WHITE EARTH LAKE

BY

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

Refers to land on the SOUTH SIDE OF THE MAIN LAKE

SEE CHAPTER 10 PAGE 32

Don Sampson

Chapter 1

GEOLOGY AND GEOGRAPHY OF WHITE EARTH LAKE

The masses of ice that we call glaciers cover about a tenth of earth's land surface. The great ice sheets of Antarctica and Greenland account for most of this area. In past ages they expanded greatly over the land. Four times in the Pleistocene epoch, extending roughly from 1,000,000 years ago to 8,000 B.C., thick sheets of moving ice covered large parts of North America. The icecaps of Antarctica and Greenland represent comparatively small remnants of two of the vast formations that covered almost a third of the land in the last ice age.

Continental glaciers tended to move faster and spread farthest where the land lay lowest. The glacier known as the Wisconsin Glacier was one to one and a half miles thick. The Continental ice sheets created most of our large lakes by hollowing out enclosed basins in the solid rock. Great loves of ice gouged out the basins of each of the Great Lakes.

The lake basins hollowed out by ice masses in low hill country have irregular scraggly shapes. A good example is Lake Winnipesaukee in Hew Hampshire, with its long bays and its 375 islands. On flatter land, the basins are broad and shallow, as in the case of Lake Erie. Continental glaciers also brought about important changes in the landscape because of their weight. They caused the underlying crust of earth to be depressed as much as 280 meters, according to some estimates. Later, as the ice receded, the earth would "recoil" to more or less its original level.

The name "glacial drift" is given to the material transported by glaciers and ultimately deposited upon the land. Unsorted rock debris deposited directly from the ice is called "till" – this contains fragments of all sizes, from tiny particle to huge boulders.

Boulders ride along on and in the ice, more or less undamaged, although some at the glacier bottom may be smoothed away on one or more sides. Frequently, they are carried far from the ledges where they were formed and are dropped in areas where other types of rock predominate. Such wandering rock fragments are called glacial erratics, or "wanderers." A fine specimen can be found northeast of the Little Cabin on the Rinaldo Camp at White Earth Lake. We have another fine specimen 30 feet in front of Jim and Nola Blodgett's home on the east shore of Wilkinson's Bay.

Some erratics are left delicately balanced on ice-smoothed ledges. They became perched boulders or rocking stones, and are generally local curiosities. In many places, boulders have been spread over the countryside in the form of a fan. The boulders are numerous along the central portion of the fan. These boulders can be seen west of Harold Sosted's cabin, about 200 yards off the point.

In some places, the bottom part of a glacier has become so filled up with debris that the ice of the glacier cannot transport it all. Part of the debris remains upon the land as the ice flows over it. This type of deposit is called ground moraine. It forms gentle and irregular undulations.

Ground moraine left behind by advancing ice sheets in the Pleistocene epoch, covers much of the glaciated area from Ohio to Montana. It is also found in the landscape of Northern Germany, Poland, and the Soviet Union.

Here and there, the till has been built up in the long streamlined hills, resting upon the ground moraine. These are known as drumlines. Their surfaces are smooth and rounded. On a map, they appear as oval hills from less than a kilometer to three kilometers long. This is the type of hills you see around White Earth Lake.

White Earth Lake was formed by the last great glaciation covering the North American continent, which was known as the Wisconsin Glaciation, with the particular ice sheet covering northern Minnesota called the "Laurentide ice sheet."

White Earth Lake has two main inlets and one outlet. There are also several small, spring-fed inlet brooks, such as the one coming out at the east end of Clark's Bay. This brook comes from Strawberry Lake, which goes under the road near Kay's Korners, into Jack Haw Lake. It then goes into Abner Warren Swamp, which is west of his house, and on down to Clark's Bay. There are numerous springs in the bottom of the lake that produce a noticeable temperature difference as one wades out from a dock. The larger inlet into White Earth Lake is known as Gull River. It flows from Tulaby Lake via McCraney Lake, into the White Earth Lake just north of Wilkinson's Bay. The outlet, White Earth River, starts its flow over a dam near New Horizon Resort & Lodge at the north end of the lake and eventually joins the Wild Rice River, a tributary to the Red River of the North, making White Earth Lake part of the drainage to Hudson Bay. Lake Itasca, the source of the Mississippi River, is north and east of White Earth. The Mississippi River flows north to Bemidji Lake,

then south, and is part of the drainage that leads south and west to the Gulf of Mexico. Thus, there is a continental divide between White Earth and Itasca.

White Earth Lake is unique among lakes in the areas in that it not only has an abundance of game fish, but is also self-sustaining. Combine forage fish, lake structure, and balanced fishing pressure, and the result is walleyes at six times the statewide median. This lake was stocked with 16,433 fingerling walleye only once, in 1984. Northern Pike are over the state median and two major forage fish, Yellow Perch and Northern Cisco, are double the local medians. Large Mouth and Small Mouth bass and most panfish varieties are also above state and local medians. Among the reasons is that White Earth Lake is out of the way, but it is also a lake with the kind of structure that abets natural reproduction. This lake was called "Ga Wababigunikag Sagaiigun," or "The Place of White Clay Lake." It was named for the white clay outcroppings seen along the shore. The shore soil contents are 45% sand, 20% gravel, 20% rubble, 10% boulders, and 5% muck.

This is a 2,079-acre lake with a shore length of 13.7 miles that provides secluded bays and inlets as well as a broad main lake. The lake's bottom varies widely from sunken bars, points and islands, to holes that range from 30 to 120 feet deep. The 120-foot bottom is east of the point that was the old Boys' Camp. Median depth is 25 feet, but the lake and two small islands are ringed with 5-foot shallows. The water clarity is 9.1 feet deep and water color is a high green, caused by suspended algae.

The most spectacular flowers in the White Earth area are the pink and yellow Lady Slippers. There is a fine stand of pink Lady Slippers on the south side of the road near Bass Lake. Other native wild flowers seen near the cabins or along roadways include the Columbine, Woodland Sunflower, Bladderwort, Tansy, and Aster.

Chapter 2

THE CHIPPEWA INDIANS

The Indians around White Earth are known as the Chippewa or the Ojibways. Copway, a native Chippewa, wrote in 1851 regarding the origin of the name of his people: "I have heard a tradition to the effect that general council was once held at some point above the falls of St. Anthony and that when the Ojibways came, they all wore a peculiar moccasin which was gathered at the top from the tip of the toe and at the ankle, and had a puckered seam extending up the front rather than the sewn triangular piece of the more tradition moccasin." It is thought that the word Ojibway is a derivation of a native root word meaning "to pucker." It is also believed that the word Chippewa, which is now generally applied to this tribe in the U. S., is the popular adaptation of "Ojibway."

The Chippewa are part of a special group of Algonguian, which includes Potawatomi, Ottawa, Algonguian Proper, Illinois, Miami, and the Chippewa (the largest tribe of the Algonguian linguistic group).

While it is difficult to attribute one trait to an entire tribe, it may safely be said that the Chippewa are a pleasant group of people. The older men and women, while not lacking in dignity, have a ready smile and a genial manner. The Chippewa have a strong sense of humor and are fond of exchanging jokes among themselves. During the colonial period, the Chippewa were remote from the frontier, but explorers and missionaries came into contact with them at an early date. History shows their prominence in transactions with the Hudson Bay Company and the Northwest Fur Company. Although valiant in native warfare, the Chippewa did not wage war against the white man, but seemed to be desirous of acquiring the customs of their civilization.

The above is taken from a number of books written about the Ojibway people and their daily lives, which are available in most libraries. They make very interesting reading. We will not dwell further on them here, but rather will go into that part of Chippewa history that directly concerns White Earth Lake.

Originally, the Chippewa inhabited a large area from the Great Lakes to the Dakotas into southern Wisconsin and north past the present Canadian border. Our present interest is with that portion of the tribe that lived on the southern shores of Lake Superior and adjacent

territory, gradually extending to the west. These people came under the jurisdiction of a Government Agency located in La Pointe, Wisconsin, established in 1822. This jurisdiction included those Chippewa then living around White Earth Lake along with their neighbors on Leech Lake, Gull Lake, Millac, and Vermillion.

The first Chippewa Indian Agency in Minnesota was established in 1853 at St. Peter. It was at some point after this that the White Earth Reservation, named after our lake, was established.

As far as we know (although I could stand corrected on this point), there never was a native White Earth band of the Chippewa Tribe as such. Members of what is known locally as the White Earth Band are probably descendents of a great many bands from south and east of here, who were relocated when the White Earth Reservation was established.

As reservations go, we might think of this one as more acceptable than others, to the people who were forced from their homeland. The area was richly wooded, with many lakes, abundant game and furs, similar in nature to the lands along the Mississippi and in northern Wisconsin from where they were uprooted.

White Earth Lake was important to the Chippewa, both before and after the establishment of the Reservation. They buried their dead on the islands, tapped the maple trees for sugar, had a summer campground on the Dora Wilkinson property on Wilkinson Bay, and had a ceremonial site where the Schermerhorn log house stands in its large clearing. It is probable that they were content with their traditional way of life on the reservation.

A little before the turn of the century, the powers that be in Washington, D. C. thought that things should be changed for the betterment of all and in 1887, Congress passed the Dawes Severality Act. This act, which then became law, provided that Indian reservations were to be surveyed and the lands allotted to the resident Indians. The head of the family could select 160 acres, with 80 acres for unmarried persons and 40 acres for minors.

The way the system worked was that after approval by the Secretary of the Interior, a tribal member was issued a "patent" certifying ownership of a particular parcel of land. After a period of 5 years, he could sell it to anyone, although he could immediately lease it or sell the timber rights. Unfortunately, tribal lands in the U. S. dropped by 65%, from 138 million acres in 1882 to 48 million in 1934, when the program was scrapped.

So, the Dawes Act provided a kind of "good news, bad news" situation for the average Indian. The good news was that he had a nice parcel of land, free and clear; the bad news was that counties immediately began levying taxes on the new landholders, most of whom were unable to pay the taxes or comprehend them (there is no word for "property tax" in the Ojibway tongue). The outcome of the program was that eventually 92% of the White Earth Reservation cam under non-Indian ownership, either by tax forfeiture to the county, sold for back taxes, or in some cases, transferred by deed to other private individuals.

In 1977, the Minnesota Supreme Court ruled that the taking of Indian-held land for non-payment of taxes was illegal. This decision threw the titles of land owned by non-Indians into dispute; they were termed "cloudy" titles. Many of us living on the lake at that time remember the confusion the ruling caused. Some Indian groups were seeking the return of all reservation land, including the parcels purchased from individual owners as well as land taken for taxes. It would be safe to say that this was a traumatic time for all involved. Something had to be done, and was.

A bill was introduced into Congress to settle this question. The White Earth Land Settlement Act of 1985, Pub. L. 99-264, was signed by President Reagan on March 24, 1985. This Bill allocated $22 million to compensate original landowners or their heirs for land taken from them in what was now an unlawful fashion.

A copy of the notice by the Bureau of Indian Affairs as it appeared in the Minneapolis Star Tribune constitutes the end of this chapter in history. It also brought an end to the legal, if not the moral claims of the original owners of the White Earth shores.

The following chapters will explore the more recent history of these shores.

Chapter 3

THE LOON

The loon has taken on a significance that goes beyond its beauty as a bird, the biology of the species, and the struggle for survival. The loon is ingrained in today's White Earth Lake, a measure of our concern for the land, our relationship with the lake and our pleasures in the wilderness. Its echo is important to the lake cabin owner as well as to the canoeist who paddles the lake.

In the past, loons did not have the status most ducks did. They were not good eating, nor were they part of hunting literature or art. They were shot in tremendous numbers just because they were a challenging target, but that can hardly be called sport. For years the loon was just there, an expected resident on wilderness lakes.

The loon has had some special recognition, from Longfellow's "Song of Hiawatha," where the great honor of being named Loon Heart (Mahn-go-taysee) is bestowed on Hiawatha at a feast. Mahn is the word for both "brave" and "loon" in the Ojibway language. Today we recognize five species of loon: Common, Arctic, Yellow-billed, Red-throated, and Pacific. The Common Loon lives on White Earth.

The loon is one of three distinct fresh-water diving birds; the Grebes and Mergansers are the others. The Grebe's almost nonexistent tail sets it apart from the loon, who possesses a short but definite tail, and the Grebe has lobed toes rather than the fully webbed foot of the loon. The Mergansers are duck with bills that are flattened and serrated on the edges for both grasping and straining. Mergansers and Loons share many northern lakes such as White Earth Lake.

For as long as people have wandered and lived near northern lakes, they have turned their heads to look for the source of the soprano uvulations coming off the waters. These sounds evoke strong feelings of empathy and emotional identification. The Ojibway interpret the cry as an omen of death.

The loon has a basic collation of four calls that can be given individually or combined to signify the response to conflicting emotions. Very often the call is given in combination with a physical display, which appears to be a type of dance. It may come as a shock to learn that three of the most commonly heard calls are vocalizations of excitation, stress, and distress, and therefore reflect negative conditions rather than celebration.

The four basic loon calls are wail, yodel, tremolo, and hoot. Most people are familiar with the first three calls because they are the most dramatic and easily heard. The hoot is a softer monosyllabic note with a questioning tentative sound to it. An individual bird gives it as it approaches a flock or when surfacing with food for a chick. The hoot is the call that we hear least frequently.

Approaching a nest area will almost certainly cause the birds to tremolo, and the pitch and frequency will increase as the perceived danger increases.

It is during this type of encounter, when a boat or intruder penetrates a pair's territory and offspring are nearby, the most dramatic display occurs. Some call it "penguin dancing." In this "dance" the loon rushes toward the intruder and rises with head drawn back and bill almost touching the breast, while its feet beat the water and create a spray around its body. The loon then falls forward, raising more water. It may momentarily dive, then rise again and beat the water with its wings all the while tremoloing loudly.

The yodel is the most complex of the calls. Only males give it, most frequently when establishing or defending territories and it is considered to be an aggressive call. Anywhere from one to nine repeat phrases may be given; the greater the number, the greater the bird's agitation. It generally will last four to six seconds. The yodel is the call heard most frequently around dusk, the time of peak flight activity. It is a contagious sound with loons. One male loon may begin to yodel after an earlier aggressive interaction and male loons in surrounding areas and lakes will pick up the call until the woods and the night sky reverberate with the excited wild sound.

The last call is the wail, a melancholy, drawn-out sound that is most often compared to a wolf's howl. Unlike the tremolo and yodel, the wail may be given when interaction is desired, but somewhat prevented, such as when a bird is searching for a mate or chick, or when a parent bird is separated from its chick by a boat. A female will wail when her mate is having an aggressive encounter with an intruder, and while he is giving the yodel.

Loons perform one other display, which has the appearance of a stately minuet. It is called the "Circle Dance" or the "Bill-Dipping Minuet." This ritual is seen in early summer as part of the loon courtship, and involves two loons. In this dance, the birds swim toward one another, frequently putting their faces in the water in a peering motion. As they draw nearer to one another, they begin quick dives, sometimes together and at other times alternately. They submerge for only a few seconds and then surface very near one another.

They swim slowly in a circular pattern, "breast-puffing and bill-tucking." If a bird dives and surfaces too far away, the dance breaks up. If not, the courting couple has the lead to copulation.

All the loons have very specific nesting site requirements, which vary from species to species. The Common Loon prefers island nests, and situates its nest next to the water if possible. Deep water right up to the nest is preferred, to keep from exposing the nest to danger when the adult approaches or leaves. If necessary, they will locate the nest as much as four feet away from the water. The Common Loon will nest on lakes that do not have islands and has a strong affinity for its old nest.

On White Earth Lake the loons arrive as soon as the ice is off and they establish territories immediately. The loon uses sphagnum moss as the most common nest material and some grass. The loons will locate their nests on the northwest shore of the lake or islands, which prevents destruction by waves from the prevailing winds. Life revolves around the nest. It is the anchor point for the loon's territorial displays and threats, and contains the future of the species.

Mating is the most difficult Common Loon behavior to observe. In human terms, we may not find this so startling. It happens in the following manner. Two loons appear from the marsh vegetation and swim to the open water. One of the loons will roll up on the left side in a preening position and the second loon responds by swimming up to the preening bird. It is assumed that the preening bird is the female, because the approaching loon will swim around it and make contact. The female submerges, and male rolls off to his left. When the female reappears, the male rises, splashes water with his wings, and then lets his breast return to the water with force. He submerges in front of the female with only head and neck above the water, while the female sits and watches. The two loons engage in this avian foreplay for five to eight minutes, moving toward shore. The female loon climbs out of the water onto the wet vegetation and turns on her left side. The male follows, sliding his feet under her, and they mate. The actual mating lasts from six to nine seconds. The female remains on land for a minute, while the male returns to the water, holding his head and neck stiffly and dipping his bill. The two loons remain together constantly for the next thirty or forty minutes and then begin to pull nest material.

