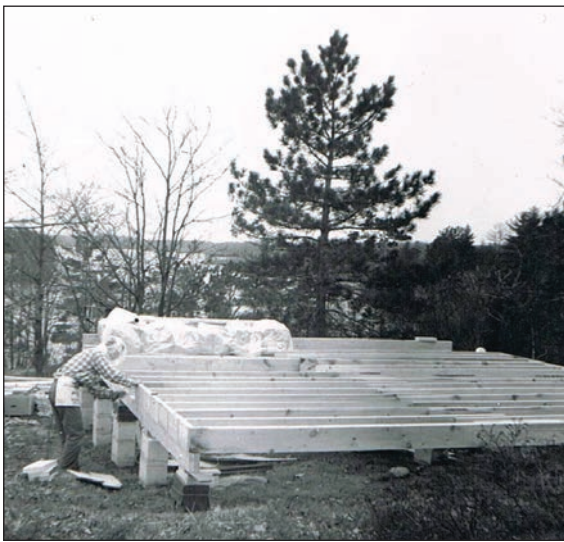
Dunkleys FR 55B - 22

As told by Jack Dunkley, his wife Phil & Jackie

As background, in the early 1900's there was a fire in the area but Jack did not know the exact date. There was a fire on the island since he bought his lot.

Jack came to the lake initially in 1957 to view lots. He and his wife were camping in Lakefield next to some German campers who told him about an upcoming property release in the next few months. The German campers noted there had been an advertisement in a German newspaper. A map was being passed out showing the various lots. The Crown had previously tried to sell the lots by bidding and that was unsuccessful. Jack had camped extensively in the Lakefield and Peterborough areas so he knew the area. He noted campsites were hard to find as so much of the land was private.

In 1958 the lots came up for sale. When they came, there was only a trapper with a hunt camp (Milan



Building floor of cottage



Walls being built



Taking a break from building



The Structure

Sinkora). Jack went to the landing and talked to Milan and someone with a tree farm. He did not have a canoe so he borrowed a boat. Milan recommended two properties (one where the Borgmans are and the one that Dunkley's have now). While he liked the Borgman lot, cows chased him off so he went with the lot 25. He went to Apsley and talked to the forester-he gave him a check for \$470 which included surveys and taxes. (The lot had been surveyed before he bought it). There was a requirement to build within 2 years-had to be 240+ square feet. He copied plans from Milan's home and made it 20 feet by 24 feet.

Jack estimated quantities and gave it to the local Apsley lumberyard who delivered it to the landing (the landing was on private land owned by Harris in the vicinity of where Paul Radden now docks his boat. There was no public landing). Harris tied three 14 ft boats together and moved the material to the lot. All materials were bought locally. Sand was also moved



Cottage almost complete

on the boats. There was minimal freeboard. (There were some loads lost in the lake. Lost some plastic corrugated sheathing. He also knows there are motors and refrigerator in the lake.) The first building was an outhouse. Only hand tools were used.

Jack's cottage was livable in one year (1959) with a roof and closed in. It had one large room. Insulation was added later. He had a screened in porch. Mattress was on the floor. Kitchen cabinets were brought over in the winter. Propane was later used for heat in addition to the wood stove. Initially they were going to build closer to the lake but that would have required removal of more trees. As a result, they built in the present location which only required removing one tree. The stone steps were built to the lake in 1969. They had a short kitchen counter, about 3 feet with a cutout for a plastic bowl. Before hydro, they had a gasoline engine to power a water pump which pumped to two 45 gallon drums. They had an outside



Jack on his Dock

shower and running water in the cottage. This was all done about 3 to 4 years after the cottage was built.

They put their first septic and bathroom in about 5 years after the cottage was built. The septic was a rock tank with the tile towards the present Bunkie.

They had slip docks at the landing and a parking space, all rented from Harris.

A building permit and plan review were needed. Final inspection was done 1.5 years after starting. The initial building cost was approximately \$1000. The first tax bill was about \$80. Reclaimed material was used for the boathouse.

There was a paved road from Toronto to Apsley. In the winter, they drove their cars to the farmhouse and then walked in. Eventually, the road was plowed to the landing. On a good winter day, you could drive on the lake. They came up once per month in the winter. An airtight cast iron stove was used for heat. Ice would be on everything when they first arrived. They own

the shoreline allowance. There is 900 feet of shoreline- as it is so long, they paid a lump sum rather than so much per foot.

The initial language on the lake was German.

Their first boat was a used wooden one which they picked up from another lake. It leaked at the landing and they nailed a board over the hole. That boat did not last long.

Hydro arrived in area in 1970. They used three large propane tanks for heating and cooking. The tanks were towed behind the boat to the landing and exchanged there.

In 1993 they added a telephone; previously they had used CB radio.

Road access was provided to the lot in 1982. The road previously stopped at lot 12 and they walked the hydro line. His road cost \$3500. Jessie Petrie managed to get the road in. Some did not want the road as it cut



First boat

through their property. They were later compensated. Trotter constructed the original road. There was much blasting and hauling in of material. The initially paid \$25/yr for the road maintenance. Everyone paid the same.

The dam was constructed around 1972. There is a date stamped in the concrete. Previously there was a beaver dam further back. People would pull the dam down which changed the lake level. A survey was done where 60% of the cottagers had to agree to the dam. They achieved this and the dam was built in the winter. Sand bags were used as a coffin wall. The lake level was set at the landing and that set the height of the dam. A plastic house was built over the dam site to allow the concrete to cure. Concrete was brought in already mixed!

They had musical weekends at Milan's when building the cottage. There use to be big bonfires



Jack Dunkley and his band

across from the Borgmans on New Years. There was an Oktoberfest, usually held at the Mason's. Cottagers worked together to build a concrete deck for dancing. This evolved into the corn roast in approximately 1973, the year when Jackie came to the lake. The regatta was held the first weekend in August, and the corn roast was on Labour Day weekend. They were combined in 1993 when Phil took them over, and held them at the public landing. J18

There was an Oktoberfest at the Mason's. They had a concrete deck for dancing. They did not ice fish but had an auger for water. Farmer Harris chopped ice in the winter for resale in the summer. Ice would be packed in sawdust in a big timber house.

Jack had a root cellar with a galvanized top. It was three feet deep. They could leave on Monday and the cellar would still be cool on Friday. He once hunted rabbits. There were many more rabbits than now. At



Entertainment on Loon Call Lake

one time, they had 18 on the porch.

A trapper lived year round on the lake. He had an old pickup with chains he used in the winter. You could hear him going up and down the lake then.

There were several saunas on the lake, at least six. Used winter and summer. Many drinking parties there. Someone drowned in the bay by their cottage after a drinking party. Jack tried to pull the body out with his anchor.

Milan Sinkora was a part time journalist. He went to Cuba and interviewed Castro in the fall of 1957. In the winter of 1957 he was using kid's snowshoes to check on his property and one broke. He turned back and they found him sitting against a tree, frozen to death.

Jack noted the Lake has calmed down over time. Also, initially if a boat had more than 10hp, it was a large motor. They had the first boat with a stern drive. There has been an increase in water skiing. When the roads went in, the boat traffic dropped. There were no wakeboards initially and they used plywood. They also had laser sailboats but they were tricky due to the winds.

Initially the women and kids stayed all summer. The men went home for the week. There was a lot of interaction between women and kids during the week. Jack would leave at 5am on Mondays, put in a full work day and had to make his own meals that night. It was a very long day for him. Before the roads, everyone would meet at the landing on Friday nights-very social.



Skiing in winter



Crossing the Lake



Dunkley Cottage today

LOT 25

Pressleys FR 55 - 410

by Dave and Lenore Pressley

In the early years the property and cottage on Lot 28 was owned by a family whose last name was Ulmer. The name is still visible on a rock at the lake. A few years back we met the daughter who told us some of the history of the cottage. When the cottage lot was purchased it was to be a “bomb shelter” or a place to run to, should the Cuban Missile crisis become a war. The family was concerned for their safety related to their experience in WW II. The daughter noted that the front of the cottage was a rectangular structure, provided in a kit form by a Peterborough lumber company. They later built on a piece at the back which became two more bedrooms. They had a sort of indoor toilet which drained into metal tanks which remain under the cottage to this day. Fortunately they are dry and one can only imagine where the contents drained.

The daughter noted that her parents eventually were not able to look after the cottage and her husband is not a cottager so there was a long time when no one came up to the cottage. They eventually sold the cottage to Brian and Marg Webster.

Brian had to do a lot of work to bring the cottage to the point where it was habitable. Sandra and Susan Meyers who own the cottage adjacent noted that there were holes in the roof and that the cottage was inhabited by multiple animals. They did not think it possible to adequately fix the cottage so that it would be usable. Also at one point one of the front pillars collapsed and had to be replaced.

Dave and Lenore Pressley who now own the cottage have also done multiple structural changes to ensure that it is structurally sound. Brian and Marg were able to clean up the cottage so that they enjoyed it with



Pressleys cottage today

their family for many years before they built their present cottage on the other side of the lake.

Now Dave and Lenore enjoy coming to the restful

and quiet cottage to enjoy the birds, animals and beautiful scenery. They often share their “little bit of heaven” with friends and family.

LOT 29

Granders FR 55 - 420

as told by Helmut & Urd Grander

Josef and Margaret Grander with their three grown children Karin, Helmut and Helga came to Loon Call Lake in 1961. Josef had gone to the MNR in Lindsay for a hunting license and got a pamphlet that indicated that there were lakefront properties for sale.

They found a couple of lots on Loon Call Lake that were for sale and came to the lake to have a look at the lots. They “swiped” a rowboat at the landing and set off to investigate Lots 17 and 29. Lot 29 was late in selling because of the fact that, the area where a cottage could be built, was high on a rock and difficult to get to. They had a look at the lots and then went home to decide what to do. They returned for a second look and decided to purchase Lot 29 for \$550. They then purchased a 3 bedroom prefab building from Peterborough Lumber for \$3000 and had it delivered to the lake. They completed the wash house first and the family members who all participated in the building of the main cottage slept in the wash house until the main cottage was built. They also built an outhouse at the back of the cottage. The material for the main cottage was a prefab and all the pieces were numbered so that it would be easier to put together. They had decided on the prefab design because they only had 2 years to complete a 1000 square foot structure on the property. They have since had to reinforce the structure as it was not structurally sound. In the early years they had to have the snow removed from the cottage as it couldn't support the snow load. Since the improved structure has been in place they have not had to have the snow removed in the winter.

Later Helmut's son built a sauna/ pump-house at the lake and they also erected a fixed dock on the water. There is also a dry well for the kitchen water so it doesn't go into the lake. They continue to bring drinking water from home and use the lake water for

the kitchen and showering.

The cottage was built by all of the family members who at the time were Josef and Margaret, Karin and Paul, Helmut and Urd and Helga and Walter. Josef was a hunter and loved the woods and came to love the neighbours and friends on the lake. Helmut notes that the family had great times at the cottage but as time passed Josef and Margaret were no longer able



Arriving with wood



Carrying wood to building site



Granders' Cottage in the early days

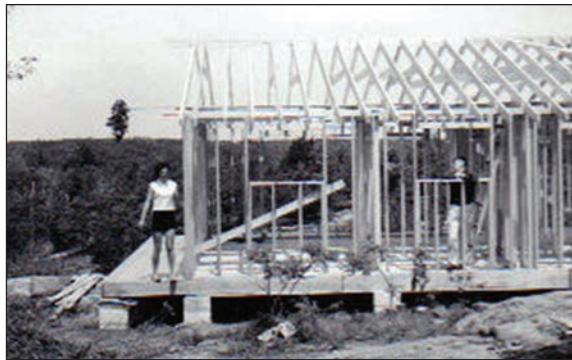
to get up to the cottage and some of the other family members lost interest and eventually Helmut and Urd took over the cottage. Urd notes that it was a great place to bring up their children Andre, Christine and Ralph, who had lots of friends on the lake. They had 2 boats and 2 canoes to use. They now have their grandchildren come to spend time at the lake but note



The building location



Building the walls



Cottage frame



Building the floor

that they are not up as frequently as they were in the early years. As they get older and some of their friends are no longer on the lake so they don't have as rich a social life on the lake.

The one thing that threatened the lake was the uranium that was found under the lake. Most of the cottagers got together under the leadership of Dave Yielding and were able to stop the mining company who was planning to mine the uranium. There was also talk of problems with acid rain but after testing the lake they found that it had not really affected the lake.

Helmut and Urd have had great times at the cottage over the years and Christine is planning to take it over when they are no longer able to manage the care.



Fabulous view



Finishing touches

LOT 30

Careys FR 58F - 521

by Sean & Olive Carey

The year was 1959, *Some Like It Hot* was the biggest movie, a book by D.H. Lawrence was the number one hit, the Ste. Lawrence Seaway opened, President Batista fled Cuba and a young couple that had been married for one year arrived on Loon Call Lake.

Sean and Olive Carey had come to the lake to help a friend build a fireplace and a chimney. The friend told them that they could buy a lot on the lake, the prettiest lake that could be found in Ontario. Lots were available for \$350 and up. Like all the early buyers, they visited several sites and rejected most because they were too rocky or too swampy or because Olive was a poor swimmer and there was too much boat traffic. They finally settled on lot 30. A nice lot, with some vertical sections at the lake side, a nice hump of rock in the middle and descending into a swamp at the back of the property and no great flat spots for a cottage, who wouldn't love this lot?

Unfortunately, lot 30 had been purchased by another person for \$350.00 but for various reasons, the unimproved lot was put up for sale for \$600.00. They purchased the lot and commenced planning their cottage.

BUILDING A COTTAGE

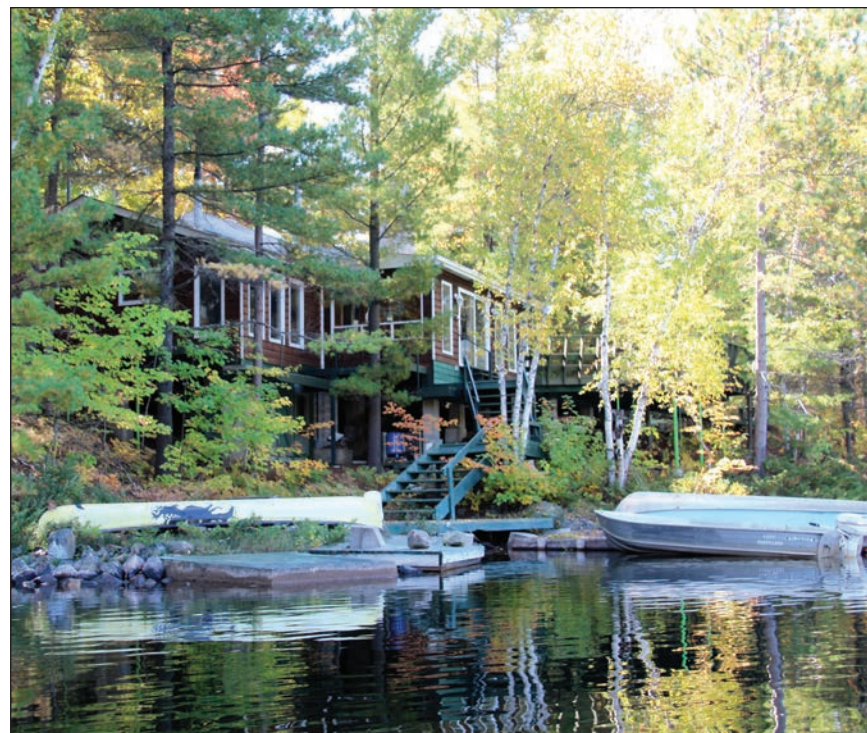
Sean drew up his own plans but before he applied for a building permit, Howard Harris advised him to purchase a jar of honey. The person that issued building permits also had bees and sold honey for \$2.00 a jar. Sean met the official, purchased a \$2.00 jar of honey, paid \$10.00 for the permit and received the building permit then and there. Sean's drawings were rudimentary by today's standards, showing just the outline of the proposed building and a list of material that he would use. Sean and Olive began to build their cottage.

The first requirement was of course, the outhouse.

The ever enterprising Sean built the outhouse roof at home, loaded it on the top of the car and drove from Thornhill to Apsley. This became the centre point for one of Olive's poems. While they had an outhouse, the living accommodations were rudimentary. Cooking was done on a Coleman stove. Food stuffs were kept on ice. Sleeping accommodations were either under the stars or quite often at a friend's cottage that was further along in the construction process.

THE MAN THAT SKIED OFF THE ROOF

The help of a friend during the building process was often required and always appreciated. You could never determine the skill level of the friend in advance and it was often necessary to relegate the friend to a more menial job or perhaps safer job would be a better way of putting it. Sean had a friend come to help with installing roof boards. It became apparent that this friend would be safer on the ground so Sean assigned him to pass the roof boards up as required. Apparently, this wasn't taxing enough for the friend as it took sometime to place and nail each roof board. Without Sean noticing, the friend climbed onto the roof and stepped onto an unfastened board. All Sean had time to say was "Don't step on....." And



Carey Cottage today

the friend was gone. He rode the roof board like a giant ski down the roof. At the eave, the board and the friend launched into the air, where they parted company. The board continued to head to the water and the friend headed down. As everyone knows, on Loon Call, a soft landing is almost impossible to find and the best you can hope for is a round or flat rock to land on. The friend chose the only pile of gravel on the entire site to land on and was completely unhurt.

