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Cleveland, the hometown his father had left around 1905. But that meant the family needed a more established place up here. So, in 1931, Pa decided to build a cottage.

In those days, being poor didn't keep you from cottaging. The Pinches may have had to scrimp and save to buy gas for the car and the boat. But land prices were still reasonable, compared with the wages of the day, and there was scope for ingenuity and hard work to make up the difference between what you needed and what you had in your pocket.

For \$30, Pa purchased some Crown land near the public campground at the end of the logging road (now the paved route in to Little Hawk) and, with his brother William and his son Ted, built the cottage known as Fisherman's Paradise. It was the original time-sharing plan: each man and his family would have it for one of the three summer months—June, July, or August. The only problem was, whoever got to use it in June didn't want to leave at the end of the month to make room for the next one.

At the same time Pa bought the lot for the cottage, he was offered all the land at that end of the lake for \$100. His response is now part of family legend: "What would I do with all that land?" he asked. But as time went on, he figured out what he could have done with it and set about to make up for his mistake. One person could not buy more than one parcel of Crown land. So Pa used everybody's name in the family—including the sisters-in-law—in order to purchase more property.

The lumber company which had a camp on McLaughlin's Bay said he could have any of their logs that escaped the boom on the way across the lake. So Pa salvaged stray logs, trucked them down to the mill at Carnarvon to be cut into

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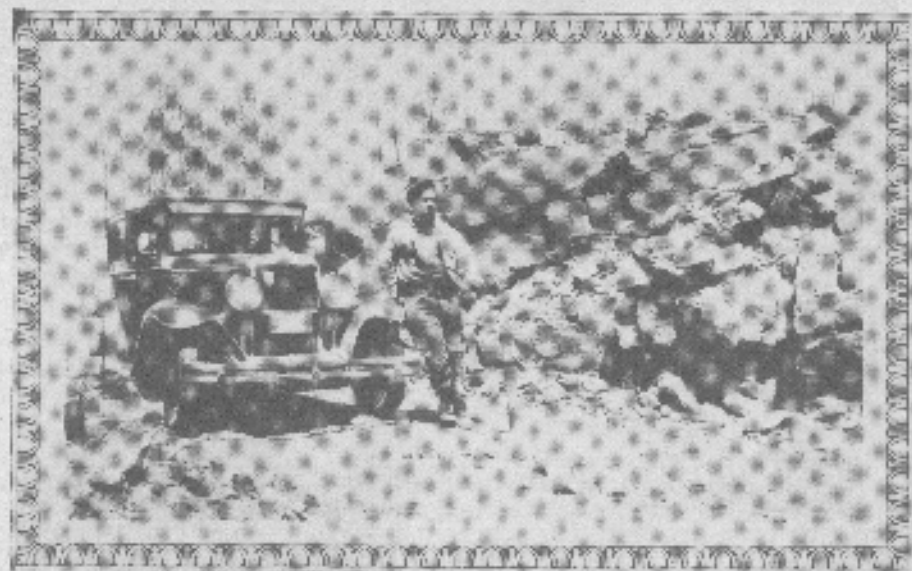
Most of Pa Pinch's cottages are still standing—as is Fisherman's Paradise, although it has changed hands many times over the years. Unfortunately, all but one of the dinosaurs and monsters that he fashioned out of driftwood are gone from in front of the cottage, as is the big totem pole he put up with places for pictures of each of his six children carved into the wood.

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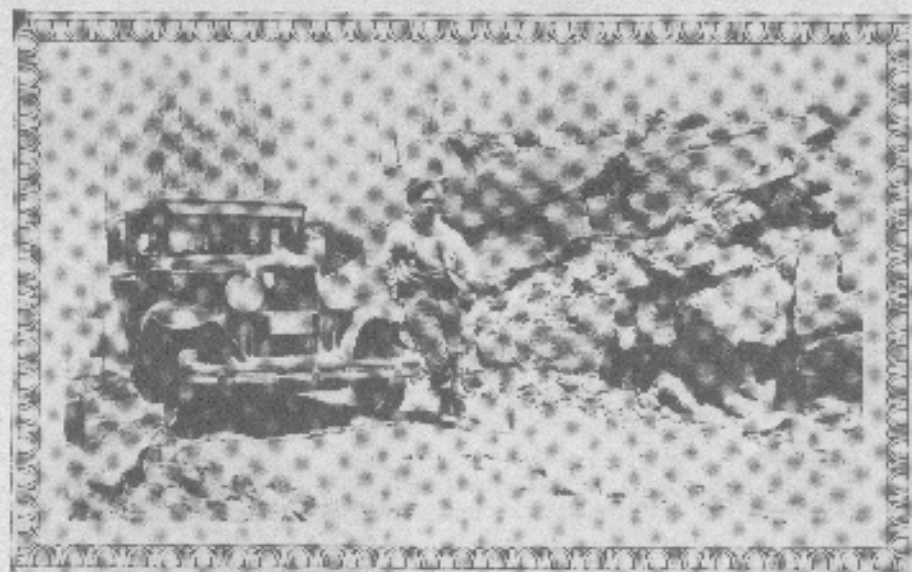
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Area traffic encouraged Pinches to relocate

