

## Book Preview

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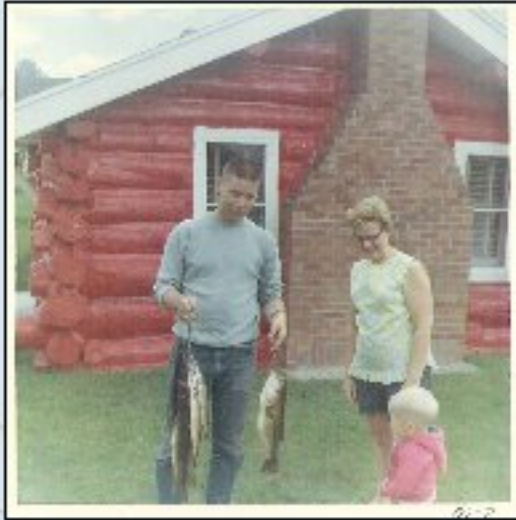
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McGregor

A Summer Place





McGregor became a part of our summers in 1967.  
Mom and Dad rented a cabin on Bass Lake, along with Auntie Evelyn and Uncle Frank. We went out there to spend an afternoon and ended up staying all weekend. It was often like that when we went to Esko too.  
Aimee was two weeks old and I remember the bathroom facilities were less than desirable...which was to be a theme throughout our marriage.





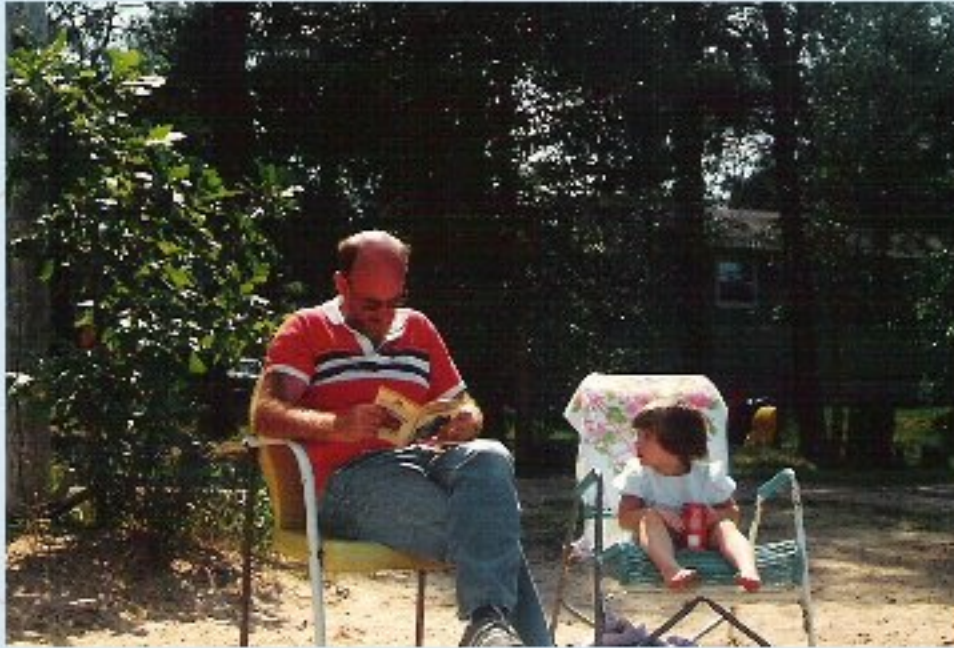
Dad, Jerry and Teddy at Bass Lake



Teddy ten years later

We didn't go to McGregor much during the next ten years or so...

It wasn't until the '70's that we started renting our own cabin. The first year or two it was just us. Gary and Sue usually came out to spend a few nights crammed into our little cabin with our four or five kids and their two... but ...oh the fun we had!



Sam, Beth

Susan and Sam made the trek from Iowa with their five or six kids, trailer packed to the brim and fun loving -natures. That's when it really started hopping on Silver Beach!

There was seldom a dull moment once they arrived. Kids running in and out, screen doors slamming, the occasional skinned knee...it was humming!

Amazingly, Sam stayed calm and could even concentrate on an article in a magazine...most likely concerning a subject way over most of our heads.





Jerry, Peter and Sam ...Peter

The dads usually had a kid  
either in their arms or in their laps.



Now it was Mom and Dad,  
Gary and Sue, Susan and Sam  
and us. We had almost taken over  
the resort!



Barbara, Beth...Adam, Peter

The water was like a magnet for the kids. It's a wonder one of those little ones never fell off the dock or went out too far in the lake (not that I know of anyway). I must say we were pretty careful that someone was always watching, and of course, credit must be given to their ever-watchful Guardian Angels.

It took several years of bad weather for us to realize that the third week in July is the most dependable week of the summer.





Sue, Louis, Jim,, Will, Brandon, Barbara

Lining up for pictures was constant .

Unlike today, you never knew until the film was developed exactly what you had taken.

Often it was a pleasant surprise... sometimes not

This photo was a winner!



Cabin time was mostly in the mornings and late evening...unless it was raining.

In the early days Dad would come over in the morning with a cup of coffee, sit and chat while I busied myself with the morning dishes or bathing the baby in the sink...good times.

Often in the evening there was cards or board games and popcorn. Sue, as I recall, was the first to introduce putting the popped corn in a grocery bag to save on dishes...clever girl.



Peter



Jon, Louis

Susan and I would try to get the babies asleep and then sneak over to wherever everyone was gathered, usually Gary's. The teenagers made sure there was wood chopped and tricked the younger kids into gathering kindling for the bonfire they would start after dark, The bonfire was a big part of their McGregor experience...no doubt a few summer crushes had their beginnings in the flickering of the firelight.



Aimee, Melissa, Gary



Jon, Louis, Brandons, Will

Boys on the beach...





Brandon, Peter, Adam, Will

more boys...



Melissa, Stacy, Beth, Patty, Barbara, Robin, Aimee

Girls on the beach...





Robin, Barbara, Patty, Jenny, Beth

more girls.







Teddy, Sam, Jerry, Louis Gary, Jon....Peter

The guys spent many relaxing hours watching the little ones swim and play in the sand.

Someone was most likely on the dock with a fish pole in tow.

Sooner or later would be the inevitable plea...

"Can we go waterskiing?"

They would be put off as long as possible.... finally Jerry or Sam would stir reluctantly...like Rip Van Winkle after a 25 year nap. There was much talk of fishing... but very little fish catching.

Jerry usually took the boat out on the lake after dusk with a kid or two begging to go along. He was always hoped for that "big catch".

It seems the fish liked to hang

around an old stump at the bottom of the lake...for 30 years? Who knows... Jerry was always hopeful that this would be the year he'd catch the big one. He did catch an eleven pound Dog Fish one year. They had to bury it because it was too ugly to eat.





Steve, Jerry



Robert, Peter

If an uncle, cousin or anyone, for that matter, showed up, it was a big deal and added to the flavor of the day. Sometimes you could hear a vehicle coming down the road, so there was lots of speculation on who would drive in to our domain. Exchanging fish tales and reconnecting with the family was one of the major aspects of our summers at McGregor.

