

BOAT SAFETY REMINDERS

Be sure that you have a boat cushion for each person on board at all times.

Use running lights after sunset.

The speed limit within 100' of shore, decks, rafts, floats, or anchored boats is 5 m.p.h.

Beware of B.W.I. (Boating While Intoxicated)

Be on the look out for floating logs, boards, etc.

Waterskiing is prohibited from sunset to one hour after sunrise.

Remember to have an observer 10 years of age or older when touring a water skier.

PROTECT YOURSELF AND OTHERS BY ABIDING BY BOAT SAFETY RULES.

PLEASE HAVE A SAFE SUMMER!

BE AN ACTIVE MEMBER

of Your

CANADA LAKES
PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION



Help

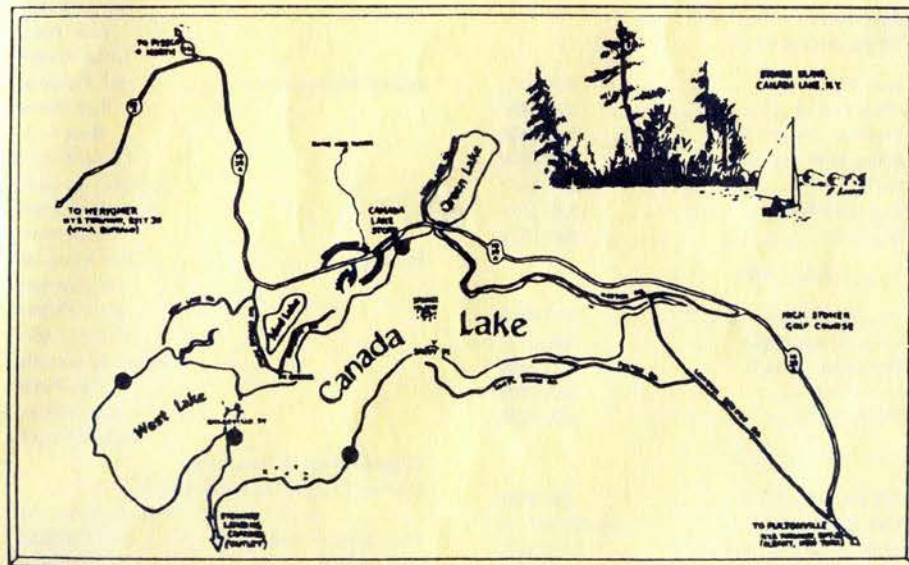
MAKE IT HELP YOU!!



W PECK



SUMMER 1991



x's on map indicate approximate location of rock hazards in lake.
Caution is advised when boating in the vicinity of any indicated hazard.
●'s on map indicate location of fire pumps.

SCHEDULE OF EVENTS

SUMMER 1991

JUNE:

- 24 CLPA Directors Meeting 9:30 am
Lefebvre's Camp

JULY:

- 5 Flare Lighting (Friday) 9:30 pm
13 CLPA Annual Meeting 8:00 pm
Wheelerville School
17 Luncheon & Card Party 12 noon
The Outlet
27 Relay Race & 3rd Annual CLPA Picnic
(Rain Date: Sunday July 28)

AUGUST:

- 10 CLPA Director's Meeting 9:30 am
Location To Be Announced
31 Flare Lighting (Saturday) 9:00 pm

*The following is the slate of Officers
for the 1991 season.*

President..... Dick LeFebvre
Lake Management VP..... Lane Franz
Activities Coordinator... Diana Leaf Kessler
Michael Porter
Secretary..... Lois Miller
Treasurer..... Rick Fink

Directors:

Terms Ending 1991

Jane Davis..... 835-3707
Allan Farber..... 835-3407
David A. Fisher, Jr..... 835-4404
Diana Leaf Kessler..... 835-6454
Parks Landis..... 835-6054
Dick LeFebvre..... 835-3874
Bill Peck..... 835-6879

Terms Ending 1992:

David Hoffman..... 835-6056
Emily Langworthy..... 835-2173
Dorothea Loomis..... 835-3886
Lois Miller..... 835-6703
Michael Porter..... 835-8298

Terms Ending 1993:

Bill Fielding..... 835-6069
Rick Fink..... 835-6059/2479
Lane Franz..... 835-6050
Brian McIntosh..... 773-2737
Tim Mitchell..... 835-6694
Alan Peck
Bill Place..... 835-4453

1991 COMMITTEES

Lake Management..... Lane Franz
Safety..... Dick LeFebvre

Brian McIntosh
Paul Kukla
Parks Landis
Emily Langworthy
Harry McIntosh

Water Level..... Bill Fielding
Emily Langworthy

Tim Mitchell
Bob Petrie

Water Purity..... Bill Place

John Brower
Howard Fiedler
Bill Fielding
Rick Fink
Parks Landis

Emily Langworthy
Harry McIntosh
Bud Osborne
Alan Peck
Bill Peck

Environment & Ecology..... David Hoffman
Bill Fielding Rick Fink

Lane Franz
Dick LeFebvre
Tim Mitchell
Alan Peck
Mike Porter

Island Maintenance..... Bill Fielding

Tori Davis
Rick Fink
David Fisher
Dorothea Loomis
Brian McIntosh
Alan Peck

Fishing..... Tim Mitchell

Jim Cannon
Bill Fielding
Parks Landis
Dorothea Loomis
Alan Peck
Mike Porter
Dan Yuenger

