

## **CHAPTER 7 - The Snow Road**

Our family has owned the Maple Landing area for quite a number of years, and people have told me stories of how things developed in this area many years ago. I can't remember who told me, or whether I have the facts straight or not, but I'll tell you in my stories what I remember having been told. It's certainly fun to imagine things that happened.

Someone referred to the Maple Landing Road as the Snow Road many years ago, and when I asked why it was called the "Snow Road", it was because a man by the name of Colonel Snow was the man who surveyed the road. It was apparently a main road travelled between Madoc and Bancroft, prior to any highways such as Hwy. 62 having been built. The big old house that was at the N.W. corner of the lake (the old Fitzgibbon house, now dismantled except for the piers) was the coach house, where the horses were changed on the trips from Belleville north to Bancroft. I always found it fascinating to imagine, when sitting in the trees beside the road, a horse drawn stage coach coming into view along the road, and to see it head on to the Fitzgibbon house at the end of the lake to have a break on its long trip to Bancroft.

When heading east from Bancroft, you will notice another road called "Snow Road". I wonder if the colonel was responsible for that one too.

## **CHAPTER 8 - A true recycler**

For those of us that have been on the lake for years, they will remember the two Fitzgibbon brothers, Curtis (Curt) and Bruce Fitzgibbon. If anything mechanical had to be repaired, Curtis, who lived in the big house with his wife Jesse and family, was the man to see. Anything carpentry, Bruce, who lived in his shed/barn north of the house, was your man. Bruce's building had his living quarters built into the back of it. He had no electricity or running water, and all of his carpentry tools were manual tools and in incredibly good order. Bruce was a very neat and organized person who was a joy to know, for any of us who were lucky enough to know him.

Bruce made the greatest square nosed wooden boats that cottagers, especially the islanders, appreciated owning. One day as a teenager I dropped by Bruce's barn to see him, and found him working on a boat he had up on sawhorses. He was going to be replacing a wooden boat for a customer, and he was busy removing, with his hand screwdriver, all of the brass screws from the old boat so that he could use them in the new boat to be built. A true recycler! We were lucky enough to have owned one of Bruce's boats.

## **CHAPTER 9 - The best pies - EVER!**

About the same time, Dad went over to see Curtis and Jesse Fitzgibbon in the big old house, probably because he needed something mechanical repaired. I had tagged along, probably with my older brother John as well, just to have an outing with Dad. It was a beautiful sunny somewhat cool Saturday morning as I recall. Curtis, Jesse and their family were sitting around the big table in their large warm kitchen having breakfast. I remember seeing Curtis putting butter on hot pancakes, and had never seen that done before. What a sheltered life I'd led! I've always had butter on my pancakes ever since.

The big Finley Oval wood stove was cranking out the heat in the kitchen, and I was surprised to see Jesse get up from the table and go over to the stove, open the oven door, and stick her elbow into the oven. Jesse let me know that she could tell that the oven was the correct heat for her pies by the sensation of the heat on the inside sensitive skin of her arm. Jesse made the most wonderful pies, and would bake them to order for people on the lake.