

Canada Lake The Resort

Canada Lake was the setting for an elegant vacation in the 1890's and the early 1900's. There was a choice of hotels in the summer and the Auskerada remained open throughout the winter. Steamers offered day excursions. Cottage lots were available for summer folk who wished to build at the resort.

An anonymous vacationer reported his summer activities in August, 1892, in the Fulton County Republican. Modern residents will note with interest the trip around the lake observing summer people at their cottages exactly as it is done at present. So, let us follow him to the lake and around its shores.



An 1890's Vacation A POPULAR RESORT

Descriptive Sketch of Canada Lake and its Attractions by a Graceful Writer who Recently Visited the Beautiful Lake.

CANADA LAKE, Aug. 8

Warm to-day, isn't it? Sighing for cool breezes and wishing you had a little of the superfluous wealth of Gould or Vanderbilt, that you might fly the heated town and the near proximity of the "city" —and leave care and heated pavements far behind. —You can do so, friends, very easily. Harness your own horse if you own one, or hire one, or better still, leave your name at Sutliff & Livingston's drug store and the stage will call for you. The most polite stage drivers in the country (speaking advisedly) will assist you to your seat if you are of the sex to need assistance, and if you are not let you clamber in gracefully by yourself, or if you are trying to show off a little, as you are lifting that blue-eyed girl whose glances are half distracting your attention from "black-eyes" on the back seat, these drivers, whether you are borne to felicity by Felix, of happy name, or by Mr. Hines, will so deftly aid the ascent of the charmer that the glory will be yours alone. Let me whisper, that if absolute choice be yours, the middle seats are perhaps most comfortable, but if you have to sit on the dash-board, still it is well.

Now we are off. Here are two lads brave in attire, and loaded with rods fit to catch a whale, if whales rose to a fly—take them in



some way—one stage will not hold all the sensible people in this town to-day.

How green and lush the fields are looking, one would hardly think it was August.

Here is the “Hall,” peeping from its encircling trees; it has seen the passing of over a century, for we are on the old State road.

Let the horses rest a little Felix for this is the “Klippe Hill”—the rocks are the more plentiful harvest here. On, on, rounding Cape Horn, but with good weather and only fleecy clouds drift over the surrounding mountains. Look along the road in the thickets, for there are the gay black-eyed Susans, the timid Gentian swinging her heaven-blue bells, wild roses scenting the pure mountain air, Queen of the Meadow flaunting her pale pink gown in the meadows, while the wheels crush through the ferns, and the golden rod flings golden largesse over the land. The earth is so beautiful even where no eye rests upon it.

Here is Caroga, or Caroga Lake, a jewel on the breast of this fair land. With so much beauty all about, the merry load in the stage forget their jests and songs for a moment in mute admiration, but not for long; by the time the Pine Lake postoffice has been pointed out, and Wheelerville, the deserted village, thrust her grey roofs through the mass of green, someone has seen a sign bearing the legend “To Fulton’s,” and a glad cheer bursts from every throat; the horses trot along a little faster. Hurrah! Here is the lake, reflecting the everlasting pleasure seekers just as they have done



ever since the Indians built their lodges on its shore, and the intrepid trapper and scout, Nick Stoner, made the place and himself famous.

This is Fulton's—a long white house, a stone throw from the beach—the long piazza filled with happy people in every variety of comfortable chair, and on either side connected by the piazza a long annex, giving room for the yearly influx of guests. Below one of the additions is the office, a glass-fronted apartment, where if the day must be sacrificed to Jupiter Pluvius, one may write a letter or play a game of —anything—while at our side is a seductive green table, where the lover of a friendly game of billiards may push about the fascinating ivory balls, and at the end of the room buy his best girl her favorite caramels, or obtain numberless small supplies that are so necessary, and yet so easily forgotten. Below at the deck yonder is a goodly supply of boats, while at the long pier two pretty steamers are getting ready for a trip around the lake or lakes, for there is a chain of lakes, and excursions to them are popular ways of spending a holiday.

Supper is over and the way the good things disappeared was a caution, while the modest pretty girls who officiated as waiters add zest to viands that are their own best excuse for being.

Who that has been to dine at the smaller resorts can forget the sour dingy bread the discouraged black or huckleberries, that hardly know where the berries



end and the flies begin—the oily butter, stale cake. Let all such come here—and note the difference—country fare—eighteen miles from market—but prepared by careful hands, that have won a blessing and will win their reward, because she has faithfully stood breaking bread for the multitude and such bread, light, moist, white, in thin even slices, with hard, sweet scented butter ready to spread upon it. Stewed potatoes cooked exactly as your mother used to cook them, if she was the right kind of a mother (and of course she was), creamy, not greasy as is the fault of Bridget too often, and then after many other good things of the table have been discussed you will have a glass of milk that will teach you what milk was in the golden age, or if neither mild, tea, or coffee are to your taste, here is pure spring water of which you may drink with





Decker Cottage on the North Shore Road

impunity. Tomorrow at dinner you will have chicken pie that would tempt an anchorite and if you are a disciple of Emerson you will try a piece of lemon or berry pie. After you have eaten some delicately browned fish whose family are in the very first throes of grief at his loss, if you are a young girl out for a holiday with your sweet-heart, that glorified being who looks so gawky and green to every one else, you will only care to nibble at a little ice cream which will be ready for you and fortunately for the lovers is very nourishing.

There will be over a hundred and twenty-five to dinner and if you are thoughtful, you will remember that old grace after meat, "Lord remember and bless the patient hands that have prepared this food

and spread this table and grant that at last they rest in Thy kingdom, where none as, I am ahungered or athirst."

Oh! This air! There may a few old people come up here, but in two days that have slipped back to—oh, whatever you call youth—and so the women are only as old as they look, and the men as old as they feel. Ah! Ponce de Leon, you gave up the search too soon. Not in the land of flowers, but here where the pine gives her balm, the mountain her shade and the water its freshness, here on these enchanted shores is that fountain "by poets sweetly sung,—Thy lips have drank and ever more, thou'rt deathless, fair, and young."



The Cross boathouse



Point Breeze

But now the whistle has blown, and down flock the loungers for a trip by moonlight and a look at Mars that is so very near (up there) that we could almost see the inhabitants sailing on the problematical canals. Off we go. Oh! How that moonlight makes a path of shining glory in the water.

In a circle round the lake are the cottages, the inmates full of fun and unable to cherish dull care if they try. Every cottage has some pretty name suggestive of its situation. The double piazza is a feature of most of the cottages and the water front and a good road back of the cottages make them of easy access to the hotel, where many times they prefer

to take their meals and to each other. Next to the hotel is the Cross cottage at present sheltering a jolly crowd of pretty girls and of course the piazza holds many attentive swains. Then comes a cottage as yet unfinished and next "Under the Hemlocks," the attractive summer home of M.S. Northrup, and further down is the cottage occupied by Dr. Reeves and as yet unnamed.

