

## Memories of Ten Mile Lake

By Eloise Ball Allensworth ©1989, 2001. Edited by Jeremy Franklin

I spent my fourth birthday, June 20, 1913, on the train headed for the cool Northwoods of Minnesota. My mother, Roslyn Steinke Ball, had nursed her father through terminal cancer that spring and the doctor told her that the family she should get out of the tortuous Iowa heat that summer. Judge Spurrier of Des Moines rented us our first cabin on Norway Lake near Pine River. My Grandmother Steinke, age 73, came with us. I think the trip was for her as much as for my mother and she loved it.

The next summer we stayed a short time on Lake Clark near Hubert, Minnesota. Later that summer we moved back to Norway Lake and bought the cabin from Judge Spurrier. While living on Lake Clark my parents took a trip "up the creek" to Lake Nisswa through nine lakes-- from Clark to Nisswa, then Le Roy, Bass, Sand, Upper Gull, Kilpatrick, and Margaret. Gull is the biggest in this chain and fourteen miles long. My father said there was good fishing in Ponto and Sand Lake. On one fishing trip to Lake Ada they went by horse and buggy over a corduroy road. These roads were made by placing logs and brush crosswise and covering them with sand and gravel. At that time many of the farmers in the area used yoke of oxen to work the land.

Mother said the first time she saw Father row across the lake to take Norway Brook to town (Pine River) she thought she would never see him again. Eventually Father mastered the art of paddling in a straight line instead of circles in the genuine birch bark Indian canoe.

Mr. Meredith was superintendent of the public schools in Boone, Iowa where my father was principal of the high school. In the summer of 1914 he wrote to my father asking him to look at some property on Ten Mile Lake. It was part of the sand beach just south of the

Christie-Kubo property. While there, my father mentioned what a beautiful point lay across the lake where the big lake and Long's bay merge. That winter Mr. Forbes wrote to Father that the point he admired had been put on the market. He said it contained about twelve acres and was valued at \$375. Later when it was surveyed it was found to contain nearly thirty-three acres. My father borrowed some money from the teachers at the high school and bought the tract without ever walking over it.

Father notes in one of his early photo albums:

*Monday morning, June 21, 1915, leaving our cottage at Norway Lake for Ten Mile, we portered the baggage through Norway creek to Pine Rive. From Pine River we went by Ford to Hackensack. Some load too—Gudmundson, one of the teachers from the Boone high school, Wideman, the real estate man, and driver and Ball, not to speak of the “porto” [a small motor] and a five gallon can of gasoline. And the roads might have been better. At Hackensack we took a launch and finished the trip by water.*

They stayed across the lake in the Bush cabin. Mr. Bush was a conductor on the Minnesota International line, which we called the Mosquito and Insect line. Mr. Bush had fallen in love with the view of the lake down the bay as he passed by on train every day. The DeLury's also had a cabin close to the one owned by Mr. Bush.

The men used the “thoroughfare” as they called it (Little Boy River) that summer from the building site to Hackensack for provisions. The lumber, supplies, and furniture were shipped by freight train. The men had to be at Ten Mile Station when the train went through. It didn't come on the first day although they waited all day. Father writes:

*The next day the lumber came—nearly a carload of it. There being no railroad siding, we had to unload it while the train waited. Five of us and two brakemen got it out of the*

*car in about an hour. Our furniture and millwork was in another car-- we piled it all in neat piles between the track and the lake and left it until morning. These rafts, two of them were 8 feet x 16 feet and loaded from four to five feet high, nearly 5000 ft of lumber in each—about 25,000 feet of lumber and furnishings. At 4:30PM the rafts were completed, furniture loaded on top ready to hitch the Porto on. Arrived at the Gitchee Gummee Beach about 7:45PM; tied up the rafts and left them 'til morning.*

Later, two of the men, Easter and Salvason, left for home and Ferdinand Daehler and Harris Meredith (son of Dr. Meredith) arrived. Because Daehler was industrial arts teacher at the high school where Father was principal, he was chief foreman of the carpenter squad. He built the fireplace in the first cabin. When the first cabin was finished that summer the Meredith family moved in.

*When I went to the station to meet the Merediths, this is the bunch I saw piling off the train. If I should attempt to name them, they would run like this: Mr. and Mrs. Meredith and Lois, their daughter (Harris, their son was already with us), Mrs. Ball, Eloise [author], and Grandmother Steinke (75 yrs old), "Doc" Whitehill, and Tom Johnston. Mrs. Gudmundson and Elin had come some time before, so our crowd was complete and the two houses were full!*

I have never been able to figure out how we all slept in those two small cabins. Each consisted of one small screened-in front porch, one general purpose room (living, dining, and sleeping), a bedroom, and kitchen. The second of these two cabins still exists in its original state and belongs to my sister [deceased] Zelda Ball Johnson's family. The original cottage has been remodeled and is owned my by sister, Kathryn Ball Helscher.

