

tion they rowed on, three miles, to Canada Lake where Dolge had a cottage for the summer months. Up in this wild country they pulled at the oars while herons flew overhead with their long prehistoric profiles; they heard the loon call its queer laughing shriek, and at night heard the owl ask its eternal question.

Fall was one of their favorite times. The Paisley colors spread over the mountains, and each morning white frost lay on the leaf cups where they had been plucked from the trees as though by a giant hand. The flaunting red of the sumach, the royalty of late purple asters, and the staunch brown of the oaks which kept their blankets long after the others had let theirs drop endeared the country to them. The Germans had a saying, "He wears an oak leaf on his shoulder," meaning he was a mighty man, much as the Greeks had their laurel wreaths.

A little old lady said of them, "They'd put up a platform and have their beer and dance any

place." Such was their joy of living, and they made a joyous place of their Adirondack paradise.

After a hotel was established at Canada Lake, probably the old Fulton House, there is a story of a German band which rowed up from Stewart Landing, instruments shining uniforms a-twinkle. A large amount of beer was taken on and in, and even schnapps at the hotel, and the return was sorry. Towed in a string of rowboats by steamer, the boats took on too much in their turn, and the band ended by bailing out water with their brass instruments.

We can believe that the ancient outdoor Teutonic religion, half forgotten but recalling forest alters, fathered the German love of Nature.

Few can look at the Adirondacks without wanting to be a part of them. Alfred Dolge was no exception. He wished to use, control and enjoy them. Some of his last really happy hours were spent under the spell of the witchery of the old great mountains.

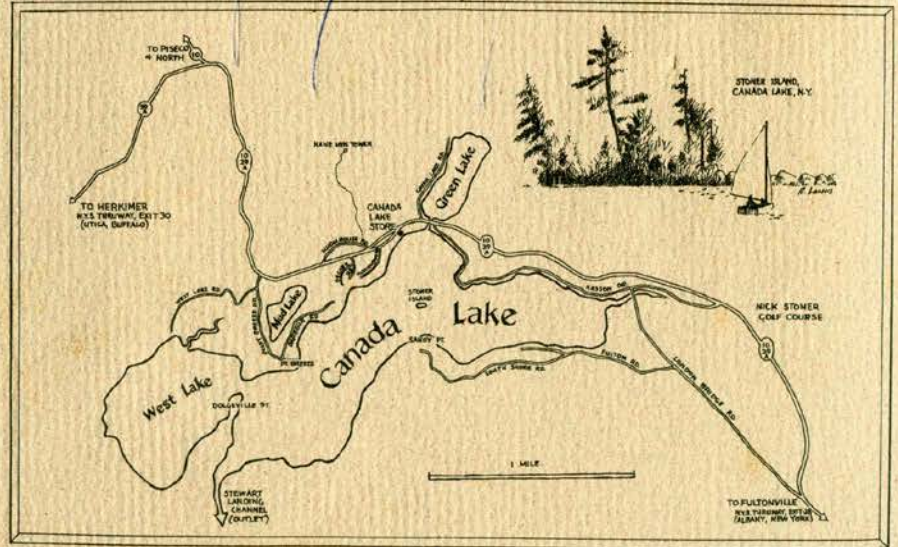


SUMMER 1968

BE AN ACTIVE MEMBER
of Your
 CANADA LAKES
 PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION

Help

MAKE IT HELP YOU!!



SCHEDULE OF EVENTS
Summer - 1968

- JULY**
- 3 - Fireworks display 9:00 P. M.
 - 3 - Flare lighting (on cannon signal) 9:30 P. M.
 - 5 - Rain date for fireworks and flare lighting
 - 13 - Annual C. L. P. A. Association meeting, in the school auditorium 8:00 P. M.
 - 25 - Luncheon and Card Party 12:30 P. M.
Nick Stoner Inn. Evelyn Loomis, Ann Kukla - Hostesses
- AUGUST**
- 3 - Young People's dance, school auditorium 8:00 P. M.
 - 4 - Water Ski Tournament for C. L. P. A. members 10:00 A. M.
 - 10 - Tentative C. L. P. A. Association meeting, in the school auditorium 8:00 P. M.
 - 11 - Rain date for Water Ski Tournament
 - 15 - Luncheon and Card Party, Nick Stoner Inn. Claire Mason, Nancy White - Hostesses 12:30 P. M.
- SEPTEMBER**
- 1 - Boat Parade 2:30 P. M.
 - 1 - Flare lighting (on cannon signal) 9:30 P. M.

COMMITTEES FOR 1968

1. Nominating: H. Steinkamp, R. Loomis, A. White
2. Echo: Mr. & Mrs. W. T. Ballard, Wm. Bates, J. Mason
3. Membership: H. Steinkamp, G. Theisen, P. Kukla
4. Bridge: Evelyn Loomis, Ann Kukla, Nancy White, Claire Mason
5. Water Skiing: J. Mason, A. White, J. Kasson, J. Casteldux, R. Jung, J. Kasson, Jr., Rick Juer
6. Sailing: W. Dunstan, W. Bates, J. Ryan
7. Boat Parade and Fireworks: A. Zipp
8. Young People's parties: R. Failing, J. Watkins
9. Flares: R. Loomis

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15 Union Ave., Slingerlands, N. Y. 12159
2nd Vice Pres. Arden Zipp
103 S. Main St., Dolgeville, N. Y. 13329
Secretary Mabel Kane
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Treasurer Paul Kukla Phone: 4676
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Alvan White Phone: 4560
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John Brower
6 Shady Lane, Albany, N. Y. 12203

PRESIDENT'S COLUMN

With the crash of breaking ice, accompanied by the sight of old barrels and pieces of Skeet Sliter's docks floating down the channel, Spring came early to Canada Lake this year. When the ice had left, the water was so low that, as Rick Dennie landed his beautiful Lake Amphibian and taxied to shore at our camp, we had to tear off shoes and socks and wade into ten-inch depth (which was less than warm) to keep the hull of the plane from hitting small rocks generally covered by five feet of water.

