

Recollections of



Robert C. Evans

1952 to 1999

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Chapter

1. The Adirondack Mountains p. 1
2. Owners of Oven Point Camp (List plus Bio - sketch) p. 3
3. 1952 - Oven Point Camp Discovered p. 9
 - OVEN POINT CAMP PHOTOS 1952 to 1953
4. Early Years at Oven Point Camp p. 15
 - MAJOR CHANGES TO ORIGINAL OVEN POINT CAMP
5. Oven Point Camp Changes and Development p. 20
6. A Special Event - 1976 - "Gathering of the Pan Am Five at Oven Point Camp" p. 31
7. Recollections: p. 38
 - High Water at Long Lake p. 39
 - Snow Depth at Oven Point Camp p. 39
 - Winter Ice Depth in Long Lake p. 40
 - Winter Living at Oven Point Camp p. 40
 - The Boats of Oven Point Camp p. 43
 - Plus - Favorite Canoe Trips p.46
8. Family Traditions: p.48
 - Camp Opening p. 49
 - Quiet Time p. 49
 - Campfires p.50
 - Fourth of July p. 51
 - No Television p. 54

8. con't - Family Traditions

Hunting p. 55

Bears at Oven Point Camp p. 56

- OVEN POINT CAMP PHOTOS 1999

9. Vignettes - Oven Point Camp - 1952 to 1999 p. 58

1. Canoe Trip - Oven Point Camp to Tupper Lake p.59

2. Robb Learns to Water Ski p. 60

3. Bats p. 60

4. Cats p. 61

5. A Duck down a Chimney p. 62

6. Scott and his Dog Heidi p. 62

7. Life Saving at Sunrise Beach p. 63

8. Chippewa Cabin Afire p. 64

9. Wind and Lightning Storms p. 65

10. David and his Indian Ghost p. 66

11. Foggy Night on Long Lake p. 66

12. Romance at Oven Point Camp p. 67

13. A Lunar Eclipse p. 68

14. Volley Ball p. 68

15. Treasure Hunts and Penata Party p. 69

16. Interesting Characters - Some Odd p.69

a. Beach Girl - Sweetpea p. 69

b. Campers in the Lean-to p. 70

- c. Nude on the Swim Float - p. 70
 - d. Break-ins at Camp p. 70
 - e. Trespassing Drivers p. 71
 - f. Church Violinist p. 71
 - g. A Frantic Knock on the Door p. 72
 - h. Healthy Hiking Couple p. 72
 - i. Murderer Loose in the Adirondack Mountains p. 73
 - j. Skinning a Squirrel p. 73
17. Trees - and Their Age p. 74
18. Scott and the Oven Point Dump p.74
19. Pets at Oven Point Camp p. 74
20. Trail Lights p. 75
21. Government Bureaucracy p. 76
22. 1999 - A Commemoration Year p. 77
10. The Family Remembers p. 79
- Cindy's Daily Log - 1985 - "Life Goes on at Oven Point Camp - When the
Owners Go Trailering to Alaska" p.80
11. Other Tales of Oven Point Camp p. 105
12. Camp Literature Material - '91 Camp Sketch Map - Cabin Floor Plans

THE ADIRONDACK MOUNTAINS

The first white man credited to having first discovered the Adirondack Mountains was Samuel De Champlain. He was on an exploratory trip from Quebec - sailing up the St. Lawrence River - then south on the Richilieu River - eventually entering the large lake that would one day bear his name - Lake Champlain. He only sighted the mountains to the east -the Green Mountains of today's Vermont. And, to the south and west he sighted the Adirondack Mountains of today's New York.

The Adirondack Mts. were an unknown land reputed to be a harsh and difficult area to live in. The local Indians used it only for hunting and to travel through- as it was much too severe in winter to live there. Consequently, little was known about the Adirondack region.

The area of Oven Point Camp was originally Indian controlled land that was deeded as part of the Totten and Crossfield purchase of July 1772. Joseph and Stephen Crossfield lent their names to the transaction in a petition to King George III of England - but the money was supplied by the Jessup family. Chiefs of the Mohawk and Caughnawaga tribes were present; Sir William Johnson presided and Governor Tryon witnessed the deed. 1135 English pounds were paid for 800,000 acres. A later survey proved it contained 1,150,000 acres -for a price of 3 pence per acre. This was not the ultimate cost to the buyers however, as this was merely to obtain the land from the Indians. King George III demanded \$10,000 and ultimately received \$40,000 for land that cost him nothing. The letter patents for the land were never received from the English Crown

However, the Revolutionary War resulted in these lands being transferred to a new American government. The land had been surveyed and divided into 34 townships and allotted to the new owners. Later, a new petition to the State of New York resulted in new townships numbering up to 50 - with some old and some new owners reallocated between the years 1786 and 1811. Oven Point was located in township 22 assigned to Philip Livingstone and Theophilus Anthony.

In 1872, the New York legislature created a State Park Commission for preservation of the Adirondack Mts. area - and at the same time authorized a new survey of the region. A surveyor, Verplank Colvin, had been active from 1865, surveying the area, and had already begun to prepare a map of the Adirondack area. He had located the principal mountains and the lakes - correcting many misconceptions about the area. He used a sighting device to accurately locate the detail of the topography. A number of these sighting sites are identified by the unusual and unique three triangular holes placed in the rocks to securely set his surveying instrument. There is a set of these holes on the tip of Oven Point - and have unofficially been identified as "Verplank Colvin" holes. It is probable that they are authentic - since they are ideally located to identify prominent landmarks on Long Lake in the Oven Point vicinity. Today, the "Verplank Colvin" holes are preserved - and marked with pipes, chain and sign.

The name Oven Point is found on Verplank Colvin maps published in 1882. He did identify and name the Point. It is assumed that he named the Point from the Indian legend at that time. It was alleged to be a favorite camping site for their travels through the area. And, there apparently was a rock depression or cave that served them as a natural baking oven - and was used for that purpose. (Local residents at Long Lake confirm the existence and use of such oven facility.) Local residents tell stories of Oven Point being popular for picnics and camping - and for the added bonus of finding Indian arrowheads. The last known arrowhead was found in 1982 by a guest that was rock hopping around the point and spotted the prize just offshore in the water. Verplank Colvin identified the lake land point as "Oven Point" on his maps. The name was adopted by subsequent owners for the Camp established in 1902 - and has been retained by them to the present.

OWNERS OF OVEN POINT CAMP
(Long Lake, NY)

1. Patrick and Elizabeth Moynehan - Prior to 1902.
2. Russel and Mary Thayer - Feb. 25, 1902.
3. W. Ryerson and Eleanor Kissam - May 16, 1907.
4. George H. and Katherine H. Earle - June 12, 1916.
5. Arthur A. and Gertrude H. Mitten - April 16, 1927.
6. Harrison D. and Metta E. Jennings - April 12, 1948.
7. Robert C. and Wilma A. Evans - October 24, 1952.
8. Thomas S. and Cynthia Evans - January 31, 1999.

OVEN POINT OWNERS

The first known owners of Oven Point property was Patrick and Elizabeth Moynehan. Little is known of Patrick Moynehan - except he did make other land purchases in the area of Long Lake - and he was engaged in extensive lumbering activity in the area.

Patrick and Elizabeth Moynehan sold the Oven Point property to Russel and Mary Thayer on Feb. 25, 1902. Prior to or at this time, there was a Captain Parker living on Oven Point as a squatter. He was reputed to be a mild and gentle person in spite of his imposing stature - being 6 ft. 2 in. tall. He is shown with a wild and unkempt beard that waved in the wind, and long hair he wore parted in the middle. (A picture of "Cap" Parker is located at the Lodge at Oven Point Camp - and may also be seen on p. 113 of the book "Tales of an Adirondack County".) His title of Captain Parker was earned by his service in the Civil War. He was also an attache of Kit Carson and traveled the western plains. Captain Parker was a graduate of Williams College and claimed to have studied medicine for 2 1/2 years. He once was employed by the Hudson Bay Company - and did carry one of its guns.

It is uncertain what year the event took place, but Cap Parker was unwelcome to its then owner (Moynehan or Thayer). So, to eliminate the problem, Cap Parker was offered a "soft" job at the hotel in Long Lake over the harsh winter period. Since he was absent for an extended period in town, he lost his squatter rights at Oven Point. When he tried to return to Oven Point in the Spring, he was barred from reentry to the land. Captain Parker lived from 1815 to Jan. 24, 1912 - and when he died - was buried in the Long Lake cemetery where his grave is identified today.

When Russell and Mary Thayer acquired Oven Point on Feb. 25, 1902, they must have planned for a Camp. The main Lodge and a small cabin were reported to have been built that year. They were constructed of spruce logs taken from Oven Point property. Conjecture was that the small cabin was built first - for occupancy while the more extensive Lodge was being built. Later, an Adirondack Lean-to was built, using the same spruce logs. It was built in the traditional design- a three sided structure with an elevated floor- and an over - extended roof on the open side. It faced westward toward the prevailing wind. Near, but not under the overhanging roof, a fireplace was built with a high reflecting back wall. The Lean-to was wind protected on three sides - and on the open side - the wind carried the heat into structure and was trapped by the overhang roof. Winter occupants often use a canvas on the open side - leaving room at the top for the heat to roll over and down into the shelter. (The system works very well).

There is little information about the Thayers life at Oven Point. However, in response to an inquiry about the Thayers, I received the following letter from Edmund Thayer, Jr. - a grandson of Russell Thayer. It states - quote -

338 Beaumont Road
Devon, Pennsylvania 19333

6/27/77

Dear Mr. Evans -

Your letter addressed to my late father, reached me through my mother. I am not sure you were at Oven Point some 10 - 12 years ago when my Dad and I and my son (Tom - now tennis pro at the Lake Placid Club) rowed up and visited your Camp.

We now have my grandfather's Camp on Upper Saranac - Spring Pond Camp - stop in if you are ever in the area. It is on the north end of the lake just before you get to the golf course. It was started by my grandfather in 1908 after he moved from Oven Point.

Our whole family has had a deep love of the Adirondacks all our lives. We have heard many tales of the guides and wildlife of the area. We have some deer heads in our camp which were moved from Oven Point - having been shot in the woods nearby.

My grandfather (Russell Thayer) whom I remember, was sort of a pioneer in the area. He was born in 1850 - died in 1932. And came to the Adirondacks in his early teens. He was an 1874 graduate of US West Point and was just Brigade Capt. He became a General in the US Army - an engineer and inventor- inventing among other things - a lighter than air dirigible which the Army tested - and a gold extraction machine which he sold to western mining interests. My father was one of six sons and a daughter - and they all used to talk Oven Point and the great times. They arrived by horse drawn carriage and buckboard from Blue Mountain Lake. Coming to there by train from Philadelphia - where my grandfather was Commissioner of Fairmont Park. (He went to West Point because he was inspired by meeting Abraham Lincoln in Washington one day when he visited there with his father: a Federal judge. They were ardent fishermen and often talked of the trout and pike they used to catch.

Perhaps we can follow up someday. Hope you are enjoying the woods.

Best regards, Sincerely

Edmund Thayer, Jr.

(We are coming up over 4th of July.)

The Thayer family kept Oven Point only five years and three months - then sold to W. Ryerson and Eleanor Kissam on May 16, 1907. Little factual info is known of the Kissam family. Fortunately, a Reginald O. Kissam, son of the Kissam owners, visited Oven Point Camp in 1976 just to revive his memories. Later, he wrote a letter that gave an insight to life at Oven Point in the years 1907 - 1916.

The letter reads - quote -

Box 345 Harbor View
Clinton, Conn. 06413
June 28, 1977

Dear Mr. Evans,

I will recall as much as I can regarding Long Lake and the Camp.

We spent the entire summers at the lake. Leaving New York, we arrived Long Lake West around six in the morning. A very isolated station in wild, virgin territory - enjoying a hearty breakfast of wheat cakes, tub butter, coffee etc. very delicious for such a place.

Went to Long Lake by two mountain teams, a distance of 19 miles. One wagon for luggage. The roads were all dirt and gravel. On arriving at the Lake, stopped at Sullivans store, the Post Office and General Store for that vicinity. Then went by boat to the Camp. Our Guide had gotten things ready at the Camp.

The Main Camp had hot and cold water, very unusual at that time.

Before I describe the Camp, it was named from a rock formed oven where the Indians cooked their corn, on their travels, up and down the River which they called "Incapaka", the widening of the Racquette River, known today as Long Lake. To the left of the Point facing the River was the best fishing grounds around. You could pull in trout with no trouble at all.

Aug. 9th.

Sorry for the delayance of this letter. Arthritis acting up. Considerable more to tell but had to stop. Yours -

Reginald O. Kissam

Unquote

W. Ryerson and Eleanor Kissam sold Oven Point to George H. and Katherine H. Earle, Jr. on June 12, 1916. There is nothing known of the Earle family occupancy - and there is no information regarding buildings added or expanded. It was rumored that the Earles lost a child to drowning at Oven Point - but that has not been confirmed. And, it was thought that the tragedy was the reason that they sold the property.

George H. and Katherine H. Earle, Jr. sold Oven Point to Arthur A. and Gertrude H. Mitten on April 16, 1927. George H. was a medical doctor and had his legal residence in Philadelphia. He was an avid fisherman- and used Long Lake guides to find the most productive waters. Record specimens were outlined on hardboard - with all the facts about the catch. These were found posted throughout the Camp buildings. South Pond was one of his favorite fishing sites - and two catches there have cutouts - with the information of 1. Lake trout - 35" - 15 lbs. And , 2. Lake trout - 36" - 19 3/4 lbs.

Dr. Mitten considerably expanded the Camp buildings. He added a large room on the east end of the Lodge with attached double bath - with two rooms above that were reached by an outside stair. The upstairs rooms were used for storage - with one room being entirely tin lined for rodent protection. All mattresses and bedding were stored in the Tin Room for the winter. A matching outside stair existed on the west side of the Lodge - to reach a bedroom above the 1st floor bedrooms of the Lodge.

Around the east end of the Point a large boat house was constructed, with a rail track to bring large boats into the boathouse. He kept it well filled with power boats, guide boats, canoes and sailboats.

A caretaker's one bedroom house was constructed at a central site on the property. It was well designed and well constructed with a stone foundation and stone fireplace. The caretaker lived on the property year round. In the winter, he made furniture that is used in the Lodge and in several of the cabins. (See Furniture and Furnishings in a later Chapter).

A long rectangular building , consisting of a bedroom, bath and bedroom in line was constructed between the Lodge and the small Log Cabin. These bedrooms were used for extra guests at the Camp. Like all bedrooms at the Lodge, they were equipped with an annunciator call system - to buzz the Kitchen of the Lodge when they wanted room service. Two Japanese servants were in attendance to serve the Camp.

The Mitten family was known to host many fine parties. Invitations were announced on short notice by use of a megaphone - and calling across the lake from The Point that it was Party Time. I assume that they were highly enjoyed. But, Dr. Mitten was also known for the dramatic way he closed a party. He just closed the Bar door - and announced "The party is over - and time to go home now."

During the Second World War years, apparently the Mitten family did not come to Oven Point. It was reported that, as a consequence, the buildings were broken into and many items of considerable value were stolen - such as sterling silver, Hudson Bay blankets and outboard motors. (It has been hinted that these could be found in a number of local homes.) When Dr. Mitten came to Oven Point after the war ended in 1945, he was very upset with the losses, and this influenced his decision to sell the property.

Dr. Arthur A. and Gertrude H. Mitten sold Oven Point Camp with 84 acres of land to Harrison D. and Metta E. Jennings April 12, 1948. The Jennings seemed to have bought the property (reputedly for \$18,000) for economic opportunity rather than for their use and enjoyment. They did occupy the Winter Cabin (Chippewa) for winter use. And, they occupied the Lodge for summer use. However, they sold timber off the land,

some of the boats and the covered dock. They had a road built from Tarbell Hill Rd. to a parking lot near the building on the Point - with a walking trail into Camp

The main Camp area - with 38 acres was offered For Sale for \$25,000. It did not sell quickly as it was considered too high a price. Several persons later stated that they were interested in the property. One lady stated that she intended to buy it in Spring 1953, and was disappointed to find it sold.

Harrison D. and Metta E. Jennings sold Oven Point Camp to Robert C. and Wilma A Evans October 24, 1952. The sale was for 38 acres containing the Camp buildings - with approximately 1900 ft. of waterfront.

Additional acreage was purchased later as follows:

Nov. 23, 1953 - 4.1 acres with 157 ft. waterfront.

June 30, 1962 - 11.2 acres adjoining the above two parcels - containing the Spring and Reservoir.

1952 - OVEN POINT CAMP DISCOVERED

In the summer of 1952, Robert and Wilma Evans drove to Michigan to visit relatives and to let their children become reacquainted with their family and to know their "roots". Our return east was via Sault St. Marie, Mich. and then southeasterly across Ontario Province of Canada. We carried our camping equipment and stopped in Algonquin National Park for a short stay. Continuing, we reentered the U.S.A. via the 1000 Island bridge - then on to Cranberry Lake State Park - located about 20 miles west of Tupper Lake, NY. It was here that we first experienced the call of the Loon - likened to the "crazy woman laugh". Like many others, we learned to enjoy its haunting sound. We stayed for a week, and enjoyed this beautiful area of the Adirondack Mts. for its primitive remoteness. Unfortunately, we had an unusual amount of rain during the week - and even packed our tents in the rain for the return trip home in South Salem, NY.

It may have been the memory of the "rainy week" that shaped our minds in the events that would soon follow. From Cranberry Lake, we drove east to Tupper Lake and then south to Long Lake. We admired the view as we crossed the steel bridge at Long Lake - and also the quiet mountain town of Long Lake so beautifully located. It seemed ideal, being right on the lake shore and surrounded by wooded mountains. As we drove through, a sign caught both our attentions, saying "Fully Furnished Camp - For Sale". We rolled on down the road - but commented about the sign. It took another mile or two down the road before we reacted - and made the decision to return and investigate. We reasoned - after all, we were early and had no pressing reason to get home - and besides, we had become interested in Adirondack property from previous camping trips.

