

summer trips to Canada and for several years urged me to go up there with him, but I had never felt I could take the time from my business. Finally, however, I agreed to go with him in 1916. I shall never forget leaving the train at Smith's Falls early one morning. The air was clear, cool and bracing filled with the odor of wood smoke from early breakfast fires and having lived all my life in a soft coal country I guess this odor must have awakened a sub-conscious racial memory of the smoke from the fires of earlier wood burning ancestors ~~as~~ the camp fires of primitive man. In any event, since then I never think of this country without a vivid sense of the smell of wood smoke.

We arrived in Pembroke about noon and went to the old Copeland hotel for lunch and I distinctly remember that the dining room was so full of flies that we scarcely dared open our mouth to eat. After lunch, Malin, George Moodey, who was with us, and I went to see Gus Mehan who Malin had met before. He ran a grocery store and fixed up our list of supplies and decided to take us up the river in his motor boat the next morning, through Chalk Bay to Sturgeon Lake, where we were to set up camp. That afternoon I walked down on the dock past whining saw mills and had my first view of the Ottawa, Allumet Island where Champ-lain outfitted for his trip up the river to Georgian Bay and the Iroquois Country and the Laurentian hills on the Quebec shore.

Early the next morning we left the dock at Pembroke with Mehan in his launch for the trip up the river passing through the islands at Petewawa by Fort William into Chalk Bay to Burnt Bridge, the outlet to Sturgeon Lake and up the lake to American Bay on the south shore, where Malin had camped before. Here we spent a week, the four of us in an 8' x 10' tent. Catching

plenty of fish, bass, pike and pickerel. One afternoon we went into Thompson Lake which is connected with Sturgeon Lake on its north shore, crossed it and walked a short distance to a small creek (Vaulin Creek), trout fishing. We followed this creek down to its mouth at Oiseau Bay in the Ottawa right across the river from the Oiseau Rock and it was from the hill on this Ontario shore that I first saw Oiseau Bay and the Rock.

Shortly before we had to leave for home Malin suggested that we spend a day or two up at Bill's. I had no idea where Bill's was but was anxious to see all of the locality possible during our short stay so one evening after dinner we packed our duffel in the launch and started down by Burnt Bridge through Chalk Bay into the Ottawa and again turned up the river. It was a very dark night and the first we knew we were on the rocks in a little sly back of the light house island across from Tapps Point (which Malin bought later and is now known as Malin's Point). We backed out of there and again proceeded up the river for about four miles and turned in on the Quebec shore. It was about midnight and I could see nothing of our surroundings but we found a comparatively soft spot on the pine needles under two big pines, rolled up in our blankets and were soon asleep after a long hard day. When I awoke, in the morning the sun was just rising over the hills to the east and I saw we were in a pine grove just to the west of a clearing of three or four acres rising quite abruptly north to the surrounding bush in the center of which was an old log house and tumbled down barn. Just to the east of this clearing was a creek valley and east of this the land sloped steeply up to a high range of hills fronting on and sweeping down the river curving in a great amphitheatre to a point extruding well

out toward the Ontario shore. As I lay there surrounded by the fragrant scent of the pine the clear bracing air, the majestic hills and the blue water I made the resolve never again to spend an entire year shut up in an office. It had been ten years since I had a vacation and it had been a hard ten years. Now I thought (mistakenly) that I had loyal and capable assistants in my business and it was doing well and growing that I could afford to take some time for other things than a ceaseless struggle to make money. By this time the others were stirring and as we busied ourselves preparing breakfast a middle aged man with a broad celtic face, wearing jeans, boots and a battered old felt hat with a crook shanked pipe in his mouth approached us from the clearing and I had my first sight of that lazy, lovable, aggravating child of nature, Bill Ladacour. Bill, I learned subsequently, was one of a large family born on a hill farm in the bush about two miles north of the narrows of the Ottawa. The clearings in this Oiseau Creek Valley had been made some sixty years before this by a family named McCormick and I presume the log house and barn was erected by them. They abandoned the place and Bill had moved into it as a squatter. At some time after he settled there a man by the name of Patty DeLoughry and his wife Frances with a little girl, Margaret, moved in with him. Then an Indian by the name of Latour joined the group. Patty made the clearing at the top of the hill we have always called the DeLoughry farm. I judge that Latour was an intermittent visitor as I never saw him but once after I came but the story goes that Bill and Latour finally ran Patty off the place and at this time Bill, Frances and Margaret were the only ones living here. We spent a delightful two days here trout

fishing the Oiseau creek and then left for home.

