

# Canada Lake To the Present



*Green Lake Bridge with Rachel Briggs Wells and her brother Everett Briggs rowing with their grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Martin Kennedy, Sr.*

## Green Lake

When Cy Durey acquired the land around Green Lake, he started a flurry of building. Several lots were sold, some to groups of campers. The cottages nearest Canada Lake were owned by the Durey mill. The Hunters lived in one when William Hunter was the chief sawyer for the mill. Mrs. Gage, Cy's sister, lived in the same cottage when she ran the Canada Lake store.

Guy Durey, who was the Town Supervisor in 1901, 1906-1907, and 1910-1933, lived in the second house along the shore. His daughter, Ann Kukla, still lives there and Ann's husband, Paul, has held the office of navigation inspector for the lakes for many years, earning the affectionately bestowed title "our water fuzz."

"White Rock" cottage was built in 1909 by A. Wolf and Henry R. Maxon. It was struck by lightning in 1911 and rebuilt. "Redwing" was built in 1912.

In 1909 George Francis Hall and Elmer Owen

Hoffman, teachers at Schenectady High School, opened a tent colony, called Camp Ruffit. It was operated through the summer of 1916 with "guests" from as far away as Brooklyn, Chicago, Princeton, Boston, and Pasadena. Printed brochures advertising the camp were circulated. From this, and from pictures of the groups it is possible to imagine what it was like to live in the camp.

The brochure also tells how easy it was to reach Green Lake, first the train to Fonda, then a change for Gloversville, where there was often a five hour wait for the stage. A horse stage left from the Empire Hotel but advance reservations were required for the Gloversville Auto Stage. Finally, a launch met the stage at the Auskerada and took passengers to the Durey Land and Lumber Company. The rest of the trip was on foot.

Part of the Hoffman property was sold to the Dunstons, and buildings from Camp Ruffit are now parts of the Langworthy and the Lozier cottages.



*White Rock Cottage photographed in 1919.*

Excerpts from the Hoffman Brochure:

*Come, don your khaki jackets,  
And your boots that button high,  
Roll up your rubber blanket  
That will keep you nice and dry*

*Put away your high starched collars,  
And your calling cards engraved,  
And with nature take a saunter  
Where one's soul is ne'er depraved.*

*For the forest whispers "Mystery"  
As the path leads round the bend  
And the Lake reflects the colors  
Which have never failed to blend.*

*The soul feasts on these beauties  
Which are doubly brought to view,  
Thanking God for an abundance  
Of pleasures always new.*



*Green Lake Bridge and Mettowee Bay.*



*View from Green Lake Mountain.*



*Camp Ruffit assembly tent in 1910.*

Have you ever slept in a tent? Do you know the joy of your whole being tingle in response to the lapping of the waves upon the shore and to the wind among the trees? Have you ever longed to hear the wood birds sing their prettiest songs at the break of day? If so, then what we shall say about our camp in the Adirondacks will touch the chord that is in harmony with those of us who loved the woods.

We have about twenty rain proof tents on the shore of a secluded mountain lake, where for the past three summers we, with a number of our friends and acquaintances, have gathered and enjoyed the pleasures of real camping out.

Good row boats and canoes are at our disposal and the lakes and streams connected with Green Lake afford a wide range for boating and fishing, and often tempt us with their crystal clearness to don our bathing suits and take a plunge. If you do not know how to swim there are always many in camp glad to show you how. The sand beaches are near at hand for those who prefer shallow water.

Frequently, after breakfast, we start out with pack baskets filled with grub, take a long hike over one of the many alluring trails, and climb a mountain or seek out a hidden lake, where we cook an appetizing meal over an open fire. Then

after feasting on the beauties of the landscape, we return to camp and contribute our share to songs, stories, and experiences around the blazing drift wood.

One large spacious tent called the Assembly tent serves the same purpose in camp that the living room, does at home. It is fitted with rustic seats and tables and a real fire place that adds cheer and comfort on cool evenings. Here we read, write, play games or simply loaf.

Another large tent is the dining room where we all answer to the call of the horn three times a day. We do not have many delicacies or fancy dishes but plan our meals carefully according to what the system needs when one is living in the open.

