

# Rosspport Notes

by ANNE TODESCO  
Mr. and Mrs. Albert Ray were Thunder Bay visitors during the week.

Welcome home to Josephine and Ray Kenney from Brownsville, Texas where they spent the winter months.

Glen Martin of Winnipeg, has arrived to holiday with his sisters Gail Bain and Gwen Gerow.

William Schelling is home from McCausland Hospital, Terrace Bay. We all wish you better health.

Mrs. Anne Todesco and Mrs. Jack Campbell motored to the Lakehead during the week.

Vienna Bain and baby have left to holiday in British Columbia. They motored west with Mr. and Mrs. Gregory Aedy.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Douglas of Webbwood are visiting his sister Mrs. Anne Todesco.

Miss Lorraine Seppala has returned from a business trip to Thunder Bay.

It is nice to have Ned Basher back from New York. He is busy preparing the hotel for the summer season.

Mr. and Mrs. Nick Bain spent a few days at the Lakehead on business.

Charles Hutterli has returned from a holiday with his parents and relatives in Wisconsin, USA. Welcome back, "Chuck."

Darrin Gerow and Narcis Bain have left for employment with the CPR east of Chapleau.

The Pays Plat Indian Band held it's election Saturday for a Chief and two councillors at their community hall on the reserve. Anne Todesco was the Deputy Polling Officer and Jeanette Posing the Polling Clerk. The results of the election were Aime Bouchard winning as chief with a very narrow margin

winning by two votes over Frank Achneepenshskum 25 to 23 votes. The third contestant Raymond Goodchild being lower in the list. Two councillors were elected, namely Claudette Goodchild and John Bouchard, out of five contestants.

Mrs. Anne Todesco hosted the members of the St. John Berchmen Altar Society Friday evening at her home. Eight members recited the opening prayers. The president Beverly Legault chaired the meeting. The financial report was heard and approved, also the minutes. Laura Legault displayed the Society's new pins and presented each member with one. Thank you cards were received and filed.

Anne Todesco read the Minute Meditations for the day by Rev. Bede Nagele O.C.D. which were "Unless you change and become like little children, you will not enter the Kingdom of God." M.T. 18:3. Eternal father grant me a child's spirit, so that you can love me as your child.

Tickets on the Derby draw were distributed and final arrangements made for the social evening Saturday April 27th in the Rosspport Community Hall. The president reminded the members that election for the new executive at next meeting. Mrs. Pat Beno invited the members to her home for the May meeting. Closing prayers were offered for the sick of the parish. An Easter egg contest was won by Patricia Beno and Freda Gerow. Refreshments were served and a happy time had, recalling earlier entertainments and events in the village.

I am going to fill you in on the location of that beautiful sunset picture on the cover of our telephone

directory book I have heard several people admiring the scene and thinking that it could be of the entrance to the Rosspport Harbour or even somewhere closer to Thunder Bay. It kept ringing a bell in my mind as to the location. I felt that I knew the site so started to research for the spot where it was taken. I even wrote the Bell Telephone Company for information. Guess what??? The picture was taken off Blueberry Island in McGregor Bay near the Manitoulin Island not too far from Birch Island where I taught school four years. No wonder the picture kept bothering me. McGregor Bay is full of islands that are owned by mostly American tourists.

There are big and small homes built on them, some quite attractive and spacious and winterized. The main dwelling is for the family, guest cabins are nearby and the staff cabins are further in the bush near the shore line. The staff usually has two Indian guides and their family, a mechanic to look after the motor boats, lighting plant and pumphouse, the cook and helper has an apartment over the boathouse.

MacGregor Bay obtained its name from Hudson Bay factories from Scotland. The original MacGregors were tall red headed men. Eventually they intermarried with the Indians. Often the red hair or sandy moustache appeared among the different generations. MacGregor Bay is south from the Manitoulin Islands. If ever you go to the Manitoulin you will be crossing over both the small and large Lacloche islands. On the larger one, if you strike the huge boulders on the larger one with a stick or stone, the boulders ring like a bell. Rev. Father Papineau,

my older students, the chief and his wife Mr. and Mrs. Bill MacGregor and myself boarded the little mixed ACR train to Lacloche Island and planted over a thousand pine trees. There should be a good growth of pine forests on the island of about 67 years old unless some timber company has cut them down. I must try and get out that way and see how things are doing this summer.

My grandfather Thos. A. Douglas had the contract to build part of the highway around Haystack Bay, between Little Current and Espanola. I often would canoe over to see him an evening. Sometimes he would give a steak or two and a loaf of fresh bread from the cookery. I was young and brave in those days but take a canoe out now would frighten the daylight out of me.