Organization & Promotion

Liaison To Assn. Outside CLPA

..... Emily Langworthy

Fire Dept. Coordinator..... Bill Fielding

Fire Safety..... Bill Fielding

Rick Fink
Paul Franz
Emily Langworthy
Diana Leaf Kessler
Tim Mitchell
Alan Peck

Publicity..... Emily Langworthy

Allan Farber
Dave Fisher
Dorothea Loomis

Nominating..... Alan Peck
Paul Franz

Emily Langworthy
Nancy Long Loomis
Tim Mitchell

Legal..... Diana Leaf Kessler

David Jung
Lowell Halverson
Lydon Maider

Membership..... Doris McIntosh

Activities Coordinator..... Jane Davis

Jane Davis
Allan Farber
Rick Fink
David Fisher
Lane Franz

Lake Activities..... Jane Davis

Diana Leaf Kessler
Emily Langworthy
Lois Miller

Flare..... Rick Fink

Michael Porter
Rick Fink
Diana Leaf Kessler
Fritz Aldinger
Jennifer Egan

Heather Fielding
Merryn Fielding
Erin Mitchell
Michael Mitchell

Kim Ward
Luke Yuenger

Echo..... Emily Langworthy

Sailing..... Dave Fisher
Allan Farber

Lane Franz
Dick LeFebvre
Dick Loomis
Dorothea Loomis
Courtney Young, Jr.

Card Party..... Emily Langworthy

Kate Farber
Lane Franz
Barbara Leaf
Gay LeFebvre
Sue Mitchell
Dorothea Loomis

Winter Emergency..... Bill Fielding

Nancy White
Dorothea Loomis
Brian McIntosh
Harry McIntosh
Tim Mitchell
Alan Peck

**PLEASE DRIVE CAUTIOUSLY &
SLOWLY WHEN DRIVING ON THE
ROADS AROUND CANADA LAKE
THIS SUMMER.**

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

Dear Neighbor,

Again, it is hard to believe that a full year has gone by since the last issue of the ECHO. I would hope that this ECHO finds all of you in good health and looking forward to another enjoyable season on our lakes.

To encapsulate this past year, I can just let you know that this has been a very busy year with many issues being addressed. I think all are very aware of the issues with the dam last year and again this spring. We are all aware of the activity at the time of the election in the fall regarding the 21st Century Bond Act. In my last message to you, I made you aware of a "secret" Map of the Department of Environmental Conservation and have since received disclaimers from the Department. I would also let you know that there is now legislation that is being introduced that we will want to make ourselves very familiar with, and there will be more discussion on this as the summer progresses. I specifically would call your attention to Assembly Bill #7305. This piece of legislation is now in committee with the Conservation Committee and has many features in it that can greatly impact upon us at the lake. We will want to make ourselves aware of this legislation and follow its path as well as registering our feelings regarding this legislation. So be it for politics.

This letter carries to each of you the warmest of greetings in hopes that you will be active with your association during the summer months so that we can make our beautiful spot in the Adirondacks even more enjoyable for all involved.

I would want to take a moment in this message to express my sincerest gratitude to those who have served on the Board of Directors during my tenure as President. If you will review the Board of Directors as listed in this ECHO, you will read the names of people who are very dedicated to our lakes and our association and do work very hard to make this a better place for all.

My greetings for the summer are to you and yours, and may the warmth reflected from the flares that you light on the 5th of July prevail for the entire season.

Respectfully submitted,

Dick

Results From Survey Regarding Spraying As Of 5/14/91

In Favor Of Spraying	95
Oppose Spraying	35
No Preference	21

EDITORIAL NOTE

We apologize to any who have been inconvenienced by the late arrival of *THE ECHO*. Please be reminded to record the early summer schedule dates included in the President's spring membership letter and to take note of postings on the CLPA bulletin board at the store. Next year the membership letter will give you the opportunity to submit a second (summer) address for CLPA mailings and will include a summer schedule insert.

SAFETY is a concern for all of us at all levels. Residents of the Lower Fulton Road have instituted a self-imposed speed limit of 5 MPH and appeal to all visitors to observe the reduced speed in order to enhance the safety of the children in this area.

Boat safety and the enforcement of the N.Y.S. boat regulations and requirements are the official jurisdiction of Deputy Luck this summer. He will be on the lake varying times throughout the week, day and night, during the summer and has expressed a desire to serve us and meet our needs. Please share any relevant concerns and issues with him. Several regulations to highlight: Children under 12 years of age on all vessels under 26' in length must wear a Personal Flotation Device unless within a fully enclosed cabin. N.Y.S. law requires youngsters between the ages of 10 and 16 to take a boater's safety course and obtain a safety certificate before they can operate a power boat without adult supervision. This course will be offered at the Caroga Lake FireHouse this summer. Please check the bulletin board at the store or contact the Sheriff's Office for date and times. Water skiing with running lights on is a contradiction of terms. Water skiing (and similar activities) is prohibited from sunset until one hour after sunrise.

HOLDING TANK REGULATION - Local Law No. 1 for 1989 requires owners of holding tanks to have them emptied at least once a year and/or when it becomes 75% full or except on appeal to the Sanitary Inspector. **PROOF OF PUMPING MUST BE PRESENTED TO THE TOWN CLERK EACH AND EVERY TIME OT IS PUMPED AND NO LATER THAN AUGUST FIRST OF EACH YEAR.**

THE CAROGA TRANSFER STATION

"The Dump" hours have changed and are posted at the Town Clerk's Office on Kasson Drive. They also will be put on the bulletin board at the store. Permits are available from Diane MacGregor, the Town Clerk, and are \$20 for trucks, \$1 for cars, and \$5 for 4 consecutive days. RECYCLING of cardboard, bundled newspapers and magazines, and plastic bottles is underway at "The Dump", with glass and cans in the future. ROADSIDE COLLECTION remains the same: Monday and Friday mornings July - September for bagged table scraps and cans and containers in which food and beverage come. It does not include papers, brush, junk or loose garbage.



