

Crowe Lake Revisited is dedicated to all the people who passed in and out of my life. Since the first edition of Crowe Lake, my mom and many other wonderful people have left us and yet they have left us with treasured memories. Again, my wish is that as you peruse this collection you will enjoy it as much as I have enjoyed compiling it and that your own
Memories Grow More Beautiful, Each Time They
Come To Mind

In putting this collection together as in the first edition, minimal changes have been made to the original text, primarily in punctuation and paragraphing to clarify the original free flowing form. That the reporters themselves would have reworked some parts of their stories, probably expanded others, and corrected spelling mistakes is evident, but I believe the stories and pictures stand on their own merit, offering a rare glimpse of Crowe Lake....

.... so, with a click and a whir of grasshopper's wings, summer breaks into song. These are the days of reckless clouds and untamed sunlight, when hooky is the only game in town.

Run away to nowhere special with someone who makes you feel brave and pretty. Roll down the window, and let the wind make a mess of your hair.

Summer flies by in an instant. Breathe it in....

DO YOU REMEMBER WHEN...?

All the girls had ugly gym uniforms
It took five minutes for the TV warm up
Nearly everyone's mom was at home when the kids got home from school
Nobody owned a purebred dog
When a quarter was a decent allowance
You'd reach into a muddy gutter for a penny
Your mom wore nylons that came in two pieces

All your male teachers wore neckties and female teachers had
their hair done every day and wore high heels
You got your windshield cleaned, oil checked, and gas pumped,
without asking, all for free, every time
Laundry detergent had free glasses, dishes or towels hidden inside the box
They threatened to keep kids back a grade if they failed...and they did

When a 57 Chevy was everyone's dream car...to cruise,
peel out, lay rubber or watch submarine races, and people went steady
No one ever asked where the car keys were
because they were always in the car,
in the ignition, and the doors were never locked

Lying on your back in the grass with your friends
and saying things like, "that cloud looks like a ..."
Playing baseball with no adults to help kids with the rules of the game
Stuff from the store came without safety caps and hermetic seals
because no one had yet tried to poison a perfect stranger

When being sent to the principal's office was nothing
compared to the fate that awaited the student at home
Basically we were in fear for our lives,
but it wasn't because of drive by shootings, drugs, gangs, etc.
Our parents and grandparents were a much bigger threat,
but we survived because their love was greater than the threat.

Can you still remember
Nancy Drew, the Hardy Boys, Laurel and Hardy,
Howdy Dowdy and the Peanut Gallery,
The Lone Ranger, The Shadow Knows,
Nellie Bell, Roy and Dale, Trigger and Buttermilk

Peashooters
45 RPM records
Metal ice cube trays with levers
Mimeograph paper
Roller-skate keys
Drive ins
Studebakers
Washtub wringers
Reel to reel tape recorders
15 cent McDonald hamburgers
5 cent pack of baseball cards with that awful pink slab of bubble gum
Penny candy
35 cent a gallon gasoline

Do you remember a time when...

Decisions were made by going "eeny-meeny-miney-moe"
Mistakes were corrected by simply exclaiming, "Do Over!"
"Race issue" meant arguing about who ran the fastest
Catching fireflies could happily occupy an entire evening
It wasn't odd to have two or three "Best Friends"

The worst thing you could catch from the opposite sex was "cooties"
Having a weapon in school meant being caught with a slingshot
A foot of snow was a dream come true

Saturday morning cartoons weren't 30-minute commercials for action figures
"Oly-oly-oxen-free made perfect sense
Spinning around, getting dizzy, and falling down was cause for giggles

The worst embarrassment was being picked last for a team
War was a card game
Baseball cards in the spokes transformed any bike into a motorcycle
Taking drugs meant orange-flavored chewable aspirin
Water balloons were the ultimate weapon

If you can remember most or all of these, then you have lived !!!

I double dog dare you to sit back, get comfortable and it is my sincere wish that you enjoy this collection as much as I did putting it together.

Unique Record of Land

By Mrs. Doris Fitzgerald, who spent 3 weeks at Tipperary House while her husband was relieving Mr. Murray at the Dominion Bank, Marmora

In Ontario it is the exception rather than the rule to find a farm which has been handed down from one generation to another for more than 130 years.

But this distinction can be claimed for two families in Marmora and Jim McGrath who operates the Tipperary Hotel on Crowe Lake, and his older sisters and brothers are descendants of both.

Back in the early 1800's their great grandfather James McGrath of Tipperary, Ireland brought his wife and two children to Canada, by sailing ship. Why they migrated to this part of Ontario, no one knows. Perhaps it had been rumored that in the wilds north of Belleville, there were lovely little green fringed lakes, and a gently rolling countryside, reminiscent of the 'hills of home'.

At that time the Crowe Indians roamed the district hunting, fishing and camping in the summer in the cedar grove which grew near the site of Tipperary House. Though given to stealing under cover of darkness, they were a friendly tribe and there are many interesting stories about them. It is said that in return for a bobtailed horse they agreed to vacate the Islands for the McGraths, and move to the other side of the lake. "Anne's Island" is so called because a squaw of that name was paddled over and marooned there by her jealous husband, whenever he went to buy whisky at the tavern. Then there was the old Indian who brought little bits of silvered rock to show the settlers. No one was ever able to discover where he found them, but there was whispering about a wonderful silver cave near Crowe Lake.

Upon James McGrath's death the 200 acre grant was divided between his two sons, Michael and Thomas. Due to subdivision and the raising of the lake level by river dams, the original holding has since been reduced to 43 acres surrounding the old farmhouse. The kitchen wing of this house was built of logs and then was clapboarded over. The first home of the McGraths, also of logs, stood a few hundred yards east.

In 1914, Mr. and Mrs. James McGrath built a large addition to the farmhouse and opened the Tipperary Hotel, which for many years offered hospitality to thousands of Canadian and American summer visitors. Many of them return year after year to fish and swim and play, or simply to rest and enjoy the beautiful scenery with its surprising contrasts of field and forest and vast outcroppings of mineral rock.

To chat with Mrs. James McGrath is to touch hands with the past, for she has vivid remembrance of the grandfather John Wolfe who lived to the ripe old age of 103.

She heard from him at first hand about those arduous years when mighty trees had to be felled, the ground cleared of stone and roads hewn through the brush before they could receive the title of their land. The first grain grown was cut with a sickle and carried on horseback down a blazed trail to the mill in Belleville. Later it was teamed in by oxen. The first actual profit made by settlers was from potash (obtained by burning the trees). They took it in to Belleville where it was used in soap making and received household necessities in trade.

The discovery of iron in the district led to the building of the Iron Works by Mr. Charles Hayes. Houses, shops, Churches, a grist mill, a woolen mill, a soap factory and 4 hotels sprang up around this new industry, and so the thriving town of Marmora came into being in 1843.

The mine is now abandoned, "the works" have long since closed, but Mrs. McGrath can remember a stove in her grandfather's house. It had brass legs and a big brass knob on top, and had been made at the foundry in Marmora. She also can remember the iron ore being brought across Crowe Lake on scows from the mine in Blairton. It was landed at the point (then in front of Tipperary Hotel) and drawn by horses into Marmora. The bridge across the river was at that time much farther north than the present one.

Many other local events are impressed upon Mrs. McGrath's memory, the coming of the first telephone, the first motor car in the village and the first motor boat to stir the silence of the lake.

Mrs. James McGrath has probably never considered herself a 'Career Woman' yet her personal record should give modern girls food for thought. While a busy farmer's wife she bore and raised 9 children.

Besides her proved achievement as wife and mother Mrs. McGrath helped to plan, and run for a number of years, the Tipperary Hotel. She must have known lots of hard work, but never a dull or boring moment.

Now at last she has time not to sit with idle hands but to use the palette and brushes laid aside since girlhood. She has a real talent for painting and though entirely self taught, has many pretty landscapes to her credit.

A skilled and enthusiastic fisherman, she is also often to be found on the lake.

Marmora Herald



The McGrath Family at Tipperary

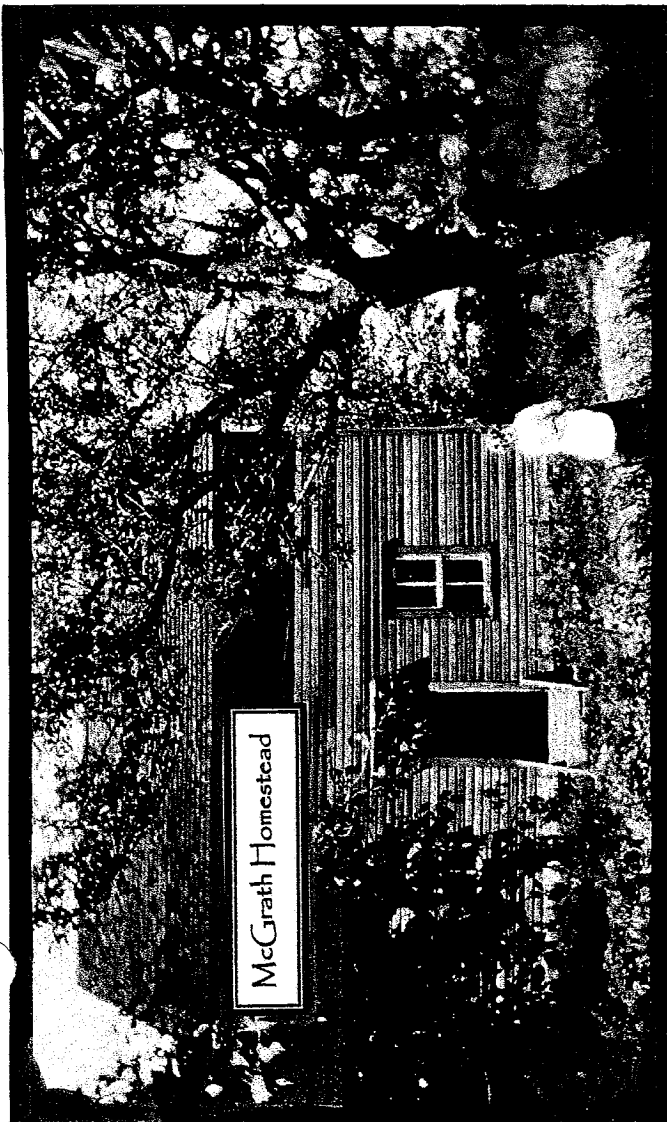
front row: Jim & Mike McGrath

middle: Mary McGrath Callery; Mary O'Connor McGrath; Jim & Everard McGrath

top: Angela McGrath Byrnes; Margaret McGrath Casey; Elizabeth McGrath Forte; Desmond McGrath