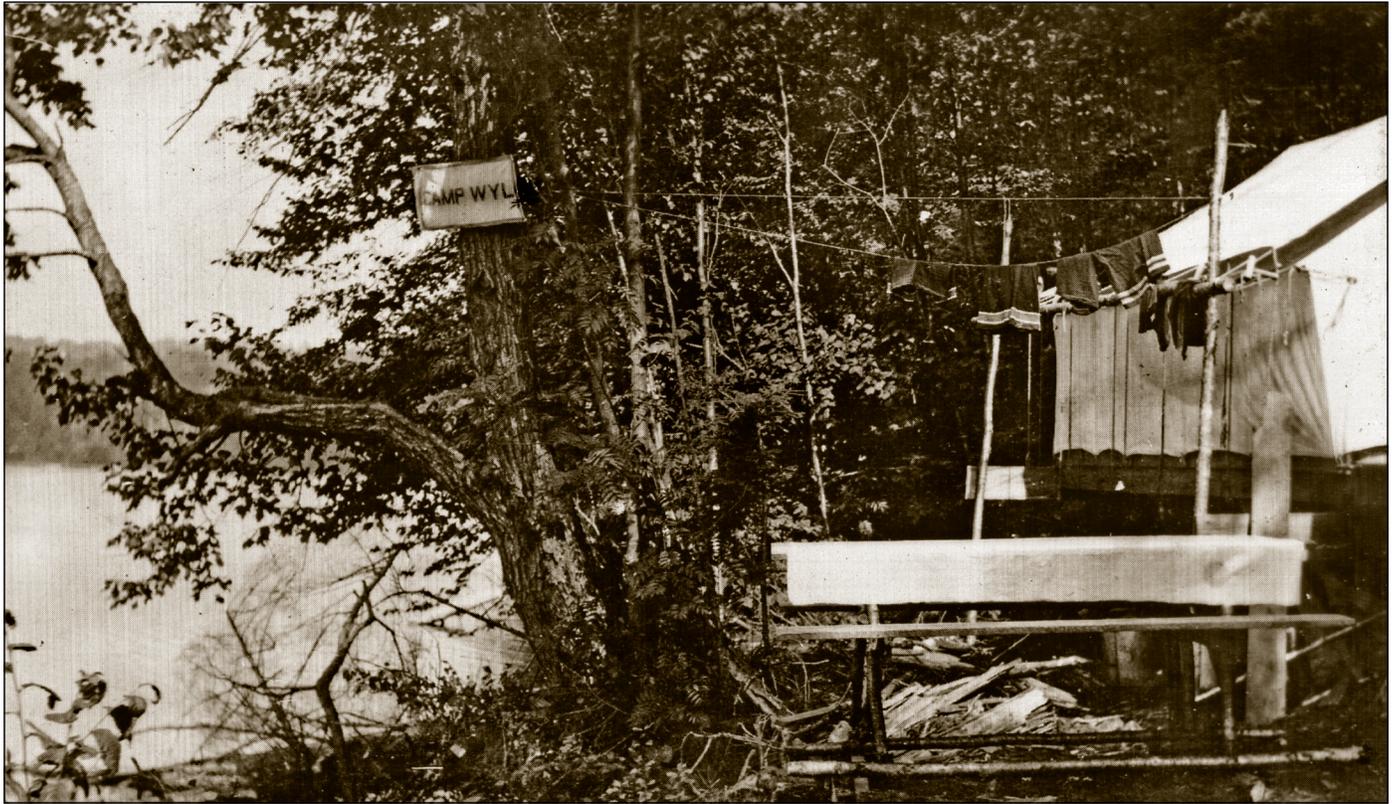
The sleeping tents are eight by nine feet and are pitched on board platforms a foot or more above the ground. Each tent is fitted with bed, mattress, wash basin, and water pails.

The cost of living at Camp Ruffit will be \$8.00 a week during July, if two persons occupy one tent. If you wish a tent by yourself \$9.00. During August these prices will be advance \$1.00 except for those who have been in camp for some time in July. Children under ten years, in tents with parents, half price. Boats may be rented at \$3.00 a week.



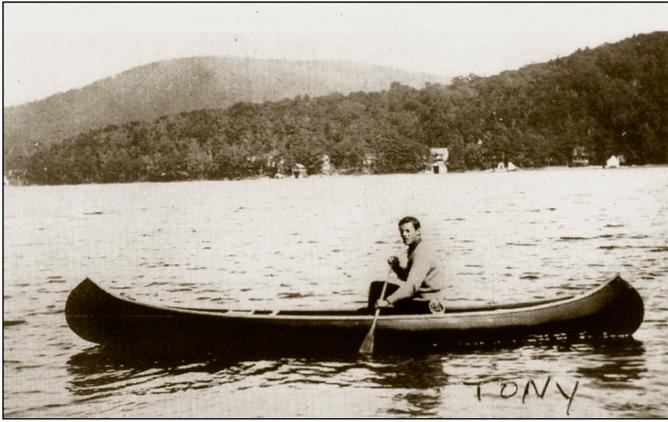
*Activities at Camp Ruffit.*





*In 1912, several college boys had a camp on the East Shore of Green Lake at the foot of Green Mountain. The WYL stood for William Way, Charles Young and David Younglove, and Dr. Albert Lenz.*





Ralph Skakel, Jr., who owns a camp on Green Lake, has put together information about two other groups who enjoyed Green Lake in the early days.

James Uhlinger, Forrest Gates, Everett K. Briggs, and Donald Frasier, all of Johnstown, purchased a lot from Cy Durey in 1911. A rough camp was built by the four men close to the shore. Its shape inspired the group's name, the Cracker Box Club. The men enjoyed fishing from their porch, catching plenty of bull heads. They roughed it in one big room with a sleeping loft above. Stories of good times are hinted at, but like all such groups the fun was private, and the stories remain secret. The men used the camp into the twenties, then sold it to Joseph R. Younglove and James and Henry Denkert. In 1933, Kenneth Richmond acquired

the land and dismantled the remains of the camp, building his own on higher ground.

The Tryon Hook and Ladder Company of Johnstown formed a social club to purchase land and build a camp on Green Lake. There were 22 members and their officers and directors were Jay Irving, Walter Dixon, John Buchner, Arthur Bradt, Ralph Skakel, Sr., David Sponenberg, Edward Miller, Menzo Gustin, John Little, and John Burton.

With the support of eighteen local merchants, the group purchased two lots from Cy Durey, making him an honorary member. The group built a camp in 1917, hampered by the poor condition of the road which was passable only on foot or by wagon. This group, too, had some wonderful times at the lake, right into the thirties, when the surviving members sold the property to Ralph Skakel, Jr. Since 1938, it has been his summer home.

Of all the people who have lived around the little lake, Tony Beekman deserved the title of "Mr. Green Lake." He was the local character whose tales and "whoppers" delighted his neighbors. He spent every day at the lake that he could, becoming more familiar than anyone else with its mysteries. He dubbed the little creek at the eastern corner of the lake, "Tin Cup Creek," but never really had to exaggerate when describing the joys of living around Green Lake.