So, we did return to the house with the sign - and found a man relaxing on his porch swing - a Mr. Dan Jennings, owner of the advertised Camp. He agreed to accompany us to the camp - and show it to us. We followed his directions to the Camp - little realizing that we would follow the route many times in the future. From Long Lake, we went east on 28N 1.7 miles, turned left (north) on a secondary gravel road, over Tarbell Hill and down for † mile to the entry of a private road of the Camp for sale. We drove a winding road, up and down small rises, through the woods to the steep hill leading down the final stretch to a parking lot. A narrow walking trail led off the parking area - and within 5-600 feet arrived at the Camp complex of buildings - all located on a point of land extending into Long Lake. It was quiet, remote and beautiful with towering trees surrounded by water on three sides - we were impressed.

As we continued into the Camp area, the first cabin on our right was identified as the "Caretakers Cabin". Continuing - ahead of us was a 20 x 30 open structure of a well filled woodshed. And, conveniently ahead, was three structures consisting of a large two story log Lodge, and to the left of it were two cabins. The first was a shingle long narrow structure and just beyond a small log cabin - both facing the lake beyond the point. And, later, we found there was still another structure - an Adirondack Lean-to - just beyond the small Log Cabin.

As we walked around the Lodge, we noticed the outside stairs on each end of the building that led to two single bedrooms. Later, we would be shown the "Tin Room" adjacent to the upper east bedroom, which was entirely tin metal lined to protect stored bedding from rodents (mice and squirrels). Arriving at the front of the Lodge that faced the lake, we found a three side wrap around porch with many green painted Adirondack chairs. Obviously, they were there to enjoy the spectacular view on both directions on the lake. We were told that Long Lake was 14 miles long and was narrow, from $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$ mile wide with islands along its length. The Indians called it "Incapaca" - meaning Wide River. Oven Point Camp was located about half way on Long Lake - about a mile from Long Lake village.

We entered the Lodge by the front door off the covered wrap-around porch, to be greeted by the sight of a large high ceiling room dominated by a stone fireplace and chimney floor to ceiling. A cosy fire was burning, and Mr. Jennings daughter Barbara was stretched out relaxing and reading on one of the twin couches placed each side of the fireplace. It was an attractive scene with its warmth and comfort - compared to our week of rainy wet inconvenience. (The comparison left us very impressed). As we were shown the rest of the Lodge, it only added to our initial favorable impression. Coming from the front door, we turned left into a large Master bedroom, with a picture window view "down the lake" showing lake, island (Round Is.) and a near prominent mountain (Kempshall Mt.). Fabulous. Adjoining the room was a double bath rooms, one with basin, toilet and shower. The second was two steps down to a room with a basin and massive tub. Opposite, and across the Living Room, were two smaller bedrooms with a bath between and doors for joint use. Also, off the Living Room was a small bar - with the lower half of the door serving as a counter. Trophies and Oven Point bottles and glasses made it look impressive. A large table in L.R. served for dining.

A corridor off the L.R. led to the back of the Lodge where the kitchen was located. It was a country type kitchen with a black iron wood burning stove. It had a hot water well on one end, and warming ovens above that the stove pipe vent kept food warm. (I imagined the warm bisquits placed there - and remembered my

Aunt Effie from Loogootee, Indiana. She kept my father when he lost his parents.) Opposite the stove, in the middle of the kitchen was a large work table. And, under a west facing window was a long sink. But, I wondered why it seemed so abnormally low. I was told it was for the Japanese servants that the Mitten family brought to the Camp during summer occupancy. Around the kitchen, were many white painted cupboards, loaded with equipment and dishes for a large household. On the wall was an Annunciator System that was used to identify the room or cabin that was calling for service. (Wouldn't it be nice to lie in bed and call to order your breakfast to be served there?) On the back porch, near the kitchen door was a huge icebox built against the logs, providing easy access for the needs of the kitchen help. (Ice supply was cut from the lake during the winter - and stored in a icehouse by the lake - located about 100 feet from the Lodge back door. It had been torn down by 1952 - but a bare area on the ground marked its location.) At the back of the kitchen, reached by an outside door was a small room - identified as "fish room" due to the fishing equipment kept there. Another name for the same room was the "heater room" - named for the small wood or coal stove used to heat hot water for the kitchen and bath water systems. It used the same chimney as the kitchen wood stove - and has a cleanout door at the base. Part of the "Heater Room" was enclosed to give privacy for a toilet located there.

Adjacent to, and west of the Lodge, was a shingle cabin roughly 12 x 38 ft. with a full length narrow porch to provide access to three door. The two outside doors opened to bedrooms - and the center door to a hall to a bathroom serving both bedrooms. The walls of the bedrooms were sheetrock - but painted to resemble the log walls of the log cabins. This cabin was built in 1927 by the Mitten family to accomodate the guests overflowing the Lodge. It was connected to the Annunciator system for personal service.

A second cabin stood just beyond the one described above. It is built of logs - taken from the Oven Point property - generally about 12 to 14 inches in diameter. The same construction method was used as the Lodge - and which was first is unknown. But, it is suggested that the small cabin was completed first due ease of completion & occupancy. The small cabin and the Lodge logs were finished the same - with the interior side shaved flat - and bark left on the exterior portion. Space between logs was filled withspagnum moss taken from the property. (Some spagnum moss remains at year 2000 - but some areas have been replaced with plaster or cement plaster.) (The Lodge was renovated about 1995 - and log cracks filled with a modern plastic material.) In 1952, the small Log Cabin was a one room building with a stone fireplace. Off the back, was a bathroom with toilet, basin and shower.

A short distance beyond the Small Cabin was another log structure - an Adirondack Lean-to. It too is estimated to have been built about 1902 - when the logs were harvested for the Small Cabin and the Lodge. The Lean-to is authentically built - with features that have a practical purpose for comfort. This means that the structure was log - spagnum filled between logs. It had a raised floor - with adequate headroom toward the open end - but with a sloping roof to make the back considerably lower. It was closed on three sides - but open toward the fireplace. There was an overhang roof on this open side - that had two purposes - 1. to keep rain from easily blowing in and 2. When heat was needed - to catch the reflected heat - and roll it back into the Lean-to. Placement of the raised fireplace was important - to be close enough for heat to be caught by the overhang. And, the fireplace was always put on the prevailing wind side - to blow the heat into the structure. A cold wind from any other direction would be deflected by the three sides of the Lean-to. Those people who have overnighted in severe cold have added an extra feature. They hang a canvas on the open side - but leaving 18" open on top to allow the fireplace heat to roll in from the roof overhang. The rest of the canvass prevents heat loss. They say they sleep very warm.

On the "Point" of the land promintory extending into Long Lake was a post with the Camp logo sign - a Kneeling Indian with his hand extending over a fire - symbolizing "Welcome".

A short walk to the east side of Oven Point brought us to the "Boat House". It was a fine shingle building (24' x 36') facing toward the east - with a rail track leading into the lake water. This rail was needed to launch and retrieve the big and heavy boats of the Camp. There was a large winch to do this job. The large boats were not in sight - having been sold prior to this date. But, several small boats and two "guide boats" were present. There was no dock in sight on the shore - and it was learned later that it had been sold by the Jennings to another camp on the lake. It was becoming obvious that Mr. Jennings had bought the property - only to realize a profit on the resale.

We returned to the "first cabin on the right" that we passed entering the cabin area. It had been referred to as the "Caretakers Cabin" - and it was up on a rise and somewhat centrally located. It had a wonderful view of the bay, east of Oven Point. The building was 25' x 25' square with a full length porch on the front. It had shingle siding and a wood shingle roof. It had four rooms - the L.R. with a central located fireplace, with a bath off the L.R. Two doors led to the back area - one a bedroom and opposite was the kitchen. Fortunately, all the rooms were quite large plus having a large walk in closet - and an attic for storage.

The final structure at Oven Point was a gazebo or "Summer House" as Mr. Jennings called it. It had been built near the shoreline - southwest of the Lodge in a tranquil setting of big trees. I was told it was used a quiet and private spot for reading by members of the Mitten family. Unfortunately, it was in a poor state of repair.

The Camp had electricity - with a private electrical line leading into Camp. Water was supplied by a spring - located on land being retained by Jennings - and was $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$ mile away - with a 2" pipe line gravity feeding it to Camp. Propane gas was used for Camp stoves and for hot water to the Caretakers Cabin.

The property being offered for sale was a 38 acre parcel with 1800 ft. of shoreline - and about 1800 ft. depth away from the shore. All the buildings at Oven Point were located on the promontory of the point - consisting of Lodge, three cabins, Boathouse, Lean-to and the Gazebo. All the rest of the land was undeveloped - and forest land. Most of the acreage had been lumbered a few years earlier - but fortunately, the trees along the shoreline had been spared, retaining the pristine appearance from the lake. And, all the trees inland had not been taken, thus providing seed trees for reforestation.

The Oven Point Camp parcel of 38 acres was a part of the 84 acre tract that Mr. Jennings acquired from Dr. Mitten seven years earlier. Essentially, it was half the property - the remaining acreage was undeveloped. The asking price for the Oven Point parcel was \$25,000. However, the entire 84 acres was offered for an additional \$10,000. The 84 acre purchase was never considered, since it was undeveloped and financially excessive for our ability to buy it. But, the 38 acre parcel with the buildings appealed to us - and serious consideration began.

It was three months before we could return to Long Lake. During that time, we considered all aspects of such ownership - and compiled a list of 100 questions concerning details of Camp, restrictions and property lines. When about 95 of the questions were favorable - we decided to buy. Mr. Dan Jennings must have gauged our interest exactly, as all offers of less than \$25,000 were rejected. This was a new experience - but we swallowed our pride and agreed to the full asking price. The agreement to purchase was signed and a closing price agreed upon. Mr. Jennings was a sharp trader - and there is more in the future.

The Closing procedure should have gone smoothly, as there was nothing that compromised the original deal - until the closing. Then, Mr. Jennings introduced a new factor - when he divulged for the first time that he wanted a right of way from the roadway on our property back onto his adjacent property. (It was the part down the hill to the parking lot and back to his property line.) It was not

an unreasonable request - and logical from a land use consideration. But, I was incensed that he did not raise the issue earlier so it could be properly evaluated. This was especially so, since the right of way was not accurately designated on the property. So, I objected and said I could not accept the right of way without having it designated on the property. That meant that we could not close the property transfer that day. Mr. Jennings intimated that if we did not close then - the sale may not be available at a later date. I think I gained his respect when I snapped back - "I, too, may not be agreeable to buy at a later date".

It was finally settled by my agreement to look at the proposal of a "right of way" at the land site. A new closing date was set for a week later. When I did see the proposed "right of way" on the site - and it had no physical complications- I reluctantly agreed to the "right of way". But, I learned a good lesson - and I never again had the trust or friendship for Dan Jennings. And, I learned later that "sharp trading" is a trait well known among those who know him. He had said that he needed the "right of way" because his daughter wanted ^{the} site to develop. But, within a year, he was offering the property for sale to the general public. That is sharp all right - and in my opinion unethical.

When I heard about the public offering, I approached Dan Jennings about it and expressed my bitterness about it. He was ready for me - he suggested why dont I buy it. So, he bested this city slicker again. I argued for a fair price on it - and when he responded with a reasonable price - I accepted. We settled on 157' of waterfront land adjoining the Oven Point property - and its depth would go back to that of the original purchase of 38 acres of Oven Point property. Now, Oven Point Camp consisted of 42 acres with the addition of the 4 acres. This was finalized Nov. 1953.

Later, in June 1962 an opportunity to buy an additional 22 acres of back land behind the waterfront parcels that had been sold. As usual, Dan Jennings changed the offering, and only 11.2 acres were available. But, the 11.2 acres included the spring that supplied water to Oven Point Camp, so the deal was concluded. Now, the Oven Point Camp property totaled 56+ acres and is well delineated for identity. It is unfortunate that the original 84 acres were sold in such a hodge podge fashion, and I regret I did not see a way to acquire it all - for just \$10,000 more. Hind sight - it's wonderful.

OVEN POINT CAMP PHOTOS

1952 - 1953

Photos scanned and printed by Brian Young

Especially Note:

Abnaki - No deck or added bedroom

Seneca - Location between Lodge and Abnaki

Chippewa - Open porch - original design

Boat House - Before conversion to Algonquin

Wood Shed - Original building with tree thru roof

(later replaced with Shop)



Aerial view of Oven Point Camp



Entrance Gate



Down Hill to the Parking Lot



View down the Lake



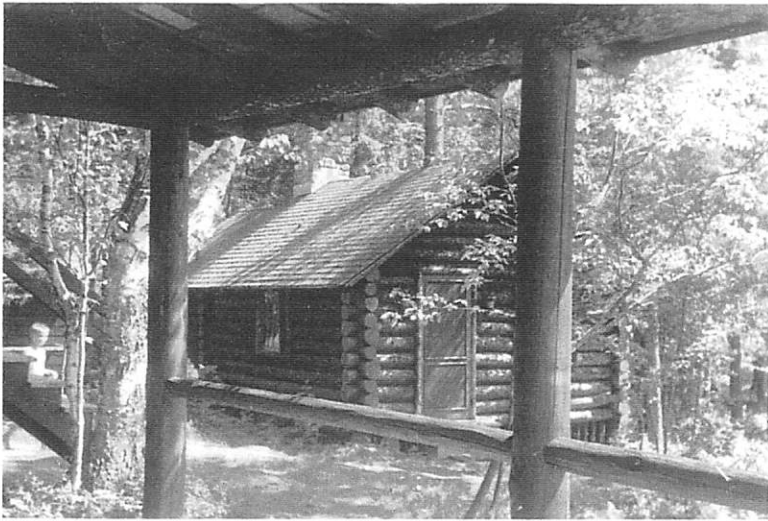
Lodge



Long Lake



Camp Logo



Abnaki



Seneca



Chippewa



Boat House



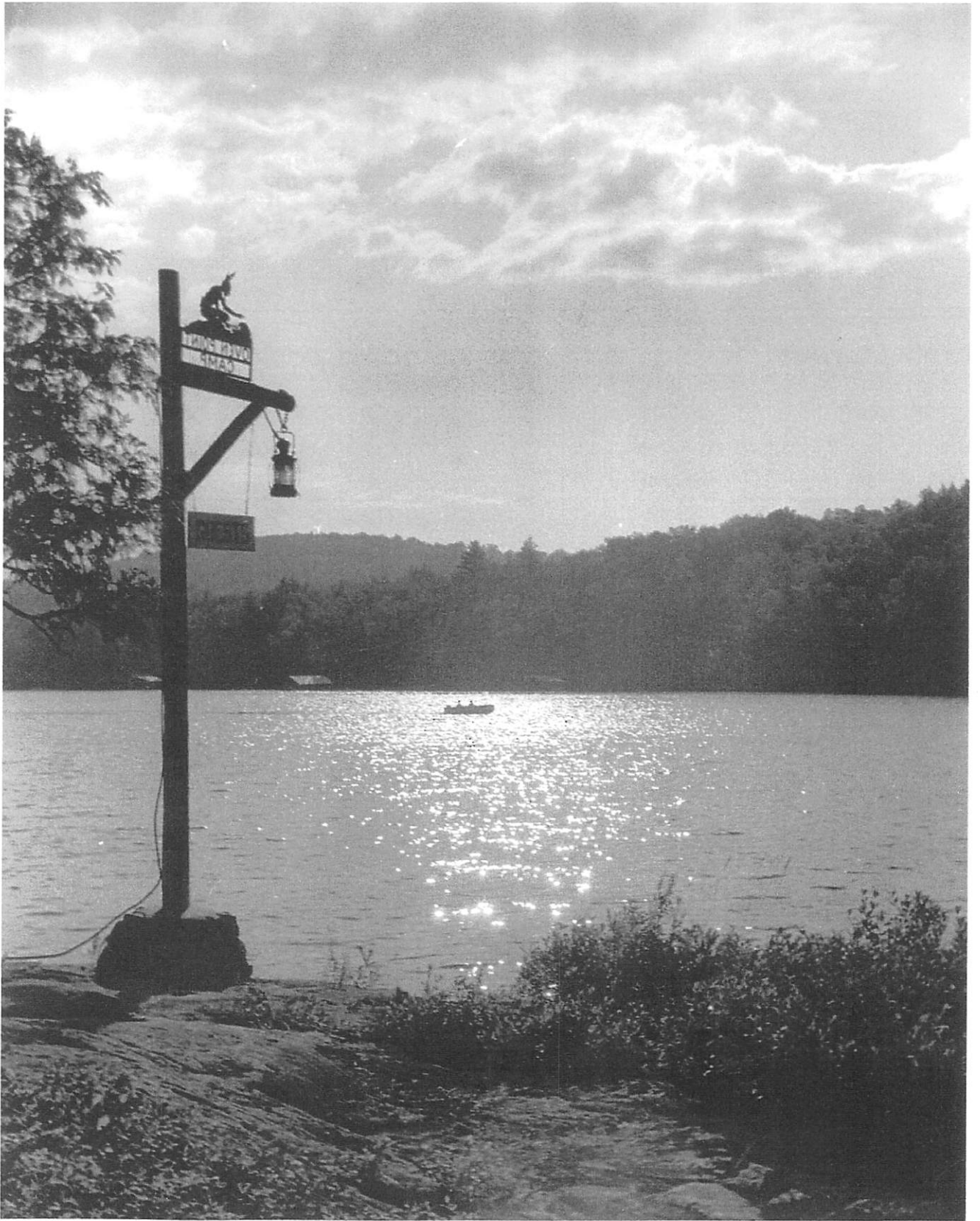
Wood Shed



Lean-to



Stone Fireplace in Lodge



View across the Lake

EARLY YEARS AT OVEN POINT CAMP

After the November 1952 purchase of Oven Point Camp, it was a winter of excitement for our family as we contemplated ownership of Oven Point Camp. We planned, discussed, and even arranged to rent the Caretakers Cabin , for two weeks, to a Pan Am friend Bill Larsen and his family. We also decided to rent our Truesdale Lake home , in South Salem, NY, for the summer season that we would be absent. These rentals would be helpful with the mortgage payments for Oven Point Camp - and would guide our consideration of making the Camp commercial before and after retirement.

