

# BAPTISTE LAKE ASSOCIATION

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# ADVENTURES WITH WALLY



Wally McColl



Wally McColl



Wally McColl



Blueberry Mist by Paul Coleman

# **BLA** Officials Fall 2018

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# "I LOVE IT HERE"

# Profile: Carolyn Guest, Baptiste Lake Marina

By Ken Andrews

When she turned 65, some 10 years ago, Carolyn Guest - proprietor of Baptiste Lake Marina - planned to celebrate her special day quietly enough. She drove down to Buckhorn Lake to visit her cousin, then returned later in the afternoon. That's when the celebration really started.

While she was away, Carolyn's family and customers were busy putting the final touches on a surprise party for her back at the Marina. Getting the balloons blown up, the banner mounted, and the pig roasted - not to mention arranging for customers to arrive by boat - meant Carolyn couldn't be around.

Hence the invitation to Buckhorn for a visit with her cousin who, after it was over, surreptitiously managed to drive to the Marina before Carolyn arrived for the celebration.

Still, there was concern when Carolyn didn't return soon after her cousin had arrived. Turned out she had stopped by for a chat on the way back at her favourite local winery.

The birthday surprise meant a lot, both for Carolyn and her customers, whose lives at the lake were infinitely more pleasurable thanks to Carolyn's dedication to exceptional customer service - and getting to know one another as well.

Carolyn's birthday also marked 20 years at Baptiste Lake Marina, located at the eastern end of Baptiste Lake south of Lavallee Bay.

Originally Martin's Mill, where spring saw the lake swell with thousands of trees that had been harvested during the winter, swept down the lake towards the mill and over High Falls, the site was transformed into a marina when trucks began bypassing mills and transporting logs for processing to larger centres. The marina had been in the hands of two previous sets of owners when Gord and Carolyn Guest came on the scene in 1988.

Both Gord and Carolyn had enjoyed rewarding careers in the GTA - Gord at Noranda as Vice President and Director of Computer Operations and Carolyn at the Canadian Automobile Asso-



Carolyn standing with family friend Bentley, in front of her store Baptiste Lake Marina.

ciation, where she was supervisor of CAA travel stores. Both loved sailing, and weekends saw them heading out to Lake Ontario from their home in Pickering with daughters Laura and Janis. Gord had his heart set on running a marina, probably one located on Lake Ontario. That seemed to make the most sense.

Then Baptiste came along - far from the Ontario shores. Gord heard about the marina up for sale through a family friend, so he and Carolyn headed north to check it out on Boxing Day,1988.

It snowed the whole trip, and when Carolyn stepped out of their truck in her mink coat and high leather boots she wondered what on earth she had got herself into. "It wasn't a good visit from my perspective," Carolyn says, "but Gord loved it!"

So much so that they submitted an offer to

#### I Love It here ... continued from page 2



Gord and Carolyn Guest with their young family.

buy the marina from Dave and Diane Bernaski, taking possession in the summer of 1989.

"I cried the day we moved in," says Carolyn.

"The first night I remember sleeping on the living room floor. And the bugs! Holy doodle - I'd never seen so many bugs!"

Their first customer experience wasn't promising either: the boater crashed into the dock. But they soon found their groove.

"Gord loved it," says Carolyn. "The lake, the boats, helping people - he loved it all." Carolyn started learning from the ground up as well and loved meeting the customers.

Still, she decided to keep her job for a time in Toronto, arranging with her employer to work four long days of the week with Fridays off to head up to Baptiste. On Mondays at 4 a.m., she rose at the lake and headed back to Toronto.

The business continued to grow. With 30 docking customers and 150 who put their boats in storage each year, the Marina also served customers by opening their cottages for the summer, stocking them with basic food supplies, cleaning up and putting in their docks. The marina rented and sold boats as well, and the store sold basic food supplies. Life was good, and Carolyn now worked alongside Gord full time.

Everything changed in 2003.

"Sometimes I'd get up early in the morning to do some quilting while Gord was sleeping," says Carolyn.

"I got up one morning about 5 a.m., and a little while later it was time to do what one of us would usually do each morning: go into town to buy a paper and coffees at Tim's. I went back to the bedroom to let Gord know I'd head into town. He didn't respond, so I got closer to rouse him."

Gord had died in his sleep. "I frantically called 911 and they came fast but it was too late."

After Gord died, Carolyn says, "I simply couldn't leave. We'd worked so hard on the place. That fall, our customers helped close everything up."

Gord's heart was in the marina. "That fall, at the close of the season," Carolyn says, "a loon kept swimming up and down past the docks, looking at the shore. I tell myself that Gord's soul went into that loon."

It's been 15 years since Gord died, and the business is still thriving thanks to Carolyn and her family, including Janis and Laura, Kevin, and granddaughter Samantha and grandson Bradley, who at one time delivered the Toronto Star and Globe and Mail as well to some 40 cus-



I Love It here ... continued from page 3

tomers on the lake.

Joey Yanch has worked in the shop for 15 years, and the children of many cottagers have also at one time or another worked part-time, getting their first job at the marina.

Some changes have taken place since Gord passed away. The marina no longer sells boats, and it recently purchased a pontoon boat to rent in addition to its staple of other boats. Most of the marina's docking customers have water access only to their cottages, while some customers reside in Bancroft and keep their boats at the dock to fish or take their friends on cruises. A lot of the hard work at the marina - then as now - is de-scaling, washing, waxing and vacuuming the boats for winter storage and spring opening.

"There are lots of opportunities here," Carolyn says. "I sometimes think we should offer hot food for people coming up to their cottages on the weekend - pizza, hamburgers, and hot dogs. And we've gone back to renting snowmobiles in the winter, as Gord had done, and pumping gas for snowmobile customers."

Baptiste Lake Marina also sponsors the annual fishing derby with the Bancroft Fish and Game Club. "It's great to get kids involved in everything the lake has to offer," Carolyn says. "Every child gets a prize and free ice cream and burgers."

And while the marina has been operating for more than 50 years, the ghost of Martin's Mill remains.

"There are still huge logs from the mill's era which are underwater near the docks," Carolyn says. "I'm told they're worth a lot of money since they're old and so well-preserved."

# **BLA Event Dates To Remember**

Sunday, May 19 – **Spring Opening Event**, Birch Cliff Lodge, 5:00-7:00 pm

Lodge, 5:00-7:00 pm

Saturday, July 20 - **Nature Day,** Sunrise Cove, 10:00 am to 2:00 pm

Saturday, August 10
- **AGM,** Birch Cliff Lodge, 10:00 am to 12:00 pm

Sunday, August 18

- Golf Day, Bancroft Ridge, 10:00 am

Sunday, September 1

- Corn Roast, Camp Ponacka, 5:00-7:00 pm Carolyn herself now stays with family in Pickering during winters.