The Common Loon peak laying period is four weeks after ice-off, and after courtship, copulation, and nest building, the long period of incubation begins. This period averages

about thirty days. Eggs are laid at intervals and they hatch at different times, in the same sequence that they were laid.

The eggs of the Common Loon are large, drab, and only slightly mottled. The Common Loon usually has two eggs to each nest, but there have been reports of one and three eggs. Nests with three eggs are extremely rare.

The eggs consume the energy of the mated loons. For almost all of the time during their nearly month-long incubation, one of the two loons is out of the water and on the nest. The Common Loon has a rotation period, working in short shifts. In the Common Loon's large range, there is a variation in predators from one region to another. In the far north, mink replaces the striped skunk and raccoon as the primary terrestrial mammalian predators.

Hatching intervals can range from as few as six hours to as many as 30 hours. As the time for hatching nears, sound can be heard coming from inside the shells. Vocal communication between the chicks while still in the shell is known to accelerate the growth of the younger embryo and lead to more synchronous hatching. IF two eggs hatch within 12 hours of one another, both chicks generally leave the nest at the same time. Otherwise, the first-hatched chick, as soon as its feathers have dried, leaves the nest to be cared for by the other parent.

The Common Loon chick feathers range from black to black-brown on top, blending to a more grayish color on the throat, upper breast, and flanks. The belly and lower breast are white, while the legs and feet are shades of black and gray. Chicks weigh between 2.75 and 3.5 ounces at hatch.

Usually within the first three days that the two loon chicks are on the water together, pecking fights can be observed. Either one may initiate the pecking, but the older and stronger one has a better chance of inflicting a more painful "punch."

Young chicks will spend as much as 50 to 60 percent of their first two weeks riding on the backs of the adult loons. This is a means of warming a cold, wet chick or assisting one that has become exhausted. To do this, the adult loon partially submerges itself so that the little chick can climb aboard. To disembark its passenger, the adult rises and shakes it feathers, or partially submerges again. A chick riding "piggyback" on an adult loon is a heartwarming sight.

Parent loons don't practice favoritism. They do not seem to recognize a difference between one chick and the other. They simply respond to the most demanding and accessible

chick. Because of the distance between nurseries, the limited movement of chicks, and strong territorial defense, there has been little need for the loons to develop chick recognition. To have stray chicks end up in the wrong territory is unlikely.

The first two weeks of life are the most danger-ridden for the loon chick. Death can come from the sky or the depths below. Snapping turtles and northern pike are known to take baby chicks, as well as fox, raccoons, skunks, and mink. The highest mortality occurs in the first four days. If a chick can survive to three weeks of age, its chances of reaching fledgling are very good.

Swimming ability, peering, feeding, rearing-up, wing flapping, and preening are well-developed in the first two days of the chick's life. Attempts to dive occur soon after the chicks get into the water, but they are less capable in this area, popping up like a cork until their legs become stronger and can push their buoyant bodies below the surface. It may be close to two weeks before their diving ability is well developed.

Loons are extremely protective and caring of their young. This behavior is instinctively produced to allow the greatest success for the survival of their species and in the first few days of life, loon chicks are kept very near the parents. At this time, generally just one parent dives for food, while the other stays close to the chicks. A loon does not regurgitate food to its young, but rather carries food to them crosswise in its bill. The adult lowers its head and extends its neck until the chick can reach the fish. If the chick is hungry, it will grasp it. After the chick grasps the fish crosswise in its mandible, it shifts it by a series of head jerks along with a biting action, until the head of the fish is in position to be swallowed. Smaller fish are naturally easier to shift and swallow, but as the chick gets bigger, the parents present larger fish. Perch is the most frequent food given to Common Loon chicks.

As the chicks grow older, both parents feed them, and the entire family begins to forage farther from shore. By the third week, the parent will drop an injured fish in front of a chick, who then retrieves it. In this way, the chicks learn to recognize patterns of swimming by fish that are easier to catch. Perch, for instance, swim in an erratic zigzag when chased. Any pursued and tiring fish will turn more frequently, attracting the chick's attention and exposing itself to attack. When swimming fast underwater the loon is able to use its leg like a brake, sticking it out and pivoting quickly enough to strike with its bill at a fish making a dodging maneuver.

By eight weeks of age, young chicks are almost fully feathered, and their legs and feet are the size of an adult's, leading to greater ability in chasing and capturing fish. The parents go off to feed for longer periods of time, leaving the chicks to forage for themselves. When the parents return, they generally offer food to the young. At eleven weeks, the young chicks will still beg for food from their parents, even though they feed themselves most of the day.

To reach the age of fledgling requires not only a little luck, but also much concentrated protective effort on the part of the loon parents. From the outset, the young are closely guarded. When the chicks aren't backriding in the early days, they are swimming between two parents. If one chick falls behind, the parents vocally encourage it to catch up. If that fails, one or both parents drop back to accompany the chick. Loons learn at a very early age how to hide when danger threatens. Responding to some means of communication from adults, the chicks dive and head for the shore line. The parent loons try to create diversionary activity to distract the intruder.

By the end of the summer, the young loons are fully feathered and ready for flight. As late as ten to thirteen weeks into the chicks' lives, the parents may still offer fish to their well-grown offspring. The day is fast drawing near when the parents, one at a time, feel the pull of migration and leave.

With their parents gone, the young loons leave nesting territories behind, move about, and associate with the other recently orphaned adolescents. There are still some fine autumn days left in the year, but the temperature and leaves are falling quickly.

Learning to lift itself from the water into the sky comes as a surprise to the young loon. As a group of juveniles engage in playful activities, instead of settling back into the familiar water, they find themselves moving up and away from their comrades below. A few sweeps around their birthplace and they're gone from their summer home.

Loon migration is not a flock activity. It is an irregular movement of singles and pairs, with the adults preceding the young to the winter ocean grounds. We have learned that the young loon takes a three-year or longer hiatus in the Gulf of Mexico and Atlantic Ocean before returning a mature and experience adult, to nest in the waters of our northern forests. The loon can live on a saltwater diet because of its salt glands, which are located in the fleshy part of the head above the nostrils. The salt from the food is eliminated in a liquid form that

drips out of the nostril and then flows out the grooves on the bill. The loon's saltwater diet consists of cod, sea trout, herring, flounder, surf fish, and mackerel.

At high tide and between feeding periods, most of the loons just drift. In the approximate six-hour period between tides, the peak feeding times are at low tide and again three to four hours after low tide.

They do not have to fly for safety, since they can ride the tides in and out and dive and swim as far as they want. They are in a relatively safe environment, which lacks only the proper conditions for nesting.

There is not enough time between migrations for both nesting and molting, so the Common Loon does not molt before heading to sea. Replacement feathers take three to four weeks to develop, so they molt in the late winter. A loon's wings are not very aerodynamic in design even when all the feathers are new and shapely. After numerous flights and dives, plus the stress of migration, the feathers can be frayed and damaged by the time it reaches slat water, ready for replacement. The young loons replace their flight feathers both summer and winter and do not leave the salt water at this time in their lives.

The wintering ground covers a wide variety of temperatures from the northern coasts to the Gulf. It appears that the availability of food is more important than a warm climate in the choice of wintering grounds. Loon feathers are structured in such a way that they literally zip together to protect the birds from cold and wetness. When the loons preen, they oil the feathers and cause the little barbs to interlock. With dry down next to the skin, the birds are very warm. They don't leave our northern lakes because of the cold, but because of the ice.

Pair bonding is done by the time the Common Loons arrive at the lake, in order to initiate a quick nesting. Pair bonding activities are done on resting lakes along the route, while migrating to the northern lakes, with their staging activities timed to coincide with ice-off on the lakes.

Chapter 4

THE STORM OF JULY 13, 1995

The most destructive storm ever to hit Minnesota occurred July 13, 1995 in the White Earth lake area, leaving in its wake an estimated $22.5 million in damaged trees. Unique in its severity, the storm's effect on wildlife is unknown, although it is believed that at least some deer, ruffed grouse, songbirds, and eagles were affected.

The eagle nest down from the Petersen place in Wilkinson Bay west of the inlet of Gull River was destroyed. The nest had three young eaglets, one was killed when the approximately 8' diameter nest fell on it and another young eagle's wing and leg were broken. Harold Petersen took the eagle to the animal shelter, but it died two days later. The third eaglet lived and was cared for by the adult eagles.

Affected by what is being referred to by the Department of Natural Resources as the Western Storm Block were parts of Mahnomen, Becker, Clearwater, and Hubbard counties. In the Eastern Storm Block, woodlands in parts of Itasca, Aitkin, and St. Louis counties were struck.

Some homes and cabins were damaged. Byron Kinkade had a large tree go through his garage roof. The hole left was approximately six feet long by 3.5 feet wide. However the forest damage was the most dramatic.

Dave Heinzen, supervisor of the DNR's Resource Assessment Program said, "I've been with the DNR twenty years and haven't seen anything like it!" Marguerite Wood, who had been coming to White Earth Lake since 1929 had never seen such dramatic damage as the big beautiful basswood trees being uprooted by the hundred-plus mile per hour winds.

The DNR estimates that more than 200,000 acres of trees were affected by the storm. In the Western Block, the storm swept across 130,000 acres, about 100,000 of which were forested. Some said that from the air it looked as if someone cut a 4.5 mile wide swath, 17.5 miles long, starting 2 to 2.5 miles on the west side of White Earth lake, all the way past Tulaby Lake. In those 100,000 acres, DNR foresters estimate that 35 percent of the trees 35 or more feet tall were blown down or snapped. They think that in the Western Block approximately 5.2 million trees were taken out.

In the Eastern Block, the storm affected 114,000 acres, about 87,000 of which are forested. In this area, which is heavily populated with coniferous trees, about 1.3 million trees were lost.

The DNR estimates that the storm cost the state economy nearly one billion dollars "when you consider all the jobs and businesses affected by the loss of all those trees, and the values they represent from recreation and aesthetic attractions, to the many kinds of wood products they make possible." DNR said that nearly half of the annual wood supply needed by the state's forest industry, which is 1.6 million acres, was destroyed or damaged by the storm.

The first storm to strike July 13, which hit the Western Block, came out of North Dakota with winds reaching 115 miles an hour and lasted 23 minutes. The storm swept across the treeless areas, but when it hit forested lands, it knocked down pretty much everything in sight.

Of the 100,000 acres of forested land damaged in the Western portion, the State and various counties own 57,000 acres. Of the 86,000 forested acres affected in the Eastern portion, 52,000 are owned by the State or counties.

Timber salvage in the two areas provided work for loggers for at least 5-6 months. The problem, the long time necessary to remove the timber, is that much of the salvage had to be done by hand, with chainsaws. Most logging today is mechanized and goes pretty fast. But with all the trees down, the big machinery couldn't be used.

The DNR estimated that 175 miles of forest lands and 42 miles of non-road trails were blocked as a result of the storms and signs along the snowmobile trails were destroyed. Because of this, visits to these areas by hunters, hikers, snowmobilers, and fall color tourists will be were reduced for years.

The effects of these storms will be felt for many years. Even though much of the destroyed forests contained mature trees ready for harvest, thousands of acres of younger tees that would not be harvestable for another five to 25 years were also destroyed.

Starting at the east shore of Wilkinson Bay, here is a description of the damage done there.

Joe and Jane Wood's aluminum boat dock was in two sections; one section ended up on its side in front of their cabin, with the fishing boat between it and the shore. The fishing boat was upside down and the 8-hp motor was under water. Joe had to take it to Mahnomen

to have the motor overhauled. The other section of the dock flew north about 100 yards in front of Wood's cabin. The tops of the pine trees in front of their cabin snapped off, as well as some of the basswood trees south of their cabin and boathouse.

Next down the shore is the Sagmo's, whose pontoon boat ended up on shore in front of the Wood's boat house, along with their speed boat, but it was tied up on shore.

At Lynn Vreeland's, their big speed boat was still on the boat lift, but the fishing boat flew north and east with the wooden dock that was around the fishing boat. They got a new fishing boat and motor.

Farther south along the east shoreline, Art Cahalan's new steps built down his bank to the aluminum dock, were damaged by a large tree that was uprooted. His boat dock was turned upside down, wheels in the air, with a deep, six-foot long dent in the side of the fishing boat. The boat and lift were both replaced.

Tutty Farrar's (Mallory) new inboard boat was on the rocks in front of her cabin and full of water, and had to be replaced. The aluminum boat dock and lift were damaged badly, with the lift canopy up in the trees. Dick Duncan's fishing boat and motor made it through the storm.

Next down the shoreline, the Arnold's and Sampson's boat dock and lift were okay, but Sampson's little bathtub fishing boat was ruined. It was on the beach with its bottom torn out from banging into the steel dock. The motor was out of the water and not damaged.

Next door, Jim Blodgett's sailboat was on its side on the beach, with Karen Foots' fishing boat in front of it. Everyone had a large number of trees down in their yards, with an approximate total of 45 trees. Marguerite Wood lost the beautiful 100 year old basswood trees that shaded us for "happy hour" in her front yard.

Over at Herold's point, their big pontoon boat flew off its lift and was upside down under water, a total loss. At first they couldn't find it. The Herolds lost a lot of big trees. Dick and Kay Potter lost their big basswoods; one flattened a 360-gallon gasoline tank. Jo Miller had a lot of dock and lift damage, and her canoe ended up with a 90-degree bend in it.

It was amazing that with such high winds, 100-115 mph for 23 minutes, and so many trees down, nobody was killed or hurt in this storm.

Jim Sherman's dock, lift, and boat were damaged by the storm. The boat lift and inboard boat took off on the fly and ended up with the boat submerged with the boat lift on

top of it. About two and a half feet of the boat's bow was sticking out of the water. That was a sight!

Before 1995's storm, the last big catastrophe to damage wildlife and trees was the great fire on the east side of White Earth in the summer of 1936. Abner and Hazel Warren were married February 13, 1936 (Friday the 13th!) and remember the fire well. There was a lot of snow that winter and it was very cold. They lived where Tibbets' live now, a small house they rented from the Clarks.

The fire came through in the summer of 1936 and was started by a Finlander burning off a hay field by Big Sugarbush Lake. When the fire went through the east side of White Earth Lake, it was moving at 35 miles per hour. Six hundred firefighters were sitting down by City Hall and they couldn't move any place. The fire went straight from Big Sugarbush Lake, down through the big hills, west of Berry's Tavern, and then north. They backfired by the old gate that Russ Baker put in on the east shore of Wilkinson Bay. The fire burned between 10,000 and 12,000 acres. It went east until the Army contained it with a big Cat.

A footnote about the Wild Rice Electric Co-op.: An estimate of 7,500 of Wild Rice's 11,200 accounts (two-thirds) were initially affected by the 1995 storm. Service was finally restored to all members following nine long days and nights of a mammoth effort by Wild Rice's personnel with the assistance of 77 personnel from six neighboring cooperatives and hired contractors.

The storm didn't help the Bald Eagles' nesting season and in the Chippewa National Forest, the Eagles' nesting declined the following year. Northern Minnesota still has the highest concentration of eagles in the 48 contiguous states. The U. S. Forest Service's aerial surveys revealed 161 nesting pairs of adult eagles and 162 young eagles or fledglings in the summer of 1995. By comparison, in 1994 there were 189 nesting pairs of adult eagles and 183 fledglings. That was the highest number of your birds successfully reared since 1963 when the aerial surveys began.

Chapter 5

"MAPLE TREES"

If one heads south from Cedar Crest Resort by boat, one notices that there really isn't much sign of human habitation on the shore for a long way. This length of shoreline, which extends all the way to the entrance to Little White Earth, then around to the south end of Clark's Bay, and a part on the north shore of Clarks Bay, is all part of the Phillip Rinaldo estate, purchased by him in 1921.

This continuous ownership is interrupted in three places. First, north of the Little White Earth entrance to the island is the old Boy Scout Camp, now owned by Becky Hastad. The next break is the entrance to Little White Earth. The third break are the homes on the south and east shores of Clark's Bay. This area will be treated in the next chapter.

The Rinaldo homesite, or "Camp," is named "Maple Trees." It is situated just around the corner to the south of the Little White Earth entrance. Various members of the family use the Camp in the summer. The Camp's caretakers are Mr. & Mrs. Joe Warren. About all that can be seen of the compound in the summer are the dock and boathouse, but there is more to it than that.

