



Lake Weslemkoon

CONSERVATION ASSOCIATION
Incorporated under the laws of Ontario

President:
Cliff H. Noble
133 Princess Anne Cres.
Islington, Ontario

Vice-President:
Grahame B. Richards
650 McLaren Drive
Burlington, Ontario



President's Note

Summer and visiting the 'Lake' is just around the corner.

The efforts of you and your Association have helped maintain the standards we enjoy.

However your directors like everyone else are finding it now difficult to balance the books.

I am asking your help in two ways.

First, family and friends are welcome to join the association, attend our meetings, receive newsletters etc.

Secondly please plan to attend the annual meeting so we can discuss our plans for the future with all the members.

Looking forward to seeing you
Cliff Noble

DIRECTORS 1976-77

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Mr. Dwight Dempsey, Fairport, New York
Mr. D. J. Dodsworth, Waterloo, Ontario
Mr. C. Al Finnamore, Peterborough, Ontario
Mr. Paul Lee, Gilmour, Ontario
Mr. Gordon S. Greer, Burlington, Ontario

Mrs. Alice Hogg, Agincourt, Ontario
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Mr. Mel Johnson, Peterborough, Ontario
Mr. Derrick McDermott, Niagara Falls, Ontario
Mr. Cliff Noble, Islington, Ontario

Mr. Grahame Richards, Burlington, Ontario
Mr. Bill Smith, Weslemkoon, Ontario
Mr. Charles A. Smith, Burlington, Ontario
Mr. H. J. Thompson, Islington, Ontario
Mrs. Barbara Wipond, Peterborough, Ontario

Don J. Dodsworth

Jonsey was fourteen, but he had known more troubles and heartaches in his few years on this earth than most of us encounter in a lifetime. However, he had survived, in his way, and we had become friends. (He would not have used that word.) I had invited him to the cottage because I knew he would enjoy the lake. I also believed that the magic of the Island would find an appropriate way to give this young man a happier perspective of life.

Jonsey never accepted those as the reasons for the holiday. He spent the month testing my motives, trying to discover what I really wanted from him. No one had ever wanted Jonsey for himself.

During the first two weeks, with my mother's help (whose company he obviously preferred to mine) Jonsey was almost able to permit himself to have a good time. Then Mother had to leave and there was just Jonsey and I.

It was an awkward, difficult time. We were still on speaking terms, even though we didn't spend much time together. Often we didn't even eat together. Neither of us was making much progress, but neither were we giving up. My patience was sorely tried, but I was determined to wait him out. If only he'd give Weslemkoon a chance. I was about to settle for a draw, deciding that perhaps was as much a victory as could be expected. Then Norman Sleeper arrived!

Norman had helped to build the cottage, and I had fallen into the habit of having him come down during the summer to take care of a few carpentry jobs. He fitted the storm shutters, and built steps up the hill from the dock. (At the time I said they were for mother's benefit.) Norman also put together a saw horse and a ladder, both of which I still use. As a matter of record, Ted Carr used the ladder last week to put up my CB antenna; once he learned that Norman had been its creator, he had no question about its capability of taking him safely to the roof and back.

I should explain that this was the ostensible reason why Norman came to the Island each summer. My secret reason for asking him was that his companionship and stories were priceless; he was an original from the days of the area's settlement. Norman's secret reason for coming (I always suspected.) was that he wanted to check up on this city fellow to see that he was taking care of the place properly. All cottagers were a caution to Norman. He had lived and worked around the lake all his life, with survival as his goal. We were here for fun and holiday. Our attitudes and requests must often have seemed strange indeed to Norman, but he liked us and tolerated our innocence with patience and kindness. He never judged; he accepted me as I was, spare thumbs and all. For all these blessings, Norman would never accept more than \$10 for his day's work.

Norman lived with his wife Irene on their farm, about three miles up the Weslemkoon Road from "the settlement". He had built the house himself, after their first home burned down and left them penniless. What with the farming, Norman's carpentry, Irene's baking and friendly merchants to extend the necessary credit, they made it!