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the boys.

In 1946, Ted tore the boathouse down at the request of Pete Sawyer, who had built Oakview Lodge a few years before, and moved it further along the shore. There he and Jean and their youngsters spent the next 12 summers. Eventually

the presence of Oakview Lodge and Little Hawk Resort right next door created too much traffic for Pa and Ethel. So, in the early 1950's, they sold Fisherman's Paradise and moved into the cabin Pa had built nearby for his daughter Elsie, who still spends her summers there, in spite of her 70 years.

(Pete Sawyer is a legendary figure on Little Hawk Lake for those whose memo-

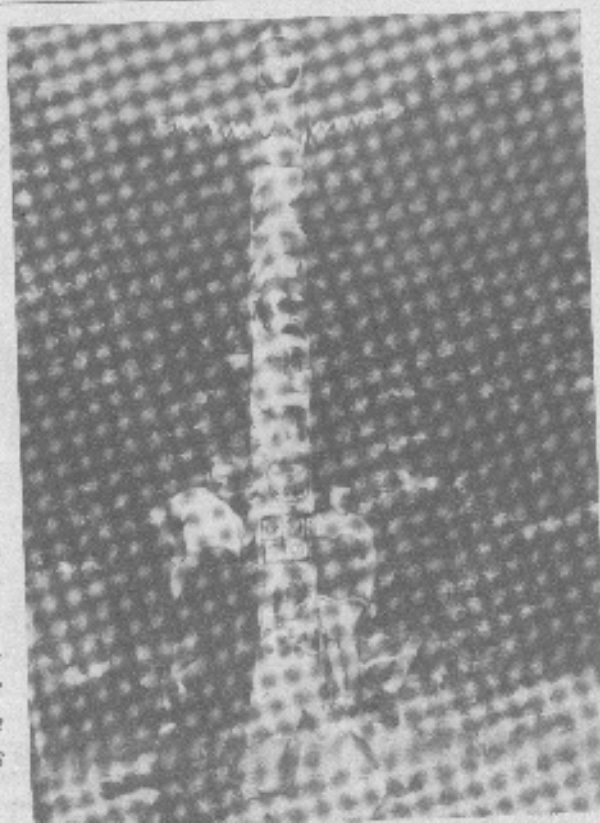
ries go back far enough. Apparently he had wanted to buy Queenie Johnson's place, a little general store right beside the public campground. But Evelyn Hewitt beat him to it and built Little Hawk Resort. Pete retaliated by building Oakview Lodge right on the public campground which was, of course, illegal. In the end, he paid whatever fine the authorities imposed and got into a lifelong feud

with the Hewitts. But that's another story.)

This is the first of two instalments about the Pinch family on Little Hawk Lake and the eighth in a series of articles about cottaging on the lakes of Haliburton County. Next week: Ted and Jean finally get their own cottage.

It's a little hard to tell which meal of the day "Greendad" Pinch, his sons Norman and Warren, and a Mr. Hudlett (below) were enjoying on this day in 1920. The items on the table include Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes, Beehive Corn Syrup, Heinz Baked Beans, corn on the cob, an apple, and what look like two wine bottles.

The totem pole (right) was built by Warren Pinch and set up outside Fisherman's Paradise. The squares near the bottom were made to hold pictures of his six children.