GRAVEL AND MORE GRAVEL

Gravel seems to be involved in a lot of stories from around the lake. It was necessary for all the footings,

concrete, French drains and a number of other uses. Sean wasn't shy when it came to ordering gravel. By his calculations, he probably brought in somewhere close to 250 tons of gravel in 25 ton loads. To transport the gravel from the landing to the cottage, he built a small raft and put a 10 HP motor on the back. He would arrive at the cottage, transfer the motor from the boat to the raft, run to the landing, load the raft to its capacity and usually a bit beyond, slowly motor down the lake to the cottage and shovel the gravel off. He would repeat this process 5 to 6 times a day until the 20 to 25 tons were transported to the cottage.

This did not go un-noticed by the others on the lake. One day at the landing, a group of kids came up to Sean and asked what he was doing with the gravel. Sean replied, "The problem with the lake is that there is too much water in it and I'm filling up. The kids thought I'm nuts."

Shortly after his meeting with the kids, Sean was at the landing for yet another load and heard a couple of men coming to the landing in a row boat. Their voices were carrying across the water and easily heard. One man asked the other, who it was at the landing. He said, "Oh that is Sean Carey, he's nuts." As they came ashore what the one man asked Sean what he was doing and Sean replied, "Filling in the Lake." Knowing looks were exchanged between the two men.

With every pile of gravel, you eventually come to the last load. One morning, Sean was down to 1 ½ tons, a large load for the raft but the sky was getting dark so the entire pile was shifted to the raft. The sky was menacing but the water was calm, so Sean set off for the cottage. He had just passed the first island when the sky was shattered by lightening and thunder. A downpour of rain was so great that Sean could barely see and couldn't make any progress. By the time the storm let up, all the gravel had been washed off the

raft and the only thing left was the shovel and wheel barrow. He slowly made it to shore and took shelter in a cottage. The cottage owner provided him with dry clothes.

HOWARD HARRIS

Howard Harris seems to be mentioned by everyone that was an original cottager on the lake. Sean told us that Howard was farmer whose buildings are on Anstruther Lake Road. Howard built several docks at the landing and rented them to the cottagers. He also sold ice to the cottagers. He cut ice in the winter and piled it at the landing where it was covered by a large pile of sawdust. There was also a small shed at this location where you paid \$0.75 for a 25 pound block of ice or \$1.50 for a 50 pound block. This was an honour system and upon your arrival at the landing you got your ice and placed the money in a container in the shed.

Howard also supplemented his income by helping cottagers with the delivery of building materials. Lumber for example would be delivered to the Landing and Howard would lash 3 boats together and with the aid of a 15 HP motor, the material would eventually arrive at the building site. The material would be off loaded and be waiting for the cottager when they arrived. For a very reasonable amount of money, Howard would help build the cottage. He dug and built the piers for Sean's cottage.

BUILDING INSPECTOR

With every building project, you eventually come to a point that you are essentially finished and the building inspector needs to inspect. Sean was working on one the piers when he heard a boat. He turned and the fellow in the boat yelled, "Are you Carey?" to which Sean replied, "Yes". The building inspector identified himself and yelled, "Looks good to me." It

was simpler then.

CHIMNEY

If you get a chance, boat by Sean and Olive's cottage and check out the chimney. It is all hand built from the massive foundation and every stone found all over the province, hand cut and laid. An amazing amount of work. And while you are there, try and spot the cement heads.

ELECTRICITY

The Hydro crew came from Quebec. A group of three men that had been installing poles all over northern Ontario. Their arrival was announced by the roar of chain saws and the crashing of trees. They had just cut down and limbed several large pines that were lashed together to form a raft. Onto the raft went a large compressor, winches, wire rope, tools and dynamite. At the back was attached a large 75 HP motor and off they went.

They arrived at Carey's cottage. They dragged a compressor hose and a jack hammer up the hill. They drilled several holes at a previously marked spot in the rock. The holes were loaded with dynamite and an old tire was put on top. Wires were attached to blasting caps and the resulting explosion left a clean hole not to mention a few small rocks on the roof. They attached the winch to another hole in the rock, pulled a rope through it and dragged a pole up the hill. Then with long pike poles and a lot of grunting, the poles were lifted into the hole. Everything was loaded on to the raft and they were off to the next hole.

Every property owner was paid a sum for the pole on the property. Sean remembers getting something like \$30.00 for his pole. I assume that the money went for gravel.

LOT 31

MacDonalds FR 58F - 511

by Don & Linda MacDonald



The original cottage was purchased in 1988 and it was a modest 2 bedroom cabin with outdoor plumbing. Shortly there after we began construction on an addition, which was sure to include indoor facilities, all of which were completed in the summer of 1993. We enjoyed many summers in that cottage before it became evident that we had outgrown it not only in size but in number as well. In 2000 we started the new millenium with a demolition party and broke ground on the new and improved lot 31, MacDonald family cottage. We have enjoyed countless summers, family gatherings, parties and special events on Looncall Lake.

The Cottage is where memories are created,
Friends and family always belong,
And laughter never ends.



LOT 32

Bowcotts FR 58F - 501

by Syd & Dee Bowcott

Our friends, the Hunts, bought their cottage on Loon Call Lake in 1995 and we “mooched” off them every summer, spending one to two weeks a summer at their cottage. We found the lake quiet and very friendly with many amenities nearby. We finally decided we should buy our own cottage. We boated around the lake and the Hunts pointed out which cottages might be potentially for sale. We followed that up with over 40 letters to various cottagers and no cottagers were planning on selling. We were quite surprised and pleased that many cottagers actually responded to us including one who called us in California. Jim Hunt was on the Road Committee and mentioned we were looking for a cottage. Dick Van Laren was also on the Committee and said he was interested in selling. We contacted him and were told we had to be “interviewed” to ensure we were compatible with other cottagers. We met with Dick and Hedy for over two hours. At the end, Dick said he was willing to sell to us and stated what his price was. We agreed to his price and the deal was sealed with a handshake.

We first saw Loon Call Lake in the summer of 1996 and visited it yearly thereafter. On our first visit, Justine and Jim Hunt met us at the “corner” of Anstruther Lake Road and Wolfe Road. There were no fire routes noted. We had to remember how many roads to the left before we turned. The first car ride in....we wondered if we would ever get to the Hunt's cottage....up and down, road kept getting narrower and narrower, honking at the crest of hills, etc.!! We bought our own cottage on November 1, 2007.

KEY ITEMS WE WERE TOLD:

- Franz Mueller and others spent several winter nights in our cottage. Franz remembers staying up most of the night to keep the fire burning using the fireplace

that is still in the cottage.

- The cottage lot is mentioned in the book “UP THE BURLEIGH ROAD”
- Franz Mueller did the original stone landing at the base of the stairs and his name still remains - carved in the concrete
- Dick Van Laren, the previous owner, provided us with a file containing all his hydro bills, etc. and a diary including many pictures of who visited, what modifications he made, etc. during his ownership
- In 2010 the cottage was doubled in size and many nice amenities were added so we could stay for longer periods of time. The water heater and pump were located under the cottage to provide more room in the cottage.
- During the 2010 reconstruction, we provided many of the “extras”. Some of these we brought up from the US including a shower stall which was strapped to the roof of the car. Looking like the Beverly Hillbillies...going through customs, we were never asked what we had on the roof.
- the fixed dock is supported by two steel I beams which was originally done by the Van Laren construction crew!
- Sand was hauled in many years ago to create a small beach. A breakwater of rocks was then needed to be added to minimize erosion.

MEMORIES

We enjoy staying at the cottage, particularly in May and September when we are mostly by ourselves.

Bears have been a bit of a problem this 2014 summer due to the wetness and coolness resulting in a low yield berry crop. We have been visited by bears at least 4 times over a 6 week period. Our bird feeders are now on a “schedule” where we hang the feeders in the morning and remove at nighttime.

One weekend, relatives were visiting and four of the



Bowcotts Cottage today



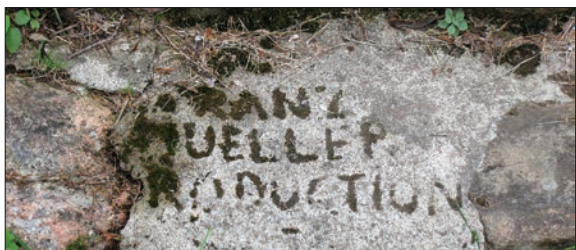
Early days of the cottage -1989

adults decided to take the paddle boat out with two adults in front and two in the back. When they were about 30 feet offshore, they noticed the stern end kept getting lower and lower in the water. Evidently they had exceeded the weight limit and the boat was taking water. The people in the back ended up swimming to shore.

Our cottage road crosses some wetlands which are inhabited by beavers. The beavers kept trying to



Van Laren cottage in 2007



Franz Mueller autograph on Bowcott step

block the culvert. Initially we put a plastic barrel over the end and used piping as intakes to the barrel. The beavers then packed so much mud over the barrel and beside it that the pipe was crushed. The beavers also built a dam on the lakeside of the culvert which also backed up the water. It seemed that whatever we did the beavers were getting the best of us. We would clean things out one day and the beavers would pile mud and sticks back on that night. This literally went on for years. Last year, we cleaned everything out once more and put a gabion cage over the barrel and the end of the culvert. This evidently has confused the beavers and “knock on wood” but it has now worked for almost two years! However, this has resulted in the beavers relocating to other areas and we understand

others now have our problems.

This year, 2014, walking along the road where the beavers previously have made their dam, there was a lot of milkweed. One day as we walked by we *disturbed* about 50! monarch butterflies. They all flew up at once... an unbelievable sight!

The morning we were closing the cottage, 2013, and packing everything into the car, we were visited by a young, very friendly red fox who sat and watched us pack the car. We were afraid he would jump into the car. (Doesn't have a passport so couldn't go!) When we tried to scare him away, he wanted to play and kept coming back for us to do it again!

Each trip from our home in Illinois requires us to pass through customs. We hold our breath!! We NEVER know the questions to be asked.....the cost of the cottage, good fishing (?), where is Loon Call Lake, and of course, do we have guns, mace, cigarettes and ALCOHOL!

SOME TRADITIONS:

- We open early (end of April, early May) and close after Canadian Thanksgiving
- We watch lots of DVD movies in the evenings.
- We take an annual picture from the same location on

the long August weekend to compare changes and growth of trees and vegetation.

- We save our magazines for reading at the cottage
- As it is a 12-hour drive for us to get to the cottage, we have resorted to listening to audio books on the way up and back.
- We fly the Canadian flag all season long. But on July 4th, the US flag is flown for that day.

HISTORY OF OWNERSHIP OF LOT #32, PLAN #9 - TOWNSHIP ANSTRUTHER

OWNERS	BUY	SELL
The Crown-Province of Ontario	July 15, 1960	
Henry Drotleff (*date in foundation – 1959)	July 15, 1960	\$175
William J. & Mary L. Lavery	Sept. 15, 1964	Sept. 15, 1964
Oliver Mappin (died Jan.23, 1969)	Oct. 14, 1966	Oct. 14, 1966
Norris Reynolds (inherited from Mappin)	July 28, 1970	July 28, 1970
Bonnie Painter (later Art & Bonnie Johnson)	April 28, 1978	April 28, 1978
Raymond J. & Karen Dupont	June 29, 1988	June 29, 1988
Dirk F. and Hedwig J. Van Laren	Nov. 1, 1989	Nov. 1, 1989
Sydney F. & Diana L. Bowcott	Nov. 1, 2007	Nov. 1, 2007

- Cottage road constructed in summer, 1981 up to Lot #33 at total cost of \$28,000 shared by 10 cottagers.
 - Hook-up to Lots #30, #31, and #32 in summer 1982 @ \$2800 each.
 - Septic tank installed in June, 1988.
 - Grant of Right of Way to Lot #30 (S.Carey) for 21 years less a day – Oct. 18, 1982 to Oct.17, 2003 Feb. 03/83 @ \$1000 (later extended).
 - Grant Right of Way to Lot #31 (C. Painter) for 21 years less a day – May 4, 1988 to May 3, 2009 – June 01/88 @ \$10 (later extended)
- *Shoreline purchase (former road allowance included in price – completed Sept. 13, 1960)

LOT 33

Borgmanns FR 58F - 493

by Elke Heidemann (née Borgmann)

Werner Borgmann (1911-2006)
Gerda Borgmann (1912-2005)
Hartmut (1940-2003)
Heidi (1941-2007)
Elke

Here are just some of my earliest memories of our family's favourite place!

We first came up to the lake in 1957, staying in the big trappers' camp building at the foot of the big rock (now lot #59). It was a big drafty old building with a number of bunk beds, and from there we explored the area. Dad had found out about Loon Call Lake through his friend, Helmut Kellermann, who lived in the same rooming house as Milan Sinkora in Toronto. Milan, the original owner of "the island", spent most of his free time up there, and he had claimed the island as his own. He knew the area well, had marked an "S" trail from the Trapper's camp over to Wolf Lake and had inspired a number of people to come up with him. Many of those early visitors became permanent fixtures around the lake. The only other building at the time was a ramshackle hunter cabin at "Windy Point".

In 1958, we found out about the impending sale of crown land around the lake, and interested parties were busy scouting out the various lots. Mother spent many weekends rowing and hiking along the shore line once the lots had been advertised, and settled on # 33 as her first choice. Sadly, when she tried to register it, # 33 had already been claimed. Two days later, when she went to register her second choice, she was delighted to find out that # 33 had become available again – Farmer Harris's "wild" cows had come crashing through the bush and had scared Anne Dunkley, the new owner, away. For \$450 and a commitment to build a 20x20 ft cottage within 2

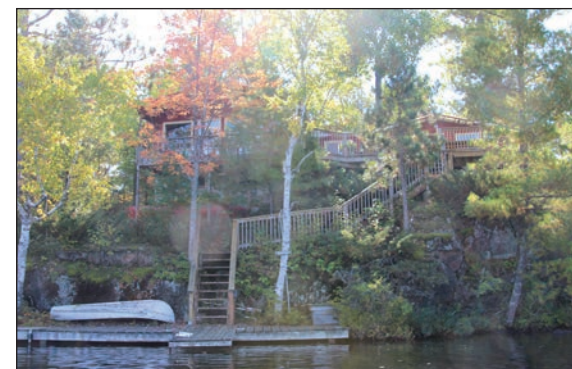
years, my parents had become "landowners" - a big deal for most Germans, especially for those who had lost everything in the war. (\$450 was a lot of money, I had just bought my first car, a Renault 4CV for \$ 60, saved from my evening and weekend jobs at a local supermarket where I had started at \$ 0.35/hr).

We had a big old '52 Pontiac in those days, the kind whose soft suspension made you seasick if you had to sit in the back, but every weekend from then on, come Friday evening, it was crammed full of stuff for the trip to the cottage - 5 of us, a German shepherd, food, bedding, dishes, etc. The outhouse and the cabin were the first year's project. Our first set of picnic table and benches were built from reclaimed ridged planks which had been left in the bush, piled up in stacks, still full of cores of rock samples from uranium explorations.

Everything had to be rowed across the lake, usually around midnight on a Friday. Since the rowboat, fully loaded, barely cleared the water, Heidi and I were sometimes unceremoniously dumped at the little island when wind and waves became a problem. It then fell to Hart to row all the way back to pick us up. The romance of being stranded on an island at midnight faded during the cold and rainy fall weekend nights!

Several friends also acquired a lot, among the original owners were:

Helmut Kellermann (# 40, later Franz Mueller); Karl-Heinz Lange (#39), Helmut's brother-in-law, with wife Lolo and sons Thomas and Michael (who is still the owner of the original lot); Hans Essig with wife Annie, son Roger and daughter Ute (Lewkowitz) (# 23); their cousin Dieter Essig (# 22) and Hildegard; Horst Herbst; the Schwendts (Parsons), Rudi Glasstetter, Erwin, Bluechardts, Jack and Anne Dunkley, Werner and Christa Brueggemann (Windy Point), Manfred and Dolly Brasche (now Rochon), the



Cottage today

Granders and many others.

Many guests came up with us from the beginning, often young German immigrants who had landed in Toronto with no contacts and little social life. Many of them gravitated to St. George's Lutheran Church on College St. and its German-speaking youth group. Accommodation was either in tents, in army surplus hammocks or in sleeping bags on the rocks. This obviously led to many parties with singsongs around huge bonfires on our big rock and, eventually, to a number of Loon Call Lake babies. For the unlucky ones who had to work Saturdays it meant the usual 3-4 hour drive up the narrow, winding Highway 28 for less than 24 hours of freedom, activity and fun.

All our supplies had to be rowed across at the beginning. Later a 10hp motor helped immensely. You could always tell who was arriving during the night by the sound of the engine. When the building materials for the cottage arrived the next summer, the strangest-looking "boats" made their appearance - often 2, sometimes 3 boats lashed together to support beams and prefab rafters. McColl & Perdue, the lumberyard across Anstruther Lake Rd on Highway 28, did a thriving business, especially on Saturdays since Sunday shopping did not yet exist.

Refrigeration consisted of ice blocks dug out of the sawdust in Farmer Harris's barn, and perishable supplies were kept cool in a pit dug into the soil (where possible). Raccoons soon found this out – and we found out that they knew one Sunday morning

because our dog went crazy at the foot of our big white pine whose bark glistened in the morning sun. At the top of the tree sat a scared raccoon that had been into the food pit and had eaten a whole pound of butter and was now suffering from a severe case of diarrhea!

Social life was very active. One of the early centres was Milan's cozy little cabin on the island where Jack Dunkley and his band entertained often and, when Milan left at the end of the weekend, his route across the lake was often marked by a string of empty beer bottles dancing on the water in memory of another party weekend.