Further down on the other side, past several cottages, perched against the mountain, looking like gigantic flowers against the green, we come to the cottage gay with flags, the piazza running with happy voices, and, as usual with the cottages, see the name on a conspicuous sign, "Loch Villa," the home of those most hospitable souls, Dr. and Mrs. Colgrove. Back of this cottage an easy trail leads to the top of Kani [sic] mountain, a pleasant excursion, and one of the accepted ways of putting in the time. From the top you can see nine lakes and the picturesque scenery of this region. As our steamer puffs merrily along, for we have taken our trip on the "Whip poor-will," steered by Mr. Klein, of Gloversville, whose education as far as this lake is concerned, leaves nothing to be desired, and who points out all the beauties revealed by the witching light of the moon, we pass "Silver," where Mr. Decker has made an "Eden in the wilderness" and calls it home, and opens its hospitable doors to the worn and weary, refreshes them and



The Faville Cottage

On a point below is Mr. McKie's summer rest, and as it catches the breeze up and down the lake, he calls it Point Breeze. And so on until the pretty green shuttered cottage of a Dolgeville resident, Faville. I believe, and a rustic looking log house next. Most of the cottages have ice houses; springs are very plentiful.

Now we turn and still by the light of the moon, we make our way back. On our left is Stoner's Pond, and dropped in the centre of the lake, just where it shows to good advantage is the island, and a legend teaches us, that hard pressed by Indians, the redoubtable



Nick on one occasion took to the water and swam from the Point to the Island. Whether the Indians could not swim, or like a cat hated a bath, and were horror struck to see the trapper take one and live, the story does not say.

After passing the island we are soon home, a mandolin and banjo, with occasional snatches of happy song coming to us over the moonlit waters. In that air, in a bed as fresh and clean as beds are made. In a neat little room, one would be ungrateful not to sleep.

The next morning was clear and bright. Five o'clock found most of the boats. The pretty little sail boat, "Naomi," was spreading her white sail and everywhere could be heard the fall of oars. On the hill side across from the hotel is a delightful spring, a draught from which well repays a row over. Breakfast over, there are numberless excursions to take unless you prefer to loaf or go fishing. If you want lilies, then you can find them in Lily Lake and elsewhere. Are you an admirer of boulders, and their covering of moss, ferns and velvet lichen? Row down to West Lake, find the little cottage they call Saints' Rest, because in years gone by, Rev. Drs Goodale and Stewart made their camp there. Land and follow the path to the air lookout. See, there is a kingfisher with his prey in his mouth and his mouth and his

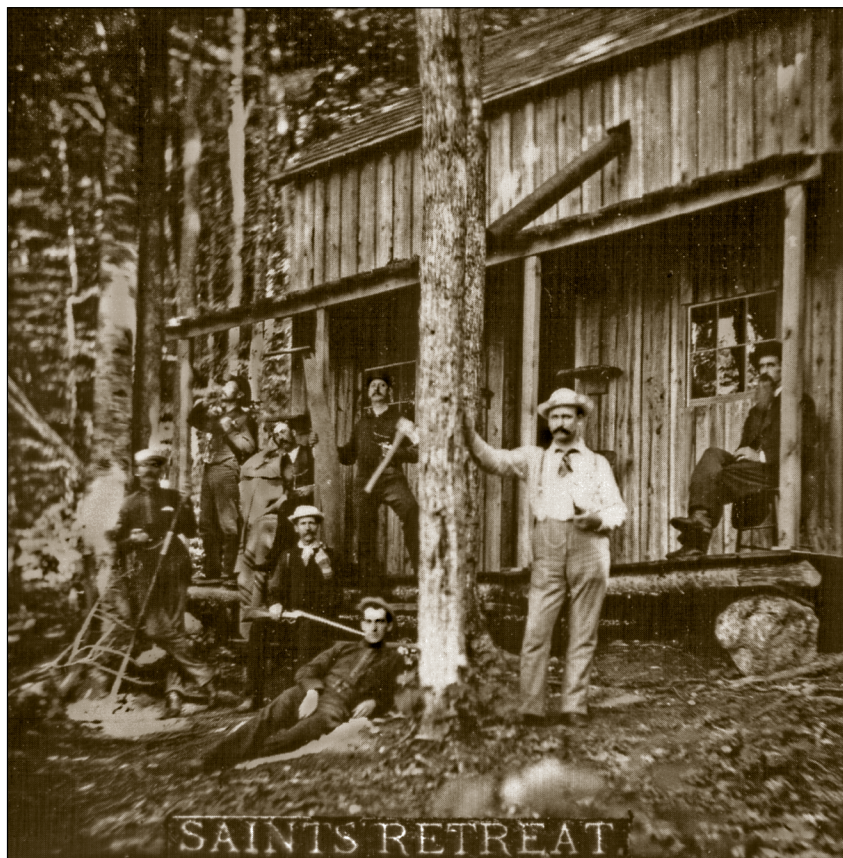


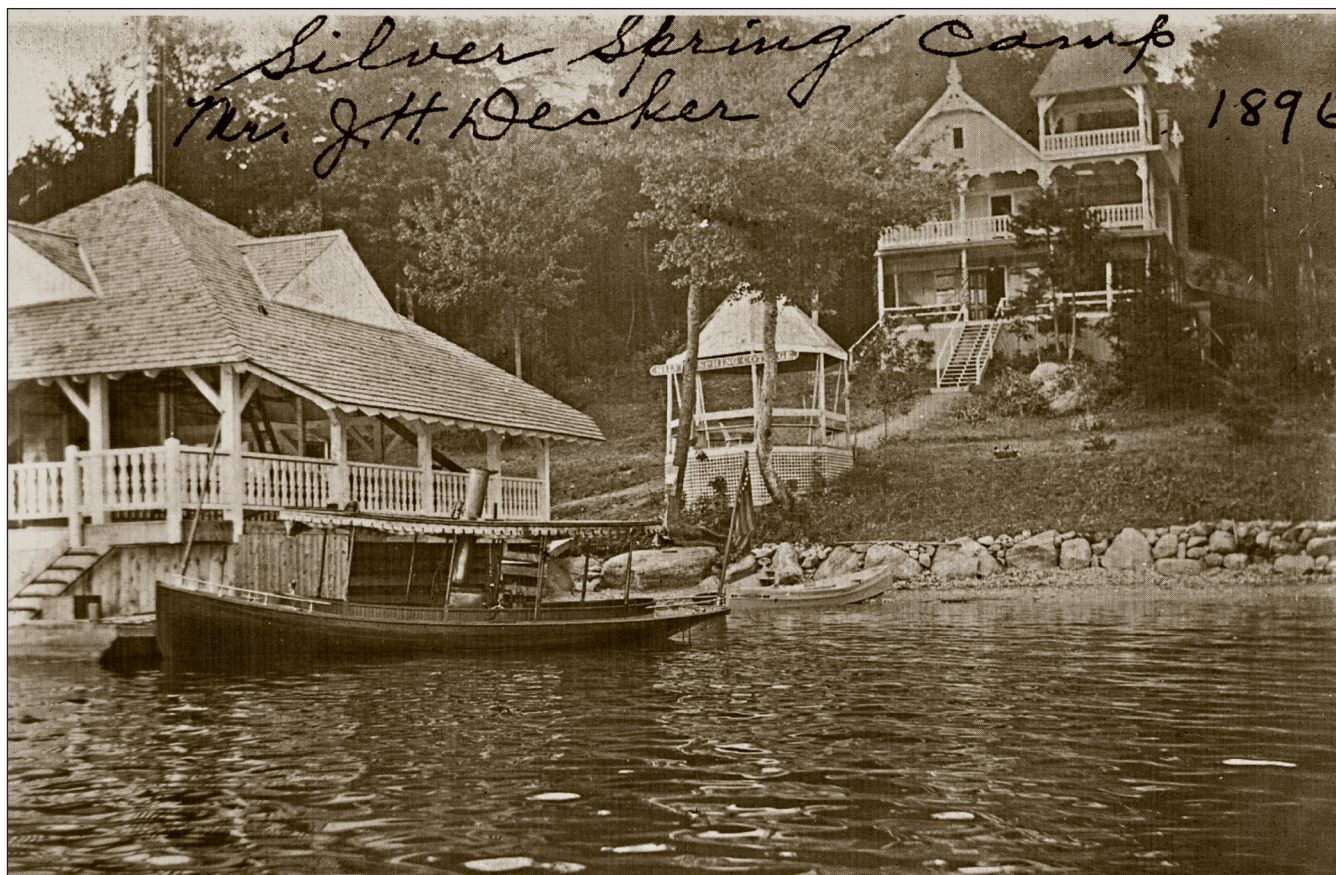
The sailboat Naomi. This and the island picture (p.91) were taken by Fred Howgate.