1917

Through all the next winter I kept thinking about Oiseau Bay and what a beautiful place it was. Late in the spring of 1917, Walter Malin, Mr. and Mrs. Major Swain, Bessie Murphy, Margaret Killbourn and I agreed to go up there for our summer vacation. We left about the first of August and went up the river on the steamer Oiseau which was then running. Malin, Swain and I went over to Sturgeon Lake for a few days but we spent most of our time at Oiseau Bay. We set up tents in the grove and did all our cooking on an outside fire. Bill Ladacour had told us of the lakes which the creek drained and I got him to take me to first lake, one afternoon, deer hunting. We slept on the beach at the landing that night and at daylight took a small birch bark canoe, that was there, and paddled round the lake skirting the shore. I remember, we saw a beaver swimming in the horseshoe bay, the first I had ever seen, as we skirted the shore near the mouth of the marsh I heard something in the bush. Bill paddled into the marsh and on its margin near where the trail to Green Lake now runs I saw something feeding on the low branches in the bush. I could not see the animal but supposed of course it was a deer. After I fired a young bull moose stalked out of the bush and after him a big old bull and a cow. I fired several times and killed the young bull. We returned to the river and got knives to dress it and the whole party went back to the lake with us and took the pictures which now hang in the farm house at camp. During our stay I made arrangements with Bill to build me a camp in the grove and on our way home I went to see a lawyer, Mr. Burrett, in Pembroke and asked him to see if he could buy a small frontage at Oiseau Bay so that I could have a title to the

land on which the camp was built. Soon after I came home I received a letter from him stating that a man by the name of Hennessy owned this land. There were five lots of about 100 acres each, a total of 525 acres, and that he would sell them. I wrote Burrett that I did not want a large tract of land, but only a few acres on which to build a camp. He replied that Hennessy would take \$5.00 an acre for them, and as this was such an exceedingly small price for land, based on any experience I had ever had, I bought the lots.

1918

The summer of 1918 I took the family to camp with me. Frances was sixteen, Morris 13 and Chester 8. I had bought a gasoline launch that spring and Bill met us with his boat in Pembroke. We loaded supplies in these boats and after some difficulties with balky motors arrived at the bay. Bill had put up the camp in the grove with the help of a habitant from the Ontario shore, Argeneau LaBine. They had followed my plan after a fashion but, it was full of cracks and full of misquitos and I remember that I finally went out in the boat, which was anchored off shore, to sleep. We built a platform near the camp to make a floor for tents and one day when Morris and I were putting up pole frames for the tents a tall, raw boned, scotchman named Alfred Allen, a cruiser for the Fraziers, landed on the beach and saluted us with the statement, "you don't own these lots ". I asked him why not and he said your lots are up on that mountain. I told him that if the lots I had bought were on that mountain, I did not want them, but if the government map and the plat furnished me by Hennessy were accurate, the lots lay in the creek valley. It took some time to thresh this matter out, but

it finally developed that there had been two surveys of Sheen Township. The later survey placed the Sheen-Escher line to the west of the line located by the first survey. Hence the lots were located in the creek valley. In commenting on the matter later Allen said that it made no difference to Mr. Frazier, as there was no timber on the lots anyway.

We spent a happy summer that year, 1918, in spite of flies and inconvenience. Little Margaret Deloughry and Chester played together on the beach. I bought him a small boat with a sail on it and we have a picture of him in this boat on the bay. An old man by the name of Bousfield was camping near us. He had a dugout canoe made of a big log which he sailed around on the river and I remember his having dinner with us one day and apologizing for removing his false teeth before he ate, as he said he could not eat with them. He put them on a stump outside the camp and Norris, who had never seen false teeth, excused himself from the table in order to have a look at them. Bill and Frances were a source of constant wonder and amusement, in their manners and custom of doing things, typifying primitive frontier living. Bill had a boat he called the Lilly, and very often in the dead of night he would tramp by the cabin on his way to the dock to see if the boat was all right and often at night the people from the Ontario shore would land and walk by to the old log house. We could not understand what they were doing at first, but soon learned that Bill and Frances were making moonshine liquor, which they came to buy.