Finally, in late June 1953, the school year ended and our Oven Point Camp adventure was about to start. Our family left Truesdale Lake with one car and a utility trailer - hauling two adults, four children, two dogs (black Labradors) and a full load of equipment in the trailer. Our route was via the back roads of Westchester County to route 22. Then, northward to Hudson Valley where we joined route 9. Before departing the Hudson Valley, we loaded up with black cherries that were in season. We bought a large supply - and have pleasant memories eating and spitting seeds along the way. We traveled route 9 northward through Albany, Saratoga Springs, Lake George to Warrensburg. There, we joined route 28 to Blue Mt. Lake where we joined route 30 to Long Lake. It took us 8 hours plus to make the 255 mile journey - South Salem to Long Lake. (Later years - the time was reduced to 5+ hours due to improved roads, parkways and thruways.)

As I recall, we arrived at Oven Point Camp about 5 PM - expecting my brother Lester and his family, plus our mother to arrive somewhat after. They had been invited to see Camp and spend the week. We needed to get settled - and get Camp opened as it had been closed and shuttered for the winter. While I unlocked, turned the electricity on, and opened the water valves - the family started moving our gear into Camp. That meant transporting it by hand or wheelbarrow on a narrow walking trail from the parking lot into the Lodge. It was a BIG job - but with the help of the children, the job was done. Somehow, Willie produced a supper - and then we prepared beds for ourselves and our expected company. It had been a long day and we were ready to sleep. But, Lester and family had not yet arrived. By 12 midnight, we gave up - assuming they would not arrive that night - and went to bed.

Actually, Lester and family had arrived Long Lake long before - but they couldn't find us. They were late and darkness complicated the directions they had been given - and they couldn't find us. They had found Tarbell Hill to the end and nearly drove into Long Lake. They returned to town to ask directions -

and were told that there was no road to Oven Point Camp - and the only way to get there was by boat. Phone was not an option since it had not yet been connected. Knowing that there was a road, they decided to try again. They found Tarbell Hill road again - and noticed the roadway off to the right. (Unfortunately - no sign identifying a camp.) But, it may be the right road - so they proceeded ahead on the one lane roadway. Enclosed by the dark woods, with confusing right and left turns up and down small rises and longer than they expected - they finally came to the top of the steep slope with the dark abyss below. Remembering the near drive into the lake - my mother had enough and begged Lester not to go on. She even offered to pay for a motel. But, Lesters instincts told him this was probably was the right place - and proceeded slowly down the hill to the parking lot - where he recognized our car. But, where to go from here - as there was no road - no house lights. There was only black forbidding woods. So, he honked his horn- repeatedly - in a cry for help. Finally, he saw a flickering light approaching through the woods.

It was now 1 AM - and at the Lodge we were sleeping behind shuttered windows and doors. Something disturbed our sleep - and after slowly coming awake-realized that it was a honking car horn coming from the parking lot. Could it be Lester? We both grabbed flashlights and walked thru the black night to the parking lot and found our "lost" and forlorn visitors. They felt that they were at the ends of the earth - as my mother expressed it. And, their opinion remained - as we unpacked minimum bags for the night - and trudged down a narrow trail, thru a dark woods to the cabin area. A lighted cabin, and the sight of made up beds made their spirits rise. Food and drink were offered - but the 1:30 AM hour made bed more attractive. We agreed - so it was good night - tomorrow is another day.

Fortunately, the next day was a glorious Adirondack day. The sun was shining from a deep blue sky, the lake water sparkled and the dark night woods became green and inviting. Lester recognized the quality of the cool pure mountain air, and commented about it frequently during his stay. The beauty of Oven Point was obvious. Soon, everybody was exploring to learn all the features of Camp, the bays, the stream coming through the woods, and the scenic views of Mt. Kempshall and Round Island that were nearby. But, before long the children were attracted to the beaches and lake - ignoring the brisk water of June.

Lester and family stayed for a week, and enjoyed Oven Point Camp for all the opportunities to swim, go boating, picnics, campfires, and sleeping in the cool mountain air. We walked the shore trail - and the old logging roads to the back

of the Camp acreage. The children enjoyed the stream that crossed our property - and dammed it to create their own little pond and a waterfall. The wildlife created lots of stories about deer, squirrels, raccoons, chipmunks, toads, snakes, mink, porcupine and the bear who raided our garbage can. They fished and caught many - but they were mostly small "sunnies". But, occasionally there was wild excitement of a 2# bass - or a 24" pike. Camp life was good. Lester and family took back good memories that they recounted many times later. Later, Lester painted a picture of Camp, done from memory, that was surprising with its detail and accuracy for Oven Point Camp 1952.

Our continued summer 1953 was enjoyable in many respects. We liked the pride of ownership - and plans for the future occupied our minds. We stayed busy with necessary maintenance - and everyday chores that must be done. But, we took time to enjoy our Camp - with daily swims in the lake and boat exploring trips. Going to town by boat to grocery shop and to the Post Office for mail was a daily routine. Scott especially liked it because the bakery was next door to the Post Office - and he was a favorite for a gift donut. As Camp became more familiar to the children, they loved exploring the woods. They discovered some small caves on the lake trail that they claimed for their own - and spent many hours enjoying their hide-out. They also staked claim to stream sites where they could build dams and float their twig boats. And, when they discovered salamanders - their excitement knew no bounds. Occasionally, the whole family would walk the old logging roads, or even bushwhack into the woods to learn the contours and mysteries of the acreage. On one such exploration, we found a huge rock that obviously had an opening beneath. Using a light to check it out, we found quite a substantial cave that was obviously used by small animals - especially porcupines, from the quills and droppings we observed.

As we became more familiar with Camp, we decided to name certain areas for identification. The lakeshore trail became the Red Trail - and had red blazes. The circle trail on the logging roads to the back part of the property became the Yellow Circle Trail - with yellow blazes. Later, we developed a new trail along Polliwog Brook - with Blue Blazes. I called it a Forest Primevil Trail due to its primitive character and wildness. An offshoot on the west side of the Yellow Circle Trail - is a dead end road that leads to a safe valley for shooting - called Rifle Range Road.

The lake was the childrens favorite activity area - going swimming many times each day. The older boys could swim to the float to jump and dive - while Gail and Scott watched enviously from the shallows near shore. Exposure, practise and determination finally allowed them to learn to swim at an early age. When all

four could finally swim to the float - many hours would be spent on a "Donut Float" bouncing it - competing to see who could stay on the longest. They became quite adept at nimbly jumping side to side to avoid being toppled off - all to the shrieks of fun and laughter.

Boats were vital to Camp life - for transport to town and for recreation. We had rowboats, with and without outboard engines. Canoes were available for travel up "Big Brook" to see the beaver dams and other wild life across the lake. And, we liked to portage them to enjoy boating on other nearby lakes (Lake Eaton, South Pond, Blue Mt. Lake, Racquette Lake and Forked Lake). Memorable also, were the canoe trips Blue Mt. Lake to Long Lake, and the traditional Long Lake to Tupper Lake. Our speediest boat was the "Chief" - made by Grumann - with aircraft methods of design. It was all aluminum - 15' long and powered with a 40 HP Evinrude outboard engine. With its hull design, it could go full speed and make an abrupt turn very smoothly. We used it for water skiing, trips to town and excursions down the lake. All the children learned to waterski with it. However, Robb was the first to do so - probably due to age but his method was unique. He dreamed one night that he could do it. The next day he was successful - just like his dream. He was the hero of the family.

Sailing was popular on Long Lake. So, we investigated small sailing craft and bought a "Sailfish" built by Alcort. Essentially, it was a surf board type with a lateen sail, centerboard and rudder. It could sail on a whisper of wind - and proved to be a lot of fun. So much so, that we bought two more so we could accomodate more sailors - and enjoy the competition. It was a pretty sight to see the red, blue, and yellow sailboats with their colorful matching sails. Many a picture has been taken with them all lined up, on the lake, or on the beach.

Typical Boating Outings:

1. Long Lake is a quiet tranquil setting. The peaceful scene of canoeing appealed to us. A favorite canoe trip is, and remains today, a trip up Big Brook. It is located across and down the lake a bit from Oven Point - with an entrance slightly hidden by growth. Entering, you are immediately captured with its natural beauty. The brook twists and turns, providing seclusion. Consequently, the wild animals are there to observe. Paddling quietly, we would often closely approach deer, beaver, mink, and a great variety of wading birds. About a mile up the brook the beaver had built a dam. At high water, one could often paddle over it or through a small break. At lower water, we could pull our canoe over it to continue. Near is the beaver "house" where he goes for refuge or rest - utilizing an underwater entry. Evidence of his engineering ability is apparent.

Big Brook is navigable for about two miles from Long Lake. After the beaver dam, within a $\frac{1}{2}$ mile is a bridge overhead with good water under it. Then, rocks start to show - and in another $\frac{1}{2}$ mile there is the barrier of a rapids. I enjoy sitting on the rocks at the rapids - and enjoy the singing of the water. At high water in the spring, I'm told the rapids is covered and it is possible to proceed further. However, this is my limit - and a commendable goal. You will like Big Brook.

2. If we wanted to go "down the Lake" to picnic or explore, we would take the "Chief". On such a trip, we found a beautiful beach, with a sand hill just behind it. The children named it "The Jumping Off Place" - and loved to go there. That is because they could climb the hill to the top - then jump to land halfway down and roll the rest of the way to the bottom. It became a favorite place to stop, picnic, and jump from "The Jumping Off Place". We were enjoying a stop there one day - when a man in a Jeep drove the beach to where we were - and informed us that we were on private property of the Silliman family. I made my apologies for not knowing it was private (it was not posted), and informed him we would leave. I told him about our lack of knowledge about the properties - as we had just recently bought property at Long Lake. When we told him we had bought Oven Point Camp, he was very gracious about asking us to stay and enjoy ourselves. He said he was only concerned about his father's old boat beached nearby - and did not want it vandalized. I sympathized with him - and thanked him for his offer to stay longer. We did not take advantage of his offer - but remember the "Jumping Off Place" every time I pass the spot - and remember happy children jumping and rolling in the sand. Too bad every camp does not have one.

As you might guess, our early years at Oven Point Camp were most rewarding. It supplied the recreation, adventure, and the outdoor life we most enjoyed. We were hooked on being an Adirondacker- and looked forward to all the adventure the area had to offer. There were trails to walk, mountains to climb, boating to enjoy, family gatherings, and developments at Oven Point Camp to occupy our family for many years to come. The beginning looked very promising.

MAJOR CHANGES TO ORIGINAL OVEN POINT CAMP

1952 - Purchase of 38 acres with buildings of the original 84 acres of Oven Point Camp

1953 - Purchased additional 4.1 acres (157' waterfront)

1956 - Parking lot expanded

1957 - Trail into Camp improved for auto traffic

1957 - Lodge icebox near back door removed

1957 - Back porch rebuilt

1959 - Seneca Cabin moved to new site

1960 - Seneca Cabin - added kitchen and living room with fireplace

1960 - Sunset Beach developed - clearing and sand added

1961 - Boat House converted to Algonquin Cabin

1962 - Purchased additional 11.2 acres

1963 - Abnaki Cabin - bedroom and deck added

1963 - Chippewa Cabin - one half of porch converted to bedroom

1964 - New electric and telephone poles

1964 - The Hill roadway black-topped for first time

1967 - Original Woodshed removed - Shop, Woodshed and Bunkroom built

1968 - Chippewa Cabin - Bath renovated and living room beams added

1969 - New road crossing with culvert built across Pollywog Brook

1970 - Garage built at parking lot - plus boat launch site

1970 - Lodge master bedroom changed to dining room

1970 - Lodge lower bath - footed tub removed - washer / dryer added

1970 - New Hunt Country furniture for living room and dining room

1971 - Lodge - outside stairs rebuilt at both sides

1972 - Lodge kitchen renovated with Hunt Country furniture and cabinets

1973 - Garage dormers added - Camp Room created

1975 - Water system changed from OPC spring to town water

1976- Two new septic systems with pumps

1980 - Covered dock added

1983 - Chippewa - remaining porch enclosed and deck added plus 12' full-length addition to back of house for laundry and multi-purpose room

1985 - Second blacktop of Hill roadway

1990 to 1993 - (T and C Evans) - Lodge renovations - deck, roof, log caulk

1999 - Final transfer of Ownership to Tom and Cindy Evans

1999 - New Flag Pole - with commemorative plaque to owners Robert C. and Wilma A. Evans - 1952 to 1999

OVEN POINT CAMP CHANGES & DEVELOPMENTS

Oven point Camp was purchased to provide family recreation - but, in addition, to provide a retirement project for activity and possible income. Consequently, many of the changes to Camp were guided by the commercial considerations. With our own family occupying the Lodge, there were three cabins that could be utilized to rent. This income would provide the funds to support our ownership, and the means to develop and improve the property. Two cabins could be utilized immediately with minimal effort and expense. These were: the Caretakers cabin, as a fully furnished housekeeping facility, and the Small Log Cabin, that needed only a kitchen installation to make it ideal for a couple. This plan was followed: the Caretakers cabin was rented the first year of occupancy in 1953. The small Log Cabin had a Tracy Kitchen unit installed within the year, and found popular acceptance for a couple - or one with a single child. We were renting - and the income was welcome. Now to further expand.

With the Indian historical background at Oven Point land, we decided to use Indian tribe names to identify our cabins. The names adopted were: the Lodge remained "The Lodge", the small log cabin became "Abnaki", the long, narrow cabin adjacent to the Lodge became "Seneca", the Caretakers cabin became "Chippewa", and the boathouse, destined to become a cabin, was named "Algonquin". Other buildings were identified for easy recognition were: The Lean-to, the Shop - with the three sections of woodshed, work bench, and bunkroom for four sleepers. Later, a Garage would be constructed at the parking lot - used to store cars, boats, and a Camp Room for recreation, storage, and overnight sleepers.

1959 - Seneca Cabin.

This long narrow cabin was located between the Lodge and Abnaki Cabin. In our opinion, it was too close for desirable privacy - especially for a rental cabin - and it had no room for expansion. After several years, the decision was made to move it to a new location - with rooms to be added to make it a complete housekeeping facility. I envisioned a difficult move, but it proved to be a simple operation - with Adirondack ingenuity. They jacked it up, placed it on a log sled and used the snow to slide it to its new location about 200' away facing the western side of the "Point" and the lake. It was placed on new foundation supports - made ready for it. In the spring, a new L addition was added - a large knotty pine room that became kitchen, dining room, and living room with a large corner fireplace. On the end wall, facing the lake, a large picture window was installed, that furnished beautiful views of lake and western sky. Seneca Cabin became an immediate "hit" with its renters.

The original bedrooms of Seneca Cabin (built in 1927) had a unique feature. The walls were sheetrock, but had been painted by a Long Lake artist (Fred Burns) to simulate the smoothed side of adzed logs. Now there was a problem. By moving and making an addition to the building - doorways were eliminated to spoil the log effect in one bedroom. We contacted Fred Burns - and showed him the problem. He said that the damage could be made as good as the original - and proved it by doing it. Even though the original walls were done 32 years before - and had aged - his newly painted wall was not recognizable from the original. Obviously, Fred Burns was a true artist - and the walls are often admired. (Fred Burns disclosed more info. about Seneca Cabin - the workmen were paid \$1 per day when it was built in 1927.) We have other art works of Fred Burns - white birch logs on which he has painted several blue jays. Fred Burns used his artistic talent to build Guide Boats in the 60's & 70's for himself and members of his family. They are recognized as outstanding work - and today they are highly prized.

1960 - the Boat House - to become Algonquin Cabin.

The Boat House at Oven Point Camp in 1952, was an empty building used to store the boats of Dr. Mitten. It was constructed in 1927 - with the traditional shingle siding. Dan Jennings had sold most of the boats, as well as the covered dock, so only two guide boats and debris remained. We had no need for this size boat house, but it was beautifully situated to become a residential cabin. It even had windows and doors readily adapted for residential use.

Robert and Wilma Evans designed the interior . Our plan was to keep it simple in design - for economy and ease of use. We planned two bedrooms on the first floor, with a near by bath. Opposite the bath, would be a short hall - leading to an open kitchen area - with dining table opposite. The kitchen would be open and part of a L shape contiguous living room with a corner fireplace. (Seneca & Algonquin cabins have open adjacent Kitchens & Living Rooms - permitting inclusive social contact with all the family.) A large picture door - permits viewing down the lake for a fabulous scene.

From a side wall, an L shape stairs led to a sleeping loft - leaving the space open above the living room. The loft had a large room divided by a counter high storage wall - with curtains above for privacy. Four beds - two each side - with shelves and drawers for the occupants - gave a total occupancy for the cabin as eight.

A deck covered the entire front width of the cabin - with bench seats - provided ample outdoor seating. A stair on each end allowed easy access to the deck. Algonquin Cabin was our biggest and only two story rental facility. Its roominess and location made it popular.

1963 - Abnaki Cabin

Abnaki Cabin has always been popular as an excellent example of a small log cabin. In addition, it was beautifully situated for lake views and proximity to Sunset Beach. In 1952, it was a one room cabin with a beautiful stone fireplace and attached bathroom and storage closet. It needed a bedroom - so we decided to have one added on. This would accomplish the privacy of a bedroom, plus the additional space and needed closets. The original one room would nicely serve as kitchen, dining area and living room. The living room couch was convertible to a bed, if needed.

The large added bedroom was finished in knotty pine, with large windows on three walls to capture the outdoor scene. There was a corner closet with built-in dresser beside it. The exterior was shingle siding stained dark to match other additions in Camp. Bill Spengler was the contractor - and gave us an excellent job. Quite few years later - a deck was added to the front - giving excellent outdoor living space that was well used. Marty Bozak built the deck.

1967 - The Shop

In 1952, the woodshed was located where the present Shop is sited. An interesting feature was the hole in the north side roof - that accomodated a tree growing up through the hole. I liked that - and it caused much comment. But, the structure was old and needed replacement. So, it was done, and the result highly utilized.

The new Shop stands on the same site - but the use was changed for multiple service. The ground floor became a shop with work bench and tool closet - while beside it storage for boats in the winter season. An end area, behind a wall, was reserved for firewood storage - three stacks deep, for cut & split firewood. On the opposite end, a stair was added to utilize the upper floor for a sleeping area. We called it the "Bunk Room". It had four beds for sleeping and was popular for late sleeping - due to the dark interior blocking the daylight.