A few concerned phone calls to Mr. Harper of Dolgeville soon had the outlet gate closed; and Mother Nature promptly rendered the valuable assistance required to bring the water level up to the normal spring mark.

At this writing, several docks are in - earlier than usual - and the Lake appears ready to welcome you all to a fine summer of fun and games, skiing, boating, and just plain relaxing.

Producing the Echo this year required perhaps a bit more than the usual amount of effort in that the several enclosures, which we hope will be helpful, had to be arranged for and a package made up which would be as interesting and informational as possible.

Among the many people to whom we are all indebted for their kind and effective assistance are Phoebe and Tod Ballard for acting as Editors-in-chief, Margaret Widdemer for a lovely Lake poem, Bill Dunstan for compiling and presenting the sailing column, Eleanor Franz and Edgar Moore for special feature articles, and to our good and capable Vice President, Bill Bates, for taking the necessary time from his business to do the final assembling and mailing of the Echo package.

We also owe a big vote of thanks to Helen and Herb Steinkamp for devoting hours of their time each year for quite a number of years to handling our Association membership records, seeing to the required mailings, and caring for the distribution of reward cards. It would be of much help to Helen and Herb if we would all submit to them as soon as known the names of new residents who could and should be members of the Association.

You will note from the schedule of events that we plan to hold another water ski meet this year. The evident success of last year's meet was

demonstrated by the fun we all had and the good competition which developed in all age groups. Our 1968 meet will be strictly an amateur competition; and we do hope that this Summer all residents from seven to seventy who ski at all will enter the meet for the fun and good sportsmanship which it provides. Prizes and trophies will again be given to the winners. Both teenagers and adults who are willing to help put on the competition should contact me as soon as practicable.

In fact, wouldn't it be a great idea if we all got out and supported all our Association activities to the full this year; and if those of us who are interested in helping with particular activities would give our names to the chairman of the pertinent committees, so that we may all have an easier and more enjoyable summer program.

And so, with a prayer for two months (at least) of warm, sunny weather with good breezes on weekends, we wish you all the best and most fun-filled of summer seasons!

Sincerely,
Monty Mason

CHURCH SERVICES - July and August

Masses at St. Barbara's Chapel, Caroga Lake, will be held at 8 A. M., 9:15 A. M., 10:30 A. M., and noon, by Rev. Father Joseph Reger, At North Bush Methodist Church, services will be held at 10:30 A. M. by Rev. James Beatty. At Caroga Lake Evangelical Chapel, Rev. Walter Whitney will conduct services at 11:00 A. M., starting the last Sunday in June.

MISCELLANY

Our Supervisor, Emma Krouse, has a dream of collecting memorabilia of local historical interest in a room of a proposed County Historical Society, and hopes that others will take an active interest in the project.

Kenny Kull announces himself available for summer jobs . . . baby sitting, painting, you name it, he'll do it. Find him on Dolgeville Point.

Bears we have had recently, and now it's wolves . . . real timber beasts. Millie and Bruce Busch can show you color slides of the 85 pounder that was killed on the road at Caroga Lake last January. Mistaken by some folk as a pet dog, he was later identified by Albany authorities as the kind of pet Red Riding Hood knew all about.

WATER SAFETY

Members should find enclosed in the ECHO package this year a copy of the New York State Boating Regulations. Two items worthy of note are: first, the regulation which specifies that boats must maintain a maximum speed of only five miles an hour within one hundred feet of the shoreline, all docks and rafts and in all channels; and second, the regulation which indicates the equipment (including registration) which must be carried in each boat.

If residents will see that members of their families are made aware of and adhere to the State regulations we will have good, safe boating this summer and the Sheriff's patrol will have little to do.

SAILING - SAILING . . .

The 1968 sailing season will get underway with an all-skipper meeting at the Dunstan's on July 4 at 11 o'clock. This will be a very important meeting since RACING NUMBERS will be assigned and every skipper is urged to be present. The Race Committee, at its meeting last fall, decided that, in fairness to our starters (Saunders, et. al.) and the skippers themselves when the finish is close, racing numbers will be a MUST for 1968. These numbers will be made available by the Race Committee.

Trophies won during the 1967 season will be awarded at the first C. L. P. A. meeting in 1968, but those to be won during 1968 will be awarded at the end of the season, on Sunday, September 1, at 4 p. m. at Jack Ryan's dock. This will be the final get-together of the skippers for the season.

The Committee further decided that in all races other than the regular C. L. P. A. Trophy races, i. e., Fourth of July, Team, West Lake, and any other extra race, the boat will be sailed in a manner similar to that used in establishing its handicap.

Many other details of racing were discussed by the Committee but cannot be set forth here due to limited space. They will be on the agenda for our Skippers meeting.

Don't forget our dues. One Dollar a boat per year, payable at our opening meeting. If you did not pay in '67, you owe \$2 in '68.

Let's hope for kinder winds.