"I love doing crafts and could do that all winter at the marina," she says, "but I'd go crazy being by myself. As beautiful as the lake is in winter, it can get very lonely."

People sometimes ask Carolyn why she doesn't give up the marina and take it easy.

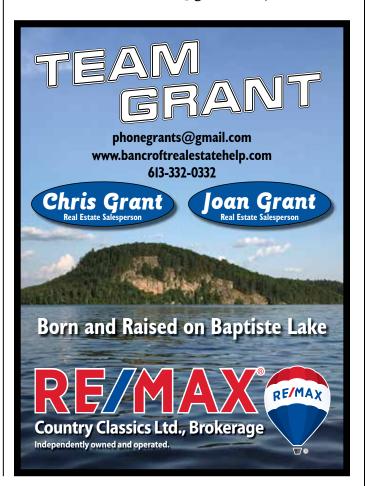
"I can't," she says.

"I know so many people here and love it. The hard part is always Thanksgiving when people leave, but it's always good during the winter to look forward to spring and seeing people again - not to mention new additions to people's families."

Each fall before she leaves, she waits for a loon to swim by the dock.

"Gord told me I could stop pumping gas one day," Carolyn says with a laugh. "Well, I turn 75 this year and I'm still pumping gas!"

(Ken Andrews is a seasonal resident of Baptiste Lake at the Group of Seven cottages on Grassy Bay. He and his family live in London, Ontario. kandrews5678@gmail.com)





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# President's Message

By WALLY McCOLL

My wife Pat and I had lunch at Memories Tea Room in Maynooth following a pleasant morning at the Maynooth Garlic Festival. There were many friendly greetings for myself and the BLA. Memories is tucked away in a graciously redecorated home. You are having tea in the Parlour! Anne Coleman's water colour paintings are displayed here, complementing the detail period character of the tearoom. Anne's blend of colour and soft edges pulls one's imagination into the scene. The Baptiste settings are captivating. The feeling of the community here in Maynooth with our lake association connections is both gratifying and inspiring. Thank you Anne.

The BLA has been busy this summer from our opening Spring Welcome through to the Interlakes Wild Fire Evacuation Meeting. Events have been balanced I believe, for stewardship and social fun. In the interest of space and the reader's attention I have summarized these in bullet form.

\* Keeping our Lake Plan current and active. Please refer to Michael Moxam's excellent article, found within the lake plan, on the architecture of the lake and his views on the design of develop-

Blueberry Island painting by Anne Coleman

ment with the natural landscape.

- \* Hosted our Spring opening event at Birch Cliff Lodge. This is our annual welcome back party, always a highlight at this inspiring setting.
- \*Our social events are worth much more than the cost of membership. Both the Nature Day and Golf Tournament had good turnouts and rave reviews. On Nature Day we had an organized kayak and canoe trip from Sunrise Lodge along the northern wetland shores of Musky Bay into McGary Creek. The return threaded through the McGary islands back into Lavallee Bay to Blueberry and Mink Islands and back to Sunrise Lodge. Here Paul and Anne Coleman with volunteers had arranged a de-



Paddling into McGary Flats on Nature Day.



#### President's Message...continued from page 5

licious barbecue lunch with frosty refreshments for the thirsty paddlers. Lunch conversation suggested we investigate deeper into the McGary Wetland and forming a paddling club for next year.

- \* Formed an alliance with the Bancroft Area Stewardship Council (BASC) and the link to the regional Fish Hatchery, looking to a cooperative program addressing Invasive Species.
- \* Invited BASC representatives for a weekend display, at the Baptiste boat launches, explaining the danger of introducing invasive species hitch-hiking on our boats and presenting methods of prevention.



- \* BLA posted "Clean, Drain and Dry" signs at the boat launches.
- \* Hosted the BLA Annual General Meeting at Birch Cliff Lodge. The AGM is always the focus meeting for our members to address the association business and to provide informative talks from guest speakers: Ian Hendry and Steve Wilkins from the BASC / Fish Hatchery; Kelly Wallace from Think Turtles; and Mayor Bloom, Greg Roberts and Nancy Matheson from Hastings Highlands.





Marlin Horst presenting \$1,000 cheque to Hastings Highlands Public Library chairperson Anne Coleman.

- \* Maintained our direct contact with MNRF affording the opportunity to discuss all matters of science and environment concerning Baptiste Lake.
- \* Organized and executed the 1st BLA Golf Tournament at Bancroft Ridge. Thanks Paul Coleman. He promises a highlight article within this letter!
- \* Continued to develop our interface with the Federation of Cottagers Association (FOCA), for educational programs, examples and models for ...continued on page 7







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President's Message...continued from page 6

many Citizen Science programs - lake monitoring being of specific interest to the BLA. Marlin Horst, our BLA Past President has accepted the nomination as President of FOCA, the recognized Provincial leader and voice for our lake associations. Congratulations Marlin.

- \* Attended and participated in the Hastings Highlands Interlake Group. This forum provides the node for communications, coordinated programs and policies among the lake associations:
- \* Interlakes, with the BLA as contributing partner, hosted the All Candidates Meeting, Sept 8, in the HH auditorium. Standing room only underlines the voter interest in meeting and hearing the candidates speak to randomly selected questions from the public.
- \* BLA application with Interlakes for funding under a FOCA program for the installation of permanent Invasive Species Information Signs at all the Hastings Highland's boat launches. The application has been accepted and the sign installation scheduled.
- \* Attended and participated in the Interlakes coordinated meeting on Wild Fire Evacuation.
- \* Celebrated our end of summer Corn Roast hosted again this year by Ann and Don Bocking at their Camp Ponacka lakeside setting. As



Corn roast at Camp Ponacka

always, good food, good wine and stimulating conversations.

- \* Although often overlooked, invasive species extend to birds. In the last few years small numbers of Cormorants have been seen at Baptiste. In areas where Cormorants have become established their poo totally defoliates small islands! This year, several Cormorants have been seen hanging out with the Sea Gulls on a rocky island ridge at the east end of the narrows. Loons thankfully still seem to be dominate here.
- \* Looking forward to discussing and formulating plans with FOCA, MNRF, BASC, and the Ministry of Environment (MOE) for education and volunteer Citizen Science interests and programs.

The last item on the Agenda at the AGM is the nomination of Directors for the upcoming year. Our complete slate of Directors received this nomination.