1970 - Garage

The garage addition to Oven Point Camp was late in being added. But, boats and other equipment was overflowing the Shop - and the Lodge porch that had been enclosed to keep out the rain and snow of the winter. Now, it too was overflowing with chairs, canoes and other equipment. We needed a garage.

Once the decision was made, things moved quickly. The garage was designed by Don Waite, who lived next door, who was an architect and a friend. His design was perfect for our needs. Our friend, Bill Spengler, agreed to build it the fall of

1970 - so it would be available for the summer season 1971. (Bill Spengler married Lorraine Ranney - and the Ranney family lived directly across Long Lake from Oven Point Camp.) The Spenglers own Hamilton County Lumber Co. located north of Long Lake - and Bill had contracted many homes in the area. His garage met all expectations and became vital to the orderly storage of equipment. It had three stalls for cars, with entry from the adjacent parking lot. Two more garage doors openings were available on the lower basement level - to utilize the full length of the basement. These door opening were toward the lake, allowing the boats from the boat ramp to move easily into the garage for storage.

In the early use of the garage, the upper floor was used to store various and sundry equipment. At a later date, we made a living area above the garage, utilizing the inside stairway. Dormers were added on both sides of the roof, to give head space, and to give light and ventilation from the windows added. A large picture window was installed facing the lake - to make a very pleasant room with a lake view. The interior walls and ceiling were made of chip board that we finished with a honey colored light stain - that gives a warm friendly glow to the room. We built bookshelves and furnished it with books enough for a small library. We added desks and tables to make a working area - and a craft projects space. There were two couch beds installed - and two hassock convertible beds - so there was the ability to sleep a family if needed. Several chairs made it a comfortable place to relax - so the Camp Room made a good hide-away. Much of our family memorabilia found its way here - so the multi-purpose room was aptly named "The Camp Room".

1982-3 Chippewa Cabin

Robert and Wilma Evans occupied the Lodge at Oven Point Camp from summer '53 till the fall 1982 - during the summer seasons. After Robert's retirement from Pan American World Airways, where he had served as an Airline Pilot for 37 years, a housing change at Oven Point Camp was now considered. With retirement, we started coming to Camp earlier in the Spring season - and staying later in the Fall season - to maximize our enjoyment. Due to the cooler weather during these added stays, life in the Lodge became difficult to remain warm and comfortable. So, we would move into Chippewa Cabin, equipped for winter living, for more comfort for the pre-season and post season stays. But, these additional moves became a chore, and we finally decided to move into Chippewa permanently - comfort winning over atmosphere of the Lodge. However, additional space would be needed - for our personal requirements.

Originally, Chippewa (Caretakers Cabin) was a 25' x 25' cabin that had one bedroom, a bath, living room with fireplace, and a kitchen. A full length covered

open porch occupied one end of the building. When it became a rental cabin, we closed in about one-half of this porch, to make a small second bedroom in Chippewa Cabin for a family with children. (1962).

Now, in 1982, we needed to expand the cabin further, for our personal use. We would enclose the remaining porch - to make a cosy "Porch Room" with lots of glass windows for views of the camp woods. A new front door would be added, accessible from a new open deck that would run full length of the cabin, with a great view toward the lake bay.

At the opposite end of the house from the deck, we designed an addition that matched the newly enclosed porch, for outside size and roof symmetry. This additional space was to be divided into two rooms. One room would be accessible from the bedroom - and used for clothes storage and sewing space (later adding computer space). The second room, accessible from the kitchen, became the laundry room with extra cupboards and a coat closet. There was also a back door leading to the outside. We agree that Chippewa is a funny cut up house, but it serves our needs, we are comfortable - and we love it.

1952 to
1972 - The Lodge

Discovering Oven Point Camp in 1952, it was learned that the log structure of the Lodge was built in 1902. Little is known of changes until Dr. Mitten and family occupied it in 1927. Then, extensive changes were made, identified by the shingle exterior siding on the Lodge - and other Camp buildings. On the east side of the Lodge, a large addition provided a large bedroom (master) with a double bath adjoining it. Above it was a small bedroom and beyond a "Tin Room" for storing bedding in the winter time - reached by an outside stairway.

The Lodge kitchen in 1952 was basic - but apparently used by the servants of Dr. Mitten - and unchanged when inspected in '52. It had a big iron cooking stove with stove pipe leading to a chimney. It had a zinc sink with hot and cold water - the hot supplied from a coal burning heater in the "Fish Room". In the center of the kitchen was a large working table - surrounded on the outer walls with white painted cabinets on three sides. (Incidentally, the water supplied to the Camp came from a Spring located $\frac{1}{2}$ mile away - and gravity fed in a 2" galvanized pipe into all cabins of the Camp.) An Annunciator on the wall identified which room was calling for service. When the meals were prepared, it was served at a very large table in the Living Room, with two long benches for seating on the sides.

It is estimated that 10-12 could be served by the Japanese servants - and in an excellent setting. The high ceiling, fireplace, and windows to observe the lake provided a great atmosphere.

When the Evans family acquired the Camp in 1952, we followed the routine plan of our predecessors - but without the services of the Japanese servants. No structural changes were contemplated but by necessity there were changes in use and utility. One of the first compelling changes concerned the wood cooking stove of the kitchen. No way did Willie foresee a future in keeping a wood stove operating - especially after a few weeks of experiments. So, we bought and installed a gas stove adjacent to the zinc sink. The wood burning stove was left in place to be used for room heat when needed - or as a warming oven when operating. We ate our meals at the big table that was centered in the room. The large sink was left in place, but the height of the sink (low for the Japanese servants) was a source of continued irritation.

The large master bedroom was continued as such with the Evans family. One of our pleasant memories was the early morning fog drifting through the room from the open windows. Another memory of that bedroom, was lying face up to see the golden patina of the wood in the under side flooring and floor joists. These had been left unfinished - and had acquired a beautiful glow. We would miss that scene when we decided to move the Master Bedroom to one of the two bedrooms on the west side of the Living Room. It had a bath that served the two bedrooms - the second B.R. serving as a Guest Room. That move made it less attractive for space - but it freed the large east room for a multi-purpose room. It would become a Dining Room, Sewing Room, and Family Room for relaxation and games. Time would prove the move was a good one for family enjoyment. Even overflow guests could use the room as the couches were convertible to beds. The bathrooms also proved to be strategically located - for general use.

About the mid - '60's, we discovered a furniture factory in the backcountry of Dutchess County, near the very small town of Webatuck, N.Y. It was called Hunt Country Furniture - and specialized in heavy pine furniture suitable in country homes. They had a country colonial house for their showroom - so one could visualize the desired piece in a proper setting. It looked ideal for Oven Point Camp - and we started buying as we could afford it. When we moved our bedroom at the Lodge - the large east room became a dining room - furnished with Hunt Country furniture. In addition to a natural pine table and chairs, we bought a pine sideboard with lovely glass upper doors, and a small utensil

cabinet with a drawer. Remaining in the room was a small sewing desk, and two matching convertible bed couches - to provide for the multi-purpose room we needed. The room had a built in window seat that extended the full width of the room - above which a large picture window looked out on the lake. The room was to provide many hours of relaxation - with meals, sewing, games and overnight guests.

Hunt Country Furniture was the source of many more purchases - and we became friends with Peter Roberts, a V.P. in the firm. We bought two chairs for the Lodge living room - a grandmother chair and a grandfather chair that we picked just for ourselves. In the corner, we bought a long desk with central knee room and drawers on each side. A few years later, Peter Roberts gave us an opportunity to buy an "Arrowhead Board" that was ideally suited to the room location. The story about the "Arrowhead Board" was this. Peter had an Uncle whose hobby was Arrowhead collecting - and he had accumulated about 2000. When the uncle died, Peter had inherited the collection, but did not have any plans for them. Knowing of the Indian history of Oven Point, I suggested that an Arrow Board would be ideal for Camp. He agreed, and said his artist employee would design and make it for us. We consulted to know our wishes - and then produced the "Arrowhead Board" that now hangs in the Lodge. We were very pleased with it - and right for the Lodge of Oven Point Camp.

The living room of the Lodge had some finishing touches that completed the room. The "grands" chairs, mentioned above, were placed on one side of the fireplace with a Hunt table between. Opposite them, we installed a Hunt rocking chair and lamp. Between, Willie had made a woven rug with the reds, blacks and grey that suited Camp. A low Hunt pine coffee table was placed near the rocker and lamp. On the outside perimeter, two hand made couches that came with the Camp, provided additional seating. (The couches were undoubtedly made by the Caretaker - during his winter sojourn.) (There are several beds made of logs that were also made by the Caretaker.)

In 1972, we contracted with Hunt Country Furniture to make and install a new complete kitchen for the Lodge. Robert and Willie Evans designed it, plus making the minute measurements for the installation. In the spring of 1972, an installation team arrived with all the equipment and the tools to do the job. We provided beds for them, and some meals, and in two days had ripped out the old kitchen and installed the new beautiful Hunt Country Kitchen - with its linseed oil finish. It was all we hoped for - and more - especially with the new refrigerator and stove that was added. The table and benches for a eating nook became very popular - and were used for everyday meals. The lighting fixture over the dining nook

table was brought from Germany - during his flights overseas. Later, the Ox - Yoke lighting fixture was brought from Portugal - and installed from the kitchen ceiling.

The upstairs bedrooms had only minimal renovations to them, as rustic was part of their wishes. Robb and Tom chose the upper east bedroom with its "Tin" room that could be utilized for storage. They spent many summers there - until they left "home" - then Scott took over for his opportunity there. Gail, in the early years stayed in the first floor guest room, with Scott. Then, she chose to move to the upper west bedroom - where she spent many summers - till she followed the boys to an independent life.

Roadway - Tarbell Hill Road to Oven Point Camp.

There was no road leading to Oven Point Camp - until Dan Jennings bought the 84 acres from Dr. Mitten. Even then, until 1951, all residents at Oven Point Camp had to be transported by boat to reach there.

When Dan Jennings bought the Camp April 12, 1948, his purpose was to exploit the property for profit - instead of personal and family enjoyment. This was indicated by his selling many of the boats and the covered dock serving the Camp. He sold the lumber trees on the property, leaving only those along the waterfront that were valuable in selling the waterfront lots. Lumbering roads were created in harvesting the trees - and undoubtedly led to his consideration of a road to the Camp. This was accomplished in 1951 - when a gravel roadway was completed from Tarbell Hill Road to a parking lot just short of the Camp Cabins. There was a walking trail of about 500 feet to reach the Camp area. This existed in 1952 when the Evans family first visited.

This roadway provided access for a private electric and telephone service. A right of way was held by the service providers - as well as the new owners of Oven Point Camp when sold. Telephone service at the Lodge consisted of the antiquated hand crank bell to ring an operator in Long Lake Village. Within a few years after our purchase of Oven Point Camp, Dan Jennings had arranged with the electric & telephone companies to bring in public service all the way to Camp - thus allowing him to develop waterfront properties for sale along the way. The new public service was far superior to the private lines and poles, so Dan Jennings can be appreciated for that.

The walking trail into Camp from the parking lot became tedious when carrying many bags. Beginning and ending the season resulted in many loads up and back by

hand or wheelbarrow to handle all our personal gear. It sure needed improvement. This was especially so the year that Willie had to pack by herself with four children at a time she was half sick. About 1955, arrangements were made to expand the parking lot, and at the same time, enlarge the walking trail to allow a Jeep to be able to reach the Lodge area. Gradually, this Trail became a narrow roadway - and used by all to drive to their cabin, for unloading and loading. Frequent traffic is discouraged to maintain safety and quiet privacy.

Oven point Camp Spring and Water Supply.

A short walk on a trail - off the entry road - will take you to the Spring House that furnishes water to Oven Point Camp. There is a concrete reservoir, about 20 x 20 x 6 ft., that is built around a bubbling spring coming through the surface rocks. In 1952, it served the Camp for all its water needs. From the reservoir, it was gravity fed, down and around a hill, through a swamp, and along Polliwog Brook to the Camp area. It is estimated to be about 3500' - 4000' long - consisting of 2" galvanized steel pipe - probably installed in 1927 when Dr. Mitten owned the camp. Any concern for the quality of the pipe after 24 years was dispelled when a section was replaced due to freezing when a large rock rolled onto the site. It was found to be clean as new, due to the lack of mineral impurities in the spring water.

To keep the water pipe from freezing in the wintertime, a valve in the line was left open, into Polliwog Brook, so the water could run free all winter. Come Spring, the valve was easily closed, allowing the water to continue into the Camp water lines. Unfortunately, one Spring, we found the valve closed, with the result of multiple breaks from the frozen pipe during the winter. It would have been a monumental job to find and repair the pipe breaks - and there was little time before the summer season occupancy. So, the decision was made ^{to connect} to the water line owned by the town of Long Lake. This was a water pipe that ran on the lake bottom past our property and could easily be connected. We were sorry to lose our private spring water - but it was still available by pump, at the Spring. But, there were two agencies that were happy to see the change - the State Board of Health who did not want us serving unchlorinated water to our guests. And, the Long Lake Water Co. who had been encouraging us for years to become a customer.

Being positive that the water valve had been opened last Fall - I wondered why anyone would deliberately turn the valve off. That is a mystery that so far has not been solved. The valve was not readily apparent or accessible - and few people traverse that area. And, if someone did see it - why would they be inclined

to turn the valve off? It remains a mystery - although I have had Long Lake people hint that they know the answer. Could the Long Lake Water Co. want a customer that badly?

Town of Long Lake Water Supply.

The Town of Long Lake operates a water system for residents within the water lines system. The water comes from a reservoir just east of Mt. Sabbattis, that is fed from a stream flowing in the mountains. It is chlorinated and filtered before distribution. Our Oven Point Camp connection is on a pipe line layed on the lake bed under the water. We are on a loop near the end of the line - so the chlorine taste has been dissipated and the water cool from the bottom of the lake.

The Camp shut-off valve is located about 25' off shore off Sunset Beach. Being under water, the valve and water line do not freeze. Putting the valve on shore did not seem practical due the ledge rock on the shore. Consequently, the shut off and on requires entering the water to reach the valve. At spring high water, sometimes a boat and rake are used to raise the pipe to operate the valve. Ashore, and beyond the ledge, water lines are placed underground - and connect to the original water lines from the Spring, at a Woods Valve. Then, it continues to a Camp Valve Box - where it separates to Chippewa Cabin on one valve, Algonquin Cabin on a second valve, and a third controls water to the Point Cabins - Lodge, Abnaki Cabin and Seneca Cabin.

For winter closing, all cabins water lines, and the underground water lines must be drained to avoid burst pipes. The entry water lines are air pressure blown, back to the lake shut off valve in the lake, to insure that there is no water left to freeze. Two septic tank drain collection tank pumps must be pulled to avoid freezing, cleaned and then stored. Then, the job is done - taking about five hours for two persons to do it. Years of experience count considerably in time, and efficiency, to avoid mistakes. If a mistake is made, the burst pipe leak will spoil the joy of Camp Opening the next Spring.

Camp Septic Systems.

When the Camp was purchased in 1952, there were two septic systems serving to dispose of Camp waste water. One septic tank served for the Lodge, Guest Cabin and the small log cabin. The overflow from the septic tank drained to about 100' away to a drain field behind Sunset Beach. A second septic system served the Caretakers Cabin - located between the Cabin and the Boat House.

These two septic systems served for approximately 10 - 12 years, but with modern water use and excessive rain caused them to flood. This made for surface water that was unpleasant and unhealthy. An improved system was required. New systems for both old ones were installed, with excellent results.

A new concrete septic tank was installed behind Abnaki Cabin - serving both the Lodge and Abnaki Cabin. The outflow lines lead to a Collection tank beyond Seneca Cabin into which all water flows. Then, a powerful pump in the Collection tank pumps the water uphill to a Dispersal tank that allows a 360 degree spread of water under ground. Seneca Cabin has its own Septic tank - and its outflow of water is directed to the same Collection tank serving the Lodge - and very effectively pumps away the water to the same Dispersal tank.

A similar system serves Chippewa and Algonquin Cabins. Drain lines from both cabins are directed to a single septic tank located between the cabins. The septic tank overflow is drained to a nearby Collection Tank - in which a same powerful pump will operate on a float switch to pump the tank to a Disposal tank located about 200' away. This tank allows the water to drain away into the ground in a 360 degree spread. These septic systems have proven to be completely successful in efficiency and reliability.

SPECIAL EVENT - 1976. "The Gathering of the Pan Am Five at Oven Point Camp".

The retirement of Robert C. Evans from Pan American World Airways officially took place May 31, 1976, on my 60th birthday. To celebrate the new freedom of retirement, a plan was conceived. How about a "Gathering of the Pan Am Five at Oven Point Camp"? And, it did happen - like this.

There were four pilot friends in Pan Am with whom I had worked, hunted, and socialized, along with wives and families, for many years of our flight careers. These were Jack and Dorothy Curry, Chuck and Kits Bassett, Dean and Betty Postlewaite, and Don and Freda Holman. With ourselves included (Bob and Willie Evans), the group was referred to as the "Pan Am Five". Three of the group had already preceded my retirement - Bassett, Curry and Holman. Dean Postlewaite was scheduled to retire later that Fall. It was time to celebrate our long flying careers, so the invitations went out for the Pan Am Five to gather at Oven Point Camp the week after Labor Day 1976. All accepted - and plans proceeded for the event.

Oven Point Camp has five residences to accomodate the five couples. We would remain in our residence in the Lodge - and assign a cabin to each of the four other couples. It seemed best to put the Bassetts in Algonquin Cabin, the Holmans in Chippewa Cabin, the Currys in Seneca Cabin and the Postlewaites in Abnaki Cabin. The event was to last five days - with each couple being responsible for one evening meal for the group - with any entertainment. They were free to do this event in any manner they chose. We suggested that the Evans entertain the first night - with a gathering at the Lodge. They could volunteer for the remaining nights. Knowing the group, this promised to be interesting.