Race Committee
Bill Dunstan, Chairman
Bill Bates
Jack Ryan

SAILBOAT RACE WINNERS - 1967

Trophy	Skippers	
	Open Class	Sunfish
C. L. P. A. - 1st	White	Long, J.
C. L. P. A. - 2nd	Dean	Long, B.
C. L. P. A. - 3rd	Akers, M.	Loomis, D.
Canada Lake Store	White	Long, J.
Novice	Bachman	Loomis, R.
Team Race	Akers, M. &	Brown

RACING SCHEDULE - 1968

July 6	Store Trophy
13	C. L. P. A. Trophy
20	C. L. P. A. Trophy
27	Open
Aug. 3	C. L. P. A. Trophy
10	Bogart Trophy - team race
17	C. L. P. A. Trophy
24	C. L. P. A. Trophy
31	West Lake, or other

ECHOS

Bernard and Margaret Auerbach wintered in Lincoln, Nebraska, where he is a professor on the faculty of the University of Nebraska. Son Robert is also at the University, a teaching assistant while working for his PhD. in Chemistry. Margaret ducked the cold weather with a month of sun in Florida.

John E. Brower, son of the John D. Browsers, finished his sophomore year in Potsdam, N. Y., majoring in Mathematics.

John and Sue Berry expect daughter Jill to present them with a second grandchild around June-time. Son Jack, a Junior at University of Vermont, will spend his summer at ROTC Camp.

The Paul Benjamins' son Alan has moved with his family to Buffalo, where he is moving up with General Electric there. Michael Hoffman, of the same South Shore camp, who worked at the store last summer, has been pledged to Alpha Delta Psi at Colgate. Brother Peter plays with the Colby College hockey team, and older brother David is in the Army. Father Dr. David Hoffman is on the staff of Mayo Clinic of Rochester, Minn.

Busy Elsie and Ralph Carpenter write of son Larry, on active Navy duty in the Mediterranean while daughter-in-law Carole and new daughter wait; daughter Phyllis expecting a new Canada Lake rooster in April; younger daughter Cynthia studying Radiologic Technology in Albany. Yes, they'll have to enlarge the camp.

Bill & Sylvia Bates visited with friends in Spain during the month of May, returned home via Paris, London and Dublin. Mark graduated from the Albany Academy, will enter Nasson College, Springvale, Maine, this fall. Bill, Jr. has completed his sophomore year at the University of North Carolina. Both boys will be working at Kennebunkport, Maine this summer. Diane and Jeffrey will be vacationing at Canada Lake.

Arlene DeLuca, who taught four years at Wheelerville school, is now teaching in Oakland School, Gloversville. She says her daughter Deanna Marjorie married John T. Owens of Garden City, L. I., in January. Deanna is also teaching at Oakland School after teaching in the Head Start program in Boston. Her husband will graduate from Syracuse University, College of Law, in June. Arlene's son, David will graduate with John from Syracuse, in Law, and will join a law firm in Rochester in September. Father Carl, the Man Who Caught Fish in Canada Lake, died last July 7th of a heart attack.

Toni Dwiggins, daughter of Don and Sue Dwiggins, will marry Charles Williams of Saratoga, California, Sept. 15th. Both are now students at University of California at Santa Barbara.

James M. Failing and wife Mary are expecting a baby in September. Hazel and Bob Failing, Jr., and family moved into their newly renovated home in St. Johnsville in January.

David Fear won the Catholic League Heavy-weight Wrestling Championship of Chicago. He was 14-0 for the season. The Fears will miss much of the lake this year, spending their summer at Mr. Fear's hotels in Puerto Rico and Anuba.

The Eugene Finks will spend their first summer in their own camp on the south shore. Welcome to the clan, peoples.

The Robert Fogel family is catching the bug: They bought a snowmobile and brought it to the lake several times to try the ice fishing. Now they are talking about a year-round home on Canada Lake.

Dr. and Mrs. Bernard Feldstein and daughter Miriam, a junior at Utica College, spent a mid-winter vacation on a cruise to the West Indies.

Paul Franz, son of Si and Dotty Franz, passed his engineering training course for Pan Am at the head of his class. A real high flier.

A daughter, Alison Fisher Smith, was born Feb. 18th to Mr. and Mrs. Hubbard M. Smith. Mrs. Smith is the former Linda Fisher, daughter of the Allen Fishers of Canada Lake.

Rick Juer, son of Jean and Fred Juer, West Lake, graduates this June from Phillips Academy, Andover, Mass. He has been accepted at Stanford University, Palo Alto, for the fall term.

The John Kasson family says: Sheila, (Mrs. C. Victor Sammons) expects her second child in June, hopefully a boy. Burt is doing great at Nichols Business College. John, Jr. graduates from Gloversville High this spring. He is currently track Captain and will attend Babson Business College come fall.

The Walter R. Kurgans of Canada Lake and Whitesboro, N. Y. expect his family from Florida as guests in their Little Swiss Chalet.

Anne Loomis, daughter of Russel F. Loomis, will attend Canton Agricultural and Technological College in September, pursuing a course in Nursery Education. Brother Richard is working with the Government in Washington, D. C.

Dorothy Dury Lunden writes that son Bob is working with I. B. M. in Albany, skiing on weekends. The Lundens, wintering in Lake Worth, Florida, hardly knew the difference between north and south, with the Stokes, Moelks, Kuklas for neighbors and a host of vacationers from Fulton County.

Geneva and Henry Martin of Otter Lake ducked the cold weather in Dallas, Texas and a tour of South American cities. Best, they say, were the Inca ruins at Machu Piccu in Peru, and Rio de Janeiro.

The Monte Masons' son, David, spent last summer on a six weeks Foreign Language League tour which included France and Switzerland. On completing his freshman year at University of New Hampshire he will go with another League tour to Russia, Poland, Czechoslovakia et al. Before he leaves in July Monte hopes to get David into a few races at the lake. Daughter Joann has been working in and enjoying Boston for the past two years.

From the Carl and Loretta Nehrs: Son Lance graduates from Clarkson College this June and will be working in Norwalk, Conn. Geoffrey is in the Navy, training as a jet mechanic in Memphis. Christine has been accepted at Mt. Elda Junior College in Newton, Mass.