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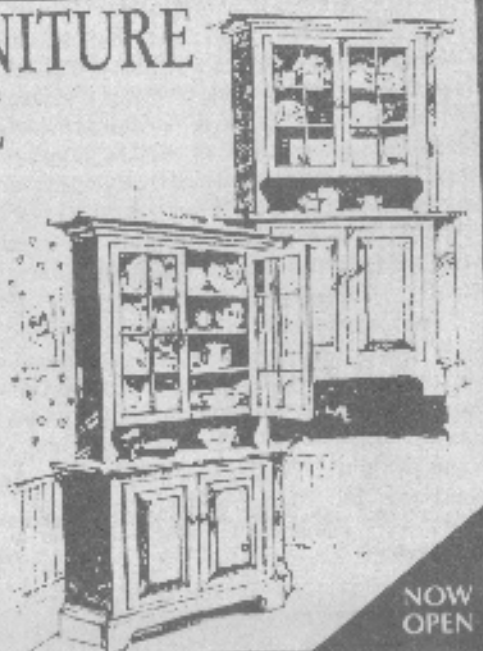
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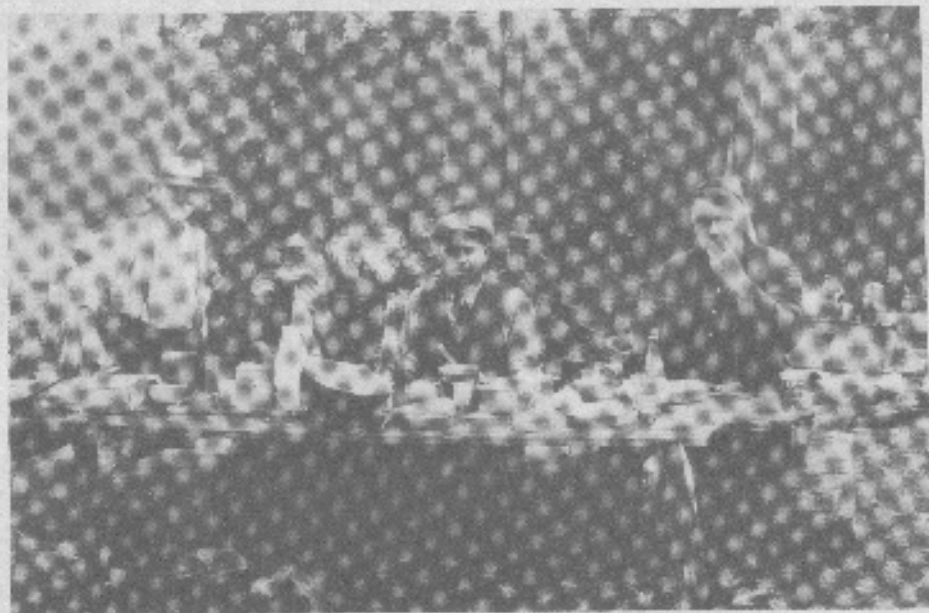
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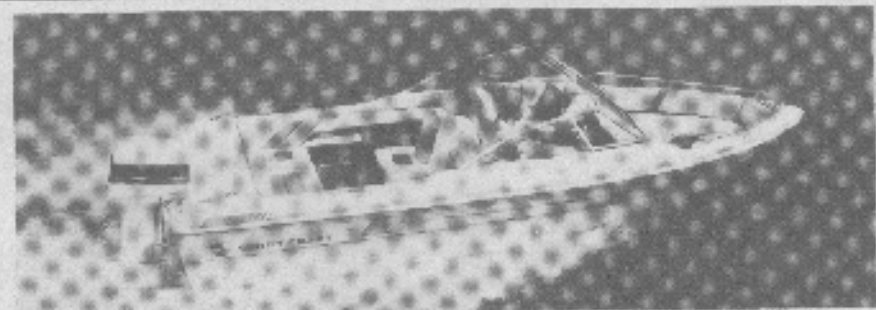
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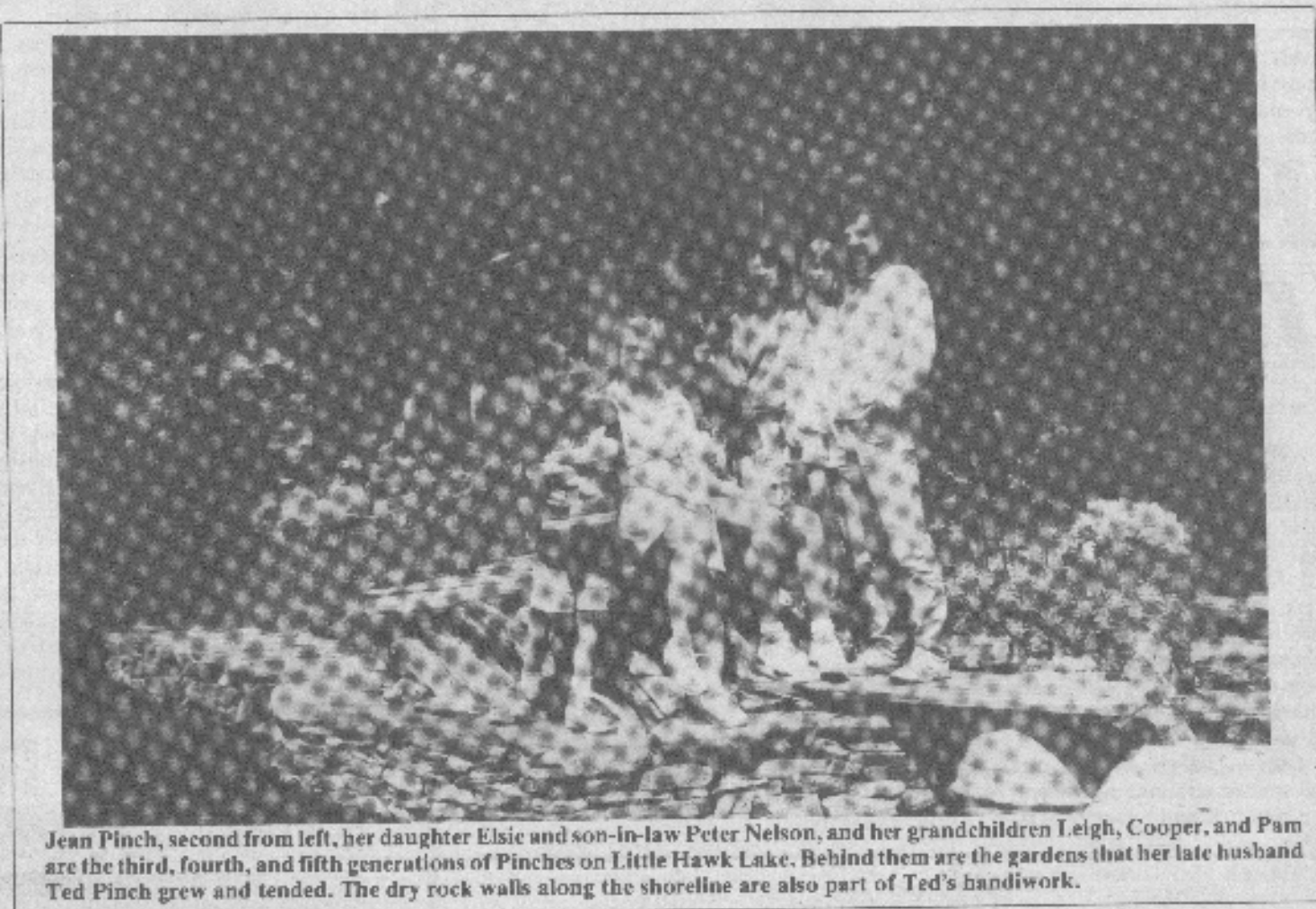
The next generation