CANADA LAKE STORE & MARINE NEWS

Canada Lake Store has gone high-tech! All the familiar country store atmosphere is still there, but something new has been added - a scanner at the check-out counter which will read the bar codes and give you a detailed receipt. The price tags will still be on the merchandise of course, and the new system will accommodate charge accounts as well.

Again this year the Marine business with both service and sales keeps Bill and his helpers, Howard Dutcher, Tom Elmendorf and Bob Ward very busy. The post office will be in operation again as usual this summer, opening June 15th and closing September 6th.

Someone will be missing from behind the counter at the store this summer. Merryn, who has completed her sophomore year at SUNY Binghamton has a NSF grant for the summer and will be a member of James McLelland's geology student group from Colgate. As in the past the group has already spent a week at Canada Lake which gave Merryn a brief reunion with her family.

Heather graduates from Johnstown High School in June. In the fall she will be attending Munson Williams Proctor Institute in Utica as an Art major through Mohawk Valley Community College.

Eric Fielding will be helping out at the store this summer, as also will be Robin Burakiewicz, Amy Ford, Erin Mitchell, Mike Mitchell, Christian Morrison and Kim Ward.

Bret Fielding along with Chad & Jon Mitchell will also have responsibilities in the store and Marine.

The ice went out in the lake early this year, on April 14th. Much to the relief of all the lake is once again at its normal level. It has been a delightful spring so far and we hope that this continues for all to enjoy into the summer of 1991.

The Fieldings



ECHOES

News From The KURT KLINGBEIL FAMILY Of Green Lake

Kurt retired from the active ministry in April 1989.

He and Lois have moved to Nassau in southern Rensselaer County where they have built an intergenerational house with youngest daughter, Barbara and husband Tom Lahut and 3 children.

Last summer the Klingbeils spent 9 weeks in Europe - first leading a tour of western Europe, including the Passion Play. After bidding adieu, they bought a car and toured Eastern Europe, basically checking out family roots in Russia and West Prussia. They also visited Hungary, Poland, Czechoslovakia and Yugoslavia.

This summer they hope to spend most of the time at their camp with all 3 daughters visiting with their families.

The Pecks have had another good winter in the Florida Keys. Sue keeps busy playing golf and Bill fishing. They spent Christmas with Katherine and her husband in Antigua. In February, a great time was had meeting Irene, Margaret, and their families at Disney World and then enjoying them for a week on Big Pine Key along with Betsy. Bill and Sue plan to be at Canada Lake in early May.

Both Merryn Fielding and Jon McLelland are spending the summer with the Colgate University Geology Summer Study Group. From May 22 - July 8 the group of 33 students (29 from Colgate) will investigate and map geology in Maine (Bar Harbor), Vermont, The White Mts. and the Adirondacks. From July 9 - August 27 the group will be located at Colgate where each student will conduct a research project sponsored by a faculty member.

The project is sponsored, in part, by the Natural Science Foundation and both Merryn and Jon have received NSF stipends to pay their expenses, tuition, etc. for the summer.

Della and Elwin Jones informed us that Lt. Col. Harold "Chip" Block died on January 25, 1991 at Brooks Army Medical Center, Ft. Sam Houston, San Antonio, Texas.

Lt. Col. Block had been awarded four Bronze Stars for Valor during his military career having served in Europe, The Middle East and Vietnam.

A funeral service with full Military Honors, was held at the Main Chapel at Ft. Sam Houston.

"Chip" was a 3rd generation summer resident on Kasson Drive, Canada Lake and will be missed by his many friends and neighbors.

Lots of news from The Parkhursts.

Cameron graduated from St. Olaf College, Northfield, Minnesota in May '90 and is working in Minneapolis. Alex graduated from

The University of Puget Sound, Tacoma, Washington in May '90 and is working in Denver. Amanda graduated High School in May '90 and returns this summer from a year as a Rotary Exchange Student in Curitiba, Brazil. She will enter Mount Holyoke College this fall. Michael has moved from Denver to Atlanta and is with Southeastern Advisory there.

Jud & Barbara Lincoln of Kasson Drive have 2 new grandchildren this year, making a total of 13.

Son, Jay & Trissa Pantke have a second daughter, Hannah, born December 1, 1990.

Daughter Cynthia & Stanley Lincoln/-DeCusatis have a second son, Gabriel, born August 10, 1990.

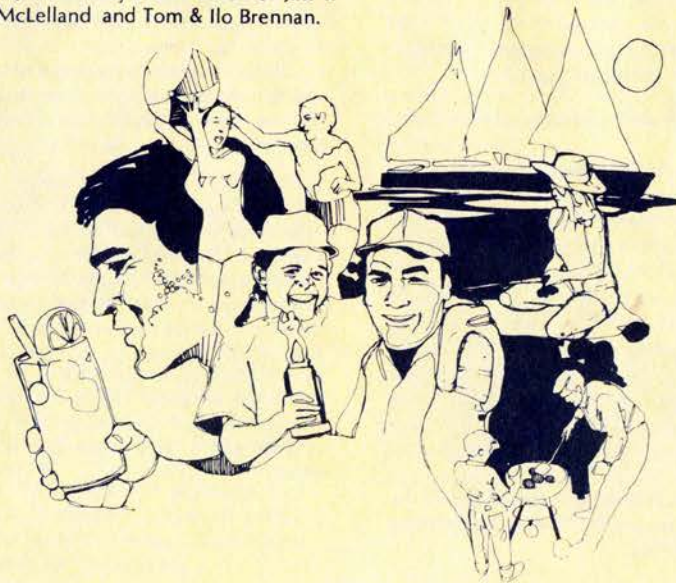
Daughter Karen (Pantke) and Chet Herman have a new restaurant on Route 17, Myrtle Beach, S.C., called "The Mayor's House". Stop in and visit if your down that way, the food is great!