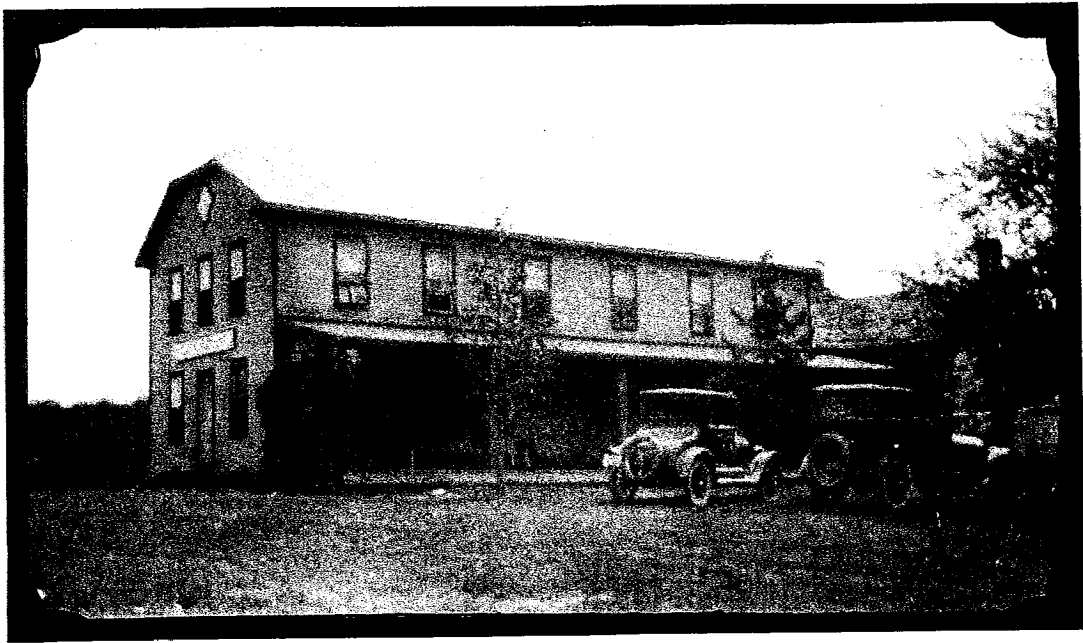


Michael & Mary McGrath O'Connor

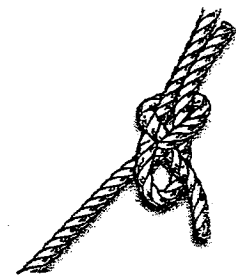


Michael O'Connor & Father Murtagh

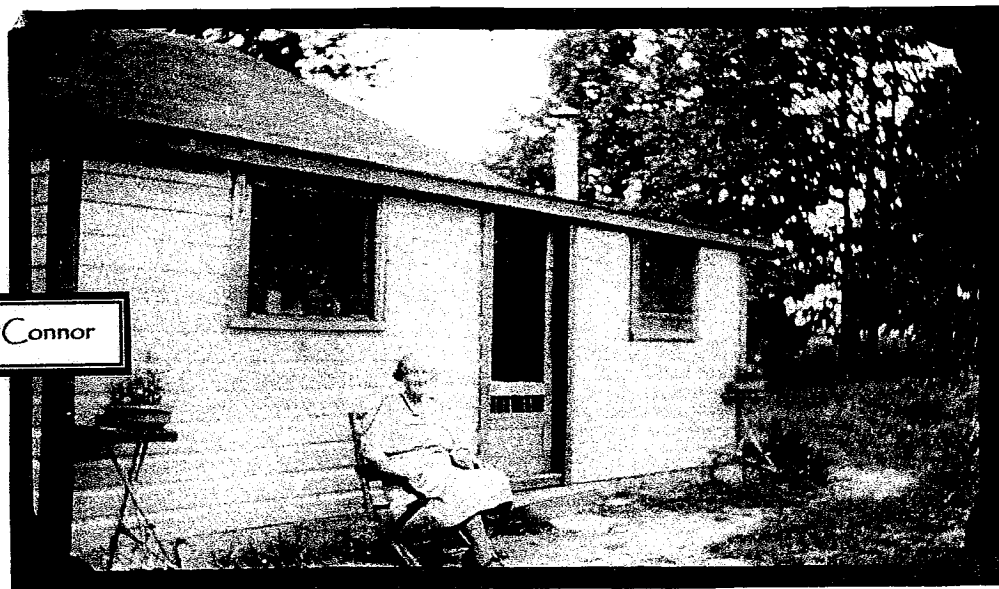




Margaret, Mary, Angela & Elizabeth McGrath



Sheet Bend



Mary McGrath O'Connor



Crowe Lake – the Summer Resort with Irresistible Appeal for Everyone
article appearing in magazines and newspapers sponsored by the Marmora Booster Club

Year by year the great natural attractions of various parts of Ontario are appealing more and more, not only to our neighbors in the great country to the south of us, but to the residents of our cities and towns as well. One result is that new playgrounds and places of recreation are being discovered and developed. Among the newer resorts, which are rapidly growing in popularity, is Crowe Lake, situated in Hastings County, about a mile from the village of Marmora. This beautiful lake is about three miles wide and five miles long. It is connected with Deer River, Belmont Lake, Deer Lake, Crowe River, Beaver Creek, and numerous other waters in the Trent Valley water-shed.

All these waters contain large numbers of bass and lunge. In addition a very large number of bass and pickerel fry or fingerlings have been placed in them in recent years so that there is no doubt Crowe Lake will maintain its reputation as one of the best waters in Ontario for bass and lunge fishing. For the past three years the result of the province-wide contest, conducted by The Toronto Daily Star for the best bass caught in Ontario waters, has shown a fish from Crowe Lake as winner of either first or second place.

While its fishing is unexcelled that is only one of the many attractions Crowe Lake has to offer. In its beautiful scenery – rugged wooded shores, numerous islands and other natural formations – it is very similar to the Muskoka region. It has the same bracing climate and cool nights, the same soft water for bathing and various other features which have made Muskoka so popular. In addition, Crowe Lake has other attractions all its own.

Persons looking for a place to erect a summer cottage will find Crowe Lake an ideal location. Building material and labor are obtainable locally at reasonable rates. There is also a fine opening for an additional summer hotel, which should prove a profitable investment.

While an effort is made by Marmora Booster Club to provide cottages or hotel accommodation for as many as possible, at the present time we particularly recommend Crowe Lake to camping parties. Marmora Booster Club has provided a fine camping ground on the shores of the lake in a natural park, well shaded by maples and pines. The park has a cottage for convenience of guests until they can set up their tents or make other arrangements, a good drilled well and other conveniences. The stores in Marmora make it convenient for campers to secure all their requirements, and representatives of the merchants visit the lake regularly.

TIPPERARY HOTEL

THE HOUSE OF COMFORT AND PLENTY

CROWE LAKE, ONTARIO

TELEPHONE - 81-2, MARMORA

P. O. Address, R. R. 3, MARMORA, ONT.

THOS. E. POTTS, PROP.

Small Mouth Black Bass and Muskie Fishing. Deer and Bear Hunting nearby.

Boating, Bathing, and Tennis. One of the most beautiful lakes in Ontario. About 1 mile from No. 7 Highway or 1½ miles from No. 14 Highway at Marmora. Visitors coming by Toronto can travel all the way on No. 7 Highway, or over No. 2 Highway to Welcome, then No. 28 to Peterborough and No. 7 from Peterborough to Marmora. From eastern points use No. 7 Highway from Ottawa or No. 2 from Kingston to Belleville and No. 14 from Belleville to Marmora.

Small cottages for sleeping quarters suitable for families. Rates \$2.00 per day or \$12.00 per week including rooms and meals. Skiffs and outboard motor boats \$1.00 per day and up. Guides provided if desired.





Marmora Women's Institute 1914

Taken at Mrs. Wiggins Cottage, beside the Pink Palace

Back row l - r Mrs. Merton Johns; Mrs. Clarence Gladney; Miss Lily Marett; Mrs. Elya Pringle;

Mrs. Frank Marett; Mrs. C. Nichol; Mrs. C. Dunlay

Second row l - r Annie Knox; Mrs. H. M. (Dr.) Jones; Eliza Chisholm; ? Mrs. R. T. Gray; Miss

Frances Jones; Myrtle Rose (Jones); Mrs. (Dr.) Mackechnie; Mrs. McGrath; Mrs. (Dr.) Oliver;

Mrs. Jas. Bailey; Mrs. Jane Vandervoart; Donald Marett; Mrs. C. A. Blecker; Mrs. Hugh

Wiggins; Mrs. M. Johns; President; Mrs. Richard Campion; guest; Mrs. Carscallen; Mrs. John

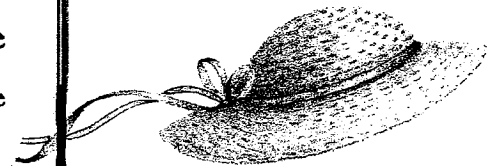
Cook; Mrs. Maloney

Front row l - r Olive Jones; guest; Helen Wiggins; Muriel Jones; Miss Bristol; Mrs. Abbott



"Women sit or move to and fro, some
old, some young. The young are
beautiful ~ but the old are more
beautiful than the young."

