

Trowsse, Alfred

Trowsse, Alfred & Irene (Grasser)

Children: Heather (1925), Craig (Chum) (1926), Roberta (1927), Lois (1929), Burke (1935)

Hearst Relatives: Giecko, Grasser

A log house on George Street by Frances Trowsse

Alfred Trowsse was born in 1880 in Arnprior, Ontario. In 1923, shortly before moving to Hearst, he married Irene Grasser in Winnipeg. The Trowsses' five children were all born and raised in Hearst. For several years, they lived in a log house on the south side of George Street, close to the present location of Prince's Smoke Shop.



Trowsse Log House on George Street

The building had previously served as the town's first hospital and as a boarding house. The site was extremely low, resulting in flooding each spring. Eventually, the family moved into another log home almost directly across the street. Alf spent a great deal of his time working in the bush and prospecting.



Alfred Trowsse

Alf Trowsse was a man you couldn't forget. He was a big man who exuded power. He looked like a mountain, like a man who knew how to work and a man who knew how to fight. But he was a quiet man, a soft-spoken man

—Ken Sprickerhoff, 1984

Irene Grasser moved to Hearst with her parents, George and Catherine Grasser, and nine siblings (Sarah, Emma, Georgina, Bella, Alfred, Robert,

Gibby, Herbie, Gladys), after a forest fire had destroyed much of Cochrane. Catherine Grasser ran a restaurant on George Street, while her husband George managed the liquor store. Gladys Grasser married Ed McKenny, and they ran a garage at the corner of 8th and George, before moving to North Bay. All of the Grasser children left Hearst, although they were married and had their children there.

Gradually, the Trowsse children grew up and began moving away. Heather married an American soldier stationed at the radar station at the gravel pit during World War II and moved to the United States.



At door of boxcar -1943
back: Ida Shoppoff, a Yank, Ruth Jones, Jackie West, a Yank
front: a Yank, Heather Trowsse, Nick Stolz



Roberta -1940



Lois -1941

Roberta left Hearst in 1946, Lois in 1947 and Burke in 1953. For close to a decade, Burke had been living at the Larstones’.



Steve Thomas, Laurent Joanis, Burke Trowsse
 -about 1951

Of the five Trowsse children, only Chum lived most of his life in Hearst. After thirty years in the Canadian navy, Burke settled in Dartmouth, Nova Scotia, passing away in 2007.

Trowsse, Walter Craig (Chum)

Trowsse, Chum & Luba (Giecko)

Children: Gregory, Frances, Pegi, Sandra, Randy

Serving the Community by Frances Trowsse and Terry West

As a young man, Chum was a competitive athlete who earned the nickname “Dirty Trowsse,” from exploits in baseball and hockey.



Nick Stolz, Howard West, Chum Trowsse
-early 1940s

When World War II came along, he enlisted in the services, along with close friends Nick Stolz, Howard West, Wayne Halme and Ted and Bob Wilson, and served in Europe. Following the war, he was an ardent supporter of the Hearst

Legion, Branch 173. He married Luba Giecko in 1946 and raised five children. In younger years, he worked as a butcher for West and Company, before branching out with a butcher shop of his own (Chum’s Meat Market, located in what was the Weller Block on Prince Street). Following this experience, he joined the Ministry of Natural Resources, which provided him with the opportunity to pursue his love of nature and conservation. In the 1960s, the Trowsses, with the assistance of Ed Larson, built a cottage on Lake Pivabiska, which became their summer haven until they passed away.



Trowsse Cabin on Lake Pivabiska

In every sense of the term, Chum and Luba were pillars of the community. They were personable, good-humoured, hard workers, who made a difference to the community of Hearst. Family, Hearst and friends were dear to them, as the record shows: Chum was volunteer fire chief for twenty-five years, chairman of the public school board, a member of the United Church board, on the executive at the Legion, a justice of the peace, a level one circuit court judge, a hockey and baseball coach, a boxing referee, a weight-lifting aficionado and an advisor.



back: Luba Trowsse, Marnie Killingbeck, Jean Martin, Joan Morrow

middle: Sharon Egan, Miriam Rasinpera, Anita Miller, Carol Parker, Eeva Mäki , Lorraine Kurki, Patsy Bolduc, Peggy Wade

front: Denise Carlson , Judi Chalykoff, Sue Wade

Luba's record is equally impressive: district court clerk, president of the Legion Ladies Auxiliary, public school board trustee, member of the United Church board, CGIT counsellor, volunteer for the Cancer Society.

The Trowsses had five children, all raised in Hearst:



Greg Trowsse and ___ Riopelle
-about 1950

Greg, sixty-one, owns a small business for animal day care in Vancouver;



Frances Trowsse -1958

Frances, fifty-seven, is a professor at Confederation College in Thunder Bay; Pegi, fifty-six, with a degree in fine arts and a diploma

in nursing, currently provides emergency medical services in the oil patch in Alberta and Saskatchewan; Sandra, fifty, is manager of commercial accounts for Scotiabank in

Kelowna; Randy, forty-five, works as the interior division manager for Eagle West Cranes in Kamloops.

A Tribute to my friends Chum and Luba by Frank Pellow

In the 1980s and '90s, Margaret and I developed a strong friendship with Chum and Luba, spending a lot of time at each other's summer homes on Lake Pivabiska. As you will read in the Pellow story, all the buildings at Pellow's camp have been erected by teams of friends and family, headed first by my dad and then later, after the original cabin burned down, by me.

Chum was a young boy in the 1930s, but Dad and his fellow builders brought him along as a "go-fer." Chum witnessed the construction of all the buildings (old and new) on the island and helped me design and build the *Saunamökki* (sauna house). I remember well Chum's store of great stories and, in particular, the "old Indian tricks"



Chum -about 9

that he taught me as we worked together on jobs at each other's camps.



Chum helping to build sauna at Pellow's Camp
-1996

We could never tire of the stories told by Chum and Luba. This book would be richer if they were alive today to help write it. The other thing we could never tire of was their hospitality and the food that Luba plied us with. In particular, our whole extended family remembers well the blueberry pancakes and doughnuts that Luba loaded us up with, when we dropped in at their cabin each year for a final breakfast before heading back down south.