MRS. FRANK ENGEL, ONE OF THE REAL OLD TIMERS, CELEBRATED HER 99th BIRTHDAY IN MARCH. Hats off to a very grand lady.

Bud, June, Dorothy, Minot and Kip Osborn, who have been wintering in Deerfield Beach, Florida are returning to Canada Lake on July 3 -- Welcome back.

Helen Powell tells us that Morris ... Cdr. Wm. Morris Place, is Weapons Officer aboard the Carrier Ticonderoga, out in the Pacific, supervising the whole weapons division of the ship.

The W. Arnold Petries' are first-time grandparents. Daughter Mrs. Robert A. Davis and husband present Master Parker Arnold Davis, born Jan. 13th in Little Falls. Dr. H. F. Buckbee, attending, also delivered the mother, Jane Ann. The family lives in Peru, Vt. Daughter Nancy Ellen, a St. Lawrence University graduate, now lives in Cambridge, Mass. and works as a psychologist in Wrentham State Hospital.

Chris Rohrs is finishing his freshman year at Notre Dame and can't wait to get back to the lake. Judy Rohrs Donnelly had a little girl, Jeanne Marie, in January.

Jeff Reed writes that the lake had the coldest winter in many, many years.

OUR FIRST FOURTH-OF-JULY BABY: Yvonne, born to Dot and Charlie Sterrett's son Charles and his wife Josiann last summer. ... is also Dot and Charlie's first grandchild. Fireworks indeed. Daughter Dorothy, a graduate of Adelphi University, N. Y., is teaching at Sewanhaka High in Floral Park, N. Y., and taking her Masters in Guidance at C. W. Post College. Charlie Sterrett himself is co-ordinating Guidance Counselor for the Sewanhaka High district for Vocational and Technical Training. Like the rest of us, the Sterretts spend their "vacations" working on their camp.

Rosemary and Bill Schreivogl had a hard winter. Son Andy spent part of October in Johnstown Hospital. Rosemary did her time there in January and Bill underwent major surgery in Albany in February. Appropriately, Daughter Kathy completed her course in Medical Technology at Fulton County Lab in April. Hope everybody is well by now.

Scott Stahler, son of the Otto Stahlers, North Shore Canada Lake, is a 4th Class Midshipman at U. S. Naval Academy. Mr. and Mrs. Stahler had the pleasure of watching Navy whip Army in last fall's game. Older son Craig spent his March vacation with his Aunt in Fort Lauderdale.

Eileen and Phil Supcoff, new owners of the Samuels' camp, joined the south-bounders with a vacation in San Juan, Puerto Rico and happily missed the oil disaster of February.

Marie and Skeet Sliter wintered in Mt. Dora, Fla., swapping visits with Anne and Varnum Harris in Sarasota, and Peg and Len Hidde, next door. A Dodgeville ex-patriate party drew some seventy guests down that a-way. Sliters bought a winter home in Mt. Dora, but all the same they were back at the lake April 12th, the day the ice went out.

The A. D. Tevebaughs' expect to make the lake this year. Last summer was busy with the wedding of daughter Jean and Ronald Ehmsen, who then moved to Bridgeton, Mo., where Ronald works with the McDonald, Douglas Company. Daughter Joyce is a graduate assistant in teaching Chemistry at U. of California at Berkeley. Joyce graduated with honors from U. of Wisconsin last June; Jean from Purdue last January.

Jerry and Ethel Thaisen, of West Lake, adopted a baby in January.

Cindy and Tom Willard and son, (in January) E. Thomas Willard, have moved to Johnstown where Tom is doing market research for a manufacturer. They now hope to spend more time at the lake.

Margaret Widdemer's new Gothic novel, RED CASTLE WOMEN, will be brought out by Doubleday in late August. Besides finishing this book, Margaret had her hands full as a judge of the Poetry Society of America, with two other victims. The three had 87 volumes to read!

Larry Wilbur is flying jets for the Air Force, currently way down in Texas.

The Arthur Yuengers' report that son Dan spent the whole winter at Canada Lake, fishing Lily and West lakes with his new snowmobile. Sister Mrs. Barbara Michaels, her husband Charlie and their children Francine and Billie visited in below zero weather and insist the camp was comfortably warm. All young, of course.

YESTERDAY LIVES

"Yep, son, this is the cave where them Indians used to meet for their pow wow—kind of a climb up here ain't it—but we'll have to wait a bit till the moon gets to shimmerin' on the water and I get my pipe goin', and I'll tell you about some of them days.

The moon is comin' up full now, and take a look at that lake. Maybe we oughta get a little campfire agoin'. Seems like things come back more clearer when you're a listenin' to the wood crackin' and watch through that smoke curlin' up.

You see right down there where the store marianna is—well that's where them Indians used to camp when they was here gettin' fish and game for winter food. Get some view from this cave don't you—Nick Stoner Island—that's where Chief Ongowanda of the Mohawks used to come and judge which of the braves could match his catch in a certain time. The prize was his own canoe so you can figure a lot of braves was doin' a lot of fishin'.

Legend says a young chief of the Hurons, Chief Aughstagradi, was a pretty slick fisherman, and he set himself to get that canoe. Well sir, you know when he got through fishin' and paddled his canoe to the island and showed the chief his catch of trout and bass that Chief was so overcome he up and gave what's his name the hull chain of these lakes and all the land around.

