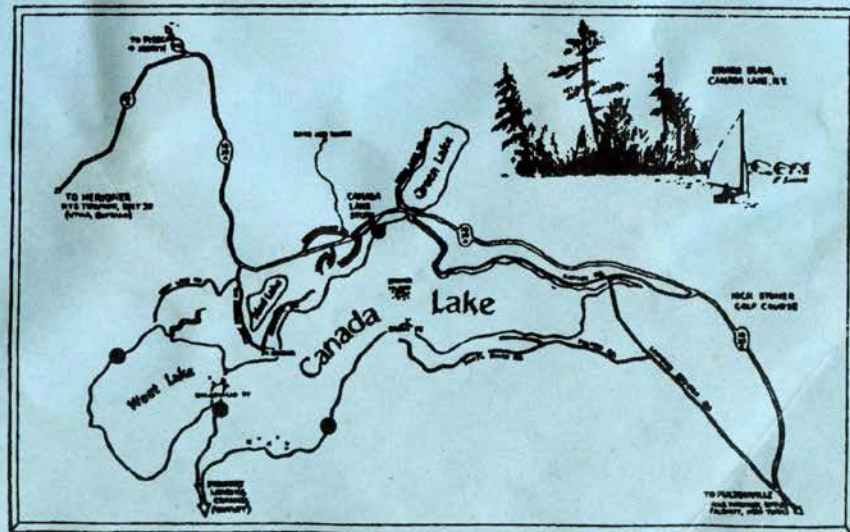





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## SUMMER 1997

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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 the map indicate location of fire pumps

# 1997 OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS

The following is the slate of officers for the 1997 season

**PRESIDENT** Diana Leaf  
**SECRETARY** Lois Miller  
**TREASURER** Rick Fink

**DIRECTORS AND TERMS:  
 TERMS ENDING 1997:**

Joe Bachner ..... 835-2196  
 David A. Fisher, Jr. .... 835-4404  
 Diana Leaf ..... 835-6454  
 Parks Landis ..... 835-6054  
 Dick LeFebvre ..... 835-3894  
 Bill Peck ..... 835-6879  
 Karen Riley ..... 835-3730

**TERMS ENDING 1998:**

David Hoffman ..... 835-6056  
 Dorothea Loomis ..... 835-3886  
 Mabel Kane ..... 835-2037  
 Michael Manning ..... 835-2797  
 Lois Miller ..... 835-6703  
 Emily Peck ..... 835-2173  
 Douglas Smith ..... 835-6692

**TERMS ENDING 1999:**

Ann Boyd ..... 835-2116  
 Michael Cannon ..... 835-8636  
 Bill Fielding ..... 835-6069  
 Rick Fink ..... 835-6059/2479  
 Lane Franz ..... 835-6050  
 Catherine McLelland ..... 835-8561  
 Tim Mitchell ..... 835-6694  
 Alan Peck ..... 835-2173

**1997 COMMITTEES:**

The following is a list of the 1997 Committees.

**LAKE MANAGEMENT** Lane Franz  
**SAFETY** Dick LeFebvre  
 Mike Cannon  
 Paul Kukla

Parks Landis  
 Emily Peck  
 Doug Smith

**WATER LEVEL** Bill Fielding  
 Joe Bachner  
 David Jung  
 Tim Mitchell  
 Emily Peck

**WATER PURITY** Parks Landis  
 Howard Fiedler  
 Catherine McLelland

**ENVIRONMENT AND ECOLOGY** David Hoffman  
 John Broderick  
 Bill Fielding  
 Rick Fink  
 Lane Franz  
 Dick LeFebvre  
 Tim Mitchell  
 Alan Peck  
 Doug Smith

**ISLAND MAINTENANENCE** Bill Fielding  
 John Broderick  
 David Fisher  
 Dorothea Loomis  
 Alan Peck

**FISHING** Tim Mitchell  
 Dave Cannon  
 Alan Peck  
 Mike Porter  
 Dan Yuenger

**ORGANIZATION AND PROMOTION**

**LIAISON TO ASSOCIATIONS  
 OUTSIDE CLPA** Diana Leaf

**FIRE DEPT. COORDINATOR** Bill Fielding

**FIRE SAFETY** Bill Fielding  
 Rick Fink  
 Paul Franz  
 Tim Mitchell  
 Alan Peck

**PUBLICITY** Diana Leaf  
 Dick LeFebvre  
 Dave Fisher  
 Dorothea Loomis  
 Tim Mitchell  
 Emily Peck  
 Karen Riley

**LEGAL** Dick LeFebvre  
 James Halzworth  
 Diana Leaf  
 Lydon Maider  
 Emily Peck  
 Jeremiah Wood

**MEMBERSHIP** Joe Bachner  
 Diana Leaf

**ACTIVITIES COORDINATOR** Karen Riley

**LAKE ACTIVITIES** Karen Riley  
 Rick Fink  
 David Fisher  
 Lane Franz  
 Ward Halverson  
 Diana Leaf  
 Lois Miller

**YOUTH ACTIVITIES** Karen Riley  
 Mary Cannon  
 Kathy Manning  
 Lois Miller

**FLARES** Eric Manning  
 Bret Fielding  
 Jay Manning  
 Jon Mitchell

**ECHO** Bev Hoffman

**SAILING** David Fisher  
 Allan Farber  
 Lane Franz  
 Dick Loomis  
 Dorothea Loomis  
 Courtney Young

**CARD PARTY** Ingrid Dennie  
 Virginia Baker  
 Ann Boyd  
 Dorothea Loomis  
 Lois Miller  
 Sue Mitchell  
 Emily Peck

**WINTER EMERGENCY** Bill Fielding  
 Joe Bachner  
 Rick Fink  
 Dick LeFebvre  
 Dorothea Loomis  
 Tim Mitchell  
 Alan Peck

**DIRECTORY COMMITTEE** Bill Peck  
 Jack Fielding

Lane Franz  
 Mabel Kane  
 Dorothea Loomis  
 Lois Miller  
 Emily Peck

**ADIRONDACK COMMITTEE** Dick LeFebvre  
 Bill Fielding  
 David Hoffman  
 Mabel Kane  
 Emily Peck  
 Michael Manning  
 Tim Mitchell  
 Alan Peck  
 Doug Smith

**BY-LAWS COMMITTEE** Diana Leaf  
 Rick Fink  
 Mabel Kane  
 Dick LeFebvre

## President's Message

Another summer is finally here!  
 Even though just relaxing on the dock or tooling around the lake by boat is great, I want to remind you of all the activities that we have to offer. Whether you like to sail, eat and chat at the annual picnic, play cards, listen to stories on the Island or golf, any of our scheduled events offer the opportunity to visit with friends and to meet some new folks. I hope you will join us.

At the annual meeting in July, we will be discussing and voting on a recommendation made by our Treasurer, Rick Fink, to amend our by-laws to reflect a change in our fiscal year from May 1st - April 30th to a calendar year of January 1st - December 31st. This change, which would take effect in 1998, would eliminate the confusion that has always existed during budget discussions. Dues will continue to be payable in March. We discuss many issues that affect our lake at the meeting and we welcome your attendance and participation.

Enjoy the summer!

Diana Leaf

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

## 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.
  - Sonnenberg's on West Lake.
  - Warren Dennie's on South Shore.
  - Bob Petrie's on Dolgeville Point.
  - In Bill Fielding's work boat.
- Know how to operate these pumps or ask any director for instructions.
- Call 911 for the Fire Department.
- Know your 911 number when you call.



## Canada Lake Store and Marine News

Spring has not sprung. The grass has not risen and we are not wondering where the flowers are. Today is March 20th, the first day of spring, and the snowbanks are five feet high along the roads around Canada Lake. However, we are enjoying some of the best conditions of the season for winter sports.

No matter what the season we're in we are always focusing on summer business. The two mall boat shows we just participated in during February and March were very successful. Howard Dutcher, Tom Elmendorf, Eric Fielding and Chris Piehuta will be assisting Bill again in the Marina and with camp maintenance.

Megan Babcock, Nick Dutcher, Bret Fielding, Holly Insogna, Eric Manning, Jay Manning, Chad Mitchell, Kim Poulos and Dave Walker will be employed by us doing various responsibilities related to the services we provide at the store. Hope Dillenbeck continues to help us full time all year round. Again this year we have added some exciting new products to the store. We will be glad to special order items for you upon request.

Now for some family news — Meryn has a job with an environmental firm in Tampa, FL and will be back this summer for a vacation.

Heather is still living and working in Seattle. For the month of June she has her art exhibited in a restaurant in Port Townsend, WA. Lucky for us Eric will be back at Canada Lake for the summer. He will be doing a Co-op with an airline this fall. Bret is a high school junior who keeps active in school sports and activities. He will work for us and do lawn maintenance too.