There were corn roasts, masquerade parties organized by Mother, dances at the Waterfalls, the *pièce de résistance* being the big concrete platform, Bert Mason in lederhosen!, not to mention the regular pilgrimages along the "Nikolashka Trail". This had become a magnet on the north side of the lake for afternoon imbibers. It led from # 60 (Glasstetter/ Webster) to the Schwendts (Parsons), was well travelled, and was duly celebrated in more or less melodious song (usually in German) that could be heard across the lake.

Outboard motors, even small, second- and third-hand ones, were prized possessions in the early days, and one particular bonfire evening still gets chuckles today. After a long night of singing (which had obviously required some lubrication), the Lange and Kellermann families piled into their little boat and took off into the darkness. Not a minute had passed when the overloaded boat took on water. Everyone went overboard, there was lots of noisy splashing, voices, shouts to shore - and above the din Lolo's plaintive voice: "The motor, Karlheinz, hang on to the motor!" (it had apparently not been attached firmly enough) Everyone made it to shore safely and we still

sometimes laugh about it..

Every year without fail we had a pair of nesting loons, what seemed like hundreds of bull frogs, lots of fish, herons, beavers, and all the other animals that we still have now, except that the loons are not nesting anymore, the bull frogs are down to a few dozen, and the fish we catch now are likely to have been stocked.

Winters at the cottage in those days were of a special kind of magic, there was no hydro, no road, no phone, no skidoos - just silence! You had to walk, ski or snowshoe across the lake from the landing. This sometimes took well over an hour if the ice/snow/ water covering was treacherous, especially if you had to drag supplies on a sled or toboggan.

New Year's parties with bonfires on the snow-covered rocks, and mock turtle soup - a tradition at Horst Herbst's cottage - were always a highlight of the winter. And one sunny February day, while I was on a reading week holiday from U of T and was studying in our cabin, I witnessed a mother mink dragging three pinknaked babies from underneath my bed and carrying them into precarious safety outside.

Then there was also the winter (1970) when Hydro trucks, carrying the poles necessary for the power lines, had driven across the ice and made safe tracks. My husband, Jerry, decided this was the ideal time for skijoering, so we attached ropes to the VW Beetle and skied up and down the length of the lake in the most glorious winter sunshine! Everyone should be allowed to experience something like that!

Winter was not always fun, however. Milan, on foot across the lake from his cabin back to the car, fell asleep in the snow and never woke up. Helmut and son Gerry were the ones who found him.

Many changes were to come! We got hydro. This was vehemently opposed by some cottagers as spoiling the romance of roughing it, but welcomed by others

who gladly got rid of the daily job of cleaning and polishing the kerosene lamp cylinders, of cooking on Coleman stoves, lugging ice blocks and carrying water up the cliff from the lake. Hydro brought radio, lights, and, as a fringe benefit, the line masts often helped us find our way back through the bush.

In the early years, before all this luxury, our hiking group had become badly lost. Luckily we finally found the old logging road, followed it and ended up on Highway 28. One year Thomas Lange, around 10 years old, wandered off, got lost and despite all our search efforts until late into the night, and bonfires to help him find the way he was not found until he turned up on Long Lake the next morning.

We later got telephone service (1982) that again made life easier in an emergency.

And we got a road! It solved some problems, created others. As with electricity, the road was not welcomed by all! With the road came an erosion of the casual neighbourliness that a common landing creates automatically, you saw many people less frequently, boats were no longer the only means of transport.

Cottages started to grow in size, owners passed away, sold or moved. There is television, now internet access, there are big motorboats going too fast, big wakes, seadoos something unheard of in the early days. Loons nest but cannot raise their chicks, algae bloom, septic tanks and acid levels need to be watched - but for all of us the lake embodies dreams, escape, experiences that only close contact with nature can provide and it means meeting friends. We are lucky to have that and we will all, I hope, if we take care of our lake and its fragile environment, we will have it for many years to come.



LOT 34 Dunford FR 58F - 459

by Ann & Bob Dunford

We were looking for a cottage on Anstruther lake, where my family cottage was. The agent suggested we look at this place on Loon Call Lake. It was fairly close and had been empty for a while. We were very impressed and put in an offer that day.

The first time we used the stove – it caught on fire...a mouse nest!

The cottage was built by Fred Cole. His wife, Bunny, told us that when the cafeteria at the hospital in Peterborough was taken down, anything useful was directed to Loon Call Lake, rather than the

dump. Roof trusses, windows, doors, floor tiles and cabinets. Still all there today as everything was built to last. After the floor was laid in a true random pattern – 7 colours – they had a dance. It must have been good times.

Twister touches down in area

APSLEY — A twister touched down near Loon Call Lake yesterday, uprooting trees and knocking down a TV antenna.

"It went right over my place and snapped my antenna in half," said Horst Herbst, who lives on the lake year-round. "I had at least two-dozen trees that came out by the roots or were snapped."

Heavy rains were part of the violent storm.

The lake is about two kilometres south of Apsley.

Herbst said the porch on a neighbor's house was pulled up when a nearby tree was ripped out.

Trees were uprooted on at least five other properties, he said. *EXAMINER JUNE 1, 1994*

The Examiner June 1, 1994



Dunford cottage today

We have lots of great memories.

Our memories at the cottage include great family get togethers.

A very special memory is New Years Day in 2000. We were hiking out and someone in one of the cottages was playing bongos. The sound followed us all along the trail. It could be heard for miles. It was a gorgeous sunny day and the drums added a bit of magic.

Another year we had a grouse come through a window. There were feathers, blood and mouse pooh from one end of the cottage to the other.

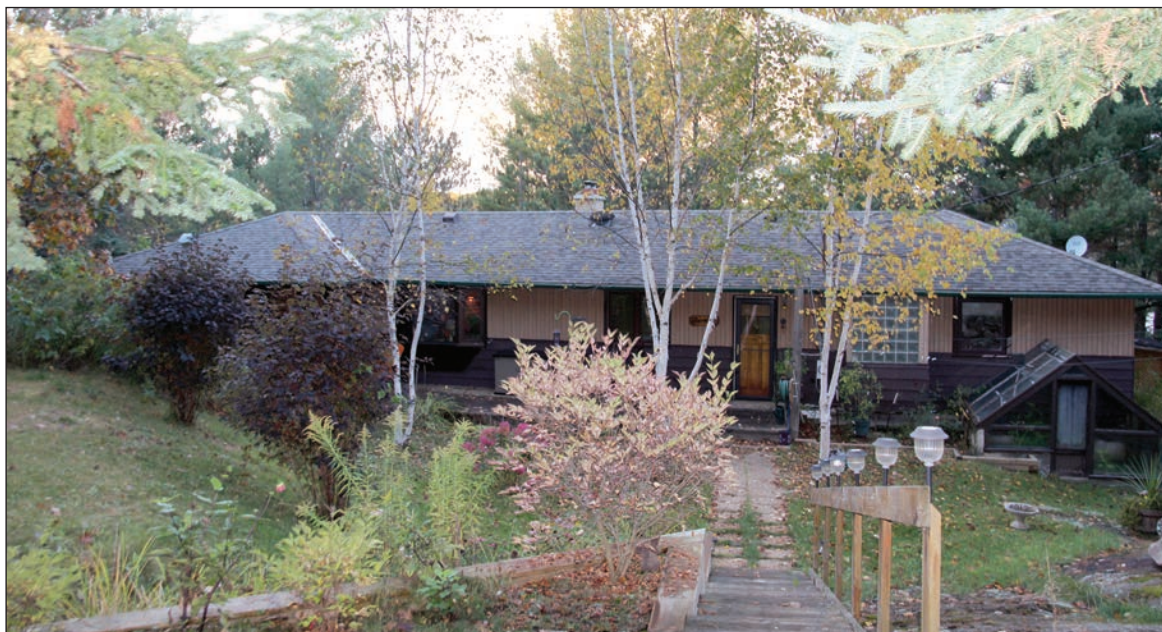
In the mid nineties Looncall Lake and area was hit by a twister.



We came to Loon Call Lake in 2002. We had just sold our cottage on Coon Lake and wanted a place not too much further away from Toronto and we wanted to be on the Canadian Shield. We wanted a smallish lake and we wanted one that was environmentally conscious and friendly. We had heard about Loon Call Lake from friends of Dirk Van Laren, who then lived on Lot 32. We checked it out on the website that Mike Lieberman assiduously kept up and his information confirmed our hopes. So, when we saw that there was a cottage available on Loon Call that might be within our price range we decided to check it out.

We contacted the real estate agent to arrange a visit. We dragged two other couples along. Our first impressions were at best mixed. The drive never seemed to end.. Anstruther Lake Road was not paved beyond Jessica Road and FR 58 and 58F were full of curves potholes and hills. One curve seemed to lead to another and every time we thought we were about to arrive, we didn't. What we didn't realize was that the cottage was on the south side of the lake and that we had gone west the full length of the lake on the north side and had turned east and travelled a third of the way back (east) a total of 8.2 kilometers from the Highway 28,. When we finally got to the cottage, our agent, referring to the long ride, observed that she now understood why it had been on the market for so long - three years.

The first thing we saw was a big red wheel. We couldn't figure out what it was but it had steel tracks and it looked like a torture rack from a Vincent Price horror movie. (It turned out be an adjustable rack for working underneath vehicles.)We saw a television antenna that looked to be 75' high. And then we saw the cottage. The real estate agent had picked up the wrong key so we had to climb through the sliding



The Herbst-Martinis cottage today

windows on the sun porch. What surprises there were.

The Sun porch had an indoor barbecue. At the corner of the BBQ was a tall plastic red column housing a fluorescent light....very 1970's bar and rec room style!

We entered the main house, and saw a beautifully made miniature pool table. We went further and saw some tired old furniture and an ancient Telefunken short wave radio/amplifier with a huge corner speaker. We saw two tattered Lazy-Boy chairs, one which turned out to have a built in chair vibrator. We went further in and saw a nicely appointed, if dated, kitchen. There was a four-piece bath in green and black tile and an RV toilet whose flap had broken off and fallen into the septic tank below. Funny little flies hovered throughout the bathroom. There were three



Basketweave wall



Terraces and fishpond

bedrooms all with different coloured shag carpets. The master bedroom shag was red/orange. Again, very seventies.

But surrounding all this was the evidence of a craftsman. All the ceilings were different and finely crafted - from the concentric cedar strips in the master bedroom to the parallel finely varnished pine strips only $\frac{3}{4}$ inches apart in the living room. Walls were paneled. One bedroom had a basket weave wooden wall. The floors were parquet. There were built in teak cabinets and shelves. This work was done by Horst Herbst.

Horst Herbst had acquired Lot 35 in 1957. He was a German émigré who became the chief carpenter for a major airplane manufacturer in Malton Ontario. Horst paid \$352 for the lot which overlooked one of the Lake's Bays. The water at the dock is

approximately 15 feet deep.

Loon Call was to be Horst's primary residence and he envisioned retiring to it. Partly because he had no family in Canada and lived alone in a trailer park in Malton, Horst's house was to be more than the simple retreat that some others sought at Loon Call. His vision was a ranch style bungalow with a basement, rec room, bar, garage, workshop, lawn, gardens, as well as the other goodies, hot tub, Bunkie, sauna and boat house - that made

up the suburban 70's dream. His vision incorporated the popular architecture of the 60's and '70's - lots of wood and horizontal lines and shag carpets. Eventually Horst built all these things and added some others including a 6-foot deep concrete fishpond. His sauna, the first one on the lake still smells of fresh cedar.

In doing all this, Horst was faced with the same problems that faced the rest of Loon Call's pioneers on the south east side of the Lake. First, they had no roads. This meant that everything had to come in by raft or small motorboat. Horst borrowed the Carey raft to move much of his material. Nor did they have power until the '70's. He also had a steep lot. His job was made more difficult by the extent of his vision, his high professional standards and his personal desire to

do as much of the work as he possibly could.

Horst's answer to the topography issue was to build terraces of concrete, railway ties and galvanized roofing steel. He brought in his own cement mixer and poured concrete to make the terraces, basement walls, the foundations of the boathouse and steps and walkways around the property. He dynamited a cut into the granite to provide the base for a wet boathouse. Very quickly as his home materialized, his cottage became known as the "bunker". He brought in soil, mostly red clay but also topsoil, to level the basement and fill the terraces which he later planted lawns and gardens. He built a septic tank of poured concrete into the basement wall and drained the tank through a poured concrete pipe into a septic field. Gray water drained into a dry well. The concrete for the house alone may have required 500 bags of concrete and sand. A very rough estimate is that at least 2,000 bags of sand and concrete were required. All of this was brought on a raft which probably couldn't hold more than 100 bags at a time.

He solved the power problem with precise hand tools wielded by his skilled carpenter's hands. He hoisted beams with a hydraulic hoist. But, like everyone else, he had to bring in everything by boat.

And like everyone else, Horst was on a budget. So he looked for sales. Several of his windows were manufacturers discards. One, in the living room was a huge triple glazed 6' x 5' window that he bought for \$50. It was too big for the opening so he expanded the opening. When he finished he stood back to look at it only to realize that the window was heavily tinted and let in very little light. We replaced the window and now use the original glass as an outdoor mirror.

The original house was a (green) clapboard (now clad in wood finish aluminum) 3-bedroom bungalow expanded in later years to include a large sunroom complete with an indoor BBQ and wet bar. He built a



Horst's woodwork



Breakfast and fireplace bar

workshop and a garage as well a shelter for his RV.

The house itself shows off Horst's carpentry skills. In addition to the walls and floors mentioned above there was a fireplace which originally had two sides—one to warm the living room and one to warm the dining area. When electricity came Horst installed a wood stove in the living room portion and built a liquor storage cabinet into the dining room section.

Horst Herbst was known as a somewhat reclusive person who liked to help people but also liked to work on his own home by himself. That said, Horst, like most cottagers, enjoyed a drink or two and especially enjoyed having parties. Horst told the Martinis that his sunroom which has a wet bar and built-in BBQ,

often hosted as many as hundred people. At one of the parties, the phrase party animal was redefined when a local bear decided he could not resist the smell of the BBQ climbed on to the deck, grabbed some food and took off.

The Martinis have had some encounters with bears as well. One morning around 6:00 a.m., Malcolm was awakened by some sounds coming from near the kitchen. He got up, went to the kitchen and found a bear standing outside in front of the casement windows. The windows had been left ajar the night before. The bear had smelled some fresh peaches that were sitting on the counter and had her paw on the window and was trying to figure out how to open it. Luckily, the window wasn't open very wide and Malcolm looking through the screen straight at the bear was able to crank the window tightly enough to make the bear withdrew her paw. When the window was closed the Bear made a snort, lightly slapped the window frame and turned around and sat down with her back to the window. Seconds later her two cubs appeared and the three animals ran off.

Shortly after he retired, Horst's retirement dream received a fatal setback; he developed late onset diabetes. This led to the loss of one foot and the fitting of a prosthesis. Still he persisted in his projects. His neighbours remember him limping around as he successfully installed aluminum cladding on the house. It was to be his last major project on Loon



Lot 35 today viewed from the lake

Call. Shortly thereafter he had to give into his illness and put the house up for sale. It sat empty for three years while Horst embarked on the building of a small house on Eel's Creek on Lean Drive in Apsley. Nearly blind, the diabetes finally caught up with him. He died in Apsley in 2007 at the age of 73.

Mary and Malcolm Martini purchased Horst's House, now nicknamed Martinis on the Rock, in 2002. They have rewired, re-plumbed, re-windowed and re-doored. The basement septic tank has been filled in with gravel, covered with concrete and replaced with a new pump-based one with the septic tank up-hill from the house. The dock has been rebuilt. The dry well has been abandoned. The "torture rack" is gone and the (leaking) fishpond has been filled in and is now a perennial garden. But the Martinis have resisted the temptation to modernize the interior. With a few exceptions it remains as Horst designed it....that seventies' place.

LOT 36

Hartogs FR 58F - 439

by Jim Hartog

The Hartogs bought lot 36 from Brian Adeney through Doug Prebble of Bowes and Cocks, Apsley after seeing the listing at the spring Cottage Show in Pickering in 1994. The final price, after negotiations, was \$62,000. Although Prebble was the listing agent and showed the property, it was Horst Herbst, lot 35, who gave me much more information about the lot, the lake and the cottagers. The property came with a bunkie and a shack. The shack had been built in the late 50's to satisfy the patent requirements to purchase the lot from the crown. The first owners, Lithgow, had bought both lots 37 and 36 but had only used the building on lot 37 as a cottage. The building on lot 36 was not well built and was not maintained. Its sole function appeared to be for the storage of junk no longer needed at lot 37. The bunkie, however, was much more recent, '89 or 90, and had been put up by the person who had bought it from the Lithgows and had sold it to the Adeneys.

The closing date was June 2, 1994, which was a couple of days after a big storm had come through and had blown down a large number of large trees all over the lake. Since the damage had been done before the closing date, the vendor was responsible for the cleanup of all the downed trees. Contact with the lawyer got nothing so I tried the small claims court route and after the pre-trial consultation with a judge in Peterborough Adeney and Hartog settled up in a coffee shop in Peterborough after the judge told him he should pay now to avoid court costs. I had made a convincing case complete with newspaper clippings of the storm and dates and I had photographs and had inventoried all the trees. Sometime that first summer, we met Dick Van Laren as he was paddling by our waterfront. He gave us some painted lot numbers (36) and informed us that we owed for "road hook up fees" which had never been paid by any of the

previous owners. I believe the fee was \$2800 and we may have been the last to pay the fee on our road.

The very first project at the lake was to assemble the outhouse which I pre-fabbed on the back deck at home in Whitby so that we could camp out in the bunkie. All five Hartogs, Jim, Vickie, Dave, Mike and Kate slept in the loft of the bunkie for several years.