The Pan Am Five lived in widely separated areas - so the assembly would have to be coordinated. The Currys lived in Willcox, Arizona and planned to fly their private Cessna 170 to the event. The Holmans lived in Ridgefield, CT. and would fly their private Cessna 180 from Danbury, CT. Since both these aircraft were land planes, they would utilize the nearest airport which would be at Saranac Lake, NY - about 50 miles from Long Lake, NY. Transport for them would be needed. The Postlewaites planned to drive to Oven Point Camp from their home in North Sandwich, NH. The Bassetts planned to be in residence in Long Lake, where they own a summer camp. The Bassetts own a Grumman Seabee amphibious aircraft - which he very generously offered to use to ferry to Long Lake, those arriving at Saranac Lake airport. This would greatly expedite their transfer arrival at Long Lake. The plan was for the land planes to fly overhead Oven Point Camp - and make radio contact with Chuck - who would be "standing by" his radio in the Seabee, parked on the

beach at Oven Point Camp. With voice contact established and plans confirmed, Chuck would take to the water, retract his wheels, and make a water take-off to follow the plane to Saranac Lake airport. There, he would lower his wheels for a land landing - and the rendezvous. It was a great operation that Chuck proposed - offering speed, convenience, and a dramatic arrival at the destination. We had all summer to refine the details - for a great beginning.

Labor Day came, the summer paying guests departed, and the cabins prepared for the "Gathering". Chuck and Kits Bassett arrived a day early - to confirm the beach position for his Seabee - and to check the necessary overnight tie-downs for his plane's safety. He had previously selected Sunset Beach for his operation - which allowed him to taxi onto the beach and turn for unloading position. All preparation was completed - the fun was about to begin.

Day one - Arrival Day dawned for a glorious September Adirondack Day. And, as the Army Air Corps flying school announcement used to blare - "There will be flying on A stage today". (Memories) We could expect plane arrivals by early afternoon. Trust Jack Curry to arrive on time - and sure enough - about 1 PM we were being "buzzed" by Jack and Dorothy, close enough we could easily identify them. Radio contact was made with Chuck - and the rendezvous confirmed. Chuck fired up the engines - taxied into the water - raised his wheels - and soon was streaking down the lake to follow the Currys to Saranac. Apparently, all went well with the planned rendezvous - and within the hour Chuck was sighted on his return to Long Lake. Our welcoming ceremony was ready for this momentous occasion. As the Seabee, with its passengers rolled up on the beach, the tape music of "Pomp and Circumstance" march was blaring. A traditional red carpet was rolled out to the plane. Then, it was smiles, hugs, and excited greetings for the Currys - giving them a real Oven Point Camp welcome. Jack's reaction statement was - "God damn - I like this". Their considerable gear was loaded into a camp cart - and we accompanied them to their "Seneca Cabin" to get settled. Three down - two to go.

Nearing 4 PM - we were getting a little anxious about the Holmans. Then, we heard a plane approaching and another "buzz" on the Camp - while we waved a welcome. Radio contact was made to confirm the Holman arrival. Again, the Bassett ferry service went into action - and we all enjoyed the scene as the Seabee streaked down the lake - lifting eastward into the sky. What a day we were having. We waited for the return ferry service - visiting and enjoying the reunion of friends. While waiting - the Postlewaites arrived by car. We gave them a welcome - and apprised them of the arrival situation. After getting them established in Abnaki Cabin, they joined the group waiting for Chucks return. An unusual delay in the return caused

some concern and speculation. Jack Currys concern was that "Happy Hour" was being delayed. (Actually, we found out later that the Seabee wheel gear did not lock down properly - and needed some attention after he landed at Saranac Lake airport.) Fortunately, Chuck was able to remedy the problem - and complete his ferry assignment. Happily, his aircraft was heard approaching - and we were soon witnessing a beautiful feather touch landing. Our welcoming group had now grown - and the excitement even greater. When the plane taxied up, with the music, the cheers, the red carpet - the Holmans seemed a little dazed and surprised. Maybe they did not expect this V.I.P. treatment. Conviviality was established with the hugs and handshakes and smiles of welcome. We soon had them established in Chippewa Cabin - but with the admonishment by Curry that "Happy Hour" was starting immediately. But, we took time to shower Chuck with compliments on his superb ferry service with the Seabee. The craft was designed for just this operation - and he did it well.

With everyone assembled at the Lodge, Jack Curry volunteered service at the bar (traditional for Jack - so he could prepare Martinis by the pitcher). Consequently, we soon had a happy group - and the retirement stories came flowing out. There was nostalgia, but a lot of group relief that our flight scheduling days were over. Fortunately, there were four private aircraft among the group - so we did not plan to stop flying entirely.

The evening shadows were lengthening - cocktail hour was ending - dinner was a happy thought. Willie had prepared her usual superb meal - Beef Bourginon with excellent side dishes - with a fabulous dessert. Candles lighted the table. the view down the lake, provided a wonderful atmosphere for this congenial group. It was a memorable evening for these long time friends with lots of experiences together. With dinner over, the fatigue of a long travel day was evident, so we decided to "call it a day". Before the couples scattered to their cabins, the Currys announced that "tomorrows dinner would be at their cabin (Seneca Cabin)". The Evans announced that the event for the next day was - "A Camp Familiarity Tour" scheduled for 11 AM. And, a further remark as they left the Lodge was - "Make lots of noise as you go to your cabins - to frighten away any bears in camp". They looked sceptical and joked about it - but bears had been visiting us all summer - so I was serious. Happily - no bears. Day one ended as a great success - as everyone arrived safely and on time.

Day Two. Camp was slow stirring the next morning - as this cool mountain air makes good sleeping. By 11 AM however, we had a full complement for the "walk-about" and I gave them a brief history of the Camp with the Indian influence. We

walked the "Point" - and showed them the Verplank Colvin holes where the surveyor placed his instrument for his map making about 1880. It was another beautiful Adirondack day - and the beauty of the lake and mountains was obvious. Then, the group went to the Boat Beach - and I showed them the view down the lake that the artist Tate painted - and named it "View from Oven Point". Continuing, we walked the Red Trail that runs along the lake to State Land - and the limit of our boundary. Then, returned along the camp road to the Yellow Circle Trail that loops to the back property line - and circles back to the top of the hill to the parking lot. It was time for lunch. The afternoon was unscheduled - but we showed them the boats - as there were fishermen who wanted to wet a line. It permitted others to meet and talk - so it was a relaxed afternoon.

By 5 PM, we were drifting to Seneca Cabin for the Curry party. Then, we discovered why the Currys had so much luggage when they arrived. They had planned and brought the supplies for an Arizona Southwest party - complete with Mexican beer (Carta Blanca), tortillas, quacamole, quesadillas, tacos, refried beans, salsa, chile and burritos. What a feast - reflected the Curry thoughtfulness and hospitality - and confirmed their pride in their Arizona homeland. Everyone loved it - and we did ourselves proud in consuming it. We left little to take home - and the gross weight of their airplane was considerably less. Day Two ended - but what a memorable event. Before the "Good nights" - the Bassetts announced they would host tomorrows dinner. The event for the day was a canoe trip - departure 11AM.

Day three. When the canoeists assembled at 11 AM - the five canoes were on the beach ready for departure. Our destination was Big Brook - and we would take a lunch for a picnic along the way. It was not a long trip - just across the lake and down lake about a half mile to where Big Brook emptied into Long Lake. The flotilla of five canoes had some difficulty in getting launched - and it was soon evident that some paddlers were more adept than others. But, we managed to cross Long Lake without mishap, but there was much kidding about near swampings. I felt better when we entered into the narrow and shallow water of Big Brook. We did not see much wild life - with the circus atmosphere of the flotilla moving upstream. But, we were having fun, and the beauty of the lowlands, with its natural growth, was much appreciated. When we came to the beaver dam, I anticipated trouble. But, they must have been getting the hang of canoeing - we managed to cross over without a mishap. We continued to the old iron bridge and on to the rapids a short distance beyond. It was a beautiful site to pause and enjoy the water music of the rapids. Lunch was on our minds, so we paddled back downstream and found a nice secluded site to enjoy the warm sun, relax and have our lunch. By 3 PM we were back in camp - giving us time to relax and prepare for the Bassetts shindig.

The Bassetts cabin (Algonquin) had a deck with a wonderful view down the lake with the mountains rising on both sides and off into the distance. Round Island was just a mile away, but beyond about 30 miles away rose the McIntyre and Seward ranges. With the excellent visibility, the mountains seemed closer. There was not a boat in sight to spoil the tranquility of the scene. The Bassetts served cocktails on the deck so we could all enjoy the scene. Soon Chuck sharpened our appetites with meat cooking on the grill - they had brought huge steaks. And when he had cooked them to perfection - served them with the side dishes that would have satisfied a lumberman that had worked all day. It was sumptuous dining - and the thought was expressed - "It can't get any better than this!" And, this includes all the stories and reminiscing that we enjoyed during the evening. Before we left, the Holmans announced that tomorrows dinner would take place at the Lean-to - assembly at 5 PM.

Day Four. The next day's scheduled event was a driving trip to see Forked Lake located nearby to the west. It is beautiful, and pure Adirondacks. Its water flows into Long Lake, but between the lakes is a beautiful wide rapids and waterfall - known as Buttermilk Falls. We brought lunch - so they could enjoy it in the atmosphere of the scene and the music of the roaring Falls. It is a popular place to visit - and was appreciated by our group. On our way back to Camp, a stop was made in Long Lake for the inevitable shopping. We have two good stores for souvenirs and outdoor equipment and clothing. We were back in Camp by 3 PM.

Don Holman needed time to prepare for his meal - and you could bet it would not be less than gourmet. He started construction of a pole tripod over the fireplace at the Lean-to where he planned to smoke and roast two legs of lamb over an open fire. So he would have one hand for drinking - he rigged a string system to the hanging meat that he could pull to keep it rotating during the cooking. Ingenious - and Don scored another point of admiration. But, he had a number of watchers - and critics. The meat took a long time to cook - allowing lots of time to drink, criticize, and develop an appetite with the aroma. Finally, he announced them ready to eat - and the meal was superb - as expected. Everyone agreed, Don was awarded the title - "Gourmet Cook". In addition to other dishes to complete the meal, Don produced a supply of his own wine that he had made from his vineyard to the bottle. It was excellent - and his well known title of "Wine Maker" was justified. Needless to say, we indulged to the limit in the fine fare of the evening. After the meat tripod was removed, we built up the fire for a bright and cozy atmosphere for another Adirondack experience. With everyone so happy and contented, Betty Postlewaite began to regale us with funny stories of life in New Jersey. Her performance was outstanding - producing much applause and laughter. She is a born actress. Then, the crowd started singing campfire song - that sounded sweet to me - but maybe it was just as well - not recorded. As the evening was winding down - Chuck made an

announcement that he had a gift that he wanted to present, on behalf of all the group, to their hosts - the Evans's. It was a CB radio - that Chuck said they would even install it on the Camp car - the Jimmy. We expressed our appreciation - and also, our pleasure and appreciation for coming for our retirement celebration. It was a great day for our group. Unfortunately, it ended on an unhappy note when the Holmans announced they would have to leave tomorrow - one day early. They said that they had to be at home - and was sorry to leave.

Day Five. The Holmans departure was scheduled for early this day. Everyone gathered at Sunset Beach to express their goodbys - and to see the departure. Chuck would reverse the ferry plans - this time to depart Long Lake to fly to Saranac Lake airport where the Holman plane was parked. We waved them off - and watch^{ed} Chuck make his takeoff - flawless as usual. When he returned, the report was that all went well - and Holmans takeoff from Saranac Lake airport was uneventful.

Knowing that this was our final day to be together - much of the day was spent as a group talking and reminicing of Pan Am days and incidents. All too quickly the day became mid-afternoon and time to plan our final meal together. Abnaki Cabin being as small as it is, plans were made to again assemble at the Lodge. The Postlewaites would host the final meal - with cocktails in the living room with a nice fire to gather around. Later, we would gather in the dining room for the meal. Our spirits during the evening were most congenial, but more subdued with the prospects of our final meal together. We all lived in widely scattered areas of the country - and get-togethers would be less frequent. The Postlewaites were in New Hampshire, Currys in Arizona, Holmans were planning to move to California, leaving Bassetts and Evans in Connecticut. Our group had been with Pan Am 37 years - so we reminiced and counted our "golden years" with Pan Am and counted our blessings. We all accepted retirement with satisfaction - and looked forward to the coming era of our life.

Departure Day. The Currys had a long flight to consider - so they planned an early departure. The remainder of the group were there to see them off - as Chuck prepared the Seabee for the ferry operation. Hand shakes - and hugs - and they were ready to be off to Saranac Lake airport to their Cessna plane. All must have gone well - for in a short while the Currys were back - overhead - buzzing us one last time before they continued westward toward Arizona.

The Postlewaites and Bassetts stayed on for a while that day - to help reorganize the cabins. Then, too, they said their farewells - and Camp was QUIET. The Oven Point Gathering had gone well - and now was ended. But, the memories would last a long time - and made a little history for Oven Point Camp.

Post script re: Past five days for the Pan Am Five & the Gathering.

Our neighbors who live across the lake from Oven Point Camp, called to thank us for the show of the past five days. They were well aware of the "goings on" - and reported that they were facinated with the plane activity - the people- the boats - the music - and the campfires. They wanted to compliment us on the action - and said "It was as good as any play that they had seen".

Author - "Isn't that the kind of neighbors to have?" Bless you, Bill and Lorraine Spengler." That made the Pan Am Five Gathering at Oven Point Camp - an even greater success.

"RECOLLECTIONS"

The following accounts are incidents and recollections of experiences during the 47 years that we owned Oven Point Camp.

HIGH WATER OF LONG LAKE

Few people can appreciate how high the water can rise on Long Lake - unless they see it. A 9 foot rise is quite ordinary - and a 12 foot rise is not that unusual. This rise is due to the Spring thaw plus any Spring rains that occur late April. The ice break-up happens around April 27th. (The official time is recorded by a flag pole set on the ice - and when it falls with the ice break-up, the time is noted. This is important for the pay-off in a time lottery held each year.) The rise comes rapidly over a couple weeks - and then drops slowly after it peaks out. Evidence of high water at Oven Point Camp is the island created for the Lodge, when water rises to connect Sunrise and Sunset Beaches. Its depth has been observed to be about 6" - so a canoe could be paddled across the Point between beaches. Water has been observed up onto the floor joists of Algonquin Cabin. And, it probably rose higher, when we came later and found sand and water marks on the linoleum floor in the living room.

The Racquette River flows into Long Lake - which is fed by a vast area including Blue Mt. Lake and several smaller ones, Racquette Lake, Forked Lake and other connected lakes. It produces the drastic Spring rise and will cause fluctuations in the summer with heavy rains. Long Lake has a natural shallow eastern end that acts as a dam preventing a large flow - and creating Long Lake. The Indians called Long Lake "Incapaca" - or wide river. At the outflow to the northeast, it again becomes Racquette River - leading to Tupper Lake. These fluctuations of Long Lake require that the docks be floating. While there are temporary rises - usually the lake level will drop 18" - 30" over the summer.

SNOW DEPTH AT OVEN POINT CAMP

Deep snow is commonplace in the Adirondack Mt. area - with Lake Ontario and the St. Lawrence River to provide moisture. Arriving in the winter time, our road would be deep with snow, forcing us to park at the Tarbell Hill gateway area. We would snowshoe into Camp - often encountering snow drifts four to five feet deep. One time I attempted to cross a drift without snowshoes, floundered in up to my chest, and had difficulty in getting out. The cabin roofs would often blow most of the snow away. But, some would get a build up of three to four feet - with layers of snow and ice. This creates a hazard for the roof due to weight - so it requires removal. A tool was used to push a shovel like end under the layers, lift, and large chunks would slide off. One time when I was cleaning Chippewas roof,

the snow was so deep that when it was fully cleaned, I could step off the roof onto the accumulated snow that came off the roof. The cabins most susceptible to snow build up at Oven Point Camp were Chippewa and the Lodge, between the living room and kitchen area , where the wind could not blow it free.

WINTER ICE DEPTH ON LONG LAKE

With winter temperatures reaching as low as -30 degrees, the lake will freeze to dramatic depths. We had reason to measure this depth, when we sought a source of water for our needs during winter occupancy at Chippewa Cabin. In 1952, and for some years after, we would drink the lake water and use it for cooking - with no illness noted. Another need for water, was to flush the toilets by pouring water into the bowl. A family would use a large supply of water - and the lake was the obvious source. Chopping a hole in the ice proved to be difficult and inefficient - so we bought a Swedish Spoon. This was a spoon like instrument with a sharp cutting edge that had an auger action that would bore a hole about 10" diameter. And, it would cut rapidly, filling the hole with slush that had to be dipped out with the spoon shape. Finally, with thick ice, we'd break through - and be amazed at the depth of the hole. When we measured it, we found it to be 20" - 27" thick. No wonder that local people had no fear of driving their cars, and trucks, on the ice. We, too, followed the local example of driving on the ice, when it was blown clear, and parked on the Sunrise side of the Oven Point. (But, it was always with relief that we confirmed it was there the next morning.) Later, we learned that the Russians drove tanks on the ice during winter maneuvers. So, we relaxed, with 27" of ice - but never quite completely. Then, even later, we found where trucks had gone through the ice - at spring areas, where the ice was thin. So, one had better know his lake and the location of the springs in the lake.

WINTER LIVING AT OVEN POINT CAMP

No one of the Evans family ever lived the entire winter at Oven Point Camp. However, our family has gone for short periods - especially during the Christmas holiday when the children are out of school. The experiences were wonderful - and the cold seemingly, no problem. In the early years, we walked into Camp, and it was a struggle, at times. Later on, we purchased an Evinrude snowmobile that helped the transport problem considerably. If we parked some distance away due to snow, we would snowshoe to the garage, where the snowmobile was parked. After getting it

started and warmed up - we'd attach a cargo sled behind - and return to the parked car. Now, we could load children and supplies - for a ride thru the woods and all the way to the cabin. Chippewa Cabin was the only cabin weather-tight enough to adequately heat - and it took time. With the walls and floor cold soaked - it took two days to eliminate the cold spots. A propane wall heater provided the basic heat, but initially we utilized a 50,000 BTU portable tank heater to eliminate the chill. Electric blankets solved the sleeping warm problem - so we managed very well. We had a gas stove (propane) - and would light the oven if the kitchen needed extra warmth. Water was secured from the lake, after drilling a hole through the ice. We kept buckets of water available in the bathroom to flush down the toilet. If a bath was needed - it would be a sponge bath. We had to use extra effort - but we managed very well.