The point at the “L” of the big lake and Long’s bay made a safe harbor for the boats. They were always safe from the “big blows” since most of our heavy storms originate out of the southwest. The path from the point to all the cabins was called “Lumberjack Trail.” It was used by all the beach residents until they built safe moorings in front of their own cabins. Our first boats were wooden flat-bottoms except for a little riverboat we brought with us from Norway Lake. Our motors were small outboards, a Porto and a Sears Roebuck Motorgo. The latter was the more reliable, using a three cell battery in a black box which we always carried to the house to keep dry. Mother became an expert at handling it—even cranking the flywheel which was quite small with a little knob on top to pull. I soon learned to operate it too.

The summer of 1916 was a busy one. The Boone people began to further populate the point. Father must have been a good salesman. Several families lived in house-tents with floors that summer before they built their cabins. These included Dr. L.A. Bassett (a surgeon) and his wife, Dr. (general practitioner) and Mrs. Margaret Whitehill with daughter Charlotte, Col. Harry Canfield (Spanish American war veteran) and his two sisters, Kate Canfield and Lucy Schuneman, Jones and Cobb, J. B. Hughes (photographer), and Rev. S.A. Munneke (Presbyterian minister). The only cabins still owned by the original families belonged to the Munneke family and the Ball girls, Kathryn Helscher, Zelda Johnson, and myself-- Eloise Allensworth.

Other Boone people settling on the point soon after included J. C. Manville, wife Bessie, and three sons Buddy, Sonny, and Bill. They shared the cabin with Warren Hansen and Gertrude, his wife. Gertrude and Bessie were sisters. J.C. worked with the YMCA in Boone and Warren worked with a Scandanavian newspaper in Cedar Rapids. The two families bought the first cabin on the beach near the point. Father later bought the cabin back and it is now

owned by Kathryn Ball Helscher. The next little cabin was rented for many years by Walter Canier's family from Boone, where he owned a shoe store. They had two adopted children, Dick and Patricia. They later built a log cabin on the point beyond Thomas' sand beach. Zelda Ball Johnson's family now owns our old family cabin. After my parents died she bought the Hyde cabin across the bay and brought it over on the ice in about 1961. It is on a lot between the "rent" cabin and the old family cabin that they own.

Rev. Munneke's small cabin was built next, then the Whitehill's. Dr. Munneke had four boys-- Albert, Robert, Lester, and Edward. Lester now owns the cabin [his son, Rev. Bob Munneke owns it in 2001] and still comes every summer. The Whitehills sold their cabin to Russell and Leslie Mackey of Boone but the Mackeys sold it to David Lee and his sister of Minneapolis. Next to them is the log cabin built in 1919 by Dr. Bassett several years after he built his original cabin on the hill. He always used to say if anyone on the beach put in a telephone, he would move! Dr. and Mrs. Reddy of Ames, IA bought the Jones-Cobb place. Their daughter, Polly Staunton of Florida, purchased it from them. The J.B. Hughes' cabin was sold to Mr. Zimbeck (a grocer), both of Boone. The original building was bulldozed by the present owners, Franz and Jeannie Flath of Fridley, MN. They have replaced it with a year-round house. The last cabin on the beach as it was originally settled belonged to the Canfields of Boone. They originally had a tent-house. Later the cookhouse was built before erecting a log cabin. Uncle Harry Canfield was a colonel in the Spanish American war. The Thurmans of Iowa owned his cabin next but it was frequently used by Esther Thurman Drago and her family. One of the relatively new cabins on this beach was built in 1969 by my husband Jack and me. It rests on the knoll next to our old family cabin. This spot was my favorite playground as I grew

up, particularly since it had the largest white pine tree in the area. I was greatly saddened when it was struck by lightning several years ago and slowly died.

When each of the Ball girls graduated from college, Father and Mother gave us some of the Ten Mile property. Mine adjoins the family cabin lots. My sister, Kathryn, owns the property next to mine extending to the Munneke's. Zelda owned the three lots beyond Canfield's to the lilypond. She later sold them to the Ducharmes of Minneapolis who built in 1979.

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In those early days we had no car so we had to travel by train. I can still hear the conductor calling the names of the towns as we left Brainard... "Nisswa—Pequot—Jenkins—Pine River—Mildred—Backus—Haaaaackensaaaaack---Ten Mile!!" By that time I was so excited I could hardly stand it. The railroad had a platform built where we got off at our stop. Later they built a little red station with a big sign for Ten Mile Lake. Mr. Long owned the property along the lake where the train stopped. As I remember, Mr. Long lived there year-round in his log cabin built into the side of the hill. He would load us into his launch and bring us to our cabin. I also remember sometimes getting off the train in Hackensack to buy our provisions before we went out to the lake. Mr. Charley Wood had the General Store there. When we had completed our purchases—a sizable order—Charley would load us into his Model T and drive us to the Ten Mile station where we would complete our journey with Mr. Long in his launch-- rain or shine! For the rest of the summer we would take the thoroughfare to Birch Lake and Hackensack for our supplies and mail.