But we ain't here to talk about Indians—Lord no—you want to hear about me and 1900 growing up together. Right down below us used to be the sawmill—run year 'round. Lot of logs went through that mill, and the one before it which burned down. You see this Dury Land & Lumber Co. had camps all round here—Green Lake, In-

dian Lake Stream, Eastman Lake, Sheeley Mt. Men from these camps would cut logs in fall, some come in to the mill by sleigh, some were floated up the lake to the mill. Chris Groshan, he lives up Pine Lake way and is headin' for his 91st summer. Well Chris he fired the boiler and pulled the whistle cord for startin' and quittin' time. Chris was there when they had to rebuild the saw mill after the first one burned down. He says some of the machinery was hard to reassemble on account of the markings being scaled off from the fire, but they got her goin' again.

Where was the mill? Well you see them houses twixt the store and Green Lake Bridge—'bout in there. In fact some of the old road can still be seen. A bridge was built over the road for the tram that carried the lumber, and then 'twas piled there. Then right out in front of the mill and down by the waters edge was the sawdust pile and the slab wood which come from the saws. This slab wood was brought from the saw on a conveyor belt and dumped in a big pile. Everybody had more wood than they wanted—peers like you might say there was wood to burn, and that's just what happened.

All the time that mill was a burnin' that wood was a burnin'. Folks always kinda figured 'twas sparks from the burnin' wood which set the first mill on fire. This is kinda hard to believe, but you know that sawdust is still comin' in by the old shore road, and that mill ain't run now in over 30 years. When the new road was put through the store was moved across the road, so about where the new road runs is where the store, and boardin' house used to be.

On the far end Chris had a barber shop which he operated between mill runnin'. Come night time and when the mill hands gathered in that barber shop you heard plenty of things, boy. Some might dare repeatin', and others mightn't. Chris, he drove the big steamer round the lake one summer—there was sight seein' tours, and for 75¢ you could ride 'round the lake and then on down to Stewart's Landing Dam.

Stewart's Landin' Dam? No, that big dam there now was built by the power company. The old dam was up this way from there, maybe 1/4 to 1/2 mile. A further up from there is where the Fulton House steamer picked up passengers that had come from Dolgeville and down the line to spend a vacation at one of these lakes. But you see that big house next to the store—the Luzier cottage. That's where the foreman lived. He was in charge of the lumberjacks in the woods, and the men in the mill. Then next to that, the former Menge cottage, that was the Dury Co. office.

That golf house where your dad goes golfin' used to be where we had square dances Wednesday and Saturday night. Some come by hay ride, some by wagon, some afoot, but we all made it somehow. Boy, did we have a time—Chris, he used to do most of the callin' for the square sets. Some of them that went ain't around no more, nor their families, and some be.

Some of the names come back to me—Dwiggins (Chris said one night 'Dwig' come in and said 'stand there Chris and let me draw you'. Dwig, seems like was always drawin' pictures and givin' them away, besides the ones he drew and sold. Well to get on, there was the Sarkas, Williams, Mrs. O'Dell, Grahams, McMartins, Harry and

Louis Faville, Dr. Johnson, Nate Hawley, Stanleys, Bransons, Rachael Wells, Tony Beekman, just to mention a few. Of course there was the guests too from the Fulton House and Allen House. The mill hands come as long as they behaved themselves, and as a general rule they were mostly on their good behavior.

One night Paul Branson and Charles Sarka they got up a masquerade. Boy, wish you could have been there, the old rafters rung that night. One might say the people then and now has gone from four to fore. The signal to get things in motion was the caller's 'four more couple'. Now when the fellers leave and start hittin' that white ball and a callin' 'fore' that's a signal for them that hears to start scramblin'. Gertie Rathburn used to play the piano and then there was a fiddler. 'Somethin' 'bout that music sure gets a fellows foot to tappin'. Used to be kerosine chandeliers for light and Gertie, she used to see that the chimneys was kept clean and reservoirs filled with kerosine. The dances stopped at midnight, and there was no puttin' away 'bout that. The mothers was there lookin' out for their kids, and if the music went one minute past midnight they was right on to the floor and gettin' their kids home.

Guess about there is a good place for us to put out the fire—must be late, even my pipe is smoked out—and mebbe we can have another meetin' again. Seems like this little talkin' tonight is like all yesterdays—pretty hard to stop and pretty hard to forget, ain't they?

Edgar E. Moore

My special thanks to Mrs. O'Dell, Chris Groshan and The Aughstagradi, A Tale of the Auskeradas.

PRIZE

by

Margaret Widdemer

I swam a sparkling mile
Through the glass lake
Where I saw a lily shine
Just now at daybreak;
But when I reached the leaves
For the thing of white
It was only a feather dropped
In a wild duck's flight.

I have no broken flower
Captured and dying—
But I have a dream of a bird
Flying—flying!

—From her volume of verses,
DARK CAVALIER.

LITTLE FALLS, N. Y.

Tale of Nine Cornered Lake

Strange Story of Tragedy in Remote
Part of Fulton County Told in
Writings of Former Dolgeville,
St. Johnsville Man

There's a weird, nearly forgotten tale about Nine Cornered lake, a remote body of water in Fulton county. The story was written down, and preserved, by the late Ray Hillabrandt, former resident of Dolgeville and the town of St. Johnsville, who once operated a boat on Canada lake. The story is that which in turn was handed down to him.

Nine Cornered lake is located in dense woods, about two miles north of the Stratford-Pine lake road, from a point about a mile west of Pine lake. It was visited a couple of years ago by the Tramp and Trail club, then active in this city.

