

## From John Livers

*Certainly I found out that “my Grandfather Ralph had purchased our original lots in July of 1923. My brothers and I had no specific date and only a general understanding that it was “in the late 20’s or early 30’s”. The book certainly pushes that back several years and gives me pause to consider that next year will mark 100 years that our family has been traveling to PHB. I have often passed by “Century Farms” in MN and IA, but had not seriously considered the concept of a “Century Cabin”! The original cabin that my Grandfather, father, and uncle built back then has recently been replaced, but the original Krueger cabin still stands.”*

*I’ve attached a letter that my Grandfather wrote to my Aunt and her family in September of 1947. It is interesting to see his “thriftiness” in rotating the paper in the typewriter to utilize all of the possible area on the paper. He recounts going to Blueberry Point to collect seedling trees to be replanted on our property, gathering mushrooms and with the help of your Grandmother?, learning which ones were safe to eat. He also refers to a meeting to discuss changes to the dam and road at the south end of lake.*

Dear Ruth, Geo. & the Girlies:-

Park Rapids, Minn. Sept.3, 1947

What a wonderful morning! So balmy, bright and hardly a breeze stirring! Mother has often told of the wonderful weather in Sept. as she experienced it the time she came up with Harold and George Lueke, and now I can verify every statement. It is too nice to be in -doors, so I have brought the machine (typewriter) out on the front porch and find it hard for me to keep- my eyes and mind off the lake, sunshine and the trees on both sides. It is the kind of day one is glad to be alive and in Minn!

I had an interesting day over on the Point yesterday. I wanted to go early in the a.m. but some other things prevented. I took my shovel and pail along as usual, but I had promised myself that this year I would plant no trees. But to keep this promise, I should have left the pail and shovel at home. My first interest was to get as many varieties of mushrooms as possible, but the further I got out into the woods and after finding about a dozen kinds, I began to watch for little trees. I got into a nest of little white pines, - my weakness and also Harold’s, and before I could tear myself away, I had two nice specimen trees and a little one, that may not make a go of it. I planted them in our front and side yard and dedicated them to Susan and Nancy Jo. By-the-way, the blight this spring took one of the little spruce trees which your girls helped me plant and were dedicated to them,- I think it was Ruth E.’s, but the baby one we planted under it is growing right along and may soon take the place of the other. Next summer when they are up here, we will plant another for Ruth Elaine.

In the other letter, I think I told of how well the trees have done the past year, except for the few that were caught by the blight or spring freeze. The jack pine are dropping out one by one, tops break out and they die at once, and a blight takes one now and then so I guess it will be only a matter of time when most of them will be gone. That is why I am getting the more permanent spruce, pine and balsam ready to take their places.

About the mushrooms,- I had one for breakfast. Its name is the Jew's ear, and is very universal the world over and a valuable item of export trade between New Zealand and China. To me it seemed a little bitter, but it is reported to have medicinal qualities, and I think would be grand with beef-steak. I may go back over the lake to Blue Berry Point and pick all I can find, dry them and take them back to Fremont. I took the dozen varieties I found up to White's last evening when I got the milk and she identified the safe ones and the others we leave alone. I have another variety soaking in salt water that I will have for dinner,- which the Whites eat, and the squirrels eat in abundance. They are of the toad stool variety and are big and fleshy. When I have learned the few safe varieties up here, I think I will go for them after each rain, rather than go fishing!

Tomorrow, I will go in to Park Rapids to a meeting that may prove to be important. A State Conservation man will meet with the property owners on this lake to discuss future plans regarding the south end. The State expects to condemn the dam at Hubbard, which is the road-way now, and something will have to be done after that. They may assess the properties for a share of the expense of a new dam,- but if it is equally divided among all, it should not be too much of a cost to each. We want to keep our lake, and personally, I would like to see the State have control of the gate and outlet, instead of some individuals down at Hubbard who raise or lower it to suit their own convenience. This meeting should have been held earlier when more of the property owners were here. There are not more than a dozen or less of us here now. But, of course, this information can be passed on to all the others by correspondence. You may not recall the rumor that was afloat last year, that the State wants to build a highway across the lower end of the lake this side of the "stumps",- it would be a dirt fill about 500 feet long, (with gate and controls in the middle of course) and this highway would strike the west side of the south line of Pine Haven Beach properties, which is a few hundred feet south of the Wooter's, Fraser's, Rodenbeck's,- those houses high up on the bank where so many steps were built down to the lake-side. Whether that plan will come out in the discussion tomorrow, I do not know.

I don't think I have told you that I have not done any fishing this year. When we came up here, I let Wallace do the fishing. That first part week when we were in Leland's cottage, I wanted to wait until we get over into our own, so that I could look thoroughly for my rod. The family that was in here when we came, let me come in and look around, but I could not locate it then,- so wanted to wait until later. The man said his young folks had lost a rod that they found up on the wall,- he thought it was an old cheap rod,- and I thought so too,- for I have a couple of them about. When they left, the man left me his rod, which is a rather cheap tubular rod and Wallace used it some, but Wallace Stewart? broke it and it will have to be welded,- so all-in-all I did not have much desire to fish without my good but not expensive True Temper casting rod. Then too, Wallace kept us pretty well supplied with what fish we needed while he was here and we had two nice northern in the ice box when he left,- so I have been pretty well fed up on fish, and don't care for more, especially.

Mother suggests that we take our lunch and a pot of hot coffee and go over to the Point and eat, over there. I agree,- so when this is finished, that will be the program. We may spend an hour or more over there. It is such a grand day to be outside. The temperature now, at 11 a.m. is around 80.