Later in the 1920's my father would bring us to Ten Mile, help us get settled, and go back to Iowa or St. Louis to teach, leaving Mother with my two sisters and me. Then when we

needed to go to town she would rev up the Motor Go and we would catch the 9:00AM southbound train to Hackensack. Again, Charley Wood brought us back to Ten Mile station and away we'd go in our little boat and motor. The boat landing there at Long's place always fascinated me. It was a relic of the lumbering days, obviously a long term resident of the lake. It was made of great huge pine logs that had been leveled off and lashed together with huge logging chains. It was covered with beautiful velvety green moss and was very slippery. It was very large—probably about twenty by thirty feet floating in the water but attached to the shore. The ice didn't seem to bother it, unlike smaller docks elsewhere on the lake. This was where we always tied up our boats when we went to town.

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There was great camaraderie among the beach people. If someone was going to town, he would check to see if anyone needed anything and always would bring back the mail for those who desired it. Mother said she never felt alone or afraid because there was always someone on the beach.

Living conditions were very primitive in those early days. Most of the cabins had fireplaces made of the plentiful lakeshore rock and lined with firebrick. Some were more efficient and some had a tendency to smoke, depending on the skill of the builder. We always had wood-burning cook stoves. When gas stoves became popular Father shipped our fine wood-burning range to the lake since it worked fine if there was enough split, dry wood. It kept Father busy chopping and splitting enough to satisfy the hungry firebox as well as the Jack-pine appetites that developed in the brisk air. Nothing aggravated Mother more than to have a sluggish fire when she was trying to make a blueberry pie or fry a batch of freshly caught fish. There were no iceboxes—instead we had a hole in the ground lined either with rocks laid in

cement or a plain cement wall. Our's was under the kitchen porch covered with a trap door. It was always my chore to climb down and get the milk, butter, eggs, etc. Later we brought a big old ice box from home and we bought ice from Mr. Long or later across the lake at Christie's. In the winter they cut ice from the lake and stored it in sawdust in a large shed. That was a great improvement because then we could even have ice cream if we wanted to take time to crank the freezer.

One would think that being so close to the lake, we would not have trouble getting drinking water. Our first well was easy. They drove a sandpoint down about twenty feet and got good water without too much iron in it. All it needed was a little priming water to get it started. This little hand pump is still there between the first two cabins. When Father built the larger family cabin up the trail he could not get good water although they tried in several places. It was not until the early 1950's were they able to find good water close to the kitchen. So for about 30 years we carried our drinking water from the little hand pump down the path about a block away. We used lake water for all other purposes. Mother did all our laundry by hand in two big wash tubs and it was my chore to carry the pails of water from the dock to the washstand Father built for her on the kitchen porch. Some people used lake water entirely for many years with apparent safety. Even now the lake water is probably safe to drink. The Ten Mile Lake Association monitors it regularly. Since there was no plumbing, the house out back (better known as the "biffie") was a necessity. It had to be moved at regular intervals. And, as the family grew the "little house" grew from one hole to three!

Water safety required life preservers since many of the lake residents and visitors did not know how to swim. The early life preservers were clumsy affairs made of cork blocks enclosed with canvas. They had straps to go over your shoulders and the contraption wrapped

around you from under your armpits to your lower waist. It was not much good for swimming but would keep you afloat. The little children used "water wings" that we blew up and slipped under our arms with the inflated wings to support us. Mr. Crary was a swimming instructor at the YMCA in Boone. He can be credited for teaching many of the kids on the beach the finer points in the art of swimming.

The boats always had to be put away for the winter. We rolled them up out of the water on logs. Later Father made a travois fastened to the car to haul them into the yard for storage and turned them upside-down for the winter. No one ever bothered them. The next summer they were put back in the lake where they had to soak for several days so they wouldn't leak. Some years they had to be caulked and painted first, so we would be without transportation for a while.

We had great fun with those flat -bottom boats when we were swimming. When turned over they made good diving rafts and underneath there was always a pocket of air where we could hide. Later, when we were proficient swimmers, we went down the "Lumberjack Trail" to the point. There is an interesting formation of shifting sand that drops immediately off the shore into thirty to forty feet of water. It was a wonderful place to dive off the shore. We had many rowdy, rollicking times there and got acquainted with the Hyde boys, George, Collin and Lem (his real name is Lewis but he couldn't spell it!) from the point across the bay. They frequently had visiting companions from Minneapolis who made it even more interesting. The Hyde and Ball families made lifelong friends through this association.