The story, as written by Mr. Hillabrandt, follows:

Nine Cornered lake is the rather curious name given to one of the most wildly picturesque little lakes in the lower Adirondacks. It is very irregular and peculiar in outline, being really made up of nine small bays or corners, seemingly thrown together without rule or order, hence the name it bears. Save for the old ruins of a lumberman's dam at the outlet, no sign of civilization mars its natural beauty, and the forest that mantles the rocky hills about it comes down to the water's edge on all sides, except in some few places where it ends on the top of gray granite cliffs, whose bases may be seen deep beneath the limpid water, and whose smooth walls rear themselves upward as straight and perpendicular as the line of a plummet.

Like many others of these mountain lakes it has its tragic story, dating from the days when the lumberman was devoting all his energies to the destruction of nature's handiwork; and which was told by an old fellow, an ex-lumberman and semi-hermit, who clung to the region long after all activity in his vocation had left it.

Close beside the roadway as one journeys towards Pine lake, in a

hollow, is a small spring, on whose mossy edges the passer-by oft stops to quench his thirst with its clear water, and the teamster regularly stops to water his horses. On the sloping ground to the right of the road and south of the spring, are the remains of a small clearing, now grown up with tall blackberry bushes and the other small shrubbery that always so quickly strives to blot out all evidence of occupancy by man. Few notice the spot, and still fewer know that here a house once stood, the rude walls of which sheltered as hardy and tough a lot of men as ever wielded dull spud, swung the glittering axe, or dragged the singing saw.

An Adirondack Storm

In the early days of lumbering in this section a man named Sweet kept "shanty" here. His boarders were of several different nationalities, among them being a number of French Canadians, eleven of whom were engaged on a "bark peeling job" near the head of Nine Cornered lake, about two miles to the westward. They were a jolly, good-natured lot, and the merriest of them all were two brothers, Jacques, Frank La Feare. Late one afternoon in early June a severe thunder storm came suddenly from the west, accompanied by hard rain and a wind that brought to the ground many an old monarch of the forest. Little thinking how sadly true a prophet he was "Old Man Sweet" remarked, "I reckon the Canucks will get wet today." That evening the Frenchman failed to return at their usual hour, but no great concern was felt, as it was thought likely that the hardy fellows had hastily constructed a shelter for themselves, and would be along soon as the fury of the storm had abated. The storm passed, night wore on, morning came, but no Frenchmen. Now alarmed, at daybreak a search party started out. As the nature delighted in contrasts, the morning dawned beautifully clear and bright, and the elements seemed as if at rest after turbulent strife of the previous day. Urged on by their forebodings, the party soon passed over the rough trail leading to the lake. As helling brought no response, they started around the rocky shore towards where the "job" was, but hardly had they made a third of the distance when their fears were increased by finding the rude boat which the Frenchmen used in crossing the lake, jammed between some rocks on one of the many rocky

points, with a hole broken in the bottom. Tho it was at height of the black fly and punkle season, one of the party promptly divested himself of his shirt and, making a wad of it, plugged the hole sufficiently to allow them to use it. Using poles as paddles they slowly worked the clumsy craft in the direction from which they calculated the storm of the previous evening would have drifted the over-turned boat.

Bodies Found on Lake Bottom

Only a short distance from shore one of the men who were watching the bottom thro the clear water, gave a horrified start, and pointing excitedly downward exclaimed, "My God, there's one of 'em." And then their worst fears were realized. So the sorrowful search went on until the bodies of the whole unfortunate eleven were recovered from the bottom of the lake and were reverently laid on shore under the shade of the trees. Evidently the boat had been capsized near the middle of the lake. Some of the poor unfortunates had sunk at once, while others had succeeded in catching hold of the boat only to drift a little ways and then be washed off to meet death in their turn. The two brothers were found together, holding to each other. Even for the hardened woodsmen it was a hot and horrible job to get the bodies down to the shanty, and the sun sank in the west as they carried the last one thro the door. The horror of that day seemed to stay with the keeper of the shanty all the rest of his life, for, long after, in recounting the tale he shivered as he exclaimed, "Just think of it, eleven dead men all on that shanty floor, all at one time!"

But human life was none too highly regarded among the shifting population of the lumber camps, and by midsummer the melancholy catastrophe was spoken of but rarely and as something long past.

The Ghosts on the Lake.

Late in August two eager hunters, lured on by the excitement of the chase, found themselves in that rough country far to the west of Nine Cornered lake, with the sun to the lake and started on the trail leading along the shore. They had made about half the length of the lake and were on a bluff which overlooks it, when the storm burst upon them and darkness fell. Crash succeeded flash in awful rapidity, and getting low, while occasional mutterings and rumblings in the south-west warned them of the approach

of a storm. Reluctantly giving up the hunt they started to retrace their steps, and once started for camp they made all possible haste; but daylight was going as they came out the rain came down in torrents. Suddenly one man exclaimed, "Look! Jim, look there!" Startled by his tone, the other turned quickly around, and by the light of the last flash saw his companion with arm extended toward the middle of the lake. Both stood staring into the darkness, when for a moment the scene was again lighted by the sharp lightning, and they saw a boat full of men overturned and the unfortunates struggling in the wild water. One exclaimed, "Great God, the Frenchmen". Inky darkness followed the blinding light and, seeming rooted to the spot, with hair on end and eyes starting from their heads, the horrified men stood staring into the blackness, when another flash came and revealed to their frightened vision nothing but the wild, tossing waves. Frightened out of all reason, they started on a wild race for the shanty; tripping and falling headlong over roots and stones, running into brush, tree trunks and each other, slapped in faces and eyes by bushes and low hanging limbs, with labored breath and many a gasp and sob, they at last reached the shanty; and hatless, breathless, bleeding from many a scratch on hands and faces, clothing rent and torn, they burst open the door and fell exhausted on the floor.