The following history of "Maple Trees" is in the words of Peter Rinaldo and makes highly interesting reading:

In 1921 when the site for "Maple Trees" was chosen, my mother and father had four children, Phillip (15), Harriett (14), Joy (11), and John (9). This family had been vacationing each summer at a rented cottage on Wind Lake in southeastern Wisconsin. Wind Lake was a resort area, with lots of other teenagers, and I believe that my parents decided to look for a quieter spot for their summer home. Although I was born the following summer, I assume that the decision to seek a new vacation site was made before they knew that I was on the way.

My mother's younger sister, Grace, was married to Paul Paulson, a real estate dealer in Detroit Lakes, Minnesota. Therefore, this was a natural place to visit, and during the summer of 1921, they went to Detroit Lakes and were shown various areas. They chose White Earth Lake, reportedly both because of its natural beauty and because the fishing was so good.

In the sections that follow, the cabins are listed chronologically in the order in which they were first constructed, starting with the Big Cabin.

1. The Big Cabin: The land upon which the Big Cabin stands was purchased in November 1921, and the cabin was erected the following Spring. It was constructed of spruce logs and was reportedly called by the part-Indian builders "Shin-go-began," or "Spruce Shelter." The original size of the Big Cabin was 40' by 40', with a 20' x 20' living room in the center and porches on three sides. The east porch and part of the north porch were used for sleeping, with rows of cots and a "modesty curtain" separating the boys' and girls' areas. In the southeast corner were two long, narrow room, opening onto the porch, which were the boys' and girls' dressing rooms. Next to these rooms, opening onto the living room, was a bedroom used by my parents. This is now the library. Beside this, where the bathroom is now, was the maid's bedroom. The kitchen was somewhat smaller than it is now, having later been extended into the dining porch.

The east and west wings were added in 1941 and 1943. The fireplaces were Franklin stoves with galvanized sheeting surrounding them to make them equivalent to a Heatilator fireplace, serving as a model for the fireplaces in the Stone House. The principal carpenter was an older man named Frank Glass, assisted by Harvey Angstman and Abner "Diddy" Warren. Diddy remembers building the wings as his first job at Camp.

In the early 1970's there was a serious fire in the Big Cabin. Seth and some friends were staying at the cabin while hunting duck, with Hazel Warren (Ab's wife) as their cook. One morning they went out hunting early, after building a large fire in the fireplace. When Hazel went down around 8 A. M. to wash the breakfast dishes, she discovered that the heat of the fire had ignited the wall near the bathroom which had been erected too close to the chimney. The fire department from Ogema was called, but had a hard time finding the Camp. They then had a difficult job fighting the fire, because the use of the water from the lake was turned off for the winter. However, they managed to contain the fire in the area near the chimney and extinguished the flames before extensive damage was done. The fireplace was rebuilt, with a stone chimney replacing the original brick chimney (my mother had originally wanted a stone chimney, and was quite disappointed when she saw the brick chimney and the large cement mantle that was first constructed). Unfortunately, the greater weight of the stones has caused the fireplace foundation to sink into the ground carrying the floor supports with it.

In front of the Big Cabin are a flagpole and bell mounted on a post. The bell dates from the early days of Camp and has been used both as a wake-up alarm and a dinner bell. Children have always vied to be the one to ring it.

2. The Little Cabin: The Little Cabin was originally built in the early 1920's as a caretaker's cabin on the Bass Lake side of the road. However, it was never used as such, and one of my earliest memories is of the cabin being moved by a team of horses, pulling it onto logs which rolled underneath it. I believe that my father helped in its construction, since at the time in the mid-1930's when the cabins were threatened by a forest fire, my mother asked Abner Warren to "Try to save that Little Cabin – my husband worked on that. It's worth more to me than anything else on the place."

The forest fire was stopped at the road to Bass Lake, but the Little Cabin had a narrow escape several years later. The mattress used by the Great Dane "Beau" got wet and I decided to dry it in front of a fire in the Little Cabin fireplace. When I went back to check, the mattress was smoldering and burst into flame when I dragged it outdoors. The charring of the floor in front of the fireplace can still be seen.

In later years, Harriett and her friends usually stayed in the Little Cabin. She arranged for the upper windows to be added in the 1960's and the bathroom she and Gertrude designed was added on in the 1970's. The Little Cabin also had traditionally been the Honeymoon Cabin.

3. The Ice House: The original Ice House must have been built shortly after the Big Cabin, since it was the source of ice used for refrigeration during the summer. Ice was cut from White Earth Lake each winter and packed in sawdust, so that it lasted the whole summer. Bringing in the ice for the icebox was a real chore, since it had to be chipped and washed.

The first Ice House was a board structure, but in the late 1920's was rebuilt with logs. In the 1950's, Phillip and Gertrude undertook to convert the Ice House into a cabin. Although some of the logs were rotten, Ab Warren managed to salvage enough good logs from the areas where windows were cut out to replace the rotten ones.

About 1963, the cabin was expanded by adding the two bedrooms and the bathroom. The porch was added in 1970. There was talk of adding a kitchen at the same time, but Gertrude decided against it.

4. The Big Cabin Garage: The Garage for the Big Cabin was the first new structure added to the original trio of Big Cabin, Little Cabin, and Ice House. It was built in 1932-1933. An important feature was the mouseproof storage room at the back.

5. The Bunk House: The Bunk House was built by John during the same summer that the Big Cabin Garage was constructed. He had some help from Bob Paulson and myself. Originally, the Bunk House as a 10' by 10' structure on concrete blocks, with room for two double bunks and little more.

About 1940 the Bunk House was expanded to the west by 5'. At the same time, a fireplace was added and the foundation was closed in. Ironically, the larger bunkhouse no longer accommodates four people.

6. The Bath House (also known as Dolly's Cabin): The Bath House was built in the early 1930's before there was a bathroom in the big cabin. It was a small log building containing a bathtub and wood stove with a boiler for heating water on top of it. A shed in back contained a tank for collecting the rain water from the roof. All the water flow was by gravity.

The Bath House was expanded in two stages. In the mid-1930's, when a bathtub was added in the big cabin, the bathtub in the bath house was removed and cabin was enlarged to serve as a maid's cabin. Because Dolly – one of the maids – lived in it for a number of summers, it became known as "Dolly's Cabin."

In the mid-1960's, Dolly was succeeded by Hazel Warren, the wife of Ab Warren, the caretaker who lived across the road. Pat Glaves then remodeled the cabin to be suitable for two adults and two children by hanging two cot frames from the wall by chains (jail cell style). In the 1970's, the cabin was expanded according to a plan proposed by Pat to add an extra bedroom and turn "the cell" into a bathroom.

7. The Stone House Garage: The Stone House Garage was built in 1953 to test the construction method later used in the Stone House. Wooden "slip" forms were built for the walls; stones were piled against the front of the forms, and a heavy concrete mixture was added between the stones at the back.

According to my mother's wage records, the construction crew was Frank Glass, Harvey Angstman, Abner Warren, and Bud Fredericks, plus two or three others from time to time. Stones were provided by a local trucker, Herb Kay, who reportedly gathered them from along the road.

At my request, a Secret Room was added on the second floor. Although this room was originally completely separated from the rest of the garage attic, my mother insisted on having a door cut through to provide a way out in case of fire. (I think she suspected I might try smoking.)

8. The Stone House: The Stone House exterior was built in 1936, with the interior finished the following year. The crew was the same as the one that had built the Garage, with the addition of John Brakefield and Norman Hilst. Again Herb Kay provided the stones. It is worth noting that this was in the depths of the Depression, and the construction projects provided much-needed income to many local families.

The lumber used was part of the 74,000 board feet of basswood, birch, and elm harvested the previous winter by Frank Glass and Harvey Angstman from the area partially destroyed by a forest fire. It was sawed by M. J. Lindsay.

The Stone House has remained must as it was originally built. However, as constructed, the access to the attic was through a pull-down stairs in the hall. The room which is now a study was at first my mother's bedroom. Joy and Gertrude remodeled the kitchen in the early 1970's.

9. The Cool Hall: To store the lumber mentioned above, two lumber sheds were built between the Little Cabin and the Stone House – one on each side of the road. The one on the north side contained a carpenter shop in addition to lumber storage. The building was demolished in the late 1960's.

The building on the south side of the road was converted to the Cool Hall by a group of teenagers in the summer of 1961. Among those working on the project were Phips and Roxanne Rinaldo and Mick, Pat, and Tim Ramsey.

10. The Boat House: The Boat House was built in 1938, the summer after the completion of the Stone House. The materials were transported down to the lake by a pulley running on a wire. Bob Paulson and I had fun riding down the wire by hooking the claw of a hammer over it and sliding down, dropping off at the bottom.

The Boat House was originally located closer to the lake shore. However, during those Springs when the ice broke up with an on-shore wind, the boat house was somewhat damaged. Accordingly, when the new road was put through in the 1970's, a deal was made with the County to use a bulldozer to move the Boat House back about ten feet to a new foundation. Before this could be accomplished, the machine broke down and spent the

winter behind the Boat House. The following Spring a second bulldozer was brought down to haul out the first, and the Boat House was finally moved.

11. Other Structures:

a. The Hogan was built by my brother John in the early 1930's, as a replica of a Navajo hogan, near the shore of the bay just west of the main dock. It was an eight-sided log structure, caulked with moss. It lasted for a number of years, but had disappeared by the 1960's.

b. The Playhouse was originally constructed about 1938 as a dog house for our Great Dane, Beau Geste. As far as I can remember, he never used it, preferring to sleep under the Big Cabin.

In the early 1960's, the Playhouse was rebuilt by Harvey Angstam. He added a little front porch to match that of the Big Cabin and made screens for the windows and doors. Without screens, the Playhouse is really unusable because of mosquitoes. The children, with some help from their parents, painted it inside and out, made curtains, and refinished the furniture. Many of the furnishings date back to Harriett's and Joy's childhood in Wheaton, Illinois.

c. The Island Treehouse was built by Dorothy, my three children, and myself on the Island during the summers of 1960 and 1961. It was a 10' x 10' cabin built about 25' above the ground between two trees, generally following a plan in a Dan Beard book. It had two porches, windows with screens, and a trap door for access. Dorothy and I slept there a few times, lulled to sleep by the swaying trees. Marjory also slept there, but was threatened by a group of boys who came out to the island at night. The Treehouse lasted 20 years, but eventually suffered from vandalism and old age. We dismantled it in 1981.

12. Utilities:

a. Water for the Big Cabin was originally hauled up by pails from the lake. However, in the early days, lake water was not considered pure enough for drinking. The drinking water was either brought by car from a pump near the schoolhouse (now the Maple Grove Town Hall), or fetched by boat from the spring at Pebble Beach. Several attempts were made to drill a well for drinking water before the present well was successfully completed about 1934. It reached water at 80 feet, well below the lake level.

The cistern at the Big Cabin to collect rain water from the roof was installed in the mid 1930's, with a gasoline engine to provide pressure for distribution. The engine

was not automatic, so the pressure had to be pumped up at least once each day. When electricity came, the gasoline engine was replaced by an electric motor. The final stage was the installation in the 1960's of the recirculating/siphon system to use lake water.

The Stone House cistern was originally in the basement. However, my mother thought that this made the house too damp, so a separate cistern was constructed between the house and the garage. This was used until the late 1970's, when a lake water supply similar to that at the Big Cabin was installed.

The Ice House has continued to use the soft water from the Big Cabin cistern, because Gertrude prefers it to lake water.

b. Sanitation: Both the Big Cabin and the Little Cabin were provided with outhouses when the cabins were built. The outhouse at the Big Cabin was used well into the 1970's to prevent overloading the septic tack field, but it was eventually torn down about 1980. In its later years, the Big Cabin outhouse was tastefully decorated with colorful prints of fishing lures.

The Little Cabin outhouse was notable for having three holes to accommodate father, mother, and a small child. There also was a rumor that it was sized for the three bears, which made some of the children afraid to use it. It was still standing in 1985.

c. Lights: The lighting sources for all of the cabins were originally Aladdin kerosene lamps, which provided light through heating a "mantle" of rare earth filaments woven to a cone shape. There were a few Coleman lamps using gasoline, but they were considered more dangerous and not used in later years. The light was good when the lamps functioned properly, but often the wicks would have to be trimmed, or carbon would deposit on the mantle and have to be burned off. The kerosene lamps were replaced by or converted to electric lights in the early 1950's.

d. Refrigeration and Cooking: As mentioned earlier, the original refrigeration at Camp was through ice cut each winter and stored in the Ice House. The icebox was replaced by an electric refrigerator in the 1950's.

The first kitchen stove was heated by kerosene. In addition to being used for cooking, the range heated "sad irons" used to iron clothes. The kerosene stove was replaced in the 1930's with one operated by bottled gas. A similar stove is still in use.

e. Telephone: After the Stone House was built in 193, a battery-operated telephone system was installed between the Big Cabin, Little Cabin, and Stone House. It

worked well the first summer, but the lines went down in the winter and it never worked well afterwards. A second telephone system with voice-actuated power was put in during the 1940's between the Big Cabin and Stone House, with connections to the Little Cabin and Bunkhouse. It worked well for a number of years, but eventually it also had its problems, and was dismantled. The telephone system to connect Camp to the outside world finally came in the 1960's.

13. Roads: In the early days of Camp, the road from Detroit lakes to Ogema was gravel, except for one short section of concrete through a swampy area. The road from Ogema to White Earth was a graded dirt road. When it rained, large mud-holes would form on the road, particularly near Net Lake, and the road would become impassable until it dried out. Even then, there would be deep ruts to maneuver around. On one occasion, the road could not be driven for ten days, at which point food was running low. Even when the road appeared driveable, the cars would sometimes get stuck and have to be pulled out by a farmer's team of mules.

The present black-top road was constructed in the early 1970's. This necessitated moving the caretaker's house from a site beside the old road to its present location at the top of the embankment. As Phips points out, the new road also was a detriment to the solitude once enjoyed by the ducklings raised each year in the back bay, and to the turtles that used to nest in the sandy road shoulders. However, there no longer is the excuse to stay at Camp when vacation is over because the roads are impassable!

Chapter 6

CLARK'S BAY

MIKEY CLARK

I'm Mike Clark, Jr., son of Alice and Mike Clark. We own pasture land and graze cattle, and for a while, rented boats, and chased cattle all over the area. We've lived here for years and years, which I guess is why they call it Clark's Bay. There have been lots of changes through the years, but they still call things by the same names - Clark's Bay, Wilkinson's Bay, Schermerhorn's Bay, and what used to be called Bowman's Lodge and is now New Horizon. Cedar Crest used to be called Nemec's Resort - Joe and Leo built it up. What they call Little White Earth used to be Boe's Bay - Mr. and Mrs. Boe and her brother Alfred lived there - Mr. and Mrs. Boe both taught school down here at Kay's Corner.

We got acquainted with the Wilkinsons - I remember Doris with her big white straw bonnet, walking all the way down to the mailbox by Kay's Corner. She'd stop and Mama would give her vegetables, and they'd trade this and that. Then later, I got acquainted with Marguerite and them - Corky was one of my playing friends. Grandma Wilkinson gave us hell a few times, but nothing serious. Corky would come and help me chase cows, and we'd squirt milk in each other's faces - we really had some fun times in those years.

What used to be the Skull Camp, as you came out of Bowman's Bay, there's a big dance pavilion up on the hill, that they used to call the Lake View Inn. My dad used to go up for the big dances there. There was some drinking, and a little trouble once in a while - I was pretty small, but I remember that. Then we had Narem's Lodge over in Bowman's Bay - that was another dance hall. They had an old time polka band from Fargo that used to play for the dances. Dave Baker and I went up one night, trying to be "old" and sneak in.

Then Bakers came into the picture up here - Russ and Ruth, and Dave and I got to be good buddies. We pal'd around here and there - went to the 14th of June Pow Wow - hauled a few squaws around, and then come home to catch hell because we were gone too long with Russ' new Dodge.

The trail up north here, you couldn't even get to with cars much farther than up here to Gull River. The road all around the lake you could hardly ever get through, unless we had a

week or two of dry weather - we had to use a horse and buggy to get around up there. That's when old George Rand still lived in the Fish Camp Bay up there - in from Schermerhorn Bay - he was the old bachelor living on the hill up there - he lived there for many years.

Fishing was really good in those days. There were very few boat motors, because I can remember along our shore line when we were swimming, you could see boats and oars coming all the way across the lake, rowing around the lake, trolling. Remember old Bill Mankadicht - he used to be a great fisherman, and would come up with stringers full of walleyes - just fishing around the lake with paddles.