When we were at Sturgeon Lake in 1916, I met a man, Jack Wallace, who had come up to Burnt Bridge fishing. I had seen him the year before (1917), when his brother-in-law, David Brash,

with a friend, Sandy Neilson, were camping on the place. The family went home in time for the children to enter school and I staid on a little while after they left. Wallace, who had not been well, came up and staid with me in the grove cottage. One day we went over on the Ontario shore as he wanted to find a location for a camp on that side of the river so he could drive up to it in his car. We picked the long sand point which reaches out from the Ontario shore across from the Bay as the most desirable. I did not know at the time that it was a very historic spot, the sight of an early Jesuit Mission and called Pointe au Bapteme. He bought this the following winter, built a camp there and was our friend and neighbor for many years.

1919

The next spring, 1919, I came up in May and was delighted with the country at that time of year. I slept in the loft of the old log house on a corn husk mattress and Frances cooked my meals. I distinctly remember those meals. There were no screens on the house, of course, and the kitchen was always full of flies. There seemed always to be milk spilled on the table and there was intense competition between the flies and me, to see who would get the most food. The family came up with me again that summer and Walter Malin, Dr. Clark, Dan McLeod and one or two others were camping under the pines where I hoped to build a cottage. Malin had an outboard motor on a small boat and kept it in the old creek bed where the boat house now stands. Clark was taken ill at First lake and I remember we had to carry him out on a stretcher, and Malin much to his disgust, had to nurse him here for a week or more. We had shot a deer at First Lake, and Doc had some of the meat in the spring. He sliced this thin
Pieces

and tried to make jerked venison by smoking it over a fire he built in the old forge, which stood between the two big pines in front of where the cottage now stands. He did not make much of a success of it and finally Malin had to take him home.

1920

In the spring of 1920, there had been a severe wind storm which swept down the creek valley from the lake, it blew down a great many trees, most of it poplar. One day that summer, Alfred Allen landed on the place and went back in the bush. When he came out he said, "there is a lot of good poplar down back there, you should cut it out ". I said, "I thought you told me there was no timber on this place ". "Well," he said, "there isn't any pine, but there is a lot of poplar there". I knew nothing about timber, but asked Jack Wallace if he would send someone up who would be interested in taking it out. He sent up George Rawlins who was a good carpenter and builder, but not so good it developed as a bush man. He went over it and said he thought there might be three or four hundred thousand feet, and he thought it could be sold to the shook mill, in Pembroke. I had to go home soon and was afraid if I hired him on a salary and I could not be there to watch the operation it would be a losing venture. So I made him the proposition to put up the necessary funds to establish a camp and give him one half the profit which could be made on it. Soon after I got home I began to receive bills for all kinds of camp supplies from Rawlins and I had only received a few before he had incurred more expense than he had estimated the timber would bring. I wrote him asking why he was spending so much for supplies and he replied that there was so much more timber than he had estimated that he had to have a bigger camp and more equipment to

handle it. The matter ran along until February 1921, when one day I received a wire from Rawlins asking me to come to Pembroke as he had an opportunity to sell the poplar at a good price. I hesitated in making a decision as I felt I should not leave the factory and did not anticipate a trip up there in the dead of winter. Finally I decided that there was enough involved to justify my going. I landed in Pembroke about noon one day and Rawlins met me with a sleigh and team and we started up the river on the ice for a lumber camp at Tapps Point, twenty miles distant. After a few miles the road left the river and followed the shore where the snow was drifted in some places so that we drove right over the farm fences. About dark we arrived at Tapps and I was never so nearly frozen in my life. We slept with a row of lumber jacks in a common bunk that night and were up at five the next morning on our way again on the river. And the impression I got of entering a dead world has never left me. The stillness was oppressive, the rocks on the hills dotted with clumps of pine stood out of the snow in bold relief and the stars seemed the size of dinner plates. We passed Oiseau Point and came into the Bay at daylight and drove up on the beach in front of the old log house. There was no smoke from the chimney or any sign of life around the place. There was no wood pile in the doer yard, only a few poplar poles from which Bill's sheep had gnawed the bark. I went over to our cottage in the grove and found it had been broken into and everything maliciously strewn about the place. It would be hard to imagine more complete desolation. Rawlins finally routed out Bill and we learned they had had a party the night before. The Indian, LaTour, was with them and their guests had been the habitats from across the