This vote of confidence is an honour for the Directors and for me to be part of this stimulating group. Thanks to all their individual efforts and contributions the BLA wheels keep turning and running smoothly.



Hey Houston we got a problem. A pair of Cormorants have landed amongst our resident seagulls.



Participants prepare to tee off for the 1st Annual Baptiste Lake Association Golf Tournament at Bancroft Ridge.

# BLA GOLF DAY IN SUPPORT OF OUR SENIORS AND YOUTH

By Paul Coleman

Our 1st Annual Golf Day, held at Bancroft Ridge, was huge a success. We sold all 60 spots in no time and had a fabulous day. I can't thank enough the most generous folks who gave me golf prizes when I knocked on their door! Plane rides, hole sponsorships by our Real Estate friends, chances to win a car from Boyers, original paintings, dozens of gifts from our many local businesses, friends and acquaintances and to Danny Jackson at Bancroft Ridge for his generosity and support of the BLA.



Plane ride winner enjoys flight around Baptiste Lake.

I am happy to inform you that we donated \$1,000 to the Hastings Highlands Public Library to support Youth Activity Programs and \$1,000 to CARE North Hastings in support of their amazing Seniors Assistance Programs.

Since I decided to initiate the golf tournament at the last minute I was forced to race around and co-ordinate everything with my very patient wife, Anne. We could really use some volunteers next year to help us continue this annual event. So don't be afraid to offer your support in planning Golf Day #2 and begin gathering prizes for another fun filled exceptional day.



Deputy Mayor, Greg Roberts received a \$1,000 cheque on behalf of Care North Hastings from VP Marlin Horst.



Golfers enjoying a fabulous luncheon award banquet.

My congratulations go out to Beth and Mike Potter and Tim and Brad Rochon for their runner up score, and to Kyle Mussleman, Dave Coleman, Kate Campbell and Paul Coleman (sorry, I was the token old guy in the foresome!) for their victory by a very small margin.

Your 1st Annual BLA winning team left to right Kyle Musselman, Paul Coleman, Dave Coleman, Kate Campbell with Bancroft Ridge owner Danny Jackson. Photo by Kristena Schutt-Moore



Childhood buddies Dave Coleman, left, and Kyle Musselman show the winning Baptiste Lake "dinner" jacket donated by Maynooth General Store.



Golf participants Terri Geerinck, left, Lynn Allen

# ART GALLERY OF BANCROFT

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Submitted by DIANA GURLEY

October 3 – Oct. 27 Julie Lockau "Found Ballet" Opening reception Friday, October 5 at 7:30pm Show Sponsor: Susan Latremoille

November: October 31 – December 1 Alex Jack, landscape paintings

Opening Reception Friday, November 2 at 7:30pm Show Sponsor: Pat Cooke in Memory of Paul David Cooke

December 5, 2018 – January 26, 2019 36th Invitational Juried Show (a two month exhibit) Opening reception Friday, Dec. 7 at 7:30pm Show Sponsor: Boyer GMC

Bancroft

The Gallery will be closed in February.

We are very grateful that the BLA continues to list our AGB shows and I do hope that many BLA members will show their support and take the time to visit the Art Gallery of Bancroft.



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# NATURE DAY ON BAPTISTE

By Paul Coleman

Your Board of Directors decided to host the 1st Annual Nature Day in which 17 kayaks and canoes formed a colourful flotilla that ventured from Sunrise Lodge to McGary Flats.

However, the day before our Captain Wally McColl asked me to do a trial run to determine how long it would take, how tiring it might be and how bad the bugs were. I thought that it was a cool idea until I found out that I was over dressed, got soaked immediately because of "rookie paddling technique", and how tired and hungry I became because of zero preparation. Regardless, Wally was kind, we stopped shortly at a beautiful bay that was filled with the most gorgeous display of lily pads.

Later we came across a mom and pop loon with baby "Looie". They were teaching junior to fish.... It was so cute. Junior kept getting fed little fish on top of the water, while the parents dove and did all of the work. You could read his mind..... "why should I bother diving if you keep bringing me lunch!?"



Dad bringing lunch to baby Looie on mom's back. By Wally McColl

On our way out of the flats and half way to Blueberry Island I found that I was not prepared for the physical and mental aspect of Wally's

vigorous and competitive daily routine! I was tired and hungry, I desperately needed a coffee! The Captain pulled alongside me and said, hey rookie want a break? He pulls out a nutribar from a lunch box stashed under his kayak-wow- that was thoughtful.... then I sheepishly said "sure could use a coffee".... Vwallahh.... Here Paul I brought vou one!!!

So here we are, two ex professional business men, tethered together in the middle of the lake, sharing a coffee and a snack and admiring Nature. I could not help but think of the stress I once had as an executive in a large corporation, driving to Toronto in that crazy traffic and handling endless phone calls from management and customers alike. I can highly recommend to anyone reading this to get out and experience a water craft that has no motor and absorb the beauty that surrounds us.

I thanked Wally for his kindness and patience, for making it all happen, but.... the next day I said, "hey Wally why don't I drive your pontoon boat amongst the paddlers..... you know just in case someone gets tired and needs assistance"!! yeth yeth, I wimped out. BUT I did purchase cases of water, juices and nutribars for everyone.



By Wally McColl



#### ANOTHER SUCCESSFUL YEAR

 I SOLD TWICE AS MANY BAPTISTE LAKE COTTAGES AS I HAD LISTINGS SO I NEED MORE LISTINGS ON BAPTISTE LAKE FOR MY LAKEFRONT COTTAGE/HOME BUYERS.
 I SOLD 37 PROPERTIES JAN-SEPT THIS YEAR SO FAR.

<I'VE SOLD 900+ PROPERTIES IN THE BANCROFT AREA>

\*\*\* I DON'T JUST LIST...... I SELL! \*\*\*\*\*\*\*

\*BAAR STATISTICS



# THE AMAZING MONARCH

By Anne Coleman

"The monarch butterfly is one of the world's most beloved insects. Majestic and beautiful, the monarch displays its distinctive orange and black markings as it glides by with outstretched wings. It doesn't bite, sting, carry disease, or eat our vegetables. It seems to exist just to delight us.

For some, monarchs are a sure sign of summer's arrival. For others, they are a symbol of good luck – released at weddings to send the happy couple on its way. Monarchs have also become an enduring symbol of transformation and hope. Imagine... a pudgy, wormlike insect crafts an exquisite chrysalis and is reborn less than two weeks later as the most beautiful



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Photo by Anne Coleman

queen of them all.

