

## MEMORIES OF FOREST LAKE

Hello,

Just wanted to write a letter and tell of a few memories of Forest Lake . My Grandparents bought a lot there in 1969, on the corner of Whippoorwill Ct , They drove up every weekend to build a little more and enjoy the place. It took them about 7 years to get it how they wanted it. They did all the work themselves with occasional help from the family. One of my best memories was building the garage. We did it in a long weekend from slab to shingles, When we weren't helping on the house we would catch frogs and snakes, shoot BB guns (I bet there's 10,000 of my BBs in your trees), but most of all ride motorcycles. My Dad always made us get the work done first... Clean the hill, mow the grass (I remember it mostly being sand with a few tufts of grass at the time) or whatever needed doing. All of the memories are good ones. Dad made us wait till 10am to start the bikes, and now looking back that seems more reasonable than it did at the time. We weren't supposed to ride on the roads, but we did. I think Mr. McAlister would hide and wait for us, we would run from him, but it didn't matter, by the time we got back He'd have been by to talk to dad.

I read some of the fishing stories on the web site and thought I'd pass on one of my own:

It was probably about 1973 or so and we were having a family reunion there. We lived closer than most coming to the reunion so we had some time to kill that first morning. Dad went to Forwards and got some worms, and when he got back we (my dad my brother and I) each took a cane pole and a bobber and headed for whippoorwill beach. The fish were really biting that morning, we ran out of worms so my dad started using fish parts for bait. Our standards weren't all that high and the DNR was never around back then, but we did through the small ones back. We fished for about three hours that morning, when we started cleaning, and

counting we had caught 200 fish! Needless to say the first day's menu was taken care of.

I spent almost every summer vacation there growing up. I live in Tennessee now, everyone here talks about great the fishing is here, but never on the best day has it been as good as I remember Forest Lake was.

I hope I haven't rambled, but I ran across your web site, and had to write a note as I reminisced

Sincerely, John Coyle

P. S. My Grandparents Were Tom and Hazel Coyle