Startled by their abrupt entrance and disordered appearance, the other men started to their feet and crowded about them, asking, "What's the matter? What's happened?" After a little the hunters recovered their breath and with it in a measure their reason, they narrated their experience. Some of the listeners looked incredulous and sarcastically inquired as to what they had been drinking. Others looked grave and said nothing, while the Frenchmen present crossed themselves and looked uneasy. Nevertheless, after that day even the most skeptical among them never hailed with joy the prospect of being at the lake after dark, while the Frenchmen ever after held the place in fearful dread.

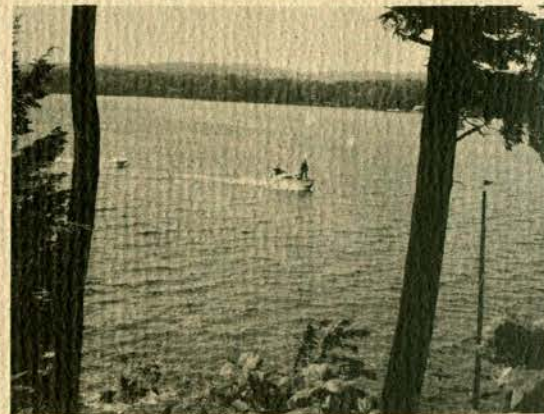
So it comes that this beautiful little lake, tho easy of access, is visited by few, and the wild deer and bears that roam in the woods about it, and the fish that swim in its sparkling waters, are but little disturbed by man.



Bill Dunstan presenting sailboat trophies at 1967 C. L. P. A. Meeting.



Trophy winners first annual skiing meet Summer 1967



Arden Zipp leading the boat parade. September 1967

EARLY DAYS
by Eleanor W. Franz

"When the witch hopple blossoms, spring has come," they say. Did he see the Canada Lakes then when the white nosegays decorated the shores, or when the pinxter spread its unbelievable color upon them? At any rate his vision of them was clearer than that of the millionaires who were joyously exploring the Adirondacks in the rustic simplicity of their private railroad cars.

John Breckwold's camp stood on a point between East and West Canada lakes, surveying both, and catching the sunrise and sunset equally over the bemusing glimmers of the waters.

On the wide porch sat four men playing cards: John, Lou Snell, Alfred Dolge and another whose name is forgotten. At the end of a hand Alfred stood up to stretch, lighted a cigar and looked at the magnificent expanse of one of the most stunning of the Adirondack lakes. He said quietly, "Boys, I've just bought the Canada Lakes."

It did not surprise the other men.

In 1876 when Dolge had built a second factory for the manufacture of sounding boards, he had purchased over 18,000 acres of Adirondack land and built three sawmills: at Otter Lake, Port Leydon, and Leipzig. By 1896 he owned over 40,000 acres including the land around the five Canada lakes. He planned to build a new dam at Stewart Landing which would raise the water in the chain of lakes several feet. This would form a great reservoir to feed the East Canada River, and then power could be produced the year round. Enough to operate the machinery in a city of 30,000.

In addition, there was to be a real estate development. A prospectus was published in 1897 by the Auskerada Park Club and sent to selected names, describing the five lakes; East Lake (now Canada), West Lake, Center Lake (now Pleasant), North Lake (now Green), and South Lake (now Lily). It also mentioned Nigger Lake (now Negro). In glowing terms it described the fish and game and the healthful aspects of belonging to this proposed private club. The club was to be limited to 500 shares, and the purchase of a share was to be required to buy one lake front lot. "The purpose of the organizers - to accept as members none but a class of gentlemen whose reputations are beyond question: business and professional men of influence and standing". Chief income was to come from the timber from the 4,600 acres on which they held option. It was suggested that the lakes were very easy of approach from the Little Falls and Dolgeville Railroad, following which there was a ten mile drive to the Outlet, whence a steamer would take one up the lake to the Auskerada Hotel or the Kanaughta House at the extreme eastern end. The brochure stated that a party of gentlemen had bought the land, one of whom conceived the idea of buying the Park, which one it was is left in doubt. However, the chief forester was to be Mr. George Seidel, an expert and graduate of the best European school of forestry. Two maps were included of the general location and of the lakes themselves. William R. Blood was named as Corresponding Secretary at 28 East 23rd Street, New York City.

An Indian story is thrown in for good measure, concerning Ongowanda, a Mohawk chief who lived on Pine Island in East Lake. The Auskerada Lakes, waters of many fishes, flow into a river going to the Mohawk. Aughstragradi, chief of the Hurons, is given the lakes for catching most fish in a contest.

Finally, the prospectus included one short description which lingers with the reader. "Not the least beautiful feature of these lakes are the shores that surround them, sloping gently upwards from the waters' edge, covered with acres of pinxters. These bushes are covered with a profusion of blooms, varying in color from the most delicate shade of pink to the deepest carmine. Against the background of green and brown the effect is marvelously pretty."

While the park idea failed, many of the Germans in Dolge's businesses did buy cottage lots upon the lakes.

Alfred Dolge himself was fascinated by the forests for commercial reasons and also because being a German he was steeped in the lore of forestry. "Forestry has always been with me a very delightful study. Even before I became interested in the lumber business, the wholesale destruction of the forests by lumbermen and tanners caused me great regret," he wrote. "This indiscriminate and wanton cutting of timber is no more nor less than a public calamity."

When his views were sought out by Verplank Colvin, Superintendent of the Adirondack Survey in 1883, he replied that he did not champion state ownership of the Adirondacks, but rather a planned private harvesting similar to Germany's but not quite so completely controlled. He had hired a trained "Ober Forester", a graduate of the Tharandt Forest Academy. Following his advice after he had studied the forest, climate and soil, Dolge cut only mature trees and directed that the top branches be burned during the winter to prevent forest fires. He advocated "preservation of the forests of the Adirondack region as a source of water supply for the Hudson and other streams of the eastern and northern sections of this state." He also urged that trees not be cut by streams and that only "ripe" trees be cut.