The next, bigger project was putting in a dock so that the waterfront would be more inviting. Planning was done in 1995 with both neighbours consenting and the proper application okayed by the authorities. Lippert put in the driveway in July, 1996, which allowed the wood for the dock to be driven closer to the front of the lot. The dock was started in July and was usable by August. The switchback trail to the waterfront from the bunkie was finished in 1997 to avoid using the rotting staircase that had graced the rock face. I had bought a 12 pound sledge hammer to persuade some rocks that they no longer wanted to be there.

1998 saw clearing at the shore and in the area between the shack and the dock. The latter area became the site of a fire pit when I ran into rocks that would not succumb to 12 pounds of steel. Preston McGinn installed a septic system that summer and



The Hartog cottage today



The Shack, built in the late 50s



The Bunkie



The beginning of our dock

we spent time talking to local builders in regards to building a cottage. The new civic addresses and FR numbers were installed that summer. 51 D had become 58 F and our lot was now numbered 439. Terry Marquardt drilled the well (a splurge) in solid granite to a depth of 300 feet (all the pipe he had on the truck) and struck water at 265 and 290 feet which is well below lake level. The water table concept doesn't seem to apply in rock.

By 1999, we had decided to go with Tech Homes

of Peterborough, who were Viceroy dealers, and they made plans and put together a package based on floor plans that we had supplied. The materials were delivered in September of 1999 and, after some errors and fixes, we had a shell with a shingled roof by December.

Since the bunkie was now right in front of the new cottage blocking the view and occupying the area where the front decks were to go, Jim and Dave dis-assembled the bunkie in the spring of 2000 down to four walls and a floor so that it could be moved to a better location. Finally, Viceroy showed up to reverse the beveled cedar siding on the entire cottage so the rough side was out. After hydro, plumbing, flooring, dry walling, tongue and groove pine ceilings, bathroom and kitchen cupboards were done, Dave and Jim drove a 24 foot U-Haul truck to the cottage with furniture and appliances in July. Lew Lean and company built the bi-level deck on the front of the cottage and re-engineered the front and back porches. The cottage was finally fully functional by the fall of 2000.

In 2001 we had the lot surveyed as part of the process to purchase the 66 foot shore line allowance which the township was making available at a reasonable price.

2002 saw the board and batten exterior of the old bunkie moved to the inside as panelling, along with a tongue and groove pine ceiling and pine floors. The bunkie got hydro, too.

In 2003, the bunkie got siding to match the cottage. All the pine inside gives it a great smell. Vickie got caught in the big power outage of 2003 that lasted for days in much of the province. The ice cream was eaten quickly and the barbecue became the only cooking appliance. The toilets were flushed with lake water. Phone communication was maintained and Jim and Kate actually went to the cottage because the power



The new cottage

came back on at the lake before it did in Whitby.

In 2004, the platforms and staircase on the west side of the cottage were installed and Jim and Kate put down oak engineered flooring in the living room to hide some of the ubiquitous vinyl tile. On the way in to the cottage while crossing the ice in March of 2005, it became obvious that the shack had finally succumbed to snow load and had pancaked. The walls went out and the roof went down crushing everything inside. Our Royalex canoe was broken in half, both kayaks had holes, chairs were pieces of chairs, a bicycle was bent. I was able to salvage yard tools, lawn mower and wheel barrow after I straightened its handles. After the bugs had subsided, Dave, Mike and Jim spent many weekends cutting up the shed into manageable pieces and filling a trailer so that the shed could be brought to a private dump in Whitby. By this time our Anstruther dump had become a transfer station. The canoe was replaced, the kayaks were repaired and the floor joists and window frames of the shack got salvaged. The window frames are now everywhere inside and outside the cottage. All that was left was the pond that the shack had been built over. The second project that summer was to use the



The pancaked shack

salvaged wood to build a needed wood shed behind the cottage.

Since replacing the shack on top of a small pond was not a good idea it was decided to build a garage behind the cottage on solid ground. Lew Lean built the garage in the fall of 2006. Also, in November 2006, Darwin, our cat was buried under his own head stone. He had made the trip to the cottage while alive but he was not a good traveler and had let us know the entire trip.

Jim and Kate put beveled cedar siding on the garage in 2007 to match the cottage. The summer of 2007 was also spent trying to get rid of the pond where the shack had been. This was done by running perforated Big "O" through the pond and then filling the pond with every rock I could find and finally dumping 150 wheel barrow loads of sand (one entire tandem axle truck full) to get the area above lake level. The water table concept did apply here. That fall, to start a new shack-replacing shed, an 8 by 12 foot floor was built

on six piers to winter over to see what the frost would do since one corner was a little soft. Since it wintered well, Kate and Jim built the walls in 2008 with Dave and Mike helping with the roof later that summer. Cottage matching bevel cedar siding was added in September to complete the new waterfront storage shed.

The summer project for 2009 was moving the outhouse back a few feet onto a "basement" which it didn't have previously and changing the roof from fiberglass panels to regular shingles. One of the windows from the fallen shack now resides in the south wall to give light to the occupant inside.

2010 beaver problems started experimentation with "beaver baffler" pipes. The first attempt with perforated Big "O" was an abysmal failure. Beavers are not stupid. The 2012 change to 4" solid PVC has been more successful.

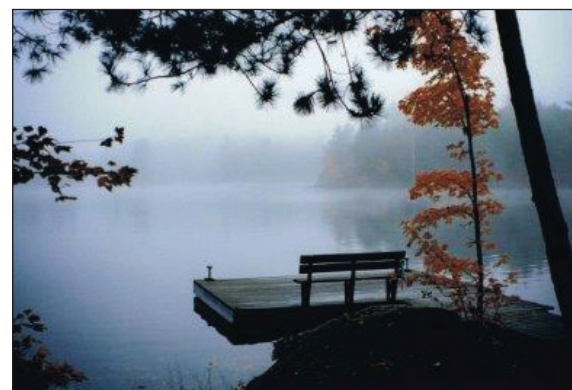
There was another big wind storm in 2013 that affected lot 36 by snapping off one white pine half way up and making two others lean against a third pointing in the direction of the deck and the cottage roof. The pros were called in to take the leaners down as a safety precaution. Jim got to clean up all the brush.

After 20 years, the construction projects have slowed while maintenance never stops. The cottage is now less of a family affair since the kids are now adults and away from home. There is an increase in the number of times the kids visit the cottage with their friends without the older Hartogs being present.

Over the 20 years that we have been on Loon Call Lake, I have kept a journal/log of the happenings every time someone is at the lake. This log was used to write



Family Times



View of the lake

this piece and it was interesting reading even for the author. I recommend keeping a log.



Like several of the early cottagers on Loon Call Lake, we came to the lake through Helmut Kellermann. Helmut was a life insurance agent and he was very active advising new German immigrants. We had come to Canada in December of 1956 and Helmut looked us up within a few days of our arrival in Toronto and he became a close family friend, since he and we had a very similar sense of humour and we hit it off right away. When the first lots on the lake became available, he immediately took us up there to show us the Canadian wilderness and suggested that we buy the lot next to him. He had bought Lot 36 and his brother-in-law, Karl-Heinz Lange, had lot 37. Helmut wanted "nice neighbours" and tried to persuade us to buy Lot 35. However, my parents, Hans and Erica, preferred Lot 38, since there was a high plateau suitable for building a cottage with a clear view of most of the lake.

The conditions were that we had to build a cottage worth at least \$2000.00 and it had to be a certain minimum size (I seem to recall that it was 320 sq. ft., although others seem to remember a size of 250 sq. ft.) The lot had 180 ft. lake front and the price was \$1.00 per foot lake front, plus a \$150.00 survey fee, bringing the total to \$330.00 for the property.

Like a number of the early cottagers we raided the ample store of abandoned drill samples and built a temporary cottage. For posts and supports we used dead trees from the forest, we bought a door and a window from a wrecker and only had to buy the roofing material and nails new from the nearest lumber store. I believe our total costs were about \$35.00. It was now possible to spend the night on our lot, rather than bunk at the trapper's cottage across the lake.

The following year we bought a Pan-Abode cottage (prefab log construction) and spent most of the summer putting it together. It was a good buy, since

it is still standing and is now used by the third and fourth generation.

Of course, there was no road or Hydro at the time. The total weight of the components of the cottage was about 26 tons which Mr. Harris brought from the public landing to our lot using 3 boats side by side.

The longest logs were 26 ft. Once the kit was dumped on our shore, we had to get it up to the platform my parents had chosen as the site. To do that we rigged up a steel cable and pulleys and gradually pulled all the material up the hill by hand.

We had a handyman do the support pillars for us, but when we had done the floor, Horst Herbst visited us and with his sharp eyes he saw that the foundation was slanted toward one corner. The handyman had used a defective level and always checked in the same direction, so that the error was not noticed before. Fortunately, thanks to Horst, we noticed it before there was too much weight and we shimmied the cottage up to make it level.

One Saturday, while busy building, we had a visit:

Visitor: "Hi folks, how are you doing?"

Hans Baehr: "Fine."

Visitor: "I see you are building a cottage. Do you have a building permit?"

Hans: "No, not yet. The problem is that we are only here on weekends and the office is always closed when we go there."

Visitor: "No problem. I'm the building inspector. How large is it going to be?"

Hans gave him the specifications.

Visitor filled out a small form and handed it to Hans: "Here is the permit. That'll be \$5.00. Oh, by the way, please don't think I'm rude for not taking my hat off, but I have a frog under it that I caught for bait."

I am sure that was not the only permit he issued that day. The stark contrast between this fine example



Ursula & Frank Baehr working on the roof of their first "cottage"



Our first attempt at building a cottage

of a Canadian civil servant and the often very rude treatment from public "servants" my parents were used to in Europe was one of the things why we loved Canada right away and we never forgot this incident.

Since there was no road, the only access in the summer was by boat. We bought a row boat. Initially we were only a small group of Europeans who admired the pristine wilderness. We decided that we would not spoil it by using motors on our boats. However, that did not last very long, since more and more people bought lots on the lake sooner or later some started to use motors. We were quickly a very small minority and ultimately gave up on the rowing.

We usually arrived from Toronto fairly late on



Monica and Frank are resting after helping to unload the 26 tons of lumber at the lake shore



The foundation



The foundation and floor are finished. Now we are starting on the walls. The logs had tongues and grooves and had to be hammered together with a 5 lb sledge hammer.



Getting the pre-cut lumber from the lake to the top of the hill

Friday night. Since there was no Hydro on the lake and not very many cottages yet, it was dark and we navigated by the judging the shore by the border between the dark trees and rocks and the starry sky.

Like many others, we used refillable propane tanks for the stove. We also had a propane refrigerator and installed some propane lamps for lighting. We used dual bottles with an automatic switch-over from an

empty to a full bottle and then refilled the empty ones in Apsley. Getting the empty bottle down the hill was not so hard, later getting the full bottle up the hill was another matter. Getting it across the lake to the public landing where we kept our car was also no problem, since it floated even when it was full and we could tow it behind our boat.

We also went to the cottage in the winter since it was very peaceful and relaxing, especially at Christmas. If the ice was thick enough and the snow was not too deep, we actually drove across the lake from the public landing right up to our lot. If not, we used skies and a toboggan to bring our things to the cottage. Once the snowmobiles started to become popular, we stopped, since the lake was now often noisier in the winter than in the summer.

One winter my father had a truck deliver two loads of sand to our lot and had it dumped on the shore. When the ice melted in the spring we had a nice sandy beach and swimming area. This lasted for quite a few years, but eventually the melting snows, rain, and the wake of passing boats washed pretty well all the sand into the deeper part of the channel between us and the

island (initially owned by Milan Sinkora, but now by the Colquhouns).

There were so many Germans (Kellermann, Lange, the Borgmans, the Granders, the Essigs, we, and many others) among the early cottagers, that the lake was also known as "Kraut Lake" among the locals. Many had young people (the 3 Kellermann girls, the Borgmann and Grander kids, Ute, my 2 sisters and I, etc.) in a similar age group and we had a fairly active social life on the weekends, swimming and talking and visiting each other, as well as bringing up friends. I actually worked with Joe Grander and his wife Margaret in Ajax, but we only found out by accident that we had cottages on the same lake.

Why were so many Germans among the early cottagers? There were a number of factors:

- Unrest was brewing again in Europe. Especially in 1956, there was the Hungarian uprising and I remember my parents saying that they had lived through 2 wars (WW I & WW II) and did not intend



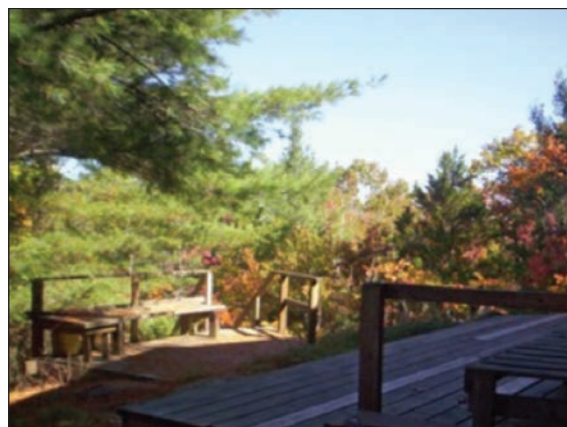
The finished Pan-Abode cottage. One of the spare logs provided hadn't made it to the top, yet. The two little trees in front of the cottage are now towering giants and most of the rocks are overgrown with miscellaneous vegetation

to cope with another one.

- Compared to Canada, Europe was very crowded and Germans were fascinated by the emptiness and vastness of Canada with its huge areas of untouched wilderness. In Germany you could hardly turn around without bumping into another person. Here, there might not be another person closer than many miles away
- Owning any property, if you did not already have some, was unattainable for most Germans. Thus the availability of affordable land offered the



A view from our cottage before all the trees grew



The same view now

opportunity of fulfilling a life-long dream.

My parents deliberately kept things at the cottage "rustic" since they wanted to preserve the "cottage atmosphere" as much as possible and not bring the city to the lake.

In 1965, I went overseas for several years and when I came back, things had changed. The road (58F) was



Cemetery

built, electricity had come to the lake and many more large cottages had been built, often rivalling the homes in the city and providing the same comfort as in our homes. There was an electric pump and we no longer had to climb down and up the rocks with pails to get water. My parents also had a long staircase built from the lake to the cottage. We no longer had to climb over the rocks which became increasingly difficult for them as they got older.

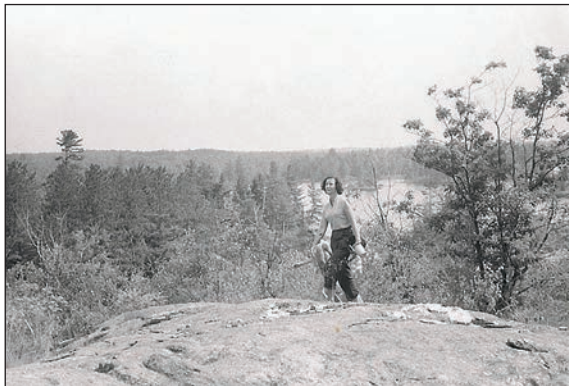
My parents asked that they should be cremated and the ashes taken to the cottage and spread over the land. It was their most favourite place in the entire world. Erica died in November of 1993 and Hans followed her in April of 1994. On a long weekend in the summer of 1994 the whole family gathered at the cottage to grant them their last requests. Rather than just spreading the ashes, we buried them at my mother's favourite relaxing spot and marked their graves with granite slabs with their names and dates engraved. Thus it will be forever a special place for our family.

LOT 39

Langes FR 58F - 411

As told by Ginette Lange

The Langes (pronounced as a two syllable word...Lang-ah) bought their lot in 1959. The family had been going to the lake for a few years already via a friend of their uncle who knew the trapper's lodge. They had to walk from the village to



Lolo Lange on the cottage site in 1959



The Builders (from l to r) Franz Mueller, Karl Heinz Lange and Helmut Kellerman

the lake on a trail but loved it.

As with many of the cottages building was a cooperative effort with people moving from cottage



The Lange Cottage under construction in 1960 as seen from the Lake



The Lange Cottage Today

to cottage to help each other. Regular participants included Franz Mueller who eventually bought the Kellerman cottage next door and Horst Herbst who lived further down the Lake. It was Kellerman who alerted many of his German friends to the availability of Land on the Lake.

The cottage is now in the hands of son Michael Lange who practices medicine in New Jersey where he



View from the Lake 50 years later, 2014



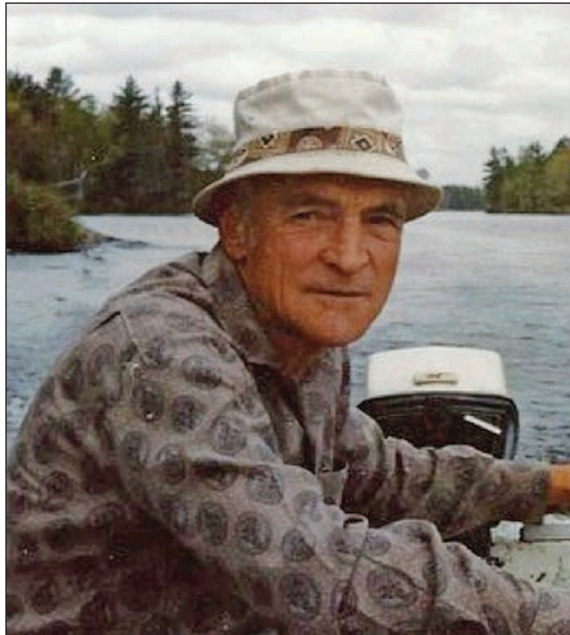
Karl Heinz Lange, Lolo and son, Thomas, 1969

and his wife Ginette, live most of the year. Ginette and Michael spend several months during the summer on Loon Call. There is a certain irony in this as Michael most remembers the winter and not the summer social life in the winter at Loon Call.