Even after its remarkable birth, the monarch continues to intrigue. The idea that this tiny wonder, weighing less than a dime, can take off and fly more than 2,000 miles (3,200 kms) to a place it's never been is simply fascinating. No wonder we are still searching for clues as to what guides this incredible journey. "

From: How to Raise Monarch Butterflies, A Step-by-Step Guide for Kids

By Carol Pasternak, Firefly Books Ltd, 2012

This past summer, in Hastings Highlands, roadside cutting occurred at a crucial time in the transformation of the Monarchs from caterpillar to butterfly. Heather Fyfe raised the issue with the BLA and the Municipality to the point that she attended Council and the BLA Annual General Meeting, plus wrote letters of concern to those who have deciding powers. Her proposal at the AGM, "That the BLA sponsor a Milkweed and Monarch conservation program to monitor larval populations and habitat", was carried with enthusiasm by the members present. Nancy Matheson brought this message to Council eloquently.

We can all do our part in protecting this graceful creature by becoming informed, perhaps implementing some of the strategies laid out in the above-referenced book and by not pulling the milkweed plants growing on our properties of which we are stewards.

# VEGETABLE GARDENING ON LAKE BAPTISTE

By Susan Latramoille



Susan's rooftop garden

You likely think of cottage country as "rocks and trees" but think again. With a little bit of know-how you can grow your own fresh veggies and some fruits right at your cottage. Several Baptiste cottagers have been doing this for years with lots of success.

There are just three ingredients you need to make it work.

- 1. location sunny, raised bed or rooftop
- 2. good soil
- 3. water

Choose a location that gets 6-8 hours of sunshine per day. It is ideal to have a raised bed enclosed with wire mesh to keep the critters out. Several Baptiste cottagers use the Hugelkultur method



https://www.diynatural.com/hugelkultur-raised-garden-bed. I have my garden on the flat roof of my screen porch.

You will need to bring in bagged planting soil that is devoid of weeds as our Canadian Shield soil doesn't have the nutrients needed.

A drip watering system on a timer is best if you are not there all the time, otherwise, the garden will need almost daily watering during a dry July and August.

Easiest and best crops to start with include beans, peas, lettuce and all sorts of greens, bok-choy, carrots, tomatoes, peppers. With more space you can grow zucchini, cucumbers and squash.

For fruit, you can plant ever-bearing strawberries, blueberries and raspberries.

If you have questions about cottage vegetable gardening, just ask Peter Oliver, peter.oliver@oliverbonacini.com, Gary Pirko gpirko@me.com or me, susan.latremoille@sympatico.ca

Nothing beats your own homegrown produce picked fresh before each meal. It's the 100 foot diet!



# Building A Raised Bed Using The Hugelkultur Method

By DeAnna Pirko

#### PART 1

During my 32 summers at the cottage on the North shore of Lake Baptiste, Gary and I never felt that we could build a garden that could grow abundant vegetables because the soil was adequate for the native plants and trees but was unsuitable for growing much else. Unless top soil was added to the soil where we planted shrubs and flowers, nothing flourished. At our cottage which is boat access only, it was prohibitive financially and labour-wise to bring in enough better soil for a raised garden. Knowing that I wanted a vegetable garden, Gary became excited to build it after listening to Peter Oliver talk about the Hugulkultur method and after hearing me talk so often of Susan Latremoille's lush rooftop garden. We were also fortunate to have shared bounty from both of their gardens which were so delicious and much tastier than what was available at the stores in town. Susan's garden provided us with delicious lettuces, peas, beans and more this summer and last summer we relished the lettuces and herbs that Peter shared. The decision was made to have 3 to 4 feet high raised beds, 8 by 4 feet in dimension, using the Hugulkultur method to fill it with materials from our own yard. The aim was to provide good quality soil that would continue to improve over the years as the lower



DeAnna and Gary Pirko Garden.

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layer decomposed and added more nutrients and humus to our upper layer. The decomposing wood would also eventually provide water to the roots and the upper mulch would reduce the need for watering and weeding. Ultimately, the produce would be superior in every way and much more delicious with the addition of the many herbs that were planted as well as the vegetables.

So this summer, in our mid 60's, we took the challenge and Gary bought a professional Chipper/Shredder and trucked it up from Virginia. Our neighbors helped to feed the big red machine as it chewed up the winter leaves and pine straw and this was set aside for use as the top layer. Gary also checked the sunlight in our yard at various times of the day and picked the spot that had the most constant sun. It was fortunate that this was at the back of the property so our front landscaping would not be affected. While I was delayed in Virginia with our daughter, Gary proceeded to build the enclosure into the side of the hill, using our neighbor's old dock cedar boards. This created a lot of discussion as certain woods can leach toxic

substances into the soil and then into the plants. We used the cedar only for the enclosure and filled the bottom layers with mostly decaying birch trunks which are more benign sources of nitrogen, phosphorous and minerals. The entire garden height, including trunks, leaf and grass clippings, wood chips and some compost was over 3 ft in depth so we were confident that the cedar would not present a health hazard. When I arrived 5 weeks later, Gary was ready for me and we climbed the hills behind us where decaying birch trees lay in wait for us and I gathered the innards of the trunks which looked like shredded bark mulch. We made many trips down the slippery and steep slope and I sustained a massive chiropractic adjustment when I slid and fell on my back onto a plywood board. I would not recommend that to anyone but it did seem to help my neck which had been very painful for 3 months. The wooded area was cool and shady and provided a respite from the blazing sun that covered the new garden. Gary used a chainsaw to cut up the trunks which were too large for the garden and after about 8 hours we had filled it with decaying wood, leaves and grasses as well as some of our compost pile. Then the sifting of the soil began: Gary had made a square about 30 inches wide using fine mesh netting and wood and then he dug dirt from the hillside where many years of decaying leaves had made it more desirable. We both used our heavy gloves and with the sifter positioned over a wheelbarrow, we ran our hands back and forth rapidly in sync to remove the roots and rocks from the pile of soil. I was sorry that no one was there to tape this mesmerizing



Early beginnings of the Pirko garden.

performance. Any number of songs come to mind that would exemplify out timing. Gary shoveled the pristine soil into the planting bed while I raked it into a smooth surface which was about 8 inches deep. Now the fun began for me! Small seedlings or plants that Gary had found for me before the supplies ran out in town were planted including tomatoes, eggplant, and peppers. Oregano, thyme, dill, basil and cilantro were planted quickly along the perimeter. I also planted arugula and dill seed. We then took Gary's mulch that he had previously made and put a 3 inch layer on top, added plenty of lake water and voila! Our garden was ready.

However, the next morning we saw footprints and the seeded area had been disheveled by the raccoons?

Watch for the conclusion in the Spring Newsletter.