Mrs. Boe's brother Alfred, had a big sturgeon right along side his boat, enormously huge - he was the most honest guy in the world, so nobody ever doubted him.

Then, we used to cut ice on the lake, with ice saws, teams and sleds. We'd pack them in the ice house, with loads of sawdust over them. We would help each other all around the lake - we spent 2-3 weeks at Boe's, storing ice, because they had the resort, and used ice all summer.

On the farm we never used a tractor - just horses, and we milked the cows by hand. We had about 120 acres, but only about 40 acres in field because we just raised enough feed for the cattle and dairy. We cut and hauled wood, and had to bid on the wood used by Kay's Corner school. We lost the bid one year - we bid $3.00 a cord delivered, and we got beat out by our neighbor who bid $2.50 a cord. Now, it's $70.00 a cord.

We never had electricity, just kerosene lamps. When the Aladdin lamp came into the picture, it was just like electricity to us.

Mrs. Boe taught me all 8 years down at Kay's Corner school. We'd go to the Christmas program with a team and sled, 20-30 degrees below, with big piles of hay and blankets. We'd tie the horses up outside. There were six or seven students in my class. I remember we had a miserable old teacher by the name of Bob Jeffrey, and boy, he was slapping up on everybody. I remember I got in a fight playing ball at school, and I got heck from Jeffrey, and he made me sit in the corner for 4-5 hours. I was really mad, and when I got home, I was going to tell my mom so she'd give him heck, and when I told her what I did, she gave me more hell than Jeffrey did! So I knew better than to try that again.

I remember when Mable and Merlin Trepp got married. Everett and Alice Henderson lived up where the river goes out. Bert Hyatt lived along the lake, too. There aren't too many of the old people around any more. The old Indian ladies used to net up in Fish Camp Bay (Schermerhorn's Bay). I used to go up to their camp, which was just poplar poles and tarpaper to see if they were having any luck. It was about 20 degrees below, and two feet of snow. The two old Indian ladies in their 70's had checked their nets in the morning, and knew it was illegal to keep any game fish. I asked them if they'd had any luck, and the one said "Oh, yes!" I asked if they'd caught any game fish, and she said she couldn't tell me, because I would squeal on them. I promised I wouldn't, so she took me behind her little hut there, and here was this big Northern hidden in the snow. It must've been a 20 pounder. With fresh tracks leading up to the hiding spot, I told her the game warden was going to find it and take the fish. She said "He can't take the fish - it's MY fish, and I caught it!" She wasn't scared of game wardens at all, and the wardens kind of overlooked the Indians anyway, because they never did that much. The Indians camped up there every year during netting season, which was November through December - I can't believe some of the weather they put up with.

We used to spear fish in Gull Creek, even though we weren't supposed to. My cousin had a black horse with one eye and a one-horse buggy. We'd take the horse and buggy to the lake, and hide them in the brush, then go down and spear fish with our Coleman lantern. One night something scared the horse, and she ran home with the buggy, and we had to walk all the way home. We bought spears, but would splice on longer handles. We'd spear redhorse, suckers - anything that got in the way.

In Clark's Bay, our property went from Hastad's, all the way around to the point. We even owned the point where Osland is now. Mom and Dad gave each one of us kids a lot. My older sister sold her lot, so that's how some of the land got split up, in-between. My sister and I have a hundred and some acres there yet. We've probably got 400-500 feet of lake shore.

The old Nemec schoolhouse used to be on the road between White Earth and Cedar Crest, and I used to go to dances at that school, riding all the way around the lake on horseback. They moved the old school across the lake in the middle of January in the early

40's. They brought it over the ice on skids, with the intention of remodeling it, but never did anything to it.

Winters were really bad - we could only get around on horseback. Many winters, we couldn't even get to the haystacks with horse teams. We'd have to shovel just so we could get to the hay. Indians used to live in shacks east of Gull River, and they were snowed in all winter. I can remember them coming down to our farm in the middle of winter and they'd bring sacks of furs they'd trapped over half the winter, and my mama would trade them potatoes and stuff from the garden for a hindquarter of venison. My dad would have to take them to Detroit Lakes and they would sell all their furs and buy cases and cases of groceries - even a few cases of beer to go with them. When Dad got home, we had a great big hay rack and team, and we'd have to haul all their stuff home for them. I remember the old Indian had a gas Coleman lantern, and he hadn't had gas all winter. He bought gasoline in town, and when I took him home that night with the team he was already "jaggy" from Detroit Lakes, and he decided he'd light the lantern. So he filled it up with gas and put a new generator on it, turned it up too high, and when he lit it, he burned all his eyebrows off, and ended up throwing the lantern out in a snowbank!

The same old Indians used to ice fish with a dark canvas ice tent. They'd lay in there on a blanket, with a decoy and a short-handled spear, and that's how they'd spear fish. No heat or anything.

We had really bad winters. Sometimes the ice would be 40 inches deep, or more, and we'd have ten or a dozen blizzards - bad ones - every year. We don't get that anymore, really. The Indians would be snowed in all winter, and lived on rabbits and wild game. One year in the Spring, my dad went up there after the snow melted, and looking at all the rabbit furs piled up, said "Geez, you've got a nice stand of cotton going there!"

I remember another year, when an Indian had killed a deer about 2 miles from their shack, in two feet of snow, and he came to ask me to help drag it back to camp. The deer was dressed out, frozen solid, and he had a rope tied around its neck. We dragged that deer all the way back to his camp, and I was never so tired in my life. One year, this Indian's brother had killed a deer, way out about 2-3 miles, and he came down to get my dad to help. My dad had this old Model T car, and he drove the shortest way around to where the deer had been killed.

It was a buck, frozen solid, and they couldn't get it in this touring car, so my dad sawed off the legs. They had it sitting in the back seat, just like a passenger, and deer season was over with. They met the game warden, and he arrested them. They went to court, and Dad had his say. He said he didn't have anything to do with it - these old people lived up there on wild game, and the Indians just needed his help to get it home. Of course, being a white man, he got all the blame for it. My dad said the judge was a mean old bugger - he grabbed my dad's hand and saw the calluses, and said "You work for a living, don't you?" And then he grabbed the Indian's hand, and said "You've never worked a day in your life - all you do is kill deer for a living!" Anyway, my dad had to pay the fine for trying to help the old guy out.

We went to high school at Waubun - walked down to Kay's Corner and caught the bus down there. That's why I could never get into sports - my sports were milking cows and using a saw and ax. We kids who lived out here in the woods were lucky to have an old ragged bus to ride in. It took about an hour and a half for the ride to school.

I remember Herb and Annie Kay - he was quite the storekeeper. He really felt bad if he was out of something, and would say "I'll write that down, and get some." Some people up around the lake wanted some kind of clam food, and Herb didn't have it. So when he went to Detroit Lakes, he bought about two cases of it, and I guess he had the rest of it for about 5 years.

Later on, when my two girls had to catch the bus, they went into Herb's store. He was in the back, and they each took a candy bar and didn't pay for it. My youngest one told me about it, and the next day, which was Saturday, I took them down to the store and told them they were going to apologize to Herb and pay for the candy - I was really mad. After they apologized, Herb felt worse than they did, and he was giving them candy, etc., and I said "Geez, I gave them hell, and here you are, buttering them up - you're not supposed to do that!" He said no, it was okay - he was quite a guy.

Ma used to send us down there, and I had an old skinny riding horse - he was fast as could be, and tough-bitted - you couldn't hold him, ya' know. Ma sent me down to the store about dinner time for a loaf of bread on that horse. I got two loaves of bread, and put them under my shoulder, trying to hold the horse with one hand, and he got away from me. I

must've got home at about 40mp, and there were bread slices flying everywhere, and two empty sacks under my arm - I really caught hell for that!

Down at the school at Kay's, we had a big wood furnace down in the basement, and old Annie Kay would cook down there - we had our noon meal there. We kids used to have to throw wood in the furnace, and I remember we used to play hide-and-go-seek down there and hide in the dark behind the furnace. Annie Kay's old tomcat came in there, hanging around, and one of the kids grabbed that old cat and threw him in the furnace - Annie looked for the cat for days, and never did find him!

Before dinner, we'd have to line up for spoonfuls of cod liver oil, and we'd each get a piece of cut up apple after we'd had our "medicine." That was quite a treat in those days, but you'd taste that old cod liver oil all day long.

Upstairs, there was a cloakroom, and a little dip in the wall for the library, and then the main school room. They had a couple tables downstairs, and a little kitchen. We had outdoor plumbing - one for the boys, and one for the girls. We played ball during recess. One day, before we had the cooked lunch meal at school, my Ma had sent me with my lunch for the day, but come lunch time, I was hungry because I had eaten all my lunch on the way to school in the morning - threw all the peanut butter bread crusts along the road. She really gave me hell!

The most students we ever had was probably about twenty. Then the war came, and we lost a lot of people because they went out west to the defense plants - the Burnett families and all of them, left, so we ended up with a pretty small school system. I guess that's what closed all these schools - lack of people to attend.

Waubun's high school was a big thing for me. I had two pair of pants, and I got so sick of wearing them. I'd no sooner get home, than I'd have to change into my work pants and haul in wood, and then wear the other pants the next day. That same day, Ma would wash the ones I just took off - I sure run 'em through, anyway! I guess we were all in the same boat - we had plenty to eat, but no money. You'd think there was nothing to eat in the house, and my Ma would make the biggest meal you'd ever find, ya' know.

I had two brothers - Gene and Raymond - they used to call me "Inch." I had three sisters: Alice, who they called "Pug;" then Patsy and Jan. We lost a little brother when he

was just a few months old - he died of pneumonia in the late 30's. There's just 4 of us left - Gene, me, Pat and Jan. We milked 8-10 cows while we were down there, made a good living, did a lot of trapping, lived a lot of wild game, and had a huge garden. Across the road, it used to be just like a city here, after that big forest fire went through in '38. There used to be 50-60 cars lined up, with everybody picking raspberries. After the fire, the whole place grew up in raspberries - talk about raspberries! My dad was the worst picker, but my mom could pick with both hands - she'd bring in pails full. One day my dad went up to go picking - there were cars all over, and it was hot out. He wasn't gone but maybe a couple hours, and he came back with two big pails of raspberries. He was bragging about how well he'd done, and Ma asked him where he got them. Turns out he'd stolen them from someone who'd hidden them behind a tree - Ma was so mad at him, she could've killed him! She wanted him to take them back, but all he did was laugh. She told him he was never going to go pick berries again. She said "If he'd stolen MY berries, I'd shoot him!"

JANE CLARK TIBBETS

My name is Jane Clark Tibbets - I was born June 27, 1935. My parents were Alice Heisler Clark and Michael Frank Clark. We have lived here since I was born - I don't know how long before I was born that they lived here. I had 3 brothers and 2 sisters - I'm the youngest of six. I have two brothers still living and one sister. My mother passed away a year ago, October 22. She was 96. My dad died in 1949.

I lived here all my life, except for a few years in Minneapolis. My mother went to work at the Wahpeton Indian School after my dad died, and she retired there at the age of 70. We lived where presently, the golf course is now. We moved to our present location in 1949. The day we moved here, was the day my dad went into the hospital - and never came back. My sister and her husband had a lot on the lake - Bellefeuille now owns it. My three brothers had lots on the lake too. The lots are all in the family yet, but there's only two of them living.

My mother and dad farmed - all the lots on the lake now were a pasture, and where the golf course is now, was our pasture. We had cattle, sheep, and pigs, and raised our own beef; had a garden; raised corn and oats - just everything. It was a small farm, but kept us surviving. We went to Kay's Corner School (now the Maple Grove Town Hall) - my older

brother who is now 78, went to school there also - our whole family did, from Grade One through Eight. Then we went to high school in Waubun - the school bus picked us up at Kay's Corner and took us to Waubun.

There weren't many places on the lake - there were very few people who lived out here at that time. It's totally different area now, compared to when we were kids. Dotys lived where Safars live now; where Ab Warren lives now, people by the name of Krause lived there; there wasn't anybody up to the north to Russell Bakers - and that was people by the name of Patterson. Kays lived by the school - across the road they had the store. There was no one to the north until you came to Dora Wilkinson's cabin. Where Baker's cabin was, that was there. Bowman's Resort, which is now New Horizon, was there. But other than that, there weren't any cabins in there. Going the other direction the only place was Rinaldo's and what's called Little White Earth now, was Boe's Bay, and Boes lived there. Then there wasn't anything until you go across the lake where Cedar Crest is. And then there was the Scout Camp, the Boys Camp, and Schermerhorns in between. But that was the extent of the cabins on the lake when I was a kid.

People and kids from town would come and ask my dad if they could swim in the lake - it wasn't a public beach, but he let them all go. That was all raspberries up by the lake, and we used to be up there picking raspberries, and couldn't wait to finish picking berries so we could go down and swim too. There was an old shack that was here - my mom's dad, Grandpa Heisler lived in a little shack here at the time I was born, but I was a year old when he passed away, so I don't remember him at all. This old building sat here, and then my folks tore it down and started this house. And then when my dad died, and my mom went to work at the Wahpeton Indian School, some Rellers lived in here. At that time, there was no fire department - the closest one was Detroit Lakes - they didn't have any in White Earth - so fire insurance was almost impossible to get, and they had an accident or whatever and burned our house down. They moved an old house that used to be Glass' place and put it on this foundation. It never completely covered the foundation, so Gene and I, when we moved here, kept building on and on, until we got what we've got now.

After my dad died, my mother divided up the property and gave it to all the kids - that's how it's all remained in our family, except where my sister sold her land.

Mike has his place down there, and my sister Pat, and then Gene, my oldest brother, he's got the original cabin here. My other brother, he had the forty south of us and the lot on the lake. Now, he passed on too, so my sister Pat has that. Gene has his lot on the lake, and my sister has two of them, my brother Mike has his two, and then I've got one. All these lots were taken out of that forty, and I've got the remainder of that forty that's down there.

Hastads bought that piece down here, and that was the old Nemec Schoolhouse, and they moved it across the lake on the ice, and got it over here and set it up, and I don't know what happened - I think there was a dispute about the property line or whatever, and it never ever materialized. Hastads thought it was on their line, and Rinaldos thought it was on theirs. That was quite a few years ago, and it sat there vacant the whole time. Mr. and Mrs. Hastad passed away, and it went on down to their kids.

The bay was named after my folks - they came here a long time before I was born. My brother Gene is 78, and he went to school here. My mother's mother - my Grandma Heisler, was the first female born - Indian girl born - after White Earth became a reservation. My mother's folks lived here all their life, and my grandparents on my mother's side came from Cold Spring, Minnesota. My dad and them were from down in the Hutchinson area, too. My grandmother Heisler was not from Cold Spring, and my dad's folks were in North Dakota around the Langdon area, and from Langdon they came here. My great grandfather Peter Parker was with the bunch that brought the priests and stuff to the reservation. He helped lead them to the reservation - he was one of the scouts.

As children, we milked cows, worked in the garden - we had to haul in wood, and do all this before we went to school in the morning. We walked to the schoolhouse and went to school, and when we got home we had to do chores. Everyone was in bed by 6:30, as we had no electricity. We'd listen to the radio for the news, but that was all because you had to save the A batteries, and the B batteries. The boys would go fishing, and we'd go sliding in the wintertime. Wicherns moved here north of us up past the Gull River, where Rellers live now - they had a team of horses, and had built like a little house over this sled, and they had a stove and everything in there. They used to come right past our house and pick us up. Smoke would be coming out of the stove pipe, and they'd give us a ride to school - my dad used to call it the Toonerville Trolley. They would give us a ride home after school, and then

be on their way. We walked in the warmer months, but when roads were bad, we had to walk down to Berry's corner and catch the high school bus to Waubun, and they'd let us out, and we'd walk home from there.

Mrs. Boe was our school teacher and she taught all of us. We had another teacher, Mrs. Monroe, and she taught me one year (8th grade). My brother Gene and his wife lived in White Earth, and my mother wanted my sister and me to make our first holy communion and confirmation. With no way to get back and forth to classes, we stayed with my brother and went to St. Benedict's Mission School. I was in the 7th grade, and she was in the 8th. The next year, we came home, and she went to Waubun and I went here.

I met Gene in Minneapolis in 1952 - we were married in 1953. We lived down there for a while, and then we came up here in the wintertime, and Gene would work seasonals in the city in the summertime and I'd work also. We survived, and then Gene started driving truck, hauling logs at a sawmill - did everything. I went to work at the White Earth Detox for 13 years. I worked at the Circle of Life High School, cooking, for seven years, plus I worked part time, off and on, at the liquor store for 29 years, filling in when they needed me.