The landscape was different then - fewer and smaller trees and therefore greater vistas. Compare the images between 1960 and 2014.

As told by Ingeborg and Johannes Eidnes

The story of the cottage on Lot 40 is the story of one of the most beloved people on the Lake, Franz Mueller.



Franz Mueller

Franz Mueller fought in the German army and was taken prisoner of war in Russia. Eventually he was moved to England where he spent several years working on a farm. He learned to speak English and developed a liking for England, which he said, treated him very well.

At the end of the war he returned to Germany where he married his childhood sweetheart. Franz was a potter, but jobs were in short supply in Germany and after struggling there for ten years he decided to take advantage of a Canadian Government programme that would pay passage for émigrés from Europe if

they would agree to work on a farm. Having served his time as a farmer in Ontario, he moved to Hamilton where he took a job as a tile installer. Before he was given the job he was asked to install some wall tile as a test of competency. He did, but the tiles fell off. But his prospective boss fell for the famous Mueller charm and dedication to work and hired him anyway. Franz stayed with that employer until he retired in 1979.

As with many of the first cottagers, the Bluecharlts, Langes, Baehrs, Possmayers, and Borgmans among others, it was Helmut Kellerman, the first owner of Lot #40 who through the membership in a German Canadian Society in Hamilton, introduced Franz to the Lake. As it happened Franz met a person he knew from his hometown of Hagnau at the society, Lolo Lange, the wife of Karl Heinz Lange who owned lot 39 next door. Franz didn't have the money to buy his own cottage but built the Kellerman cottage in exchange for being allowed to use the cottage. He also had a major role in building the Lange cottage.

In 1974 Kellerman moved back to Germany and Franz bought the cottage in partnership with his niece Ingeborg Eidnes and her husband Johannes who purchased Franz' share of the cottage when Franz himself returned to Germany in 2012. Franz is now living in Germany and is about to celebrate his 101st birthday.

Lot 40 was a difficult lot to build on. The flat areas were marshy and the solid rocky areas were quite steep. The result was that a boardwalk was built over the marshy areas. The Boardwalk exists to this day supplemented with some concrete steps. Until he left the cottage in 2012 Franz would park his Honda CRV and then pull out his ski poles (which he often used to walk the roads around Loon Call) and find his way even in the dark most often alone at the age 98 along the winding 200' boardwalk.

The cottage itself was built to provide a good view



The Cottage Today



The Change Area

of the Lake on a steep area with one corner on rock and the other three on stilts in one case as high as 12' feet from the ground. The original cottage was very small...the minimum size of 200 square feet. A bedroom and deck were added later. A change area was built at lake level.

There was no bathroom until after 2000 and then it was built up-hill and 100' feet away from the cottage



The Throne Room

where there was an appropriate spot for a septic tank. The “throne room” is a full bathroom - toilet shower, tub and sink, and it is quite “commodious”.

The area looks quite different from what it did when the cottages were built. The pictures right show how much vegetation has grown over and how rapidly it did grow. The top picture was taken in approximately 1980. The second was taken in 2014.

Franz loved working with wood. His house and land were full of furniture that he made, and faces and figurines that he sculpted. His masterwork was a totem pole completed in 1986.

Franz’ more than 50 years at Loon Call, 35 of which were spent in retirement have had an impact on the Lake and the community. Following a trip to Crab Lake with Ingeborg Eidnes, in which the two of them got totally lost and in which Ingeborg was thoroughly frightened when she looked up and saw a porcupine sitting in a tree over her head, Franz refined and marked the trail to Crab Lake now named after him.

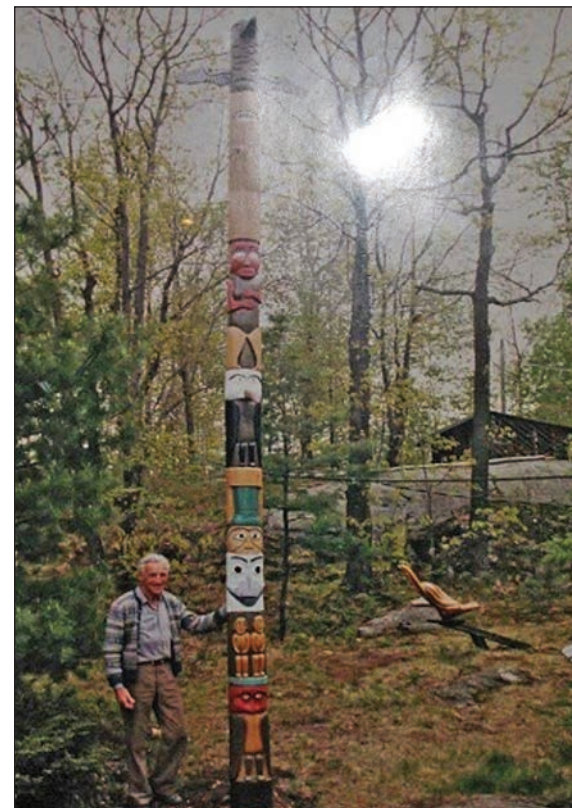
Franz became one of the early environmental leaders in the community. He became Lake Steward collecting



Top: 1980s view. Below view in 2014

data and famously observing that Loon Call Lake was really a large pool, observing “you wouldn’t take a bath in your pool would you.” Most recently he used an electric rather than outboard motor.

And finally, Franz had a sense of humour. He liked to play the card game “21” and hated to lose. Once when he lost to Johannes’ son, he asked if his \$2 loss would be waived if jumped into the lake fully dressed. It was waived and he jumped in. Nor was he shy. He was at a new neighbor’s once, and suddenly interrupted the conversation with the question. Are you my friend? The surprised listener said, of course... to which Franz replied then you won’t mind if I ask



Franz and his Totem pole



you as your friend, for another beer.

The Possmayers were part of the community of German émigrés who bought lots in response to Helmut Kellerman's ad. The original cottage was an A-Frame mostly built of salvaged materials. The cottage was not heavily used as the Possmayer wives (there were three of them) never really took to cottage life. The result was that the elder Possmayer used the cottage mainly as a private retreat and put very little money or effort into it maintaining it. Possmayer was not the only man on the lake who saw

the cottage as a private non-family retreat.

The Possmayer progeny took relatively little interest in the cottage, again using it as a sort of wilderness retreat. Fred Possmayer remembers using the cottage while he was doing studies of deer droppings as a summer research project. Nor did the cottage ever really become a major part of the second generation Possmayer family. This was not surprising given that Fred Possmayer and his wife Mary lived in London, Ontario where Fred, a Ph.D. in Chemistry and head of the biology lab at the University of Western Ontario, was heavily involved in medical research. He was a co-discoverer of BLES a drug critical to the survival of premature babies. Fred is now Professor Emeritus in the University of Western Ontario Departments of Obstetrics, /Gynecology and Biochemistry and the Children's Health Institute.

It was only in 2010 when he became the sole owner of the cottage that his sons became interested in the cottage that Fred decided to tear down the A-Frame and rebuild the cottage. A new house now stands on the site. In fact, the cottage, which had fallen into total disrepair was not torn, but burned down, in a controlled winter burn. The new cottage, which is much bigger and at least as tall as the A Frame, can barely be seen from the lake when leaves are on the trees.



The Possmayer Cottage



The new Possmayer Cottage as seen from the driveway



The new Possmayer Cottage as seen from the lake



The original A Frame Cottage



LOT 42 Hunts FR 58F - 381

by Jim Hunt

Here is a short history by Brian Miettinen. The Miettinen's were the first owners of the cottage on Lot 42:

Frank and Shirley Miettinen bought Lot 42 in 1959, sight unseen from the newspaper, for \$359. In 1960 they bought a 600 sq. ft. prefab cottage at the Toronto Sportsman Show. Frank and Shirley and their two boys Brian and Barry and later on their nephew Glenn enjoyed the cottage for 30 years. In 1989 Frank and Shirley sold their cottage for \$84,000 to the German family.



Original prefab

The years on Loon Call Lake were wonderful.

Who could forget the hours of waterskiing or the Regatta? Every kid could hardly wait to be old enough to take care of the valet boat parking. How about the uranium exploration and the blasting and all the rock cores that could easily be found near the big rock face on the southwest side of the lake? How about the abundant blueberry picking just up on the rocks not far from the southeast end of the lake.? Frank swam



Cottage in the early years



Fishing on the dock



Relaxing on the boat

from Lot 42 to "the landing" and back to Lot 42 on many occasions. Barry swam that approximately 4-mile swim at the age of 11. It was indeed where my brother and I grew up during the summers every weekend and the last week of July and the first week of August up until the Labour Day weekend. I can remember the last time that I took the boat from the cottage after my parents sold.

Since that time I have enjoyed the incredible hospitality of Dianne Hunt and her family. In the summer of 2001 I took my mother, Shirley, and my daughter, Sarah, up to Loon Call Lake for a little fishing but mostly to catch a glimpse of the cottage. Sarah was born in 1993 and had never seen the cottage. For my mother this was the first time she would see the cottage since she and my father sold it in 1989. My father Frank never saw the cottage again. He died in 1992. Again in the summer of 2013, my uncle and aunt were visiting from Sweden. In 1964 my uncle spent the summer with our family and spent a great deal of time at Loon Call Lake. When I asked him if he'd like to go up to Loon Call Lake he was very excited. Again without warning we arrived at Lot



Original cottage a few years later

42. After explaining to Dianne why we were there, she invited my wife and I and my uncle and aunt into her cottage for a tour and served us wine and cheese on the deck. It wasn't long before she invited us to take her boat around the lake for a nostalgic tour.

The German family enjoyed the cottage until it was sold to the Hunt family in 1997. The Hunts have enjoyed Lot 42 and Wild Grass Lane cottage ever since.

THE HUNT'S STORY:

On a cool, damp Saturday in late August of 1997, Jim announced that enough of dreaming of buying another cottage, we had better getting going on it or forget it. So he arranged for an agent working at Burleigh Falls to take us to 2 cottages that day in the

price range of \$125,000.00.

The first was on Wolf Lake, but the cottages were too close together in this particular bay and we wanted more space so we headed off to one on Loon Call Lake. We had never been in this area before and knew nothing of it or ever heard of these two lakes.

I had spent my summers since a baby at my maternal grandparents' cottage on Rice Lake and Jim and I bought it in 1971 then sold it in 1978. In the early 1990's, we began renting in the summer a friend's cottage on Big Cedar Lake ourselves and, at times, with the Bowcott family who lived in Chicago then and who now own the cottage on lot 32.

Honestly, as Jim, our daughter, Justine, and I followed our agent in his jeep, we headed along what is now Route 58 and then 58F and I thought that I was in the movie *Out of Africa* because the road was so hilly, windy, dangerous in some areas and the vegetation so wild compared to what we were used to. Moments of nausea kept surfacing and I just wanted to arrive at our destination quickly.

As our car drove onto the lot and we parked, I just knew in my heart that this was the one! I had told our agent that I wanted lots of trees so he promised a forest and he wasn't far off. All 3 of us walked up the huge imposing granite cliff area, aka "Martini Point" which eventually became our name for it, looked back at the dark green cottage and knew it would be perfect without even seeing the cottage interior. When we did, we were smitten because Sandy and Gary German, the present owners, had previously renovated the cottage very nicely and all we had to really do in the far distant future was replace the present deck. It was only 600 sq. feet, but perfect!

We finally walked down the beautiful stone steps to the dock and a loon surfaced just off it. Two people (Paul and Mary Louise Radden) on the island just

down from us waved and a large golden retriever greeted us warmly at the top of the steps with her large flowing tail wagging. We would eventually learn that it was Sarah, Franz Meuller's best friend.

The next day morning our eldest daughter, Breanne and her boyfriend, Richard, drove up with us to also view the cottage. Jim and I wanted to talk to the neighbour's next door to ask them their opinion of the lake. As we just walked on their dock while introducing ourselves to Steve and Katherine Vaccaro of lot 43, their puppy, a gorgeous golden lab, slipped and fell into the lake. We were all shocked and for a moment just stared and then Jim stepped forward very quickly and pulled the little guy from the water. They were thrilled and we immediately received brownie points for those actions.

That Sunday afternoon, we bought the cottage for exactly \$ 125,000.00 after a bit of negotiating. We were all very excited and a little dazed by the swiftness of it all, but knew in our hearts that we had made an excellent choice for our family.

We took possession within 3 weeks on September, 1997. That Friday after work, Justine and I with the car packed to the brim, excitedly drove off to our just acquired cottage. Jim was on a business trip and Breanne was back at McMaster University so we were by ourselves. In the pouring rain, by the time we turned on to Anstruther Lake Road after 2 and 1/2 hours, it was very dark and dense fog patches were making it quite difficult to navigate. Remember now, this was only the 4th time I had ever been there and there were no distinct organized road signs on route 58 so it was keep turning right, right, then left etc. which I had scribbled on a crumpled note a few weeks before. Justine was watching very intently as we wove our way along this "spooky" rough road and questioned if we would see a bear or a panther. "Of

course not,” I stated firmly.

So many memories could be listed:

- Celebrating Canada Day
- Our daughter Breanne’s birthday
- The Regatta
- The annual Loon Call Lake Thanksgiving dinner hosted by Margie and Brian. That first Thanksgiving, we were eating our special dinner right in front of the picture window when 3 snow squalls went racing down the lake
- Our first boat tour of the lake on Thanksgiving weekend 1997 thanks to the Radden family. Not only did we get to have a personal tour of the lake but we met a wonderful family that have become great friends and introduced us to so many other friends on the lake
- After we had bought our new red canoe, Jim was instructing the girls on how to enter it and paddle. To all our amazement including his, right before our eyes upon entering it, he proceeded to with the paddle clutched in his hands, flip right over into the water within 2 seconds. We stood aghast at first and then once we knew he was safe, burst into instant hysterical laughter.
- Having Franz Mueller and his dog Sarah visit on a sunny afternoon for a nice, cold beer on the dock;
- The night we celebrated Dee and Syd Bowcott becoming official Loon Call Lakers with the purchase of their Blue Paradise cottage. Lots of dancing and a bit of Sambuca may have been involved
- Introducing the cottage to our two wonderful grandsons Owen and Callum. Both boys love coming to the cottage and never want to leave at the end of a great weekend full of jumping off the dock, kayaking, smores and other goodies!



Hunt Cottage today

- Our daughter Justine becoming engaged to her husband, Tyler, in July 2012. Tyler knew that he wanted to propose at a place that meant so much to Justine and he chose the perfect spot overlooking the lake on Martini Point. Justine and Tyler look forward to spending many summers at Loon Call Lake as husband and wife.
- We had no experience from Rice Lake with those “fascinating creatures” called dock spiders and we are still trying to get used to them.

In the spring of 1960 my Grandfather (Robin House) and his wife (Iona 'Onie' House) just happened to see an ad in a Toronto paper that would, at the risk of sounding dramatic, change not only their lives but the lives of their descendants as well. The ad (see picture below) described a lot for sale on Loon Call lake that already had the floor and foundation completed but whose owners felt they

family that seem to encapsulate a moment that forever changes things, and so therefore has a certain amount of lore and mystique; for our family it was this story, this decision, this moment that has shaped us in many ways.

Robin, Iona and Linda headed up shortly after the purchase to see exactly what it was that their \$576.00 had bought them. I often daydream about what they



DeCaire Cottage today



Copy of original ad that now hangs in the Cottage



(l to r) Robin and Iona House, and Linda DeCaire(nee House)

could no longer meet the requirements laid out by the Ministry to have it boxed and framed in by the end of that year, so were looking to sell. By today's standards the price seems laughable, but in 1960 would have been a considerate sum for my Grandfather who was a hard working welder living in Mimico, and his wife who stayed at home to care for their daughter (my Mother, Linda DeCaire, nee House). My Grandparents had rented cottages in this area and so were familiar with it, and my Grandfather had even been on Loon Call a couple of times before and had told my Grandmother that; "there were no bad lots on that entire lake". So while other families were packing into their cars to drive up and see the lot on Loon Call, my Grandfather just went ahead and bought it sight unseen. There are certain stories amongst every

must have been thinking and feeling the first time their boat would have rounded that last bay that hides this little slice of heaven. I can't be sure, but I do know that they would not have marveled long, as an enormous amount of work lay ahead of them to get the structure built by the end of that year, with only themselves to get the work done on weekends after a long weeks worth of work without the use of electricity. My Grandfather paid the farmer (Mr. Harris) who owned the land where the landings stood then, to boat the wood and supplies he would need to the lot each week, and from there he and my Grandmother would set to work lugging the supplies up the hill and then cutting, nailing, etc. to produce the structure that we still use to this day. It is difficult to understand in today's fast paced world of conveniences what exactly

that type of undertaking would be like, and as I write this I am struck by it once again, like I have been every year that I walk that path and it comes into view for another season.

Unfortunately my Grandfather only got to spend a few summers on the lake before passing away in 1969, at which point my Grandmother became its steward until she passed away in 1983, and then my Mother and Father (Rick DeCaire) became its caregivers until present day, and then it will be my sister, brother and myself's legacy to keep

this little cottage in the woods going and growing.

I was so happy to hear that this book was coming into being, and I really wanted the opportunity to share our family's story, and to be able to read about other family's stories and experiences on this beautiful lake. I also write this as a *Thank you*, and a love note to my Grandparents for building this space, my parents for continuing to care for it, so that now this year I could fulfill one of my own dreams to bring my own children, (Robin-named after her Great Grandfather and Quinn) there for the first time, and dip their feet in the lake where so many memories have been made and where they will make their own.