colors flashing in the sun. Yonder comes the gull skimming the water, and see, over yonder on the sandy shore stands a meditative crane. Plunge into the forest, new formations surprise on every hand.

Quiet as the place is, its virtues are becoming well known, and this summer finds, among the permanent guests some from New York, Washington, and other cities; and it would seem as if half the people from our own town and its adjacent city were moving about the place without making much impression on the wilderness. All ages are represented, from the baby who runs after the chicks and the bunnies, to the veteran 101 years old, who holds levee on Decker's piazza and is visited by all comers.

Take a holiday, pack up good substantial clothing, enough of it, but leave finery at home. These grand old mountains put your furbelows out of countenance. Leave care behind, as Christian drooped his burden on the way. Let old Sol kiss you until even your nose shines. Laugh, sing, be merry; if your neighbor tells a story cap it with a better one; don't wait to be introduced, there are no bunco steerers here, I believe. Don't bother too much with mail or newspapers. Court your wife over again and find out how she has improved. Get acquainted with the baby. And when you pay your modest bill, if you are not a happier man you must be healthier anyway, or you are a fraud. ☺





Loch Villa

The Cosgrove Camp, Loch Villa, stood next to Marion Still's Cottage, which is now the Theisen's [127 Hutchinson Rd.] It served as a guest house for many summer visitors. The cottage had been completed by 1889 and its guest book tells a typical vacation story for 1891, *"It rained the 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6 of July. Went home the 6th."* In June of 1892, the fishing was quite good, *"caught a pickerel in my hands, caught a salmon trout two ft. one inch long, weighing 4 ½ lbs.; caught a pickerel from shore 18 inches long."*

The diary of a group from Fort Plain tells of adventures on the ordinary vacation in 1896.

July 10: Very windy but fair. In the afternoon Mrs. Decker and Miss Yost our neighbors from Silver Spring Cottage called. In the evening we hailed the steamer and went down to the hotel and danced: we had a banjo and guitar and sang going down. On the way back stopped on the lake and heard the echo. Did not retire until about 12 o'clock.

July 11: Boys went up to West Lake after bull frogs; girls sleeping or reading. Dr. and Mrs. White came this morning and brought us three chickens and some other eatables so we had a fine dinner. About five o'clock we all started for Mud Lake.

July 12: Most of us went down to the hotel in the morning; saw lots of Fort Plain people. In the afternoon we had eleven people with us outside our camp. Most every one has been in the steamer today.

July 13: Some of our party were over in Green Lake to-day. In the evening called at Decker's cottage: took instruments; played cards when we got back home.



July 14: Did not awake until about nine o'clock; had breakfast at eleven. In the afternoon were up the mountain back of cottage. The walk was very tire-some but the view fully repaid us for our trouble. After returning the boys and some of the girls went bathing and the others went riding on Mr. Decker's steamer. Had dinner at six o'clock. Some of us rowed down to hotel in the evening and walked from there to Wheelerville and bought some eggs at a farm house.



July 15: Arose about four thirty this morning and went up to Lily Lake; gathered over two hundred lilies. Got caught in rain before reaching house. Went fishing in the afternoon and had quite a catch. In the evening went over to Mr. Decker's (his birthday) and danced in the pavilion. During the day Mr. Decker took the balance of our party in the steamer.

July 16: Some of the party sailed down to the hotel in the morning with umbrella's after some provisions. In the afternoon we all went to Otter Lake; while there met some gentlemen with camera and they said that they would take our picture which they did and have promised to come to cottage tomorrow and take another. In the evening some of the party went over to Decker's; others went rowing. About ten o'clock popped corn. Caught about forty fish today.



July 17: Beautiful Day -Arose about six o'clock this morning. Some of the party went down on Mr. Decker's steamer with Miss Yost and Mr. Mosher as they were going home; others went down to Lakewood and called on a party camping there. In the afternoon some went bathing others up to West Lake and called on Annheuser Busch Camp. In the evening we all went on the steamer down to the hotel and danced; some of party from Lakewood camp came over and danced too. Had a fine time came home about ten thirty or eleven.



In 1898, Mr. Decker was still a major part of everyone's summer fun, and Fourth of July at his cottage must have been a real treat. The description was written by Elizabeth Underwood of Bowling Green, Kentucky, a visitor at Loch Villa.

Saturday July 2nd dawned bright and cool, an ideal day for a trip on water, and to our joy Mr. Decker of Spring Lake Cottage invited us for a cruise in his steam launch. Our destination was Stewart's Dam, where after several hours we arrived. Everyone will, I'm sure, visit the place, so I'll not attempt a description of the various lakes, mountains, islands, and picturesque scenes passed.

Sunday July 3rd was an unusually warm day for the lake. The thermometer on Mr. Decker's shady porch reached 88 ½ degrees and quite late in the afternoon it was 84. Strange to say, the punkies kept away, in fact we have been agreeably neglected by those affectionate insects. The calm quiet was only interrupted by Mrs. Cosgrove discovering a porcupine in her storeroom.

Monday July 4th: We have been greatly favored in weather while the nights have been perfectly beautiful as it is now full moon. During the day work went on as usual and only an occasional firecracker at Mrs. Mason's betokened the date. About six o'clock I rowed down to the Auskerada to mail a letter.



At night all the cottagers assembled at Mr. Deckers to see the fireworks. The fun began with the young boys shooting squibs, firecrackers, and small roman candles; then sky rockets, wheels, flowerpots, pin-wheels, and colored lights entertained the guests until after ten o'clock. Some one accidentally stepped over the smudge pot and the fire flew around while a general scramble ensued to stamp it out.