## Meanwhile, on Dolgeville Point or By the Skin of His Teeth

As told to Phoebe Dwigins Ballard by Skeet Sliter

Laurel Faville, Will's daughter, married Edwin Sliter, brought him to the Point and their son Lendol F. Sliter spent his boyhood summer there. She was given Frank Faville's cottage as a wedding present and when Skeet inherited the camp from his mother he moved in year round until the house burned and he rebuilt. Lendol "Skeet" Sliter, tells a smoke screen of tales about how he came by the nickname, one being that playing in a swamp he was so mosquito bitten that his eyes swelled shut and his friends began calling him Mosquito Sliter, later shortened. He also spins infinite yarns about the old days at the lake, among them these samples.

A. J. Mosher's grandfather used to fish for a living, rowing a flat bottomed wooden boat stern forward, preferring to see where he was going without looking over his shoulder. What fish he took he peddled around the lakeshore camps. Hook and line never fetched enough to satisfy his market, so old man Mosher used dynamite sticks cut into small segments, illegal even then. The game warden of that day suspected that Mosher's catches were too good to be honest, and one very early morning took his boat down the outlet, hid it in the shore growth and waited. Sure enough, along came Mosher shoving through the channel. The game warden let him pass, then followed, rowing silently. Soon Mosher put down his oars, dug a chunk of dynamite from a pocket and lit the fuse, holding the stick until he was sure that the fuse was burning well. While he held it the game warden pulled abreast, yelling.

"Hey there, Pappy, what do you think you're doing?"

Caught red handed, Mosher glanced from the warden to the sparkling fuse, then almost touching the explosive, tossed the bit into the warden's boat, picked up his oars and spat.

"I'm rowing warden. What are you doing?"

No report on the warden's reaction.

Skeet tells of an attempted capture that didn't come off. Seeing a bear cub on the shore one morning he beached his boat, stripped off his belt, grabbed the cub and began strapping its legs. A furious grunt warned him and turning he found mother bear close and charging. A slender tree grew within reach, its lowest branch, Skeet swears,

fifteen feet high. He made that in one jump, scrambled higher and clung there while the bear clawed at the trunk, tried to climb but the trunk was too small, so she spent the day trying to shake Skeet down. She did not give up until dusk, and Skeet stayed where he was for another hour before he dropped, dashed for his boat and shoved into midstream. He never did get that belt back.

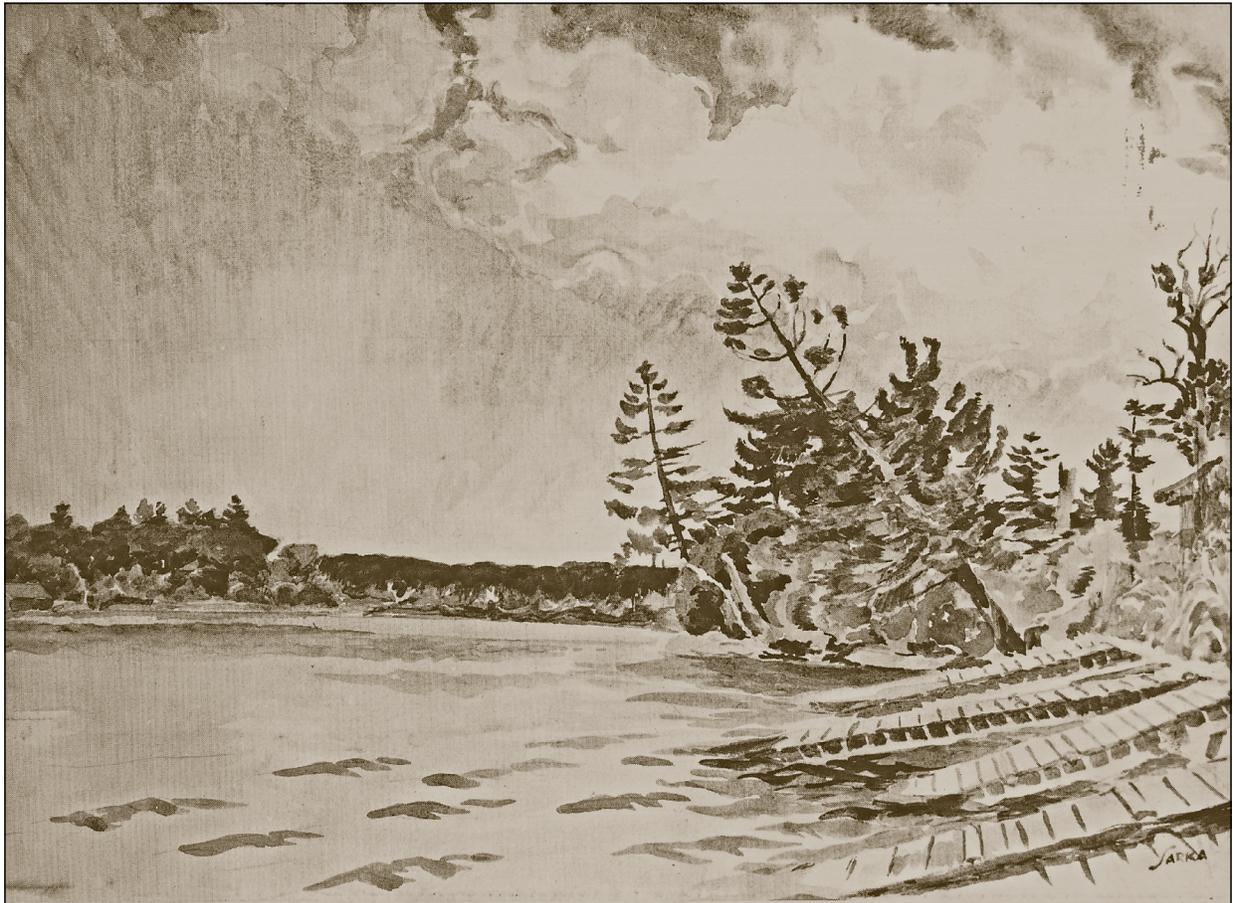
Then there was old "Injun" George Weller, who had a hut up beside the spring in back of Dwig's camp where he lived all year. As cold weather approached George sewed himself into suit after suit, one over another, and wore a full coonskin cap that covered most of his face and neck. On a bleak winter day he started across the ice toward the sawmill and store, but close to the island broke through in water too deep to touch bottom. Not able to climb out George clung to the edge of the hole, trying to break ice enough to make shore. At the mill men looked across, discovered a raccoon huddled on the ice and ran for a gun. Just before



