

BONNEE'S PINE ISLAND SUMMER RESORT

Modern conveniences, our lives are full of them, but could we enjoy ourselves without them at camp? The morning air was crisp as we headed out to the new cottage for the first time. "Bonnee's Pine Island Summer Resort"- the name sounded nice but the place had been closed for fifty years. Thirty long minutes later, we turned off the highway. As we crossed a very narrow causeway to get onto the island, I felt butterflies in my stomach. The next left was Bonnee's Drive. The road, filled with many twists and turns, was lined with many kinds of trees: birch, pine, maple and oak. Red and orange leaves fluttered down to the ground as we drove by. At last, we were there; as I got out of the car I was amazed at what I saw, a spectacular spruce log building.

The door leading in was enormous, five feet wide made of solid logs. I stepped inside and my jaw fell to the floor. In the kitchen stood a giant black cast iron cookstove. The surface was worn from years of use. Thousands of mouth-watering meals must have been cooked on it. It must have been like a sauna in here on hot summer days, I thought to my self. In front of window was a sink, but no running water. Many trips where made to the lake over the weekend to scoop up ice-cold lake water that numbed our hands.

Straight ahead was a set of double doors. Behind them was an awesome room, the size of a gymnasium, with gleaming hardwood floors. On my right was a massive fireplace surrounded by chairs. I wondered how many fishing stories had been told around it as the smells and sounds of a crackling fire drifted out into the room. I looked around more and noticed that the walls were all exposed logs. At the far end of the room, an immense moose head was mounted. On the left side of the room, there were doors leading to a screened in porch that ran the entire length of the lodge. It would be a perfect place to sit, read a book or just enjoy the gorgeous view.

Directly in front of the cottage lies an island. On it, a huge smooth rock sloping into the water screams, "Hey, swim over to me!" Surrounding the cottage is woodland. Walking along the many rock-lined paths, leaves crunched under my feet. I noticed many plants, bushes and mushrooms peeking out from under leaves. Birds chirped back and forth in the trees above as squirrels ran through the branches collecting acorns and pinecones for the winter.

What a great weekend it was even without modern conveniences! It didn't matter that there was no running water, flush toilets, television or computer. We all still enjoyed ourselves. You really don't need modern day things to have a good time.