The Hyde cabin was built on property owned by Miss Johnston who had a cabin directly across from our point close to Bill Opitz. Hers was called Hi-jo-te-pe, named for her co-owners: Hicks, Johnston, Tearse, and Peck. I think they had been canteen workers together

in World War I. We always called them the "Nurses". I believe that later Miss Johnston bought out the others.

Under my favorite big white pine tree on the knoll near our cabin we had a teepee for playing Indians. The tree was one of the last vestiges of the great pine forest that had surrounded the lake before the lumber barons moved in. It was over one hundred years old when the big white pine was fatally injured by a bolt of lightning. It was an earth-shaking experience! These woods were a natural setting for playing Indians. The Munneke boys, Albert, Robert, and Lester, were a part of our Indian games. I remember being tied to a tree and threatened with scalping. I believe Albert, the oldest brother, rescued me. Another of our long-term projects was building cities on the ice bank along the shore. We built the log cabins out of freshly cut poplar or alder sticks and made cars with sawed broomstick wheels. They were about 1/4" thick and nailed to a small rectangular block of wood covered with bits of roofing material. They made slick limousines. We landscaped the yards with velvety green moss. We also built harbors along the shore for our homemade boats. Highways were constructed with sand and pebbles, sometimes mixed with a little cement. We even had wooden bridges. Lester and Robert became very expansive with the use of cement and some remnants can still be seen along their beach.

We called the shore beyond the Canfield cabin Agate Beach. We collected the agates and used them for money. Several years ago Laurence Flath put some of mine through his tumbler one winter in their basement of his home in Minneapolis. I now have the beautifully polished stones on my living room table at home in San Antonio to remind me of those happy days. Instead of "worry beads" they are my "happy stones!"

In the evening the young people on the beach would gather at one of the cabins for games, including "wink," hearts, rummy, flinch, etc. When the "rent" cabin was vacant we could play there without disturbing the rest of the beach people with our robust hilarity. Or, if there was a full moon on a quiet night we would take our phonograph and favorite records in the boat and drift in the moon's path. One of my favorites was "Moonlight and Roses." What could be more romantic?

Climbing the Birch Lake fire tower was a true test of bravery. I think it was about ninety feet high (at least it seemed that way) with a ladder enclosed in a half-cylinder of wire netting. I remember the bruises I got on my shins because I kept knocking them on the rungs of the ladder. If you had nerve enough to climb to the top, you were awarded a certificate of membership in the Ancient and Honorable Order of Squirrels. I made it!

If the lake was calm on Sunday, one of the great excursions by the Boone colony was a trip to Mrs. Robinson's Resort dining room for dinner. I think it was called Klose-to-Nature Kamp on the island at the far south end of the lake. The trip was a great flotilla--some boats towing others and some in launches. The ladies had chair-backs on the boat seats and used umbrellas to shield themselves from the sun, making quite an impressive procession. Mrs. Robinson's dining room was a great attraction for the children who loved all the stuffed animals and birds perching on the huge birch logs that supported the roof. It was a great calamity when it burned down and was never rebuilt. The island is now connected to the mainland by a built up road.

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About 1917 or 1918 the Scenic Highway was constructed, now known as "old 19," allowing many of the families to drive from Iowa. The road comes close to the lake along the

sand beach across from Boone Point. When the travelers arrived by car, they would gather on the shore and "you-hoo" for someone to come and get them, usually my Father. He felt responsible since he had developed the area and was there from early June until the last of August . There was much excitement when we had new arrivals and everyone pitched in and helped them across the lake with their luggage and provisions. They parked their cars near the spot where Bill Opitz built his log cabin. Then in 1919 a group of the beach members built an eight-stall garage on a little plot of land behind his house. That same summer, before it was finished, a high wind blew the garage down on the cars. Three cars were caught under the collapsed roof. Father says in the album "It took all the men on the beach to raise it so the cars could be removed. Fortunately there was very little damage to the cars."

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During the First World War Father worked for the YMCA in Boone. When the war was over he went to work with the Veterans Administration and we moved to St. Louis, Mo. Then in 1920 we moved back to Cedar Rapids, IA. He realized the V.A. would gradually close down, so he decided to go back to school to get his Masters degree in Social Studies at the University of Iowa. I don't remember too much about those years except we always got to the lake. The summer of 1923 while we were there, he received a telegram from Dr. Walter Cocking whom he had known at the University of Iowa, offering him a job in the public schools in San Antonio, Texas. Texas seemed like another world, totally unknown --and so far away! But Mr. Harlow, an old friend of Father's, told him he owed it to his family to spend at least a year in San Antonio. He had been stationed there during the war and was very impressed with its beauty, charm, and history. I can remember walking up and down the Hackensack railroad station platform that August day while Mother and Father tried to make up their minds

to move some 1500 miles from our beloved Ten Mile. Soon after, Father sent the telegram from the station accepting the position as Director of Social Studies in the Junior Schools of San Antonio. He reported for work the first of September and we followed in October. We wondered if we would ever be able to go back to our summer retreat.

