

Old-time Picnics Generally Involved Numerous Families

By INEZ McCUAIG

On fine days almost half the residents of Schreiber may be found at one of the nearby provincial parks, usually at Rainbow Falls, taking either lunch or dinner to cook there, depending on how long they are staying.

But what a difference between the picnic meals of today, with portable barbecues to cook on of every description and coolers of various sorts, and the ones of long ago.

While anglers of course fried fish over open fires, the only hot food at large old-time picnics would be crocks of beans, well-wrapped in newspapers.

Sandwiches were made of roasted meats. Egg salad and devilled eggs were as popular

then as now. Fresh garden lettuce leaves, wrapped in wet tea cloths, were dipped in sugar and milk. Lemonade was the drink for children. Raspberry or other fruit vinegar was popular. Huge pots of water were boiled to make tea for adults.

All these were taken in large wicker clothes baskets carried by two people. But the pies and layer cakes, where the women really vied with each other were never entrusted to others. These were carried by the makers, in huge dinner napkins tied at the four corners to form a sort of basket so they arrived at the feast unmarred.

Each woman had her specialty and you couldn't name a pie which wouldn't be there. The common loaf cake, sliced

and buttered and served so often now, was not used then. Except for an occasional nut loaf, all cakes were layer cakes, with luscious fillings and even sweeter frostings.

And somehow it was managed that everyone ate together regardless of the size of the group. The adults lingered to taste and sample their favorites again, exchange recipes, and discuss local events.



ROADS IMPROVING—Roads remained curving and steep along the north shore of Lake Superior while much of the work had to be done by hand as seen in the TOP PHOTO. Conditions today (BOTTOM PHOTO) are different as both the hills and curves are much more gradual. —Photos from Inez McCuaig

Wagon Trails Converted Into First Class Roads

By INEZ McCUAIG

No greater contrast between past and present can be shown than between the first lake road hill near Schreiber. It began as a narrow wagon road twisting and turning up the steep grade. The present road is wide and of a gradual slope.

It was considered quite a step forward when Billy Banks operated a service to the lake for weary business men. Seats placed along the sides of a wagon were sold for a fare of 25 cents. When they arrived at the hill, all except the very old, or temporarily ill, got off and walked up the hill to save the horses.

Another epic of the old hill concerns the day when on the single lane road two old gentlemen met in their cars at the very crest of the hill. Neither would give way, but lit their pipes and prepared to sit it out. The stalemate lasted for hours, during the sunny afternoon, until a spectator persuaded the driver on top to back up, allowing the other to drive on in dignity, assisted by the push of many willing hands.

The first work toward

straightening the road in preparation for the highway was done by hand drilling to open the rock cut.

Among the names of those who slugged it out then can be remembered Pius Potvin, Leo Payette, Walter Stokes, Elmer Sutton, Bill Nimmo, Charlie Nelson, Jack Richardson and Lester McCuaig.

It was at this time that Hugh

Stewart, running the compressor at sand lake, was running his watch repair business and selling his famous rabbit stew at 10 cents a plate.

The watch repair on the dollar variety, was done by dipping the timepieces in alcohol, and hanging them on the compressor for a thorough shaking up. But the method worked and business was consistent.



EARLY SKIERS—Skiing was a popular pastime even in the early 1920's as demonstrated in this photograph taken at Schreiber, although both the apparel and equipment have changed considerably. —Photo from Inez McCuaig



Song of the lazy farmer

My neighbor thinks it is a crime if folks aren't working all the time; and furthermore he is afraid unkindly comment will be made unless he's out in plainest sight a-toiling hard from dawn 'til night. And so whate'er the weather be, old neighbor's out in it, by gee; however deep may be the snow, no matter how the blizzards blow, that poor deluded character is all wrapped up in wool and fur, and you can spot his reddened nose as through the howling wind he goes to haul some hay or fix a shed or spread manure 'til he's half dead.

Well, let him have his theory, I'll stick to my philosophy that on most ev'ry winter day it is intended man should stay indoors where he will not turn blue or come down with a case of flu. I claim we're made with thin-skinned ears to give a signal to our fears and by their tingling tell us when it's time to hibernate again. If it was our Creator's plan that I be an all-weather man, I figure I'd have nerveless toes and be equiped with cold-proof nose, my ears would not get tingly red and I'd have hair upon my head.