On June 14th the Contract Station Post Office will open for the season and run until September 5th.

As we continue to strive to best serve the needs of our customers, we wish to say thank you for your continued support and hope you have a safe and enjoyable summer.

Bill and Dorothy

## GARBAGE PICKUP

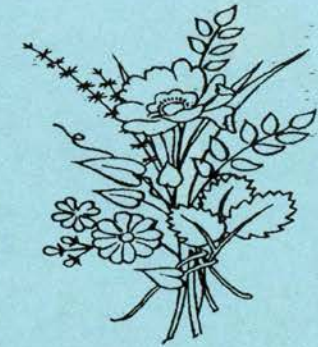
One day a week as follows:

Southern-most part of town - Monday  
Northern-most part of town - Tuesday

All garbage must be placed in clear plastic bags which may also be placed in a 20-gallon can with handle locks to keep animals out.

Strictly garbage - not to include any recyclables or trash of any kind which means diapers, kitty litter or yard debris. These items can be taken to the Transfer Station.

See Town of Caroga Directory for dump hours.



## ADOPT-a-HIGHWAY

The road signs are now in place. John Broderick is now in charge and will appreciate your help. Please sign up when the announcements are posted at the store. His telephone number is 835-6150.

Many thanks to Dave Hoffman Jr. for a super job of getting this project started and functioning nicely. Also thanks to the faithful few who helped in the cleanup.

## RECYCLING

First and third Monday of each month - put out by 6 am. Pick up your Town of Caroga Directory at the Post Office or stores. Also available at the Town Clerk's office.

## HOLDING TANK REGULATIONS

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 IT IS PUMPED AND NO LATER THAN AUGUST FIRST OF EACH YEAR.**



**PLEASE REPORT YOUR FISH CATCHES AT THE STORE. YOU DON'T HAVE TO TELL WHERE YOU CAUGHT THEM, JUST THE SIZE AND KIND OF FISH.**

## CANADA LAKE SAILING CLUB

Polish your bottoms and press your sails — it's time to launch those Sunfish hulls and beat thy neighbor. Three races every Saturday (or if weather prohibits— Sunday) plus our Pot Luck July Awards bash. Start the season at our annual breakfast Membership Meeting at Dick Loomis' camp. We'll hold our Fourth of July "Dust Off the Cobwebs" race later that day.

### TEAM RACES REVIVED

Last summer we resurrected the Team Races with surprising success—seven teams, three in the new "Little Kid" division (14 and under), with 34 total participants.

If there's enough interest, we'll do a repeat this summer. It will be held in conjunction with the Annual CLPA Picnic, July 19th.

Here's how it works.

**DIVISIONS:** Big Kids (everyone over 14) & Little Kids; two sets of trophies.

**SCORING:** Points scored for each of four events; 1st place-1 point, 2nd place-2 points, etc. Teams with lowest point totals win. In case of ties, winner will be decided by a "Who has the most creative team name" judging at the CLPA Picnic.

**EVENTS:** Sailing (Sunfish only)-Little Kids-2 kids per boat; Big Kids-1 person. Start at Franzport, triangle course.

Running -1 runner per team. Big Kids-start at Canada Lake Store, Little

Kids-start at entrance of Point Breeze Road. All finish at Point Breeze Boathouse.

Canoeing (lake canoes only-no racing canoes)-Big Kids-1 male, 1 female; Little Kids-2 kids, male or female. Start at boathouse, Little Kids paddle directly to CLPA picnic site (Lois Miller's). Big Kids canoe out to and around CLPA party barge anchored off-shore from picnic site, then in to beach at picnic site.

Swimming/Tubing Relay -Big & Little Kids-1 swimmer, 1 tuber. Swimmers start from beach and swim out to CLPA party barge. Relay with tubers waiting on barge who tube back to shore.

Receive awards and celebrate at CLPA Picnic. There will be a delay between events for teams to regroup and for fans to relocate to get best view of the action. Watch the bulletin board at the store for up-to-the-minute details and sign-up information.

Dick Loomis  
Commodore Canada Lake Sailing Club

## Report of the Adirondack Committee

by Dick Lefebvre

I offer greetings from the beautiful six million acres Adirondack Park. It is fair to assume that each year brings new challenges and controversies to the activities of the Adirondack Park Agency. I will attempt to update you on some of the high points of the past year.

The Agency continues to function with two less Commissioners than the law permits. Since I last reported to you, Governor George Pataki has nominated two people and forwarded their names to the Senate for confirmation. Mrs. Jean Knox of Buffalo and yours truly were both nominated but the New York Senate failed to act on either of the nominations. Since the Senate session terminated with the passing of the New York budget, both nominations expired. In February, I was asked again by the Governor to serve another term as a Commissioner and he has again placed my name in nomination before the Senate. As I have shared before, people continue to serve until they are replaced or elect to resign from the Agency. There will be an entire Agency sitting with expired terms as of the first day of July.

The voters of New York State passed a two billion dollar Environmental Bond Act at the November election. This money will be used throughout the state for various projects to benefit the environment. The actual projects have not been announced as of this writing

but I am certain that some of the money will be marked for projects within our Park.

The Adirondack Park Agency has started on a project to revisit all of its rules and regulations. This is a massive chore and is expected to take three years or longer. I am certain that this undertaking will be cause for a spirited debate on all of the issues involved in our Park. The latest news from the Agency is posted on the "net" as changes are made.

There has been press coverage throughout our nation regarding the announced intention of the Whitney Family to split up the 51,000 acre Whitney Park and develop 15,000 acres into an upscale development of 41 properties with a one to three million dollar value each. As I write to you, the Agency has received an application for this project and our Governor has dispatched staff to negotiate with the Whitney Family regarding the purchase of this land. The purchase of this land by the State would place it in the Forest Preserve and it would remain Forever Wild.

Speaking of press coverage, I have not seen any issue that has been the cause for more ink than a proposal to reintroduce the wolf to the Adirondacks. The entire Park seems to be afloat with conversations regarding this controversial issue. I have assurances from the Department of Environmental Conservation that nothing will be done without exhaustive studies. You might be interested to know that Commissioner Mike Zagata resigned on December 31 and has been replaced by Acting Commissioner John Cahil.

There is considerable dialogue

continuing regarding the widening of snowmobile trails in the Forest Preserve and the Unit Management Plan for the High Peak Region. I must also report to you that the past practices regarding allowing motorized access for people with disabilities are being reviewed. This review is brought about by groups asking for policies that would open a great deal more area to float planes and All Terrain Vehicles.

This winter has been a relatively easy one for most of the season in most of the Park. It is theorized that the animal populations will have made it through the winter in good shape.

Last year I cautioned that one might find their favorite hiking trails closed or in disarray because of an enormous blowdown. Many trails and camping areas are now reopened. However, caution should be used as many areas are still impassable, and will continue to be, because there will be no cleanup due to the Forever Wild clause in the New York State constitution.

In closing, let me encourage you to take advantage of this wonderful Park. The Adirondack Park is the largest Park in the continental United States. Our Park is three times the size of Yellowstone and offers limitless opportunities for all outdoor activities.



## Crackdown on Jet Skis

*(Excerpt from The Stewart's Landing Association. 1997 newsletter)*

The proposal by the Federation of Lake Associations for the state legislature to take action about jet skis was mentioned in an editorial in the Daily Gazette, Schenectady, NY, on March 15, 1997. The article began "personal watercraft, popularly known as jet skis are an increasing nuisance on lakes in New York state and across the country. They are an overloud, environmentally unfriendly safety hazard, and the State Legislation needs to take control of them." Jet skis have been rapidly growing in numbers and in the accidents they cause. "They are noisier than most boats and, in the hands of too many irresponsible operators, are sometimes ridden into wetlands and other environmentally fragile areas".

The NYS Federation of Lakes, of which we are a member, recommended increasing distance from shore (current 100 feet is not enough to protect swimmers), license operators, mandate education, and require operators to be 16 years old. Also NYFOLA proposed that manufacturers muffle the engines. "The rights of people who want to enjoy New York's waterways deserve at least as much consideration as the rights of jet skiers."

After the Gazette editorial was published, another letter was published from Joe Hart who has collected data for the New York Loon Conservation project. In his letter, Mr. Hart wrote "because of their maneuverability and shallow draft, jet skis are a particularly

effective device in the hands of a driver who harasses loons in their nursery areas during the nesting season. Loons nest in sheltered bays only a few inches above the water and are vulnerable to wakes from boats moving close to shore. Newly hatched chicks are too buoyant to escape boats by diving."

All jet skis are required to have clear

identifying numbers. If you feel that someone is violating a law, you may report the jet ski number to the sheriff."