Dolge in 1884 thought many more railroads ought to be constructed to give access to the lumber. He could not possibly foresee our network of roads and the ease of access by automobile.

Timber thieves tormented him by cutting fiddle butts, the best part of the trees. "Leaving the balance, after cutting, to dry up and rot in the woods, thus furnishing fuel for the devouring element."

While Dolge remarked that we could not utilize pauper labor in the forests as did Germany and Austria, he recommended that the state carefully and seriously enforce laws against stealing timber. Some of the fiddle butts came from virgin timber, which no longer stands in the accessible Adirondacks. Some of the thieves stole the butts from Dolge's own land and sold them to his own factories.

One of the men near Bungtown was quite a character. His name was Petie, and he lived

alone. His clothing was unusual as he wore a cap which went to a peak and flaunted a bit of red flannel on top. He sewed the patches on his clothes with white thread. People remembered him. Also Petie had trained his horse to draw out a fiddle butt by itself.

Dolge put a German named Julius to watch the suspected thievery. Along came the horse. Sometime later along came Petie. The German jumped up and yelled, "Ach, Petie, now I've got you."

Petie in turn jumped in a brush heap beside the trail and shouted and acted completely wild. The German tore as fast as he could to Dolge to tell him there was a crazy man in the woods.

Another north country story concerned this same Petie, who at the time was living at Grey on Bull Hill. Once a week he went to Little Falls, and one time he saw a basket of clams on the floor of a store.

"What be those?" he asked.

"Those are clams."

Petie picked one up and chewed on it. "These're good, ain't they," he said, "How much'll you charge for all I can eat?"

"You can have all you can eat for ten cents," was the reply.

Petie whipped out a knife, and before he was through shucking they had to stop him from eating.

Bungtown itself had a song composed about it:

Way up on East Canada Creek
In the Place they call Bungtown
Where the boys all congregate
To haul the spruce logs down.

Old Heimie was our boss
And ofttimes wore a frown.
"You'll have to haul more logs
Or your wages we'll cut down."

On the whole the Germans adjusted perfectly to the rugged climate and the forest country in which they found themselves. Dolge gave them many celebrations. One of the longest remembered was the Christening of Leipsic, in honor of the birthplace of Alfred Dolge. The little town was in the northern part of Salisbury. A truck loaded with kegs of lager and drawn by a big, prancing team was a part of the cavalcade of visitors to the village one hot Sunday in August. In an open air amphitheater was a band, and the crowd sang German songs and listened to German oratory. "To the klinking of beer steins the village was named Leipsic." Many were the toasts.

Julius Lintz, a German trained forester, lived here in a special house built for him, and was in charge of operations.

There were other sawmills at Otter Lake and Port Leydon, and a steam sawmill in northern Salisbury. "A small army of men cut the trees into four-foot wood, which was dried and drawn by teams in winter to feed the boilers of the Dolge mills at Brookett's Bridge. Houses were built and soon there was a thriving village way back in the solid forest. A gravity railroad, with flanged wheels running on poles in place of iron rails, drew out from this region hundreds of thousands

of logs. Millions of feet of lumber were stacked up to season and later be drawn to the sounding board mill or to market by a long string of teams.

Fine native woods, ash, cherry, oak, rock maple and walnut were needed for piano mouldings and also rosewood and mahogany, imported. Six big molding machines worked automatically and 4,000 knives were used for some of the patterns. Lumber was needed for sounding boards, piano cases, autoharp cases, houses, factories, and wood for fuel.

By 1891 Dolge said, "The total destruction of the Leipsic sawmill by fire last year, following so closely after the burning of the Bungtown mill, seems to point to the advisability of concentrating the entire lumber business, sawmills and all, at Dolgeville."

Julius Breckwoldt was for many years in charge of this lumber business and also of the sounding boards. In 1897 Dolge said, "Our old friend Julius Breckwoldt, with his characteristic shrewdness, secured for himself the profitable business of sounding boards, etc. I was glad to be able to reward his faithful services of nearly twenty years, by turning over to him a branch of our business in which I had always taken the greatest pride."

And so that was almost the end of Dolge's personal interest in the lumber business. The effect of the northern wilderness living on his family and his own life was deep, however.

Anna loved growing things and planted trees with her own hands in rows behind the mansion one summer. She directed the workers in planting them also in slack times. The five Dolge boys were brought up to love nature and to live a simple life only one step removed from real hardship. They slept at the top of the mansion in cold, bare rooms, for their father wished them to be little men. Ernst, who went to a military school at Cornell, returned on one of those sharply cruel winter nights of 30 to 36 degrees below in an open sleigh, accompanied by two servants behind "Old Bob". He said if his father often walked to Little Falls he could stand the drive.

His father did often walk, twice a week while he was building the business. He usually went by sleeper to save time, and as he arrived in Little Falls from New York at three or four in the morning, had to walk rather than hire an expensive private rig. He sometimes trudged over the eight miles in bitter cold, dark winter cold, through snowbanks which towered over his head. Finally when he could afford to ride he bought his own conveyance and a coachman met him with a sleigh in winter.

Dolge loved the country as did all the Germans. They hunted, and their wives made sauerbraten of the venison and cooked the bear roasts. They enjoyed winter, building a toboggan and forming a skating club. There was a little of the old forest worship in all of them.

In the summer the house was filled with guests, many from New York. They were taken by Alfred to Stewart Landing by coach over corduroy road. This area was the Nine Mile Woods, and met a Johnstown road used in Colonial times and later as a military road to Johnstown. From this junc-