As was usual, Norman arrived that morning in his old boat, and I want to emphasize the "old". From its appearance, one could question the sanity of taking it down Seymour Creek on a very calm day. However, Norman knew and trusted that boat; and it was from his tales of travel about the lake in his sturdy craft that I learned the rudiments of boat safely at Weslemkoon. His advice had stood the test of time. When caught in a squall, I still hear Norman's words of wisdom, and have always managed to get home safely.

There was little in the boat (sometimes not even an oar) except Norman, and his gunny sack of tools. "Tools" to Norman meant a saw, a hammer, a plane and his lunch box. He was very independent about his lunch; and would politely refuse any additions I might suggest from my larder. Only once did he allow me to make him a cup of coffee.

Norman was always clean and neatly dressed; with dark trousers, a blue shirt with the collar buttoned up, wide, white suspenders and a leather cap, covering a few gray hairs. He must have been close to 70 at the time and was stooped in his walk, but the twinkle in his eyes gave his spirit away.

I always looked forward to my day with Norman, and on this particular day I anticipated his arrival with both relief and apprehension. (This is not to say that I knew the day when Norman would appear. But I'm sure he had his methods for carefully making such decisions.) His stories would give me something else to think about; but Jonsey's attitude (if he took the notion to display his hostility to the human race) could ruin this annual event that had come to mean much to me. I ought to have known better. I ought to have known Norman better.

For awhile things went along as usual; Norman was doing his carpentry work and talking betimes. Jonsey was watching, listening, but saying nothing. (He had not been unfriendly when I introduced him to Norman.) I was enjoying myself so much that I had forgotten my earlier fears.

Toward mid-afternoon, Norman stopped for rest, lit his corn pipe, and was relating his news of the lake and the other work he had been doing. Suddenly, Jonsey asked; "Did you ever meet a bear?"

Norman smiled and took a long puff on his pipe. The twinkle in his eyes doubled. In a voice that was both soft and gravelly, he said: "Yes, my doy, I did. It was about two years ago as I was coming down the lake road from my house to work."

"What happened?" asked Jonsey.

"Well, I'll tell you about it", replied Norman. "I was walking down the road, as usual, with my sack over my shoulder, thinking about the work I was going to do that day. And there, as I turned a bend, in the middle of the road, sat a big brown bear."

"Whatya' do?", asked Jonsey, and there was something new in his voice and eyes.

Norman smiled again, and looked at me, and then out over the lake, as though he was trying to recall just what he had done, as though he wanted to get the story straight for the lad. Knocking the ashes from his pipe he said; "Well, I stopped. I looked at that bear, and that bear turned and looked at me."

"Were you scarred?" asked Jonsey.

"No, I don't believe so," answered Norman. "But I know that I had to get on down the road to work. So I said: "Mr. Bear, now I've got to get down the lake to do some work today, so you're going to have to move outa my way."

By this time, Jonsey was smiling, as he asked, almost breathlessly, "What happened then?"

Norman continued the seriousness due the resolution of such a problem; "I told that bear again what I had in mind; and that bear looked at me and I looked back at that bear. We looked at each other for some time. Then, he got to his feet and waddled into the bush. I went on down the road, got in my boat and went to work."

Jonsey's laughter expressed his relief at the successful conclusion to Norman's adventure. Norman was smiling too, pleased with his performance. All of us had enjoyed the story, but no one had enjoyed it more than Norman. 'Twas ever thus.

That happened back in 1957. Norman now lies in the cemetery in Gilmour. Irene, his wife, still lives in the family farm house. She loves to have visitors, so drop in to meet her sometime when you are coming into the lake. Jonsey never forgot Norman's "Bear Story". Last I heard, he had about completed his studies for a Doctorate in Psychology.

Perhaps I'm wrong, but I shall always think that, of the two, Norman would have made the better psychologist.

Innisfree, Weslemkoon
8th August 1976.

PRESIDENTS

1957-58	Freeman Howlett	67-68	Joe Seibert
58-59	Crick Filiere	68-69	Joe Seibert
59-60	Crick Filiere	69-70	Don Mackenzie
60-61	John Brown	70-71	Don Mackenzie
61-62	John Brown	71-72	Jack Dempsey
62-63	Bates Rainey	72-73	Jack Dempsey
63-64	Bates Rainey	73-74	Al Finnamore
64-65	Bates Rainey	74-75	Al Finnamore
65-66	Peter Betts	75-76	Cliff Noble
66-67	Peter Betts	76-77	Cliff Noble

If you know of any others please let me know and I will update the list in the next newsletter.