# FISH HATCHERY

By Susan Latramoille

If you are one of the many people who enjoy fishing you may not know that trout is being raised in a local fish hatchery and then stocked in area lakes.

The North Hastings Community Fish Hatchery, which does just that, is located at 140 Hysert Road, off Hwy 28 East.

Each year thousands of brook trout (speckled), brown trout and our genetically unique "jewel", being lake trout are stocked in Bancroft area lakes.

The fish hatchery is completely run by volunteers who manage operations, communications, fundraising and education. Their mission is to engage the community in the operation and stewardship of local fisheries resources to ensure that they are available for the enjoyment and use of present and future generations.

So far, Baptiste is not one of the lakes benefiting from their work but efforts are underway to change that.

The Ministry of Natural Resources and Forestry has regulatory oversight of the operation of the hatchery and ultimately determines which lakes will be stocked and with what kind of fish. We're hoping that Baptiste Lake will get added to their list of lakes for additional stock from our neighbourhood fish hatchery.

If you would like to get more information about the North Hastings Community Fish Hatchery and their work, or even visit the hatchery, free tours can be arranged by contacting them by email or phone at the following: fish.hatchery@sympatico.ca or 613 332-4084.



Mary Le Feuvre the driving force behind the North Hastings Community Fish Hatchery with board members accepts a \$500 donation from president Wally McColl and director Paul Coleman of the Baptiste Lake Association.



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# So you think that you have it rough...

By Paul Coleman

In 1902, John Rody wrote a letter to his wife (Eliza), and kids, from a logging camp in Northern Ontario. To give you an idea of how tough it was in those days, I have been given permission from his grandson, Jim Hughes, of Maynooth, to print his original letter. Using grade 3 education he described how dangerous his life was. Mr. Rody walked his 2 horses, named Prince and Charlie for 60 miles from Maynooth to the Brett Train Station which was deep in the woods of Algonquin Park. From there they journeyed to the camp well north of North Bay. Think about it, you come to the cottage in your car, with your laptop, to do your work. He takes two Clydesdale's by foot and by train to earn a living!

With respect, the letter reads as it was written. It tells us how proud Mr Rody was to endure such harsh winters to support his loving family back home.

Camp #4, January 12, 1902

Well Eliza the parsel came all right, and letters. I have lots of coats now. I got the mits all so and 5 last night.

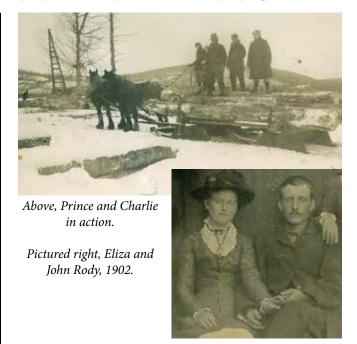
You don what was right to get sutton (something).

I have a bad cold yet. You get a couple of warm dresses and you will find you wont get cold so easey and get some warm under close. Don't wait until spring to get them. You might pay the thrashing if he comes but let taxes go. They will bee through here about the middle of February I think.

I guess that all. Good- by for now, John Rody

Well Phil (his son) I hope you are getting along all right. Attend to your cattle good but don't waste





any feed. I forgot to speak about a ram. try and get one and some place. Prince and Charley has the distemper. They failed quite a lot. It is pretty dangerous here drawing logs. The roads is rough and a lot of bad hills. My corner bind came loose last Thursday. I had 26 little logs. I threw the lines and jumped. The horses made a straight run and came out all right without a scratch on.... They had a laver on. When I got them I had a notion to jump and come home but i did not want to act cowerdley I think this is my last winter in the lumber woods.

Prince and Charlie is grate little fellows on a hill. Their about over the distemper if they don't take it a gain. They are putting out about one thousand a day I guess that all this time. Good by from papa... tell me if Jim Cannon or Bill Golden is a way.

To my poor Dear little Tommie. Well Tommie I got your Christmas box all right, man I was glad to get a Christmas box from my poor Dear little boy. It seames a long time since I left my poor little boys. Bee a good boy and papa will soon come home and then we will have a good time don't forget that kiss for Pat (his daughter).

I would like to hear that little song. From your one Dear papa... well mamie (Mary, his daughter) papa has no news here. Bee a good girl bee good to Pat (his son) and say a prayer for papa, God bless mamie, from papa.

# BAPTISTE KAYAKERS MAKE STARTLING DISCOVERY IN REDMOND BAY

By Adrian Hill

A lovely quiet marsh in Redmond Bay is the illegal dumping ground for several huge docks, some complete with massive concrete anchors and chains resting on top to allow the criminals responsible to tow them from their former lakefront home.

The marsh, a natural habitat for juvenile fish, turtles and birds now looks more like a war zone after a natural disaster.

The BLA has reported the dumping to Federal and Provincial authorities including police and an investigation is underway.

BLA president Wally McCall, a lifelong lake resident, said: "This disgraceful conduct threatens the habitat and beauty of our lake and is especially egregious in a designated Environmentally Significant Zone." The

persons responsible could face fines exceeding \$50,000 and even imprisonment. BLA Board members note that a land owner may have hired a contractor to replace a damaged dock with a new system and not even be aware that the contractor towed and dumped the old dock.

Anyone with any information is asked to contact the MNR and BLA.





Old docks discarded in hidden area of Redmond Bay.



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# How can the BLA support the BASC?

By Paul Coleman

At our Annual General Meeting we were introduced to Ian Hendry and Steve Wilkins from the Bancroft Area Stewardship Council. We should all take a moment and check out their website www.bancroftstewardship.ca and get a good understanding of what their volunteers have been able to accomplish in such a short time! Ok, so you don't have time, here are some highlights:

- Provide low cost tree and shrub seedlings for shoreline naturalization, reforestation and wildlife habitat enhancement. Orders are placed in the fall/winter and are available in May. So what are you waiting for? Go to the online store at www.bascstore.ecwid.com.
- Partner with the Fish Hatchery which generates up to 8,000 new trout a year. The Hatchery sits on land donated from Dennis and Mary Le Feuvre. A Federal Grant of \$150,000 was paid off in 10 years through fund raising efforts. 8,000 annual volunteer hours ensures the future of their amazing building. It is equipped with the most modern equipment and are now known as the "Leading Fish Hatchery in Ontario". They produce the largest fish that are released into our streams and lakes and thus have a greater chance of survival rather than being "lunch" for the resident fish. An extraordinary water processing system starts from the 4 wells on the property and cycles through an elaborate filtering and holding tank process. Book a guided tour with your kids, it is well worth it. Maybe you will become a young