Walt Whitman



Ancient Marmora History

Mr. W. C. Dymond, proprietor of Marble Point Lodge, Crowe Lake, recently sent the Herald a copy of the Toronto Globe of September 24, 1858. The following advertisement of a Marmora Hotel is of particular interest and no doubt refers to what was for many years known as the St. James Hotel, the building opposite the Post Office on the north side of No. 7 Highway. The Hotel had apparently been in operation since 1840, over 100 years.

Marmora Hotel

The travelling public are respectfully informed that a new Stone Hotel has been recently opened at The Marmora Iron Works, very conveniently situated at the terminus of the new macadamized road from Belleville, and close to the Iron Furnaces which are now in active operation.

To the sportsman this offers a new field, the number of wild fowl on Crowe and Belmont Lakes, the excellent fishing, and the herds of deer, a quantity of which have been lately sent to the New York Market, offer unusual attraction not often found together.

The house is large and roomy, containing private parlours and comfortable bedrooms, and every accommodation that the most fastidious can require.

The proprietor pledges himself that every attention will be paid to the wants of his guests, either on pleasure or business.

Marmora Herald
March 19, 1942

Little Colin Smith Drowned

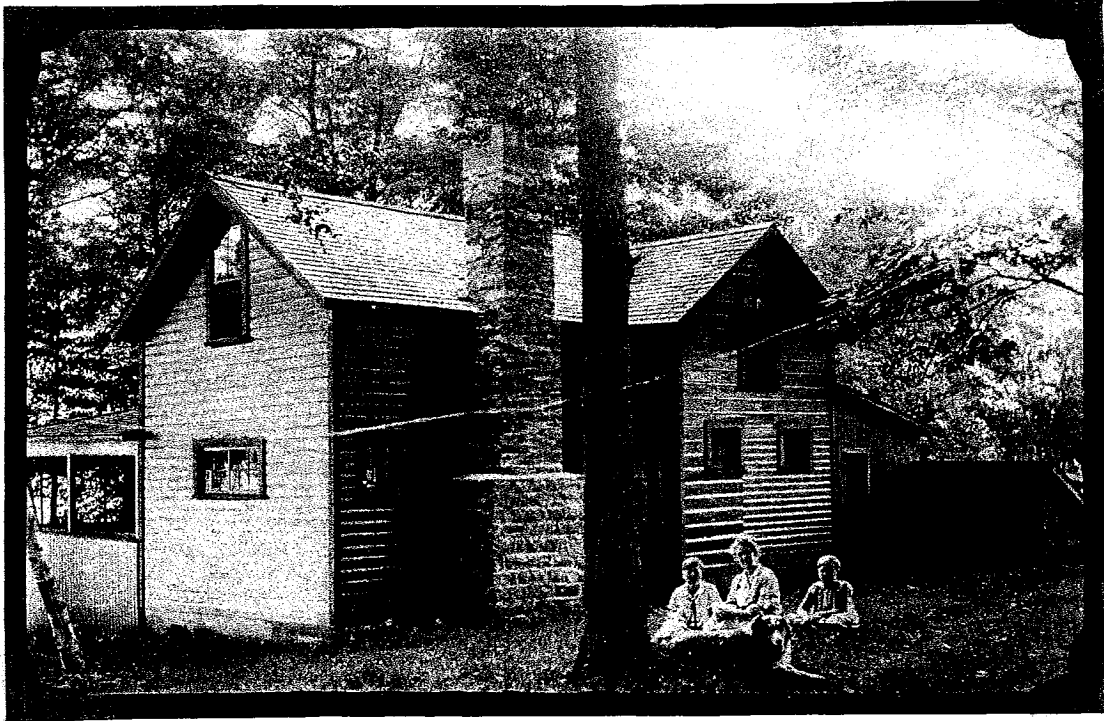
Colin Smith, the little son of Mr. and Mrs. William Smith, was drowned on Friday last, while he was playing on the ice on Crow River. He was taken from the water by Casha Boyd assisted by Mr. A. Smith, and hurried to the residence of Dr. McDonald but the little lad was already past help. The funeral was held Sunday in St. Paul's church, Mr. Ralph Fulcher preaching the sermon and the interment taking place in the Marmora Protestant Cemetery.

Marmora Herald
March 17, 1910

Young Lad Saved

William Edward Terrion was drowned on Monday forenoon while fishing with his little son. Apparently Mr. Terrion lost his balance and fell out of the canoe. Jas. Leonard, who was nearby in another canoe, rescued the little lad but the father went down and did not come up again. The body was later recovered by Alphonse Shannon, who with others, was diving in an effort to locate it. The accident occurred in the Crow River, near the Stave Mill. Dr. Thompson and others did everything possible to resuscitate him but to no avail.

Marmora Herald
August 24, 1916

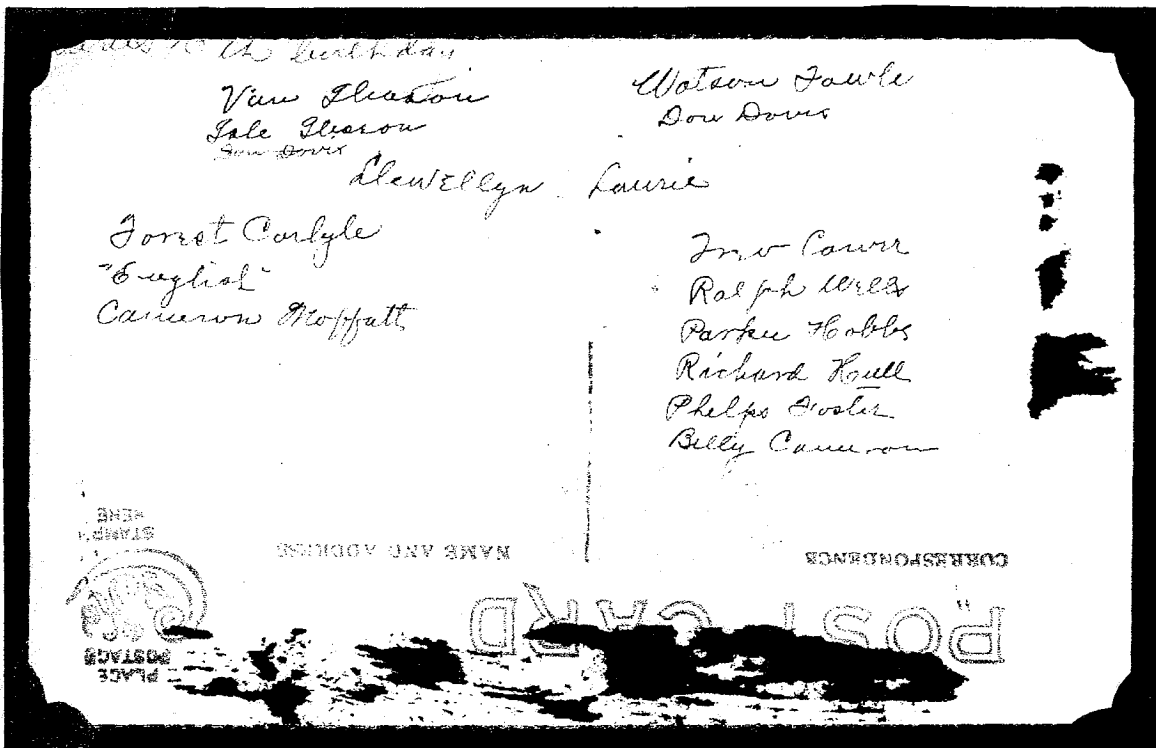


The Bowen / Burwash / Glover cottage & home
circa 1910





13th Birthday Party of Lawrence 'Laurie' Bowen taken inside the Bowen cottage, 1911
 (Laurence 'Laurie' Bowen was killed in WW I and rests in France)



Transcribed from the notes of Cora Bleecker

I had my first look at Crowe Lake on Easter Sunday in the year 1884. I saw it from one of the highest points around its shores – the high hills back of the old ore pits in Blairton. I went there with Mark Devlin, the son of the lady with whom I boarded and his object was to see if the ice was moving at the head of the lake or in or around the bay at Blairton. He was employed by Carscallen and Gladney, a firm of Marmora merchants who were at that time renting the mills and other properties belonging to the Pearce Co. This included a lumbering enterprise in the woods immediately north of Marmora and they were anxious to begin sawing lumber at the mill in Marmora as soon as logs could be brought down the lake from where they were then lying on the banks of the rivers and smaller streams above the lake and along the Crowe River and Beaver Creek. So Mark was on a trip of inspection. But the lake was still ice-locked, firm and strong.

From our vantage point we could see through the leafless trees, most of the islands lying dead and lifeless, the outline of bays, points, inlets and away at a distance, the wind swept faces of Marble Point Rock. I have seen it since, many times, from the same point but never again when everything was still and dead in the ice.

In year following, I grew to know it well and knew, intimately, the points that could be rounded safely in deep water as well as those that must be given lots of curve for fear of rocks or shoals. I knew where one could take a short cut to a given point, such as the 'Snye' above Coopers where the risks were foolish.