A visit of 1898 could have been made in 1968.

On the morning of July 20, 1898, a party of sixteen left Ft. Plain-on-the-Mohawk about 4:30, and at about one o'clock we reached the camp.

As the advance guard entered the drive through the woods a strange odor greeted them which grew stronger and more pungent and stranger as we approached Loch Villa. The key was put in the lock. The door opened and immediately five insensible forms were stretched upon the turf. When the Adirondack breezes had brought us back to -Loch Villa and when the rest of the people has arrived-our brave married man followed by our "bouquet" of clover rushed in, threw open doors and windows and traced the cause of the disturbance to the cupboard - a saucer of bologna almost in its first state of motion.

After dinner the flag was raised, "Ft. Plain" put up



and the question of places of repose for the various camper raised. Should it be two in a bed, three in a bed, a cot, two cots, a bed along, two beds together, a hammock, a sofa, a lounge, the floor? At last all difficulties were settled except the question of three in a bed which disturbed the camp until a late hour. The boys had intended to be quiet in deference to Miss Ayre's wish, but their sympathy with the girls' troubles caused them to howl in concert. The punkies' touching sympathy was felt too, if not seen or heard.

The next day we spent on the lake enjoying the beautiful scenery, and cool breeze. In the evening we all went down to Fulton's and danced. The guests at the Hotel entertained us with several selections on the piano and whistle we enjoy very much. Especially the slow dreamy waltz. Friday morning we all took at trip up to Stewart's Dam; it was a fine sail. In the evening four of us went to the Hotel for the mail. When we returned we spent the rest of the evening in singing some of our charming songs. Mr. Decker took some of the party for a ride in the steamer.



Thursday, we all went to the Auskerada to a card party, "came home by the light of the moon". Friday, four of us played whist nearly all day. In the evening Mr. and Mrs. Baker came over, we played cards. Had a fine bonfire, then had camp songs and every other old friend. We had cream cake and bon bons. Very swell don't you think? We do.

Sometimes it rained so much, guests whiled away their vacations by rhyming their impressions of the lake:

We've shot the chutes" at Caroga Lake
And also at swimming tried
We've tramped through mud and sand and dust
Until we nearly died.

Our boats were leaky, bad and old
I only know they were like a sieve
Let water in galore
Until we filled the aid holes up
With tar and something more

Through Mr. Decker's kindness
The lake we've well traversed
For his steamer is a "darling",
No mistake

And when the day was stormy
On deck subjects we conversed
Or a quiet little game of put and take
We would play the game six-handed
But some folks are "easy meat"
For with Mr. Decker's helping
Five straight games we've sometimes beat.

We have walked to Pine Lake village
We have bathed in Green Lake bay
And many more excursions we would take
But it rained most every day.

For the water now is higher
Than its been for many a year
And the rains they have been longer
And the lightening more severe.
E'en the winds have seemed stronger
And the thunderings more near

And if as twilight gathered
For a drive we started out
E'en we returned we would get drenched
Of that there was no doubt

To the cave we went one day
And in spite of all the rain
And the losing of our way
Finally went up old Mt. Cain. 🐾



Dolgeville Point

"Dolgeville Point, that spit of dry ground between Canada Lake and West Lake, was built up very early," according to Lendol (Skeet) Sliter. Skeet's recollections as told to Phoebe Ballard have been pieced together with those of descendants of other early families to make a record of the Point. W. Arnold Petrie, Margaret Vosburgh, and William Menge all of Dolgeville contributed to the story.

The Point was originally settled by Dolgeville people. The first to come in the 1880's was Captain Frank Faville, who ran a general store in Dolgeville. The second camp was built by Edward Drumm from Johnstown. "Snare" Drumm, as he was called, was the owner of a skin mill.

Mr. Stoddard, an innkeeper from Dolgeville built a camp which was sold to J.D. Fredericksen of Little Falls. Mr. Fredericksen was a native



Edward Drumm, pictured with son Franklin sitting in the boat, built the cottage below.



of Denmark and founded the Chris Hansen Laboratories, the Junket people, who introduced that product to this country and processed it in Little Falls. That property was left to his daughter and son-in-law, Paul Williams, editor for many years of the Utica Daily Press. The Clinton Bachman family of Dolgeville owns it now.

Frank Faville's brother, Will, proprietor of a hardware store, built a log cabin which went eventually to the Petrie family. When that camp burned in the 1940's it was replaced by two camps, owned by the brothers, W. Arnold and Robert Petrie.

Julius and John Breckwoldt and Doctor Getman built camps next, in 1898 and 1899. Julius, whose Dolgeville piano factory made sounding boards from fine local trees, built a camp which now belongs to his granddaughter, Margaret Vosburgh, and it is the only one on the point that is almost the same as when it was built. John Breckwoldt, a glove salesman, built the camp on the extreme end of the point leading to West Lake. The property was purchased by Senator Henry I. Patrie of Dolgeville in 1918. Senator Patrie was a prominent Dolgeville citizen who served almost two terms in the State Senate.



Gladmere Cottage of Julius Breckwoldt.

Margaret Vosburgh relates some of life in the '90s on the Point as told to her by her grandparents. *"Everything came up from Stewart's Landing, even building materials. Once a rowboat loaded with brick sank in the channel. Wagons loaded with people and supplies left Dolgeville in the early morning, and four to six hours later they arrived at the Landing. The rest of the day was consumed in the long, hard row up the channel.*

"At the beginning of the season, supplies consisted of a barrel of flour and one of salt pork, sugar, and apples. During the summer everyone supplemented this with plenty of marvelous fish and berries. The Frederickson's even brought a cow up the channel on a raft, so their five children



The Breckwoldt family in the 1890's.

might have fresh milk at camp.

"One of the chores for all the children was washing and shining up the kerosene lamp globes each morning. They had to pass stern inspection by my grandmother."

The man who gave his name to the point, Alfred Dolge, never owned a cottage there. He did, however, acquire most of the shores of Canada Lake and he dreamed of cottages on every lot.



The Fredericksons and the Geises with William Menge, III, join John and Julius Breckwoldt and their families in a picture of Dolgeville Point residents on July 4, 1915.

Alfred Dolge and the Auskeradas

Alfred Dolge was a visionary who built a town, factories, and sawmills and planned railroads and power dams. He had an exciting scheme for Canada Lake, and if he had not over-extended his credit his dream might have come true. His biographer, Eleanor Franz of Dolgeville, has supplied the background for Dolge's impact on the lake and has permitted us to excerpt her writings for this chapter.

By 1876, Dolge had built two factories for the manufacture of sounding boards for his piano factories. He started buying huge tracts of land and building sawmills, with rail lines to haul out the lumber.

"Millions of feet of lumber were stacked up to season and later be drawn to the sounding board mill or to market by a long string of teams. Fine native woods: ash, cherry, oak, rock maple and walnut were needed for piano mouldings...Six big moulding machines worked automatically and 4,000 knives were used for some of the patterns. Lumber was needed for sounding boards, piano cases, autoharp cases, houses, factories, and wood for fuel." The valuable Adirondack hardwoods had found a consumer.