Louise Mason's Family has been active as ever and is glad the lake is full this year for water skiing behind Tom's tournament boat. Daughter Colleen completed her medical degree and married a fellow doctor in June. She and husband, Greg Zittel, are doing their residencies in Buffalo. A son, Mathew, was born in December to Lisa & Tom Mason.

Parks Landis' family ranks are also swelling, as Gary and Nancy Landis Hochberger and Kathy and Bill Landis are expecting late this year.

The next generation is growing on Dolgeville Point too. Christopher Fragomeni was born August 17, 1990 on grandmother, Willie Roda's 75th birthday to Tony and Mary Roda Fragomeni.

We have received announcement of the birth of Alexandra Downey McLelland to Sharon and Bruce McLelland on April 13th, 1991. Cindy McLelland and Chip Brennan will be married at Colgate Memorial Chapel on August 3, 1991. They are children of Jim & Cathy McLelland and Tom & Ilo Brennan.



SAILING CLUB NEWS

Ten sailors raced Sunfish during July of which six qualified for trophies. And nine Super Sunfish competed with six trophies being awarded.

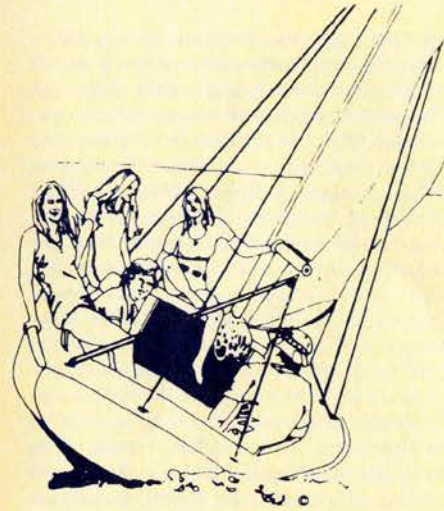
In August, only four of six Sunfish received trophies. The Super Sunfish entrants and medalists remained the same.

Ironmen Awards went to Geoff Clifford and Dick Loomis who sailed in all 21 races last summer. The 1991 Wonder Woman Trophy goes to Lois Miller who sailed in all the Sunfish races.

The Annual Relay Race drew nine teams with the "Mitchell Syndrome" taking top honors followed closely by the Yuenger - Michaels crew "Last Place"; and the Dolgeville "Point Pulverizers".

The regular season results: July - Sunfish "A" Division; 1 - Allan Farber, 2 - Lois Miller, 3 - Parker Davis, "B" Division; 1 - Tracy Goodemote, 2 - Linda Smith, 3 - David Robinson. Super Sunfish "A"; 1 - Dick Loomis, 2 - Paul Franz, 3 - Geoff Clifford, 4 - Walter Young, "B" Division; 1 - Lane Franz, 2 - Dorothea Loomis.

August - Sunfish "A"; 1 - Lois Miller, 2 - Nancy Young, 3 - Parker Davis, "B" Division; 1 - David Robinson. Super Sunfish "A"; 1 - Geoff Clifford, 2 - Paul Franz, 3 - Walter Young, 4 - Dick Loomis, "B" Division; 1 - Lane Franz, 2 - Dorothea Loomis.



Get your name in THE ECHO next year - come sail with us Saturday afternoons. The annual CLSC meeting will be held Saturday, July 6, 10 am at Dick Loomis' camp. Come sign up, pay dues (\$5 per boat), drink coffee, chew the fat, eat donuts, buy new colorful CLSC t-shirts - everybody who's anybody will be there!

The 1991 Sailing Club Schedule is T.B.A. There still is some juggling to be completed and the final schedule will be posted at the store as well as distributed to members at the S.C. annual meeting on July 6th at Dick Loomis'. The July series will commence on July 6th with races 1, 2 & 3.

SHERIFF DEPARTMENT
PHONE NUMBER
762-3151/4501

CONGRATULATIONS!



The Caroga Lake Volunteer Fire Company is celebrating their 40th Anniversary this year. An open house will be held at the Fire House on Saturday, July 6th, from 10 - 4. The Fire Company would like all residents to come and see the various ways they help to protect our community by demonstrating the use of their equipment. The Town of Caroga is having a parade on the 6th, a chicken Bar-B-Q and a gala fireworks display. Please consult the posted bulletin and advertisements for further details.

FIRE TIPS

Have at least one fire extinguisher per building.

Have a hose, with nozzle, hooked up to an outside faucet.

Know where the nearest fire pump (red box) is located: Sonnenburg's on West Lake, Warren Dennie's on S. Shore, Bob Petrie's on Dolgeville Point, and in Bill Fielding's work boat.

Know how to operate these pumps or ask any Director for instructions.

Fire Department phone number: 762-4501 or dial OPERATOR and ask for "Enterprise Fire".
911 is Coming Soon.