That winter Father bought our first car, a second-hand Reo open touring car. Now we could travel! Those early trips are a story all their own. We camped out with a tent that had a flap that went over the top of the car. It was big enough for three folding camp cots for Mother, Father, and I while my sisters slept in the car. Roads were just being built for cross-country travel so we struggled through mud, drifting sand, detours of many miles, and flat tires. "Filling stations" began allowing travelers to camp on their property and offered water, lights, and outside toilets. Some enterprising towns provided city park camping. With good weather we could make the trip from Texas in five or six days, but we still had to leave the car across the lake and boat across the water to the cabin. It was twenty-six more years before we could go by car to the cabin. This momentous event finally occurred 1949. Father writes,

*After 34 years of access only across a half a mile of water ... it seems strange indeed to be able to drive a car up to the door-- almost prosaic procedure to load and unload our duffle—but romance must not be permitted to block progress. The age of the car has caught up with us--things ain't what they used to be.*

That same year while the bulldozer was still there building the road, we had the ice bank removed in front of the family cabin, much to my dismay.

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The early fishing days were exciting. While waiting for the freight train to arrive with the lumber the summer of 1915, Father caught a 7 1/2lb northern pike. The largest northern

caught that summer was a 9 pounder. Walleyed pike, rock bass, blue gills, sun fish and black bass were plentiful. Stony Lake and Portage were favorite fishing lakes; the men always came home with a good catch. Later they found Bass Lake where there was a great blue heron rookery. There were also frequent trips to Leech lake where there was great walleyed pike fishing and guides to help you find them. Father was fond of black bass fishing and frequently found them in Thomas' bay and Flower-pot. Occasionally I caught a nice bass off the point south of our cabin. That point has been a good sunfish and rock bass spot for many years. One summer in the sixties, Jack, Peggy, Roslyn Anne, and I caught a nice mess of Crappies along the drop-off between our cabin and the Munneke's. I caught most of them which baffled the rest of the fishermen in the boat. Guess it was the bait I was using!

Fires have been one of the greatest concerns of the beach residents. The first experience I remember was during a cold spell when we were living in the small cabin. The pipe from the cook-stove and the fireplace became overheated and the wood around the pipe began to smolder. A fire brigade was assembled with people lined up to the lake with buckets to pass to the men on the roof who quickly put the potential fire out with very little damage. Later they rebuilt the chimney enclosing the pipe in cement. Another time, during a very cold August when we had used the fireplace in the big cabin for many days, the cement floor of the fire-box got so hot the 2x6's under the fireplace bed began to smolder. We were packing to leave for home when we discovered the smoke seeping out around the base of the fireplace on the outside. We again organized a fire brigade and were able to cool off the smoldering wood. It was very fortunate we discovered it before the fire reached the outside air when it would probably have burst into flame. Another time, Father was burning brush up near our point by our family cabin. I was helping him carry the brush to the fire when we found several little fires

about twenty feet from the stack of burning brush. Again, we had to rush to wet the surrounding area! In the summer of 1922 or 1923 there were numerous brush fires in the area. One day the lake people sent out an alarm that a fire was threatening the south end of the lake. Father thought he should go to help fight it. It was a very hot day--a storm brewer! Soon after he left we saw a very ominous storm gathering across the lake. Father was in the little river boat and Mother decided she should try to head him off since these storms bring very heavy wind. She took my sister, Zelda, about four years old, and left me with Kathryn, just a baby. As she ran up the path toward Munneke's cabin the storm broke with all its fury. Trees crashed around her and she pushed Zelda to the ground and laid on top of her. She lost her glasses to the wind. Meanwhile, I struggled with canvas curtains on rollers on the front porch, finally hooking them down. I still don't know where I got the strength to accomplish it because the rollers were very heavy. A couple of poplars crashed near the house as I fought the wind and my other sister was in the little back bedroom taking a nap. I grabbed her out of the birch crib and crawled behind an old trunk in the living room. That seemed to be the safest place if a tree should come down on the house. Meanwhile, Father had beached the little craft and walked back to the cabin to find four very frightened people. The best news was that the rain had put out the fires and later Mother found her glasses in the path. That same summer there was a fire between Ten Mile and Walker along the Scenic Highway (old 19) that burned for days. On the upside, wild blueberries thrive on burned over land. For several years after those fires there was an abundance of luscious fat berries if you knew where to look.