We had three children - 2 boys and a girl. The oldest one is Eugene Jr., our daughter is Linda, and the youngest one is Jeffrey. Eugene lives next to us; Linda lives in Michigan; and Jeffrey's with us - he works for LaDue Construction here. Our son drives the garbage service. Linda has two children, Eugene's got three, and Jeff's got two.

For fun, we used to go ice fishing on the lake, in an ice house; we'd go spearing fish and we'd go swimming. We did a lot of fishing 'cause my dad had boats down here that he rented out. We moved out of the big house and stayed in the cabin, and that's when he had 8-10 boats that he rented out. Then they were building this house while we were living in the cabin. My dad sold that place to Grabers - they lived east of the schoolhouse. And then the intern sold it to Mike Miles, and then he sold it to Berrys. Berry made the golf course. My folks owned both of these, but they were two different parcels of land that weren't connected. Where the road is now, used to be pin cherry trees, and chokecherry trees. They redid the road about 3 times, and each time they came this way, and took more of this land - the road used to be way over there. It wasn't more than a trail. Wicherns had a car, and my dad used to take Oshkanaus from our house to Detroit Lakes once a month to get groceries. When

they'd come back, Mikey would have to hitch up the team and haul them and the groceries home. My Grandpa Heisler used to be the mail carrier - he'd carry mail from Detroit Lakes to White Earth with a team. My mother could remember going with him, stopping at places along the way to let the horses rest and give them water. She could point out the places on Richwood Road that they would stop and rest. He also made the caskets for the area. My dad had two brothers who lived around here, but that was all. He had uncles and aunts that lived in Detroit Lakes and Calloway. My Uncles Jim, Owen, and Huey lived in the area. Uncle Jim was a bachelor; Uncle Huey was married but had no children; Uncle Owen died young, but he had a family and they lived down here too, south of the schoolhouse.

Inside the schoolhouse, there was a library, and a cloak room. Mrs. Boe lived there in the winter because she couldn't get back and forth. She had a room there, and cooked and slept there. There was one big room for classes, and then a little room where the water fountains and stuff were. The bigger part, where the library was, was where Mrs. Boe had her apartment. Down in the basement, there was a kitchen and Mrs. Annie Kay was the cook and served dinner to the kids. There was a wood-burning furnace - Mrs. Boe was the fireman, janitor, teacher, doctor, and everything. When I graduated from eighth grade, there was Dick Erickson, James Graber, Mary Jane Sullivan, and Elnora Wichern - there were five of us in the eighth grade, and all together, there must have been about 52 kids. There were no buses, so all the kids in the area came to that school.

The mill was out east of the school, and then right, along the old trail to the mill. According to my mom, there were a lot of families that lived out there. Everybody used to talk about the Sprafky's Mill, because that's were everybody worked. I can remember my dad talking about the WPA working on that. My brothers went to the service, when I was about five years old.

We had a good time - we'd go sledding down the big hill by the schoolhouse; go ice skating on the ponds - if we weren't home by 7:00, we'd get a licking - Mom would come over with the razor strap, and we'd be coming home. No one ever go into trouble - there was none to get into.

My folks had a 1937 Ford V8. They used to have a saw rig made up from an old Model T truck to saw up all our wood for the winter, and split it. Then we had an ice house -

they'd cut ice and pack it with sawdust, and that's what we used to keep the milk and cream cool, till the cream man came once a week to pick it up. We made our own butter with a churn, and baked our own bread. We had chickens and had to shuck the corn for feed. My sister Pat, and Mikey did the milking, helping Mom and Dad, and I cooked the breakfasts - everyone had their job, and you knew you'd better do it, or that was it! We also had time to play, but there was work to do also.

Charley Anywaush drove the government snow plow, and he'd open a trail for us, out into the field - I think he did this out of the goodness of his heart. He'd have dinner with us, and Mama would send him home with fresh baked bread. He made the trip out, just to clear the road for us, visit, and get his goodies. Years after, they were always good to Patsy, Mike and myself - they had a little store they called the Pool Hall, and anytime we needed anything, we got it for nothing, because my mom and dad were so good to him.

Our house was the end of the road, so in the winter time, there was nothing - just a trail for horses, Wicherns, etc. Even Schermerhorns came in the summer, so there was nobody around in the winter. Now, it's a lot different.

We used to have a fella live with us - his name was Charlie - he stayed with us all the time, and he swam from our beach to the island and back, and he wound up drowning in the little bitty lake, in White Earth, 1965. I could never believe he'd drowned, because he could swim so good. He was just like a brother to us - he helped my dad and the boys - he was just company, you know. He was in the service with my brothers, but when they came back, my brothers each worked in the cities. Gene started working here and worked on the railroad, then he managed the liquor store in Ogema for a while, then he went to work at the clinic, and retired from there, working for the government. And that's what Mikey did - he worked at the Johnson's Bee Farm, then he worked at the clinic and retired from there. My oldest sister Alice worked in Saint Paul. She met her husband there - he was going to the University of North Dakota, and he was a high school teacher. They lived in the cities, and she passed away, 3 years in October. So I just have my other sister Pat, next to me, and she lives in Waubun and has one girl - and that's about the extent of us, I guess.

LOISANNE KALIN

This is LoisAnne Hastad Kalin, and I've been coming up to the lake since I was six years old. In 1938, my dad, C. J. Hastad started working with the Rural Electrification in Minnesota, through the REA in Washington, D. C., and one of his first jobs was with Wild Rice Electric. My mom was his office secretary and manager - everything except his road crew. In the summer of 1938, she packed up my brother Rusty, and me, and all of her office equipment, and we moved out and rented a cabin from Merlin and Mable Trepp, and spent a good deal of the summer at White Earth Lake. We returned again the next year, and then World War II came along, and my dad decided he needed to join the Navy, so we didn't come to White Earth during the war.

Immediately after the war was over, we contacted Mabel and Merlin about the cabin for the family, which by then included my two younger brothers. They had one big enough for all of us, that they called the Duplex. We would rent that from the middle of July through Labor Day each summer. Then one year, Merlin and Mabel decided they had had enough of the business and were selling. My mother said to my father "Jerome, we can't stay here without Merlin and Mabel - we need a place of our own." So Dad put Mom in the boat and drove her around the lake - he would have given her the moon on a silver platter if he could. When they came to Clark's Bay, she pointed to that property, and said "Jerome, that's where I want our cabin." They were told the land was not for sale - the owners had planned to build on it for years. But my dad finally found out who owned it, and contacted them. It turned out that the man had just died, and the family did not want the property, and were willing to sell. So, about 1960, my folks built this cottage. They really didn't have a lot of time to enjoy it - they both died very young. But my brothers and I inherited the property, and now the fourth generation is enjoying it. My oldest brother's wife was more of a "pool" person, rather than a lake person, so I bought him out, and my brother Butch bought out Rock, and the two of us have shared the place all these years. Eileen and her kids, and I lived out here all summer long, starting about 20 years ago, and the husbands would come out on weekends. We used to have big gardens, and we'd can a lot, and we watched all the kids grow up - our oldest daughter was married here. The grandchildren love to come, so we have

big crowds on weekends, and now that we're retired, we come out here some time in May and stay until sometime the end of September.

While we were staying at the duplex in 1949, we became very close friends with Alice and Everett Henderson. Their youngest daughter Lavonne, whom we called Punkie, couldn't wait until we came out the middle of July. This particular summer, she said "LoisAnne, I've got your boyfriend picked out for the summer!" The first night this young man came over from the Boys' Camp, where he was a counselor, he came up to the cabin because I was baby-sitting my younger brothers. Punkie brought him to the door, and his name was Poika. It was a Finnish name, and I'd never known a Finlander before. You didn't date back then, because the boys didn't have cars, only canoes and sailboats, so you just kind of hung around the Lodge, and walked down by the river, and things like that. We did our spooning down by the river, on the bridge.

Summertime came to an end, and I went back to Halstad, and he went back to Minneapolis where he was in school. I realized I didn't even know his real name so I could write to him - fortunately, I heard from him first!

The long and short of it is, that a couple of years later we go married, and that's how a summer romance lasted for over 45 years.

Chapter 7

WILKINSON'S BAY

MARGUERITE W. WOOD

1929 - Dr. John and Dora Wilkinson bought 60 acres of land on the east shore of White Earth Lake. They bought it from "Lucky" Waller of Waubun. There was a road leading down to the bay, which we thought had been used for camping. One day, an elderly Indian came to our window and peered in. There were ruins of a log cabin just north of the later Baker house and a well-traveled path from there to where we built. A boathouse had been there. A road along the east ridge led to Saw-mill Bay on Clark's Bay. There were many large maple trees and we found birch bark containers that had been used to catch the sap.

Frank Glass, mother's brother, built our cabin that fall. It was built of local sawmill lumber at a cost of $1,200. He also built the caretaker's house (later Baker's) and a barn. He and Aunt Ida were caretakers for several years and then they bought a place east of Kay's Corner. All of the caretakers had cows, so 40 acres of the land was fenced. There were other caretakers. The last one was Graber, who bought all but 1200 feet of lakeshore and he sold the place to Russ and Ruth Baker.

Father took vacation from the Canal Zone every other year, so he and mother came in 1930, 1932, and 1934. He died in 1935 and mother moved to Donna, Texas. I was teaching, so came every year except for 1943 and 1944. I married Chris Arnold in 1935 and was living in Donna, Texas.

1946 - Marvin was born. It was his first summer at the lake. In the late 40's, mother sold lots to Lockridge and Sosted. They were in the Canal Zone and came every other summer, renting their cabins to Canal Zone people alternate years. Potters and Mallorys were some of them. Mother died in 1968. I married Jim Wood in 1970. Leslie and I divided our property and I built our smaller cabin in 1971.

Lake Memories - contributed by Betsy Mallory Duncan

The Mallorys started coming to White Earth Lake in 1950 when our family visited at the Wilkinson cabin along with my Great Aunt Louise (Sully) Sampson who later married

Leslie Wilkinson. My parents (Bill and Tutty Mallory) worked in the Panama Canal Zone at that time and every other summer Dad, Mom, my brother Bart and I came by ship to the United States for vacation, and we usually spent about a month at White Earth Lake. In those days the Sosted and Lockridge (later became the Blodgett's) cabins were built by people who at the time were also employed by the Panama Canal Company, and they sometimes rented out their cabins on the "off years" when they weren't on home leave to the states and using them.

I have some lake memories that might also be remembered by others:

As kids we spent more time in the water so wardrobe was easy. There was a wooden swim tower in front of Wilkinson's sandy beach that we dove from and swam under. Eventually over the years, it wore out and was never rebuilt, but it was sure fun while it lasted. When we were small we learned to ride on the surfboard behind a 10-horse motor. Obviously it didn't go very fast so we learned to stand on our heads without the front of it dipping under the water. Later, John Sproatt had a 15 hp motor, and we then learned to ski and added our names to the "I BEEN UP" club board. As a teenager Bart would run down the dock and dive in for a dip late every night. Bart and I, the Sproatt kids (Jann, Burr, and Rusty), and Marvin Arnold hung out together for water activities, treks through the woods, hikes to Kay's Corner Store (which later burned down) to buy candy, ice cream, and Cokes from Herb Kay, followed by a hay stack climb on the way home. Now there's a golf course in that field! There were always yearly jaunts to Ice Cracking Lodge for ribs, burgers, and canoeing, and one to Itasca State Park and the headwaters of the Mississippi and to Bemidji to see Paul Bunyan and Babe the blue ox.

I remember "Grandma" Dora Wilkinson braiding rugs in her rocking chair, shopping with Sully in town and her organizing us all for my cousin Jan Sampson's wedding in Lisbon, North Dakota; Uncle Les with his cigar supervising us kids in a football game or telling us to "Go jump in the lake;" Ruth Baker rowing her boat on nice evenings; the time Russ Baker's dogs got mixed up with a porcupine and the men had to pull out the quills late at night; and Marguerite's walks to the mailbox (even in her 90s).

As we got older and were trusted to venture farther with boats or cars, we increased our territory and spent more time in other parts of the lake with the Potter boys (we sure miss

Russ), Rinaldos, Ramseys, Schermerhorns, Moes, and others. Trips to "D. L." as we called Detroit Lakes back then, dances at the pavilion in the park, the drive-in theater on Highway #59, Ping-Pong and the juke box at Moe's, canoeing up the river, trips to the island, and lots of water fun.

After renting all those years and growing to love the lake and the people, we started looking for a place to build. We wanted to be on the east shore near family and good friends, and the Wilkinsons agreed to sell us some lake frontage on which to build the "Mallory" cabin. That was the summer of 1967, and Mom, Dad, my husband Dick Duncan, and I were staying in one of the cabins at "Moe's" (formerly Trepp's, later Kruse's, and now New Horizon). Dad hired a man and a dozer to excavate for the foundation, and we were all quite excited about the whole idea and enjoyed watching the progress before we left the lake. There were some huge boulders as big as the dozer that were strategically placed at Dad's direction to create a gateway to the new place. So that was the beginning.

Dad asked us all to draw plans for our own idea of what the cabin should have, and which way rooms should face, etc. Because of the narrow lake frontage, all the rooms couldn't have lake view, and Dad won out with the master bedroom and living room getting the view and a deck to frame it. Then Abner (Did) Warren built the house in the fall. The following summer, 1968, Dick and I were the first of our family to actually see the cabin because the folks weren't up that year, and we were just passing through before Dick left for Vietnam. We stayed with Aunt Sully next door, and it poured rain and blew hard all 3 days we were there.

In June 1969, Mom, Dad, and I moved into the cabin, and I remember being so excited about arriving there. There were no kitchen counters or cabinets yet, no insulated walls, no towel racks, nothing decorative of course, and there was lots of work to be done, but we were glad to finally have a family cabin on White Earth Lake.

In the earlier years before our cabin we didn't have conveniences like electricity to afford the luxury of dishwasher, microwave, etc., and we did fine with gas lights, ice boxes, hand water pumps, treadle sewing machine, and no T. V. or telephone. Even with our new place we had no phone for a long time, but Shermans across the lake did, and Jim Sherman generously carried important messages by boat across to Wilkinson Bay for all of us. That's

how I heard that Dick had arrived in the U. S. from Vietnam that August. Of course, now we have all the modern conveniences which keep us in touch.

Bart's older kids and mine were all at "the lake" as babies which was sometimes a challenge with diapers, mosquitoes, etc. We had an old wringer washer that we cranked up in the garage on sunny, windy days to do the mountain of laundry created by little ones, and we hung it all up on clotheslines all over the place. Later we bought the indoor washer and dryer which made the task much simpler.

Some year when the 4 older kids (Brian & Allison Mallory and Daniel & Amy Duncan) were little, Dad had the loft built above the kitchen, and it became a favorite spot for all the kids. When Bart, Margaret and their younger boys (Barton & Bennett) came to the lake the boys enjoyed it too. Insulating the entire cabin was a great improvement; the expanded deck is great; and every year something new gets added. Dad bought some extra lake frontage from Harold Jasken on the north side one year, and Dave Baker deeded us some area on the east side too, when he sold his property.

Dad loved the lake cabin, and he is remembered fondly for his Panamanian seviche (which he made better than anyone else) and for his steaks and burgers on the grill. His presence is still felt. After Dad died, Mom married Jim Farrar, a retired Army dentist, in 1991, and he enjoyed the cabin too, for only a few years before he passed away.

We've had our difficulties with mice, bats, leaks in the rook, faulty water pumps, boats blowing off the lift, dinged props (I win that prize!), sailboats tipping over, the year of the flood, the storm of 1995, and probably some others that aren't worth mentioning, or I'd rather not share. But everything adds to our cabin history, and we keep coming back.

Dick and I made it to the lake most summers during his Army career, and now we come from Colorado several times each summer. There are fish stories (a long-time fishing competition between Bart and Dick), happy hours out in the grass, many picnics to remember, and always work to be done. Mom stays all summer while the rest of us come occasionally for short periods of time, and we enjoy sharing the place with visitors who then realize why we keep coming back year after year. The 4 older kids are in their 20's and can't always get away from their jobs, but the hope is that for many years to come, all six kids and

their future families will return and continue to add their own memories to the many that their parents and grandparents cherish.

DAVE BAKER

I'm Dave Baker, and my parents were Russell and Ruth Baker. Around 1947, they bought our lakeshore property on White Earth Lake from Joe Graber. Joe was a Mennonite minister and farmer. He farmed the lakeshore, and the old farmhouse formed the basis for the Baker cabin. The reason they wanted to sell the farm, was that one of their relatives had drowned the year before, in front of the farm, and his wife didn't want to stay there any longer. So my dad, Russell, bought the farm in about 1947, and we remodeled the old farmhouse into a summer home. The contractor was Gus Randolf, from Detroit Lakes, Minnesota. He was of the old school, and really talked rough, like the old contractors used to.