I shot my first deer on that island. There was a party of five of us and two guides by name of Joe Esquimault (pronounced Eskimo) and Bill MacGregor. I shot a deer through the belly and when we caught up with it, it was curled up like a dog and crying, so pitiful and looking at us with such sorrowful eyes. The guide finished it off and prepared it to be taken home. After witnessing the animal's death, I couldn't eat a morsel of the meat. I divided it among the people on the island. Most of the people were farmers they raised a few sheep, cattle, pigs and fowl, mostly for their own consumption besides a garden for vegetables.

This hunt all happened on day and night of the fierce storm that blew over the Great Lakes in 1927. It was the night that the steamer the Kamloops was

lost off Isle Royal. Although our hunting party noticed that a heavy wind was blowing through the bush, we never realized the density of it till we had hauled our deer towards the cabin cruiser in a small bay off MacGregor Bay. We had to hang our day's hunting successes in the trees and build a bonfire. We had to remain the night because of a storm besides couldn't doze off because wolves wanted our deer. We could see their eyes shining as they circled among the trees within the edge of the bush near the bonfire. I was a very frightened young lady. As soon as daylight came, we loaded the deer aboard and followed sheltering islands to Birch Island. As soon as the natives heard the sound of the motor cruiser coming, everyone was at the dock to welcome us back. We were fortunate in having a sheltered place to spend the night. Snow everywhere and everyone tired and hungry as we only had a day's rations with us — how foolish can one be, but we little dreamed that such a terrible storm would come up.

I decided for a couple summers, to cook and housekeep for a wealthy American instead of travelling about on a holiday. I took my brother Arthur with me as my helper.

The owner, a Mr. Coppick, had a beautiful log home for his family and very comfortable accommodations for his crew of two guides, a mechanic for boat repair, lighting and water plants.

It was up at 6 a.m., breakfast at seven, pack food hampers, and send them off for a day's fishing. I never cooked so

darn much fish or blueberry pies before. It was fish and pancakes and blueberry jam for breakfast, fish cooked by the guides on the boats by noon and so help me fish, hot biscuits and blueberry pie or tarts or shortcake at nine in the evening for dinner. The fish were kept alive in wire boxes under the boathouse and of course in the water. There were trout, bass, pike and pickerel. My brother and I had to kill and prepare them for cooking. I never cooked so many fish or blueberries before and I made up my mind never to do so again. I couldn't look a fish straight in the eye for weeks after I left to return to school. I made more money working those two years than I did teaching. One of the guide's wives took over after I left in the fall.

I often visited the people on the islands if not too far away from the school. I often think about how venturesome I was in canoes. Usually the people on the islands would bring me back ashore in a launch trailing the canoe behind. I enjoyed going to the Dort family's island. The Dorts may made the Gray-Dort cars. The company was bought over from the Dorts by the McLaughlin Co. I may be wrong as it is so long ago. There was an elderly Mrs. Frood on the mainland where these mining people had a farm. Mrs. Frood was originally from Scotland. There were acres and acres of fields. She never cultivated the farmland in her older years and didn't want to leave the farm. She remained there for some years after I left the area. Her only companions were a couple of ancient cows that put holy terror in me as soon as I pulled into the dock. Down

they would gallop and look me over. I would have to call Mrs. Frood to chase them away. When we reached the house we were greeted by umpteen cats — cats here and there, on the roof or window sills. I don't know how she ever kept track of them, but all had names. What surprised me is that she never allowed them on the furniture and they obeyed her. She kept a spotless house, had old fashioned starched lace curtains on the windows and always wore white aprons over dark dresses. I would watch her feed the cats, then out to the big barn, put the two old cows inside and most of the cats for the night. Only a couple of old ones remained indoors with her overnight. I bet there wasn't a mouse, squirrel, etc. within a hundred miles of the place.

One year when returning from a trip to Scotland, she brought back some heather plants. She planted them atop of a huge boulder in a field near her house. She built herself a small wooden ladder, then carried pails of earth atop the huge stone and planted the heather there so the cows or deer couldn't get at it. It was an odd shape of stone - you just couldn't climb up it.

The Frood mine was in the Sudbury area and I cannot recall which company bought it or what happened to it. Goodness me, I started out with a sunset picture on MacGregor Bay and ended up with a bit of history of the area. Incidentally, The Bell Company gave me a picture of the phone directory book cover without printing on it. Now all that I have to do is have it framed. I am quite proud of the gift and shall treasure it always.

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