Anyone interested in joining the Association may contact:  
Gladys Nelson  
1156 Stewart Landing Rd.  
Stratford, NY 13470

## Canada Lake; Temperature & pH, 1995 & 1996

by Parks Landis

On July 9, 1996, samples for water acidity were taken from Canada Lake and adjoining waters. The acidities were measured on a calibrated pH meter at the Lee Dye Labs in Johnstown, courtesy of Morris Evans, the same morning that they were sampled.

The locations and measurements are listed below and compared with similar samples taken from almost the same locations as had been sampled the year before, on June 22, 1995. Depths and water temperatures are also listed; the deeper samples were all from near the bottom at the location named.

<u>Location</u>	<u>Depth</u>	<u>Temp</u>	<u>1995 pH</u>	<u>Temp</u>	<u>1996 pH</u>
1. Lagoon off J. Bates dock	2	73	5.62	67	5.14
2. Lagoon near London Bridge	2	72	5.72	66	5.37
3. 100 yards west of Jungville	2	71	6.45	68	6.06
4. 300 yards east of Nick Stoner	2	72	6.38	68	6.39
5. same location	67	52	5.35	50	5.19
6. Green Lake, center	2	71	6.53	67	5.77
7. same location	35			54	5.21
8. 100 yds off Canada Lake Store	2	71	6.72	68	5.79
9. 100 yards west of Nick Stoner	2	72	6.44	67	6.22
10. same location (1995)	40	55	5.54		
11. same location (1996)	54			51	5.13
12. 100 yards N. of S. Shore	2	72	6.41	67	6.35
13. same location	100	48	5.42	48	5.56
14. 100 yds E. of Dolgeville Pt.	2	72	6.82	67	6.19
15. West Lake, N. of center	2	73	6.51	68	5.83
16. same location (1995)	10	71	6.12		
17. same location (1996)	15			65	5.64

## SUMMER YOUTH PROGRAM BEGINS

On Saturday, July 5, from 10:00 AM to noon, the following youth programs have been scheduled. It is our hope that the young people of our lakes form friendships that will last a lifetime.

### AGE GROUP

5 and under  
(accompanied by an adult)

6-10 year olds  
(Check the bulletin board at the Canada Lake Store)

11-16 year olds

### LOCATION

Lois Miller's: Dolgeville Pt.  
835-6703

Location to be announced

Karen Riley's: South Shore  
835-3730

*Anyone interested in hosting the activities for the 6-10 year olds please call Karen or Lois at the above numbers.*

## Boat Wakes

by Dave Fisher

At last years August meeting the problem of boat wakes was discussed. We agreed to address this issue through the Echo.

Everyone is affected by the movement of power boats on Canada Lake. What you do with your boat will affect many people well after you have passed them.

Your boat leaves a wake of water displaced by the boat as it moves; the more water displaced, the larger the wake.

The effects to shore line installations and residents are often not considered by boaters. Large wakes near the shore can be a danger to swimmers, floats, docks, and moored boats. Beyond the destructive potential of wakes, they can disturb and disrupt an otherwise peaceful water front setting.

As boaters we are responsible for

damage from our boat wakes. Operating within a 100 foot of shore, docks and moored boats, we are limited to 5 m.p.h.. That speed should produce a minimal wake. I have often observed boaters operating at slow speeds when they actually produce maximum wakes. Often adjusting speed up or down by 3 to 5 m.p.h. can level a boat and noticeably reduce wake size. If you have a boat that creates a large wake, operating well away from shore is a simple courtesy.

Boats pulling skiers and tubes create extra waves to bounce over; hopefully these activities take place in the wider parts of the lake and not in the same area with great repetition.

Green Lake, because of its narrow nature, is the most adversely affected by boat, ski, and tube wakes. Effort should be to operate toward the center of the lake, but Green Lake gets badly churned up with just a few boats.

Though your wake has little effect upon you, its what you leave behind for your lake neighbors.



## ECHOES

News from the **PARKHURST** Camp: Alex will marry Lisanna Toiani on May 25th. He works for MCI in Denver.

From the **KERRS**: "We survived our "April Fool" snowstorm of 15" and enjoyed watching it melt. We're happy in our "cozy cottage" to which we moved in late Sept. There are only a few things we can't seem to find but basically we have the essentials and have unloaded most of the extras. Our first order of business at the lake this spring will be to restore our beauteous Chinese Pagoda out house which had one side shattered by lightning in early Sept. Looking forward to seeing everyone this summer."

**Doug SMITH'S** father passed away this year. He spent many years on Green Lake.

From the **Roy ELBERFELDS**: Mary Ann and I are happy to announce that our daughter Anissa Joan Elberfeld was married to Scott Sullivan last summer. They reside in White Plains, NY. Our daughter Mary Ann and our son-in-law Evan, of Englewood Cliff, NJ are expecting their first child in October.

From the **PETERSONS** at Camp Jayhawk on Fulton Rd.. Son, Jamie, will receive his Doctor of Veterinary Medicine from Kansas State University on May 16. He has spent the last two summers at Canada Lake while working for Dr. Matt Long in Johnstown. Son Tim, will receive his B.S. from Kansas State on May 17. Marilyn's mother, Ruth Walrath, formerly of St. Johnsville and now of Greenville, So. Carolina, was seriously ill in January, following complications from surgery, but is recovering nicely now. Marilyn and Jim Peterson are both retiring at the end of May. Marilyn began her teaching career in Fonda-Fultonville in 1957 and has been a library media specialist and elementary media coordinator in Olathe, Kansas for 24 years. Jim has been social studies instructor 31 years in the DeSoto, Kansas School District. We are anticipating spending longer summers at the lake beginning this year and look forward to seeing all of our Canada Lake friends. We will arrive the middle of June with daughter, Kathy, and grandsons, Max and Sam for our 17th summer at beautiful Canada Lake.

**KANE** family news: All the family spent holiday time at the lake last summer and hope to do the same this year. Bill a wine buyer, was a guest at three of the Sonoma Valley wineries in early August before coming to the lake on his annual vacation. Barbara and Bill flew up from Nashville with Alex so that he could celebrate his first birthday with an initial dip into Canada' Lake's soft, cool water. Too cool for Alex, it turned out, and his protest was heard up and down the nearby North Shore.

Mike, Nancy and Margot arrived for a couple of long weekends of windsurfing, tennis and sunset boat rides . In the Fall soccer season, Margot's team from West Newton High School won Massachusetts State Championship title after a final playoff game against Winchester. Margot was credited with the assist which led to the winning goal. At Christmas and again in March the family went West to enjoy a skiing holiday.

**Edgar MOORE'S** daughter, Denise, writes that Mr. Moore had a stroke on March 2nd. Returned home from hospital on March 12th. He is ambulatory with a walker and is alert but has difficulty with his vision. He wrote the story for the Echo just before this happened.

The **TEVEBAUGHS** write that they do not expect to be at the lake this summer but send news of their grandchildren: "Amanda Yarnell, now a junior at John's Hopkins U. , is on the Dean's list, is a Teaching Asst. in Chemistry, has received a \$1000 "Excellence in Chemistry Prize"; and still has time to organize, manage and work every Sat. on J.H.U's Habitat For Humanity Chapter. Three vans of students went to New Orleans this spring break to work on HFH housing." "Derek Yarnell is a Computer Science major at the U. of Maryland and enjoys his studies. His dorm has "Ethernet" connections. He is working for HFH on Saturdays, and a group of students from U. of Md. drove to Lynchburg, VA. on their spring break to work on HFH." "Erika Ehmsen will graduate from Northwestern U. and the Medill School of Journalism in June. She is employed in Chicago, Ill.

at the Temp Agency until she graduates, and then she hopes to work in England during the summer, providing she receives a work permit." "Kirk Ehmsen is graduating from Villa Park High School in Villa Park CA. in June. He is interested in becoming a Veterinarian, so he plans to go to a University but is undecided as to which one. He is also a National Merit Scholarship Finalist, as well as an accomplished pianist." "Jeffrey Ehmsen is graduating, in June, from the Lutheran High School near Villa Park. He will attend a University of his choice. He is also a Nation Merit Scholarship Finalist and an accomplished pianist, organist and synthesizer player."

News from **Mrs. Ellen NOLAN**; A 40th reunion was held at Canada Lake the weekend of July 19 and 20. Those attending were Hank Healey, Mary Healey Livezwy(sp?), Judy Rohrs Donnelly and husband Bill, Ellen Rohrs Nolan, Johnny Miller and wife Pam, Barbara Yuenger Michaels, Sue Doubleday Tantalo, Joe Aulise and wife Jill, Burt Vonderake and wife Catherine, Marty Gohn and wife Donna, Dave Fisher and wife Carol Priscilla Steuber Castilloux and husband John.