TOWN OF CAROGA CHURCHES

Caroga Chapel

July thru Labor Day -
Sing-Along at 10:45 am
Services 11:00 am

St. Barbara's Chapel

June: Saturdays only 5:30 pm
July - Labor Day:
Saturday Mass 5:50 pm
Sunday Mass 9:00 am
10:30 am

North Bush Methodist Church

Sunday 11:00 am



CAMP FIRE MUSINGS

I see some new faces tonight and miss some of the old ones. Course that's what happens when you grow older and summer jobs take the place of those play days. Afore you know it you'll see what I'm talkin about. Seems like there's a steady stream of todays, tomorrows, and yesterdays. Even right here in the channel and Cold Spring, that don't stay the same either. You knows, when we used to come a pickinin and a campin out you could move right in, you might say. But no more. Takes half of ones time to pick up the litter. Them folks what was here just upped and left their garbage behind. I don't know what gets into people. One thing I do know that don't change-it's them pesky flies. Seems like fer every one you kill they hev reinforcements backed up and send in two more. Well, we'll get a little punky smoke a goin, then we'll get the cookin' one a goin which we'll make into a camp fire as the evenin' progresses.

Am I goin to start the fire without matches? No sir ee. Was I ever a Boy Scout? Once? Yep, more years ago than I'd like to think, and I had to start a fire by friction to get to be a second class Scout. Though once in a while I still feel I'm second class, my preference for startin a fire is by matches. And that's sumthin you must never forget when a startin out in the woods - matches in a leak-proof case, a jack-knife, and if you feel a little extry weight won't harm none, a hatchet.

Reckon the fire is about right fer cookin', then after supper we'll build up the fire and enjoy the next best part to eatin', a settin' around the fire and a swappin yarns. You know years ago when Dan Green - he ain't with us no more - and I was a growin up we

used to come a boatin down this channel, a pickin out spots where we could hide and kill the Injuns - the bad ones - when they come by. He was always Nick Stoner and I was Nat Foster. Who was Nat Foster? Well, he was a hunter and trapper just like Nick and they was great buddies. They sort of travelled back and forth twixt here and Salisbury Center, which was where Nat was raised and brought up. They said he was a pretty fancy man with a gun, not only a good marksman like his friend but slicker than slick when it come to fancy shootin;. The story goes, so my dad used to tell me, he had extry long fingers so that he could hold several more bullets in his hands than the fellers which tried to beat him in those shootin matches. Rapid firing, guess you would call it today. Did I ever know him? I'd be inclined to sat he was come and gone afore I was ever thought of - no, I never knew him.

Funny thing 'bout punky smoke - ever notice it? I think them critters must have some kind of influence on the feller whut makes the wind blow - seems like it either blows the smoke right in yer eyes so you can't see nuthin, else it blows it tuther way so them punkies can get their midnight snack offen you. I ain't got many yarns anyway, so mebbe we can stick it out. Or mebbe you got some to tell? I'll have to tell you, I had some sort of stored up in case you was interested.

Well, to start off, we'll begin in the early 40's and work back. One weekend along in there my brother in law and his family spent the weekend with us at our camp at West Lake. One evenin afore dark, him, his boy and me took a boat ride down the channel. He just bought a new gun, wanted to try it out fer a little target practice. We wuz just loafin along, the motor just a put-put you might say, when we see a deer along the shore line a quenchin his thirst and not payin much attention to us, guess he knew we won't goin' to harm him. My brother in law looked at me with a smile and says, "you want to see that deer a skeedaddle?" "Sure", I says, so he ups and fires in the air. You should a seen that deer. He was away in about two jumps and a wavin his tail at us. A spell later when they was down at the shore in Salisbury a swappin' fish and huntin stories the little son spoke up and said, "when they was up at uncles camp Daddy shot Bambi." Of course, it got all straightened up, but there was a lot of laughin' fer a while.

How was the fishin'? Well I'll tell you. It sure was a lot better than 'tis now! Back in the late

20's my sister and others would leave Dolgeville 'round 5 in the mornin' for Stewarts Landin' to go trollin' fpr pickeral. They would be back home no later than 8 and she would have any where from 2-3 pickeral all good size - any where from 16 inches to 26 inches. Seemed as though any time you wanted a fish dinner you could go fishin and get it. Sure there was times when they wouldn't be bitin', but you knew they was there. And you could just about choose what kind you would have: pickeral - trollin or castin' - fisherman's choice you might say, Bull-heads - plenty of stakes markin' the spots and where you could tie yer boat, Perch - most any shady spot in the channel where the water run about 4 to 5 feet deep, Lake trout - in the big lake and deep water, fishin for them took a knack and patience, but they was there, waitin. Around about in 1950 fishin began to get poor. For a while "fisherman's luck" seemed like a good answer, ceptin they couldn't all have that bad luck all at once. So it went from good fishin to not so good. Some said the power company raised and lowered the water so much the eggs couldn't hatch, others blamed the power boats. Along in the late 50's the state conservation department heard so many complaints they stepped in. Them experts toured the lake, did some questioning here and there, and got about the same answer, "the good fishin is gone". Then they put out nets, and in the mornin' I tagged along in my boat to see whut they did. Not much of anything, not enough for a good sized breakfast for a hungry man. It was decided to stock the lake with anew brand of fish on which they hed been experimentin', Splake, they called them. Sort of a cross twixt a trout and a pike. Now they claim it's on account of them mills out west makin clouds frum them coal burnin' furnances which turns into acid rain. Accordin' to what they tell, this makin bad fishin in more places than one. Seems like the more modern things get the old things get worse.

You been out in one of them nights on the lake when fog comes settlin'? Well, one night Herb Asbury was out in just such a night. Who's he? Well, his cottage was the last one in Dolgeville Point and built about the same time as those other Dolgeville Folks - Patrie's, Sliter's, Faville's, McGuire's, Breckwoltd's. An interestin' thing - out of them families there be no survivor's except Margaret Vossburgh. granddaughter of Julius Breckwoltd. Well, back to Herb. He got caught in that fog one night, so tangled up he allowed as he'd



just cut his motor, and while ponderin' the situation some thought might pop in his mind as to what to do next. Then, he heard a noise, not a poppin' sound, but somethin' droppin', then another. And then he knows what it was, "well I'll be flabbergasted", muses Herb, "it's acorns droppin' on my boat house roof". And that's the way he told the story. I didn't tell you who Herb was. Back in his day he was a well known author, wrote "Up From Methodism" and "San Francisco" among others. "San Francisco" was the story of the earthquake of 1905 and wuz made into a movie.