In the early years there were very few people living around the shores. On the south, below Fosters Island, was a family called McFaul, two families of Bonters and two families of McGraths. On the north shore, lived the Revoys and much further on were the Coopers. From Ore Bed Bay, one could see the houses in Blairton, the Auger home down by the shore and across the bay a place they called McLaughlins. Should you land at Blairton you would find a church, school, store and post office and two streets of frame houses, one where the store was located, the other crossing it and running towards the lake. Most of these homes had boarded windows and locked doors and were already showing the signs of disuse. As years went on we would hear of one or other of them being sold or moved away but for a long time they furnished homes for men who were away in the woods or working on the river.

In 1886 when I first camped at the lake there was not a building on any of these shores with the exception of the farm homes. Four Marmora families or parts of these families, Bowens, Carscallens, Gladneys, Charles, my sister Addie and myself made up the party that camped for two weeks in two large tents which had been used by the river drivers. We used their shanty blankets, dishes and cooking utensils but had our own boats and canoes.

Prouls was another Marmora family who rented a lot on the lake shore. The farm field which are now cleared and worked were cleared before that time and have been productive for much more than sixty years.

There was always a pile of logs used for booms for the drives, lying on the low land where Casha Boyd later built a house, and another big pile on the north shore

near the low land where a small creek comes in. These laid there from one year's drive to another. They were grand places for children to play. It was many years before the Dance Pavilion was built on the beach and many more before there was any restriction on using the place as a public bathing beach. Sundays and holidays saw hundreds of people there. When Mr. and Mrs. Diamond bought the property from Mrs. H. Connor into whose possession it had come through financial deals with Mr. A. T. Neal, this free access to the Beach was strictly prohibited and people missed it very much and resented it very much though they had to acknowledge he had a perfect right to keep it for his guests. Mr. Gordon McWilliams did not hold his lot for very long so some time in the 90's we rented that and paid our \$10.00 per year for the two. Much later, John Halliwell urged Charles to give it up so he could have a place of his own. Charles did so and sold him our boat house that stood on the lot, though he many times regretted that he had been so persuaded.

After the farm changed hands, going to the Carscallen estate or to Jas. Parker, I was never sure who really owned it as it was always farmed by a tenant. Lot holders were allowed to buy their lots, those of ordinary size going for \$100.00 each. We had really paid much more than this in yearly rental but were glad to have a deed to the land.

Places had changed hands many times. Frank Morse bought part of Dunlays, who had bought it from a Stirling renter. Grasses sold to Connors. Prouts sold to Hughes and changes took place all along the line with new buildings, new people. On the north shore at the apple trees, there was no cottage for many years excepting the shore property of Dr. McMullen of Frankford and Walter Revoy's on the hill.

One could start a day's fishing, pull slowly down to the foot of the lake, catch a bucket of minnows, then troll or still fish all day long with only a bare possibility of seeing another boat – or meeting another fisherman in the whole long day. Blairton Bay and the river above the bay was for many years filled with stumps or up-ended logs that had been in the same position for years. Some long timbers with barely a foot or two above water still bare the deep stumped diamond with a capital "G" deep in the wood, showing it was one of Gilmours or an "R" for Rathbun. These were nearly all removed in the 20's. Someone must have thought them worth salvaging. In the late 90's a small excursion steamer was built by Mr. R. Proul and George Bleecker, and a good sized stationary dock at Blairton made that a favourable spot for picnics.

The steamer was registered with Lloyds and it was quite legal for the owners to charge for carrying passengers. There were no camps on the islands, no one had ever lived there except possibly some travelling Indians. There was a story that a squaw was buried on Ann's Island and that it got its name from her. That is the larger island, next to little Stoney. Fosters was a bare rock pile liberally covered with poison ivy and the main land south of Fosters had been partially cleared, at least, the large trees were gone and the brush was grown up thickly with raspberry bushes. The long black berries, from which the lake was noted, kept to the hilly land on the north shore and were very plentiful. The few breaks in the shore line were made by the cattle belonging to the nearby farmers, showing where they came down to drink. Everything around was so still and peaceful, that impression has never left me.

There was not a cottage nor a fence along the original camp ground. We had our tents near the Cove at McGraths, where we could get water from their well. Everything was just camp style for all of us. Open fires, beds on the ground, meals plain and simple. I suppose parties may have camped on that shore or on some other shore, but there was no building erected until the next year, 1887, when Carscallen and Gladney used some of the products of their lumber mills to put up a big frame house. The first part built of the Judge Parker place and large enough to house all the party of 1886. We all put in a very happy summer together.

By the next year people of Marmora and many from Stirling appeared and the grounds were measured and divided into lots and these were rented for five dollars a person as the owner would not consider selling them. Mike McGrath sold the farm to Jas. McNeil and it was for years farmed by tenants.

The lot next to our old campground where the house stood went to Dr. Jones. Charles selected the next one and Gordon McWilliams the one next to it. Then came the Stirling people, Boldricks, Parkers, Meiklejohns, Chards, Grasses from Belleville, Grays from Stirling, a camp of Toronto men, then Reg Pearce with the Bowens. These were the original lot renters and we walked across their lots on our daily trips to the sand beach where we all went to bathe. I have left out Gladneys and Greens who were amongst the first.

We were not at the lake very long in 1888 or 89, just spent a couple of weeks in tents and did not build even a kitchen until 1890 when Roy was a year old.

For the next year we had the old wigwam with the outside kitchen and cupboards and a framed tent for a dining room. Some people were building cottages along the line.

The high shore nearest Fosters Island, but I should now call it Chas. Parkers Island, has been surveyed and divided into lots and many of these are now sold. Some have cottages on them and the grove is a very beautiful part of the shoreline.

The mill at Bonters built for the sawing and finishing of lithographic stone was for a few years a very busy place. I never knew why it was closed down, later torn down and now I think all signs of it have vanished, save and except, the pit where they first dug stone, now filled with water.



The
Apple Trees
In Bloom
Tipperary Hotel



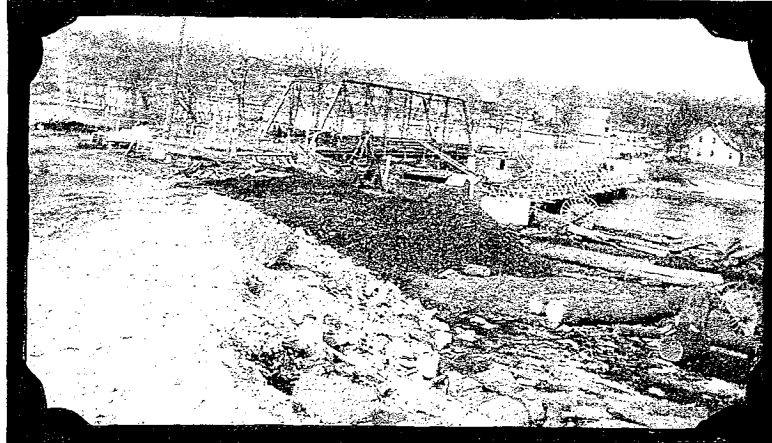
The Pearce Company, Limited

Lumber and Timber Merchants

Lumber, Lath and Shingles

PHONE-16

Marmora, Ont.,



Bridge being placed over Crowe River when highway #7
was blasted through the rock cut, 1938



Road to Crowe Lake
before #7 was constructed

Lithographic Mines

Marmorata Township is known to have several different kinds of rocks and minerals hidden amongst the huge deposits of rock but one mine site of lithographic stone created some excitement in American mining circles in the late 1890's because of its rarity.

Located on land owned by four generations of the Bonter family, the site is quite close to the south shore of Crowe Lake and within 30 feet of Mrs. Ruth Bonter's back door on Booster Park Road.

The 1912 report by Parks Canada stated: "On property owned by William and Robert Bonter, the excavation is roughly 150 by 100 feet with a depth of 20 feet. While operating the quarry the company installed a 110 horse power engine, three gang saws, 1 rubbing bed and one planer. Although a channeling machine was in operation for a short time, the exploitation was largely affected by the dynamite. According to local observers and in all probability in accordance with the facts, the final closing of the mine was due to the injudicious use of this shattering explosive.

The lithographic stone was sawn into slabs and smoothed. The leather-lug was sawn into slabs 3 to 4 inches thick with the intention of using it for curbing stone. As a building material, it possesses the same advantages as the stone from the Pearce's quarry nearer Marmorata.

The second quarry was opened along the Crowe River and was used in the construction of several buildings in Marmorata Village, one of which was the Roman Catholic Church built in 1904.

Located on Lot 7, Concession 4, of Marmorata Township, on the west side of Crowe River and north of highway 7, the Pearce quarry produced building stone intermittently from the early 1800's to early 1900's.