The group met Friday at Sue and Dan Tantalo's newly acquired camp on Kasson Drive. Johnny Miller shared pictures taken of the group members in the 50's which recalled fond memories of good times spent square dancing at Pine Lake, water skiing, beach parties, island parties and picnics at Stewart's Landing etc.. Dave Fisher and Barb Michaels brought us up to date on some of the people who were missing from the reunion. Those mentioned were Jim Wurzbacher, Mike

Kane, Art Yuenger, Franz and Karen Menge, Judy Bachman, Chris, David and Alan Johnson. If anyone knows how we can contact any of these people please call one of us. On Saturday a pot luck supper was held at the Rohrs-Healey Camp. This camp was built in 1931 and this spring the old kitchen was completely remodelled. Irene and Jeanne Rohrs, the matriarchs of the house also attended the party. Irene, the oldest member of the family (91) first came to Canada Lake in 1920 at the age of 15 with her parents Nellie and Henry Rohrs. The weekend of August 8 and 9 was chosen for the '97 reunion.

**Justin MEMMOTT**, son of Karen and Jim Memmott, of South Shore Trail (and Wethersfield, CT) was named an English-speaking Union Scholar. Justin will have the privilege of attending a school in Great Britain, on full scholarship, for the academic year of 1997-98. Justin currently attends Avon Old Farms School in Connecticut; he will graduate this May.



## Like it was

by Edgar E. Moore

Good mornin', boys and girls. Nice of them store folks to let us set here on the porch. I ain't much on galavantin' around, seems like I'm content to sit. Maybe your folks can recollect some of our camp fires and stories. Anyway from right here I'll tell you about where we been and seen.

First off, right across the road is where the old store set, which they had to move on account the new road was comin' through. Progress they called it. Also across the road was the boardin' house where them fellers that worked in the saw mill lived. Use to be a big saw mill about where them camps on this side of the road are now. Lumber yards and the saw mill, it sure was a busy place. About where the store dock is now was a big pile of wood from the saws and it kinda smoldered so the pile wouldn't get too big. Wood was so plentiful in them days seems like it was just burned to get rid of it.

I'll tell you a funny story, twarn't so funny then though. It was 1928 and me and Dan Green stayed the whole month of July in his parents' camp. Dan was the cook and I was the dish washer. In them days a siren was made for bicycle riders and it was powered from the front wheel. All one had to do to make it work was to pull a string. It was a noisy thing; against the law now. Anyway Dan and me was comin' home from the dance hall one night and I took to makin', the siren go. We had hooked it up to the car fan belt so it would operate and the string then

came up through the floor board and I could pull it when I wanted to. So I pulled it and that siren sounded like the whole fire department was out and the place was burnin' down! The next mornin I went to the store and there was the trooper's car. I heard he was a lookin' for the feller that had that siren. Back to the camp I ran, told Dan, and boy you should have seen them tools fly!! The siren came off! The trouble was we never seen the trooper again. Kind of a false alarm. Anyhow that was the end of the siren.

I been comin, to this lake since I was six years old; quite a spell ain't it? And how do I remember? Easy! I'll tell you how it was. That year my mother and me stayed at the Fulton House. We lived in Dolgeville and my mother and me made the trip by horse and wagon to Stewart's Landing. From there we took the steamer to the Fulton House. Funny thing about the trip, I remember settin' by the steamer boiler and by the trellis work in front of the hotel. You've heard of Stoney Dam in the channel. Well the story goes that back in them days of the steamer a passenger says to the captain, "how do you know where all the stones are?" "Easy" says the captain. Just then they hit a stone and the captain says "there's one now."

Ever been on West Lake when the sun sets? Prettiest sight you ever did see. Some folks go to West Lake in the evenin' just to watch it. When we had a camp there we used to set on the dock and watch the sun as it went down behind the hills.

I know you young folks like to get there and back fast but a slow boat ride or a canoe trip down the channel, say, that's as pretty a ride as any around

here.

But, gettin' back up this way, down by the Lakeview Motel that's on the old road by the lake used to be a dance hall. That brings back them days when I was a young feller and went there. Seems like near every Saturday night during the summer me and Lorenz Franz would go there. The fellers that weren't dancin' would gather around the soda fountain and hash out the weeks activities. We would wear jackets, shirts, and ties and the girls were all dressed up too. Tain't so today. Of course there ain't no dance hall either. One evening I recall a girl comin, in with her stocking rolled below her knees. Old Nate he told her to get her stocking rolled up over her knees or leave and not come back. Quite often Dwight Dwiggins and his guests or neighbors would come to the dance. They always had a bit of extra refreshment before they came. They sure was an entertainin' group! Durin' the evening some of us would go out by the lake and discuss the dance and other affairs of the day. With the moon a shinin' and the waves a lappin' keepin' tune with the music- say those nights seem like yesterday. You know I could just sit here and remember a lot of other tales but we'll just save them for another time. Why I bet someday you just might be sittin' here rememberin' and talkin' with some folks; maybe even your grandchildren. Sure will be fun!



## Seeking the Whale

by Liz Butler

As I jumped into the freezing cold water of the lake I could feel the goose bumps form on my skin. The water took my breath away as it does every time I enter it, I was off on a journey to seek the ancient whale that inhabits the deep of Canada Lake.

I have seen this whale every summer since my first year of life. In fact, my family has seen this same whale for the last sixty-two years. From the icy cold water the immense whale seems to be at least one mile away from my grasp.

I was five and this was my first adventure without a parent leading me. I was off to seek the notorious whale. Without a parent's guidance and in water that was over my head, I felt tremendously uneasy and anxious, but I was also filled with excitement. Never before had a little girl been able to swim to the whale's back!

The whale's back surfaced above the water just as it had done summer after summer, posing a hazard to sailers and skiers alike. Now it was my turn to touch the whale's back, slide on her slimy side and stand triumphantly on her ridge, I had seen my older cousins do this amazing trick of talent each summer.

I started swimming with the whale in sight knowing that it would be a long one mile until I reached her. The water splashed in my face and I could feel myself going under. I didn't give up. I pulled furiously. Suddenly, I touched her side. It was solid and covered with green slime. I climbed up and let myself fall again into the clear green

water. I had made it! I had captured the whale. I spent the rest of the morning in glory, jumping and swimming off the whale's back.

Now I am thirteen and I still swim out to the whale's back, Two things have changed though. I realize now that the whale is more petrified than real and instead of swimming a mile each time, I more or less just take a BIG, BIG jump and voila, I'm there!

Every summer we speed out in our motor boats to check on her. One day I am sure I will be out on the lake with my children telling them the myths of the past just as my mother has done with me.

## BRIEF MEMORIES OF TWO WORLD WARS

by Helen I. Hays

Let's begin with WW II since I have less connection with it than WW I.

By the time the Second World War began I was busy taking care of my family. Of course, like every one else, we saved fat. Sugar was rationed. We used practically none so we sent, almost the whole amount we were allowed, to relatives in Scotland and friends in France.

There was an organization through which one could buy a pound of butter and have it delivered to friends in Britain and France. You may be sure we made use of this!

Many food items were scarce and hard to find even if one had the required stamps. Just before

*Continued on page 18*



# 1997 CLPA SUMMER CALENDAR 1997

JUNE	
<p>WELCOME TO THE LAKE! — 28 — CLPA Director's Mtg. Sat. 9:30 AM (Leaf's Camp)</p>	<p>— 27 — July Sailing Awards Party (Location TBA)</p>
JULY	
<p>— 4 — CLSC Annual Membership Mtg. 10 AM (Dick Loomis' Camp) 4th of July Sailboat Race</p> <p>— 5 — Youth Program - 10 AM (see schedule) July Series Sailboat Races 1, 2, 3 Flare Lighting 9:30 PM</p> <p>— 10 — Recalling the past / speakers from Canada Lake, 7:30 PM Caroga Museum</p> <p>— 12 — CLPA Annual Mtg. Saturday 8 PM (Town of Caroga Municipal Bldg.) July Series Sailboat Races 4, 5, 6</p> <p>— 16 — Get Acquainted Luncheon &amp; Card Party 12 Noon (Location TBA)</p> <p>— 19 — Relay Race &amp; Eighth Annual CLPA Picnic (Details TBA) *Peggy Eyres &amp; Dan Berggren Perform 7:30 PM Caroga Historical Museum</p> <p>— 20 — July Sailboat Series 7, 8, 9</p> <p>— 24 — Recalling the past / speakers from Caroga Lake &amp; Shermans 7:30 PM</p> <p>— 26 — Caroga Fire Company Auxiliary Annual Rummage Sale Breakfast &amp; Barbeque July Series Sailboat Races 10, 11, 12</p>	<p>— 2 — CLPA Director's Mtg. Sat. 9:30 AM August Series Sailboat Races 1, 2, 3 Art Show &amp; Craft Fair Caroga Historical Museum (Rain date Aug. 3)</p> <p>— 6 — *Bleeker Mt. Folk &amp; Cedar Ridge Perform Caroga Lake Historical Museum 7 PM</p> <p>— 9 — Sixth Annual Golf Tournament August Series Sailboat Races 4, 5, 6</p> <p>— 14 — Recalling the past / speakers from Northbush &amp; Wheelerville 7:30 PM Caroga Historical Museum</p> <p>— 16 — August Series Sailboat Races 7, 8, 9</p> <p>— 23 — August Series Sailboat Races 10, 11, 12</p> <p>— 24 — August Sailing Awards Party (Location TBA)</p> <p>— 30 — Season Ending Fun Race Flare Lighting 9 PM</p>
AUGUST	
SEPTEMBER	
<p>FAREWELL CAMPERS, 'TIL NEXT YEAR *July 10th &amp; Aug. 6 Special Events have been made possible in part with funds from the N.Y.S. Council of the Arts</p>	