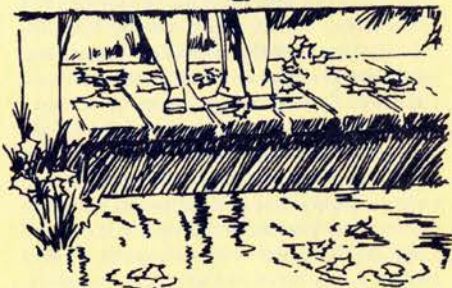
Sliters, Breckwoltds and Spears wuz the first to own inboard motor boats on the lake. Launches, they called them then. The motor wuz in the center of the boat, and in many the steering wheel wuz located on the gun-whale, near the motor. Guess that wuz so the feller runnin' the boat could be near the motor in case of trouble. Startin the motor wuz done by turnin' the fly wheel. Make no mistake about it, they wuz good lookin' boats, sea worthy, and comfortable. Though I will say, sometimes the motors would be down right cantankerous when it come to startin'.

If I wuz to go into all the changes on the lake we'd be here all night and keep turns carryin' wood for the fire. But tellin' 'bout Herb Asbury got me to thinkin of Dwiggins, the artist and some of his neighbors - they used to call that part the St. Johnsville side. Dwig didn't come frum St. Johnsville, but some folks did. Biermans, Trasks, Kamps, Engles, Failings, and Fowlers. Most of these folks would gather at Hawley's, along with other folks round the lake, for the Saturday night dances. Wuz talkin' 'bout Lorrenze Franz a while back, and those Saturday night dances got into the conversation. Among some of the names we come up with was Bobby Kamps - he was on of the ticket-takers. The tickets sold fer 10¢ a dance, and if you knew bob real well he would sell 3 tickets fer 15¢. Bob was quite fond of ice cream, and since he frequented the ice cream and soda bar quite

often he put the money right back into Hawleys till. It was a good arrangement, fer Bob and fer Nate Hawley.

You folks probally want to change yer position and we best get some shut-eye - got a big hikin' day ahead. The fire is a burnin' out, 'bout like my stories for the night. You know when a moon is bright and full like tonight, and the wind is just right, and you happen' to be boatin' and driftin' up in that area and waves is lappin' your boat you listen careful like and frum way off you'll here the band playin' "Good Night Ladies" and a voice singin' "It's Time To Leave You Now". The party's over.

Edgar E. Moore



CAROGA HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION & MUSEUM "The Homestead"

Summer appears to have arrived early this year and not any too soon in view of our unusual winter.

The Caroga Historical Association and Museum is planning many events for this summer which are listed in the Summer Schedule (Card Enclosed).

We are very fortunate to be initiating our summer season featuring a One Man Art Show by our very own Caroga artist Wallace S. Crispin. Since the age of six when he started painting, Wally, as he is better known, enjoyed painting as a means of self expression. Some of his art works have been on exhibit in our Museum, other Art Shows and in the Florida area. However, this will be the first time that nearly all of his paintings will be exhibited publicly for all of us to appreciate. On July 11 we will have a reception for Wally at the Museum and all his friends are invited to come and spend an evening with the artist.

The "Hemlock, Hides and History" exhibit pertaining to the former leather tanning industry which flourished in Caroga in the 1800's can always be enhanced by the loan or donation of any artifacts pertinent to this collection - please help us.

The "Caroga Wildlife of Yesterday and Today" can always exhibit more mounted animals and birds so don't discard them - bring them to the Museum.

The Museum belongs to you and its continued success will be assured through your donations and volunteer services. Contact our President Katherine Clark Hemmons if you are interested in furthering the goals of the organization to preserve and interpret Caroga's history and it's place in the heritage of New York State.

Museum Coordinator Mrs. Inger McDaniel will be available part of the season but please note that we will be closed both Mondays and Tuesdays this year.

"The Homestead" welcomes you and your participation in the events planned.

"Promote Caroga's Future by Taking a Step Into the Past".

Mary Tashoff
Publicity Coordinator

CAROGA HISTORICAL MUSEUM "THE HOMESTEAD" LONDON BRIDGE ROAD CAROGA LAKE, N.Y. 1991 - SUMMER SCHEDULE

July

- 3 Formal Opening
- 11 An Evening with Artist
Wallace Crispin
- 27 Tenth Annual Craft Fair
& and
28 Bake Sale

August

- 1 Storytelling Hour 7:30 PM
- 8 Card Part Luncheon
White Holland House 12 Noon
- 15 Storytelling Hour 7:30 PM

Museum Open July & August

1 pm - 5 pm Wednesday thru Sunday
(Closed Monday & Tuesday)

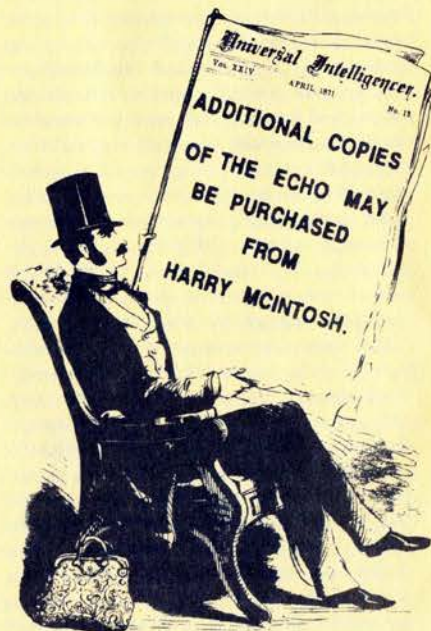
Phone (518) 835-4400

Free Admission

IN MEMORIAM

During the past year we learned with deep sorrow of the deaths of:

