

CHAPTER 4 - A venture to buy a treat

There were always lots of adventures to go on around the lake, but as 8 or 9 year old boys one of the favorites that sticks in my memory was walking along the shore with my cousin or brother and sister by way of a small path quite close to the shoreline that led all the way along to what used to be called the "Bass Lake Lodge" in the north east corner of the lake. We'd have a small amount of "coin" in our pockets, and I think the plan our parents had was that for that small amount of coin, they knew they could have peace and quiet around the cottage for a few hours. There were a few cottages along the shore at the time, and the neighbors were always pleased to see us walk by on our hike, giving us a friendly wave. There were two ladies who would greet us at the lodge that seemed like older ladies to us at the time, but I guess at the age of 8 or 9, everybody seemed old. In the screened porch of the lodge, there were large glass jars with screw-on tops in which the ladies kept chocolate bars in which they sold to the guests at the lodge or to anyone else that happened to drop in. Those were the best chocolate bars I've ever eaten, and the memory of eating them while wandering back along the trail towards home with my family members with me is one I'll always treasure.

As we got older, our trips became a little longer. We'd travel by boat down through the gap between Walsh's Island and Dr. Lilli Matheson's point to eventually pull up our boat at the sand beach and walk from there out to Mawson's General Store where Trudy's place now operates. Max Mawson and his wife operated the store, and any of us who were around at that time will remember how Max would come in from working on his tractor wiping his hands on a rag and slice you some cold meat or bologna if you wanted to buy some. Another time when we bought some bananas, the cat had chosen to have her kittens there, so that was quite a treat for us kids.

CHAPTER 5 - What's in a name

A man by the name of "Fisher" lived in the cottage on the other side of the LaFrance's (now the Quinn's) cottage. You would regularly see Mr. Fisher trolling slowly up and down our bay from the point just past where Tom Hugh's cottage is located to Dewey's Island. Mr. Fisher always had a string of fish he'd caught.

Mr. Fisher's name was certainly fitting, and it was only when Marilyn and I moved to Peterborough almost 40 years ago that I realized the significance of a name. When we arrived in Peterborough at that time, we had an internist by the name of Dr. Belch, a podiatrist by the name of Dr. Foot, lawyers by the names of Lawless and Crook and a gynecologist by the name of Dr. Butt.

Mr. Fisher will always be my introduction to significant names.

CHAPTER 6 - A very special gift

When the Fishers sold their cottage, a family by the name of Yenovkian had purchased it. They were a great couple probably in their 50's or 60's at the time, and had come to our wonderful country from Armenia. I can still vividly remember Mrs. Yenovkian telling me how her father and brother were led out in front of their house in Armenia when she was a girl and shot to death while she watched in horror. Tears came to her eyes when she told me this story those many years later, and I wondered how she could have slept at night.

The Yenovkians had a son John who was probably about 30 years of age, and I remember how he loved visiting his mom and dad at the cottage. They had about a 14 foot boat with a new shiny white 5 1/2 horsepower Johnson outboard motor on it, and I remember how impressed I was at the time with that motor.

In the fall of the first season that they were at the cottage, Mr. Yenovkian let me know that they had one too many boats under their cottage, and he took me under the cottage and showed me the boat he was going to let me have for my own the next spring when we came up to the cottage. All that winter, I dreamt about that boat, and of all the wonderful times I was going to have with my very own boat. My imagination exaggerated the condition and size of the boat, and I can remember how disappointed I was when I first saw it the next spring. It had a broken gunnel on the starboard side, and needed some major repair. Mr. Johncox who lived in the next cottage along and was one of my special friends saw my boat when I got it in the water, and said he'd like to repair it for me. As it so happened, Mr. Johncox was a retired wood shop teacher from the USA, and by the time he got through with my boat, it looked as good as new. What a wonderful gift both of them had given to me, just a young boy that I was.

I made myself a deck for the boat in front of the middle seat, and with a sheet of 3/4 inch plywood cut into a disc for the steering wheel and some galvanized plumbing parts as a steering shaft, I was able to sit in the middle seat facing forward to drive my boat. Now all I needed was a motor. Mom and Dad had an Eaton's Viking 5 horsepower motor with a speed lever across the front of it and an integral gas tank. They let me borrow it to put on my boat, and when I filled the gas tank on the motor right to the top, it would give me just enough gas for me to sit at my steering wheel and go all the way around the shore of the lake, all three bays, and run out of gas right at the front of our cottage.

I was one happy little boy at the cottage that summer!!