Christmas one year, I had a pleasant surprise: Mr. Spoppable, our butcher and grocer, had a pound of butter delivered to me. I hadn't ordered it! This was a very kind and thoughtful thing for him to do! Of course the bill was with it ---- but I had the butter!

During the Second War, Douglas, my husband, and other young men of his age group used to, as needed, spend the night in the police station. They would go down, always two at a time. Their purpose in doing this was to be on duty and awake, in case of an air raid warning, to alert the community. As I remember, such a warning never came - but they were there, they were ready, they were doing their part in helping with the war effort.

My sister Isabel's future husband, Justin McCortney O'Brien, held an important place in the world of modern French Literature. He had been associated with Andre Gide, Albert Camus and other French writers. Of course Justin spoke French fluently.

Justin trained young French men from North Africa to be dropped behind the German lines and bring back information. They must pass as natives. As I remember each one had a white celluloid ball, about the size of a golf ball. This was fluorescent and gave them a little light because they carried no flashlight.

I believe they all were able to perform as planned and not one was caught. They all reported back to the OSS (Office of Special Services) with which Justin worked.

Now let's think about World War One which began in 1914. The United States entered in 1917 when I was 14. I urged my father to go over with the Red Cross and take me with him.

I was trying to win the war all by myself. The war ended in 1918.

My sister Isabel, was a few years older than I. Of course the boys in her age group were eligible for the draft and they were all heroes to me! I wrote to some of them and sent one a recipe for getting rid of "Cooties", (i.e. body lice).

This little correspondence with boys Isabel's age thrived. I remember once, when I was a student at Walnut Hill, a girls college preparatory school in Natick, Mass., I heard one of the older girls say, as she looked at my mail box, "How does Helen get so much AEF<sup>1</sup> mail?"

John Sand, a tall, lanky, seventeen year old, lied about his age and enlisted. John adored Isabel - I adored John. One beautiful summer evening I was sitting on the large front porch of my parents' cottage at Canada Lake. No one else was home. A canoe drew up and John Sand climbed up over the porch railing (the most direct way!) and far quicker than the front steps! How wonderful to see him! He was looking for Isabel, of course. Since she wasn't home, he invited me to get in his canoe (the Denkert's canoe, "borrowed" from the dance hall) and accompany him to his family's camp up near the Canada Lake store.

Immediately we were on our way! What a moment! A full moon and a young man in uniform paddling me over the calm waters of Canada Lake.

The next day John was leaving and he stopped to say "goodbye" to all of us. He was on his way to France — after a few moments John started to leave. His sister, Grace, touched his

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<sup>1</sup>American Expeditionary Force

arm and said, "But John, you haven't said goodbye to Helen." So John said "goodbye" to me and left. I went to the upstairs sleeping porch and cried for two hours.

As some of us remember there was a false armistice, then the real one signed on November 11, 1918, ended the war!

At that time, I was at Walnut Hill School. As I remember, we students were wakened in the middle of the night, told to dress and then marched two by two, with a teacher at appropriate intervals, to the village. Here we found masses of people, a blaze of light and great bonfires burning. High in the sky, at the tops of trees, at the far end of the square, the Kaiser was being burned in effigy! I can see it now! What a mass of confusion and celebration! The war was over and we all rejoiced!

The next day was a holiday. Since my sister, Isabel, was a senior in Wellesly College, only two miles away, I was allowed to go with her to Boston. Here the streets were so thick with people one could scarcely move! Bands played, people shouted, the windows and doors were filled with people and flags! This was an uproar and celebration beyond belief. I shall never forget it and am glad to be able to remember such a tremendous moment!

## Auf Wiedersehen

by Eleanor Franz

The Henry Steuber cottage on East Canada Lake, one of the older and more picturesque camps, has a

fascinating connection with the rich and famous of the 1940's.

Mrs. Franklin Roosevelt spent some time there when her husband was president, and it is rumored that the president himself may have been there because of Secret Service men spaced about the camp.

Known as the Silver Springs Camp and owned by J.H. Decker in 1896 it had been built in 1889 according to Mr. Steuber. Looking for a vacation spot Henry made an offer for it in 1995 from a Mr. Sowden who, like Henry and Louise was a Cornell graduate. Sowden refused and went to England. In December he called back and took a more moderate offer.

The connection with the Roosevelts had been made because Elliot Roosevelt was married to Mrs. Sowden's niece. Mrs. Franklin Roosevelt was visiting the Sowdens and knitting down on the spacious lawn. Two little boys were playing there, and one fell in the lake. Mrs. Roosevelt put down her knitting and leaped in the lake rescuing the boy. When the Steubers took over the camp, they found two funguses in the cellar marked with the names, Tony Roosevelt and Chandler Roosevelt, 1941.

It is remembered that as governor, Roosevelt had visited in Peg Tymeson's cottage next door, and Mrs. Roosevelt had walked there later.

While the original deed specified that it "took \$400 to build and (had to be) covered with paint", in a picture of 1896 the cottage was a magnificent structure with a tower, cupola, summer house, boat house and a launch floating nearby.

Its main features have been

preserved, and today Mr. and Mrs. Steuber of Upper Montclair, N.J., Mr. and Mrs. Castillaux of Montville, N.J. (Priscilla), Mr. and Mrs. Tom Gardry (Betsy) of Coram, L.I. and Carl and Kathy Steuber of Cedar Grove, N.J. often visit there. The lovely cottage is a haven for their children, seven grandchildren, four and 1/2 great grandchildren and 4 great great grandchildren.

## The Bottom of the Lake

by John Widdemer

Winter childhood dreams are long remembered. This one returns to me many times: the Lake is dry and empty and vast cracked brown terrain falls away from our dock into the long deep "S" shaped valley formed by the familiar surrounding hills. This deep, depressing landscape is littered with many expected things and some which are not. The huge boulders, jumbled logs and scattered shapes of ancient ice boxes, rusty wood stoves and bedsprings (some of which I had, myself, seen deep-sixed off an unnamed barge at night) were surely real. But there were other, more wonderful things there too, easily supplied by a child's imagination. Perhaps it was in search of those that my fascination with THE BOTTOM OF THE LAKE began. Or perhaps it was because my earliest childhood memory was of an intense shower of meteorites falling all around my play pen on the dock, not from the heavens, but from the bottom of the lake, where our neighbor (before the Egans bought the

camp) had dynamited a huge rock which now lies scattered as five or six, still a hazard to shear pins.

The term "Younger Dryas" means to geologists the end of the last ice age, and it was then, about 10,000 years ago, that the final character of Canada Lake was formed. The last wave of glaciers had crept through the Adirondacks in a Southwesterly direction, generally following the contours of the land, while reshaping and deepening the valleys, many of which later became our lakes. In the glacier's aftermath mountains of melting ice became raging torrents which finished sculpting the bottom of the Lake, cutting here, building there and depositing rocks, gravel sand and silt around and among the landscape of boulders deposited by the retreating glacier. The sculpting continues even today as can be seen by deposited shallows at the mouths of the inlets and the deep drop-off at Point Breeze where the lake narrows and the westerly flowing current intensifies. For centuries the bottom of the Lake was undisturbed by man except for the leaving behind of occasional mis-shot arrows and perhaps a sunken canoe by the nomadic Native Americans for whom the Lake was an important crossroads of their trails and summering spot. But by the mid Nineteenth Century the second wave of Canada Lakers began to interfere.