*The ladies, left to right, are Lena Hoffman, Norene White, Mrs. Patrie, and Lucy Archer. Senator Patrie is holding Owen White (upside down), and next to him is Truman Marsh.*



*On the left is the Patrie boathouse. Patrie and William Spoor with their wives and Miss Timmerman on the right. The child is Margaret Archer Auerbach.*



*A painting of the docks at the Dolgeville boathouse by Charles Sarka.*



*West Lake Shore by William Lacek, a Canada Lake amateur artist whose paintings have pleased many.*

the hunter fired George raised a freezing arm and waved it in desperation. He was rescued, dragged to the store and helpful hands began cutting off his suits. But George would have none of that. He batted the hands away, curled up all but against the red hot pot bellied stove with a whiskey bottle and slept until he dried out, perfuming the store with a rankness that drove everyone else off. Didn't even catch cold.

As if there were not enough general excitement to satisfy Skeet's energies he, Al Brussell and Harold Van Auken bought a pontoon plane and Skeet, holding the twenty-sixth pilot's license ever issued, brought it to the lake, the first float plane on that water.

Bill Lacek with his wife Amelia had a home on

West Lake where he painted landscapes through the winters and in summer hired out with his Chevrolet inboard engine driven barge, hauling lumber and building. As Bill aged Skeet built his own barge and took over as Mister Canada Lake, transporting anything to be moved, established a marine service in his cellar to sell and keep in repair motors and boats.

A genius with boats of all kinds, he cut one small wooden one in half, boarding up the new stern to use as a hunting craft. One warm summer day I walked down to the outlet in a bathing suit, swam across to Asbury's and joined a party there. Toward evening it turned cold and a gale blew up. I didn't want to return the way I had come and Skeet volunteered to take me home in the half boat with a kicker hung on it. It was a wild and woolly ride up the lake with the east wind trying to sink us or turn us over, but we made it, shipping water almost to the gunwales before we turned Sand Point.

One winter Skeet mounted an airplane engine and propeller on his sixteen foot aluminum river boat to go racing down the lake. Opposite Hal Buckbee's north shore camp he hit a rough area where the ice had buckled, hidden by some inches of water, and overturned. Skeet was pinned under one gunwale, his shoulders held down, unable to move, his mouth barely above water. He could not hold his head up for long and the camps were all empty for the winter. Whoever watches over Sliter sent a couple, the Leavitts, up from the town to enjoy the warm day. They just happened to see the upside down boat, went out and were astonished to find the man under it struggling to keep from drowning. They saved him, but Marie, his wife, made him sell the engine and nail the prop on the front of their boathouse wall.

Marie was no stranger to ice mishaps either. Much partying went on through the winters and before snowmobiles they would dress up, carry shoes in a bag and walk across to the mainland in warm boots. It seemed, Marie remembers, that every time a group strung out to cross the West Lake Channel she was last in line and most of the time broke through. The others, she insists, had weakened the supporting strength of the surface. They would pull her out, brush her off and the party trail on.

Good times, those. With good friends.



## Nick Stoner Island

The gem of an island set in the middle of Canada Lake and its rugged ring of mountains is as much the visual symbol of the town as Nick Stoner is its hero. It was fitting, therefore, that Jephtha R. Simms, named it Nick Stoner Island. Whether his story of Nick's adventures on the island is fact or fancy, the legend is an intrinsic part of the traditions of the lake.

---

### SIMMS, THE TRAPPERS OF NEW YORK

Maj. Stoner was not only a trapper, but in the proper season he indulged frequently in a deer or fox hunt, in which he was generally successful. On a certain occasion many years ago, accompanied by Benjamin DeLine and Jacob Frederick, he went to hunt deer around the shores of the Canada Lake, since by some called Fish Lake, and by others Bryn Lake. They succeeded in killing two noble deer, and started toward night to cross the lake in the direction of home. Their watercraft, a tree canoe, when they were all in with their game, was loaded almost as heavily as she could float; and the wind causing the waves to roll, made the voyage a dangerous one. Stoner managed the canoe, while his companions, seated on its bottom, used the utmost caution to preserve its equilibrium: but long before the little barque neared her destined landing, she began to dip water. Safety required that his comrades, whose seats became uncomfortable as the water ran around them, should keep quiet, while Stoner renewed his exertions at the paddle to gain the oppo-

site shore. As it became doubtful whether the destined haven could be gained, Stoner steered for the nearest land, which proved to be a projecting point of a small rocky island, which, in the absence of a better name, I shall call Stoner's island.