We had a long history in the Detroit Lakes/White Earth area. My Uncle Harry worked in the bank in Ogema in the early 1900's; Uncle Art Baker was in the real estate business in Detroit Lakes in the early 1900's; and my father was the first manager of the pavilion on the lake - that would have been in the mid-teens. Both my uncles married Detroit Lakes girls. Uncle Harry's wife's name was Vivian Riley Baker, and she was a native Detroit Lakes girl. My Uncle Art's wife was Irva Baker, and she ran the Edgewater Beach Hotel office desk for many, many years, until the early 1950's.

We originally found White Earth Lake because of my association with the White Earth Boys' Camp, which was owned by Neils Thorpe and Pete Petersen, and I went there three or four summers in the 1940's. Through our family relationship with the Schermerhorns, my grandfather Albert was Frank Baker's brother - who was the father of Florence Schermerhorn. Florence was Jim Sherman's grandmother. Edwin Schermerhorn was Florence's son.

I recall one night when I was visiting the neighbors down the shore from my folk's cabin, I was walking home down the path through the woods, and I heard something rustle in the leaves. I though it was my Labrador dog, so I reached down to pet it, and my goodness, it

was a skunk! When I got home, my mother made me strip, and hung my clothes out on the dock for the rest of the summer.

When Buck Lockridge was building his cabin, he had an outhouse beside it, and he used to get terribly upset because his daughter Beth would spend hours sitting out there, reading movie magazines and True Love magazines. He took a saw, and sawed the hole jagged, so nobody could sit there very long.

I was home on leave the summer of 1951, from the Air Force, when Les Wilkinson caught the 18 pound Northern, that's now hanging in Don Sampson's cabin. I remember all the hooting and hollering, and when I came down, this big fish was sitting in a galvanized wash tub.

We always used to go to Ice Cracking Lake on Saturday nights for their spare ribs, which was the specialty of the house. I can also recall my father, every spring, bringing a bunch of his buddies up here to go fishing. They would bring me along to be chief cook and bottle washer. I was in my early twenties, going to Luther College, just out of the service. I slept upstairs in the dormer with all of Dad's buddies, who at that time were probably all in their sixties, and at that time, everyone smoked, or had smoked. It sounded just like a TB ward up there - everyone was wheezing and coughing. There was no bathroom up there, so they would all go to the bathroom in coffee cans - it was really difficult to get a good night's sleep!

For a few years we owned the Baker cabin, there was no electricity and no running water. We pumped water out of the lake, into an old gasoline storage barrel up on the hill - it was our gravity water system. We had gas lights, and we had a gas refrigerator and stove.

Where Sagmo's cabin sits, there was an old indentation for a basement, which was for a cabin owned by Lucky Waller from Mahnomen or Waubun. He was a real estate man, and a sort of a jack-of-all-trades.

I went to the Boys' Camp from about 1943 through 1946 or 1947. It was run by Neils Thorpe who was the swimming coach at the University of Minnesota, and his friend Pete Petersen, who was a high school math teacher. Their wives, Millie Petersen, and Jonnie Thorpe ran the kitchen and the lodge. We had a shooting team down there, and about 1945

we won the Jr. National Rifle Association Small Bore Championship. I have pictures of that.

HAROLD SOSTED

This is Harold Sosted, and I bought This lot from Dora Wilkinson, calling her on the phone one night, and telling her that a friend, Buck Lockridge, had been telling me about his lot that was for sale, and I knew I would be interested in buying it. She gave me the price, and I was going to make arrangements to get the money for her, sight unseen. It was exactly what I'd had in mind since childhood I guess - one of my dreams. But she wanted me to see it first, so when I got back from Panama, we came up the summer of 1947. I drove down into her yard, and took one look at it, with Margaret and my two girls, and said "I was right in the first place - I don't know why I came up here except for the enjoyment of seeing what I'm getting!" Mrs. Wilkinson and her daughter Marguerite showed me the lot lines, and I said it was just what I was looking for.

About 1950 or 1951, I sent up some plans to Abner Warren, and told him this was what I wanted, and to start building. Marguerite paced off an area that she thought would be a nice place for anyone that wanted to build a cabin, and that's where it was located. He even left a big spruce tree that was only about 13" off the building, but he knew I loved trees, and saved as many as possible.

We've come up every summer since then, even driving all the way from New Jersey, except for 1994 and 1995, due to our health. From Essex County in New Jersey, it was about 1700 miles, by way of Chicago (Evanston). When I got to be my own boss and could pick my own hours, I'd send Margaret and the girls out in the car, then later I'd fly out, and give myself about ten days, before we'd have to drive back to New Jersey before school started for the girls.

I caught a big walleye - 8 lb., 13 oz - off Peter's Point with my daughter, and figuring I'd never catch another one as nice, had it mounted. But the next year, out fishing again with my other daughter, darned if I didn't catch another one - about 7 ¾ lb. And that's the best I've ever done.

One of the first times I ever met Ed and Bernice Herold, she asked if we had a Lake Association. They'd had one where they were before, and thought we should have one here, too. I said I'd help, and do all the legwork, if she'd do all the paperwork, and that's how we got started. Everyone was in favor of it, so I had lots of cooperation. We had meetings up at the old schoolhouse, and got some fold-up chairs from an old movie house in Mahnomen. We screwed them on runners, so we could stack them. We must have started the association the summer of 1968, the summer after I retired.

It's been a beautiful life for those of us who have been here all these years, and we hope it continues to be as enjoyable in the future, as it has been in the past.

Grandma (Dora) Wilkinson was a great lady, and we used to enjoy our afternoon coffee together, either at her cabin or ours - sometimes we even had coffee together in the morning as well as the afternoon. We had much in common with Dora, Les, and Marguerite, both families having Panama Canal experience, even though she preceded me by a number of decades.

I was born in Eau Claire, Wisconsin, and Margaret was born in North Dakota. Her family moved to Wisconsin after a year or two. I went to school in Eau Claire and got my Bachelors Degree from Eau Claire State Teachers College, and I got my Masters from Madison, Wisconsin. I was sent to the Canal Zone in 1945 as Supervisor of the Elementary Education System, to "maintain and improve if possible" elementary education from the Pacific to the Atlantic Ocean. That was about September, and the family came down a couple months later when housing was available. I was there for six years. I returned to New Jersey, and was principal of an elementary school for two years. Then I quit to become a book peddler - I sold World Book Encyclopedias - to me, it's a Bible in education.

In between, we never missed a summer here - we even trailered a sailboat all the way from Jersey. The girls were so proficient at sailing, after the first few times, they could even sail in reverse. I also had a Cobia with a 55 hp Evinrude on it - that was a sweet little boat. I had used it in the Gulf of Mexico, harbored it in Florida, and brought it up here. I taught all my children and grandchildren how to surfboard first, then how to ski - my daughter, Karen, was so good at skiing, I though she should go down to Disney and ski in the shows!

Buck Lockridge and I had offices on the same floor in the Canal Zone, and he used to tell me about this wonderful place where the grass and clover went all the way down to the water's edge, and then there was a nice sandy beach, pure water, nice fishing - more than he could begin to tell me. I trusted his judgement, and asked for the lady's name and number. I called Dora Wilkinson, and told her I'd take what she had left.

P. J. SPROATT:

Not much is known of the pre-1920 East Shore of White Earth Lake. A Chippewa lady by the name of Pas-ah-quod-ah-quay entered the land in about 1906 under the Clayton Act as a whole blood and claimed Government Lot 3 upon which we all have our summer homes. Now called Annie, Pas-ah-quod-ah-quay was married to Joe Monchamp, or at least she signed a deed as his wife. Things were a little vague on the reservation with regard to marital status in those days. We suspect Joe was a descendant of French voyageurs of long ago, who roamed these parts in search of the beaver. Annie received a Trust Patent to Lot 3 about 1906 and a Fee Patent in 1920. She was illiterate as all of the deeds she signed were with an "X" and witnesses. Evidence of entry (necessary to prove up a claim to land) exists in the shape of the remains of a fireplace on the hill behind our cabin. This was either Annie's, or Lucky Waller's - a land speculator from Waubun to whom she eventually sold Lot 3. The dwelling has long since disappeared, as have so many structures on the reservation. Keep in mind all of the East Shore is part of the White Earth Indian Reservation. In a complex series of transfers to various parties, the title to Lot 3 evolved from Lucky Waller to James Kane as to the North 300 feet of the West 250 feet, and the balance together with most of the Northeast Quarter of the Southeast Quarter of Section 10, Township 142 North, Range 40, West of the 5th PM was deeded to Dr. and Mrs. Wilkinson, whom we know as Dora (Marguerite Wood's mother; also mother of Uncle Leslie Wilkinson, Sully's former husband). Dora survived the Dr., kept the South 420' of the West 250' of Lot 3, and sold the balance to Joe Graber (less what had been deeded to Kane in the Northwest corner).

The Wilkinsons built the house that Sully lived in. This was the first summer home on the East Shore (1929). Joe Graber had a small farmhouse located where Lynn Vreeland is now. Nothing much changed from 1929 until 1947 when Russ and Ruth Baker (Jean's

parents) bought the Graber 55 acre farm and house. With it went 600' of shore, the little house, barn, ice house and privy. The acreage extended eastward from the lake to just beyond the county road as now located. This road was originally the old fire trail winding north from Kay's Corner to 113.

Russ took the little Graber house and added the front rooms, fireplace, loft and inside plumbing. It was all resided with good old growth Douglas Fir log cabin siding from the Booth Kelly Lumber Co. of Springfield, Oregon. We used to get to the cabin by driving through Mike Clark's farmyard (now part of the hay field lying south of the Three Bear's Golf Course). Mike and Alice and their family were good neighbors. Their son, Mike still lives in White Earth. He was a special friend to Dave - Jean's brother. I remember one trip through the farm lot when I ran over and killed a chicken with our old 1938 Plymouth. I came to Mike's door, chicken in hand, to apologize and pay. Mike laughed and said, "No need to feel bad - we'll eat it for dinner!"

It is interesting the way Russ was attracted to White Earth Lake. His father, A. C. Baker came to this area early in the century after James Schermerhorn (Edwin's father) recommended the land as an investment. The rich, deep, black soil looked too good to be true, and the Indians were selling it off like hot cakes. Half-breeds could sell, but the bloods were not able to. Price was about $5.00 per acre. Together, A. C. and Jim bought hundreds of thousands of acres. A. C. was also into banking, and he was the first President of the Ogema State Bank, which is still doing business at the old stand. He also owned the 80 acres where Cedar Crest now operates. James Schermerhorn acquired the farmland and Lake Shore where the log mansion now stands at the north end of Schermerhorn Bay. Of note, the present mansion is the second one built. The first one, built in 1930/1931, burned at Christmas in 1931 when the family gathered to warm the house for the first time. It was warmed, for sure. A. C. never did build on White Earth Lake, but Russ visited it enough in his youth and at family reunions (James Schermerhorn's wife, Florence, was A. C.'s niece, Russ' first cousin) that the taste was in his heart to own a place on the lake. After I got out of the service in 1946, Russ, Dave and I came to the lake to explore for a place. We looked at the Moscrip place in Clark's Bay, but it was poorly located. The next spring, we came to fish and found Graber willing to sell. Russ' wishes came true.

To finish the A. C. story, he lost all the land. The Indians all claimed fraud in the purchase, and that their blood was such that they couldn't have sold under any circumstances. An expensive court battle ensued (good old Uncle Sam picked up the Indians' expenses) and ended in the U. S. Supreme Court. The Court in all its wisdom held that the Indians couldn't sell; they were wards of the government; the land was theirs; and A. C. could get his money back from the Indians. Some fat chance.

The population explosion on the East Shore started in 1948. The Wilkinson's years in the Canal Zone (the Dr. was on the medical staff there) developed many friendships, and these friends came to the lake when on leave in the States, and liked what they saw. Buck and Betty Lockridge, and Beth were the first to come and build just south of the Wilkinson cabin. One year later, Harold and Margaret Sosted put up their cottage. In 1952 we were able to obtain the Kane property with its 300' of shore - just north of the Baker's home. We built our abode in 1953, and moved in 1954. (That same year I left the law practice in Oskaloosa, Iowa, and moved the family to Decorah, where I entered the wholesale lumber business.)

As more Panama people visited the shore, the Lockridges and Sosteds rented their place during the years they didn't come north. Thus, Bill Mallory arrived with Tutty, Bart, and Betsy - as did the Potters. Tutty was Sully's niece, and she arrived as a guest of Les Wilkinson, and stayed on as a bride in 1954. Sully passed away January 21, 1997.

The next house built was Mallory's in 1971. Shortly thereafter, Marguerite Wilkinson Arnold (Dora and the doctor's daughter) added Wood to her name and with Jim, built the house behind Wilkinson's cabin in 1972. Again, building was at a standstill until after Russ Baker died in 1974. He had given the cottage to Dave, his son in 1969. Dave never cared for any part of it, and his mother Ruth used it until 1979 when she found that going it alone at the lake wasn't for her. Dave and Ruth sold out to Harold Jasken and Owen Haen in 1980.

The Jasken-Haen Estates were thus created. They first sold the Baker cottage to Gerald and Debbie Jirava of rural Ogema, and kept the rest for themselves upon which they built their year-round homes in 1981-1985. A lot on top of the hill just south of the Baker home was sold to Karen Sosted Foot. She still owns it, but has not built.

The first change of ownership on the East Shore however, was when the Lockridges sold to Jack and Angie Blodgett of Decorah. Jack had been coming on the spring fishing trips to the Baker cabin for many years and wanted to have a place of his own. The Lockridge cabin suited him perfectly. Buck Lockridge hadn't spent much money on the building, bragging that it only cost him $400. Jack and Angie fixed it up as it should have been and added a master bedroom and bath, but when Jack's son Jim took over in 1984, there wasn't much left. Jim and Nola ended up trashing the whole structure and burned it. They built a lovely year-round home in which they now live, just back of the old house. Harold Jasken was the contractor.

Owen and Maggie Haen built in 1985 after living in a mobile home for 3 years. Their home, located just north of the Baker cabin and south of Sproatt's is year-round too. The Jasken's built in 1983, just north of Mallory's. The year-round living of the Jaskens and Haens has tended to discourage break-ins. We had enough of that through the years - like seven in the 1970's!

Behind the Wilkinson cabin, Sully's son, Don Sampson, has put up a number of little structures that seem to crowd the limited space left to the Wilkinson lot. Things are a bit congested in that area, as too much building has gone on in too little space.

Since 1989, the changes have been quick and eventful. The Sproatts have sold out to Joe and Jane Wood (Joe is Marguerite Wood's stepson). Jaskens have sold to Art and Margie Cahalan, and the Jiravas have sold to Lynn and Virgie Vreeland. The Cahalans are from Des Moines, Iowa, and the Vreelands from Grand Forks, North Dakota. The Jiravas had previously purchased Waldo Johnson's land north of Sproatts, extending to the McCraney River. They plan to use that as a summer vacation spot.

So the lineup of homes from north to south is:

Joe Wood (Sproatt from Kane)

Owen Haen (from the Baker lot)

Lynn Vreeland (old Baker cabin from Jirava)

Karen Sosted Foot (Baker lot from Jasken/Haen)

Art Cahalan (Baker lot from Jasken/Haen)

Bill Mallory (from Wilkinson)

Wilkinson (Sampson behind)

Marguerite Wood (from Wilkinson)

Jim Blodgett (from Lockridge from Wilkinson)

Harold Sosted (from Wilkinson)

Happy memories all - Dora Wilkinson in her old wicker rocker, propped against a birch tree, dowager of the East Shore. We all envied her. She had a constant procession of houseguests, but never gave evidence of doing much about their keep.

Chris Arnold's (Marguerite's first husband, father of Marvin) Mexican delicacies - angoulies, jalapenos stuffed with salmon, chocolate covered ants and bees, and the ever-present Stite in a coffee tin filled with ice.

Buck Lockridge and his Puss-in-Boots attire.

Uncle Leslie Wilkinson and his "Thetz Neese!" and his constant fishing, though he never ate them.

Ruth Baker rowing at sunset.

Bill Mallory's seviche.

The wondrous sunsets.

Jack (now Jim) Blodgett's fish fries.

Picnics on all occasions - each gal brought her specialty - they still do.

The famous first sailboat race in 1966 when one of the boats sank, stick up, on the way to the starting line - what a leaker!

The hours spent with the water skiers.