river. We went back to Rawlins camp which was located on the Crutch Lake creek near the back farm and checked over the work in progress there then started back to Pembroke where we arrived about five o'clock. The next morning we had a conference with the Pembroke Lumber Co. and here I first met Ed Durlap who at that time was a king pin in the town. He had recently sold the Company to an English Syndicate who were building a mill for the manufacture of match splints. They had the mill nearly finished ready to operate in the spring and had found that they were going to have trouble to buy enough poplar logs to keep it operating, through the coming year. They were exceedingly anxious to buy our logs. After some dickering we sold them the cut at what I believe was the highest price ever paid for poplar on the Ottawa River. The amusing part of it was that I could probably have hired Rawlins for \$150. or \$200. a month to superintend the camp and his share of the profits was between \$10,000. - \$12,000.

When I left camp in the fall of 1920 I bought a quantity of wire fence and told Bill, if he would cut enough posts during the winter we would put up a fence around his lot to keep the cattle from wandering all over the place. When I got to camp in the spring of 1921, the fence laid on the beach where we had left it in the fall and he had cut no posts. I decided then it would not be possible to run the place with Bill responsible for it. While he had no legal claim on the place, he had lived there for a long time and I did not want to put him off with no place to go and no means to procure one, so I bought him a farm across the river from the Schyan.

1921

I decided that spring to build a comfortable summer cottage,

but thought that any location in the grove by the old cabin was too damp, in wet weather, so I picked a location on the east side of the clearing on the bank of the creek valley, where an old lumber camp had been located. I graded a spot there and laid the concrete foundation according to a plan, I had drawn the previous winter. I gave Rawlins a contract to erect this building, also, to jack up the old barn and put a concrete foundation under it. That summer I also built the water plant. I made a small dam in the creek and installed a hydraulic ram running a pipe from the ram to a cistern which I built on the hill back of camp and ran pipes to the farm house and the location of the new cottage from that. After Bill left I hired Jim Sweeny and Mike Mehan to spend that winter (1921-22) on the place.

1922

The next spring, 1922, when I came to camp, Rawlins had a number men working on the new cottage and a German mason building the fire place and chimney. He was supposed to finish it in July but when we got there in the summer it was not done and we had to stay in the Grove camp for a while, until we could move in. During that summer I built a new dock and in the spring gave Fischer, a Pembroke contractor, the job of building a new farm house. Peter McCullough and his family, who I had hired in the spring, came in July to take charge of the place. That summer I shipped a car load of farm tools and house furnishings to camp. When I got the freight bills, I found that the cost from Pembroke to camp on the steamer, Ciseau, was more than the cost from Pain-essville to Pembroke. When I went into the office in Pembroke to pay the bill I mentioned this and they said they would be glad to sell me some stock in the Company, if I wanted it, so I said

no more. During the winter of 1921-22, the Zadow Bros. cut the remaining poplar which Rawlins had left using the camp he had built the year before. That is why we always called the camp Rawlins built, the Zadow camp and the Crutch Lake Creek, Zadow Creek and the road they built on the east side of Oiseau Creek, Zadow road.

1923

The next summer, 1923, Fischer built the new farm house and the boat house. The McCulloughs had moved on the place when Bill left the previous fall and they lived in the grove cottage that year while the new house was being built. McCullough bought a fine black team of horses and we started farming the back farm. The next spring, 1923, Florence and I came up early and hired Caughey to take us up the river. When we reached Oiseau Point we found ice still on the bay and as Caughey had just had his boat painted he refused to go any farther, so he set us on shore with a large trunk, we had with us, and we had to walk over the rocks along the shore to camp. The next day the ice blew out from the shore and the McCulloughs rescued the trunk with a row boat. That summer I got the idea that I could put steers on the place and that they would pick their living in the bush. So I bought half a dozen and had them shipped up to camp on the steamer, Oiseau. When they were loading them at Pembroke one jumped into the river and they had to chase it in the row boat. Captain Tissier, who was notorious on the river for his vitrolic temper, was in a very ill humor, indeed. At that time there was no fence along the road to keep the steers out of the bush until we got them into the barn yard. Just as they came to the grove cottage a little dog who had been sleeping under the