by Susan Wilson

The story of the Pinch family on Little Hawk Lake goes back to 1912 when Warren (Pa) Pinch and his father, Alpha Omega Pinch, first came from the Newcastle area on the shores of Lake Ontario to fish the lakes of Haliburton. Last week's instalment told the story from that first trip up to about 1950, around the time when most cottaging families in Haliburton were just getting started. The story picks up this week as Pa's oldest son, Ted, and his family finally get a cottage of their own.

For 16 summers, beginning in 1942, Ted and Jean Pinch and the children—first David and Sally, then Elsie, then Rick—had stayed in the old boathouse near Fisherman's Paradise, the cottage Pa had built in 1931 near the government dock on Little Hawk Lake. The boathouse was barely 10 by 12 and one corner was taken up with the motors for the fishing boats, fishing being the main reason the Pinch men came to Little Hawk.

Ted and Jean weren't "free" to buy land and build their own place because their names were tied up in one of Pa's land deals. (One person couldn't buy more than one piece of Crown land. When Pa figured out he could make some money by building cottages and selling them to folks from the city, he used the name of everyone in the family to acquire



Jean Pinch, second from left, her daughter Elsie and son-in-law Peter Nelson, and her grandchildren Leigh, Cooper, and Pam are the third, fourth, and fifth generations of Pinches on Little Hawk Lake. Behind them are the gardens that her late husband Ted Pinch grew and tended. The dry rock walls along the shoreline are also part of Ted's handiwork.