LOT 49

Windy Point - Murrays FR 58F - 163

by Ross & Sue Murray

Loon Call Lake, Lot 49, also known as Windy Point, has lived up to its nickname.

Many years prior to when the lots on Loon Call Lake became available for purchase, a hunting and trapping shed was built. The shed had an old 1950's vintage photo of Marilyn Monroe on the wall. One weary traveler had carved "Thank God I found this place" on the wall of the shed.

It is our understanding that the cottage was built by the original owner himself - Werner Brueggemann. Our friend Franz Mueller informed us that several other cottagers, including Franz Mueller, from the Hamilton area, assisted with the building of the original cottage and stonework on the property.

The first owner of Lot 49, Werner, built a very small cottage with a kitchen, two tiny bedrooms and an outhouse, of course. A bunkie with a bathtub, a water hand-pump and a composting toilet followed. A family room and a screened-in veranda overlooking the lake was built some years later.

The property was sold to Brian and Sharon Amer Clear in 1994 and they lived here year-round for seven years. They added an indoor washroom and bathtub.

One interesting feature of Windy Point is an old parking meter on our boat dock.

In 2001 the property was put up for sale. We were lucky to find this paradise cottage property with water on three sides of a rocky point. Three good omens appeared on the day that we decided to put in an offer. A beautiful blue-tailed five line skink joined us on the dock, a rainbow appeared after a short summer rain shower and we observed a little inuksuk on a small rock in the southwest bay, giving us a sense of direction.

We quickly discovered one of the treasures of Loon Call Lake is having good neighbours; Sid & Hilda. Sid took us for our first boat ride around the lake and we



Murray Cottage today

marveled at the beauty that the rocky North Kawartha area offers. The landscape reminded Sue of Kenora, Ontario where she spent many summer vacations as a child.

One problem with the cottage was a large rock at the end of the dock about 3 feet below the surface. We were concerned that someone, including ourselves, would hurt themselves jumping or diving. We discussed this danger with Sid who arrived with his winch, chains and tractor. The large boulder was relocated near the shoreline and is now known

affectionately as "Mount Sidney".

A couple of years after purchasing the property we applied for a building permit to build an addition to accommodate Sue's sister, our resident gardener and Sue's mother, who have grown fond of spending their summers at Loon Call. Fortunately the old trappers shed provided us with the footprint to build the additional accommodations. Unfortunately, the old shed had to be demolished.

We have two sons and two amazing granddaughters. Our family has been able to hike the road and beautiful trails. Together we enjoy kayaking, canoeing,



Rainbow



Inuksuk

pedal-boating, blueberry picking, swimming, snorkelling, paddle boarding, windsurfing, water aerobics and observing the abundant flora and fauna.

We feel blessed that we can spend our time here with family and friends. One summer evening a member of our family in the radio broadcasting business recorded the enchanting call of the loon to broadcast to other parts of the world where loons are not found.

In 2013, two very tall white pine trees were blown down in a severe rainstorm. Luckily the winds of Windy Point worked in our favour. No one was hurt and the cottage and bunkie survived.

We are grateful to the organizers of the annual regatta where our granddaughter won several ribbons for her efforts. We appreciate the many executive volunteers and lake stewards, past and present.

We love our little piece of the North Kawarthas.



Sunrise



Sunset

LOT 54

Burns FR 58G - 23

As told by Ted Burns & daughter Micheline

Ted and Yvette Burns bought Quinton Calvert's cottage on Lot 54 in 1981. Calvert had originally purchased the lot from the Crown for \$325. They paid \$30,000. The cottage was fully furnished and included a Quebec Heater – wood stove.

58G was not built until the next year (1982) so initially the Burns family had to drive across four other properties to access their lot - Guyatt's, Driscoll's, England's (now Prior) and Coulter (now Kabriel's). They had electricity from the start.

In the fall of 1983, just after Labour Day, fire



Yvette and the original Calvert cottage

destroyed their cottage. Art Redhead who was doing a renovation to Charles Taylor's cottage on Lot 43 (now Vaccaro) across the Lake called the Apsley fire department but, by the time the firefighters arrived, all they could do was to contain the fire and protect the forest and neighboring cottages. How the fire started was never determined. It was thought, as lightning strikes had been reported on Chandos and Coon Lakes, that lightning had started the fire. What doesn't fit in with the lightning theory is the disappearance of a brand new boat motor. One would have thought some that some identifiable remains of the motor would have been found on the site but nothing ever



After the fire

was and the origin of the fire remains a mystery.

Fortunately the Burns' were fully insured and in 1984 they completed the construction of a new story and a half cottage. The cottage was built by Art Redhead with Jack Dunkley doing the electrical work and Ted's son, Tom, doing the plumbing. The interior was finished by Ted and Yvette.

Four generations of Burns have enjoyed this cottage. Ted's wife Yvette died more than ten years ago and Ted who is about to celebrate his 93rd birthday, limits his visits to what he calls his annual check-up to make sure that the "kids" are keeping the place up properly. All three of Ted and Yvette's children use the cottage. They include: their daughter Janine and her daughter Sarah and granddaughter Madison; their son, Tom and his wife Sue and their daughter Jennifer; and, their daughter Micheline Hill and her husband Tom and their sons, James, Chris and Mike.

There are lots memories. There are the parties around the lake especially at the Masons' and the late night boat trips back to the cottage. There are the euchre card games with the neighbours. There were the local mushroom pickers who once rescued their mired in the mud car. The Burns have also noted changes in the local environment. Bullfrogs once plentiful, seemed to have disappeared for many years



Just after completion of the new cottage



The 1982 shoreline



The same Shoreline, 32 years later

and only now seem to be making a small comeback. The forest has changed from birch to oak and maple.

What hasn't changed is the Burns clan love of their cottage and Cottaging!

The purpose of the interview was to obtain information on the history of the lake. Glenn Guyatt and his children Neil, Alan and Leslie all participated in this interview.

EARLY TIMES:

The Guyatts including Glen's wife Doris who died earlier this year (2012), came to LCL in 1958; at about the same time as the Masons, the Rifferts, Kimballs and Meyers. at the time the only building on their end of the lake was a hunt cabin at Windy Point.

The Guyatts paid \$150 for a survey and a dollar a foot frontage – approximately \$200. When they came, they noticed that several people in Apsley where the land office (MNR) was, balked when they heard the name Guyatt; apparently a fellow by the same name had been a bootlegger and had long left town; locals were concerned that the bootlegger Guyatt had returned. They built the middle section of their current cottage – a couple of bedrooms and a kitchen with an ice box, as well as an outhouse in one summer. They travelled by boat starting from the landing at the NE end of the Lake. The landing was owned by Howard Harris who leased it to the cottagers on an individual basis. Harris also provided a transport service to the cottagers. Large items were transported by strapping the material (wooden beams etc) to two or sometimes three boats, creating a makeshift catamaran or even a tri-maran. It took as much as 3-4 hours to move between the Landing and the Guyatts' cottage by boat. Initially boats were small and powered by 2-stroke 10-15 hp motors.

SOCIAL LIFE:

As the only access point, the landing was a natural community link. Bert Mason held the first corn roast, first at his place and then at the landing. These corn roasts were remembered as somewhat more rambunctious than those held currently. There was

lots to drink and lots of music led by the large German contingent on the lake. There even was a bass guitar. The Guyatts couldn't remember when the Driscolls started the regatta. There was kid's curfew of 10:00 pm. It wasn't a law, but you knew if it was dark, and there were boats in the lake it was almost 10 and the kids were on their way home.

ISSUES:

The big issue in the early days was the possibility of a uranium mine. More about this in other interviews.

ROADS:

The Wolf Lake Road was built around 1970. During the construction Glen overheard a conversation in a local restaurant and said that he could raise \$7,500 to build a road off the WL road. He further said he would collect the road fee (\$20?) and has done so ever since.

To the best of my knowledge our fee to Wolf Lake Association was originally \$50 and my Dad guaranteed he would collect it and send it to the Wolf Lake Association Treasure. We have been so consistent that we are normally the first to pay each year.

The first road stopped at what is now 58G. Around 1980, Horst Herbst led a group to extend it to its present limits. This meant cutting across several swamps and scaling several hills. The road stopped at the swamp behind MacDonald's, Lot 31.

Our road which is now FR 58 D was built by my dad Glenn Guyatt and assisted by Elmer Lean, and was built at the same time as the Wolf Lake FR 58 road in 1972. Our road was the first road to be built on Loon Call Lake. We had quite a lot of boat traffic trying to figure out how we got a car out our end until it was commonly known that we had a road put in. What are now known as FR56, FR57 and FR58F were built several years after ours.

To connect to the Wolf Lake Road and to mark the path of our road Dad was on the Wolf Lake side in



Guyatts Cottage today

the bush, Elmer was on the Loon Call Lake side at the back of his lot and one of Elmer's sons was in the middle of the bush marking the path listening to the older men as they yelled at one another. He followed for the most part an old deer hunting trail that we use to follow when we were kids between the two lakes. Our contractor was Albert Degryse. The road around the west end of the lake 58F was not built until roughly 8-10 years after ours.

The original road serviced lots 55 to 59. The road passed across the private property at the back of Lots 59 (Lean), Lot 58 (Driscoll) and Lot 57 (Guyatt) then goes across the creek and up the hill to Lot 56 (King) and to Lot 55 (England). Once FR 58F was built Lot 55 and Lot 56 hooked on to it and we re-built the road on crown land from the north west corner of Lot 59 (Lean) to the north corner of lot 57 (Guyatt) and built a foot bridge across the creek where the original road had been. FR58D was further expanded at that time to the east to include Lots 60, 61, 62, 63, 64. The Guyatt Family has been the road coordinators since we built.

COTTAGE USE:

Most years, the cottage was used primarily in the summer and the spring and fall. The Guyatts have tripled the size of their cottage and added a barn and garage since their purchase. The Guyatts have a septic

tank and draw their water from the Lake

I (Leslie) don't know about the other parts of the lake but for us, (Lot 57 Glenn Guyatt) we had our phone in 1972. This is a very clear recollection as in 1971 I had enrolled in the military and was awaiting training. I had been informed that I was not likely to get my course right away so I went to the cottage. Sure enough I was course loaded. The only way that my mother could contact us was to call the Doms (or it could be Domes/Domns), who had the boat dealership in Apsley on Chandos Lake. They sent one of their sons by boat to come to our cottage to collect me and then drive me to the bus terminal in Peterborough. The next summer (1972) we had a phone.

I know that when I was little around 1961 maybe 62 that we started bring the boat home to Agincourt and not leaving it at the landing between visits. This happened because there was a great "theft" of boats and engines in the area. We lost a 10 horse power Johnson and my dad upgraded our boat to a larger wooden boat with an Evenrude 28. Big enough to ski behind-this detail was very important to my older brother and me.

Dad purchased his Evenrude 60 Horse power motor and Crestliner boat in 1967. Not only was it a big engine and a boat with a ski bar that could pull up 6 teenagers, but, it was covered and we could wait out in the lake at the landing on Friday night (away from the bugs) for mom to come and not get wet in the rain that always came with her.

Although most of the telephone lines followed the power lines, it was necessary to drag the cable by horse to cross the many ravines. I remember this as I am an avid equestrian (now a trainer) and as a youngster I was crazy for anything to do with horses

and my father insisted we have a single line not a party line (which was what was originally offered), he did not want anyone listening in on our calls.

CHANGES:

The area looked different originally; trees were smaller having only partially recovered from an area wide fire around the turn of the century. Some of the stumps are visible to this day. Much of the shoreline and hills were exposed rock. Blueberry bushes abounded. A small island, really a rock outcrop had housed a drill rig for uranium exploration. Some of the cores were left and remain on the Guyatt site. There were also fewer weeds lily pads and small marshes and apparently there was no poison ivy.

Leslie remembers bullfrogs - lots of them, many more than now. Kids used to catch them and sell the legs to a local restaurant for 25 cents a pair...big money for a kid then. Everyone did it and frogs were a local delicacy for years...no more.

There may have been more butterflies and it seems to me that there were more birds, particularly woodpeckers.

Also they remember more snakes, more foxes and more rabbits even bears.

There was a pair of loons that nested for years (9?) at Windy Point. The loons stayed despite the presence of boats, which were the only means of access then. While it's true that boats were generally smaller than now, (the Guyatts and their neighbour the Rifferts had 60 hp boats) chances are that they were used more heavily and were more heavily loaded so wakes may have been just as large and frequent as they are now. The length of time that the loons stayed at Windy Point, is testimony to the wake protected nature of that area. The Guyatts remember there always being at

least one nesting pair of loons on the lake.

The Guyatts note that there are a few first generation and quite a few second generation people on the lake. First generation people include themselves, the Masons, Rifferts, Kimballs, Meyers, Driscolls, Burns among others. Of course there are a lot of new people. Still they note a continuity in the events, the corn roast and the regatta and a consistent concern for the environment and in the community itself. The Lake is remembered as a community that cares about its members; it still does.

SPECIAL MEMORIES:

My dad retired and the first thing that he did was to take flying lessons. He had been an engine technician in WWII and had always want to be a pilot. Once he had his license he then built the airplane, with pontoons so that he could fly it at the lake. Glenn Guyatt is famous for his plane. Our recollection is that he built the plane with my brother Neil in 1984-85. A friend of his offered to tow it and when he arrived, asked Glenn, if when the wings were attached he might take it for a spin. Glen felt that that was a reasonable request and the friend took Glen's plane for its maiden flight in the spring of 1984. The plane took off and flew around a bit but stalled in midair and was landed, or treed in some nearby tall trees. The trees were too tall for the pilot to climb out and the Peterborough fire department and their high rise ladder was called to help the pilot out 12 hours later. The plane was stored in the barn and then sold. The Guyatts plane never flew again.



LOT 58

Driscolls FR 58D - 80

by Charlie Driscoll

After renting a cottage for several years, it was time to buy. It was 1972; Nixon was on his heels, a gallon of gas was \$.60 (\$.13 per liter), and a brand new Ford Pinto would set you back some \$2,000.

Imagine the anxiety of having to come up with \$10,500 to buy our very own cottage. Heck, it's all we could do to keep the refrigerator stocked to feed our four boys.

Our plan was to find a nice shallow, warm lake with a sand beach...or, as it turned out a deep, cold and rock bottom lake.



Original ad embeded from the Toronto Star '72



"We were sometimes a little anxious getting back up to the cottage in the spring!"

Their main reason for selling was because of the water access; they had wanted a road for several years. We purchased the cottage in March '72, and as luck would have it, drove the car in September of that year. Of note, when our next door neighbor and dear friend Glenn Guyatt approached us for \$500.00 to pay for the road, we thought we'd never get this place paid for. But, through careful financial management, things worked out okay. As an aside, last year, we received a call from Mrs. Dake (41 years after selling their cottage to us), and asked if we could forward a few updated pictures to her so she could share with her children; she said all these years later, and they still speak of very fond memories on Loon Call.

We recall that first spring routinely arriving at the landing at about 5:30 on Friday afternoon (we were spoiled with our 1-hour commute from Peterborough), and encountering black flies for the first time. And, as luck would have it, the black flies disappeared after only a few weeks...then came the deer flies and horse flies. We learned to get the motor out of the trunk, and onto the boat in a few short minutes as the 6 of us and all our gear piled into our 14-foot aluminum and make the trek to the west end of the lake...rain or shine, every weekend!!! To this day, we still use the 60's-vintage boat.

I vividly recall sitting out, overlooking the lake as neighbours with a longer commute found their way up the lake. Al England (former Lot 55 owner) could be heard singing as he broke through the narrows, along with his dog who would be howling a similar tune. The corn and wiener roast was routinely held at the Mason's cottage, complete with a concrete dance floor, which was full as the night wore on. We made a lot of new friends at the annual event.

Our first addition to the modest cottage was a 12' x 20' screened-in porch, and this construction was somewhat of a first for me. It's still standing 40 years



"A favourite place to sit with a morning coffee marveling at the sunrise...or stargazing at night."

later, so I guess I did an okay job. We've added a few additions and outbuildings since, and as such, we've been able to accommodate our extended family as daughter-in-laws and grandchildren began appearing. We're convinced that our cottage on Loon Call Lake, or as we call it...our "little piece of heaven" has played a major part in keeping our family close knit,



"Winter is so beautiful."

as year-after- year, we worked and played together most weekends.

In the 70's, we purchased cross-country skis, and a couple of times each winter, we would ski down the lake for the weekend. As peaceful as our lake is in the spring, summer and fall months, it's even more so in the middle of winter; and as a bonus, not a bug to be found.

We recently decided to part with our share of the family cottage, but it is staying in the family as two of the boys are now sole-owners. It has truly been a great 42 years owning a piece of paradise.