Fill in the Quarry and Make a Backyard

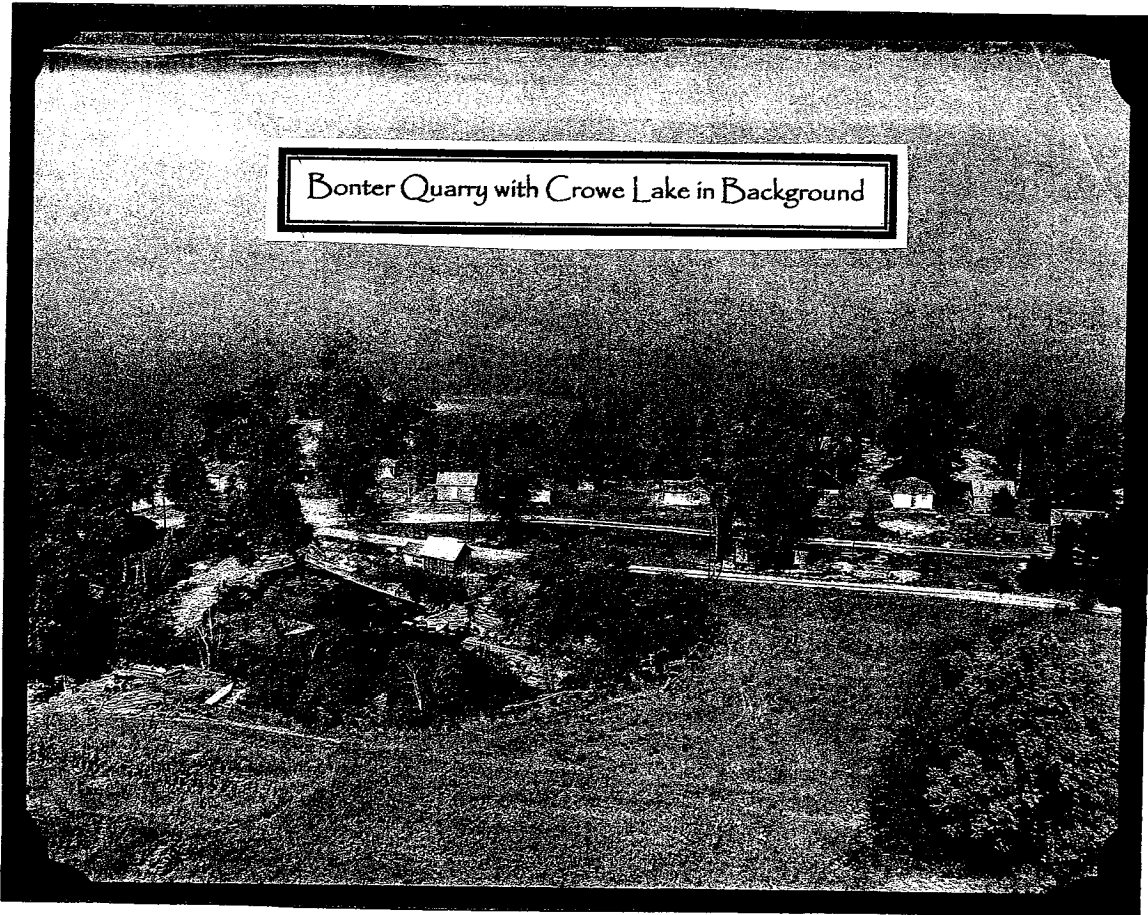
An abandoned quarry owned by Ruth Bonter and located off Booster Park Road has been given a high priority status (because of its proximity to "high density recreational and residential uses") as a candidate site for rehabilitation by the Tweed District Ministry of Natural Resources under the Aggregate Resources Act.

According to a letter from MNR received by the Township of Marmorata and Lake, "Under the Aggregate Resources Act, a fund is created for the rehabilitation of abandoned pits and quarries which have not been licensed under the former Pits and Quarries Control Act. These funds are collected through the current annual license fee structure where 5 cents for each tonne of aggregate produced from licensed sources is set aside to rehabilitate abandoned extractive sites."

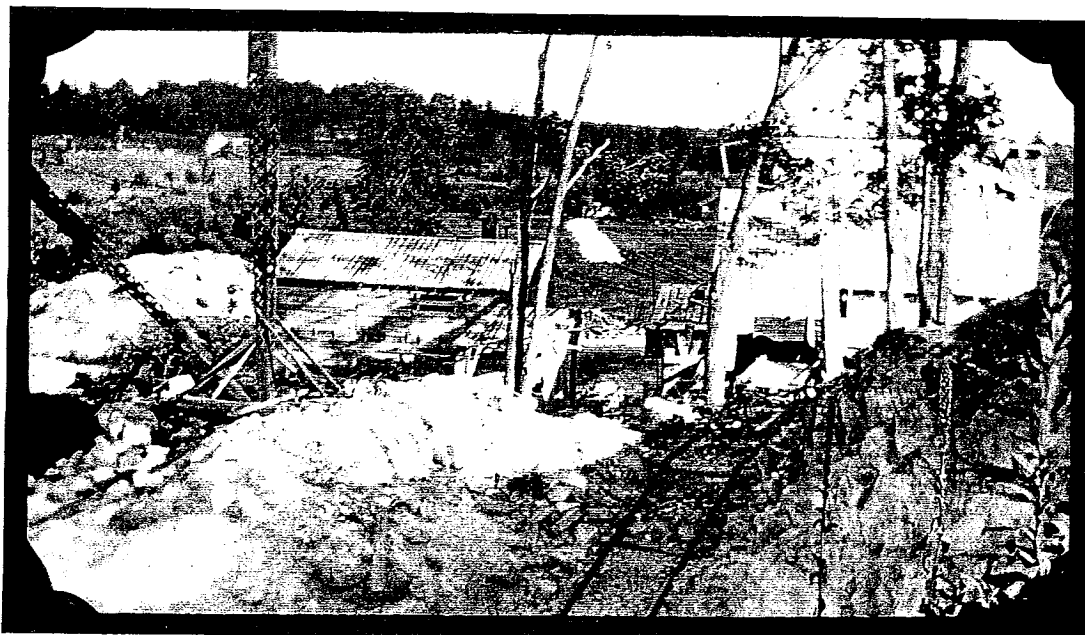
The Bonter Quarry, measuring 110 by 160 feet, is currently filled with water which according to township CAO Frank Mills is having an effect on neighboring Crowe Lake and the water table. The proposal, which has yet to be formally approved by the provincial A.P.&Q. R. C, would see the pit filled, covered with topsoil and seeded for use as a residential backyard. The entire cost of the approximately \$60,000 rehabilitation would be borne by MNR but would create

work locally. An estimated 450 loads of rock fill, 37 loads of top dressing and 80 hours of dozer time would be required.

Excerpts from Papers Written by Ruby McCoy



Bonter Quarry with Crowe Lake in Background

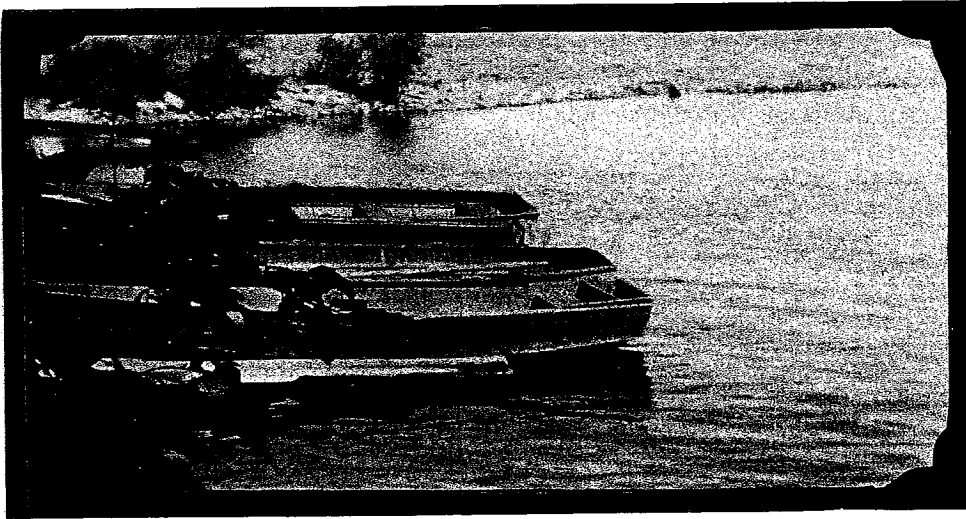


Bonter Marble Works
near Booster Park
1930

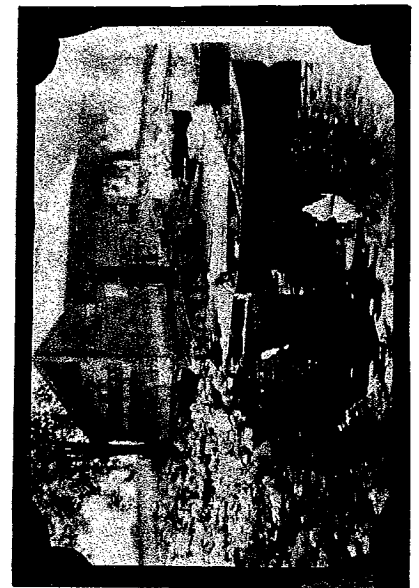
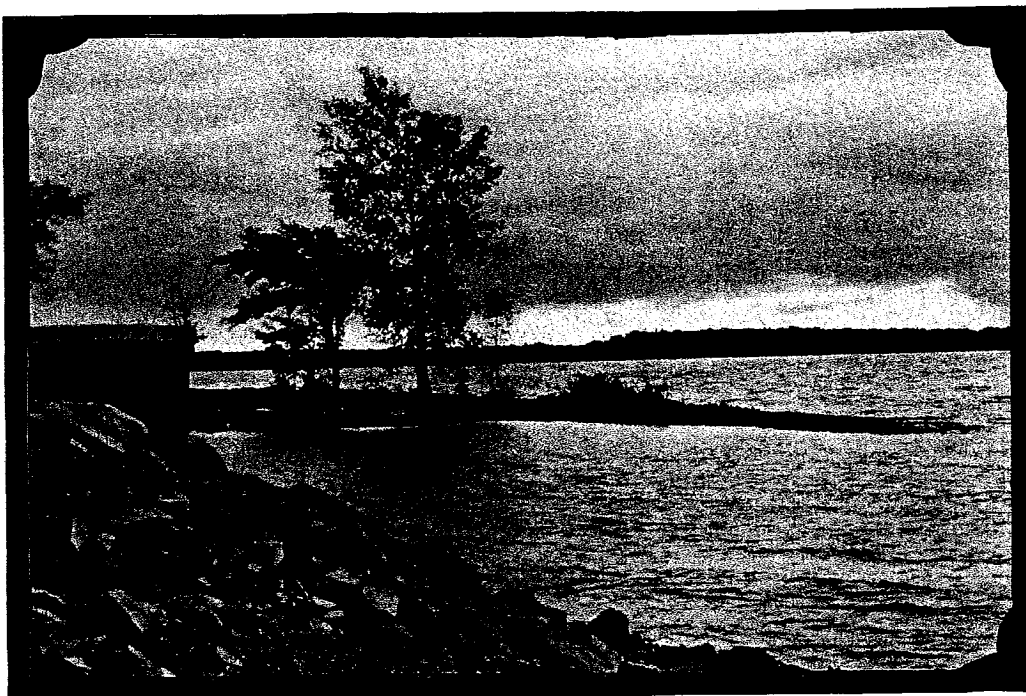
Bonter Boat Works