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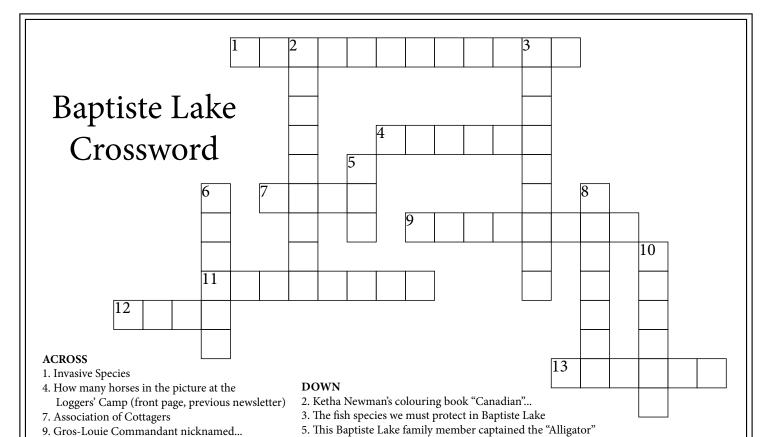
33010 Hwy 62, Maynooth, ON KOL 250

volunteer to help those "senior" folks who could use your help.

- The BASC has formed a partnership with the Bancroft Field Naturalist Club and offer low cost bluebird houses and bat boxes. Freymond Lumber Ltd and Wilson Timber Mart supplied the lumber and hardware. As you know, the bat population has dropped significantly, so you can also place a bat box order at www.bascstore. ecwid.com for only \$25.
- Support is offered to 2, four-credit, outdoor education programs at North Hastings High School. They are Northern Outdoor Studies (NOS), and Northern Environmental Research & Development Studies (NERDS). Both prepare students for direct entry into the workforce.

The BLA is proud to be associated with such a fine organization.





6. Name of the sawmill operation on Baptiste Lake



11. Millionaires' Island

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# BEAR ESSENTIALS

By HILARY GIBBONS

Here's my bear experience from earlier this summer.

It was a warm July evening, windows open, a gentle breeze in the trees the only sound. I was just drifting off, when suddenly a loud crashing and banging brought me bolt upright and snarling, "Bloody raccoons!" They'd been a scourge at our cottage resort that summer, toppling garbage cans, waking people up at all hours, ripping through porch screens to get at garbage cans. Frustrated I flipped on the lights, threw open the door and yelled out,"HEY! Get outta there!"

In that nano second of silence after the yell my brain took a sharp picture of a large black bear staring back at me. Tawny nose, bigger than my now upside down double garbage bin. He didn't startle or run, just looked, poised in mid act. Then he brought his big paw down and took a step towards me. Slam went the door, out went the lights, and I jumped back into bed. Then I immediately jumped back out remembering that all the doors in the cottage were open to let in that gentle breeze through the screens. Slam, slam, slam!

The next morning I surveyed the damage of my overturned bin and garbage everywhere. Sigh. Then I thought I'd better check the big metal bin on the resort side. What a sight. The latched metal lid was torn up at a 45 degree angle like a can of tuna. Garbage strewn all over, bear paw prints and scratches and oddly lots of bear hair stuck to the sides. Sigh.

We are on North Bapatiste Lake Road. and rarely do bears wander past the dump. However



Freezer lid ripped open by hungry bear.
Photo by Hilary Gibbons

this year with all the construction transforming the former landfill to a transfer station the bears apparently moved on to quieter pickings.

So we became as bear wise as we could this summer. We took the garbage to the dump regularly, sometimes twice a week, not letting the cans or bins fill up. Made sure our guests left nothing out after a day on the dock or cooking dinner at the BBQs. Cleaned up the fish cleaning station thoroughly, and tossed the guts way out into the lake. Zero in the garbage! So far no further bear visits. The raccoons however are still making short work of screened porches with garbage cans inside and working open latched doors. Sigh.

# SHARING BLUEBERRY'S VIEW WITH MY WIFE AND TWO-YEAR-OLD SON

By John Coleman

My first walk up Blueberry Island wasn't very memorable, mainly because I wasn't born yet. My Mom hiked to the top of Blueberry when she was 7 months pregnant with me. My most recent walk up Blueberry will stay with me for a long time, it was in August with my wife and our two-year old son. In-between these two hikes I've been so fortunate to have had a wide range of experiences with the iconic island of Baptiste lake.

In my early years a rush of excitement would race through my body when someone said they were going to Blueberry and asked if anyone wanted to join them. For pleasure and for work I have now visited many mountain ranges from the Chilean Andes, the French Alps, and have lived for ten years in the Canadian Rockies, but from the time I was born until about age ten, Blueberry Island was the tallest mountain I knew. And, like all mountains, it captured my sense of wonder and adventure.

I have fond memories of tying the boat up to the tree at the base of the hike, where Canadian shield rises out of the lake like a whale breaching from the ocean. The task of securing the boat was always done with care so we had a boat to return home with, and with a feeling of excited impatience as I was anxious to start the ascent.

The first section is a fairly gentle grade, winding through skinny poplar, and then quite quickly, the first viewpoint emerges, the lake falls away a little and a sense of flying sets in with the vertical rise gained. The first viewpoint of the lake is so beautiful it is easy to want to stay there...and some hikes we did just that, savored the views from the first lookout and then descended. But most of the time the top calls too loudly. The next section steepens and the fun of grabbing trees for support, scanning rocks and loose ground to choose where to step begins. It feels refreshing to have your focus honed by necessity to not fall backwards or to slip.

Then there's 'the step', a little rock that drops down about two-feet. This step signifies your getting close to the top. The excitement grows and the last section is filled with little glimpses of the top as the lake below appears and disappears through the little



Fynn Coleman's first view of the sunrise on top of Blueberry Island.

spaces between branches of the tall pines and poplar that line the cliff edge. The distance from the lake can be felt even when it cannot be seen.

You've reached the top.

It's as if there's a little alleyway, it flattens out and the lake comes into full view. There's rock at the top that emerges from the soft dirt that carpets it. The rock rolls slightly then plummets all the way to the lake.

I love this view. I've seen it in every season. Every time up there is magical. Watching the v's of a boat wake fan out across the lake in the summer. Being mesmerized by the autumn colours with orange and yellow, and red, oh the reds, igniting the tree tops. Sinking into the silence of winter when everything is covered by a thick blanket of snow. Or, being surprised when a full rainbow arcs through the sky as a spring shower dissipates. Just writing about Blueberry and that view evokes a sense of calm and wonder in my body.