Lightning is one of the hazards of the forest. One year in the spring before we arrived, a "cold bolt" struck a very tall white pine close to our cottage's front porch. It jumped to the base of the cabin traveling around the floor of the cabin, melting nails as it went. The front porch

shutters were then made of plastic covered screen. The plastic was melted and the shutters were askew. Kerosene lamp chimneys were knocked off and pans were scattered on the floor of the kitchen. We have often wondered if we would have survived the bolt --our beds, a beautiful brass bed and iron cots might have been very uncomfortable--even lethal!

A couple summers ago, we watched lightning strike a cabin across the lake, setting it on fire. I ran to the Munneke's to call the fire department; they had the only telephone on the beach. They were not at home but by the time I got there I heard the fire engines from both Walker and Hackensack. The guest cabin was totally destroyed but they were able to prevent the fire from spreading to the main house. That fire was started by a lightning bolt that struck a TV antenna and then jumped to the house.

During the nineteen-thirties, when I was a counselor at Camp Danworthy, we had a summer in which we suffered wicked storms and a radical lowering of the water level of the lake. It was so low that the rocks along the ledge of Flowerpot bay were exposed and the boulders along the reef at Ball's point reminded us to go way around. The Hyde boys "helped" by stacking additional rocks to make them even more visible. "Mama" Hyde was afraid of the water so the boys never had a motor boat--just a little 3-person flat-bottom. They were not aware of the increased hazard they were creating for the unwary pilots of the motorboats crossing the reef. There was many a sheered pin on a propeller, especially on the fine launches.

One of my reoccurring nightmares during those drought years involved the drying up of Ten Mile Lake. I would wake up in the night in a cold sweat. Now the level is controlled by the Federal Dam near Leech Lake. Little Boy river flows out of Ten Mile, through Birch Lake, reaches Leech, and finally into the mighty Mississippi. Since transportation to the sea is of prime importance, the lakes that feed the river must adjust to the needs of the shipping

interests. When we were kids we could walk along the shore between the cabins all the way to the Munnekes. This is no longer possible since the lake level is kept so high. There is a gradual eating away of the ice bank which undermines the vegetation, the big pines, and birches along the shore. High winds speed up the process. Some lake residents are building retaining walls to protect the banks and shoreline. I have loved a leaning pine, a beautiful Norway, which started its leaning when I was very young and now, finally, has found its resting place in the lake after a struggle of over fifty years with the encroaching water. It was sad to watch it give up its fight to the constantly lapping waves.

On the other hand, it has been interesting to watch the change in the make-up of the surrounding forest. When Father first landed on the beach, he had to chop his way through the alder brush along the shore, then through the hazel brush and poplars to locate a suitable building spot for the first cabin. The growth was so dense that Mother warned me, a six-year old, not to venture beyond the clearing or into the tamarack swamp behind the cabin. Gradually Father cleared out the under-brush so we could see the birches and poplars that had taken over the woods after the lumberjacks had cut the red and white pine of the virgin forest. The poplar is a fast-growing, brittle tree that is frequently victim of the storms that sweep across the lake. They are also a favorite food of the beaver. Slowly the little seedling white and Norway pines have grown to majestic size. Some were of fair size when we built the cabins but were scorned by the woodcutters as not being suitable for cutting. Now they are creating a new beautiful forest.

I used to love to walk from hummock to hummock in the mysterious tamarack swamp which stretched several blocks behind the cottages. I think it was in the nineteen-forties that the tamaracks began to die. Someone has told me a fatal disease swept through the beautiful

tamarack swamps of Minnesota killing most of the trees. Those dark, dense, beautiful swamps are now open, wet meadows. A few of the trees are now beginning to come back, either from the old roots or seedlings. But the once thriving pitcher plants, Dutchman's pipe, and moccasin flowers are seldom found. I often wonder if the primitive swamps will ever return.

The wildlife around the cabins has also been fun to watch. We have shared the woods with an interesting variety of creatures. Some we have never seen but have heard their spine tingling calls, especially the timber wolf and coyote. We have seen the red fox run across the trail and a doe casually feeding along the ice bank, silhouetted against a flaming sunset as we sat mesmerized at our dining table by the lakeside window, scarcely breathing and hoping the "postcard" picture would be there forever. One year a family of weasels lived in the woodshed attached to the rear of the cabin. They did not cause any problems but another year a mother skunk raised her family under the house, raiding the "fishhole" where we cleaned our catch to feed her hungry youngsters. Father moved the burial spot but she always seemed to find it the next night, much to our discomfort. It was a great relief when she decided the young ones were old enough to forage for themselves and left the sheltered home under Mother's bedroom.