Evelyn Clark
60 North Bonnington Ave.
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CALLING ALL JUNIOR LOONS

Now that another summer is around the corner (one hopefully filled with all the pleasures that only we, fortunate enough folk with cottages and boats are lucky to enjoy) it's time once again to think about making our summer as perfect as possible. What better way than to get to know everyone around your own age, and establish life-long relationships where you love to spend time the most? "Right on Weslemkoon."

The Junior Loons who have so far gotten together have had a few fun afternoons, and also been a great help with a couple of projects on the Lake. What we need is someone with a lot of time on their hands, or even a little time, to round everyone up and have some super OUTINGS, not just once every summer, but three or four times. The Junior Loons need a leader who has a small boat to get around in, to post signs about up-and coming events, and to establish a committee with some new ideas about how best to spend a lazy summer doing some good, having some fun, and most of all, getting to know "who's who" and "where".

We all know about those times when there's no one around to do all those things that are only fun when we have someone our own age to do them with, RIGHT?

If any Senior Loon, with a little imagination, or even an Older Junior Loon with loads of imagination, would like to slowly get this programme snow-balling, you could contact Mr. Weaver, or bring it up at the Annual Association Meeting Saturday July 30th at 11 a.m. at the Camp grounds.

The Association has been paying for hot dogs and pop at worthwhile outings, and no doubt they would be glad to pay for the odd tank of gas on days when there's a lot of running around involved.

As was mentioned at the last Association Meeting, Mr. Weaver would like to hand his position as Junior Loon's Councillor over to someone who will really enjoy it. He has become the Scout Leader of the 50th Pack, made up entirely of Autistic Kids (including our son Ricky). This takes a fair bit of time, so now he feels he'd like a break from leadership during the summer months. By the way watch for the up and coming Telethon for Autistic Kids on June 18th (station not yet established at this time).

WE'D LOVE TO HEAR FROM YOU SOON.

Bill and Eleanor Weaver

IN MEMORIAM

Ted Carr will be sadly missed by all of us at Weslemkoon. He always had some friendly words of wisdom concerning cottage life and its problems.

Betty Carr and Sheila wish to thank all who sent flowers and messages of sympathy in their recent bereavement.

At the Directors' meeting held in April at the Wiponds' home in Peterborough, ideas for raising money for funds instead of raising fees were presented, one that seemed the most popular was to have T shirts or hooded sweat shirts with a Weslemkoon design etc, to be made up and sold at the Annual meeting. What do you think about it? Please send any thoughts on the matter to Cliff Noble.

The Ont. Federation of Cottage Owners met at the Inn on the Park, in April. I was your rep. There was a lively discussion on the subject of cottage owners' rights concerning representation at election time.

There was also a report from the O.P.P. whether we wished to display stickers on our cottages *informing would-be-vandals that these places were checked by the O.P.P. at various times throughout the year. Our President would be able to secure these for us.

The O.P.P stressed the need to have all valuables well marked so as to be easily identified.

Their suggestion was that we use our driver's licence rather than our social insurance number - the police can more readily find the owners if they are so marked.

There is a pen available which records numbers on objects and yet is invisible to the naked eye. The police have a special ultra violet light that reveals the number.

It was evident from remarks made at this meeting that a STRONG CONSERVATION ASSOCIATION such as we presently enjoy is a distinct advantage when requesting information or assistance from Govt. and others.

Your Directors can speak with confidence and authority when you support them.

Don't let them down if you really value your property on the lake.

Talk about our association and encourage others to join.

ANNUAL MEETING JULY 30th 11 a.m. at the CAMP MEETING GROUNDS.

COME and bring a neighbour.

Bring a picnic lunch.

PS. No Garbage pick-up cards needed this year. Garbage collection MONDAYS, during July and August. Labour Day and Thanksgiving week ends it will be TUESDAYS.

Sheila Carr has volunteered to continue Garbage Detail at North end, Roy Whitmore at the South end of the lake.