The farther they sailed, the more the gale increased, and as wave after wave left a portion of its crest in the overloaded canoe; the situation of its inmates became one of the greatest peril. DeLine used their utmost exertions to keep the boat afloat by bailing, while Stoner, urging upon his friends the necessity of coolness and a uniform position, sent her forward rapidly. Still several rods from the land, and already up to his knees in water, as the canoe was nearly full: DeLine sprang out and found bottom, although the water was several feet deep. Fearing that if their craft foundered they would lose their guns and game, and observing that DeLine got on so well, Frederick also jumped into the lake; but a little distance made quite a difference in the depth of water, for he found no bottom. He was unable to swim, and seeing him sinking below the surface, Stoner leaped out to his rescue. His hair fortunately was done up in a que, wound with an eel-skin, and at this his deliverer made a successful grab and swam to the shore. All having gained the land, the canoe, which had been guided along by DeLine, was drawn up on the beach, its valuables removed to a place of safety, and its water emptied out. Frederick, whose powers of suction had gained him one swell too much, soon disgorged the contents of his stomach; and when could again speak, he broke out with an oath in imperfect English, "I cross de ocean all safe from Sharmany, and O, musht I be trown in dish tam vrog-pont!"



*This photo of Nick Stoner Island was taken from Picture Rock around 1900.*

Stoner's island, although preferable to the bottom of the lake, was far from affording the weary hunters a very comfortable night's rest. It had indeed some trees and wild-wood vines, but nothing like a human habitation; still as the gale continued with unabated violence, and it was now almost night, it was out of the question to think of proceeding farther that evening: they therefore set about making themselves as comfortable as circumstances would permit. As not only their guns and ammunition were wet, but their materials for kindling a torch, they were obliged to camp down with their clothes saturated and their bodies shivering, without one blazing faggot to dry their garments or cheer the midnight hour.

The Sun once more came peering o'er the Earth, sending his light in golden streams through the primitive forest which covered the surrounding hills, to reflect their mellowed rays on the glassy water of Lake Byrn; in the bosom of which Stoner's island lay reposing, as calmly and as quietly as an infant nestled to sleep in its mother's arms. The deer-hunters rose betimes, and although their study of cause and effect, as we may suppose, had been somewhat limited, still the contrast of nature's dramatic scenes since the previous evening had been so great, that they could not fail to mark the change, and look with an admiring eye on the rich and varied scene Heaven had spread before

them. Once more embarked with their treasures, they gained the lake shore in safety, and proceeded home without further adventure. For the kind services rendered him at the lake, said Frederick, on his arriving at his own dwelling, "Now, Nick schurst so long ask I has von cent in de world, so long you shall never wants for any ting, fur bulling me out from dat dam vrog-pont mit mine eel-shkin dail."

---

No one knows for certain how Cyrus Durey came to own the island. It may have been a part of the lands and water rights he purchased after the Alfred Dolge bankruptcy. Dolge, in turn, may have obtained title to it when he bought the Wheeler Clafin holdings. Or, it may be, as has been hinted, that a description of the island was not included in the original land patents, and that when Durey discovered the oversight, he claimed title to it.

Whatever happened before, it was possible, in 1953, for Attorney Alfred Dennison to bid \$24.72 for the island. That sum, which was slightly larger than the purchase price of Manhattan Island, was the amount of the unpaid tax bill. The island was then deeded to the rejuvenated Canada Lake Protective Association, in which the lawyer was an active participant.

Dennison and the executors of the Durey estate required that "the said island shall be maintained by the association for its scenic qualities and for the use of its member property owners."

Residents of Canada Lake have enjoyed the island in many different ways. In 1918, Wilda Whittaker and Jack Staley were married on the island, Wilda's father had a store across from Vrooman's Hotel at Caroga, and Jack Staley was the local mailman who also sold real estate.

The distinctive silhouette of wind bent pines has changed many times over the years, because the sentinels today differ greatly from those photographed nearly a hundred years ago. Almost every tree there has been hit by lightning, but the split top of the easternmost pine resulted from a near tragedy. On August 5, 1922, an H-D-6 Townsend Haynor airplane took off from a small airfield at Wheelerville. Cyrus Durey had created the field on his land in an attempt to start commercial flights which could take passengers on sight seeing trips around the lakes. He was joined in the airport venture by two fellow members

of the 14th District Internal Revenue Service of which Durey was the head. Major E.G. Haynor and D.B. Vignes were both aviators.

Major Haynor was piloting and Cy Durey's niece, who is now Mrs. Ann Kukla, was with him on a flight over the lake. The plane flew too low and clipped off the top of the tree. The pilot was able to land the plane on the beach nearby, and fortunately no one was injured.

In 1957 and 1958, Mel Graff, the cartoonist who drew the strip Secret Agent X-9 for King Features, used the Canada Lake vicinity as the setting for an intrigue involving stolen jewels. His sketches of the island appeared regularly in local papers and throughout the country, so the familiar island silhouette acquired a national reputation.

It would be quite impossible to record all the happenings, outings, memorable picnics, and romantic adventures which the island has witnessed. This beautiful island has been the subject of innumerable paintings and photographs throughout the years and is unquestionably the landmark of the town.