The north country is beautiful - and especially after newly fallen snow. The view down Long Lake, snow covered with Round Island in the foreground, hills and Mt. Kempshall to the side, and the rising high mountains in the distance was awesome. That scene led me to tell our summer guests, "Summer in the Adirondacks was beautiful - but winter in the Adirondacks is inspiring". And that is a moment to treasure - seeing that scene - quiet and motionless, purely pristine, inspiring. Later, the new snow will be marked with animal tracks, marking where they came out of the woods and returned to the woods. Trailing the tracks was one of the winter pleasures for the children. Another, was hiking the trails and seeing the woods in a new perspective. The snowmobile allowed us to go greater distances to enjoy areas seldom seen. We always carried snowshoes, in case the machine broke down, and we had to hike home. Struggling through the snow on foot would be exhausting - and perhaps mean over-nighting in the woods in winter. Nature can be harsh. I was always concerned about the children playing outside in 15 below zero weather - even though they were warmly dressed. But, they never complained about cold, and when checked, were found to be toasty warm.

Later, when the family got into skiing - I remember being out at 20 below zero temperatures. We were at Tupper Lake skiing down hill. We were a bit uncomfortable riding the lifts, but after a run downhill and coming to a rest at the base station - I realized I was pleasantly warm, and the activity exhilarating. The winter memories are pleasant to contemplate.

Another winter memory. Willie and I had preceded Robb and family to Oven Point Camp - and was well situated in Chippewa Cabin - and awaited their arrival. It was a cold winter night - with a heavy blanket of snow on the ground. Their arrival was scheduled to be late - as they would leave after work in Connecticut - so they

were not expected until 11 PM or later. The plan was made to use a walkie - talkie radio to contact Camp as they topped Tarbell Hill - about a mile + from Camp. They would park next to our car that was located near the gate - as the camp roads were impassable. If their radio call was acknowledged, I would meet them at the parking site - to bring them into Camp.

We watched the clock - and wondered if their journey was on schedule. About the time that a worry thought occurred, Robb's voice came over the radio - telling us they were close by. I had previously readied the snowmobile and sled - adding blankets to protect two small boys. This equipment was parked by Chippewa front porch - so I was ready to go within minutes. It was a cold clear night and dark going up the camp trail, then up the hill on the camp road through the woods. The snowmobile headlight gave a reassuring vision and brightened the area from the reflecting snow. The woods seemed forbiddingly dark - and when I tested by turning off the headlight - it was very spooky dark. I was happy to turn it back on. I followed the road with previously made snowmobile tracks - and soon arrived at the rendezvous site. They were surprised that I arrived so quickly - as they had just parked their car. They had two small sleepy boys - but awakening, with the chill air and impending adventure. The sled was 7-8' long with raised sides and steel runners that extended 18" behind for a person to stand and ride. We were able to get all equipment and persons aboard for just one trip to camp. The sled carried equipment and boys tucked under blankets, Patricia rode behind me on the snowmobile, and Robb rode the runners behind the sled. It would have made a great picture, as the five of us made the exciting run through the night, down the Camp hill, and into camp, stopping at the steps to Chippewa. Within minutes everyone was ensconced in the warm cabin - with hot tea and chocolate waiting. It was the perfect use of a snowmobile - for efficient transport over the snow.

The next day, those little boys, Matthew and Daniel, had a happy time playing in the snow. Their parents took them on the camp trails to explore the back woods. The snowmobile was popular for riding the camp roads and trails - in addition to runs down and across the lake. They spent long hours out in the cold, but I never remember a time when they complained. They were having too much fun. Animal tracks were interesting to study - and with their parents learned to identify those of rabbits, deer, mink, squirrels, and maybe coyote. Winter is a fun season, but it can be challenging at Oven Point Camp - with snowbound roads, minimal heating system, no running water and the needs for snow removal. But, remember - the views are inspiring.

THE BOATS OF OVEN POINT CAMP

Preceding the purchase of Oven Point Camp by Robert and Wilma Evans in 1952, the Boathouse contained a variety of boats reflecting the lifestyle of the Mitten family dating from 1927. Since most of these were sold by Dan Jennings when he bought the property in 1948, few were left to be seen and identified by Evans in 1952. However, enough stories were heard to reconstruct the main ones in the fleet. Primary, was a large mohogany wood boat with an inboard engine, used to transport family and guests from the town dock to Camp. That was necessary as there was no roadway. The boat was so heavy that it required a rail ramp with a heavy duty winch to move it into and out of the boathouse. It was probably a Gar Wood type that was popular in those days - and reputed to be very fast for its time.

Guide boats were very popular, and a number were used at Oven Point Camp. There were three left in 1952. Dan Jennings did not include two of the best when he sold to Evans, but a damaged large cargo type was included. It was used some by the Evans family, but the leaking section made it inconvenient. Repair was considered but proved to be impractical. Scott Evans had it brought to Michigan, where he hoped to restore it, but unfortunately it was not done and eventually it was destroyed. It probably was an impossibly difficult and tedious job.

There has been reference to outboard engines stored in the boathouse and undoubtedly smaller boats to use them on. And, I have heard reference to small sailing craft - which were popular on the lake. I have no knowledge of - nor any evidence of canoes, but it was likely there were some available, for the Mitten family use. Whatever boats were once in the Camp, only the damaged guide boat was left when Evans bought in 1952. Even the covered dock was sold and gone by '52.

After the Camp purchase the Fall of '52, not much thought was given to additional boats. We had a 12' Alumacraft with a 7½ HP Evinrude engine that we used on our camping trips, and further needs were not anticipated at this time. The summer of '53 gave us insights to the desire for more boats. Definitely, a more powerful and speedier boat was needed for trips to town, and for water skiing. That Fall we ordered a Grumann all aluminum 16' runabout with a 40 HP Evinrude engine, from the Waccabuc Marina. It was highly touted for aircraft type construction - giving it outstanding water performance and durability. This proved to be an accurate description - and it gave us many years of use. We named it - "The Chief". Each member of the family learned to water ski behind the Chief - as well as visiting guests. And, it must have made a thousand trips down the lake - or into town. It was a work horse. Today - it is a little "old fashioned" - still sound - and ready to go.

The Chief was finally replaced by a fancy fiberglass deep red Chaparral boat that was 16' long and powered with 120 HP inboard/outboard engine. It could reach 47 mph - making it ideal for water skiing - or cruising up and down the 14 mile Long Lake. It was very nice to take our guests for a cruising ride - so it was a success. Unfortunately, it came at a time when our interest in speed had been replaced by an interest in slow appreciation of the scenery and the comfort of space to take a number of guests - and the food and drink to entertain them. It was called a "Party Barge".

The Party Barge came to Oven Point Camp owned by our son Thomas and his wife Cindy. He had learned of a factory offer in Missouri - and placed his order during the winter for a Spring pickup at the factory. It was late April or early May - when our plan for a cooperative effort for pick up was initiated. Willie and I were on our way north for the summer with our travel trailer - and had picked a State Park north of Columbus, Ohio - where we would park our trailer for a few days. From there, we would drive west to Missouri - to the factory to pick up Tom's Party Barge. It took two days to reach there - but happily all went well to make the factory pick-up. Our Ford Van was already equipped to tow heavy trailers - so only the Party Barge trailer electric wiring was required to travel. When the financial paper work was completed - we were ready to travel. The rig looked huge behind us, greater than our Airstream trailer. But, it towed smoothly, and we were on our way back east. (By the way - Willie was on crutches, having broken her leg in a motorcycle accident a couple months earlier.)

Our trip back to Ohio via St. Louis, Indianapolis, Indiana, Columbus, Ohio - to our State Park went according to plan. We were happy to return to our Airstream. Tom arrived within minutes of our schedule the next morning - and we enjoyed a reunion, a small meal, and then he was off to return to Syracuse, NY. The rendezvous went off without a hitch - and he took his Party Barge to New York. We hitched up the Airstream and resumed our trip to Michigan to visit family. Later, we traveled to Long Lake, NY for the beginning of another summer season. Tom and family brought the Party Barge to Long Lake - where they enjoyed it for about 7 years. Tom & Cindys children, Beth and David must have wonderful memories of picnics down the lake - and the swims off the Party Barge. But, that is their familys story.

The time came when the Party Barge was to be sold - since Tom and family had kind of outgrown the Party Barge routine. Willie and I did not want the boat to leave Camp, so we decided to buy it for an attractive price. It has served us well - for slow scenic trips - up and down the lake - with guests and the wherewithall to entertain them. It has become our favorite boat.

Sailing was popular for small boats at Long Lake, so when I had an opportunity to buy a used one cheap, I bought it at the Waccabuc Marina. It was a 15' wood boat painted white, with a cross board that had a keel board on both sides for stability. A large wooden mast supported a main sail and a jib - all stabilized with cables. It actually sailed quite well - but was too much of a chore to rig. It was sold after a few years use - due to the introduction of the Sailfish - and later the Sunfish sailing boats.

The Alcott Sailfish was a fiberglass hollow center flat boat with a lateen sail. The mast was aluminum tubing dropped into a mast hole in the deck - and had a rudder attached with one pin - and a centerboard dropped through an opening. It was a bathing suit type of sailboat - very fast in any breeze - and designed to sail to the nth degree. If overturned - it was easily righted to sail again. With the children all wanting to sail, we bought three in colors - red, blue, and yellow. It made a beautiful picture lined up on the beach - or racing on the lake. The children loved to sail - and became very skillful handling the boats. The boys liked it best when a strong wind was blowing - the sail heeled over nearly parallel with the water - and they sat up on the side to keep it in balance. Youth - how agile they were.

Some years later, we added a Sunfish to the fleet. It was essentially the same type of boat as the Sailfish - but it had a cockpit into which you could put your feet. That made it considerably more comfortable - and often prevented sliding off - at a wind gust. It was meant for Mom and Dad, but when it was available everyone wanted the Sunfish vs. Sailfish.

With this fleet of sailboats, and neighbors who had the same or similar boats, sailing parties were inevitable. It resulted in a lot of fun - both for the sailing and the barbecue afterward. Usually a triangle course was laid out between Round Island and Oven Point Camp - making two transits of the course. The race I remember best was one we lost. Robb and I were ahead, and on the final leg, when a wind gust overturned us due complacency.

Grumann aluminum canoes were acknowledged to be an excellent canoe. They were rugged - yet streamlined to move through water with the least drag. When we went to the factory in upstate New York to pick up "The Chief" - we learned the secret of their design. Using aircraft methods, they used a soft aluminum of 30,000 lbs strength to draw the metal over dies to get the desired shape for efficiency. Then, after construction, they heat treated the canoe in ovens to bring the aluminum to 73,000 lbs. strength - thus giving high strength to an efficient shape. Their canoes were all the same width - so an 18' or 20' was more efficient than the standard 17'. We finally acquired five canoes - a 15', 2 - 17' - and one 18' plus an 18' square stern.

Canoes are wonderful boats to move quietly through the water, slow enough to enjoy the scenery and quiet enough to hear and see nature around you. Those are magic moments that are treasured by all our family. Today (1999) our children love canoe travel - and have taught their children the same joys of a canoe. Any time is great, but a favorite time is evening, when the motor boats are stilled, the sky is golden, and you are alone except for the Loon that is calling, and the scene brings poignant memories - life is wonderful. It is times like this that the words of the Governor of Michigan are recalled. He said, "State Parks are not a luxury - but a necessity - where man can go to restore something within himself." How true!

Favorite canoe trips are:

1. The two (better three) day trip - Oven Point Camp to Tupper Lake. Take one day for Long Lake and just into Racquette River. Overnight in the Lean-to on the bluff. Second day - down the Racquette River to Racquette Falls (1 $\frac{1}{4}$ mile portage). Take two trips to portage the gear - so you can return along the Falls. Overnight at the Lean-to below the Falls. Third day - Racquette River to Tupper Lake.

2. The two (better three) day trip Blue Mt. Lake into Utowana Lake - portage at the carry (Worlds Shortest Railroad) to the stream leading to Racquette Lake. Overnight on State land island in Racquette Lake. The next day - go north and east to portage landing that leads 3/4 mile to Forked Lake. Paddle east to the outflow of the lake (with a dam) where there is a State Park ranger - for the campground. This is a good pick-up point for auto transport. If continuing - there is a long 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ mile portage down the Racquette River - for a short paddle to Buttermilk Fall. There, another long portage is required to get you downstream. Again rejoining the Racquette River - now you have excellent paddling on the River into Long Lake. A 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ mile paddle will bring you to Long Lake Village - and another 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ miles to Oven Point Camp.

3. Forked Lake (Day trip) This is a beautiful lake with many deep bays. It has campsites reached only by water boat & operated by the State. They are wonderfully private and represent real camping and the need to be prepared. The river flowing in from the north comes across Whitney land - owner of extensive acreage in the area. It is restricted to paddling far up the river - but there is a court case representing Riparian Rights from early days of canoe travel through the area. The Whitneys have sold much land to the State - and more is expected in the future.

4. Fish Creek Ponds - (Day trip) Starting from the State Campground at Fish Creek Ponds - there is a circle trip to the north that is scenic and often pristine. It takes you through six or more small lakes - with some portages, but they are short. (Sometimes only 100 - 200 feet). Because it circles, your sense of direction is lost. But, it is marked to return you to the Campground.

5. South Pond (Day trip) - A delightful spot to canoe only a couple miles south of Long Lake. Unfortunately, there is no easy access - probably accounting for the little use it gets. You must park just off the highway - then transport your canoe down an embankment and further about 700 ft. on a poor trail to reach the water. We went there when the children were young and we were stronger. But, it is worth the effort. There are a couple camps on the north end (seldom occupied) - but the south end is pristine and beautiful. It is a wonderful paddle - quiet and scenic. But, the children liked to stop on the two islands to picnic - and later go swimming. Being so remote and private, we let the children go "skinny dipping" - which they seemed to take such delight.

6. The Saranac Lakes - (Upper - Middle - Lower) Day trip or camping longer - this area is always a delight. It does mean 30 miles of transport - and the loading and unloading required. But, its so satisfying to do. Mostly, we unload at a boat launch off a branch of Lower Saranac - then heading upstream (westerly) to enter a stream that takes us to Middle Saranac. But, before reaching the lake we must pass through a self operated Lock. This will lift us 3-4 feet, so we can proceed onward. It's always such fun to operate the Lock - following the instructions that are displayed for easy reading. A short distance onward, we can enter Middle Saranac. If we wanted to progress to Upper Saranac - we could paddle to the west end - and portage to Upper. Mostly, we go about half way on Middle Saranac - then turn north into a small shallow stream that takes us to Weller Pond - a pristine area that is pure Adirondacks. This is where Martha Reben, author of the "Healing Woods" made her camp to live outdoors - and regain her health. The site she lived on has a plaque to designate the point of land. (Our neighbors, the waites and we, remember a wonderful overnight camp at the site.) That is where I had the experience of seeing and hearing the air sound - as a Loon flew by within a few feet. It is still vivid to me after many years. There is a presence at Weller Pond - so don't miss an opportunity to go and find it. Read the book first - if you can.

7. The canoe opportunities in the Adirondacks are endless - especially if you return many times for a new experience. And, each one will be your discovery - because circumstances are never the same. There are many that I will probably never see or enjoy - but we are fortunate to have canoed Big Moose, Lake Lila, Cranberry Lake, Lake Eaton, Indian Lake, Upper Hudson River, and the Bog River. These are memories that are beautiful - and are available to the many who come to the Adirondacks.

Our Grumann canoes have seen a lot of service for the many years that we have owned them - yet they are as sound as when originally put in service. Fortunately, all our children own - or did own canoes - and the "grands" enjoy them too.

FAMILY TRADITIONS

AT

OVER POINT CAMP

TRADITIONS AT OVEN POINT CAMP

- Camp opening required a lot of work - especially for old camps that had not enjoyed the benefit of modern plumbing concepts - i.e. easy draining of pipes, and convenient shut-off valves. So, several days work is required to prepare for normal occupancy. Memorial Day weekend became the traditional time to do this job - and family volunteers assembled for a cooperative effort. We needed to turn on electric, gas (propane), and water. The first two were seldom a problem. But, water was something else. The valve to permit water flow was located in the lake - to prevent freezing and with high water this can be a problem to locate and turn it on. This may be done by one with full waders - water reaching chest high - or by boat, probing with a rake to raise the pipe and reach the valve. With water flowing, now we can keep areas isolated to permit water to one cabin at a time. It is a triumph when the water system is operating without need to repair a leak. With water flowing, the septic collection tanks must have pumps installed to pump the tank water to a field drain tank that is uphill several hundred feet away. Now, we are ready for normal living, but later the shutters need to come down and stored, the dock put into place along with the swim floats, the grounds cleaned of winter debris and the boats gotten out. Sometime during all this chore time, the traditional first swim of the season takes place. The brave ones dive in from the shore rocks into deep water - and scream. The rest of us wade in from shallow water that the sun has warmed - then lower our body for an official "full dunk". Very invigorating.

- Quiet Time. The weeks between Memorial Day weekend and July 4th - is what I call Quiet time at Oven Point Camp. The excitement and activity of numerous Camps openings - and the boat activity on the lake is gone. Days will go by, when no one visits, and few boats will be present on the lake. It is QUIET. And, as a consequence, the wild animals who made this their home and feeding ground, will come out and can be seen. It is a thrill to see several deer browsing a short distance away - and even ignoring you when you are detected. Mink, in their winter white, have been seen running along the shore. And, the bay will attract many ducks and wading birds - with the Great Blues dominant. A family of rabbits hop about the area - but they do not like our presence - and run away. The squirrels debate our right to be there - and scold often - then learn to ignore us. We see an Eagle overhead - and thrilled for them to be there. At evening, the loons are calling - having arrived for early nesting. Later in the evening, the coyotes can be heard howling and yelping - so they are close by - and hunting. Quiet time - and a feel like it's pioneer days.

- CAMPFIRES. With a traditional Adirondack Lean-to, campfires became a natural tradition. Countless times, the Evans family gathered for a cook-out supper. Probably, the favorite was veal sati, a recipe we brought with us from living in California. When veal became expensive and hard to find, pork loin was substituted and pronounced, "Just as good." It was cubes of meat marinated in a sophisticated soy sauce - and cooked on skewers. Delicious. A close favorite, was barbecued chicken, basted with a butter sauce - and be sure to have a $\frac{1}{2}$ chicken per person. Steak was always popular - with medium the usual choice of doneness. Willie preferred rare - preferably with a warm red center.