How much the chemistry of the Lake was affected by the tons of tannery waste pouring down the inlet from Wheelerville is unknown, but we can see the murky orange-red the water turns when tanbark deposits are stirred up and in some places still feel the deep sawdust deposits from the sawmill between our toes. But the real legacy

of the early Lakers is the underwater forest of "sinkers", huge hardwood logs which litter the depths. These were heavy logs which, during their travels down the Lake from the surrounding forests to the sawmill, became water-logged and disappeared. These were mostly cherry, and it is estimated that about 6% of all the logs floated became "sinkers" In the 1950's it was realized that this was irreplaceable virgin timber with great value in the width of the planks it could provide and that it was perfectly preserved by its submersion. I remember the salvage program with its scuba divers, its floating platform, noisy winch and beached logs. Depending who you ask, the project ended by court order based on complaints of lakers about spoiled recreation caused by the commercial activity, the noise and muddied waters; or it ended more dramatically in a midnight sledgehammer raid on the beached equipment. In either case, most of the "sinkers" still wait far below the surface of Canada Lake. There were more successful salvage operations in 1942. Bill "Morris" Place, then perhaps 17, had the fastest boat on Canada Lake, a tiny "pumpkinseed" powered by a heavy four cylinder Evinrude, his pride and joy. One stormy night, heading across from our camp to the South Shore in one of those oceanic East winds he capsized, almost in the middle. With amazing presence of mind he triangulated his position, using camp lights on shore, and then, against all odds, swam home. The next day, heartbroken, he told his story to Skeet Sliter. Without a word, Skeet got out his five pronged grappling hook and a hundred feet of rope and within hours the boat was safely back on land,

dredged up from 60 feet of water. That hook hangs now in Bill Fielding's basement at the store and I borrowed it last year to pull up a sunken dock chair. Encouraged by Skeet's feat, Bill (Morris) decided to try to find the legendary steamer which had supposedly sunk in Green Lake Bay. Again, there were two stories: the steamer had been sunk or had been sold and sent to Lake George. Or, were there two steamers? There was certainly one, because he found it, diving without equipment and brought up the huge brass propeller as evidence. Bill passed away last year, but the propeller still may hang over his bed in the Place camp, as it did for years

Much more has been lost to the depths than has been found. I know of three good motors down there and have one from the early 1920's brought up by Archie Stewart, an avid scuba explorer of the Lake bottom. Ask him what else is there and he will tell you "silt". Deep silt, several feet of it so smaller objects in deep water are lost forever. I know of two:

In the early 1930's, while Franklin was Governor, Eleanor Roosevelt spent a summer at Canada Lake with her children, I believe in the old "Sowden" camp on the North Shore. Rumors abounded about her close relationship with the handsome State Trooper assigned to protect the Governor's family. Her son, Elliot and the trooper were fishing off Nick Stoner Island, when a huge bass hit Elliot's rig and in the scramble, his valuable new gold watch tore off his wrist and spiraled down and down into the half light. The valiant trooper dove after it, but as

*continued on page 24*

# CROSSWORD PUZZLE

By Bill Ringle

## ACROSS

- Name of Canada Lake on old maps.
- Indian name given early Canada Lake hotel.
- Lake, upstream from Green Lake.
- For want of one, a shoe, then a horse, was lost.
- Go it alone.
- Caviar, or European deer.
- Avery's, Dick & Peg's, Union Hall and Holiday.
- A place without Canada Lake.
- Successor to typewriter (abbrev.).
- Roger, in naughty limerick, was one. So are many renters.
- \_\_\_\_\_ poll, feathered lake resident.
- Vessels for liquid chemicals or medicines.
- Whatta state to be in! (initials)
- The French Covet it, but it's only a conjunction to us.
- Going to Benson? Head \_\_\_\_\_ (abbrev.).
- Canada itself is a raison d'\_\_\_\_\_.
- We, or Peking Man, or the Cro-Magnons.
- Just a little bit, a \_\_\_\_\_.
- A 1930s visit to Canada Lake by a member of this family caused great excitement.
- What naked looking sheep were.
- Top notch.
- Favorite Canada Lake water bird.
- \_\_\_\_\_ bucco, stew with veal shin and vegetables.
- French pronoun, or name of woman's magazine.
- He really gives a hoot about Canada Lake.
- Abbreviation for Sir William's title.
- Western Indians, memorialized in a state's name.

- One of the Six Nations with which Sir William dealt. Now operates a gambling casino.
- Medicare beneficiaries.
- In \_ . Regarding.
- The last laugh.
- Breathing organ in fish.
- Village where Saltsman's is located.
- Caroga Lake \_\_\_\_\_ or St. Barbara's \_\_\_\_\_.
- John Scottish arctic explorer.
- Compass direction from Canada Lake to Peck's Lake.
- "Raven" poet.
- Innovative industrialist, lake benefactor.
- Trinitrotoluene.
- Eleanor \_\_\_\_\_ Canada Lake denizen, biographer of 72 across.

## DOWN

- "\_\_\_\_\_ wild" which the state constitution says the Forest Preserve must be.
- Lance \_\_\_\_\_, California judge.
- \_\_\_\_\_ 's Landing or \_\_\_\_\_ Lake.
- The male pronoun.
- Hall, Johnstown restaurant built 1798.
- \_\_\_\_\_ Point, jutting from lake's South Shore.
- Settlement named by Sir William Johnson, now a Gloversville neighborhood.
- So, what \_\_\_\_\_ is new?
- The raw material for Dolgeville's famous baseball bats.
- A word that describes either Dorothy or Bill Fielding.
- Little \_\_\_\_\_ Inn, 1930s and 1940's Canada Lake night spot. Now Lakeside Motel.
- "...fa, mi, \_\_\_\_\_ do"
- In terms of years put in on the lake, is Lydon F. Maider the \_\_\_\_\_ continuing summer resident?
- What you enter, before 2 down.
- What calves get at Caroga Lake's Paradise Ranch.
- Neuter pronoun.



- \_\_\_\_\_ up the engine.
- Common verb suffix.
- Political platforms: Square, Fair or New
- Another abbreviation for the ailment MS.
- Canada Lake's a good place to do it.
- Group of nations from Western Hemisphere (common abbrev.)
- \_\_\_\_\_ Lake downstream from Canada Lake.
- We're in the \_\_\_\_\_ of Caroga.
- College in Geneva, N.Y. and capital of Tasmania.
- \_\_\_\_\_ strife, beautiful weed, bane of Dr. Hoffman's existence.
- Spanish cry, or Norwegian name.
- Difficult kind of curve to negotiate when driving.

- Barbara McMartin's books \_\_\_\_\_ about the Adirondacks.
- Bev Hoffman's title (abbrev.) at The Echo.
- Not in usual order. (abbrev.)
- The girl who passes, in Browning's "Ring and the Book".
- "Go" in Montreal.
- The direction in which to head if you're going to Bleeker.
- Home state (abbrev.) of Newt, Sam Nunn and Maynard Jackson.
- Ponce de \_\_\_\_\_.
- Golfer's supply depot, Nick Stoner \_\_\_\_\_ shop.
- Major leaguer Schumacher, our "Prince \_\_\_\_\_"
- For roosters, she's something to crow over.

everyone knows who has dropped something overboard in deep water, pursuit is hopeless. The trooper was replaced and the vacation ended badly. Forty years later I watched Morris Evans come up sputtering after a skiing spill in our bay and look with dismay at his empty wrist. His almost new Rolex "Perpetual Oyster", guaranteed to work at depths of 300 feet, may still be ticking quietly down there at the bottom of the Lake.

When you are a child, there is endless adventure to be had at the bottom of the Lake. Rich clay deposits off Paul Bransom's dock made perfect cannonballs in Jim Hays' and my canoe wars against his sister and her friends. The wars continued until I saw a movie in which Errol Flynn overturned barrels of nails on the barefoot pirate's deck. We tried the same tactic with thumbtacks in the girls' canoe, which ended our wars forever. Next, we mined the bay with underwater floating cans anchored with wire to rocks below to discourage "bad kids" from buzzing our docks in their motorboats. Ten feet of wire can really snarl a propeller. More constructively, Paul Bransom (who had saved the American Bison from extinction by shipping breeding pairs to a New York zoo) noticed that fresh water mussels abounded in Canada Lake but not in Mud Lake across the road. He suggested our transplanting a mussel colony, which we did. Now there are no mussels in Canada Lake (another effect of acid rain?) but every Spring I find a pile of mussel shells on the stones near our Mud Lake dock, remnants of raccoon feasts. Later, when Jim and I were old enough to run a motor boat and leave our bay (out of parental sight) we rigged a

"diving board" with handles and towing it at five miles an hour could skim along ten or fifteen feet beneath the surface. The hope was to find treasure in the form of lost motors. The problem was the logs. Many "sinkers", descending heavy end first, would impale themselves in the deep silt and mud, slanting upward at angles out of the darkness. It was hard to see these coming, and a few near misses ended our "high speed" submarineing. Always, the sight of the tip of a huge log in the underwater half light, the great trunk disappearing far into the depths evoked the question: "what else is down there?"