LOT 59

Leans FR 58D - 84

As told by Elmer & Beth Lean

Beth and Elmer Lean (pronounced Lane) are the descendants of at least four generations of Leans who have lived in the Apsley area. According to Elmer, his grandfather was a constable in Apsley as well as a Reeve. Lean Drive in Apsley is named after Elmer's grandfather. Elmer's father Jim was a jack-of-all-trades in Apsley. He leased the current site



The two Lean cottages



The Lean Cottage today

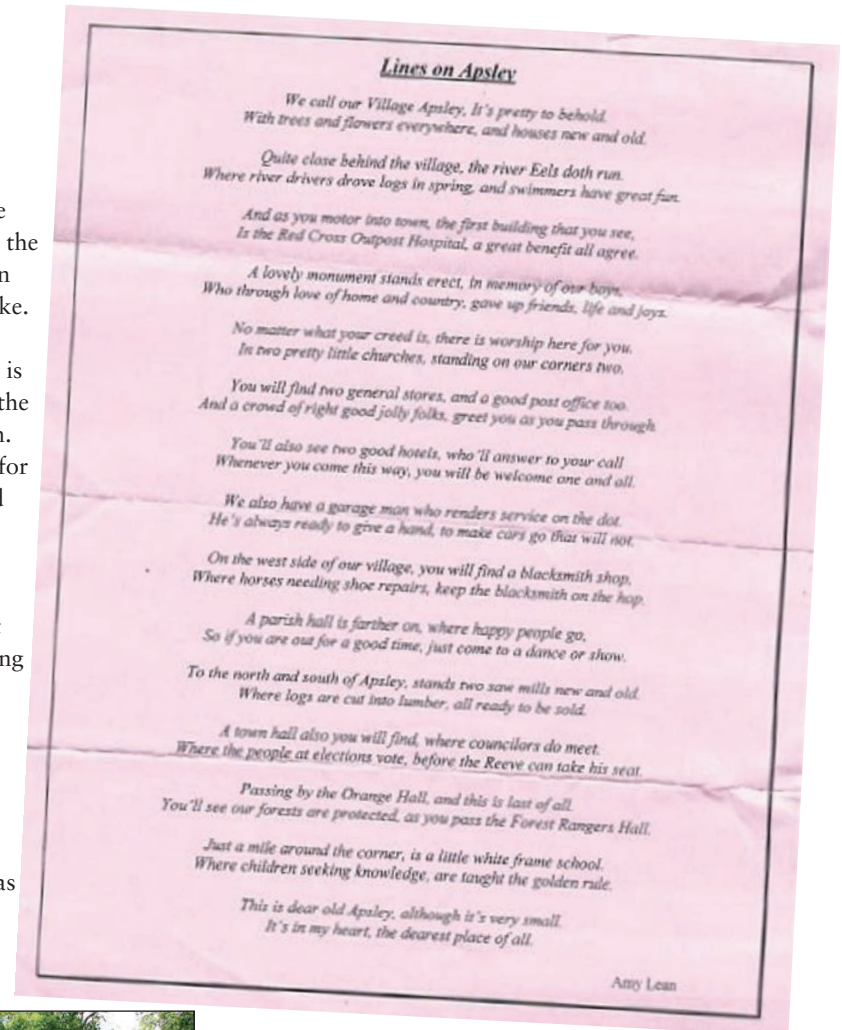
of the family cottage before the Lake was opened up. A trapper, who held the trapping license in the area, Jim Lean had one of the first cabins on the Lake. In fact Jim would rent his cabin to others including Milan Sinkora who is often considered the first person on the Lake. That is, the Leans precede him. Jim's wife Amy wrote a short Poem for an Apsley anniversary. It is reprinted here.

The Lean site was one of the few sites on Loon Call with land that sloped gradually to the water. (Most sites with lawns are the result of filling in land.) This also meant that there was a natural beach...a rare find on Loon Call.

The first Lean cottage is the small white building pictured on the right. It has been demolished along with two other buildings one of which was an icehouse. Jim Lean used to cut ice in the winter and store it in this building. Sadly it was while-cutting



The Lean Cottage today



ice that Jim had a heart attack and died.

Elmer too is an Apsley boy. He lived in Oshawa while working with General Motors but has come to the cottage all his life. Beth and Elmer are also one of the few families who actually call Loon Call Lake home. They live on the Lake from mid - April through freeze up going south to Myrtle Beach, South Carolina after Christmas.

LOT 60 + 28 & the Island

Colquhoun/Webster FR 58D - 86

by Margie Colquhoun & Brian Webster

We were almost newlyweds in 1986 when we decided that it was time that we could invest in real estate - not a house in Toronto because that would have been unaffordable at \$300,000!! We decided that we should look for a “fixer upper” cottage. Brian found a very interesting ad in the Globe and Mail as soon as he looked - a 4 bedroom cottage! With dishwasher and air conditioning! A fixer - we were beyond excited and looked up Loon Call Lake on a map.



We headed up to Apley and stayed at the Sandman Inn on Friday night in order to be at the real estate agent's early on Saturday. The cottage was water access and we were taken to the landing by two agents with a small aluminum boat. As we headed off across the beautiful lake we looked and acted so excited that the female agent said “Listen kids, this cottage has been for sale for seven years and it REALLY is a fixer upper!!”

We got to lot 28 in a little bay and headed up a wooded path to reach a large and totally rotten deck that could not be walked upon. As we walked around the cottage we saw that the dishwasher was ancient and had never been plumbed, the air conditioner was a mouldy disaster. The cupboards were full of junk and

scurrying creatures. THERE WAS A CORPSE OF A RACCOON IN THE MASTER BEDROOM.

Brian wandered around with utter joy - seeing nothing! I looked around careful to touch nothing and said “well maybe we could stay in this room”. We headed back to the office and nervously made an offer of \$28,000. A few minutes later after calling the vendor's agent, our agent got a call with another offer! This was the first other offer in 7 years! While we sat there in the office.....we knew the cottage was meant to be ours. We settled on a price of \$28,500 and went back to the city, each dreaming of different impressions of our soon-to-be cottage at lot 28.

In August 1986 we moved in to begin the process of taking at least 50 boatloads of junk across the lake in the boat we bought from the real estate agent.

We went to the agent's every day to use the washroom! We investigated and ordered an Incinolet Toilet as there was no septic system. We humped the heavy toilet, a fireplace and building materials across the lake and up the hill for 2 weeks. Our neighbours came over and offered to let us use their outhouse. At about week 2, our neighbours Jack and Ann Dunkley, across the bay, invited us over for wine and cheese. We were so exhausted and fed up with the cottage that we hoped they would ask us to sleep overnight.

It took months to make the cottage feel livable. WE CAUGHT ABOUT 14 MICE PER EVENING. Brian collected three green garbage bags of raccoon poop from the ceiling over the bathroom. But we loved the fact that we owned a cottage and loved the sounds, the lake, the whole thing!!!!

During the 3 weeks we spent there we wandered around a beautiful island further along the lake. The owners had not been there in years. The island had tall pines and paths to roam - it was gorgeous.

During the early winter of 1987 we approached the owners of the island and arranged to purchase it. In



the spring of 1987 we arrived at Loon Call and put a SOLD sign on the island - last year's newcomers were now land barons. All summer we tried to sell our first property - but no one else saw it like us - to people viewing lot 28 it was still a dump!

On Labour Day weekend in 1987 as we walked through the island with Mary Louise and Paul, we asked if they would like to buy the island. They had also fallen in love with Loon Call but had two big Labrador retrievers and did not want to have to worry about the dogs running into neighbours lots. The island was simply perfect! They bought the island and it began our amazing journey of extended family on Loon Call Lake

We met the “old timers” such as our wonderful neighbours Sean and Olive Carey and Dave and Helen Yielding and of course, Franz Mueller the famous “lake steward”. They told tales of the beginning of Loon Call and we learned about how happy everyone was to be here!

About 16 years later we bought another “fixer” - right across from the island and Weezie, Paul, Zoe, Will and Michael. We had planned to fix it and flip it but fell in love with the new location, so we moved and the Pressley's moved into lot 28.

Loon Call Lake is our “memory” place - everything about it creates good memories!!

This is the place we relax, work, have fun and rejuvenate. It restores us!

LOT 63

Kellers FR 58D - 130

by Wendell & Anna Keller

It was November 1999 and our last journey to look at cottages. At that point we had probably looked at over 25 cottages. Our locations were concentrated in the Haliburton Area. Our agent told us that she had found the place for us and she did! We ended up coming to Loon Call Lake in December 1999.

The previous owner unfortunately had to sell for health reasons. I remember him sitting in the chair with a tear in his eye and us trying to reassure him that we would look after his/our cottage. I think this cottage was labeled as a party cottage and I am sure there are many more stories that could be told.

In the summer of 2000, I remember it was a wet summer but our children who are married and have children could not wait for this new cottage experience. We had everyone come to the cottage. There were small children running around, laughing and screaming with excitement. The sounds filled our cottage and our hearts with so many memories. Our children and their families are grown now and our

grandchildren still come up and enjoy everything.

Our cottage traditions are few. On our family weekend we would have all our nephews and family. This added five extra children every year to our family weekend. Overall, our traditions revolve around family visits.

Our cottage to us means family and friends. We

certainly know it keeps our family close and we have a wonderful relationship with our grandchildren. It is a gathering place to share food, laughter, tears, and fears. We have made some great friends here and will cherish that forever. We hope we can have many more years here. Our biggest wish is to stay healthy.



Keller Cottage today

In 1956, the Gyllenhammars; Steve, Martha, and Vanja age 11, arrived in Canada from Sweden. Soon the Gyllenhammars became one of the original owners on the lake by buying Lot #66; located well above the water-line, on a nice private bay away from most boat traffic, and with a large adjacent area of crown land to the west. Being on a limited budget like most new immigrants, they could barely afford the funds and time to complete the mandated cottage in the allotted time. However, they obtained some used building materials and built a little blue rowboat to haul the materials up the lake. They collected colourful rocks in the woods for a foundation, and built a beautiful fireplace with both indoor and outdoor firebeds, using a common chimney, for their new cottage.



The Gyllenhammars

In 1969 after buying a farm property in Beeton, Martha and Steve gave the cottage to Vanja and her husband, Glenn Greer. The cottage got a new roof, an outside white paint job and blue shutters, new interior ceilings, another BR, refurbished kitchen, substantial flagpole, tree house, small floating dock, and a privy. Over the next many years, Vanja, our two

children Llana and Michael, and family dog Akela spent most spring weekends, all summer, and most of the fall weekends at Loon Call. In the summers, Glenn commuted to Guelph and spent all of his weekends and 4-week holidays at the cottage. In 1975 the road (FR 57) was built. With the above renovations, the original cottage lasted until 2000. At age 13, Akela met with an accident at the cottage, and is buried down near the lakefront at his favourite viewing spot.

A floating dock was constructed and for the first few years, the dock was dragged up on the shore, but Glenn soon tired of that, and just left it guyed to the shore and encased in ice for the winters, with no damage. The original cottage was on a fine site, but seemed beyond renovation at a reasonable cost. Over 5 years with a lot of help, all the Greers built an A-frame cottage, intended to be a guest cottage until the old cottage was replaced. The A is fully insulated to modern R standards, 500 sq feet on two floors, with full electrical and heat, front and back decks, and a now-grounded flagpole.

During construction, there was a big thunderstorm later one Sunday, after Glenn had left for home in mid-afternoon. Reports from the Greer family told of a lightning strike later in the afternoon, with no evident damage. The lightening had hit the tall (ungrounded) flagpole atop the A frame, ran down the front window frames, back across the wire mesh under the floor, and exited down the rear concrete block center support, which was blown apart. Inside the A, all was relatively intact except for a shattered stud in the front upper wall sending large 6 inch splinters to imbed in the back wall to a 2 inch depth. Glenn had been working in that space only hours before.....

One summer in the 70's Loon Call got heavy rain. Beavers had built a good-sized dam on the south swamp into which Loon Call drains. Consequently the water level in the lake rose to new heights,



New deck

endangering the safety of many septic systems. A work party of about 20 cottagers spent a day destroying the dam. That drained the lake a bit, but the beavers soon rebuilt their dam. Later, MNR built a concrete dam at the outlet of Loon Call which helped to control the water levels.

In 1988, divorce put the ownership of lot 66 into Vanja's hands. The A-frame now served as the main cottage. In 1999 Glenn bought lot 66 and the two buildings back from Vanja, and commenced a major building spree. A 1.5 car insulated garage with a poured concrete floor was built housing a 200 amp electrical service via buried hydro cable, and a more permanent 60 amp service buried to the A-frame.

In the summer of 1999 Glenn had the old cottage demolished, and built a new 1200 sq foot cottage over the winter, with a poured concrete foundation, a 100 foot drilled well, and a septic system. Glenn retired from U of Toronto, sold his townhouse in Brampton,

and moved to the cottage full-time. A faithful dog, Taita, arrived in 2003. He was recommended by the Parsons, (lot 65) who had just bought Emma, Taita's sister.

We built two decks at the main cottage, a deck and stairs down at the waterfront along with three more flagpoles. A new metal roof was put on the A-frame, and a spiral staircase installed inside. Glenn served as VP on the Cottagers' Association, and helped to get a substantially better deal for Loon Call Lake owners on their MPAC realty tax assessments. After Glenn's repurchase in 1999, Michael helped a great deal with land clearing, electrical, insulation, drywall, shelving, roofing, concrete steps, dock refurbishing, painting, and finally moving.

After living for ten years at the cottage/house and despite a few longish winter respites elsewhere in Owen Sound, Cuba, and Barrie, Glenn found that year-round life in the back-woods was too isolated. The charm of owning a cottage and living in it full-time with family far away, had waned. Michael and Llana advised that neither wanted the cottage, and recommended that Dad needed a move back to civilization nearer them, so after Glenn's 43 years' usage it was sold in December 2010 to the new owners Janice and Steve Manias from Etobicoke.

Steve Gyllenhammar passed away in 2000, and Martha in 2013, both in their 90's. In early April 2011, Glenn moved back to Guelph, his birthplace, and where Michael and Llana had been born in the 70's. Taita missed his sister Emma, and his nightly boat rides. At age 11, Taita had to be sent to a better doggie place in Nov 2013. Michael's family have produced two fine grandchildren, Ryan and Madison, both now in high school in Brampton.



Manias Cottage today



We hope that everyone on Loon Call will enjoy cottaging as much as we did over the 57 years.



The Lapczynski cottage is our second home. A place where the whole family gets together; a place of many milestones.

In the past, it wasn't just a home we visited on weekends. Both George and Anna Lapczynski spent most of the year settled in - from spring to fall - and growing up, most of their grandchildren would spend their summers up with them. Everything revolved around George and Anna, as they were the anchor that kept the family close by. Everyone always looked forward to having as much of the family up as possible. Celebrating George and Anna's 40th, 50th, and 60th wedding anniversaries were some of the greatest times we've had, as they brought together not only the whole family, but close friends as well. Celebrating birthdays and baptisms were also similar; it seemed any opportunity to come together was always taken advantage of.

If the cottage could tell its own story, and share all the memories absorbed within its walls, you'd get a taste of all the happy times, the adventures, the parties, the nasty spills while tubing, and fun times roasting marshmallows and stargazing around the campfire. It's difficult to capture all moments, feelings, and experiences of everyone the cottage has touched, but one common theme is family, and Dobra Nadzieja, meaning "Good Hope" in Polish. In fact it's even written on the sign that's posted at the entry way to the cottage.

Fishing was a passion that was shared amongst everyone. George and Anna made sure to pass their love of it down to their grandchildren, and it won't be long before the grandchildren begin passing it down to their children.

The kids always knew how to keep busy and have fun; painting, crafts, swimming, volleyball games, riding bikes, tubing, water skiing, reading, feeding chipmunks, playing with friends around the lake,

the list goes on. Trips into town were always looked forward to, and still are! Aside from going to church with the grandparents, you could always find the kids at Hunter's General Store, or what they called Babcia's (grandma's in Polish) variety store - now where the dollar store is - going after candy.

We can't forget to mention the lovable canine members of the family who've made our lives that much better, and provided endless amounts of entertainment.



Anna and George Lapczynski

Some of the activities shared and enjoyed by all, regardless of age, were playing Canasta (a game the whole family knows and loves), late night trips driving by the dump in hopes of seeing bears (before the dump switched to dumpsters), mushroom picking, blueberry and raspberry picking, fishing, camp fires, going for walks, and boat rides. Meals were always shared together at our two long, bench-style dining tables that have stood the test of time, and were able to accommodate the whole family, and then some.

It wasn't always fun and games, though. The chores sometimes felt endless, but a necessary evil, as the kids



Lapczynski Cottage Today



*1995 – George and Anna
50th Wedding Anniversary*

grew up to realize. Raking leaves in the spring and fall, sweeping and mopping the cottage floor, doing dishes, bringing in firewood, and preparing the cottage for the winter.

Besides the chores, the kids had to watch what



they said, thanks to the evil swear jar. Typically the punishment was a quarter, but sometimes it would get as ugly as an entire dollar's worth. And it didn't stop at swearing. Being a Polish family, the emphasis on having the kids speaking Polish around the cottage resulted in having to contribute to the jar if they were caught speaking too much English.

In light of all the memories, and experiences, the cottage kept our family close, and we're all extremely grateful to have a home like this, on a such a beautiful lake. It enabled the grandchildren to grow up together like siblings, bringing and keeping them close together, regardless of where their lives have taken them.

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Third generation at play - favourite past time; playing Canasta



Old VW brought over frozen lake in 1969 was modified and its body reinforced to help with brush clean up uprooting of tree stumps and moving of boulders. Family and friends participated in this long term project

MEMORIES FROM DAYS GONE BY



Clean up of lake frontage



*Work Crew – 3 Evvas, Jolanta and Anka (Long pine log (cut flat) “served as our makeshift picnic table and bench.”
Many happy gatherings here.*



*December 1968 – Cottage purchased from Bill McKinnon
by Anna & George Lapczynski
Back Row: Bill McKinnon, Tom Lapczynski (18),
Anna Lapczynski, Friend, George Lapczynski,
Evva Lapczynski (22); Front Row: Anka Lapczynski (15)
Absent: Jolanta Lapczynski (20)*



Grandchildren



*George and Anna with
8 grandchildren & 1
great grandson.
Top (l to r): Voytek,
Adam, Monika, Jagoda
Bottom: Peter, Kasia,
Anna, George, Evva,
Kina, Little Michael &
daughter Anka*



LOT 69 Masons FR 57 - 207

as told by John & Bert Mason Jr.