The power of Blueberry Island has taught me a lot, its allure has called me, seduced my siblings, many friends, and me many times. We've camped at the top, fished at the bottom, alpine skied and rappelled down the sides.

I love Blueberry Island. I love my parents for introducing me. My whole family has loved learning and sharing that magical chunk of rock with others. And now, living on Vancouver Island, it makes me so happy that my son has already been atop Blueberry and gazed over the lake in the summer...only three more seasons to go for him to have the full Blueberry experience.



# BAPTISTE LAKE LILY PAD LEGEND

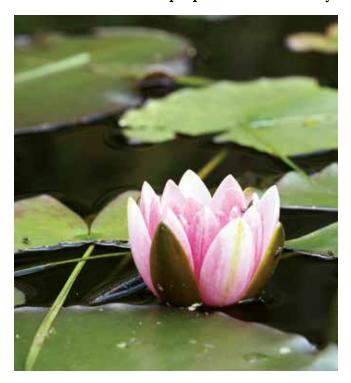
As told by Baptiste ancestors by Katherine Cannon

In Baptiste Lake waters grow white water lilies, which according to a legend of the Algonquin people, were once travellers from the stars. However Baptiste Lake has a water lily rosy and pink, which grows nowhere else in North Hastings. The story goes that a radiantly beautiful maiden, glowing like a star which was her home, came to dwell with a tribe of natives who had earned her love. Finding a suitable home for a star maiden was not easy.

She tried to live on a hilltop but she could not see the women grinding corn. She tried the trees but the foliage would not let her see the children play.

She tried a flowery meadow but the children's laughter was but an echo.

She reasoned the people she loved always





Star Maiden Rose Lily stained glass at St Mathews.
The artwork is by Karen Istead, Golden Shores. The concept design is Rev Lynn Watson, preacher at St Matthews.
In memory of Lois Peever, Baptiste Lake

camped beside the waters which carried their canoes from place to place, especially from Baptiste Lake to Whitney. To be near them the water must be her home. While the Baptiste family slept she floated gently to the water where their campfires were reflected and when the band awakened they found her with her feet planted firmly in the water's bed. Her rose petals were spread wide to receive the blessed sun and her golden heart spread perfume abroad. Forever a living gift of love and beauty, her roots providing nourishment for her people when all other food sources failed.

Perhaps the rose water lilies growing around Baptiste Lake islands are the star maidens special tribute to the native family which gave the lake its name and like the traveller from beyond the stars, would not be parted from its waters.

# WHAT TO DO WITH BIRCH

By Anne Coleman

This article has its inspiration in Carol Maclennan. After a recent visit to her almost 100 year old cottage, 1922, and sharing time looking at family photos, I was most taken by the energy and creativity of her grandparents in creating this beautiful structure. In keeping with the topic of birch, there is one image of her grandfather, Donald Scott Maclennan, concentrated on the molding of a birch bark basket. He made several over a period of time and these artful pieces are still being used by family members today. Carol estimates they would be about 50 years old. There are notations in their records of going into forested areas to collect birch bark, 1948 and 1949. If you should have extra birch lying around, you may wish to make use of it vourself in a variety of ways. A simple google search results in the many sources on You Tube demonstrating the art of birch basket construction or visit a library or bookstore to find printed sources.

We recently had to fell a birch tree, which gave me quite a supply of fresh branches. Some of the branches served to make the twig chair as seen in the image. I made the chair on the right about 10 years ago, which shows that they can last a long time if taken care of properly. You just need the right measurements, some simple tools and a bit of time. Very satisfying. Larger cuts from the branches will be used as Christmas Yule logs, or center-pieces for the outdoor



Basket made by Donald Scott Maclennan

winter arrangements that are so popular. The smaller branches will be cut into medallions and then decorated for Christmas tree ornaments.

Our raised bed gardeners have used decomposing birch as the starting base of their projects providing a rich source of nitrogen to their soil. (See article by DeAnna Pirko)

The birch tree is beautiful, renewable and inspiring. It goes without saying that the aboriginals are our teachers in exploring the countless uses of birch, from creating detox tea, special medicinal oils, canoes, wigwams to assembling household items that grace a person's home. Aside from their unique beauty in the forest, birch, like all things that grow in nature, provides us with multiple benefits if we only take time to learn and appreciate these facts.

Pictured right is granddad Donald Scott Maclennan





Twig chairs made by Anne Coleman

# Excerpts from Baptiste Chronicles, journal of Donald Scott Maclennan (1870-1964)

By His Granddaughter Iva Sue Maclennan

## Baptiste 1922

This year we bought a lot on the shore of Baptiste Lake from J. J. Mellor. Mr. M. had an option on the lot and the deed for the land was given by Mr. Hiram Grant, who owned the block of land behind the lake shore. Some years before this Mr. Grant had taken over several hundred acres from William Mulcahey, who had owned the land for a considerable number of years. Mr. Mulcahey for the most part lived with the Grants and made occasional trips to California to visit relatives.

We camped for ten days on our own lot having two tents and did our own cooking on the shore using just a stone fireplace, and for a few days we were taken in by the Mellors and slept in their house.

Baptiste Lake takes its name from a family of Indians of that name, and their home, a log house, is just across a narrow part of the lake from our place. At this time the house is occupied by Susie B. and her son Leo, Susie being the head of the tribe at this time.

Just at the north of our lot a trail came through the woods from the railroad and was much used to reach the lake.

We came up from Lindsay on the train and returned by the same route.

## Baptiste 1923

This year we arrived at the lake on August the 8th. Our cottage was under construction and the frame was well on. The carpenter who erected





Photo by Donald Scott Maclennan

the building was Mr. Harry Strudwick, who was recommended to us by Mr. James Colling, and he made a good job. He was assisted by Mr. John Reid and for a few days by Charlie McAllister.

Window frames and doors were sent up from Lindsay, also hardware and glass, and the lumber was procured from Bailey and Martin who had just at this time set up a planing mill.

We assisted as best we could with the roof and flooring, and considerable painting of the sash and frames and the outside of the house. When some flooring was laid, we (Scott and DS) set up our cots in a corner, and from that on we continued to use the house.

#### Baptiste 1926

Part of the camp life at this time were the ...continued on page 25



#### Excerpts ...continued from page 24

campfires in the evening. These were mostly held at the crossroads that afterward came to be known as Chipmunks Corners. As many as twenty or thirty would gather around the fire and sing, and other entertainments were put on and some very fine singers were found in the various cottages.

## Baptiste 1932

The water in the lake had been quite high in the spring and occasioned some damage to the docks and the stones in the sea wall. Repairs were made to the skiff dock, and along the shore between the docks a board walk was made (the cat walk). The rebuilding of the wall went on during most of the summer.