There may be some grisly remains as well as treasures at the bottom of the Lake. About 70 years before Morris Evans lost his watch, a distant relative of his mysteriously disappeared while canoeing on the Lake. It was near his wedding day (perhaps arranged and unwanted) when he and a young woman, who had a summer job at the hotel rented a canoe for a last ride together. They paddled up the South shore towards Lily Lake and never returned. There had been a storm and the canoe was found floating upside down. Dragging the depths and then blasting had no results. Theories abounded and finally it was hoped (an expression of those days) "that they had gone West", escaping together to a happier future and were not haunting some underwater cave along the deep South shore.

The depth of the Lake depends on who you ask. There is a "hole" to the west of the Island which is said to be the deepest part. This hole may have been caused by a huge block of glacial ice, the last to melt, which became

surrounded by the build up of the lake bottom around it, forming a "kettle hole" Here the depth is said to be 135, 180 or 200 feet by various experts. No matter who is right, it is very deep. I don't know if the volume of water held by Canada Lake has ever been calculated, but a lake of comparable size, Conistan Water in England, is 5.4 miles long with an area of 1.9 square miles, a maximum depth of 180 feet and a mean depth of 79 feet and holds four million cubic feet of water, enough to hold the "many fishes" after which the native Americans named Canada Lake, then called "Auskarada". And there were many fishes when I was growing up. It was nothing special when my parents would return from West Lake in time for breakfast with half a dozen pickerel up to 30 inches long. (They had come to the Lake for their honeymoon in 1921 to a borrowed camp and although it rained the whole week, the fishing was so good, they never left.) Other life has disappeared from the bottom of the Lake besides the once abundant fish. Fifty years ago, the shallows were alive with crayfish (some five inches long), mussels, frogs and dobson (scorpion like creatures which made wonderful bass bait). And the Lake had many stretches of water lilies, white and yellow, remaining from earlier days when (as Eberly Hutchinson told me) almost the entire lake was ringed by them

We can be thankful that human attitudes have changed from the days when every unwanted, heavy object was consigned to the lake bottom and when every motor was carelessly filled to overflowing with gas and oil which coated the lake surface; and that the acid rains, which probably killed off

most of the shallows life are in the process of being controlled; and that the depletion of the ozone layer (which may have killed the frogs) is being reversed. Change, of course, can be good or bad, but for me the mysterious bottom of the Lake remains as it always was — remote, mysterious, fascinating and unchanging. Think of it, as you look across the blue surface from your dock chair or skim along the waves — four million cubic feet of water and then, the bottom of the Lake.



## Recollections of a Winter Vacation At Canada Lake

by Bud Osborn

I first visited Canada Lake in 1931 at the age of thirteen as a guest of Mabel and Kenneth Widdemer. Mabel was a writer of children's books and Kenneth a business acquaintance of my father. A few years after this first visit two college pals and I enjoyed our Christmas vacation in 1937 at the Widdemer camp on Barbour Road.

We traveled by Greyhound bus from New York City to Gloversville and hitched a ride to Caroga Lake. The temperature was 22°, and it was snowing.

We had hoped to buy our food at the Canada Lake store which in those days was located on the opposite side

of the old state road. This was prior to the time when the mountain road came into existence. The store was closed, and the proprietors, Mr. and Mrs. Austin, were in Florida for the winter.

After walking back to Caroga and shopping at Berghof's we talked with Floyd Chapell who was cutting ice for the ice house next to Vrooman's Hotel. Floyd was the Jack of all trades and the caretaker for most of the summer camps.

During our stay at the Widdemer camp we lived in the kitchen wing where the wood stove was located. We spent a lot of time chopping wood and cooking our meals and walking to "town" for supplies. The outside temperature dropped to 6° during our stay, and we succeeded in raising the inside temperature to 68° on one occasion.

Daytime activities included skating on an area cleared in front of camp, ice fishing, climbing Kane Mountain and hiking around the lakes. In the evening we listened to the radio and played cards. Some of the programs we enjoyed were Charlie Butterworth and the Packard hour, Fred Allen, Dick Powell, Rudy Vallee and the Kraft Music Hall. In between programs we tried to do a little studying.

On our return from shopping at Caroga we followed the most direct route to the north shore on the ice in the direction of Point Breeze, one of the oldest homes on the lake. We walked past the property once owned by Eberle Hutchinson, Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt's treasury secretary. In those days Eberle had a large vegetable garden on the portion of his land which is now the Leaf camp. Beyond the old, Trowbridge camp we

walked by the five lots where Sarka, a painter, summered in a primitive cottage. His wife received her guests on her patio adorned with Japanese lanterns. At one time W.D. Griffith produced a motion picture on the site. Beyond the Sarka land we passed the Barbour camp without a doubt the finest building on the lake, formerly owned by the Beechnut Company board chairman. Just beyond the old Evans camp was the Widdemer camp.

The next door neighbor was Paul Bransom whose paintings of animals often appeared on the cover of the Saturday Evening Post.

My recollections of the summer colony at Canada Lake and the "old timers" are still very vivid. I believe Claire Dwiggin, known as "Dwig" and the artist who drew the "Echo" cover years ago, was the pioneer who attracted many artists and professional people to our lake. His daughter Phoebe was born on the south shore, and he built three camps during his lifetime. His son-in-law was Todd Ballard, a writer of western fiction.

Jim Stanley, a concert baritone, and his wife, Margaret Olson, a pianist, lived beyond the road on the south shore. The Stanleys held many lively parties at their camp during prohibition days. Later Jim bought a camp on Stony Point and had his grand piano moved across the lake to the north shore. The only south shore camp beyond the Stanley camp was the one built by Bill Place, Sr. South shore neighbors to the east were Fred Saunders and Frank Hendricks.

Across the lake on Dolgeville Point "Skeet" and Marie Sliter lived year round, crossing the lake in the winter in their Model A Ford or in the canoe

when the ice started to go out. Once the Ford went through the ice. One of the Sliters' neighbors was Herbert Asbury, a Hollywood screen writer. Herbert's home was winterized and beautifully furnished with Chinese pieces when he was married to a sister of Emily Hahn. His second wife was Edith Asbury, a New York Times writer.

John Widdemer's grandmother and his aunt, Margaret Widdemer, author of romantic and historical novels, lived on Mud Lake. For many years Margaret Widdemer hosted the traditional Labor Day cocktail party.

Some of the other old timers who come to mind are Nate Hawley who ran a dance hall in the building which is now Lakeside Motel and his neighbor, Al Batty. Al toured the lake in his electric boat with a martini flag flying from the stem.

In 1942 while in the service I purchased two south shore lots from Totsy and Jack Rodgers, radio entertainers who were nearing the end of their careers. With the exception of the war years I have enjoyed Canada Lake every summer since 1942, and we now spend four months on the south shore every year. Who could ask for anything more?

## **The Invasion of Nick Stoner Island**

by Judson Duley Lincoln, Jr.

Adventure has always been a part of my life; if not in reality, always in the fantasies that my mind has created. I am dreamer by nature. My nocturnal visions provide greater entertainment than any television program, and the

dreams I imagine by the light of day are without end. Boredom is a word of which I know the meaning, but is something I have never experienced. My mind, body and spirit, whether in corroboration, or independent of each other, have been an active barrier to the encroachment of that foreign word; or, should I say world.

A constant theme in the upbringing of my children has been the affirmation of magical power. I describe this magical power as the result of combining ones mind, body and spirit to accomplish or bring something about, which one would not expect to occur normally. As a young child, between the ages of two and nine, I experienced the appearance of apparitions on several occasions. These individuals visited me during my waking hours, and I always viewed them with trepidation in my heart, although they never seemed to present any danger. Did they really exist, or did my mind create them to appear as a movie on a screen in front of my eyes? Is the ability to observe visions of that sort a gift only available to the young, innocent, open hearted children of the world? Did my fear keep the spirits away? Did I lose the gift to ever see those visitors in my life again?

Implementing what I have related to you above as a backdrop, or as the canvas and tools of an artist; I would like to paint a picture for you of an experience I created for my children, and how their involvement in that adventure taught me something about them. Jamie and Judson's reaction to the events I orchestrated, and which they helped bring to life enhanced the experience to the cherished memory that I have of the event today.