The Masons came to Loon Call Lake in 1957. There were seven of them to start; Vera and Bert and eventually, five kids, Sheila Margaret, John, Bert and Edwin. John Mason describes the search process leading to the family purchase of Lot 69 in 1957.

“My mom and Dad were looking for a cottage. Dad was born in Peterborough and the Kawarthas was a natural place to look. One day, he and Uncle (Red) Watkins paddled and walked around the whole lake. At one point nature called....(find a tree and some big leaves!) Dad noticed that the site he was on was flat. Since flat land is a rarity on Loon Call he decided to bid on that lot. The bid was a silent one and my parents wanted to offer \$50 more than the asking price so my Dad was going to offer \$375. Mom said, ‘make it \$376 in case someone else offers \$375’. Their bid was accepted and they got the 1.2 acres of lot 69. Initially it was a 99 year lease but later they were given the option to buy and still later they were given the option to buy the 66’ waterfront right of way.”

They built the cottage a year later in 1958. John and Bert remember only one other cottage on the lake at the time - Vic Valiant on Lot 2. Of course, as with every other builder on the lake, all materials had to be brought in by boat. This process has been described by others and is not repeated here.

The Masons main contribution to the lake was to its social life namely the Corn Roast and the Oktoberfest. The Corn Roast started around 1960 when Russ and Gloria Sage, (Lot 70) came over to the Masons with hot dogs and marshmallows for an evening fire. Soon other neighbours joined and by 1962 the Richs (lot 74), the Forhans (lot 71), the Sprenzels (lot 72), the Bluechardts (lot 73), the Wateralls (lot 75), the Edmonds (lot 76), the McKinnons (lot 68), the Brasches (lot 67) and the

Jilanhammers (lot 66) had joined. Then more came - Vic Valient, Jesse Petrie, the Guyatts, Murray Todd and then the rest of the German community. By 1965-1966 the whole lake was invited. Good times and many memories

Oktoberfest came later when a mild Oktoberfest mania spread across Ontario and was a natural given the size of the German community. The Masons took the lead constructing a dance floor in front of their cottage.

The Mason family, who continue to use the cottage on a regular basis have many memories; among them:

- **Their Dad, Bert Mason Senior;** otherwise known as the Burgermeister of Loon Call Lake. He was big jolly man. (He claimed that he was never than more than 240 pounds but others noted that was the maximum that his scale would measure.) He and his wife Vera were at the centre of community life on



The Mason Cottage and Dance Area



Cottage Evening: (left to right) Dolly Brasche, John & Grace McKinnon, Fred Brasche, Vera and Bert Mason

the Lake at the time.

- **Building the Dance Floor:** Bert in particular remembers this. The process was spread over two years. In the first year he had a “summer job”

transporting, by boat, raft dock, etc. and the sand and gravel needed to mix the concrete. In the second year, a team of 25 people using two cement mixers to mix 50 bags of cement into the sand and gravel worked 18 hours straight to pour the concrete floor.

- **Parking the Boats at the Corn Roast:** With as many as 200 people coming to the Corn Roast there were plenty of boats...at least 50. They had to be put somewhere, so a rope was extended from Mr. Sage's dock to the floating dock in front of the Mason's lot, and the boats tied to the that rope. It was John and Bert's job to park the boats.
- **Kids' roles:** Children and parents husked the corn before the corn roast in preparation for the big night's event. 24 dozen corn could be consumed. The next morning, kids who had been at the party came back to pick garbage, pop cans, etc. It was a belated admission price. John and Bert who had managed the boat parking secured exemption, as they were "older" and had already done their job. "Dad always found something else for us to do."
- **Innovative Channel Markers:** There is a large rock just below the water surface in the bay in front of the Mason Cottage. To mark it, an old cast iron kitchen sink was placed on the rock and served as a marker for many years. Later when it rusted out and disintegrated, it was replaced by an old fridge. That disintegrated after only a few years.
- **The First Surfboard on Loon Call:** Using an old outhouse door, Bert Mason made a surfboard. It was towed around by a rope tied to whatever boat was available, the faster the better. Often only our own 5 1/2hp but higher horsepowers were more fun. Although slow, (the 5 1/2) it was no end of fun. It, the surfboard, gradually progressed to the version (in the picture), fitted with an aluminum "bow on the front and a rope and handle" and could be

pulled behind a 25hp motor and boat. The fun would be considered dangerous today but I (Bert Jr.) am still alive to tell the tale. The surfboard still exists.

- **Canoe Jousting:** Two canoes, each manned by a paddler at the stern and a joustier holding a 10 foot pole with a padded end would charge each other trying to knock the other canoe over. Apparently no one was ever hurt. Summer fun that was part of the Regatta for a period of time.
- **Chrysta Brugerman** who waited on tables at the EX and was said to be able to hold five pitchers of beer in each hand. Another story has her telling a rambunctious Horst Herbst to quiet down, and when he wouldn't, she marched this 250 lb. man to his boat and told him to stay there. He did.
- **Sauna and Snowmobiles:** In the seventies, snowmobiling became popular and a group of friends would gather at Horst Herbst' Sauna. Breaking a hole large enough to dive into the lake when the ice was a foot or more thick was a big job so instead, pails of water would be collected and people coming out of the Sauna would dump the water over themselves to cool down. One year, that amount of cooling wasn't enough for Irwin Seider who jumped naked (except for his boots) on his



Bert Mason Jr. and the Surfboard or perhaps waterski?

snowmobile and cruised around the island to the great astonishment of a number of people staying there.

- **A Christmas Celebration:** Many friends were invited to the Brugermans for a celebration with too many people to feed and not enough ovens. Food was brought to the event via friends and snowmobiles and all was good till one of the snowmobiles overturned dumping the turkey and fixings all over the lake. We picked up the turkey off the ice and had a truly memorable event.



LOT 73

Hellgotts Winkel-Bluechardts FR 57A - 37

as told by Ursula Bluechardt

The Bluechardts came to Loon Call in 1958. They had been camping in the Parry Sound Muskoka area but found that area was getting too busy. They decided to explore the Kawarthas and discovered that crown land was available for \$250. Cost was a big issue as their west Toronto house had three mortgages and there was no spare cash. In addition, Gunther Bluechardt was starting up a television and stereo repair business and Ursula had a gift shop. To make ends meet, she also had jobs with Phillips and GE.



Building the flat bottom boat

They found their lot, which they eventually called “Hellgotts Winkel” (Our corner of Heaven) with the help of Howard Harris who also provided them overnight accommodation. They continued to rely on Harris for the transport of goods as they had no boat.

When they did get a boat, a flat bottom one that they made themselves, they still had to paddle in as they could not afford a motor.

Until they were able to finish the cottage, they lived in a tent, an experience they remember fondly even though it was difficult given that they had one son (Ralph) and another (Cliff) on the way. Like many other cottagers, their early meals were cooked on a Coleman stove.

The Bluechardt site is on the north side of the lake, that is, closer to Anstruther Lake Road which was built well before Loon Call Lake was opened up. As a result they had earlier access to both electricity and a road. Ursula remembers that the Quast house (the same Pat Quast who was head of the North Kawartha Food Bank) on Anstruther Lake Road had electricity when they, the Bluechardts started construction. As a result the Bluechardts had electricity in the early ‘60’s. They also had early access by road. What is now known as Fire Route 57 was built in the sixties by the contractor Albert Degryse, who still lives on Highway 28 in Apsley. Since part of the Bluechardt



“Hellgotts Winkel” (Our corner of Heaven) and Bluechardts Cottage today

lot was in a swamp the road had to cross their land, a common occurrence on Loon Call.

The original cottage was quite small and typical of the early cottages on the Lake. They also built a shack near the lake which was later combined with a boathouse and turned into a sauna. The



Cooking with Coleman



Early cottage in the 60s with electricity and access by road FR57



The Boat House and Sauna



The Shed



The Bluecharchts on the ice

Bluecharcht cottage is one of the few on the Lake to have a wet boathouse. Later they added to the cottage approximately doubling it's size. And, as many still do they added a shed.

The Bluecharchts commuted regularly between

Toronto and the cottage. For a while they were part of the regular Saturday night get together at the Masons' and other cottages. Ursula has strong and happy memories of these events - the corn roasts and the Oktoberfests where Jack Dunkley and Manfred Braschle would sing and play the guitar and Gunther's sound system would send music across the lake. Ursula also has strong memories of winter cottaging. They would ski around the lake and clear the ice to skate and play hockey.

In 1984, Gunther developed back trouble and, tired of making the long trip every weekend between Toronto and the Lake, Ursula and Gunther decided to move to Apsley. They had bought a lot on Hwy. 28 in 1972 and started construction in the early '80's moving into the new house in 1984. They opened up a gift store and a television repair facility on the north side of the house. Gunther operated the store until he died in 2010. Ursula still lives there. They lost their son Ralph at the age of 48. Cliff now lives in Corner Brook.

The Bluecharcht family has just sold their cottage.

LOT 75

Wateralls FR 57A - 59

by Jerry & Willie Waterall

In 1959 there were already a couple of cottages being built when we secured our lot on Loon Call Lake. The government sold us the Crown Land with little stipulations other than the cottage had to be a minimum size.

The survey cost more than the price of the land. First year's taxes was \$25.96. So off we went to the Credit Union, then to Ches McColl and his lumberyard in town. Being very sophisticated about the matter, we drew up our plans for a cottage on a paper napkin. Only requirements of the building codes was that it should not be a tarpaper shack and had to have a certain square footage. Our requirement was to not cut down any trees unless absolutely necessary. Ches was wonderful explaining we should put picture windows in the front now or we would be back next year, also to put two windows in a bedroom for ventilation, etc., etc. He said not to worry about the expense, pay him when we had the money. When an unexpected financial obligation occurred, Ches said pay when we can, don't worry. Nothing was in writing and when we finally settled up he would not accept any interest - what a guy!

John Carey, now of Lot 30, advised on the roof and wall construction so we would never have to worry about the amount of snow piling up on the roof.

A number of us got our cold, clear wonderful tasting spring water from a pipe with fast flowing water until we were told the drill hole had found uranium. Not wanting to light up at night, we immediately changed our water supply.

We had just constructed the floor of the cottage (which was high enough to walk under on the lake side) when our friends, the Taylor's, came camping with us for the weekend. Their young son, Terry, had a habit of sleepwalking. None of us got much sleep that night watching that Terry didn't walk off the floor and

break his neck - or should I say all but Terry who slept soundly through the whole night.

Amazing how all the material for the original cottage was brought across the lake by raft and boat.

It was just past dusk the day John and Olive Carey came over to work on building our fireplace. Our outhouse was only boarded half way up at that early time. Olive and Willie went to the outhouse and shortly we heard loud screams. John and I were in our bare feet and without a flashlight.

So I grabbed the coal oil lamp and John grabbed a handsaw. Bravely we ran up the path toward the outhouse - with the women screaming "It's a Big Animal" - but we kept going in our bare feet anyway. I guess we scared the animal more than it scared us, as we arrived safely. In the morning we found the large hoof prints of a moose - no doubt coming down his previous ravine path to get a drink at the lake. Saw the beautiful moose later on.

Early in cottage life on the weekend after Labour Day, we arrived on a Friday night at the cottage only to find the back door wide open. We entered carefully, shining our flashlight in case an animal was inside. We found a few items missing along with a bullet hole in the back door and one had been fired into the



Jerry & Willies Cottage today



Cottage in the early 1960s



Willie and Jerry's first and only sailboat taken in 1960

fireplace. The next morning we went to the police station in Apsley. Jack was on duty and came to the lake with us. Howard Harris (the farmer) met us at the dock saying he saw two boys come up the road yesterday. Howard said there were tracks and maybe we should look up the road. We piled into our car and Howard watched out the window until he saw tracks on the roadside then tracks going into the woods. Jack, the police officer, got out and yelled "Come out right now". Two young teenagers came out. The two youngsters admitted to sleeping that night in a boat with a cartop roof but absolutely didn't break into any cottage. Then an alarm clock went off in one of the boy's pocket and my wife, Willie, yelled "MY ALARM CLOCK". Jack told the boys to empty their pockets. As they emptied their pockets a wide range of stolen items appeared. Along with the alarm clock (without its case) came candy, cookies and even Willie's needles and a spool of thread. The whole day was taken up with us taking Jack and the boys around the lake in our boat to each cottage that had been broken into



Willie's first fish (a splake) that saw her almost fall into the lake while yielding her fish net like a butterfly net in 1964

(about 11 cottages). After visiting the first cottage we realized we had to go back to our cottage and get a supply of boards, nails, saw, hammer, etc., as many of the cottages had closed up for the season. We put the boys to work, closing up every broken window. Then around 6:00 that evening we finished and boated to our cottage where Willie made a huge chili (along with the fixings) and we all had supper together and Jack, the police officer, took off with the boys.

Before we had roads, one day we sat in our car at the landing waiting for a thunderstorm to pass. We didn't want to get caught on the lake in an aluminum boat. The thunder and lightning stopped and we headed out for the cottage (Jerry in his bathing suit). As we arrived the thunder was rolling around our way again. In the cottage Jerry took his bathing trunks off and went outside to hang them on the clothesline. While at the clothesline, with the rain pouring down, a bolt of lightning hit and split a rock two inches from his feet. He ran into the cottage trying to throw off the bathing suit but it kept sticking to his hand. He shouted to Willie "I'm not breathing and everything is orange". Willie pounded him on the back until he was breathing again. Then the orange mist cleared away. Two speakers and a radio on the fireplace mantle were

blown out with the lightning and all the parts fused.

Howard Harris (before hydro on the lake) built an icehouse at the landing, which was greatly appreciated in the days of "Ice Boxes". Some person kept stealing ice. Howard waited and waited and finally caught the culprit.

I don't remember too much of the details but there was a time when the Uranium Miners wanted to renew their claims on our lake and thought they could make a profit mining there. Much time was taken up with us forming committees, writing letters and making representations to our local council and the provincial government for support against mining activity. We were able to get support from the media and we finally won out.

Around 1992/3 we had to deal with the provincial government to get our land sprayed to eliminate the gypsy moth. We lost 51 nice oak trees and thought it would be a disaster. But as it turned out we retained many maple and birch trees and in a few years the pines filled in as if nothing was ever missing.

We had just got together and built a private road to our cottages (to save going by boat). All but one cottage went in on the cost of building, and they shortly sold their cottage. My neighbour, Gil, and I went to visit the new owner to explain the road situation (their percentage of original cost and the annual maintenance fee). We had a few drinks earlier and the new owners were perfect hosts with insistence on us keeping up with them. The only question that was asked was: "What happens if we don't join?" I said you have a vehicle that comes over a private road, the vehicle has four tires but only one spare, and I have no control over the others. After much laughter they joined the road association. Finally we left with neither Gil nor I feeling any pain. Gil was a fine figure of a man, walking straight up with his head high. He walked down the front steps, down the path as



Jerry on his only winter transportation over the lake from the landing to the cottage

if he had not had a drink, walked over the dock and stepped into the lake without missing a step. He went straight down, feet first, and for a moment the water became calm and only his wide brimmed hat was on the surface of the water. This is something I will never forget and it brings a smile whenever I remember.

I'll never forget the campfires and the wiener roasts. Some people feeling so good we had to roll them down the hill and into their boats. One young boy drove his 6'2" father home around midnight in his large boat. The kid was so short he had to stand on the seat in front of the steering wheel.

One stormy and foggy winter night at the cottage we heard a faint knock at the door. We found a friend that was on his knees in his snowsuit. He had been driving around the lake (half frozen) looking for a light and finally the snow cleared enough to see our light in the window. He spent the night with us.

Memories of driving the car down the lake (putting on brakes for circles) and parking in front of the

the loons echoing through the night.

Before our snowmobile days it was fun in the winter time - walking a mile across the lake covered with two feet of snow. Then we tried going in the back way with snowshoes and finally with skis, backpack and a toboggan with our supplies.

In 1960 before the cottage was insulated and we only had the fireplace for heat, one night was so cold that sleeping with blankets and 2 sleeping bags over us was not sufficient, so we threw a spare mattress on top. We had left milk and eggs on the fireplace hearth that night and they froze solid. Next morning we played catch with a frozen egg, dropping it at will without breaking the shell. We used to bank the fireplace with coal that we brought in by toboggan.

One Christmas Eve we arrived at the lake where the temperature was -45 degrees (past the degree where Celsius and Fahrenheit meet), unloaded the ski-doo and caboose and made one trip to the cottage with the turkey, etc. Before we could return from the cottage

cottage.

Memories of skating when the lake was one smooth mirror from one end to the other.

Memories of skiing behind the snowmobile and building piles of snow to jump over with the skis.

Memories of watching the morning stillness of the lake with the birds happily chirping and the beautiful evening sunsets with the frogs croaking, the whippoorwill calling and the haunting calls of

to the landing we had to chop out the runners of the ski-doo from the slush that had frozen over them. We got about a quarter of a mile out on the lake on our second trip to the cottage from the landing and the motor in the ski-doo stopped and we had to leave it. We walked back to the car and drove in to Apsley around 11:00 p.m. After waking a shop person up, we were able to rent a snowmobile. Took it to the landing, loaded it up and got half way to the cottage before it died because of the extreme cold. That wasn't the only thing effected by the cold that night. Willie took her flashlight (with a brand new 6 volt battery) under the cottage to get some firewood. While loading her arms up with wood, the battery died.



Jerry and Willie