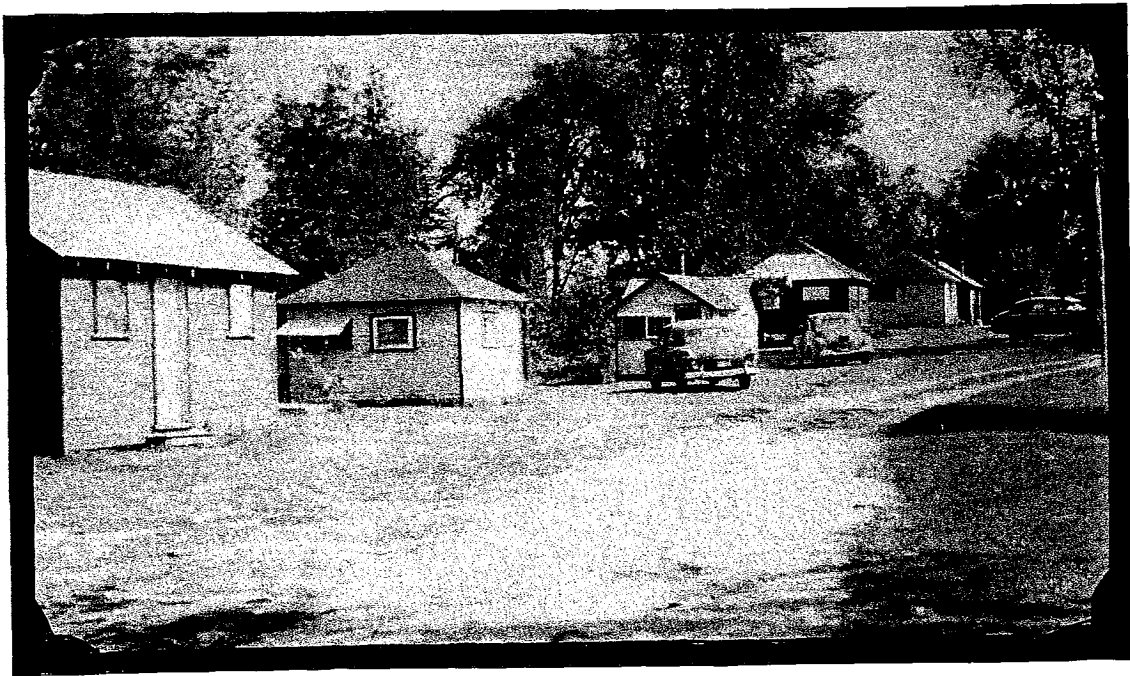
As Crowe Lake began to become more and more popular, cottage and resort owners created a steady demand for small water craft. Fast and light double rowers could soon whisk you across the lake to the best fishing spots.

For over a decade following their marriage in 1931, Bill and Ruth Bonter built cedar strip boats by hand. Each nail hole had to be hand drilled in a small factory without electricity. About three months in the making, a boat like this would sell for \$60.00 to \$80.00.



Bonter's Point
Boats &
Boat House
1943





Bonter's Resort and Cabins
&
Ruth, Bill & Ruth with the
Latest Snow Cruiser



Pat Sullivan, Mrs. Sullivan, Mrs. J. P. Marrin, J. P. Marrin, Peanut & Alfred McWilliams
circa 1927



Judge Jim Parker & grandchildren
Ron & Mary Parker, 1936

'Secret Cave Packed with Gold' Lures Treasure Hunters

Special to the Toronto Star

A secret cave said by pioneer residents, to contain rich veins of gold and silver is still being sought near here. Village residents recall that about 80 years ago a man named Bleeker, who was half Indian, often made mysterious visits to the area and returned to his home with sacks of raw gold and silver.

The lost cave is believed to be on the Wm. Haughton property, four miles southwest of here. For a half a century scores of people have scoured the hills and valleys, without finding a clue to the lost store of riches. Percy Hyde, employing a homemade dip needle claims he has been within 13 feet of the hidden treasure.

Bill Davidson, 84, tells the story about Bleeker's cave. He recalls seeing the old man with his pack horse and saddle bags. He claims he saw him return with the sacks filled with precious ore. "Bleeker with his horse would disappear into the woods and stay there two or three weeks before he came back with lots of raw gold and silver"

Many people tried to track Bleeker but he always seemed to put them off his trail because he knew the woods from Indian instinct. "The country is really rough and mysterious" he said. "I heard one fellow tell that Bleeker rolled a big boulder into the mouth of his cavern every time he left with a load of gold and silver"

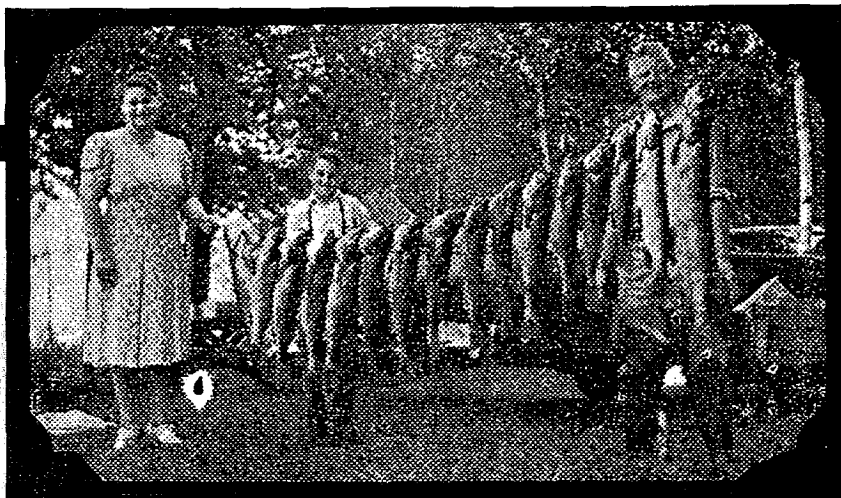
Two Marmora men once thought they had the solution to the Bleeker secret. They decided to search a cave on Big Island in the Crow River, three miles south of here. They used a ball of binder twine and carried flashlights and two revolvers in case they met up with wild animals thought to be denning up in the cavern.

They walked 500 feet into the cave playing out the twine. Well back in the cave they found a 140 foot shaft with a square room at the bottom. They found stalactites on the roof and the dry bones of wild animals. But there were no signs of rich veins of gold or silver anywhere in the limestone walls.

If a person did find Bleekers cave it is doubtful whether he could lay claim to the wealth. It is understood that the owners of the land are the owners of the mineral rights.

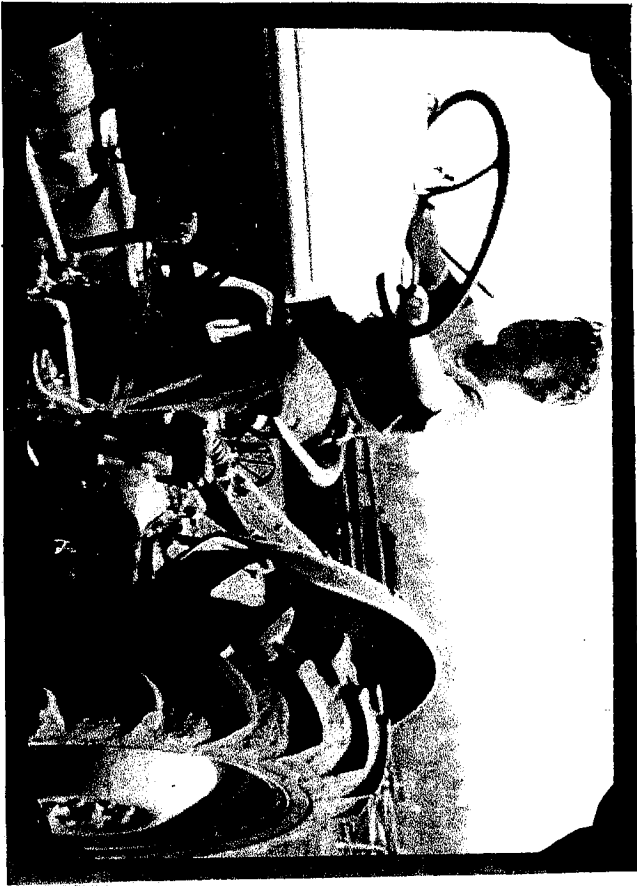
Nevertheless the natives of the township still listen to the strange stories about the fabulous cave, always keeping a sharp eye out for some indication that will lead them to the lost treasure. Since Bethlehem Steel commenced open pit mining in the area a couple of years ago, prospectors and developers have been more active throughout the area.