Dolge had encouraged nearly 2,000 Germans to emigrate and settle in his town. Among them were several of Dolgeville Point's earliest settlers. When Alfred Dolge saw Canada Lake, he did not see simply a summer home site, but a potential development.

In 1895, Dolge acquired 4,500 acres of land of which 1,100 was under water. He saw the possibility of constructing a new dam at Stewart's Landing which would *"form an inexhaustible reservoir to feed the East Canada River, and this will guarantee a uniform pressure of water equal to the production all year round of from 5,000 to 10,000 electrical horsepower. This would be sufficient to operate the machinery in an industrial city of 30,000 population."*

Dolge also expected to receive income from the sale of timber on the 4,500 acres which included all of Great Lot 59 on the south side of Canada Lake and Great Lot 60 on the north end which were sold to him by ex-Governor Claflin. Simmons and Van Ness had sold Dolge Great Lot 65 on the north side which included West Lake and Great Lot 66 which contains the outlet and Lily Lake.

Dolge also acquired from Claflin the lands around Green Lake in Great Lot 52. This gave him control over most of the lake and of about 3,000 acres of heavily timbered land surrounding it.

Dolge's company, the Caroga Land Company, extended the road on the south side of Canada Lake to Sand Point, at a cost of \$632. This was done as a means of bringing out lumber, but it also served the cottage lots he hoped to sell.

The excitement in his acquisitions comes not from his ideas for power and lumbering, but from his vision of cottages around the lake. In an elegant brochure produced in New York City, the formation of the Auskerada Park Club, Inc. was announced in 1897. As an advertising campaign, it must have few equals. An Indian hero was invented to give the lake a suitable romantic history. Who could resist the charming descriptions of the lakes he rechristened the Auskeradas?

THE AUSKERADA LAKES

In the Outlet, which connects the Auskerada River with the lakes, the branches of great trees meet overhead at intervals, forming long tunnels of exquisite shade.

On both sides the forests are primeval, and as the boat glides noiselessly along, one peers into the wilderness, as if expecting a deer or bear to make his appearance at any moment.

The scenery in the Outlet, however picturesque it may be, seems dwarfed when your boat glides out into South Lake, smooth, glassy, and full of fragrant blossoms. It is here that one begins to see the beauty of the wonderful hills surrounding the lakes.

Of the five lakes, East Lake is by far the largest and most popular, being about three and a half miles long, gradually widening out towards the center where it is nearly a mile wide.

About a mile from the eastern end of the lake, and midway between the shores, lies Pine Island, the former home of Ongowanda and the place of his meeting with Aughstragradi, "the chief-who-catches-many-fishes," when he gave to the latter, as a token of appreciation of his skill, these beautiful lakes, and the forests and speaks surrounding them.

On the north side of East Lake lie three smaller lakes of which West Lake is the largest; in shape it is almost circular. In the northeast corner is the Outlet to Center Lake, which is the smallest of the five.

To the east of Center Lake lies North or Green Lake, the most beautiful of the group, and the most charming sheet of water in the Adirondacks. The great mountain towering to the right, the sunlight

playing in the trees, the deep silence, the blending of the colors, the graceful curves of the shore cannot fail to impress you. Here is a place where Nature wears a most beautiful dress, where she has spared no effort. And you are filled with regret when you realize that you are compelled to leave.

Not the least beautiful feature of these lakes are the shores that surround them, sloping gently upwards from the water's edge, covered with acres of Pinxters. These bushes are covered with a profusion of blooms, varying in color from the most delicate shade of pink to the deepest carmine. Against the background of green and brown the effect is marvelously pretty.

Dolge planned to form a club to buy the Park and turn it into a public pleasure resort for its members. "The Auskerada Park Club began with a capitol stock of \$60,000, divided into five hundred shares at a par value of \$125 each.

"The linear frontage of the lakes is nearly twenty miles, or safely estimated at one hundred thousand feet. Assuming that one half of this is available for building sites, there can be a minimum of five hundred lots created with an area of about one acre each.

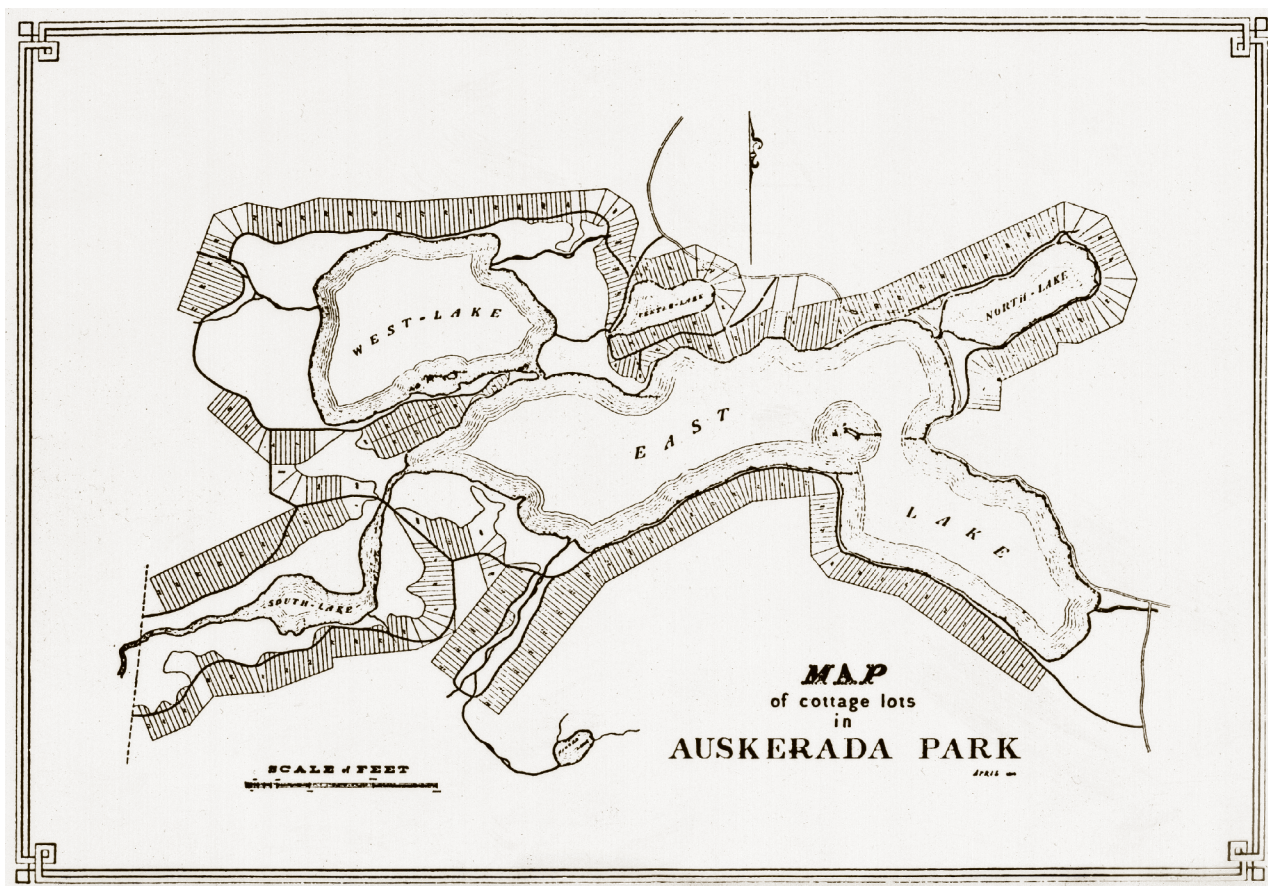
"The lots will be conveyed to each member by deed.