**Secret Agent X9**      ❖      ®      ❖      **By Mel Graff**



## Kane Mountain

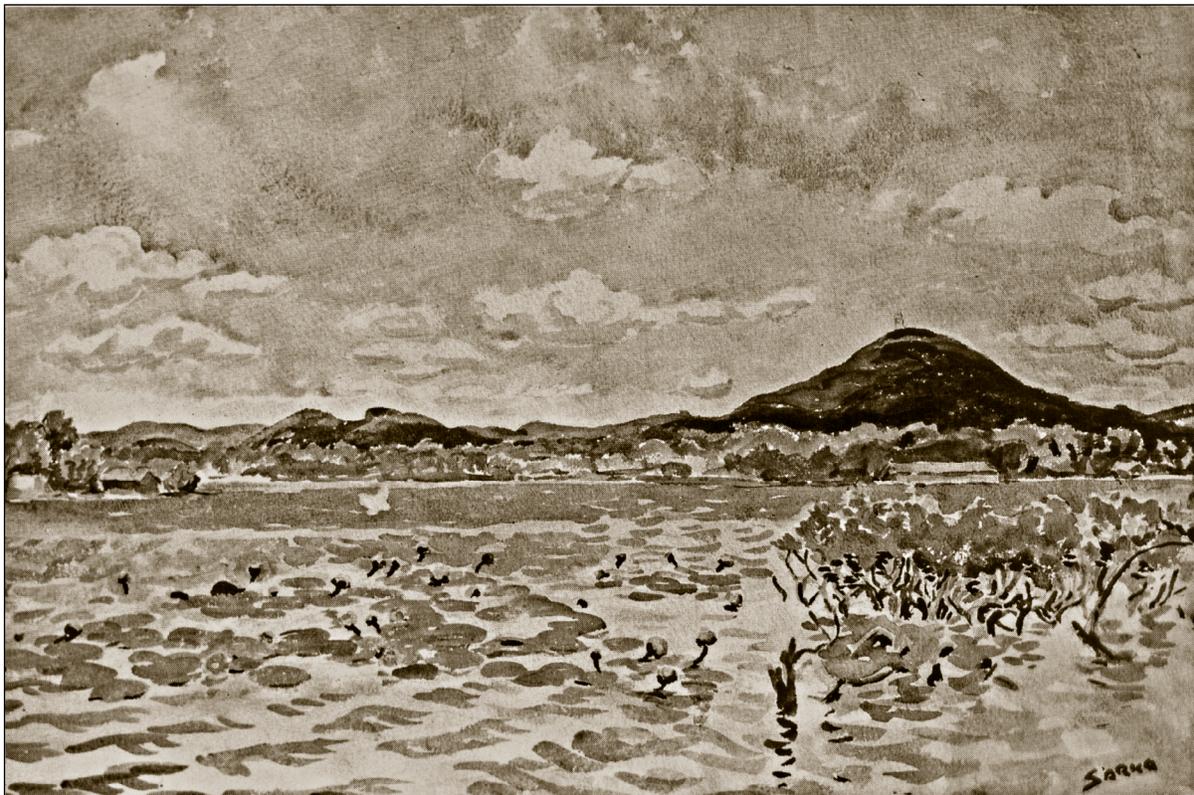
Hasn't everyone in the town walked up to the fire tower on Kane Mountain? Or heard the wild stories of climbing to the top and skiing down the narrow trail between boulders and trees? Or about plans to put a ski tow on the hill? Or about the time Buckshot Smith was standing outside the cabin in a thunderstorm and lightning struck? That day, the bolt went from the tower across the ground making a channel about twenty feet long that ended right at Buckshot's feet. The next day he still could not hear out of one ear.

The first man on the Kane Mountain Fire Tower was William Hunter and the next was James Luff whose daughter was Minnie Sargent, the teacher. James Hayner, Everett (Buckshot) Smith, Rex Hall, and Floyd Waters followed. Buckshot returned to the tower after an absence of 11 years and has been there for the last 10 seasons.

In 1939, several Dolgeville businessmen and Frederick Schrecker, Fred Austin, Dr. John Larrabee, and Ward Nixon formed the Canada Lake Club. The group intended to promote winter sports at the lake and they did make a toboggan slide on Kane Mountain which was so steep toboganners sped out onto the frozen surface of Green Lake. The men also cleared ice from part of the lake for ice boating.



However, no mechanical means of getting up the mountain was ever constructed, so Kane Mountain never became a center for winter sports.





*George and Sally Streeter at the Weaver Camp in 1920.*

## **Cottagers In the Twenties**

Of the many camps that were constructed at Canada Lake in the 1920's, Max Arnst and his son Alvarado built quite a few. Alvarado remembers building "one for Miss Harris, and one for Miss Dodge, and Alice Warne." They built the redwood camp for Eberly Hutchinson's aunt, which the Yuenger's now own, "with redwood shingles on the outside, redwood on the inside."

On the Fulton side, the Arnsts built "the one right next to the hotel and one for George Mackle of St. Johnsville." They built one for Dr. Granger, the dentist, and one in 1923 for the McCaugheys. Alvarado also built camps for Dr. Vaughn and John Duber.

The McCaugheys rowed across the lake every day to get the mail when Jean Alguyer was the post master in the little shed across from the Tyoe camp. They fished and trolled both ways, catching fish when no one else could.

The Weaver camp was built in 1920. The office of the Durey Land and Lumber Company was expanded in 1925 by Bill Menge to become a

cottage which is now owned by the Jack Fieldings.

Alfred Dennison built on the south shore in 1923. After several years of renting including the Weaver camp in 1920, Dr. George Streeter built his camp on the South Shore in 1923, the same year as his sisters, Annie Hackney and Sarah Williamson, bought Sand Point from the estate of James Y. Fulton.

The Rohrs of Yonkers rented a camp from Frank Kathan from 1919 until 1930 when they built the one they have lived in ever since.

In 1930, the Ryan camp was built by Mrs. Frank Barbour, and heiress of the Beech Nut Packing Company. She intended it as a little hideaway for her husband.

The five stall boat house just past the store was turned into two cottages in the twenties.

Although the present Leavitt camp was built in 1890, it was not until 1920 that the porches and a large dining room were added. Frank Tyoe turned the building into a restaurant and guest house, and it was said to have been a speakeasy.