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One year, the Pinches arrived in the

and Toronto. Pa's sister Elsie, now in her

money by building cottages and selling them to folks from the city, he used the name of everyone in the family to acquire parcels of land around the lake.) Finally, in 1958, Pa sold the particular piece of land that had Ted and Jean's name on it to the Fosters, and for \$300 they bought 150 feet in a little bay on the big central island that divides Big Hawk from Little Hawk.

The cottage Ted built sits on an illusory plateau created at the bottom of the very steep hillside. "When we bought it, the shoreline was a jumble of rocks and driftwood," says Jean. "Ted designed the cottage and, after hauling some big boulders out of the way, built it with each of the four corners on a rock. The cottage isn't big, but we can sleep 12 if we have to."

Creating a useful dwelling on the rocky hillside, along with the necessary accoutrements—like the privy with the Dutch door, the boathouse, the tool shed, and a flagstone patio—commanded all of Ted's ingenuity. He was also an avid flower gardener and put in an elaborate rock garden at the shoreline. Since there was little soil on the rocky ground, he had to create his own through composting. He then built extensive dry-stone walls around the garden to keep the soil from running into the lake.

The cottage was, and is, very much a seasonal place—although for Ted, the season was as long as he could make it. "Ted was a construction carpenter," says Jean, "who built his whole life around the fact that he wanted to be here. He'd quit work in the late spring, come up here for three or four months, then go back and sign on again at the union hall in the autumn. He used to say, if the company could lay him off, he could just as easily

lay off the company. He was kind of an original hippy. But he knew what he wanted and lots of people never figure that out."

The kids didn't mind. Thirty years ago, Little Hawk was awash in teenagers. "We'd spend all day hanging out at the landing," Elsie remembers. "The kids from Big Hawk would come to our landing because there was no marina up there then. You'd just wait around and see who showed up and hang out together. The best part for us girls was when the camp counsellors from Kawabi came by. Those guys weren't part of the gang—they were older, and special."

Because they were living in Cleveland, it took the Pinches at least 12 hours of driving to get to Little Hawk. In order not to waste precious time, they would set off the very evening of the day that school ended. Ted would drive all night while the four children slept in the back of the car. And a full car it was. In those days, you didn't leave anything at the cottage because the mice would get it. So you packed your life—food, clothes, bedding, towels, whatever you thought you might need for the next couple of months—and off you went.

Elsie remembers they would pull over by the side of the road in the middle of the night to have sandwiches. "Every time we stopped to eat, there'd always be people stopping to ask if we needed help. But we'd be across the border in Canada by that time. That never happened in the States. And we always went back to Cleveland on the Sunday before Labour Day. The kids on our block had a bet every year as to whether we'd make it home."

One year, the Pinches arrived in the morning to find the road to the lake washed out. It was still raining; so Ted drove back out to the highway and pulled the car, loaded to the roof-rack with kids and belongings, into one of the bays in Art Welch's garage at Hall's Lake on Highway 35. There they all sat and waited until the road crew had repaired the washout.

When they got the "all clear", they drove in once again—only to find yet another washout further along. This time, they all piled out of the car and walked the rest of the way in to the lake.

In the interests of keeping the cottage on the rustic side, the family resisted installing electricity when it became available around 1970. "We only gave in when the Hewitts stopped cutting ice," Jean recalls. "The Hewitt boys, Pete and Vern, used to do an ice run around the lake by boat first thing every morning. But when they stopped, we had to hook up to hydro. After all, we had to have some way to keep the beer cold!"

Instead of in the usual ice-box, the beer and perishables were kept on ice under the floor in front of the kitchen counter in boxes lined with galvanized tin. These boxes, accessible by trap-doors, are still used for storage.

At one time or another, nine members of the Pinch family have owned cottages on Little Hawk Lake. (The same year that Ted and Jean bought on the island, his uncle Norman bought the lot next door and his father, Pa, the one beside that. Both cottages have since been sold out of the family.) They still come back regularly from Ohio, New Jersey, and Florida, as well as Oshawa, Ennismore, Brooklin,

and Toronto. Pa's sister Elsie, now in her seventies, still stays on the original land at the end of the lake.