"The low number of shares –five hundred- is an assurance that the membership will be of the most exclusive character. On a preserve of this kind, large as it is, the members will be thrown in frequent contact with each other, and it is the purpose of the organizers to accept as members, none but a class of gentlemen whose reputations are beyond question: business and professional men of influence and standing. The success of the Club is assured by the character of the organizers, and the gentlemen whose names have been proposed for membership."

The club was to earn money through the sale of timber, which was estimated as capable of producing \$12,000 a year. The prospectus was so delightful that it would seem difficult to resist the invitation to visit the lakes.

"A very picturesque way of reaching the lakes is via L.F & D.R.R. from Little Falls to Dolgeville; and thence by conveyance the pleasant ten mile drive to the mouth of the Inlet, which is the source of the main Fork of the Auskerada River, where a steamer will convey you up the lakes to the hotels.

"The ride on the railroad from Little Falls to Dolgeville is considered the most charming bit of scenery on the line of any railroad in the State,



so much so, that the view has been reproduced for use in school geographies.

"The L.F. & D.R.R run three trains daily, which connect with all the limited and express trains of the New York Central and the West Shore Railroads.

"The accommodations at the Auskerada Hotel, and at the Kanaughta House are particularly good, and the rates reasonable. Arrangements for rooms can be made through the Corresponding Secretary, who can be reached by letter addressed to the New York office of the Club.

"Information relative to the personnel of the Club, its objects, the price of cottage lots, its plans for the future, and its Constitution and By-Laws will be furnished by William R. Blood, the Corresponding Secretary, at the office of the Club, 28 East Twenty-third Street, New York City."

It is easy to surmise that the project's downfall could be attributed to a New Yorker's surprise at the long trip to Stewart's Landing and up the outlet. Or perhaps someone noticed the obvious folly of selling lots along the far swampy shores of West Lake. But neither of these objections brought about the downfall of the project which ended almost before it began. By April 14, 1898, Dolge had gone into bankruptcy. Fires in his saw mills were partly responsible, but as Eleanor Franz has analyzed events, *"His downfall was also brought about because he overextended himself financially. It was the result of his visionary personality, the tremendous costs of the Little Falls-Dolgeville Railroad, and lack of credit due to the Spanish-American War."* The final blow came from Dolge's inability to meet payment on notes because of the uncertain money market.

After Dolge had gone into bankruptcy, he described his Caroga Land Company as owning *"what is known as the Canada or Auskerada Lakes; a group of five of the most picturesque lakes in the Adirondacks: with large tracts of forest lands surrounding the lakes. About 40 cottages are now on the shores of these lakes and it is estimated that not less than \$275,000 can be realized from sale of cottage lots on the lakes' shore, not considering the value of the standing timber."* ... The \$60,000 mortgage bonds could be bought for about \$20,000 or less.

It was not until September of 1904 that Dolge's lands, including his holdings at Canada Lake, were sold at auction.

FIVE THOUSAND ACRES STRUCK OFF FOR \$29,600 DEWITT C. MOORE THE BIDDER

Probably the largest land sale ever held in this county took place at the court house in this city this afternoon when about fifteen thousand acres of timber land was sold at public auction, although the sale was not consummated at the hour of going to press. There were two sales of this property, the one including about five thousand acres of the Caroga Land company, which is covered by a mortgage of \$60,000 and was sold by Referee J. Keck at mortgage foreclosure sale, and the other which consisted of about ten thousand acres of timber land located in Fulton and Herkimer counties which was sold by Walter N. Kernan, the assignee of Alfred Dolge, for the benefit of the latter's creditors.

The sale attracted many outsiders to the city and about everybody who has ever been interested in this section of Adirondack lands. Several Canada Lake cottagers were also present in hopes of buying parcels of land for the protection of the lake front and their property.

Owing to the rain the sales were held in the court house. Referee J. Keck first offered the 5,000 acres in the vicinity of Canada Lake and read the terms of sale. The property was offered as a whole and the bidding was started off at \$5,000 by Supervisor Frank L. Sherman, of the town of Caroga, Alvin Saltsman, of St. Johnsville, Francis Kernan, George N. Ainsworth, of Forestport, and Fred Linus Carroll also took part and there was some lively bidding up to \$25,000 when attorney Carroll dropped out. Dewitt C. Moore then began bidding and he and George N. Ainsworth carried the amount to \$29,600 when the property was struck off to Attorney Moore.

The brief influence of Alfred Dolge on Canada Lake was over, a new era had begun. The lawyer, George C. Moore was the agent for a new company formed by Cyrus Durey and incorporated to do exactly what Dolge envisioned, sell off lots around the lakes and harvest the timber from the mountains.

Before exploring the impact of the Durey Land and Lumber Company. We'll pause and take a look at the way summer people changed the lakes in the years around the turn of the century.

As the Dolge Map indicates, the land along the north shore of the east end of the lake was never part of his development scheme. Many lots had been sold along it by the late 1890's. His map

failed to take note of the fact that several choice lots had already been developed along the the north shore farther west, and along the south shore just west of Fulton's Hotel.

Already in 1893 the shores were described as *"scattered with many pretty cottages, among which are Silver Spring, Under the Hemlocks, Oak Ridge, and Point Ridge, all of which are architectural gems. An unconventional way pervades the guests, and the candy pulls, card parties, hops, and excursions are entered into with zest by one and all."* In 1898 the cottages of note included those of M.S. Northrup and the Masons, and J.Q. Adams and Godfrey Hillabrandt's Point Breeze and the Cross cottage.

East Canada Lake Protective Association

A pride among the cottage owners promoted the formation of the East Canada Lake Protective Association, and the first record of an annual meeting of that organization was held in November of 1890. The notice of the November 1899 annual meeting reads like a roster of the residents.

The annual meeting of the East Canada Lake Protective association was held yesterday afternoon, at the office of the Northrup Glove Manufacturing company. The treasurer's report was read, approved, and ordered spread upon the minutes. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: James Hull, president; J.H. Decker, vice president; M.S. Northrup, secretary; Eugene Littell, treasurer. J.H. Decker and Eugene Littell, trustees whose term of office had expired, were re-elected for four years. The committee on by-laws reported amendments thereto, which were adopted.