After dinner, we could usually coax the children to talk of their adventures, but seldom could we get them to sing. Willie has played many instruments to encourage them, but the voices could barely be heard. Anyway, Willie's music from accordian and guitar were always enjoyable. Like most kids, they slipped away at the first opportunity - and the music was for our benefit.

Happy Day - later we found singers for our campfires. When we had three or four cabins to rent, we started Sunday Night Camp Fires - to allow the guests to get acquainted. At the scheduled time, they assembled to find the firewood laid, awaiting the youngest child to arrive, for the privelege of lighting it. It was a proud moment for them - and an achievement when the fire burned brightly. The water pot was placed close to the fire to get hot. After a period of time for talking, the water pot was steaming, and the coals perfect for marshmallow toasting. We would introduce the "Oven Point Sticks" - wire coat hangars, cut with double prongs and attached to a 3' stick. (These were found in Camp in '52 - and after 47 years are still as good as ever.) Marshmallows were produced for the sticks and the toasting started. Marshmallow burning was prevalent but they had fun. Meanwhile, the adults selected chocolate, tea, or coffee singles for their cups and water was poured for the makings. Campfire refreshments are always fun - and good.

Then, it was singing time - and we knew who the singers were from past attendance. With Willie playing simple easy tunes, most everyone joined in including the children. We had a Camp song book that we had assembled that contained most all the favorites. They were identified by type into different colored sections - so soon someone would request their favorite and call out, "Blue 27" - making it easy to find. If we had a "good" singing group - this could go on for well over an hour. The quality must have been reasonably good, because neighbors expressed their enjoyment. Sometimes, we would attract boaters at night, who would come close to listen. Small children often had to leave for bed - and, if so, we sang them a personal good night song.

We have had many outstanding singers come to our campfires, but the Malone family was, and is, our most enthusiastic singers. Rich and Mary Malone have been coming to Oven Point Camp since 1966. They had four boys, the youngest about five, and they all loved to sing. It was a joy to see them raise their voices and sing out as enthusiastically as they could. Probably, they learned from their parents who loved to sing - and sing - till the hour grew late. And, we joked about keeping the neighbors awake. The boys had their favorite songs, but the ones they always insisted on were "The Ship Titanic" and "Marching to Pretoria". Obviously, the boys are grown up men now, but they still enjoy visiting their parents when they are at Oven Point Camp. Mike and Tim are married and have children of their own that they have taught the Oven Point Camp songs. When they return - what do they request to sing? You've got it. They want to sing "Titanic" and the "Marching" songs. When the hour grows late - and the fire is dying down - we close the evening with the Maori song "Now is the Hour" - so haunting in words and melody. Then - we sing "God be with you - till we meet again" - and call it a night.

The most unusual campfire that we have had was suggested by Charlie Helms. He and his wife Betty were visiting us, and learned that a mid-lake sing was scheduled that evening. We called it a Moon Madness Sing, because there would be a full moon - and all nearby neighbors were invited to gather by boat at the center of the lake. Julie Searls would play her accordion for the singers. Charlie suggested a campfire to gather around - and I was incredulous - but he said he would take care of it. And, what a success it was. He built a log raft - upon which he built his pyramid of wood for the fire. At the appointed hour, it was towed into place and anchored. As the boats approached, the fire was lit and brightly lighted the surrounding area. It controlled itself - burning well for wood above the raft - and the water prevented the raft from burning. The boats encircled the campfire, Julie played, we all sang, the moon came up over the mountain - to make our Moon Madness sing a memorable event. It was so beautiful - it was suggested we do it every full moon. But, we never did. Maybe we did not want to spoil or detract from a beautiful memory.

FOURTH OF JULY

- Family gathering time. After our family was grown, our family joined the American tradition to gather and celebrate July 4th. This was an important opportunity for the family, as the children had established their own families and had settled in wide spread locations. Often a year had passed since siblings and cousins had met. It was time to renew family ties.

Robb, our eldest son, was married to Patricia (Lusk) - and they had two boys,

Matthew and Daniel. They lived in Middletown, Connecticut - about 240 miles from Long Lake. They usually left home after work, so arrival time would be about 11 PM. In later years, Patricia's mother, Grace Lusk, was invited to come with them. Robb and Patricia would stay in Abnaki Cabin - the boys would stay in the Bunk Room - above the Shop. Mrs. Lusk would stay with us in Chippewa Cabin.

Tom was married to Cynthia (Faigle) - and they had two children -Beth and David. They lived in Manlius, NY - about 130 miles from Long Lake. If coming after work, they would arrive about 10 PM - but sometimes they came a day earlier. They would occupy the Lodge, their summer home.

Our daughter, Gail (Evans) Young was married to Thomas Young - and have three children, Brian - Eric - and Carrie. Their home is in Newtown, Connecticut - about 250 miles from Long Lake. They often like to come early - and avoid the night drive. They will occupy Seneca Cabin - as well as Carrie. The boys will join their cousins Matthew and Daniel in the Bunk Room.

Our youngest son Scott was married to Susan (Swicegood) - and they had four children, two boys and two girls. They were Luke, Jesse, Margaret and Kathryn. They had lived in several locations - Pennsylvania, Michigan, and presently in North Carolina. With an active growing older family, and living father away, they did not always make the annual "gathering of the clan". It was special when they did come - especially for the cousins to get reacquainted. This was easily accomplished - and we have always been pleased that "the cousins" had a close relationship. Scott always liked to have his family together - and would occupy the Camp Room - above the garage. His boys would sometimes choose to overnight at the Lean-to with a campfire.

When all assembled, our family was 21 in number, and adding Mrs. Lusk, it was 22. (Tom's friend, and law partner lived in Algonquin Cabin - Ron and Sue Berger with a daughter Julia.) They joined us in some socializing, but generally did their own thing and let the family enjoy their reunion. With all the families in Camp, they took advantage of the opportunity to visit and get up to date on the latest events. The cousins soon made plans to make the most of their time together - and announced plans to "go up Big Brook", a swim at Buttermilk Falls, or a shopping trip to town. The favorite activity was water skiing - and for a few hours Tom & Cindy were roaring up & down the lake with a skier - until all were satisfied. Most of the rest of the family were gathered at the beach to applaud and encourage. And, during any intervals, we could "family talk".

On the July 4th holiday, three events had become traditional - a pancake breakfast at the Lean-to, an old fashioned picnic supper, and taking the boats to town to witness the fireworks. Starting the day meant an early rising for Willie and me - for I had to build the fire at the Lean-to, and Willie would garner the supplies needed for the cooking later on. I used camp hardwood for my fire - and let it burn down for ideal cooking coals. While the fire burned down, our big camp iron grill was prepared, and the big hot water pot next to the fire to warm. If everything seemed under control, the food would be transferred down from Chippewa Cabin to the Lean-to. Robb, very often showed up in time to help with this chore - which was much appreciated, as there were several trips required. Breakfast service was scheduled from 8 AM to 10 AM - giving the late risers an opportunity to sleep in.

As 8 AM neared, and the fire coals were just right, the sausage patties were put on the grill creating an appetite aroma. (The sausage was Newcomb sausage, homemade at Sweets Store in Newcomb - and a great favorite with our family.) By 8 AM - we were ready - and Tom & Cindy were often the first to arrive. While they had their cold juice and a first coffee - pancakes were put on the grill to cook. It could hold about twelve medium pancakes - so we could keep up with demand. Each family was responsible for their own tableware - placing it where a space allowed. The big table held 8-10 and a small one 3-4. When anyone was finished eating, they could move to the benches outside the Lean-to and still be with the crowd. As family members arrived, they took their juice first, found a place in the Lean-to and were served pancakes and sausage. Real maple syrup from Syracuse forestry school was available for the pancakes. Milk was available for we milk drinkers, and coffee, tea, or chocolate for other choices. As the arrivals began to slack off, Robb would often offer to cook so Willie and I could eat and join the group at the table. We were ready, and had an appetite to match the good food. About 9:50 AM - the final sleepyheads were arriving - and happily there was lots of food for them. Conversation continued for another hour, then other plans for the day were being discussed - with some departing. The old fashioned supper was announced - reminding all that it was scheduled for 5 PM. Those reluctant to leave, stayed on to talk - and we never lacked for subject matter.

During the afternoon, the young people enjoyed a favorite activity that took them several directions, while the adults relaxed or prepared for the Supper. It was a co-operative meal with each family providing a dish of their choice of a traditional menu. This consisted of hot dogs and hamburgers, potato or pasta salad, a variety of veggies plate, chips, and drinks of sodas and beer. Following would be the dessert plus the traditional watermelon. Inclusion of the watermelon was always problematical - because it was always placed in the stream or lake to cool. Then, it was always fair game to

find it by an adventurous individual or group and hide it in another location. Sometimes, this relocation is done several times - and in the process - gets lost, or at least, unaccounted for until the process of elimination locates it. That can be very interesting, to finally resolve the findings and relocations - so the melon can be used.

The final event of a long day is the town fireworks, traditional for July 4th. For as long as I can remember, our family has gone by boat to see the spectacle. This serves to provide an enjoyable evening boat ride, an unobstructed view of the display, and additional socializing with coffee and popcorn being served while waiting. One boat served in past years, now we need three boats including our party barge that carries 12 - 14 persons. We have quite a party when we tie up together - to wait for the display. About 9:20 PM the first fireball will rise to the skies amid the cheers of the crowd. The display lasts for about 30 minutes - until a spectacular finale. Then begins the final comedy of watching the assembled flotilla make their departure in the dark, without a mishap of some kind. Years of experience has taught us to relax and watch the scene & enjoy. Within 10 minutes, the chaos has passed and we can make an orderly departure. Frankly, I think the young people would have rather joined the fray. The night boat trip return to camp was part of the fun - quiet, dark and mysterious. Arriving back at Camp, the older group has thoughts of bedtime. Later, we'll learn the young people will head for town by car - or assemble at the Lean-to and work on their stash of beer.

When the July 4th National Holiday is ended, many of the family must return home to be ready for a return to work. Sometimes, an extra day or two, or maybe a week, can be managed and their holiday extended. The extra visit is appreciated by all - giving more time for visiting, shopping in town, or an Adirondack adventure.

NO TELEVISION

When our family came to Oven Point Camp in 1952, television was not a choice because it did not exist in the Adirondack Mts - and definitely not in Long Lake. Consequently, we did not miss what we did not have. Even radio had such poor reception that we seldom listened during the evening. So, we turned to other forms of entertainment. If the weather was pleasant, a canoe ride to watch the setting sun was popular. Visiting with other cabin occupants was always a pleasure, or gathering at the Point to watch the sunset and observe passing canoeists making for Catlin Bay to camp. After dark, it was fun to play games at the Lodge kitchen table. The favorites were "Pit", "Go Fish", "Spoons", "Memory" - or the action games on the Carrom Board and the Soccer Box. Those were wonderful and exciting games that everyone thoroughly enjoyed.

The time came when TV technology improved and it was possible to receive TV

reception by cable - and later by satellite dish. Installation of one of the systems was considered, especially for the interest of the young people. Imagine our surprise and pleasure at their response when we consulted them. Their reaction was "Oh no - Camp would not be the same - if there was television". With that opinion, television installation was rejected - and not considered since. In their wisdom, they were right - as Camp would not be the same.

HUNTING

Hunting should have been ideal - since Oven Point Camp bordered on State land with thousands of acres of wild land with lots of animals to hunt. Generally, we were after deer, or possibly bear, if in season. There were plenty of stories among local residents about the deer taken in nearby woods - so we were optimistic about a successful hunt. For many years, hunting outings were organized, and we tramped the woods, over hill and dale. We saw sign, and even saw a flash of a deer disappearing over a hill, or behind some cover. We hunted the hills, the swamps - and they eluded us. We hunted early - we hunted late, but not successfully.

We had a group hunting one time - and we had assembled at the Catlin Bay Lean-to and found another group had arrived first. Naturally, we would give them the courtesy of going out first. They planned to spread shooters along the Lake placid-Northville trail - while the rest of their party would act as drivers between the Trail and the lakeshore - and try to flush out any deer. Our group stayed at Catlin Bay - and watched the drama unfold. The driving persons were spread out to cover the area - and started noisily driving through - when close by one of the drivers came a deer daintily walking around the driver and watching him over its shoulder. It proved to us how close you can be and still be undetected. The deer came within 100 ft. of us - and would have been an easy target - but it was a doe. Imagine its surprise when it did see us.

On another hunting trip, we would hunt the Mt. Kempshall area - having taken a boat down lake to the shore trail to Kempshall. We hiked up to the saddle between Kempshall and Blueberry Mts. I went right - and my companion went off to the left. Soon, I encountered fresh tracks and decided to follow them in the snow. They led up Blueberry Mt. to the top - and as I followed, the tracks did a 180 degree turn and were going down the mountain. All I could think about was that wily old deer watching me as I climbed the mountain, while he was already on his way down. I never saw it or got a shot.

Robb and Patricia came up one fall when we planned to hunt. Patricia was always critical of hunting poor little "Bambi" - when after all, you could buy meat at the grocers. We tried to explain that hunting was not all that easy - and on impulse in-

vited her to join us on the hunt, and she accepted. We would awaken at 5 AM - and be on our "stand" by 6:30 AM, before dawn. It was a cold morning - and even adequately dressed, became uncomfortable after a long wait. No luck - so we started still hunting through the woods, over hill, dale and swamp. The lunch at noon was pleasant, and after a rest started out again. We saw lots of tracks, and maybe even heard one going away. But, no deer were evident. Even Patricia now began to get on our side - "Where were those miserable deer"? If "Bambi" had shown up - I think she was ready to shoot him. So - no luck - and we walked back to camp - ready for Happy Hour. When we were all relaxed and Happy - Patricia admitted that she had stopped worrying about Bambi - and his chances of getting shot.

I have hunted the woods around Oven Point Camp for many years - and I have enjoyed the adventure. But, I have never shot a deer. Maybe it's because I enjoy seeing the lay of the land, over the next hill. So, I'm not a deer slayer - but a few rabbits and grouse have fallen victim to my .22 rifle or pistol. When I am asked if I am a hunter - I usually hedge and say, "No - I'm really an explorer."

BEARS AT OVEN POINT CAMP

Bears are plentiful in the Long Lake area. The town logo is a mother bear and cub. We have the eastern Black Bear - reputed to be much less aggressive than a western grizzly bear. Generally, the ones we see, run about 350 - 450 lbs for an adult. But, they trapped a sow at the Long Lake dump that weighed 602 lbs. The town dump used to be the place to go to see bear - often even in the daytime. But, the ideal time was evening, after the garbage had been dumped all day long. They would start to amble out of the woods until there would be 12 - 18 bears pawing over the garbage - and sometimes squabbling about it. Few would challenge the big ones however. Many people came to "see the bears" - and it was not unusual to have 20 - 25 cars parked at the dump edge. Most got out of their cars to see better and to take pictures. By nightfall, flashbulbs were going off - sometimes in close proximity to the bears. Generally, they ignored the flashes - or the people who unwisely got too close. Sometimes, people acted very foolish, when they tried to hand feed them while father got the picture. And, the prize story is the one of the tourists who tried to place their child on the bear - so father could take the picture. One night when our family was there, people lined the dump edge using their flashlights to watch the bears. Suddenly, there was a commotion behind them - and lots of excitement - when a bear approached behind the crowd, on his way to the dump. Fortunately, it was a friendly one. But, the crowd was sobered with stories of the power of a bear swipe with its paw - wiping whole sides of man or dog. Remember to watch your back side - when bears are around.

Bears visit Oven Point Camp often - and we have three or four incidents every summer. They come looking for an easy food source - and love to find a full garbage can. Even though the lids are tied down (mostly for the raccoons) the bears bite the edge and rip it off. Our garbage racks cause them some effort to overturn it - so the noise will alert people in the cabins. The appearance of lights and people used to scare them off. In late years, this has become more difficult, requiring shouts, rocks, and gunshots to drive them off. Dog barks will alarm them also - but we never let our pets be exposed to the power of a bear. I have only had one bear who challenged me. I had surprised him sitting on our back steps - dipping his ^(paw) hand into the garbage can - and surprised us both when I opened the back door. He ran off about 100 ft. - then turned, arched his back in a fighting action and sidled back at me. Shouts did not deter him - so I picked up a hand full of gravel and threw it at him - and he bolted. But, he reluctantly drew away, looking back at me - as to say, "I'll remember you".

Bears have pulled down bird feeders, walked across the decks, spread garbage over the ground, carried garbage cans into the woods, and even reared up to peek into the windows. That's exciting. Our damage by bears is minimal so far. When we have a caller, we'll drive him off - except for the baby that ran up a tree - just like his mama told him. Then, he cried for an hour wanting to come down. Only by ^{over} going out of sight - did he come down and scoot away into the woods. That was better than having Mama come calling for him. Every Camp has bear stories. Our neighbor across the lake had a bear break into a freezer on the porch - and make off with their summer meat supply. A neighbor down the lake had a bear overturn a gas operated refrigerator in the house - and the flame set the house afire and burned it down along with 3 acres of woods. If a bear, attracted by food smell, gets into your house - count on lots of damage. A suggestion - store your garbage in the garage where the petroleum smell masks the food smell. The Ranneys - across the lake - made a metal grill that was wired with 110 volt current - that shocked the bear when he stepped on it to get the garbage can. Our grandchildren remember the night when I routed a bear with a Frisbie that sailed close to his head. It was the only weapon I could find.

There are a couple trophy bear skins at Oven Point Camp. One was acquired with the Camp (or did Scott receive it as a gift from the Ranger at Forked Lake) and is on the wall at the Lodge. Another, was purchased from Don Waite, whose hunting party bagged it in the nearby woods. It is in Chippewa presently. No bears have been killed at Oven Point Camp.