One picnic this season was to Huckleberry Island at the head of Lavalle Lake. The Colling motor boat did some towing of the skiffs and canoes required for the Collings, Camerons, Keenans and Maclennans. Games were enjoyed at the landing on the island and home was reached just before dark.

A small lake beyond the twin islands and on the mainland was visited for the first time. This small body of water is a bog, and the shores are moss beds full of small shrubs and trees, growing beside orchids and pitcher plants. From the outer lake into the bog lake, it was rather difficult to get through the tangle and the rough ground.

Some of the campers made a trip up the river to the High Falls, several motor boats and Scott with our canoe. The trip lasted from early morning until midnight, and the canoe was the first boat to return (Woottons, Terrells, Rivers, McCutcheons with Myers girls).

Campfires were a regular feature of the camp, held at the intersection of the road and trail, now called Chipmunk's Corners. Many good singers and musicians in the crowd.

The last campfire of the season for us was held the evening before we left for home, August 16 (the Terrells were also leaving). After singing, refreshments were served, provided by the Woottons. The date was the wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Wootton Sr.; also, Lyle Davis and his bride arrived while the gathering were about the fire. A game - where do you live and what is

your chief ambition—brought forth some good answers: "To catch the largest fish" "Be a better pie maker than her mother-in-law" "Be Pope of Rome". One, a nurse, wanted them all for patients. Ronald Cafley's was "to help his reverend father run the dance hall when he retires and takes it over".



More formal attire in the early years.

#### Baptiste 1934

We had a supply of picture post cards made from some of our snap shots, and these were put on the market, and the sale of these cards we hope did a good deal to advertise the Lake.

# **Baptiste 1935**

Had post cards made from eight snapshots and sold about a thousand.

#### Baptiste 1937

The new dam having been completed, the water in the lake kept at a constant level throughout the summer season.

#### **Baptiste 1939**

A regatta was held on the 19th of July, and the day brought out a large crowd, estimated to be from one to three thousand. People were taken up in an aeroplane.



High Falls Dam

#### Excerpts ...continued from page 25

Mrs. Canning took lessons (from DSM) in making a birch bark basket and proved an apt pupil, and was proud of her work.

During the summer a quilt was being worked on at the cottage. The Nicolls loaned the frames and the work went on for weeks, and a very fine quilt of the Dresden Plate variety finally was finished.



Baptiste Lake Regatta

#### Baptiste 1943

On our arrival at the lake, we found that the church on the hill behind the village had been torn down, and a smaller building put up on a convenient site on the village street using as much of the old material as possible. Mr. Flower, the minister, was to the fore in all the work. The folk of the neighborhood gave them services in tearing down, drawing stone, and digging the foundation, even the old nails were pulled and straightened by some of the older men of the village. The church was opened by Dr. Semple of Belleville on the last Sunday in June, coming up for the service and wearing his pulpit gown on the occasion.



United Church

#### Baptiste 1946

We had ice for the nearby cottages, and ice



Jean and Carol Macleenan

was put in four times a week. All would come about 9:15 A.M., and it made light work of the job when all helped at the job. Some wasps had a home in the ice house, and for a few days it was a very hot place, and some hurried exits were made out the door; however, some DDT spray silenced them.

During the first week we went over behind the Bleekers and up the road to get a supply of birch bark for making baskets. During this season, upwards of twenty were made. We go back into the remote woods for bark.

## Baptiste 1948

Some fifteen or twenty baskets were made during our stay, also table mats and small canoes, and some bark brought home for winter manufacture.



Grandad with Jean and Carol

#### **Baptiste 1949**

Trips were made to various points in the neighbourhood with the two older girls: first, the trip to Tea Lake, taking a new route that led us far from the lake, we had to retrace our steps and go up the old path, and the lake was found. All hands paddled in the cool waters for a time.

Excerpts ...continued from page 26

Bowers Hill was climbed to the summit, and views of the lake were taken, and on two other days we visited the Pitcher Plant Pond and Water Lily Lake, finding plants, flowers, and grasses.

We had some trips picking raspberries, as they were a fair crop, and also bought some to take home with us. The blueberries were a failure in this section. A truck with fruit and vegetables made regular calls during the season; also Mr. Young the butcher came once a week.

The event of the season at Baptiste was the regatta in July, held in front of the village and up and down the lake. The day was fine, with a slight breeze. The crowd was estimated by some as over three thousand. A number of aeroplanes were on hand, taking people up for short trips. The village road was blocked with cars, and a large field was used for parking. The affair was sponsored by the Lions Club of Bancroft to raise funds for welfare work.

#### Baptiste 1952

One new feature this year is a hydro line, and a number of cottages were wired, including ours. A heating plate and a toaster were added to our equipment.

#### Baptiste 1954

The event of the season, for us at least, was the celebration of our Golden Wedding Anniversary. Mrs. Lowrey came over one day and invited us to afternoon tea, as we thought, and I was asked to be on hand for sure. When we arrived on August 19th, we found the whole camp in attendance. (Guests included Mrs. May Lowrey, Mrs. Keenan, Miss Murchison, Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Copeland, Mrs. Cafley, Mrs. Ronald Cafley, Miss Vance, Mrs. Armitage, Mrs. Lorne

Reid, Mrs. Elwood Reid, Mrs. Buckingham, Miss Lugo Reynolds, Mrs. Clealan Blakely, Miss Mary Lou Blakely, Miss Edith Blakely, Miss Elizabeth Reid, as well as Scott, Iva, Carol, Jean, and Iva Sue Maclennan.)

Word of the celebration had got around, so we had to face it. After it was over, it was not so bad. These folk were certainly good to us. Mrs. Cafley made a speech, and Mr. Copeland also warmed us up. I managed to get on my feet and made a few remarks thanking the friends for their kindness. A presentation was made to the bride and groom of two beautiful folding chairs by Mrs. Keenan, and a golden rose to the bride of fifty summers ago.

# Frogs and Loons

By Anne Coleman



Did you notice frogs on your property this summer? There were noticeably many more leopard frogs jumping around even in areas recessed from the lake shore. I questioned friends who have cottages on other lakes, Stormy in Haliburton, Lake St. Peter, Kamaniskeg, who noted a similar increase.

However, there seemed to be less loons and babies this year. A similar observation was made about loons on the above-mentioned lakes.

If you have noted the same or disagree with this non-scientific observation, please contact us at our website, baptistelake.org.



# More Commercial Neighbours

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Thank you Ann and Don Bocking, for your generous use of the campgrounds at Camp Ponacka for our Annual Corn Roast held each Labour Day weekend.