Toronto Star
January 27, 1953



Mr. & Mrs. Percy Cooper
and nephew Carl, 1942

Martin McKinnon doing the chores, 1954
 tractor rides were given to many kids in the area

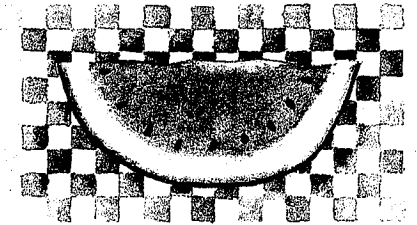


Frank McKinnon & Fanny Mikkola
 The McKinnon Farmhouse, 1957



Frank and Helen Gallagher McKinnon settled into their farm home near Crowe Lake (on the former McGrath property) in 1934. The only other year round residents were the Warrens on the farm north of them. Besides raising milking cattle and chickens, Frank cut ice block from Crowe Lake (using his team of horses, Tip & Joe). He then sold the blocks of ice to the campers in the summer for their ice boxes. The children attended school in Marmora and often had to be taken in by sleigh because the road was often not ploughed. On good days they walked. The McGraths and McKinnons remained on their property while the Warrens sold their farm to Otto and Fanny Mikkola

“IT’S FOOD TOO FINE FOR ANGELS,
 YET COME, TAKE AND EAT THY FILL! IT’S HEAVEN’S SUGAR CAKE.”



“WHEN ONE HAS TASTED WATERMELON
 HE KNOWS WHAT THE ANGELS EAT.”
 Mark Twain



Wilma McKinnon
&
Janet Hughes
1950



The McKinnon Boys
a familiar site on Marble Point Road
Bob; Charles; Jack; Jim; Martin & Don
winter on the McKinnon Farm



A visit to the Marble Point Road farmhouse of Fanny & Otto Mikkolo was always a memorable experience for the kids from the area. Many enjoyable hours were spent in the barn, exploring its mysterious nooks and crannies. The loft, heaped with sweetly-scented hay fresh from the fields, provided endless opportunities for feats of athleticism. Secret hideouts within the cavernous barn were ideal for sharing tales, while below us the holsteins, held fast in clanking stanchions, awaited the end-of-day milking, one of the many farm 'chores' young visitors volunteered to do.

There was so much work to do: milk to separate, hay to harvest, eggs to collect, coops to clean and chickens to feed.

Later, the youthful workers were rewarded with a cool drink of sima mead, a fruity beverage fermented to perfection in the dark recesses of the farmhouse cellar.



SIMA MEAD FINNISH MAY DAY DRINK

10 qts. fresh pure water	2 lemons
2 ½ cups brown sugar	2 ½ cups white sugar
1/3 cup dark corn syrup	¼ teaspoon dry yeast
raisins	

Shave the yellow peel from the lemons, cutting very thinly so that as little of the white underlayer as possible is attached. Set the yellow slices aside. Then peel the bitter white underlayer off and discard it. Slice the lemons into very thin slices. Place them into a container and cover them so they don't dry out.

Boil the water in a large kettle. Remove it from the heat and stir in the yellow lemon peel, the sugars, and let the contents cool to room temperature. Then add the lemon slices and the yeast. Leave it to stand overnight.

Place 4 - 5 raisins and a teaspoon of white sugar in the bottom of each of several clean bottles (wine or soda pop). Pour the sima into the bottles, straining it through a sieve to remove the lemon. Cap the bottles tightly.

The sima will be ready to drink when the raisins rise to the top of the bottles, about 3 to 7 days depending on the temperature of the room where they are stored.

Serve it well chilled.



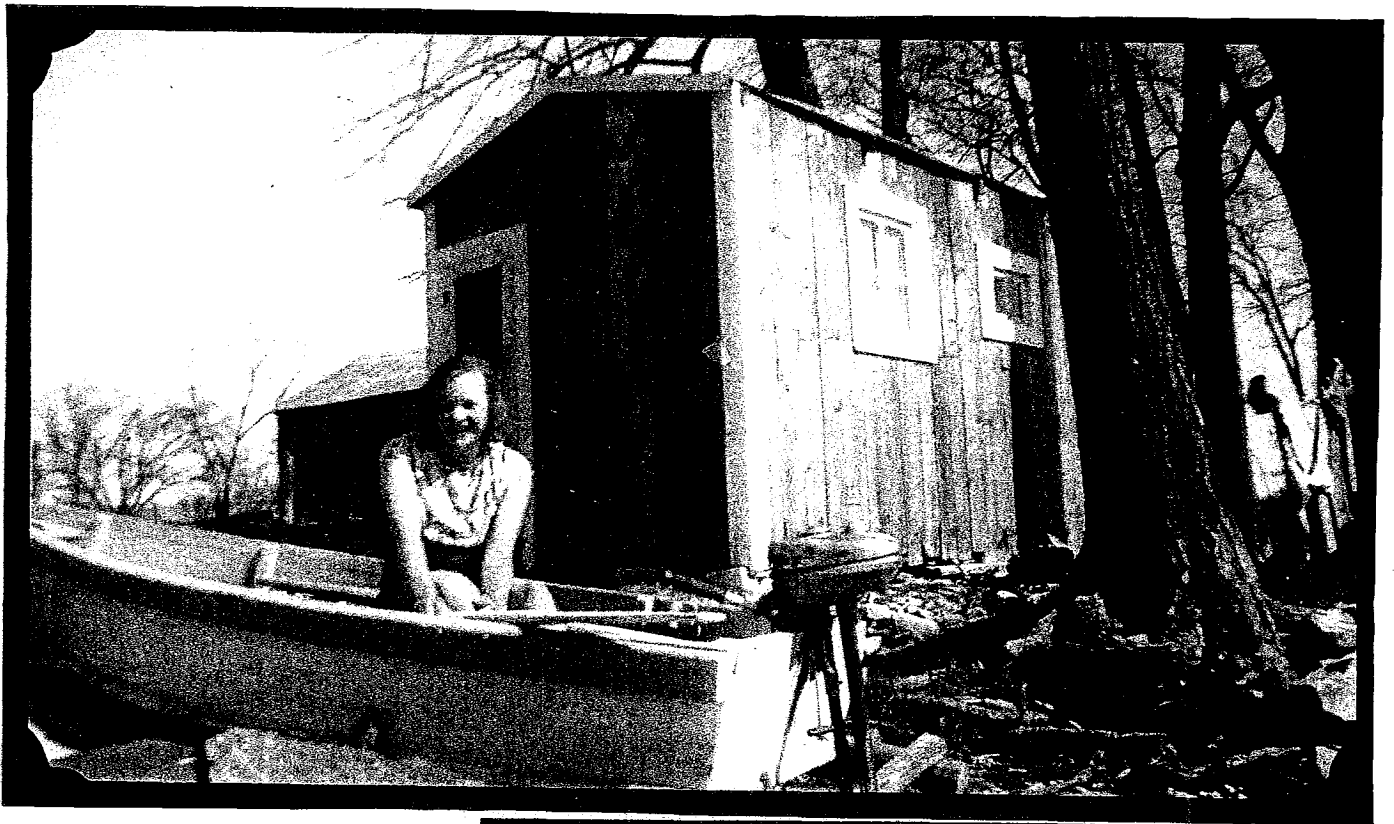
Otto Mikkolo & Eva Kershma
at the cove in front of the Mikkolo farm



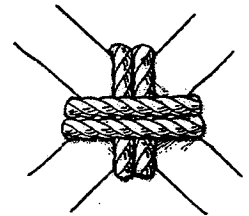
Glenn Mawer



Rub a Dub Dub, 5 beauties in a canoe just for you



Eva Kershma with Mikkolo Sauna in background



Diagonal Lashing



W. G. Revoy, J. P. Marrin
Judge Parker, Charles Bleecker

Drowning Accident

Last evening before six Donald Dougall, eight year old son of Mr. and Mrs. John Dougall fell in the Crow River and was drowned. He was fishing with his brother and was standing on the cement wall which runs along just east of the portion of the dam where the center gates are situated. In some way he fell into the water and was carried through the dam and down the rapids. The water from the main section of the dam joins the other streams just below the place where he fell in and there is a large volume of water going through the rapids at present.

Owing to the various flumes and mill races and the manner in which the river is divided up there are a number of eddys below the dam and some deep holes. After Donald fell in he was seen going down the rapids by Mr. Gordon Gray, but before he could get a boat or render assistance the body had disappeared.

Owing to the many large rocks and the accumulation of logs and other material under the water it is almost impossible to use grappling irons and the body may have become lodged in such a way that it will take quite a time for it to work free or to locate it in any way.

While a constant search has been carried on since the accident occurred to discover the remains so far it has been without success. Today blasting has been resorted to in the hope of bringing the body to the surface of the water, but so far without success.

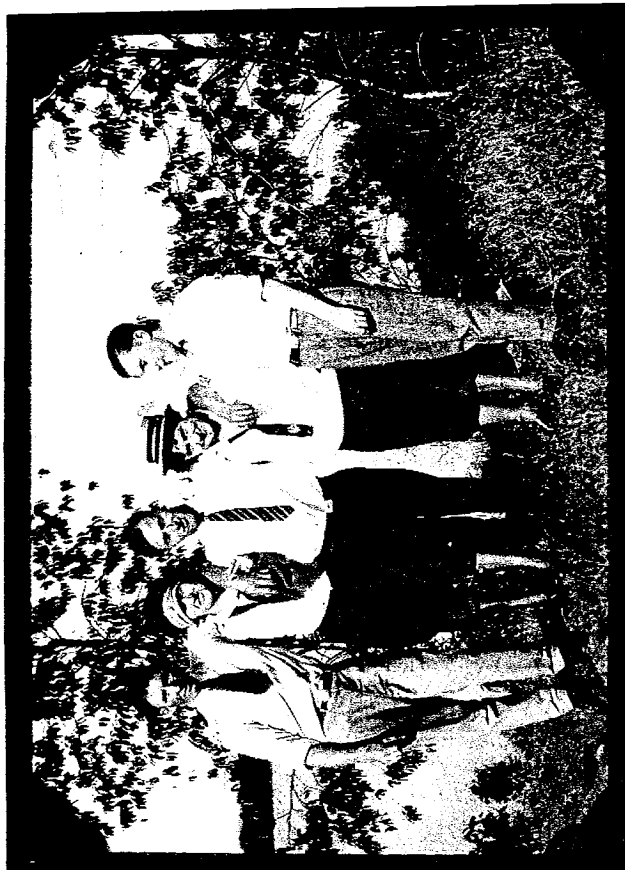
Donald was a pupil of the public school and in some respects was very clever. His last work in school was a

piece of art work which was considered particularly good for a boy his age. His parents and family have the sympathy of the community in his bereavement.