Clinton (Bachy) Bachman
Lt. Col. Harold (Chip) Block
Beulah Gellert
Alfred (Alfie) Studenic
Dick Bogart
Larry Flournoy



Clinton W. Bachman
August 14, 1943 - December 22, 1990

Sunset and Evening Star,
And one Quick call for Me,
And may there be no Moaning of the Bar
When I set out to Sea.
So Home is the Hunter, Home from the Hill
And the Sailor, Home from the Sea.

I first met Bachy in the summer of 1965 and, as that meeting was one of good fellowship and cheer celebrated at a local tavern, so it bore the characteristic signature that marked our association for the next 25 years. Upon learning that I had just taken up summer residence on Dolgeville Point, he informed me with both certainty and good spirits, that he was the Prince of the Point. And a Prince he was, for in the years that followed, I knew no nobler man than this. He drew from life full measure of its vibrant cup of joy and breathed fresh new spirit back into all he touched. Still, he was a man of simple tastes, for his ambitions were kindness, and love, and trust, and laughter; and, as these matched his instincts, he succeeded in them all as few men ever do. There were not riches nor fame great enough to tempt, much less to draw, him from what he held most dear: Lois, his Mother, Judy, David, his family, his friends, his freedom in the forests and the lakes of these mountains. In all these things Bachy found great happiness, and we gather here today not only to bid our earthly farewell to our friend, but also to celebrate his life with memories of but a few of the great storehouse of tales encompassed in his span of years and destined to become legend.

Bachy loved life, and within its broad perimeters, there was no enterprise that he held in greater esteem than hunting and fishing. Although I never had the good fortune to join him in either sport, I sensed that his great fervor was as much the love of the hunt as the winning of the prize. What I did share with him, often and well over the years, was much of the venison from his autumn expeditions. I shall always recall with warm pleasure the great joy he took in preparing and sear the meat in a red-hot iron skillet and sharing it with friends together with drink, and laughter, and tales that any minstrel would have envied.

Of course, the hunting stories are legion and new ones will emerge from memory as time goes by. They include one of Bachy's favorites about a friend's accidental discharge of his brand new weapon through both its case and the side of an automobile. As feathers flew throughout the vehicle, Bachy leaned over to inquire as to whether the shot had been on target. Later they explained the hole as the result of some rascal having fired upon them. More recently, there are tales of encounters with the natives of Wyoming when Bachy, Danny, and several others went hunting there. As Bachy told the story, several citizens of that state received thorough instructions on how to be hospitable - Adirondack style. Then there is the story about the time he took a young fellow out in a canoe for his first - and much anticipated - duck hunt. While still a full fifty feet from an island destination, Bachy said to his youthful bowman "You get off here"; whereupon the lad, overly eager to please, rose and stepped from the vessel - gun and all - into twenty feet of October water, and with predictable reactions from his helmsman.

In hunting camp this year Bachy divided everyone into two teams:
The Grey Team - Bachy, Luke, George, Rick, and Jason, and
The Blue Team - Danny, Mike, Bill, and Jim
In camp the teams did not associate, sat on separate sides of the table, and used separate outhouses. The Grey team's outhouse was decorated with Soldier of Fortune magazines and fine pin-ups, while that of the Blue team contained only Better Home and Gardens and Good Housekeeping. Moreover, the Grey team was not made to observe any rules, but the Blue team had to be in bed by 9 p.m. In the end, the Grey team got more deer than the Blue team, and we know what conclusions Bachy drew.

On the last day of hunting season, Bachy had walked many miles without spotting a deer. As he was leaving the woods, he decided to discharge his last shell into a safe and secure place. Thus he pointed the business end of the instrument towards the waters of an ample brook and fired safely into that deep, cold cushion. Then suddenly, unexpectedly, and much to the surprise of all, 32 fine trout floated to the surface. Immediately grasping the situation, Bachy hurried down the bank exclaiming "Trout season must still be open!" I had one myself, and it was very good.

Lois knew how much Bachy loved hunting, and when he went forth to do so, he went with her blessings. But it should be noted that every so often there would come a day when he would return home to be with her. Lois always said that her love for him was such that he should do as he wished, and his love for her was such that his wishes would carry him back home, until refreshed by her presence he would set forth once again.

Bachy was exceedingly fond of fishing. Indeed on their first date Bachy took Lois and David fishing - or rather "poaching" - on watershed property. They didn't catch a thing. Though he was not especially fond of eating fish, he enjoyed the sport in streams and ponds - but especially on lakes. Together with Danny, George, and Luke, there was nothing that brought greater pleasure to Bachy than to take their fishing boat to Lake Ontario for a salmon expedition. Upon return, Bachy would serve the catch with gusto while pointing out that upon balancing all the ledgers, the fish had cost a mere \$3,000 per pound. It was worth it.

Bachy's love for his fellow man was nowhere more intensely focused than it was upon young people. He genuinely enjoyed their company and relished the opportunity to teach them the secrets of field and forest. Thus it was that one summer's evening, long past, the skies above Canada Lake suddenly burst into a great kaleidoscope of explosions; whirling, expanding wheels of light; and streaking rockets to pale the meteor's glow. A passerby, seeing that the source of the excitement came from a vessel at mid-lake, hastened there, suspecting that an entire magazine of powder had been detonated. Instead he found Bachy, together with Luke, who, he pointed out, was under his tutelage for a fishing lesson. As for the fireworks, Bachy observed "It is exceptionally difficult to maintain the attention of a 13-year old for long periods of time. Some diversion becomes necessary".