Picnics were a special feature of the East Shore. Usually held on holiday eves or Sundays, each family came with their children and guests, their own meat to cook on the fireplace at the green, a special covered dish or dessert, and for sure, the booze basket. We plain had fun. As the year ran by, we added to the circle Dick and Kaye Potter, Jo and Byron Miller, Jim and Bette Sherman, Ed and Phoebe Schermerhorn, Gordy and Mel Olson, Rocky and Becky Hastad, and Ed and Bernice Herold.

As Sully's friend Anne Ranes, from Lisbon, North Dakota said, "You might not know what day it is, but you know what time it is!" (come happy hour). So at 5:00 or 6:00 PM we

were wont to gather on the green south of the Wilkinson cabin for chat and cheer (we brought our own). The events of the day were discussed, plans made for a picnic, and the sunset observed. On hot nights, an evening dip (often skinny) was the thing we enjoyed most.

It was inevitable. The modern world had to catch up with our Shangri-La. Electricity came to the East Shore in 1958. Heretofore, gas and kerosene lamps were used exclusively. Actually, propane gas mantle lamps worked beautifully, if a bit hot. Gas also ran the stove, refrigerator, and hot water heater. All it wouldn't do was run a vacuum. A small generator took care of that. Everyone hitched on to the Wild Rice Co-Op Electric Co., except the Sproatts, who held out until in 1978 - they were so thoroughly gassed that electricity held no charm. But progress comes to all. In 1968, the first phone on the East Shore came to the Sproatts underwater from Herold's Point. Prior to that, runners were used to relay messages - like "come to our house for a sip," often written on birch bark.

The lake held great attraction for fisherpeople. Early on, everyone fished, never caught much, but what else was there to do? The first boats were all Ole Lind cedar strip models - about the most beautiful and lake worthy boats ever built. The motors were small, too small for water sports. It was in 1955 that a 15 hp Evinrude appeared at the Sproatts. That started the skiing. After a Sproatt 25 hp in 1957, skiing really took off, literally. A 40 hp in 1959 on the Ole Lind quarter decker, got the crowd off the beach and on the water. The Ibenup Club plaques on the Sproatt cabin wall hold the names of all who skied behind the Ole and later boats - in all, 152 names over 5 decades. Included in many instances are three generations from a family, like John, Jan, Burr, Rusty, Nick, and Jay.

The fishermen have had a few trophy catches, mostly northerns. Walleye were for eating. While the Minnesota DNR keeps saying that White Earth is full of walleyes, I can't see that fishing has gone anywhere but downhill in the last 40 years or so. The East Shore fishery grounds are still a favorite of the fish seekers.

Kay's Corner news briefs in the Detroit Lakes Press advised readers of our doings and comings and goings. Early on, life was simple - there was no place to eat on the lake, so our social life was confined to Happy Hour at the Wilkinson green and perhaps a visit and beer at mail call in the morning. Saturday nights we often went to Ice Cracking Lodge for the best

ribs in the world, and lots of country dancing. It was a special treat and a special place in our lives. On Sundays, we recovered - then went fishing.

The East Shore story wouldn't be complete without mention of the Bird Watchers. I suppose this association arose from boredom. When time hangs heavy, minds get busy and the result is nonsense. The East Shore White Earth Lake Bird Watchers Society was patched together year by year. The highlight of the year was the annual meeting held on the green, or at various members' lake homes. Reports were given. Officers were elected. Bird species sighted were enumerated. A junior branch was authorized. A letter from Horace Sheets of Ball Club, MN was read. Pfc Sheets had close attachments to the members and his letter always related his service experiences and his sadness at not being present. No birds were watched or even sighted. Usually a pot luck dinner was held at the close, after sipping and chatting time. One year, Ed Schermerhorn gave an excellent report on our Society bird - the Loon. Attrition and a tendency to overplay what was really "our thing" with outsiders, doomed the organization. It is remembered by the survivors with much affection.

If one word fits the East Shore, it is cooperation. Not cooperative in a collective sense, but mutual back scratching, the lending of a hand when needed to load, unload, put in or take out a dock, launch or retrieve a boat, brush out thickets, raise a roof - you name it. Each was, and is, eager to help another.

So, as we enter the 1990's after 4 decades of the quiet life, we cannot help but look back on the days gone by. Life has not always been a rose garden - some of the best have fallen - Dora, Dave Foot, Uncle Leslie, Russell, Angie and Jack, Jim Wood, Buck and Betty Lockridge, Steve Klaas, and Bill Mallory. More will follow, no doubt. The little green (such a lovely place for a memorial service) will fill with mournful friends as the occasion arises.

Generations come and go - we are now down to the 4th and the 5th isn't far behind. The lake and the shore stay with us - may they always be there to soothe and ease our happy being.

Chapter 8

EAST SHORE - SCHERMERHORN'S BAY

ED & BERNICE HEROLD

In the early 1950's Mr. and Mrs. Bud Gjerdigen of Winger, Minnesota bought the peninsula of about 10 acres, located just west of the Gull River that flows into White Earth Lake. They bought the land from Mr. Peterson, who lived in the Mahnomen area. At that time, there was no road access to his land, so Mr. Gjerdigen had posted a "right-of-way" and after a year of no dispute, the right-of-way was declared a public "cart way." Mr. Gjerdigen worked in a bank in Winger, which was owned and controlled by his father.

By 1954 the Gjerdigens had built a summer home and boathouse on their point of land. Then in 1954, they sold a lot on the west side of the peninsula to the Richard Potters. The Gjerdigens, with their children, spent the better part of each summer at the lake, working to improve their property and the "cart way."

In the late 1950's the Gjerdigens brought two goats onto their property to control the underbrush and consequently built a fence with a gate to keep the goats on the peninsula. Several summers they cleared the tule reeds from the lake adjacent to their dock and swimming area and to this day, the area is still reed-free. Now it is against the law to clear more than 25 feet width, but at that time, "everyone did it."

In the mid 1960's, the Gjerdigens sold their property to Ed and Bernice Herold of Twin Valley, Minnesota. Bernice Herold owned the Twin Valley-Ulen Telephone Company. She was the only woman president and owner of a telephone company in the United States, and the Herolds wanted telephone and electric service to their cabin. Together with the Wild Rice Electric Cooperative, they brought power and telephone cables from the Schermerhorn's land to Thorpe's Island and then to their property. This was the first time putting telephone and power cables under water had been done in the state of Minnesota. At the same time, the telephone cable was extended to Wilkinson's Bay to provide service to the five cottages that were there.

In 1974, Mr. Bud Wysuph purchased the land north of Herold's peninsula from Stanford University. The land was given to the University by the owner, Mr. Waller, of

Waubun, Minnesota. Mr. Wysuph developed the land into building lots, called the "Dora Lee Estates" and in the process, the "cart way" was made into a township road.

The Ed Herolds continued to improve their land and cabin, and also built an additional storage building and garage. Mrs. Herold sold the telephone company in 1993 and retired, hoping to spend more time at the lake. Bernice Herold died in October 1996, and Ed Herold is planning to spend all summers from now on at the lake.

Ed was born in Saint Paul, Minnesota on February 21, 1915. He attended grade school in his home parish of St. Francis de Sales in Saint Paul, and went to Nazareth Hall for high school and two years of college before going to Saint Paul Seminary. He was ordained for the Diocese of Crookston, Minnesota at the Crookston Cathedral on March 7, 1941.

Ed was assigned to Sacred Heart Church in East Grand Forks from 1941 to 1944, when he became pastor of Wilton. In 1948 he became pastor at Georgetown, where he got involved in the building of a church - experience which later served the Diocese and Laketrails as well. In 1955 he went to Fertile, building a church there and another one in Twin Valley (the Mission of Fertile). Later, he served as pastor in Oslo, where he didn't build a church.

Ed was Youth Director of the Catholic Youth Organization for the Diocese, and because he held this position, Bill Mehrkens approached him for help in getting the Laketrail's Girls' Camp started on Blackbird Island.

In March of 1967, Ed was properly released from his priestly obligation, and later married Bernice M. Arvig in Syracuse, New York. Ed worked as Vice President of the Twin Valley-Ulen Telephone Company for seventeen years, and was active in a number of civic affairs. He was a certified Red Cross Advanced First Aid instructor for the Norman County Sheriff's Search and Rescue Squad, and remained active in his home parish where he taught confirmation classes, alter boys, and was a rector. He and Bernice loved to spend time at their lake cottage at White Earth Lake, enjoying power boating and sailing.

DICK & KAYE POTTER

We came here in 1950. My first memory of the place was when we came down the old road from White Earth, past Berry's, and then north on the road. The roads were gravel,

and one-way roads. The road from White Earth to the Maple Grove Town Hall wasn't even in - not even a trail. Then we came into the Maple Grove Town Hall and we came along the road that isn't there now - but it was basically in that location, and when we got down as far as Gull River, there was a gate, because this was the Wichern Farm. But before that, we would turn off into East Bay. We were renting Blodgett's cabin (Lockridges later sold it to Blodgetts), and when we got in there, this was a cabin without any running water, without any toilet, without any electricity for warmth, and let me tell you, back in 1950 when we first came, it seemed to be a lot colder than it is now. We had a fireplace to heat the cabin up, but the windows leaked so much, we had to put canvases up around them, and wore the same clothes all the time and we had an outhouse. I imagine we got our drinking water from a well over at Wilkinsons' house that was built in 1929.

When we first came in 1950, our kids were only 5 and 7, and we were pretty young ourselves. There were only the four cabins on the East Bay, the Wilkinson cabin, the Lockridge cabin, and the Baker cabin, and a few years later, the Sproatt cabin, which is now Wood's. In the summer of 1951 or 1952, the Sosteds built their cabin. Some of our firewood came from a big pine tree that fell across their lot, and we cut branches off that tree and used it for firewood. Buck Lockridge had built a boat - a twelve-foot rowboat - which they called the "Screwball," because he wore a path around it, putting screws in it. And yet, we went out in that boat and caught lots of fish right in front of the cabin in Wilkinson's Bay. Many times we got our ice over at Nemec's, which is now Cedar Crest, and I would go across the lake - waves 3 feet high, in that 12 foot boat with 2 kids in the front, to go over and get a hundred pounds of ice and bring it back. I don't know why we're still living!

In 1954, we had to find a place to live because Lockridges weren't going to rent us the cabin anymore. Nemec's place was for sale for $10,000 - imagine that, that whole beach over there, 2000 feet of shoreline, and he wanted to sell it for $10,000. I could only dredge up $5,000. I was a frugal guy back then - cash and carry. I can remember one day when the wind was really rough, and right in front of the cabin the waves were about 3 feet high, and for some reason we went out and were fishing right in front of the cabin, paralleling the shore, about 30 feet from the shore. Every pass between Wilkinson's place and our cabin, we'd pick up a 3 or 4 lb. walleye - we really caught the walleyes that day. There were 4 of us

in the boat - I was running the motor; 2 were fishing, and Kaye was taking the fish off the hooks, and baiting the hooks. It was quite a time!

1950 was the year that Kaye caught her big walleye - 6 lb. - east of the Island, and she's never caught a big one like that since. I didn't catch a big fish until 1986 - a 9 pounder, which is hanging on my wall today. Les caught a big fish that year, too.

I can't remember when they put the Fire Trail in, which is now (from 113 south), I think it's Highway #144. I went up that road several times, and every time I went on it, I slid off the road, and I had to get somebody to come pull me out. We used to gather in the Wilkinsons' yard, and drink warm beer because we didn't have refrigerators. We'd put ice in it to cool it off. People think it's funny, but even today, I drink my beer with ice in it.

I bought our piece of land over there on the peninsula, from Gjerdigens. Abner Warren contracted and built the house in 1955, and I moved into it in 1956 - my first summer. The pictures were stark when I looked at it, and when I came up here, I found out why they call this place White Earth Lake - because the guy that took all the trees out from in front of the house, used a big Cat. He scraped the ground, and when we got out of the car and went to look at the house, it was all white. Just below the surface from where my house stood, about 2 feet down, was all this white clay that's impervious to moisture - nothing grows in it.

The kids (ages 9 and 11) and I got a load of black dirt and brought it into the yard and carried it by the bucket down the steep bank and spread it over the front yard. We'd just gotten everything spread, looking real nice - and we had a 4" rain. The next morning when I got up, the lake was full of dirt, so we had to do it all over again!

Being from the Canal Zone, we were able to come up to Minnesota every two years - we would save our sick leave and annual leave, and come for about 3 months. In 1955, we put a septic tank in that is there today. The environmental people say it leaks, because it's a metal septic tank that's been there for 41 years. We also built a water tower with a 300-gallon tank on top, pumping water from the lake with a gasoline pump that was down on the edge of the lake.

When we finally got electricity, I gave that to Earl Wichern - he had that tank and pedestal in his front yard until it fell over from rot a couple years ago. He used that to pump

water from the river for his cows, etc. Drinking water, we got from the Maple Grove Town Hall. Later on, we got it from Ed Herold's. We later got our mail over at Thorpes', and we'd go over every day for the mail, and bring back 5 gallons of water from the pump - although it tasted like iron!

We didn't have modern docks - we'd just cut a piece of elm, sharpen the point, drive it in, and nail the dock to it. In 1958, Abner Warren was out and shot 3 or 4 wolves - we all got pictures of those wolves. About that time, there was no public access on this side - our road from what is now County Road #158, was only a car trail, and my son was walking down through it and he heard something behind him. When he stopped, it would stop. He thought it was a wolf, but if it had been a wolf, he wouldn't have heard it - I don't know what it was. We've had bears over here - as late as last summer, we had a bear in our yard, foraging around for food. There's a big trash pile of wood down where Petersons live, where a lot of raspberry bushes have grown up, and last year, bears were down there for several days, eating berries.

One of the people we remember is John Sproatt - he was a great innovator and initiator of things, and he started these big gatherings or cocktail hour. John got the brilliant idea of sending in to the Detroit Lakes Paper a column about Horace Sheets, who was a G. I. who would write from the war zone and tell all about his experiences - John had a lot of fun with that.

We got power at our house, over on the point here in 1968, after Gjerdigens sold, and Bernice Herold and Ed bought the place, and they being in the telephone business, they needed a telephone, so they made a dicker with the power company that if they would dig in the cables, would the power company supply the power cables - and at that time, we got telephone and power. Maybe this was 1966 or 1967, but my house was wired up for electricity in 1968, and at that time, we had a No. 1 fuel oil furnace, and we had propane gas for cooking and lighting. When we got power, I gave all those fixtures to Sproatt - I kept one or two here.

We have pictures of the cabin all through the years. Every two years, we'd come up and see the progress of the trees we planted - we planted 109 trees, and have about 6 or 7 left. We planted lilacs all across the front of the house that we got from a Mrs. Fitch at Strawberry

Lake, because that's where we used to get our strawberries and vegetables when we were first up here. We were still catching lots of fish all the way through here, and everybody who would come up, would come up and would get fish. Our sons had a great time over at the summer camp for kids, and they had counselors, and our boys had a great time with them until they got kicked out.

Every other day or so, we'd get over to the east shore and gather on the Wilkinsons' lawn, which they still do today, although it's no longer called Wilkinson's - it's called Sampson's, and we'd have a cocktail hour.

When we first came up here we would shop in Ogema because that was the only good road. If we wanted something special, we'd go into Kay's Corner which is where we got our mail - it came from Ogema (this is before we started getting our mail over at Moe's). Old Mr. Kay was a good old soul - he would go into Detroit Lakes and buy what you wanted at a discount and sell it to you at that same price - eggs or ham or anything you wanted. He couldn't make change because he didn't know how to count - we'd go in there and make change for him. When he finally died, Mrs. Kay married Curly Wichern and they lived down the road toward Berry's.

In about 1962 the road to the access must have been built, or some houses were built down in that direction, and at the fork of the road Ed Herold built a big gate of logs that says "Private Road, No Trespassing." We had little sign that said "Potters" on it, Ed had a sign that said "Herolds" on it.

We didn't build the addition on our house until 1976, but we were still catching fish, and my two sons were old enough, and they would get in the boat - one son would fish all day, and the other son wouldn't. I expect he went over to Moe's and read comic books. At that time, Gordy and Melvina were here.

You can tell how the trees progressed - they were doing well until I had to cut a lot of them out because of the addition I built in 1976. In 1968, we got up here in early June and one morning we woke up and there were three inches of snow on the ground - at least that's what I remember - but it didn't last long. So you can have snow here anytime - believe it! The trees have all grown up, and we have three birch trees in front, and one big pine tree that the storm of July 13, 1995 broke the top ten feet off - but it's still living and it looks good.

Other than that, we have two other trees on the southeast corner of the house. All the other trees we planted are down, including the elms and basswood that were here.