Messrs. J.H. Decker and J.F. Mason were made a committee on roads around the lake. The secretary was ordered to secure 500,000 wall eyed pike, to stock the lake next spring. After a long discussion of plans for the benefit of lake sojourners, the association adjourned.

In 1895, the East Canada Lake Protective Association recommended to the Board of Supervisors of Fulton County that Max Arnst be appointed a special game protector for the lake vicinity. The appointment was approved and Max Arnst held the post for many years, while he also was filling ice houses, building camps, and generally serving the summer community.

Cutting Ice

Alvarado Arnst was helping his father by the turn of the century. He remembers all the camps mentioned and many more because he helped fill their ice houses.

"Brother, Dad, and I used to fill between 40 and 50 ice houses. All the summer people had ice houses, and we filled all the ones along the North Shore Road. We filled them in the late fall when the ice was about a foot thick. That way we got smaller blocks, because people were not used to handling big blocks."

"The ordinary ice house was about ten foot square. It was filled with 5 tiers of one foot thick ice, and would last all summer if properly taken care of. There was about a one foot area around the stacks of ice between the ice and the walls of the ice house. That was filled with sawdust. We threw loose chunks on top and a pile of saw dust. When the ice melted a little in the spring it was my job to spread the sawdust even in one thick layer. Then the ice would last all summer."

"We delivered to the Nortons, which was the first camp above the hotel, the Kings, the Littells, the Coles, and the Browns. Then came the spring, then the Northrup camp, then Jim Hull's, and the Steele brothers which was later the McMartin camp. The hotel had no ice house. If I remember right (the present Leavitt camp). Then we delivered to Delos Brower, the Deckers, Jim Drum, the minister, where they had to store ice under the cottage. At Stony Point, where Andrew Peck later owned most of the land, we filled Dick Guillams' ice house. It was the most miserable place to get around with a horse. The camp was just around the sharp bend and we had to use a jumper, a horse hitched to a stone boat, to drag the ice up to the ice house."

"We got the ice right out of Canada Lake. We had an ice plow, with sharp teeth. We hitched the horse to the plow. One plow had two cutting teeth and made two furrows at once. After it wore out, we had one with a single set of teeth. It was faster cutting and we still have it. After we furred out and plowed the ice, we had to open it up. We took a hand saw and sawed the cracks that had been plowed. So many cakes at one time, then we broke them out. Ten or twelve cakes to a lick. The three of us did all the sawing. One drove the horse, one drawing the ice, and one packing."

"We filled the ice houses for \$10.00. We put many a cake of ice in those ice houses. We stopped cutting when electricity came through, about 1930. We all looked forward to electricity. Everybody got electric ice boxes, and we felt we were living on the top shelf."

The Point Breeze Club

The early history of the Point Breeze Club has been supplied by Douglas Hays, a son of one of the original members.

Godfrey Hillebrandt, a glove manufacturer in Johnstown, New York, owned a cottage on Point Breeze on the north shore of Canada Lake near the passage to West Lake. As a young man, probably in the 1890's, he used this cottage on week ends. Godfrey gave keys to a number of his friends and they used it too. The little cottage became a popular gathering place for these young men. It was a good starting place for their hunting and fishing expeditions.

On one occasion, after a delicious meal prepared by Godfrey, someone suggested that since they all used the cottage so frequently they make it into a club. The original group consisted of ten men. Each agreed to give Godfrey \$100. This was done and they became known as the Point Breeze Club.

The charter members were: Don Fraser, Bill Hackney, Dave Hays, Godfrey Hillebrandt, Billie McKee, Gene Moore, George Potter, Frank Prindle, Ed Wells, and Frank Wells.

There are a number of stories connected with those early days. Once, three or four of the men looked out of the front windows and saw a deer swimming in the lake. Their reaction was just what you might expect. While several of them gathered up some ropes, Godfrey hastily put two blackberry pies in the oven. Then they jumped in the boat and rowed out toward the deer. They brought the deer to shore, tied him up and then released him in the box stall of the little red barn that still stands on the road leading to Point Breeze.

When they returned to the house the pies were just done and ready to take out of the oven.

That evening the game protector dropped in for a friendly visit. During the conversation the young men told him what they had done. He suggested they release the deer. When they opened the barn door the deer didn't want to come out!

One night in the fall there was quite a heavy freeze. A skim of ice formed

along both shores of the lake.

In the morning, the men looked out across the lake and saw a duck which appeared to be caught in the ice.

They pushed the boat out, planning to pick up the duck. As they began to row the man in the stern took another look and saw a fox coming out on the ice from the south shore. They looked again—the duck was gone!

These young men used the Club together until they all, except one, married. This interfered with their visits to the lake so much that they decided something must be done. They arranged a dinner party and, after considerable discussion, agreed that they would put slips in a hat: each slip would represent one week of the summer. Every member would draw out a slip and the week that his slip designated would be his to use the cottage, alone with his family.

This system worked very well and continued for many years.

A great change came when the Power Company constructed a new and much larger dam down the outlet at Stewart's Landing. It was shortly before 1915. The new dam raised the water level of the lake so high that the little camp at Point Breeze was surrounded by water.

Marguerite Dean, whose father [Will Hackney] was a member of the Point Breeze Club, remembers having to row from the camp to the out



*Godfrey and Charles Hillebrandt with Coby Moore
in the living room of the Point Breeze Club.*



Among those partying at the Point Breeze Club were, on the left, Dan Graham and Dr. Still. Second from the right is John Uhlinger, then William McKee, Frank Wells, Bill Hackney and George Streeter. Cy Durey has the dark suit jacket and to his right is Jerry Nut, to his left, Godfrey Hillabrandt.

house that summer. She also recalls that *"Fishing was fun in those days. Dolly, the maid, and I would row into West Lake or down the outlet just a short ways and in no time, we had a boat full of sizeable perch –easy to skin and how delicious to eat."*

Because of the dam and the flooding, the Power Company offered to purchase the property. The members said that they were not interested in selling. They wanted a camp. The power company replied, *"Pick your camp on Canada Lake and we will buy it for you."*

Eberly Hutchinson had built two very attractive swiss-type cottages: one for himself and his mother, the other for his mother's sister, Mrs. Argersinger. Fortunately, Mrs. Argersinger's camp was for sale and the Power Company bought it for the Point Breeze Club.

From then until the Club disbanded, the members used and enjoyed this cottage which they called, *"New Point Breeze."*

Eberly Hutchinson had designed and built the camp next door to the one he built for his mother. He designed well—there was ample room for all the men for their outings.

Marguerite Dean tells what happened next to New Point Breeze.

"Gradually as the men died the families

were paid off. Then finally Geo. Potter, Dan Graham and my mother were the last owners. Geo. and Dan wanted to sell. Mother's family was getting bigger, so she decided to buy the camp Oct. 1939. Naturally it was no longer Pt. Breeze, so we called it "Redwood" due to the redwood Eberly had put in it from California (Eberly and mother lived in Cal. part of time)."

Many people remember the fun at Old Point Breeze. Ned Wells of Johnstown spent a lot of time



The New Point Breeze Club

fishing, but it was usually his job to row one of his father's friends around the lake.