Few spots on Earth were dearer to Bachy's heart than Vrooman's Hotel, and he claimed that his truck was able to recognize the place, for whenever he attempted to drive past the spot, it would resist and head uncontrollably for an empty parking place. I spent many a happy hour there with Bachy, and I cannot help but feel that he had been able to write the script for his own departure that he would have chosen to spend his last Friday at Vrooman's with as many friends as he could.

If autumn was his favorite season for sport, then surely summer was his grandest time for fun. Our camps were not more than a few hundred yards removed from one another and we were fond of "stopping in" to share a bit of conversation and refreshment whenever the urge called, as it frequently did. I always looked forward to those moments when, standing on my deck at sunset, I could hear the unmistakable whine of Miss Piggy coming through the channel and heading to my dock for an evening's companionship and laughter. Those are special memories for me, as each of you has precious moments of your own. And transcending all of these in scope and scale were those festive marvels of Canada Lake - the annual Pig Roasts. From dawn to dark we came together to share friendship at its focal point embodied in that great, lusty, and loving man. And the summer of 1990 was special, because Bachy and Lois also hosted the association party and, as was no often the case, the event centered upon a communal undertaking in which a new outhouse, complete with skylight of Tim's design, was built by Paul, Rick, Tim, Alan, Bill, Danny, Luke, Fritz, Lane, Eva, Joan, Dorothy, Emily, Sue and others. And true to form, it was Bachy who then directed that same crew to the construction of a new set of docks for the Canada Lake Store. He was, we know, a human magnet who pulled individuals together so as to find great pleasure in sharing, laughing, and loving as we helped one another to enjoy life a little better, a bit more fully.

During the past few years, I whetted Bachy's interest in college ice hockey which he came to consider to be almost as much fun as felling a great tree. He and Lois would come to visit us at Colgate for some of the biggest games, Colgate vs. Clarkson, or St. Lawrence, or Cornell. In the final analysis, these events were not entirely a spectator sport for Bachy, for he would bounce, and swing, and shout in cadence with the swift, aggressive action on the ice. And so it was in the pandemonium of the fading moments against the national champions from Harvard, that a Colgate player drove the puck past an outstretched glove for a glorious, tumultuous finish, and we exploded to our feet in the unison of victorious salute. As we did so, Bachy slapped me on the back with one of those great, mountainous hands. I went flying three rows down and into the lap of a startled, but fortunately still intact, female who looked at me with some disdain and inquired if I made it a habit of getting "falling-down-drunk" at all hockey games. There seemed no point in explaining and, anyway, we had won.

Later that night Bachy, clad in a bikini, demonstrated for Danny, Joan, Cathy, Lois, and I how to do a cannonball in a hot tub.

There was the time that Bachy and Jerry were painting the hallway and living room at Eva's house. She had moved everything out except for the grand piano. Before departing for work, she left a note saying to be especially careful with the piano because it was too heavy to move. At 11 a.m. Eva called to check in on her painters, and Bachy said "Don't worry about the piano. It looks great and it only took four coats of paint."

There are so many more vignettes in a vast storehouse of memories, and I am sure that childhood friends such as Danny, Jeff, Diane, Jane, and Nancy could spin tales that the rest of us have not yet heard. I can still see Bachy with his shotgun providing the cannon's roar for the 1812 Overture that was performed in the 1985 Canada Lake Boat Concert. There are the unique stories from Vietnam which always represented a special and, in many ways, a private part of Bachy's life. There was the way in which he loved to ride with Luke in the back seat of Rick's big black Lincoln Town Car and call his friends on the cellular telephone. Then was the excited joy this summer when he found a large, intact Indian arrowhead on the beach. And, perhaps above all else, there is meaning, forever more, in the words "Sayonara" and "Best of the Best".

And there is loss and the loss is great; there is no good in pretending otherwise. I feel deeply wounded by my own personal loss, as does each of you. It will take time for the sadness to heal, and the sorrow of his passing will abide with us, to one degree or another, for the rest of our days. And we will cry, and that is good. And we shall also smile, and laugh, because, as he was in the flesh, so too in memory shall our friend cause our hearts to surge with joy and happiness. And so each of us will need to recall that it is good to weep for we have lost much; and, also, it is good to laugh, because there is so much joy to remember.

It is important also to reassure ourselves of our own mortality, for sooner or later we all pass through death's portals and Bachy is just a little ahead of us. Even in the years that measure man, not much time separates his voyage from my own. And let each of us join in the affirmation that if Clinton Bachman were to have been able to name his preferences he would have chosen to go brightly and quickly like a shooting star across the summer sky. And how much better, too, that he was with his friends and in good cheer when came the one quick call.

And so we bid our earthly farewell to those great, rough hands so gentle in their grasp; to the booming voice sounding forth good cheer; to the bear hug that spoke so eloquently of fellowship, and trust, and love. And as we do so, we pledge to remember these things and so to keep the spirit of our friends alive within us until we meet again.

And, finally, we say in these immortal words,

Good Night, Sweet Prince, and may
flights of angels sing thee to thy rest
Home is the Hunter
Home from the Hill
Home is the Sailor
Home from the Sea.

Jim McLelland's eulogy has been reproduced by exercise of editorial prerogative in conjunction with the expressed wishes of numerous members who felt these recollections should be shared with the C.L.P.A community with so many of whom Bachy shared so much.