We'd make trips all over the place, but lately, I haven't been making trips - I guess I'm getting old. The house looks the same, but we've lost 5 feet of shoreline since we've been here, or maybe more, and I've had lots of different boats. In 1956, I put blinds across the big glass windows on the front to protect them during the winter, and from birds flying in during the winter - my dad was up here helping me. I don't know how we got them up. In 1968, I had fiberglass blinds put in - they were a lot easier to put up - I could do it myself. In 1970 we had the cottage sided with steel siding, and it looks just as beautiful today as when it went in - one man who was over 70 years old, did it all by himself. He came from Richwood.

In 1972 I retired to Arkansas, and we'd come up to the lake every summer. We've made some improvements on the house. We have pictures of our church, St. Columbus, in White Earth Village - and pictures of our son who got married that year and came up here for their honeymoon. In 1973 our drain field plugged up, and we had to have a new drain field put in - Berry put it in. Also starting in 1973, we'd always go down to Hammers' to pick strawberries - about 40 miles south of Highway #34 east of Detroit Lakes. We still go every year.

In 1979, we built a 22x22 addition to the house - almost bigger than the existing house, except a lot of it was exposed deck, but it wasn't until 1996 that I decided I needed air conditioning and put a unit in. We had trees for shade, until the storm, and now it gets hot.

In those days, we'd go over to St. George and pick blueberries, but the last time I went, 6 or 7 year ago, it was a bad blueberry year - after an hour of picking, we only got enough for one pie, but it was good. In 1975, Bud Wysuph began clearing his Dora Lee Estates property, and Jo Miller's house was the first one built. Sometimes, during construction, we almost couldn't get in. Back in those days, when Marvin Arnold and my two boys made a trip all the way from East Bay over to the White Earth River on the north shore, and down the White Earth River to the Mahnomen Golf Club, they overnighted halfway down. They didn't realize when they did this, that to travel 25 miles, they had to go what seemed to be 400 miles because the river was so crooked. They had to cross fences in the water that farmers had put in to keep cows on their own property, but they had a good

time. They were expected in Mahnomen at 4:00 - Kaye and I were to pick them up - and it was about 8:00 when they came around the bend - you could hear them whistle quite a distance away because they knew we were wondering where they were. I put the canoe on the trailer and we brought them home that night.

When we came up here, we began golfing in 1956, and we tried all over, and finally discovered Mahnomen. At that time all they had were sand greens and you had to roll the area between your ball and the hole to make it firm enough. It was several years before they put in grass greens which were a big improvement. To this day, we are still golfing up there. Back in 1978 a group of us would go up there and golf, and then go out to dinner.

Each shore would always have a picnic on Memorial Day, Labor Day, and the Fourth of July, and until recently these were always well attended. We have pictures from 1978 - there must be 50 people there. It varied with how many guests people had, and how many people were here.

I have pictures from July 30, 1979, of the Episcopal Church that was destroyed by lightening, which caused a fire in this historical church. It was insured, so they built a pretty good church in its place.

Back in 1956 we bought 3 boats - a 14 foot fiberglass, a 12 foot pink fiberglass, and a 15 foot canoe. We still have the canoe and the 12 foot boat, and every year the kids use the canoe to come down from McCraney Lake, down Gull River, and over beaver dams. I still have the pink boat, but it's sitting on the shore waiting for my great-grandkids to come up so they can use it, but they'll never use it because before I have any great-grandkids, I'll probably be dead.

Back in 1981 our grandchildren weren't very old and we were able to teach them how to water ski behind our 12-foot boat with a 10 hp motor on it. Today, all I have left is a 40 hp and they have a hard time getting up behind it because it's not enough power, so that's how much things have grown.

Starting in 1979 at our gatherings, we used to eat lots of sardines. One year, someone brought a can of unborn eels - and you could see the little things with their eyes sticking out, but they sure were good. Don would put pictures in the sardine cans and give them to us - I still have mine from 1979. And just yesterday (which is 1996) he gave a similar thing to Art

Cahalan. In 1988 Kaye caught another 6 lb. walleye - she didn't win anything, but got in the paper.

In the old days, and even today, we used to seine right over the rocks in front of our cabin and always came up with shiners, and even today we get them. For a while, we were getting nothing but perch, but now the shiners seem to be coming back.

My final words: We've been up here since 1950 - 46 years - and we've had a great time every year and we hope to have at least 10 more years. In fact, so we could get here, we moved from Arkansas retirement to West Fargo, even though we're crazy, we don't show it. Thank you, Goodbye.

BUD WYSUPH

After selling the resort, we moved into what we referred to as the "duplex," right next to the lodge, and we lived there for the next fifteen years. A year after selling the resort, a real estate man from Detroit called me, and asked if we were interested in buying property on White Earth Lake - he thought Stanford University was getting ready to sell some property on the east side of the lake. Before we knew it, we had ended up buying 89 acres of land, with over 4,000 feet of lakeshore, on the east side of White Earth Lake.

The next year, in 1975, we started to develop the land. We had Vern Wanders come over with his cat and put a road in, had it replatted, and ended up with 22 lake lots. We went to the Zoning Board, and we were the first developer in Becker County to put in a central sewage system. Everything is pumped back into the woods, into a big drainage area, so there's no danger of polluting the lake.

In 1976 we sold our first lot, and got the contract to build a new home for the buyer. We went on from there, and ended up building 10-11 homes, and selling them on the lots.

The name "Dora Lee" comes from the two women in my life - my wife Doris, and our daughter Laura Lee. We live here ourselves now, taking the last lot to build a home on it in 1990.

JO ANN MILLER

I live on the east side of White Earth Lake, and the first time I saw White Earth Lake was in the 1950's, when my parents bought property in Schermerhorn Bay. It was a pretty wild area at the time - there was a man that lived there his entire life - his name was George Rand. He lived there even after my parents owned the property.

In 1970, my husband and I moved back to Ada, Minnesota. We had always lived near water, because Byron was a Naval officer, and we were interested in being on the lake. We stayed at Cedar Crest on weekends. We enjoyed using our sailboat on White Earth Lake because it was a nice, big lake to sail on.

We couldn't find anything to buy, until we talked to Bud Wysuph, who owned this property, which is now called Dora Lee Estates. He would not let us look at the property until he got it "ready" for development. We picked the lot we liked the best, and bought this property in 1975. Bud built our house for us, and we moved in October 1976, and we're still here.

We were the first ones to buy a lot here. Bud wanted it to be a "spec" lot, and we said that was fine - he could build us a spec house, and let anyone see it who wanted to.

We've stayed here on the lake, partly because of all the wonderful people we've met and gotten to know as friends. We've done a lot of fishing here, and our daughter, Julie, learned to sail on this lake. In the winter we used to come out and cross-country ski. We had a wonderful time making trails and skiing with our friends.

BYRON & MARY LOUISE KINKADE

Byron: The reason we came to live on White Earth Lake was because for 37 years, I practiced medicine in Ada, Minnesota, and I came out here almost every week on Wednesday afternoons, to go fishing. I enjoyed that very much. It was a chance to get away from the drudgery of the work, and I always considered White Earth Lake the most beautiful lake in Minnesota.

In 1976 we bought the property and Bud Wysuph built the cabin for us, that we intended to use for a summer cottage. However, in 1986 I retired. We had a big home in Ada, and I wanted to get away from the town, so people would quit calling me. When we

found out it was a great deal of work to take care of both places, we decided to move. Our son, married and with children, needed a house, so we ended up selling them the house in Ada, and we moved out here.

Mary Louise: We bought our lot in August 1976 and started building our "vacation home" in October. I call it the "house that Jack built" because two years after By retired from his medical practice in Ada, we sold our home in Ada to our son and converted the breezeway to a dining room, the attached garage to an office and another bedroom; and enclosed an entry way to add another bathroom.

The first four couples to build in our area - "charter members," as Georgie Godel calls us - were avid fans of Garrison Keillor, so we renamed our bay "Wobegon Bay."

DUANE & GEORGIE GODEL

I'm Duane Godel, and we were interested in finding a place at the lake. We first looked at Strawberry Lake, but didn't like it, so we asked the realtor how to find White Earth Lake. She told us, but we got a little bit lost, and ended up at Cedar Crest Resort, and turned around in Wysuph's driveway. Doris was there, and we asked for directions on how to get to this place that was advertised on White Earth Lake. She told us, and also said that her husband was building a place across the lake. We looked at both places, but didn't talk to Bud that day, but the main part of the building was up, and we liked it. We eventually caught up with Bud, and bought it.

Our home was originally Warren, Minnesota - I was born there, went to school there, and grew up on a farm, and did that all my life, except for a couple years in the service. I farmed with my dad, and when he retired, I took over. I was active in farming for forty-five years - we farmed 1200 acres, and raised sugar beets, wheat and barley. Originally, we had cattle, and all kinds of livestock when I was a boy, but when I started farming, it was strictly grain farming and sugar beets.

I'm Georgie Godel, and I grew up in Crookston, Minnesota, and met Duane when I was in high school. We got married in Crookston, and then he went into the service for two years, and we lived in Fort Knox, Kentucky. Kim is our oldest girl, and we have a daughter, Diane. Kim is a nurse in Moorhead, married to Brent Lee, and they have three children.

Diane owns a beauty salon in Grand Forks, is married to James Lundgren, and they have six children. This summer they moved to Anchorage, Alaska, where her husband is going to fly 747's for Northwest Airlines.

Chapter 9

SCHERMERHORN BAY

PHOEBE SCHERMERHORN

When J. B. Schermerhorn, then living in Chicago, started buying land in Mahnomen County, Minnesota, he was motivated by the government's plea for greater food production during World War I - but his strong attachment to land and an interest in agriculture were the factors that made him develop the 23,700 acres into 5 farms, 40 miles of telephone lines and roads, a Delco light plant on each farm, over 100 miles of fence and elaborate farmsteads - models of animal husbandry and agronomy. J. B., his wife Florence and 3 children - Margaret, Robert (Bob), and Edwin had moved to Minneapolis in 1919 and the final touch of the building program was erected on the farm called "The Ranch," - a spacious home complete with 3-car garage, servants' quarters, a tennis court, and a garden that supplied the family, and even the managers and boarding houses of the other 4 farms. Here the children invited their cousins and other friends, riding ponies, playing tennis, and camping out on the 100 + acres J. B. bought on the north shore of White Earth Lake.

In the early 1920's there was a white frame cottage, or fishing camp. Complete with outhouse - one newspaper article refers to it as having been built by J. B. I had always assumed it - the road to it was already there. Pictures show a launch with inboard motor, with J. B. and presumably an employee at the tiller. Son Edwin, now 85, recalls sleeping out with tents on the clearing and that getting to the camp depended on whether the car, a Model T Ford, could be coaxed over the slippery road. Everybody got out to push it up out of those muddy low places!

In 1933, 3 ½ years after J. B.'s sudden death, his widow, Florence, replaced the white frame building with a 2-story, 5 bedroom log cabin. Similar to one she had seen in the Ely area, I believe. The men doing the work were mostly Finnish, with ship building background. All the work, sawing, joining, etc., was done by hand - no electric tools. The pine logs, mostly from Lake Itasca area, were peeled, sawed, and shaped to fit together (there is no chinking) without the use of electricity or nails. The only assistance to manpower was a gasoline powered engine to hoist the huge logs into place. Mrs. Schermerhorn had the

foresight to take still pictures and movies of the building in progress. Unfortunately, the original cabin burned to the ground before it was ever occupied. The family had gathered at the home of A. J. Robinson, their farm manager, planning to drive out the next day to the cabin with all the fixings for Thanksgiving dinner. Mr. Mischke, the caretaker, had built a large fire in the fireplace the night before in preparation for the next day's festivities. That morning, when the family arrived, they found only the massive stone fireplace and chimney standing, surrounded by smoldering ashes. I believe the exact cause was never determined - a defective firebox or sparks from too large a fire. Regardless, Florence immediately made plans to build an exact copy as soon as logs could be cut. The following spring, the present cabin was started, and by fall, completed. Among other interesting features is the staircase - an architectural masterpiece of 6 or 7 inch thick risers of solid pine. The maple door pulls and pegs for coat hooks were cut by the builders from maple trees in the vicinity of the cabin. The hand-forged door hinges and straps were made by Bert Strand's father. Bert Strand succeeded Mr. Cox as caretaker until 1954. His wife Margaret, lived in the small 2-room quarters at the end of the log, 3-car garage until he, Strand, built the present caretaker's cottage. A wood-burning stove furnished their heat and means of cooking. They lived there when their first daughter, Christine, was born at Christmas time in 1936. I don't know exactly when the stone boathouse and icehouse were built. They were there and in use at the time of my first visit in 1937.

Of course, the stone is all from the lakeshores. The boathouse features an interesting specimen resembling a hog's head over the double doors. Florence had named the cabin "Vista Del Lago" - Italian for view of the lake. The stone mason interpreted it as Vista Del Loga (logs - get it?), so some stones had to be painted to correct the error. The icehouse was filled with ice packed in sawdust as long as Bert Strand was caretaker. A very pleasant ritual for us in those days, was Bert cranking the ice cream mix that Viola Beckman had prepared, and packing it in ice from the ice house. The finished product along with Viola's Coconut Cake was a real treat. Viola was Mrs. Schermerhorn's housekeeper until the latter's death in June 1953.

Her bread, pies, and doughnuts were legend among the many groups entertained there - family reunions, Mahnomen Library Auxiliary, children and grandchildren. The whole

White Earth Boys' Camp was invited to picnic on hot dogs, lemonade, ice cream and cake. A large garden supplied all the vegetables for the table. Daughter Margaret, who built her own cottage nearby in 1938, introduced a flourishing raspberry patch. Two Ole Lind rowboats - one named Florence, the other Margaret - were rolled up on logs at the shoreline. Bert knew how to row at just the right trolling speed to catch walleyes. Margaret bought a small electric motor for trolling in her boat. It slipped off the mounting as she approached the shore one evening - and many hours were spent by one and all, searching for it. It was never recovered.

Originally, kerosene lamps furnished lighting. There was a wood-burning stove in the kitchen, and an icebox soon replaced by a Servel gas refrigerator. These eventually gave way to electricity, furnished first by a battery-operated generator, and eventually the Wild Rice Electric Co-Op., which incidentally, bought the stone building in Mahnomen that housed Schermerhorn's Farms Office. A telephone was not installed in the cabin for some time. Although there was a hand-cranked model in the caretaker's house as late as 1941.

After Mrs. Schermerhorn's death in 1953, Edwin and Phoebe Schermerhorn inherited the cabin and with their family, have spent most of their summers there. They added an upstairs bathroom with tub and shower to supplement the original downstairs half-bath. Florence apparently felt that the lake was the place for bathing - and stressed using the bathhouses adjoining the boathouse for suiting up for the lake. Ed also added the deck on the front of the cabin. When it proved impractical to varnish the exterior as Bert Strand had done (there were not the acrylic materials then) the cabin was painted. Eventually, because of the severe weather that the front of the cabin is subjected to, a portion of the logs was replaced with siding and a soffit installed. Carl Haddeland of Waubun and Sons did the work, managing to maintain the original look as much as possible. They also updated one of the boathouse dressing rooms, by installing a sauna.

A few blue and other spruce, and pines have been planted, at least three transplanted from the east side of the lake. It seems that conifers are not indigenous to our side of the lake - something about the glacial action leaving different soil types on either side of the lake.

Jim and Bette Sherman's cabin is on 5 acres, which butts up against Ed and Phoebe Schermerhorn's property of 141.5 acres. The Sherman cabin was built in the summer of 1937. Palmer Nelson was the contractor - Stanley Jensen and Frank Goff were helpers.

Orville Espe did the water well, and it basically took all summer to finish it. Jim Sherman's mother, Margaret Sherman - who actually had it built - was Ed's older sister.

The basic cabin was the same as today, except the porch was screened in, with a rolled-down canvas in front of the screens. Today, the porch has windows and is an enclosed room. The upstairs of the cabin was not finished at first, and there was no garage. Jim Sherman was less than 10 years old when his mother had the cabin built in the summer of 1937.

The guesthouse was built at the time the cabin was built. About two-thirds of it was for the maid's quarter, and the rest was for storage, because the upstairs of the main cabin was not usable at this time.

During the summer of 1968, from the Schermerhorn's property, the Wild Rice Electric Co-Op. of Mahnomen and the Twin Valley-Ulen Telephone Company jointly (in the same trench) buried a 7,200 volt submarine cable and telephone cable to Thorpe's Island and Heron Point, 3,700 feet plowed beneath White Earth Lake. This was a first for the state of Minnesota.