Donald Dougall's Body Recovered

The body of Donald Dougall, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Dougall, who was drowned on Wednesday, May 13, was recovered last Friday afternoon. The body came to the surface scarcely ten minutes from the time nine days would have elapsed after the drowning. The coroner was notified but decided no inquest was necessary. Interment took place last Saturday forenoon in the Church of the Sacred Heart. The funeral services were conducted by Rev. Father Keeley.

Marmora Herald
May 28, 1931



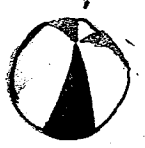
In the good old summertime...



Donald Shannon Senior



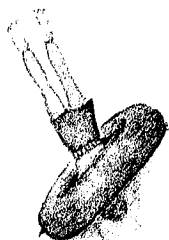
Bathing Beauties
The Shannon Sisters
Carrie, Gert, Theresa, Monica





Marmora Band Playing at Bata Island, 1939

♪ "SUMMER'S HERE AND THE TIME IS RIGHT FOR DANCING IN THE STREET." ♪



Pulls 4 From Lake in Dark Two Just About Done—Hero

Four Toronto men saved from possible drowning in Crowe Lake May 24, today regard 17 year old Bill Bonter as Ontario's unsung hero of 1950.

There has been no recognition of young Bonter's heroism, they say. The youth, in a 16 foot, round bottom skiff, located the four in the darkness as they clung, exhausted, to their overturned punt, and he hauled each one of safety.

The four are Bud Eldridge, 28, and his brother, Cameron, 18, Norman North, 19, and Stan Carnegie, 23.

Late on the holiday afternoon the four men rented a punt and an outboard motor from Bill Bonter's father. They headed out into the lake to fish. About nine p.m. Bonter returned from a trip up the lake and tied his skiff at his father's summer resort wharf.

"When I heard them hollering and yelling out there on the lake" Bonter recalled. "I couldn't distinguish words but they were certainly hollering. They had dad's motor and I didn't want to lose it."

"The water was cold," he said, and they were nearly exhausted. They were clinging to the overturned punt and it kept turning over and over as they tired and put more of their weight on it. Even when it was right side up it was about 99 percent submerged.

One of them couldn't swim, or not swim very well, and none of them felt he could swim well enough to reach shore more than a mile away. All they could do was rest their hands on the punt. Only the buoyancy of the wood

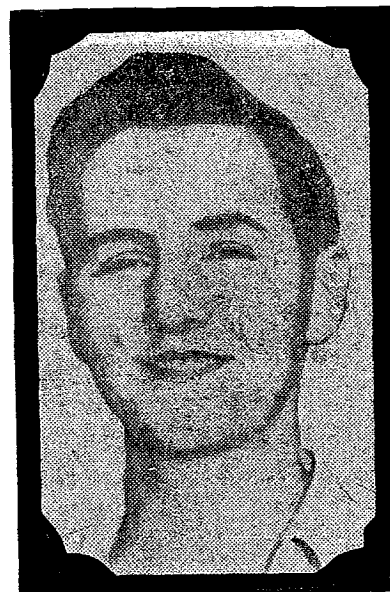
in it kept it up. If they put any weight on it, it would go down.

Bill Bonter said if the lake had not been calm he never would have been able to get the men into his long, narrow skiff.

Two were just about done for, he related. They had been trying to swim the boat toward the shore, but it kept flipping over and over. I figure they were in the water about an hour and a quarter, although they said they had been in for longer than two hours.

One by one I hoisted them into the skiff. Two of them were pretty heavy fellows. But I got them in. They just sat there in the boat and shivered. They all had their clothes on.

Toronto Star
June 6, 1950



Bill Bonter



Heaving Knot



Marble Point Lodge
* * *
RATE SCHEDULE
Per person, including meals.
* * *
Running water and private toilet facilities.
\$39.50 weekly. \$6.50 daily.
Running water and separate toilet facilities.
\$35.50 weekly. \$6.00 daily.
* * *
Special rates for children:

Colin & Elmer Eldridge
with Muriel Bonter
August, 1953



Saint Paul's Sunday School Picnic
Marble Point Beach, 1917

Double Drowning

Two bright young lives were suddenly cut off last Sunday afternoon when Charles Ronald, son of Mr. and Mrs J. J. Moloney, and Wilbert, son of Mr. and Mrs Wm. Houghton, were drowned. The former was 14 years of age and the later nearly 12 and were almost inseparable chums. The boys were bathing in Crow River and were walking along a rock which was slimy and slippery when they suddenly shot off into a deep hole. The funerals took place on Tuesday, both starting at 9 a.m. where service was held in the R. C. Church for Charles Moloney after which the remains were interred in the R. C. Cemetery, and at the same time service was conducted in St. Paul's church for William Houghton, after which the remains were interred in Marmora Protestant Cemetery.

Marmora Herald
August 9, 1917

William Moffatt Drowned

A tragic drowning accident occurred Monday afternoon as a result of which William Moffatt lost his life. He was in Marmora during the afternoon and about 4 o'clock left for his home on the Meehan farm in Marmora township.

On his arrival at home he decided to go fishing with his youngest brother Norman and brother-in-law, Mr. Woodbeck. Mr. Woodbeck, of Stirling, went out on Beaver Creek, just back of his home. The boat leaked badly and an effort was made to bail it out, but the water came in too fast and the boat began to sink.

His brother Norman, and Harry Woodbeck started for shore, which they reached safely, but on looking back noticed that the boat was still sinking. Norman swam out and got hold of his brother, but when William grabbed him he called out and William let go and immediately sank and did not come to the surface again.

The body was in the water about 45 minutes before it was recovered and by that time it was found life was extinct. The deceased was unable to swim although he had lived close to the water all his life.

Marmora Herald
April 23, 1931

CROWE LAKE

Property Owners Association

MARMORA, ONTARIO

C. B. Roop's
Secretary
Mr. C. H. Burkhardt

19 74 MEMBER 19 75



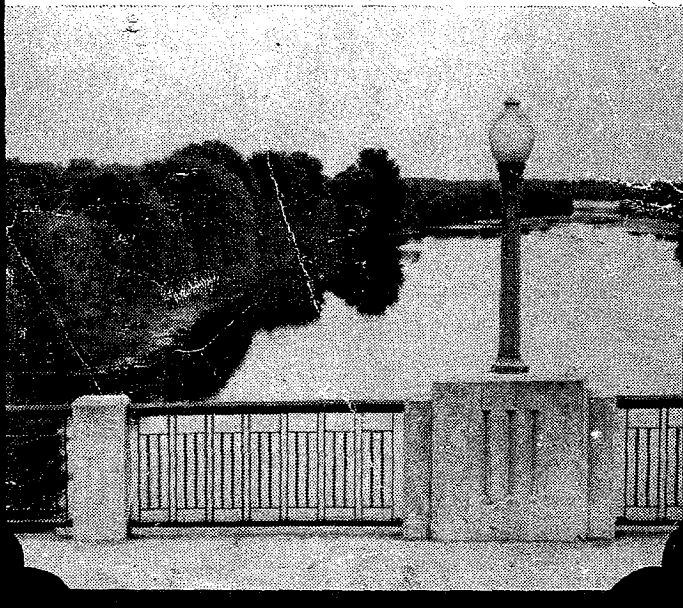


Booster Park

CROWE LAKE

(Municipally Owned)

BEAUTIFUL spot for trailer travellers. Camp sites, good well and kitchen for stormy weather.



MARMORA

Crowe Lake



A New Vacationland

Fun, Recreation and Facilities

- FISHING
- BOATING
- SWIMMING
- DANCING
- HUNTING
- COTTAGES
- CABINS
- CAMPING

For Information Concerning Marmora and District

Write

R. E. Neal, Secretary

Marmora District Chamber of Commerce
MARMORA, ONTARIO



1958 Marmora Chamber of Commerce Tourist Brochure



Grace Loveless Gray



Roy Smith & Ford Woodhouse
1939



l-r: Dorothy Marett, Lib & Jean Gladney
Doug & Don Marett in background

Teacher Freezes to Death Walking in Sleep

The village of Marmora was shocked early this morning on hearing of the death of Miss Hilda Thompson, 29 year old member of the Marmora Public School staff who was found dead from exposure on ice covered land between the village skating rink and Crowe River. The body was found about 4 a.m. by a search party composed of Constable P. Gray, F. S. Johnston, T. R. Wells, N. Mumby and W. C. Spry.

Missed from her room about 2 o'clock, F. S. Johnston, a neighbor was notified, who in turn got in touch with Constable Gray and a search party was quickly organized. The deceased girl was clad only in her night attire and it is believed while sleep walking she walked into the river but made her way to the shore for the body was found a distance from the river bank. Suffering from a nervous breakdown, the late Miss Thompson had been granted leave of absence from her school duties.

A daughter of Dr. David and Mrs. Thompson of the village, she leaves to mourn the loss, one sister Jean of New York City and brother James at home. She was an ardent member of St. Andrew's United Church and deeply interested in the welfare of children.

Marmora Herald
February 16, 1937



Winter Fun
Ice Sailing
1941