---

**COTTAGER'S LAMENT**  
By Harriet Foote McMartin

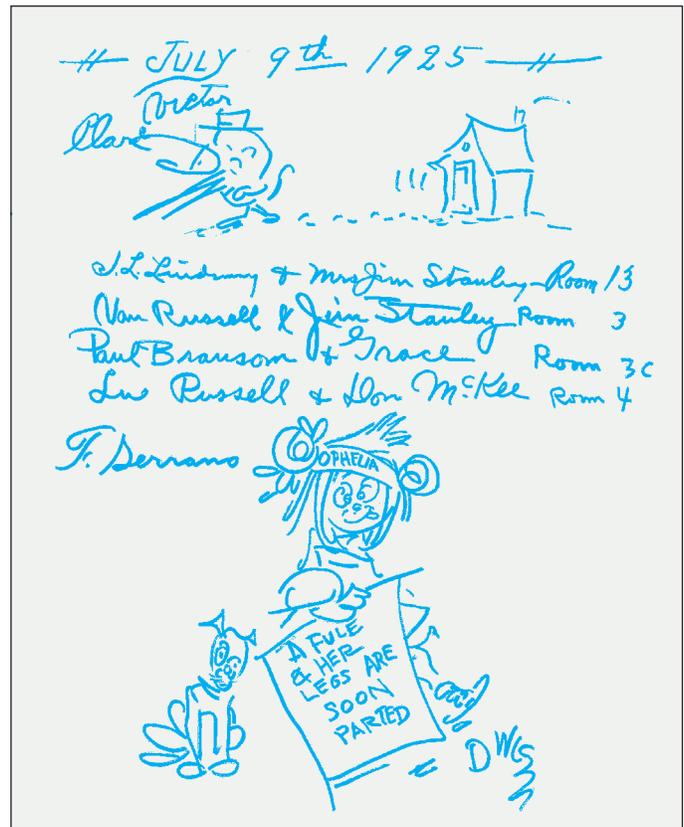
*At Canada Lake you have to work,  
There's no room there for any who shirk.*

*There is wood to cut,  
And grass to mow.*

*There are dishes to wash  
And tears to sew.*

*But worst of it all,  
Though strange it may seem,  
Is to have fifty or more  
Nice perches to clean.*

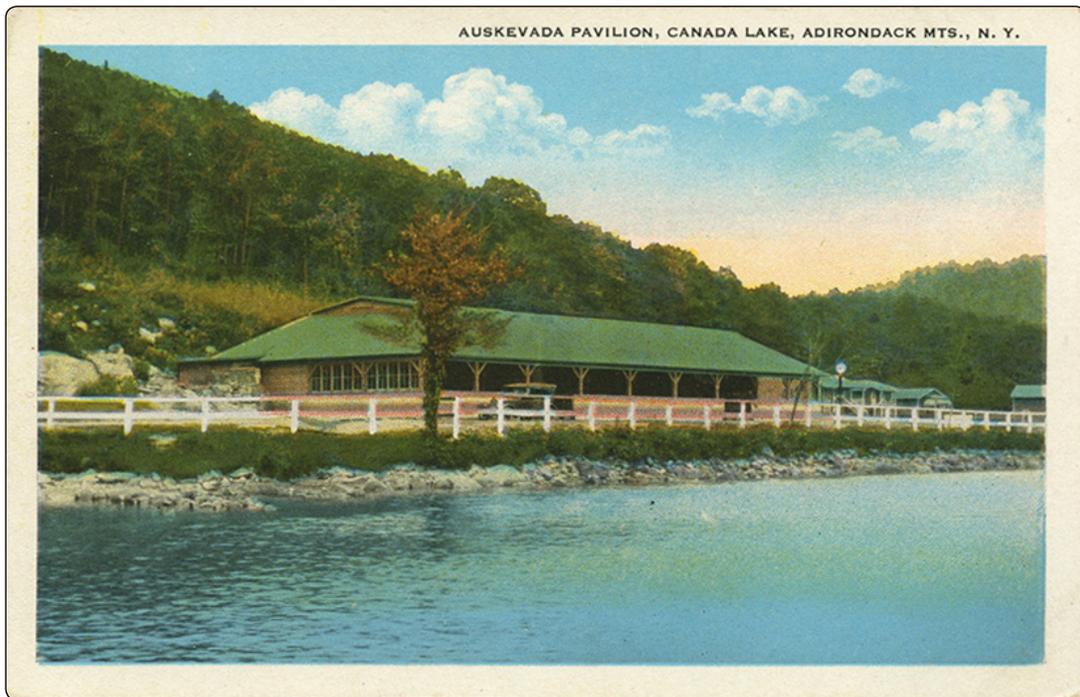
---



A page from the Tyoe's guest book.



The Durey Land and Lumber Company boathouse became two cottages.



*Hawley's Pavilion postcard published in 1922.*

The Auskerada Hotel was never rebuilt, but Hawley's Pavilion was constructed in 1921 on the site of the hotel. Saturday night dances were as popular in the new pavilion as they had ever been in the hotel, although the fact that there was a speakeasy in the back may have helped its popularity. In those days, everyone dressed for the dances, and male guests always wore white flannels and dark jackets. The music was soft and romantic and Troutman's Blue Ribbon Orchestra was one of the favorites. If a group of people got together to go out, they often went to Caroga to dance; but everyone with a date went to Hawley's.



The pavilion figured as the starting place for motor boat races which were as popular in the 20's as they had been a decade earlier. A regatta held in 1929 featured races in five classes, with the motor boat kicker class being won by William Lacek of

West Lake. The race course was designed in laps around a two mile loop that started at the dance hall and circled the island. The longest race of the day was a ten mile free-for-all won by C. Nealy, and Clay O'Dell won the six mile class C race.

A repeat of the event in 1930 featured trophies of silver cups for outboards, inboards, canoes and aquaplanes.

William Dunstan prevailed upon his fellow sailors to take up serious sailboat racing in the early 1950's. The Canada Lake Sailing Club was formed and held races every weekend throughout the summer. Monty Mason, Jack Ryan, and Bill Bates directed the club for many years. Sailing has met with such enthusiasm there is hardly a Saturday in summer without 30 to 50 boats colorfully plying the lake.