Elizabeth Rowles tells what a family vacation was like.

"Of course we traveled by horse and carriage (surrey with the fringe on top) from Johnstown to Pt. Breeze. It was an all-day trip. Mother drove old Frank with three children and a huge wicker basket strapped to the rear. The basket contained linen, staples, and clothes for two weeks. The master of the house, any guests and Briget traveled by stage.

"Two Irish girls, who had been hired to work at the Auskerada were on the stage. They had traveled from N.Y. City by train, stopped over in Gloversville and finally arrived at the Hotel. They looked around upon arrival. One weary traveler looked at the lake and remarked, 'Water, water all around. I am going home in the morning.'

"There were a number of ducks at the Fulton House 3 miles up the lake, who called at our cottage every morning. Briget put out food for them on a little slanting dock. Then one morning to her amazement, one duck left a beautiful egg, her form of saying, 'Thank you.' Briget was thrilled to have a fresh duck egg for breakfast."

An interesting postscript to the Point Breeze story is that the cottage continued to be used in spite of high water. It's current owner, Helen Steinkamp, supplied many pictures which had been sent to her by Malcolm Fraser.



Members of the Point Breeze Club. Seated: William Hackney, William Hutchens and William McKee. Center: Frank Wells, Godfrey Hillabrandt, David Hays, Charles Miller and John E. Hays. Back row: Eugene Moore, Frank Prindle, Edward Wells and Jerry Nut.



An early fall picnic at the Point Breeze Club.



The Point Breeze Club in high water.

Eberly Hutchinson

Eberly Hutchinson built a home for himself and his mother at Canada Lake in 1900 and lived there all his life, except when he was traveling around the world or serving in the New York State Assembly. He was a member of the Assembly from 1918 until 1932, earning the title, the "Sage of the Assembly." He was chairman of the Ways and Means Committee for seven years. Governor Al Smith, his good friend and guest at the lake, called Eberly the "Gentleman from Green Lake."

After studying at Harvard to become a Civil and Mining Engineer, Eberly worked in many very hot parts of the west, from the deserts of California to the mountains of Mexico. Art and archaeology fascinated him, and his travels took him all over Europe, but he always returned to the Adirondacks.

During his first political campaign, his backers schemed to keep him from the "common people" for they thought he was too "high brow." When Eberly was scheduled to speak to an audience of

Italian laborers, the Republican chiefs thought he was gone. They need not have worried, for Eberly delighted his audience by speaking Italian. His trips to Rome were not wasted.

He was a most familiar figure around the lake. He swam when the water was very cold, dressed impeccably, spoke eloquently, and possessed an enormous vocabulary. Of himself, he said that "*When I am gone, people will say, 'He was a queer guy, but he could raise damn good lettuce.'*" He would never take his coat off if ladies were present. If he asked a lady to ride with him in his car, or even stopped to give a lift, he always got out to open the door of the back seat for her and close it. A lady sits in the back seat.

Eberly always lived with his mother, and never married. He built a second Canada Lake home for his aunt, Mrs. Argersinger, and in it he corrected any errors he had made in his own camp. He sent to California for redwood for part of the house. Both camps were inspired by Swiss Chalets. Their style is as unique at Canada Lake as Eberly was.

Boating After the Turn of the Century

In the early 1900's motor boating became a way of life at the lake.

James Ireland brought a motor launch to the lake in 1904. Later Clay O'Dell acquired the boat, which is now on display in the Adirondack Museum in Blue Mountain Lake. The Browers also had a launch and John Brower Sr. was so motor minded he drove to the lake in one of the first four automobiles that were delivered in Fulton County, a Locomobile.

With the arrival of so many boats, motor boat racing was inevitable. The first race for which records exist was held on Labor Day Weekend in 1908. *The Morning Herald* of September 8 tells the story.

SAIL AND MOTOR BOAT RACES AT CANADA LAKE

Much interest and enthusiasm developed over the sail boat and motor boat races at Canada Lake yesterday. There were several events, the sail boat races were being for the Dillwyn trophy, while the motor



Delos Brower driving one of the first four Locomobiles in Fulton County.





Regatta participants.



Examples of first place cups awarded to regatta winners.



The postcard photo was taken in the 1890's from Mettowee Bay on Green Lake looking toward the Camel's Hump. It was scenery like this that drew so many vacationers to the Canada Lake resort area around the turn of the century.

boats raced for the Henrietta cup offered by Mrs. Andrew Peck of Brooklyn and the Fulton cup offered as a second prize.

There were three entries for the sail boat race, the *Kuckoo*, the *Ramona*, and the *Qui Vive*, and the distance was ten miles. Early in the race the *Qui Vive* fouled the *Kuckoo* and was disqualified, while the other two boats raced a dead heat. The contest for the cup will be completed between the two boats at some future time before the close of the season.

The motor boats were divided into three classes. The first or the six-mile boats, were those owned by Fred Smith of Stewart's Landing; the *Jennie*, owned by John Q. Adams of Johnstown. The course was four miles and the *Jennie* covered the distance in 39 minutes and 35 seconds, while the Smith boat finished twenty seconds later. The race made *Jennie* eligible for the finals.

The right [sic] mile boats were the *Clermont*, owned by Fulton; the *Larrie*, owned by Edward Snyder of Dolgeville, and the *Henrietta*, owned by Andrew Peck of Brooklyn. The course was four miles and the boats finished in the following order: *Henrietta*, 31 minutes; *Larrie*, 31 minutes and 52 seconds; *Clermont*, 33 minutes and 50 seconds. The result of this race made the *Henrietta* and *Larrie* eligible for the final.

The twelve-mile class included the *Camilla*, owned by Fr. Getman of Dolgeville, and an unnamed boat owned by Fred Smith of Dolgeville. The latter finished first in 31 minutes and 54 seconds, while the *Camilla* crossed the line in 31 minutes and 55 seconds.

The final course was six miles –and the *Jennie*, the *Henrietta*, the *Larrie*, and the Smith boat participated, the other boats giving the *Jennie* a handicap of 12 minutes. The boats finished in the following order: The *Jennie*, 44 minutes and 5 seconds; the *Henrietta*, 44 minutes and 10 seconds; the Smith boat, 47 minutes and 10 seconds; the *Larrie*, 47 minutes and 20 seconds. Subtracting the *Jennie's* handicap, the Adams boat was declared the winner of the race and the Henrietta cup by 5 seconds. John Brower of Johnstown operated the winning boat in a masterly manner. The *Henrietta* was declared the winner of the Fulton cup.

In 1909, Julius Breckwoldt in the *Edna* won a motor boat race sponsored by the Auskerada Hotel. The *Teaser* won a cup which was donated by guests from the Fulton House in 1913.

All modern racing on Canada Lake is in sail-boats, and every season many trophies are still donated, by the store, by fans of sailing, and by the Canada Lakes Protective Association. 🌊



John Q. Adams with his winning launch giving a ride to Dr. and Mrs. Still, Marion Still and a guest.