Lester and Katherine Munneke tell of their odiferous experience with a friendly black and white kitty. Not having inside plumbing, they have to dispose of the dishwater by throwing it out the kitchen door. One night it was quite late and very dark when Katherine finished the dishes. She opened the door and stepped outside flinging the large dishpan of sudsy water with great dispatch. It soaked the unsuspecting kitty who immediately retaliated with her own reprisal. The Munneke family home was so saturated they were forced to retire for the night at a nearby motel. The haunting perfume of the insulted skunk still remained the next morning, reminding Katherine to look before she threw thereafter! One evening while we were playing

cards, Jack and I watched a pair of baby skunks play along the shore by our dock. They were so cute we were tempted to join them but thought it better to enjoy them through the window. For several years there was a mink and silver fox farm near Hackensack that we visited. They had "descended" kitties we were allowed to pet. That was the closest I ever got to a baby skunk. Our album has a picture proving they were "pet-able". Porcupines can be fun to watch too, but they can also be destructive. In the winter when food is short they sometimes climb the white pine trees to eat the tender bark at the top. Since they usually eat a ring around the trunk, the porcupines often kill the new growth. To prevent this destructive habit a wide strip of sheet aluminum can be wrapped around the trunk a few feet above the ground to discourage their climbing to the top for a succulent meal. One morning about daybreak, Jack woke to hear a strange sound. He saw a dark head bobbing around at the front northwest window. In his startled, sleepy state he thought a black man was trying to break in-- and his first reaction was to wake me. Then as he watched, he saw it was a "porky" trying to climb up the 2"x4" corner supports. However, it couldn't get a good hold because of the windows and finally gave up, dropped to the ground, and ambled off -- to Jack's great relief. Frisky, the family dog, had one encounter with a porcupine and came home whimpering with a mouthful of quills. It took nearly all day to remove the quills, but she never bothered another porcupine.

Since we dredged out the harbor behind our cottages we have had beavers build a large house behind my sister's (Kathryn) cabin. The beavers are particularly fond of poplar bark for food and alder for building material. In 1978 we finally got permission from the Department of Natural Resources and Dave Smith, the game warden, to have the beavers moved and their very large home destroyed because it was blocking the entrance to the harbor. They have toppled large poplars, leaving some leaning on other trees like toothpicks crisscrossing each other and

some leaning precariously close to the cabins. They work quickly--we found one tree cut overnight by Jack's bedroom window. Fortunately it dropped away from the house, leaning into another tree, which frustrated the hungry beaver since he only wanted the tender top branches. They are industrious little animals-- working hours and hours to build their homes, tugging their large branches many blocks to their chosen home-site.

Mr. Friday, who dredged out our harbor originally, came with his big scoop to remove the house after the beaver had been moved by the game warden the previous winter. He threw the tangled mass of sticks and mud on the shore. We later retrieved some of the larger wood to burn in the fireplace.

At the time of this writing the beavers are back building another mansion, and again cleaning out our timber, even some of our cherished birches. Our neighbors, the Flaths, have salvaged some of our trees around our cabin for our Franklin stove and their wood-burning furnace. What to do about the beavers and their squatting in our harbor entrance is a moot question.

One of our favorite little animals of the forest is the chipmunk. They live in little burrows in the ground and sometimes make nests in the garage, much to Jack's distress. They are friendly and are easy to tame. Lester Munneke has a pet "chippy" that will come to him when he sits on the bench, climb on his shoulder, or crawl into his pocket for a peanut. Two years ago, when we had a 14" rain during their nesting season, they were nearly wiped out as the mothers and babies were drowned in the holes. The only ones to survive around our house were probably the squatters in our garage.

One year we had an over abundance of snow-shoe rabbits. We had never seen them before that I can remember~ but that year they were everywhere ---literally hundreds of them. But since that we have not seen them at all during the summer. We don't know why.

Lester and Katherine Munneke usually come to the lake early in June and stay until September. They have a black bear who often visits around their cabin. Katherine has seen him at night on her trips to the outdoor comfort station. We have heard animals prowling in our garbage cans in the garage and suspect it may be the same bear although I have never been courageous enough to investigate the marauders. Lester said they have seen a female and her two cubs saunter across the lane out toward the highway. We found tracks at the sand pit that greatly intrigued our house guest, Edith Moss, in the summer of 1977.

One year we had a large number of what I think were voles. They looked like very small moles but were too tiny. I looked them up in our animal dictionary and decided that must have been what they were. They lived along the lane between our cabin and the Henschers'. Occasionally there are muskrats in the harbor. Then too, we have seen mink crossing the walkway to the front dock. Once Father saw a flying squirrel and we often see both red and gray squirrels. For many years Albert Thomas let his cows wander through the woods. We could hear them coming as one of them was belled-- we really didn't appreciate their visits! But I used to like to follow their trails back to Thomas's place.