*Clay O'Dell's winning launch.*



*Above, Tip Bowler and his wife.*

*Below, Jeff Reed, "Canada Lake Character," in 1931.*



## Hermits

Several colorful loners escaped from the outside world to the quiet of the town's woods. 'Tip Bowler' hunted and fished and lived off the land. He had a wife and son who lived with him in a shack at Pine Lake. In summer he preferred a tent by Nine Corner Lake, which is where Dr. Still had to walk to treat Tip's ill son. The doctor's reward was a fresh fish!

There are two explanations of Tip's nickname. He was a very tall man, long, lean, and lanky; but he was often quite tipsy, and he was found at least once in the swamps near London Bridge. He trapped bear at Pine Lake and ran deer with dogs, which got him sent to jail every fall. It was his way of preparing to keep warm for the winter. Once when he was discharged from jail and given money for provisions, the cold was such that no one could persuade him to leave. He was given money for the stage, and still protested. He was enticed with money for tobacco, but no one could convince him to leave. Finally, when departure seemed inevitable, he said, "If I get me a couple of good dogs, I'll be back."



*Jeff in costume, 1931.*



*Jeff Reed strumming his shovel, 1971.*

In the early 1900's Daddy Boynton lived a hermit's life at the western end of Canada Lake and made a living peddling fish by rowboat to the summer folks.

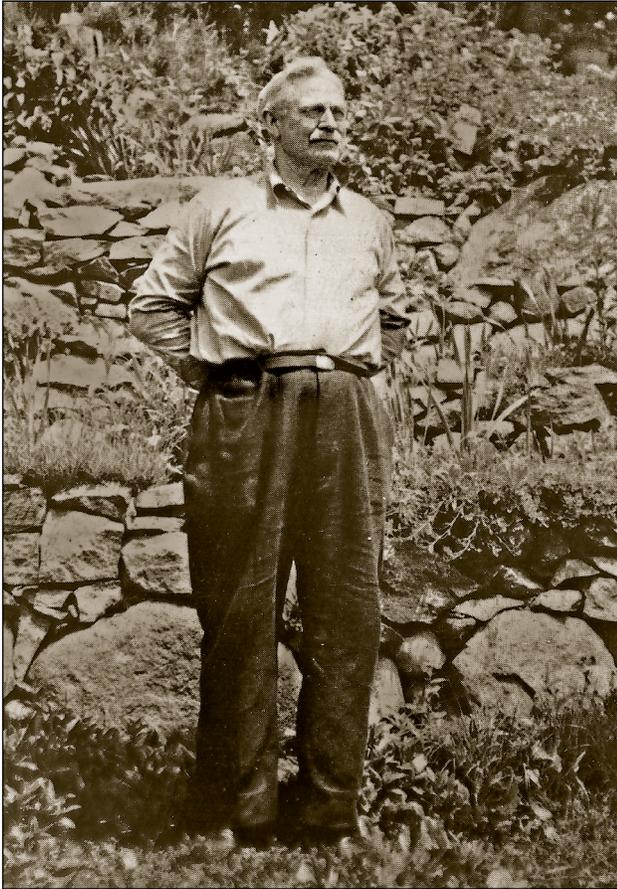
Canada Lake's most unusual character was Jeff Reed, who knew the best fishing spots and the best berrying patches in the town. If he thought the young people were getting too close to his fishing spots, he'd scare them off with tales of the hippopotamus that would bite off their toes.

Mysteries of prohibition surrounded Jeff and it was said that he moved to the lake to escape the mobs. He kept a huge police dog and never turned his back to the door of any of the town's bars, which he frequented regularly. In later years, his long beard concealed his handsome face, and his long curved mustache was waxed and curled to perfection.

He drove an open touring car and earned a reputation as a lady's man. For many years he lived in a small house without running water. The exterior of the house was decorated with the tails of all the beaver he had trapped. He is best remembered for his gifts of berries and the jams and jellies he prepared.

## Canada Lake Post Office

When the post office name was changed from Green Lake to Canada Lake in 1920, Viola Gage continued as postmistress. She was followed in 1934 by Mrs. George F. Tyoe and the post office was moved to the Tyoe's Inn. Gene Alguyer succeeded Mrs. Tyoe at that location in 1937 and held



*Gene Alguyer*

the post until 1950 when Mrs. Mary Lord took over and the post office was moved to the Canada Lake Store, which the Lords were then operating. Mary Lord was succeeded by June Lord and then by Laura Violy, but by their tenure, the post office was only a summer operation. The Canada Lake Post Office was discontinued in 1973 and incorporated with the Caroga Office. However, the Bill Fieldings who now own the store have managed to keep it open in the summer for the convenience of their customers

## Hal Schumacher

Canada Lake counts one of baseball's all time greats as a summer resident. Hal Schumacher's pitching career was memorable and even his batting record as a pitcher was quite spectacular.



He hit a home run over the left field roof of the Polo Grounds, one of the longest ones ever in that ball park.

He was born in Hinckley, New York, and attended St. Lawrence University in the fall of 1928. He joined the New York Giant Baseball team at the end of his first semester of his junior year in 1931. He was personally signed to play by the legendary John McGraw who was still managing the Giants at that time.

When he returned to St. Lawrence and completed his BS degree in 1933, the entire team of New York Giants attended Hal's graduation. Between 1931 and the time he retired in 1946, he had 13 active years of playing interrupted by 3 years of military service. In that time he won 158 games and lost 121. He participated in 3 World Series. In 1933, he pitched against Washington and in 1936 and 1937 against the New York Yankees. He was a member of the renowned big four which included Carl Hubbell. They pitched the New York Giants to a pennant and World Championship in 1933.

When he retired, he joined the Adirondack Bat Company in Dolgeville, and also joined the group from Dolgeville who came to Canada Lake every summer. 🦉