The Pinch men's passion for fishing seems to have declined somewhat among the younger generation—but after Ted's regime of lake trout and potatoes for dinner every night for the entire summer, perhaps that's understandable. As Jean points out, it's also expensive for non-Canadians to buy a licence—and then not catch anything.

While the lake may not be teeming with fish as it was nearly 80 years ago when Pa and his brothers regularly returned with orange crates full of big ones, there is still plenty of wildlife. "There is a ruffed grouse that lives in a tree," Jean reports, "and a fox that comes by for breakfast. There are mink, otter, and beaver. I counted seven loons last fall. We have a seagull that comes by regularly for scraps, gunser ducks with enough ducklings to start their own day care centre, swallows living under the eaves of the boathouse, squirrels, ground hogs, rabbits, snapping turtles, too many raccoons and porcupines, and rumours of bear."

Cottaging on an island has put environmental concerns at the top of the list from the beginning. So the Pinches have been doing for decades what the rest of us are just waking up to. "On an island," as Elsie's husband, Peter Nelson, points out, "you have to be sensitive to the ecology. You have to bring everything in and, when you're done with it, you have to take it out. So we compost our vegetable waste, feed scraps to the seagulls, watch what kind of packaging we buy, and so

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Put yourself in their place for a bird's-eye view

(from page 9)

would be approaching the end of our annual stay in Central America.

Having led a relatively undemanding winter existence, changing hormonal levels would cause us to boost our daily food intake by more than 25% over three weeks and, during

this time, we would moult most of our body feathers and acquire a resplendent new plumage of black and red. Then we would divert our increased food intake into the production of fat.

As we came into peak condition, we would become increasingly restless until one night we would rise into the air and head north.

Flying all night long we would make astonishing progress. The Gulf of Mexico, over 800 kilometers wide, would take us a mere 12 hours of non-stop exertion. Back over land, we would at least have the option of landing and replenishing our fat deposits while waiting out bad weather for a day or two at

a time. Generally speaking, though, we would keep making steady progress northwards every night using our ability to compute our position from the stars and the earth's magnetic field to keep us on course.

On about the 7th of May we would enter Canadian airspace, perhaps stopping for the day at Point Pelee National Park on the north shore of Lake Erie. In another couple of days we would be back in Algonquin, in fact at the very same place we nested last year. Almost immediately we would start flying from perch to perch around our old patch of woods and loudly proclaiming our presence. It wouldn't be too bad at first but over the next few days the woods would fill up with late-comers from Central America and the competition for space would become intense. Your initially large territory would shrink as

your equally determined neighbours crowded in on you and you found it harder and harder to rush from one side of your territory to chase out the invaders.

Needless to say you would use your dazzling plumage, especially the fanned out red tail patches, to dazzle and intimidate any trespassers but your bluff would be called and you would have to attack them physically. Locking claws and vigorously pecking your enemy (go for the eyes — you can do more damage that way), you might tumble 30 feet to the ground and tear out a few beakfuls of feathers before you established your supremacy. Eventually things would settle down but only in relative terms.

You might reach a stage where you didn't have to fight so often but even then, just to keep a firm grip on your territory, you

would have to keep criss-crossing your land bellowing (i.e., singing) violent threats against your neighbours in a voice so loud you could be heard hundreds of yards away, over 300 times an hour, all day long, from sunrise to sunset all through May and June and well into July.

During this time, you would raise your sons and daughters from helpless nestlings to independent offspring. And through it all, you would simultaneously hold off expansionist neighbours and shoo away ambitious teenagers. The latter, in spite of their pitiful inability to grow a beard — we mean adult plumage — nevertheless would persist in trying to sneak into your territory and court your wife.

Oops, by saying things like "wife" and "ambitious" we have proved one more time how prone we are to thinking of wildlife in human-centered ways.

Hooked on Little Hawk

(from page 11)

on. We were very annoyed a week or so ago that we couldn't get paper plates at the IGA in Minden. They only had plastic ones and you can't burn those. So we didn't buy them."

By the mid-sixties, when the children were out of school and more or less on their own, Ted had extended the cottaging season at both ends so that he and Jean were at Little Hawk from early June to Thanksgiving. Jean has vivid memories of bailing snow out of the boat one year. But since Ted's death two summer ago, she spends less time at the cottage than she used to, dividing her life among Little

Hawk, Cleveland, and Florida.