Visiting Thomas's place was an experience. Albert's father, we thought, had killed a very large black bear on the ice one winter. We later learned Hattie, his daughter, had bought the bear, which was stuffed in an upright standing position and placed it in the middle of their living room. Jack visited Albert a few years ago and it was still there, in a very dilapidated, moth eaten condition. Mother Thomas had been a widow for many years when we first started

coming to the lake. Some one told us her husband liked his alcohol and was killed by a train not far from their house on Thomas' bay. Albert had a brother, Robert, and two sisters that I remember. Hattie was a nurse and Margaret was a school teacher. I think there may have been another sister but I cannot remember her name. Our blueprints of the property state that Albert and Robert were ax-men for the surveying crew. Albert still lives in the old home but his wife, Lydia, died several years ago. Margaret lives in Hackensack.

Later the Christies settled across the lake on the sand beach where the Kubo's now live. We bought our milk and ice from them for many years after we could no longer get it from Mother Thomas. The Kubos also had a nice garden that we enjoyed when they had enough produce to sell.

Dr. Munneke, a Presbyterian minister (Lester's father), usually took his vacation in August. We always had church when he was on the beach...not much of a vacation for him, I'm sure, but everyone felt we should ask him to conduct a service. During the rest of the summer we had Sunday school, meeting in different cabins each week. Someone had given us folding chairs with advertising for Piedmont Cigarettes. I think they had been given to the YMCA in Boone and were passed on to us since the advertising was not considered suitable for the boys attending the Y. We also had songbooks that we enjoyed. I particularly remember singing "The Little Brown Church In The Wildwood" because it seemed so appropriate. On one of our trips home to San Antonio, we stopped in Iowa to see the little brown church where it was written. I celebrated my sixteenth birthday that year. These Sunday services at the lake were well attended; sometimes thirty or forty people were there. In the last few years the Munnekes have invited the residents on the beach to worship with them when their son Bob, a Lutheran

minister, brings his Luther League from Lake City, Minn. for an outing. We feel so close to God when we worship in such a beautiful place.

After I finished college in 1930, I counseled at Camp Danworthy, a girls camp owned by Miss Elizabeth Fish. She was the principal of the girls' Vocational High School in Minneapolis. Two of her associates were Miss Agnes Crouse, vice principal at the high school, and Miss Annabelle Thomas from West High School. Miss Thomas was a friend of the Hyde family and when Miss Fish was looking for a craft teacher for the camp Mrs. Hyde told her she knew that I had just finished my degree in design and crafts at CIA (College of Industrial Arts in Denton, Tex.). That winter Miss Fish contacted me in San Antonio, offering me the job, sight unseen! She wanted me to bring some campers from San Antonio but I was unable to fulfill her request. Minnesota was too far away and an unknown area to our Texas girls. Most of the campers in San Antonio either went to Tennessee or the hill country of Texas. Anyway, she sent me the money to travel to camp--it was during the depression of the thirties and I was lucky to have the money to buy a ticket.

Danworthy is situated at the south end of Long Lake which is part of a chain starting with Lake May near Walker, then Long Lake, Third lake, Fourth, Fifth and Sixth lake. It is a beautiful setting for a camp. I loved the camp, the girls, and my work and went back every summer until I married in 1940. Of course I returned to Ten Mile on my days off and for several years stayed in our cottage with some of my camp friends for a few weeks before it was time to return to Minneapolis. During the second summer at camp Miss Fish offered me a job teaching in the new vocational high school just being built across from the Curtis Hotel in downtown Minneapolis. Of course I accepted and taught there until the summer Jack and I were married in Minneapolis. I decided to be married in Minneapolis at Westminster

Presbyterian Church since I had worked there eight years, all my friends were there, and Jack had never seen the lake. So we were married there in the chapel on June 14, 1940 with all my family there, including aunts, uncles, cousins, Jack's sister, Margaret and husband Bill Kirkpatrick from Pittsburgh, and Mother Allensworth, who drove from Texas with Jack. After the wedding she left with Margaret to visit Pittsburgh. We were married at 4:00 PM and headed toward Ten Mile for our honeymoon. Mother and Father had opened the cabin and left a boat on the sand beach by the Christie's landing. We arrived at the lake about 11:00 PM. It was a beautiful, moonlit night with a light breeze. Jack had never rowed a boat but naturally he didn't think he should let his bride row him across the lake on their wedding night. With a little prompting and piloting we beached safely at the cabin dock. The next morning I told him we always took a "chocolate" dip before breakfast. It was early and the mist was still rising on the lake when we ventured into the invigoratingly chilly water. It was ten years before I ever got him back to Ten Mile. Katherine Munneke also told us about their honeymoon trip to Ten Mile. They arrived late at night, as we did, but it was very windy and very dark. Katherine was afraid of the water so they slept on the sandy beach that night.

My sister, Katherine, has also written her memories of the early years which I hope will dovetail into this for the benefit of our children and grandchildren. It has been fun reliving those early days at our beautiful summer home. My Grandmother Steinke loved it so. One time I asked her why she loved it so. Her reply was "Sometime I'll be in the sunset!"