Flower\* does not seem to be around and none are reported up and down the beach. Mr. Burnett killed five last summer and fall. Also six snow shoe rabbits that harbored under his house early in 46. Dad

\* Flower is a reference to a character the Walt Disney movie, *Bambi*. A skunk in the movie is named "Flower".

(from first page margin)

We are enjoying the full moon so much. Not every year can we do this and evenings with one exception have been clear in the east for the rising of the moon. The sunrise is also glorious for the sleepy-heads who venture to get up to see it. We don't see so many of them however. We visit the Burnett's, Oldham's and Mrs. Flint,- about all that are left here now as close neighbors. Dad

Screen shot of original letter

We are enjoying the full moon so much. Not every year can we do this and evenings with one exception have been clear in the east for the rising of the moon. The sunrise is also glorious for the sleepy-heads who venture to get up to see it. We don't see so many of them however. We visit the Burnett's, Oldham's and Mrs. Flint, - about all that are left here now as close neighbors.

Dear Ruth, Geo. & the Girlies:-

Park Rapids, Minn. Sept. 3, 1947

What a wonderful morning! So balmy, bright and hardly a breeze stirring! Mother has often told of the wonderful weather in Sept. as she experienced it the time she came up with Harold and Geo. Lucke, and now I can verify every statement. It is too nice to be indoors, so I have brought the machine out on the front porch and find it hard for me to keep my eyes and mind of the lake, sunshine, and the trees on both sides. It is the kind of day one is glad to be alive and in Minn!

I had an interesting day over on the Point yesterday. I wanted to go early in the a.m. but some other things prevented. I took my shovel and pail along as usual, but I had promised myself that this year I would plant no trees. But to keep this promise, I should have left the pail and shovel at home. My first interest was to get as many varieties of mushrooms as possible, but the further I got out into the woods and after finding about a dozen kinds, I began to watch for little trees. I got into a nest of little white pines, - my weakness and also Harold's, and before I could tear myself away, I had two nice specimen trees and a little one, that may not make a go of it. I planted them in our front and side yard and dedicated them to Susan and Nancy Jo. By-the-way, the blight this spring took one of the little spruce trees which your girls helped me plant and were dedicated to them, - I think it was Ruth E.'s, but the baby one we planted under it is growing right along and may soon take the place of the other. Next summer when they are up here, we will plant another for Ruth Elaine.

In the other letter, I think I told of how well the trees have done the past year, except for the few that were caught by the blight or spring freeze. The jack pine are dropping out one by one, - tops break out and they die at once, and a blight takes one now and then so I guess it will be only a matter of time when most of them will be gone. That is why I am getting the more permanent spruce, pine and balsam ready to take their places.

About the mushrooms, - I had one for breakfast. Its name is the Jew's ear, and is very universal the world over and a valuable item of export trade between New Zealand and China. To me it seemed a little bitter, but it is reported to have medicinal qualities, and I think would be grand with beef-steak. I may go back over the lake to Blue Berry Point and pick all I can find, dry them and take them back to Fremont. I took the dozen varieties I found up to White's last evening when I got the milk and she identified the safe ones and the others we leave alone. I have another variety soaking in salt water that I will have for dinner, -

Point and eat, over there. I agree, - so when this is finished, that will be the program. We may spend an hour or more over there. It is such a grand day to be outside. The temp. now, 11 a.m. is around 80. Flower does not seem to be around and none are reported up and down the beach. Mr. Burnett killed five last summer and fall. Also six snow shoe rabbits that harbored under his house early in '66. Dad

which the White's eat, and the squirrels eat in abundance. They are of the toad stool variety and are big and fleshy. When I have learned the few safe varieties up here, I think I will go for them after each rain, rather than go fishing!

Tomorrow, I will go in to Park Rapids to a meeting that may prove to be important. A State Conservation man will meet with the property owners on this lake to discuss future plans re. the south end. The State expects to condemn the dam at Hubbard, which is the roadway now, and something will have to be done after that. They may assess the properties for a share of the expense of a new dam, - but if it is equally divided among all, it should not be too much of a cost to each. We want to keep our lake, and personally, I would like to see the State have control of the gate and outlet, instead of some individuals down at Hubbard who raise or lower it to suit their own convenience. This meeting should have been held earlier when more of the property owners were here. There are not more than a dozen or less of us here now. But, of course, this information can be passed on to all the others by correspondence. You may not recall the rumor that was afloat last year, that the State wants to build a highway across the flower end of the lake this side of the "stumps", - it would be a dirt fill about 500 feet long, (with gate and controls in the middle of course) and this highway would strike the west side on the south line of Pine Haven Beach properties, which is a few hundred feet south of the Wootter's, Fraser's, Rodenbeck's, - those houses high up on the bank where so many steps were built down to the lake-side. Whether that plan will come out in the discussion tomorrow, I do not know.

I don't think I have told you that I have not done any fishing this year. When we came up here, I let Wallace do the fishing. That first past week when we were in Leland a cottage, I wanted to wait until we got over into our own, so that I could look thoroughly for my rod. The family that was in here when we came, let us come in and look around, but I could not locate it then, - so wanted to wait until later. The man said his young folks had lost a rod that they found up on the wall, - he thought it was an old cheap rod, - and I thought so too, - for I have a couple of them about. When they left, the man left us his rod, which is a rather cheap tubular rod and Wallace used it some, but WYS? broke it and it will have to be welded, - so all-in-all I did not have much desire to fish without my good but not expensive True Temper casting rod. Then too, Wallace kept us pretty well supplied with what fish we needed while he was here and we had two nice Northerns in the ice box when we left, - so I have been pretty well fed up on fish, and don't care for more, especially.

Mother suggests that we take our lunch and a pot of hot coffee and go over to the