For most of my children's lives we have made an annual summer trek into the Adirondack Mountains in New York, to visit a place called Canada Lake; where my parents have a cottage nestled not more than 100 feet from the water's edge. It was on one of these journeys when Jamie was about ten, and Judson seven, that this story takes place. It was a hot summer evening as we rounded the corner from the State highway across from the aptly named Green Lake onto Kasson Drive which snakes around the Easterly side of Canada Lake. The metal steed I affectionately call Knight Rider had made the trip well. The storage area under the high mounted bed was full of baggage and toys that had been brought along for the vacation. As the full orange sun was hovering over the distant mountains lending a purple hue to the blue sky, before making its final descent into night, I glanced over at Nick Stoner Island. To my amazement fluttering from a tall sparse pine tree was a Pirate Flag; white skull and cross bones on a black background!

As we disembarked from Knight Rider, I remember feeling that the serenity and purity of Canada Lake had been violated by this flag flying over the Island. At some point I remarked to the kids that we would have to go out to the Island and kick the pirates off. We could not allow them to claim the Island for themselves. The Island was a public area for everyone to enjoy.

Nick Stoner Island is really very small, perhaps 2,000 square feet; it has an elliptical shape, with a rock jetty jutting forth from the northwest side. On the southeast side is a small clearing with a big rock in the middle, the center carved out by nature to

provide a natural fireplace. A pathway leads through the trees and foliage to the rock jetty, which is a favorite photo spot, fun place to climb from rock to rock, or go for a dip. The Island gets its name from a famous local frontiersman, Nick Stoner, who ended up being stranded on the Island for a short time after his boat capsized during a fierce storm. The area around the Island is famous for the tricky winds that crop up around it, even on a fairly calm day, as it sits where the Lake splits into two arms. The wind funnels through the mountains from the Northwest, and changes direction as it hits the Island, and mountain behind it, before diverting left, right, or up the Mountainside. The wind usually picks up in the mid morning hours until dusk changing the glassy surface to choppy oft white capped waters. The temperature is generally ten to twenty degrees cooler at the cottage than in the surrounding inland towns.

The next morning, I asked the kids if they would like to accompany me to the Island to investigate, and see if there were any pirates there. They seemed to be game for the experience. Since we did not see any ship, the pirates could have left; or, some of their shipmates may have remained behind to occupy the Island. We rummaged through the garage in the back for some weapons we could arm ourselves with. I already had my dagger; I carry with me when I run to kill any dogs that might mistake me for a biscuit. Jamie armed herself with a billy club and Judson found a small, hand held, frog spear. We boarded the row boat, our favorite mode of transportation to the Island; my father saw us off, wishing us luck.

We approached the Island quietly, surveying the Island intently to see if we could discern any movement of pirates. The mood was quite serious and pensive as Jamie tied the boat to the branch of a tree. I steadied the boat while Judson kept a watchful eye on the terrain. The ravages of winter storms had long since washed away the dock, that once stood in the water where we were now mooring the boat. As we ascended the small ledge into the clearing, we could see a crumpled up blanket or sleeping bag. We slowly crept up to it, weapons at the ready. Was there someone beneath it? Dead or alive! I flipped up the crumpled material with the blade of my knife. Alas, there was nothing human beneath it. The outdoor fireplace showed signs of recent use. As we widened our search to the edge of the clearing, we discovered articles of clothing. Someone had definitely been camping out there; it appeared as if they had left in a hurry.

We had only one more area to search. I took the lead down the path towards the rock jetty with Judson bringing up the rear. As we came to the end of the path at the foot of the rocks and into the full light of the day, it was apparent that any pirates had already fled the Island. Jamie let out a sigh of relief. As we backtracked down the path to the clearing, the kids begin to notice some of the booty that the pirates had left behind; in the form of U.S. mint coinage, which they picked up for evidence and safekeeping, I suppose.

As I rowed back to the cottage, the Island slowly shrinking smaller and smaller, we could all rest in the confidence that the Island was once

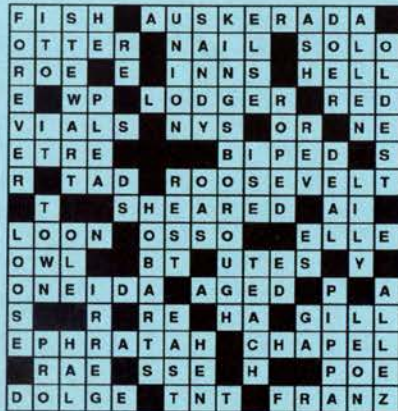
again a safe haven. The breadth of the task we had undertaken finally hit me when I heard the children's retrospective remarks. Jamie said, "I'm glad there weren't any pirates, because I never had to really fight anyone before." Judson piped in with an equally thought provoking statement as he said, "I didn't really have much of a weapon to fight with, I just had my heart."

Did the kids really think that there might have been pirates on the Island? Well, maybe just enough. Indeed, they showed a great deal of love for their father to accompany him on this dangerous mission, and a faith in him that would protect them from any harm. Finally, even though possibly underequipped and inexperienced, there was the belief in the strength and spirit of us all working together, that we would conquer any unknown foe or obstacle.



## BOATING REGULATIONS

- When pulling a water-skier, etc., there must be a 2nd person in the boat who is 10 years or older.
- No water-skiing after sunset.
- Children under 12 must wear a lifejacket in any boat, canoe, etc.
- 5 m.p.h. within 100' of shore, dock, anchored boat, float, etc.



**PUZZLE SOLUTION**

**ATTENTION**



The CLPA now has a box at the Post Office.

CLPA  
P.O. Box 209  
Caroga Lake, NY 12032

**911 IS NOW IN EFFECT**

911 Numbers: The Caroga Lake Volunteer Fire Company has reflective numbers for use with the 911 system. These numbers are available from the fire company at a cost of \$1.00 per digit.

The Caroga Lake Volunteer Fire Company also has a listing of most of the properties in the Town of Caroga showing the proper number.



**NEW VEST REGULATIONS**

Every person in a boat must have a flotation device - wearable vest - type 2 on board. All persons under 12 years of age must be wearing theirs. One throwable device must also be on board.

**St. Barbara's Chapel**

by Bill Ringle

St. Barbara's Chapel, which was to have closed after more than 70 years, has a new lease on life.

It wasn't the shortage of Catholics but the diocese of Albany's shortage of priests that had put the little building on the retired list.

But it got a two year reprieve when a priest who was to have retired didn't, so the Saturday afternoon masses will continue.

The news was especially welcome to Emmerman Arnst, who has a sentimental attachment to it. His grandfather and an uncle built the chapel in - he guesses - 1920 or 1921. Some of the varnished tongue and groove walls of the plain building came from the old St. Joseph's Church in Bleecker Center. "They saved all the wood they could from that building for St. Barbara's," he said. "And my Uncle Alvarado bought the bell for it with his mustering out pay from World War I. Cost \$12 from Montgomery Ward."

The chapel is a spiritual descendent of St. Joseph's, the first Catholic Church in Fulton County, in which the Arnst family had worshiped. But it was

closed when the population there dwindled with the passing of the lumbering boom. "While St. Barbara's was being built we had our masses in our house, which is now the Caroga Museum," Arnst recalls.

St. Barbara's's has outlasted two Gloversville churches to which it had been attached. First, it was served by St. Francis de Sales ("The German Church") which was closed in the 1940's. Then it was taken over by St. Mary's, which was itself closed in 1991 and razed. Now it is an adjunct of St. Mary of Mt. Carmel, once known as "The Italian Church," though it now has a heterogeneous congregation.

Arnst's brother Francis, caretaker and chief usher, was a familiar figure to summer visitors. He died shortly after the new year and it was at his funeral that Father Don Czelusniak, Mt. Carmel's pastor, told Emmerman of the decision to continue the chapel's operation.

Why it was dedicated to St. Barbara, no one seems to know. Legend says she was a 2nd or 3rd century maiden of great beauty who became a Christian. When she refused to renounce her faith, her father, Dioscurus, was ordered to kill her. He did so and "was straightaway struck by lightning and reduced to ashes," according to Donald Atwater's "Dictionary of Saints." She came to be invoked against danger from lightning, he recounts, "and by an extension of this idea became the patron saint of gunners and miners."

How gunners and miners have fared around Canada Lake or Caroga lakes, The Echo hasn't been able to determine. But we seem to have been spared from excessive lightning.

**TOWN OF CAROGA CHURCHES**

**CAROGA CHAPEL**

July thorough Labor Day:  
Sing Along 10:45 AM  
Services 11:00 AM

**ST. BARBARA'S CHAPEL**

Saturday only 5:30 PM

**NORTH BUSH METHODIST CHURCH**

Sunday 11:00 AM



**IN MEMORIAM**

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

- Robert Fogel
- Mira Barer Hopkins
- Myrtle Harazin
- Jim Wurzbacher
- Bob Petrie
- Dorothy Yates