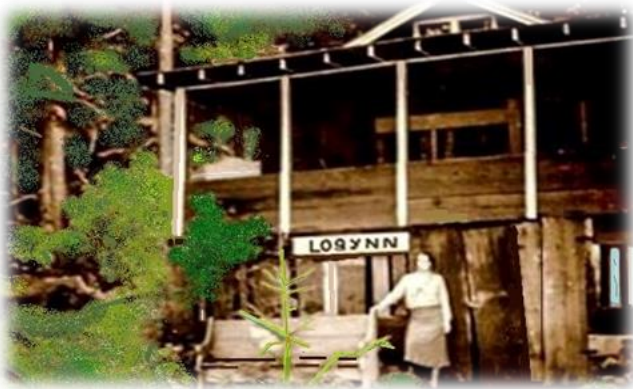


Logynn



1934 Marguerite C C B Lyttle at Logynn

Summertime was cottage time.

Cottage time was *Logynn*, the family log cottage situated on Wolf Bay, Peninsula Lake in Muskoka. My father, Rev. Dr. James A. Lyttle, purchased the lodge in 1928 from the widow of Rev. Dr. J. D. Byrnes, Superintendent of Home Missions for the Presbyterian Church in Canada. My father was ordained by the Presbyterian Church and had served Muskoka at Baysville, Dorset and area under Dr. Byrnes. (Later, Dr Lyttle became a United Church Home Missions Superintendent.)

The dip in the Wolf Bay shoreline was dubbed "All Saints Cove" due to the abundance of clergy-owned cabins on the cove. Sundays were always very very quiet.

Nighttimes brought orchestrations of sounds piercing the blackness of night. Crickets, sounding like tinnitus, perpetually chirped from the darkness. Soon Bull Frogs croaked their tuba-like bass punctuated with darn mosquitoes dive-bombing the bedroom. At times an owl repeatedly asked the question: "Who? Who? Who?"

The champions of them all were Loons that bounced their calls off the tall bluff known as Wolf Mountain. The rock bluff broadcast clear loud echoes and only thunderstorms surpassed the shrill Loon trumpeting.



Wolf Mountain Bluff



Rain was noisy. Drops pelleted thick forest, low bushes, and cabin roof while splattering the lake surface.

Childhood curiosity led my brother and me to explore, explain and experience nature. Apart from my brother's crystal set, we had little news from without.

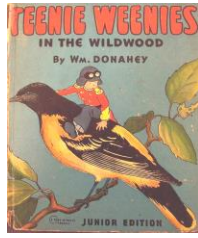
Amusement was capturing butterflies or fireflies in a glass jar. It was trying to catch a Frog, a Toad or a Salamander. We swan, we fished, we rowed the boat around *Little Wolf Island* and we teased Crayfish. There were so many stars at night we didn't know which way to look. My brother and I created unofficial names for apparent constellations, not in Latin, but in vernacular such as lion, fish, frying pan and wagon.

Dusk introduced brilliant sunsets, reflected by the lake's surface. It was always better to watch God's show from inside, behind a screen window. Bugs wanted us to share the camp with them.

One summer I built a teepee with fallen branches, sticks and my "Indian blanket" It was a great setting to imagine Indians and Explorers. My mother interrupted the fun. A nearby cottager observed that my wigwam was situated a few feet into their precious property. It was time to relocate. Was I such a dreadful danger? (Later the neighbour was remorseful and invited me to resume the previous place. I declined...newer pursuits had replaced that venture.)

Board games were always fun, especially on rare rainy days. As my education progressed, I was able to read, but not at night, because oil lamps were too dim and

fumes made my eyes water. My favourite book series was the *Teenie Weenies*.



Later, it was *Buck Rogers* that captured my imagination.



My mother was related to a wealthy Chicago family named the Peck's. I think they played Cupid to my mother and father. The Pecks owned a Lake of Bays island and summered there. My father was pastor of their church in nearby Baysville, Ontario. When dad pursued graduate studies at the University of Chicago, the Pecks arranged a Wrigley Field baseball game date between my mother (who was visiting the Peck's in Chicago) and my father.

Probably one of the biggest events in my lifetime was the thrill of a Peck visit to Wolf Bay in one of their steamships!! As the SS Phoebe II lowered anchor in the bay, the captain blew the shrill steam whistle. It sharply reverberated from the bluff. All cottagers within sight promptly appeared on their docks. It was a maximum audience!



As a ten year old boy, I swelled with pride. Wow!

After anchoring our small boat, we climbed aboard the steamship and the lake tour and lunch commenced.

Later, the ship needed more fuel. We navigated towards North Portage docks. As we neared shore, D. Cameron Peck, ship owner, asked me to steer and dock the ship! I was perfectly successful. Later, I learned that the rest of the passengers were biting their nails, so to speak. The voyage ended with our return to Wolf Bay and our anchored boat. As a child, I thought our prestige with neighbours had escalated to an ultra high. But there was a sequel.

Apparently, our West Highland Scotty dog 'Snookie' missed us immensely. He howled without pause for over three hours. Add to that the amplification of howls by Wolf Mountain! Now guess what happened to my esteem with residents?

Each summer, my brother and I were treated with a ride on the Portage Railway. This famous railway moved passengers between Peninsula Lake and the Lake of Bays. The distance was two miles so the trip was over quite quickly. Steamships Algonquin and Iroquois met the train at each respective terminal. It was always an adventure to look forward to.

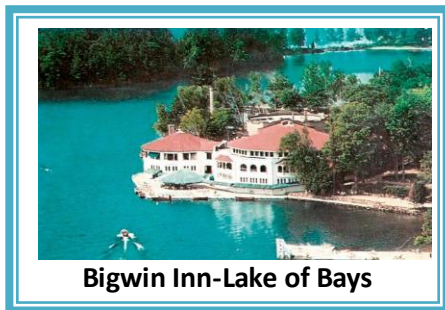


On one occasion, we needed to travel to Huntsville by boat. I was receiving spaced injections for boils. (Father had returned for the second summer month to direct his parish.) My brother operated our archaic Johnson outboard motor. After crossing the expanse of Peninsula Lake we entered the canal connecting Penn and Fairy Lakes.



Put- put -put we slowly edged through the canal. As we emerged we encountered the Steamship Algonquin waiting to enter the canal. Apparently, our timing was poor and we were delaying the SS Algonquin. It was one boat at a time. Passengers hurled some nasty and sarcastic remarks at us. "Who do you think you are?" and worse. An occasional passenger returned our friendly waves. It was a long trip. How great to tie up at Huntsville, see the doctor and browse the shops before the long return trip. Later, we discovered that the doctor had given me a shot of something else. Futile? Where would the memory be if we had known?

The end of camping at Penn Lake in 1942 fostered newer experiences for my brother and me. I became a regular camper, counselor and camp director for many years. At the same time, my brother found interesting summer jobs, including Bigwin Inn on Lake of Bays. During World War II, exiled Queen Juliana of Holland was vacationing at Bigwin Inn. My brother was delegated to deliver a telegram at night to her cottage. As he approached the cottage yard a Secret Service agent jumped from behind bushes, shoved a pistol into his waist and abruptly demanded why was he there.



Also, my brother and I had military camping experience. Brother Jamie became a Lieut.-Commander in the Royal Canadian Navy Reserves and I became a Major in the Royal Canadian Army Cadets.

*Dr James A Lyttle died 1964 at North Bay ON.
Marguerite Christina Cameron Brown Lyttle died 1992
at Burnaby BC. James (Jamie) Cameron Lyttle resides in
Owen Sound ON. Ross Orville (Orv) Lyttle lives in
Burnaby BC.*