She still swims 100 yards across the bay to a friendly rock every day and does what she can to keep Ted's garden under control. The children and grandchildren keep her company when they can. Nearly half-a-century after her honeymoon on Little Hawk, she is still an unabashed fan. "It's a delightful life," she enthuses. "As long as I can, I'll be up here for the summer."

This is the last of two instalments about the Pinch family on Little Hawk Lake and the ninth in a series of articles about cottaging on the lakes of Haliburton County.

PINE RIDGE

Tap & Grill

Sanctuaries

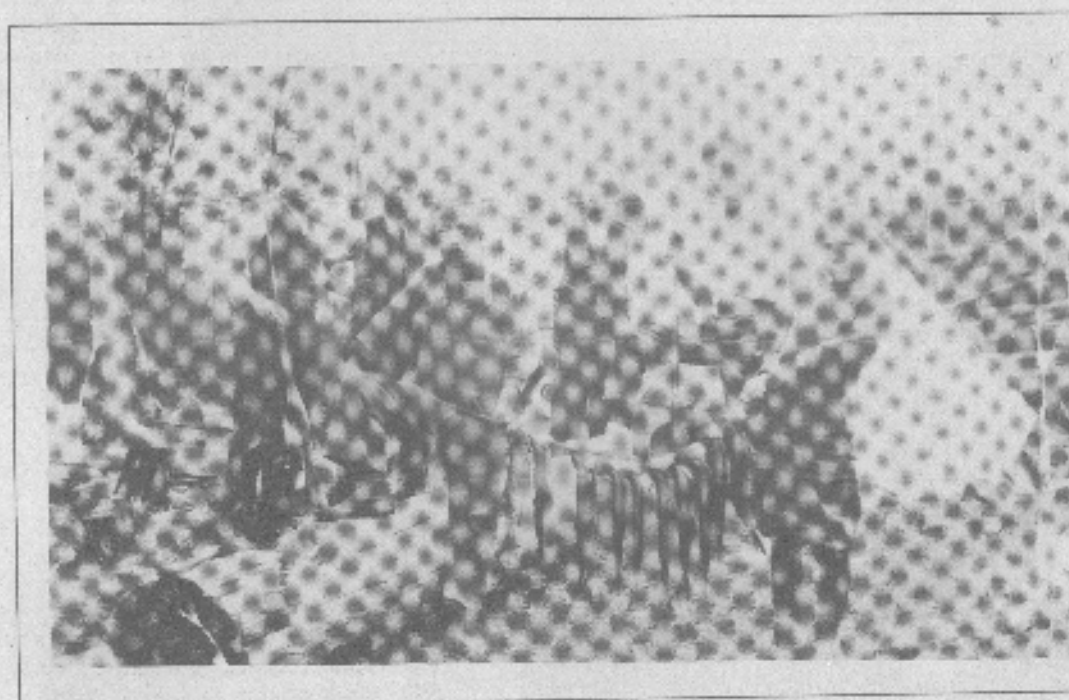
Hooked on Little Hawk: The first generation

by Susan Wilson

In 1912, Warren (Pa) Pinch and his father Alpha Omega Pinch (nicknamed "Greendad" for Granddad), along with Old Man Gamsby from Orono, were up from Newcastle to do some fishing on Maple Lake, when they heard tell of another lake further up that was teeming with fish. Little Hawk, it was called. They made their way there along the logging track in the old Ford truck that was fitted out as a camper and hired a man named Ern Davis to row them around while they fished. In a few hours, they were back with an orange crate full of big ones.

This easy success so inspired father and son that they went home to the farm resolved to get their work done as soon as possible so they could come back. It was August before they were able to return. The fish didn't bite as obligingly as they had the first time, but nonetheless the men were hooked on Little Hawk and came back regularly. Eighty years and several generations later, the Pinch family is still hooked on Little Hawk.

The men-only fishing trips, which often included Greendad's other two sons, Nor-



The Pinch men were all avid fishermen. William, Warren, and Norman, standing at the back with their father Alpha Omega Pinch, look on as two of Warren's sons, Horrell and Ted, display the latest catch. They started coming to Hawk Lake in 1912; this picture was taken in 1920.

farms where they had tried to make a go of it and moved the family back to Cleveland, the hometown his father had left around 1905. But that meant the

lumber, trucked the sawn boards back up to the lake, and over the years built cottages on the various pieces of land he'd bought in everybody else's names. They

though it too is no longer in the family. The third son, Chub, would build in 1947 at Idle Rock, up the lake.

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