OVEN POINT CAMP PHOTOS

1999

Photos scanned and printed by Brian Young

Especially note:

Garage - New 1970

Lodge - Back deck (Tom and Cindy Evans - 1990)

Abnaki Cabin - New deck and bedroom

Seneca Cabin - New location plus living room addition

Algonquin Cabin - Former boathouse

Chippewa Cabin - Enclosed porch and added deck

Sunset Beach - Developed 1960

Covered Boat Dock - Added 1980

Survey Site - Verplank Colvin holes recognized

Camp Trail Map - by Gail Evans

Wood Shed and Shop - New 1969



Oven Point Logo



Camp Sign



Garage at Parking Lot



Lower Level of Garage



The 1972 Jimmy



Entry Trail



Lodge - Back Deck



Lodge - Front Porch



Lodge - Front Door



Lodge - West End

Seneca Cabin



Abnaki Cabin





Algonquin Cabin



Chippewa Cabin



Lean-to



Sunset Beach



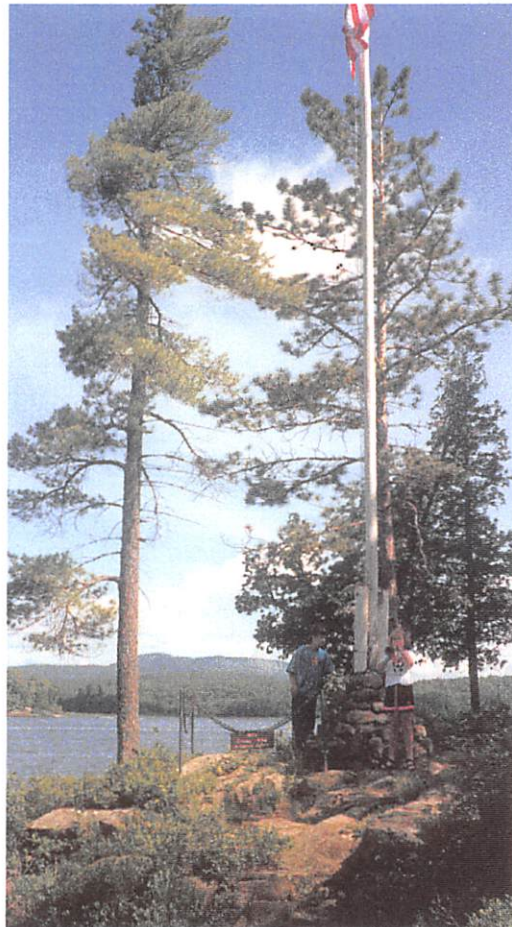
Sunrise Beach



Boat Dock



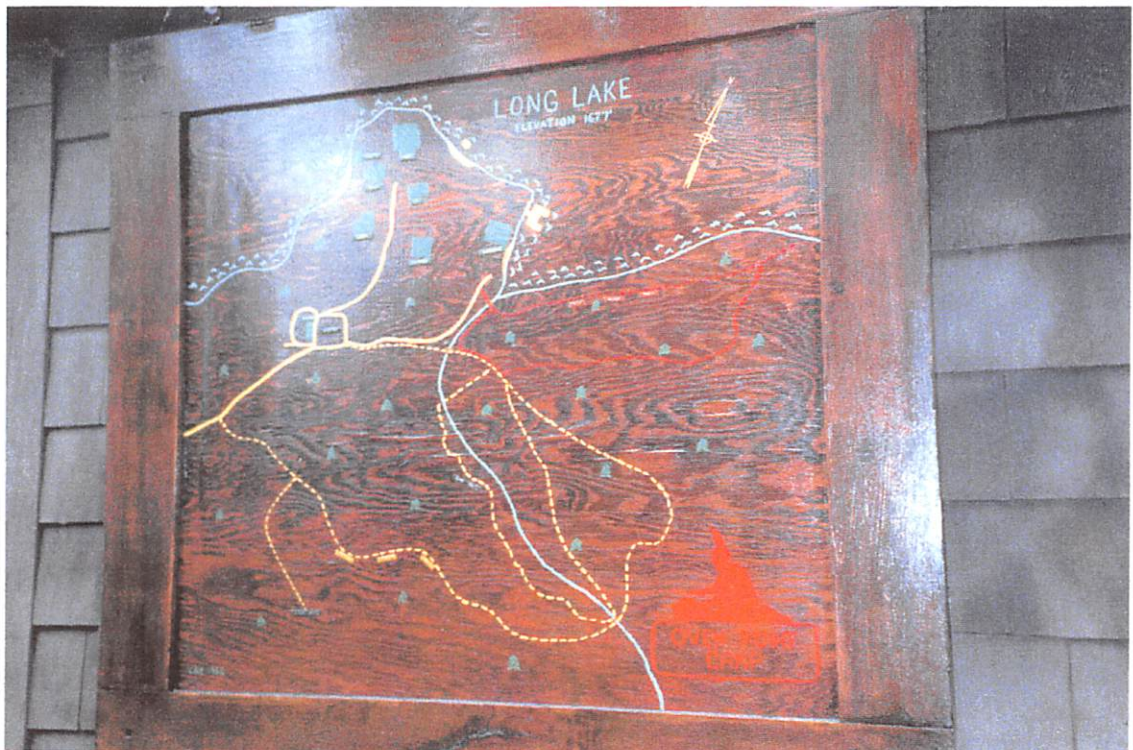
View Down the Lake



Original Flag Pole



Survey Site



Camp Trail Map



Wood Shed



Shop Interior

OVEN POINT CAMP - VIGNETTES

1952 - 1999

In 47 years experience at Oven Point Camp - many little happenings occurred to spice up our lives and are remembered. At Family Gatherings, these are stories that often are brought up for the retelling.

Of course, there are additional stories that have never been told. For those, I might suggest that you contact the grandchildren.

1. CANOE TRIP - OVEN POINT CAMP TO TUPPER LAKE

Our trip was planned during a warm pleasant day in September - not expecting it to be much different Sept 30th. Willie and I, with Gail and Scott, had returned to Oven Point Camp from South Salem for this week-end canoe trip. The older boys had made the trip earlier in the summer - now Willie, Gail and Scott wanted to go. We would take one 18' canoe for the four of us - as the young children were not paddlers yet. So, they would ride, with camping gear packed around them.

Saturday, Sept. 30th - we were up early to pack and prepare for departure. It had turned colder overnight - and the wind was blowing with some dark clouds. As we were about to push off - snow flurries started to fall. That prompted me to return and get a wool blanket for each of us to place in our sleeping bags. There was no thought of not going - so we pushed off - into a head wind from the northeast. That was unfortunate - as we usually had a prevailing wind from the west to help our progress - not hinder it. Willie and I were strong paddlers - and by keeping close to the shore - we avoided some wind and cold and made good progress down the lake. Gail and Scott were dressed warmly - and stayed comfortable by snuggling down out of the wind. By noon, we were down to the end of Long Lake where we had our lunch. Then, into Racquette River, and the close woods protected us from the wind. The sun peeked out at times - so we were warmer - and thoroughly enjoyed the ride down the river to the Falls. Now, we had a $1\frac{1}{4}$ mile portage around the Falls - but when we rejoined the river, our camp site for the night was close by. We had to make two trips to portage the canoe and all the gear for four. But, the trail back to the start point was so beautiful along the Falls area - we did not mind. The children who had been sitting all day, especially enjoyed the opportunity to run. The portage went very well.

Our camp was a State Lean-to - and we arrived early enough to set up a good camp. It was getting colder as the day waned - and we were glad we brought the extra wool blanket for each sleeping bag. We cooked a hot dinner that warmed us - and then built up the fire to warm the Lean-to and enjoy its warmth as we talked about the days adventure. We did not last long - as we had a strenuous day - and was ready for bed. After clean up - we set out a water bucket for next day use. We slept warmly, but the next morning was cold. So cold, it had frozen a crust of ice on our water bucket. And, we were chilled, to leave the sleeping bag to get dressed. We built up the fire - and enjoyed the hot chocolate when it was ready. A hot breakfast lifted our spirits - and the activity of packing warmed us - and we were soon ready for departure. No more portages - but we did have a long paddle to Tupper Lake. It was downstream current - and we had a very enjoyable paddle in the narrow river. We had not seen another boat or person - so the pristine area was a special experience. We had lunch on the river

bank, just before entering onto the long pond that led to Tupper Lake. We had paddled into a east wind on Long Lake - and looked forward to the tailwind as we paddled west to Tupper Lake. Can you believe it? The wind now shifted - and was strongly coming out of the west. We had no windbreak of woods trees to help us. Now, we had to buck the wind - and paddle hard to make headway. Fortunately, we only had to paddle about 2 miles - and that was enough. Willie and I were happy when we finally reached Tupper Lake - and the short paddle to the Marina where we had a car waiting. But, when we turned to parallel the shore - the waves made it unstable and threatening. We managed but were happy to end our canoe trip without incident. We had paddled 32 miles in difficult circumstances. We were justly proud and pleased with our achievement.

(Ed. note: Long Lake to Tupper Lake is a great trip - best done in the summer time.)

2. ROBB LEARNS TO WATERSKI

Robb had been enviously watching the water skiers - and talked about the time when he would try to do it. We had the skis - and the Chief runabout boat with a 40 HP outboard engine - whenever he announced he wanted to try. Apparently, he was giving it a lot of thought, but we were surprised when one morning he announced that he wanted to try water skiing. He said that he had dreamed about it - knew just how it was done - and was sure he could do it. So, without further instruction from anyone, we prepared the equipment for him to try. The moment had come. He was in shallow water of Sunset Beach - with the tow rope nearly taut - the boat engine idling. He called, "Hit it" - and full power was applied. He was pulled a few feet through the water - then popped to the surface riding on the skis. We continued up the lake - and then made a couple circuits - while he confidently rode the skis. Finally, he indicated the shore - and we took him close - then he let go and rode the skis to the beach. He was a skier - and became ever more expert - to fulfill his dream. I wonder what he'll dream up next.

3. BATS

Oven Point Camp had bats - the flying kind. Being such a voracious eater^{of} insects, Camp should have been insect free, but we were not. We did enjoy seeing them in flight in the evening, as they pursued their insect meal. Our problem was that they wanted live in our houses - primarily the Lodge and Chippewa Cabin - and sometimes the others. That was intolerable - so we went on the offensive. We tried passive measures- burning sulfer, hanging bags of moth balls, and pestering them. That helped, but we still had

flying bats and bat droppings to contend with. It is disconcerting to see a bat - and even more so to not see him but hear his flying wings during the night when in bed. We finally identified his hiding places - above the ridge board of the living room in the Lodge and in the attic of Chippewa. Using a BB gun in the Lodge, their numbers were decimated to a reasonable tolerance. Later, when exterior spaces were sealed, they were denied entry. At Chippewa, a colony were driven out from the attic or were killed with a Badminton racquet if they flew around the attic space. Again, we closed the entry access - and the problem solved itself. I like the bat statistics regarding insects - but not their choice of abode in people homes. There are such things as bat structures, designed to accomodate them. And, I hear there are ultra sound devises to discourage them. If the problem arises again, we'll be more hi-tech or consider a bat house high on a pole.

4. CATS

There have been a number of cats at Oven Point. (Later, I'll identify the cat with the owner - under the title PETS.) At this time, I want to tell some cat stories. I'll start with the gross - and try to end on a happier note.

Our daughter Gail had a cat that liked to hunt. She was a good mouser - and caught a good many - for which gets our appreciation. But, she caught them at night and liked to bring them under her bed to consume them - and rather noisily. She liked all but the tails - which she left as a memento.

This hunter cat also liked to hunt outside in the night. Unfortunately, she must have cleaned out a colony of flying squirrels - because she brought a tail to leave on the window sill - giving evidence that she deserved full credit. Nature is harsh.

Gail had a cat named "Beauty" - a calico that lived up to her name. She liked to sleep on the window seat of the dining room in the Lodge. She was snoozing there one evening - and inadvertently became the bait to attract a Snowy Owl. I have always admired the beauty of the Snowy Owl, but had never seen one in natural conditions - especially in full plumage with wings outstretched. "Beauty" gave me this fantastic sight - when I was in the room where the cat was sleeping with an open picture window just behind her. I heard a noise - looked up - and saw the Snowy owl hovering outside the screen, with wide spread wings - and looking at the cat. It was a sight never to be forgotten. And, a cat that was fortunate to be inside protected by a screen.

Robb and Patricia brought a pretty gray cat to camp when they visited one time. It was very independent and was allowed the freedom of the camp. We agreed to look after the cat while they went away for a few days - as it would be no trouble.

The cat was let out after they left - and was ignored for the rest of the day. But, come nightfall, we went looking for the cat - since it had not come home on its own. We looked high and low - but no cat came running. We could not find the cat. So, we hoped it would show up the next day. But, no cat showed up at Camp all day long. We enlisted everyone in Camp to search for the cat. Now, it was gone for nearly two days and we were worried we had lost Robb and Patricia's cat. By supper time, we were about to despair of finding the cat, when somebody reported that they heard a cat meowing near the Heater Room of the Lodge. We looked, and looked but saw nothing. But, we did hear a cat somewhere around the stone chimney. We searched some more - and by chance I opened the iron door to the ashes clean out chamber of the chimney - and out strolled the cat - unconcerned as you please. We were happy to solve the mystery of a lost cat but how did she get there. We surmized that the cat went up on the roof - where she did like to explore. From there, she jumped up on the top of the open chimney, perhaps after prey, or just exploring. And, succeeded in falling into the chimney - and down about 30 feet to the bottom. I vizualize her scratching and clawing all the way down. Fortunately, there was ashes and soot on the bottom to break her fall - and she survived. Fortunately too, she could still talk with meows loud enough to be heard. I'd still guess she used up one of her nine lives. We all remember - when the cat fell down the chimney.

5. DUCK DOWN A CHIMNEY

If a cat can fall down a chimney - why not a duck. This mystery has not been solved - but Tom and Cindy found a duck in Abnaki Cabin when they came one spring. It was dead, but had apparently survived the fall down the chimney. It probably died from lack of food and the winter cold. How - and why would a duck attempt to land on a chimney - and fall in? If you can ever figure this logic - please let me know.

6. SCOTT AND HIS DOG HEIDI

There have always been dogs at Oven Point Camp. Heidi was a blond Labrador - and had all the fine characteristics that make them "mans best friend". Heidi was Scott's dog - and they had many adventures together. Around Camp, they were inseparable - in swimming, boating, walking the woods - or just going next dochr. When, for some reason, he did not take her with him in the boat - she would wait on the shore for his return. She would recognize the engine noise on the return, and be there on the shore to greet him.

In the college years that Scott returned to Camp, one of his favorite outings was to hike to the high peaks area. Some times he left from Camp - at others - we

would transport him to Tahawus - saving him 20 miles of hiking. He usually would be gone 3-5 days - with a scheduled time and place to pick him up. Heidi was always his companion on these jaunts - so she shared walking the Lake Placid Trail, swimming in Nymphs Bathtub, overnighiting in hermit Rondeaus camp, and visiting with hikers at Duck Hole. They climbed some of the high peaks and enjoyed the grandeur of Indian Pass. I'd guess that Scott would endorse the philosophy that "Man needs the woods, where he can go and restore something within himself". And, what better than a loving friend like Heidi to share it with. After 3-5 days, we'd meet him at the rendezvous near Tahawua - and enjoy the ride home hearing of his adventures with Heidi. She wasn't listening - she was resting at his side, with her head in his lap.

7. LIFE SAVING AT SUNRISE BEACH

Beaches have provided endless opportunities for fun and excitement. Yet, sometimes it is the scene of accidents and even tragedy. On a summer day that encouraged activity at the beach - children were in the water cavorting about - while the adults talked on the shore. Julie Searle was visiting her parents who were renting a cabin at Oven Point Camp - and part of the adults on the shore. Willie was also a part of the group - enjoying the group conversation. She was watching the children at the same time - and became aware of a child floating face down in deep water, and not moving. As it was told to me, she did not hesitate, but rushed into the water to rescue a small girl who truly was in trouble. Fortunately, the rescue was in time to avoid a tragedy - resulting only in a scared little girl who quickly recovered after some spitting up and some tears. The grandparents were deeply appreciative - and always referred to Willie as the "one who saved our grand-daughters life".

On another summer day, Gail was part of a group swimming at Sunrise Beach, as a canoeist passed by beyond the swimming area. It was an older man alone in the canoe. While young people will sometimes overturn their canoes deliberately - no one will get unduly alarmed when it happens. But, this caught Gails attention - and she watched as he tried to right the canoe - without success. As he tried to climb into it, the canoe would roll repeatedly. Gail realized that he was tiring - and he was getting in a panic. It was time to react - and she swam out to the man and canoe to try to help. By holding the canoe from the opposite side, she stopped the rolling - allowing the man to relax and just hold on. Together, they were able to push the canoe to shore where he could get his footing to walk to the beach. Apparently, he was exhausted and took some time to recover. The canoe was brought to shore by Gail and others, where it was emptied of water and set upright on the beach. After the man fully recovered, he wanted to continue in the canoe. But, before doing so, he thanked Gail for her act of courage to rescue him - averting a tragedy.

8. CHIPPEWA CABIN: AFIRE

We were not in Camp when Chippewa caught fire - and we learned about the events from those who were. This is how we heard it.

Willie and I were in New York City - first to see our son Tom as he departed to live in Ceylon (Sri Lanka) for a year on a Fulbright Scholarship. And, secondly, to depart myself, as Captain on a Pan American flight on regular duty. Willie would return to Oven Point Camp, to stay in my absence. She had arrived in Saranac Lake, on her way home, when she encountered a friend from Long Lake who asked about the fire. Incredulous, Willie asked, "What fire"? The reply was, "Oh - didn't you know - your Camp was on fire". What an emotional experience that must have been - as Willie hurried back to Oven Point Camp - to learn - and imagine the worst.

The fire started shortly after daybreak - and was noticed by a person from another cabin who was on a walk-about at Camp. His interest was aroused when he noticed that mist seemed to be rising from the roof of Chippewa Cabin. He said that he ignored it initially, but closer attention disclosed it was coming through the shingles - and appeared to be smoke. He then went to the cabin to arouse the family there - and found that they were completely unaware that there was a problem. There was no evidence of fire on the living area of the cabin. If there was any smoke smell, it had not alarmed anyone. There was a ceiling access to the attic, but it required a ladder to gain access. When they went outside and confirmed the smoke coming through the shingles, they used the phone to call the fire department in Long Lake.

The fire department responded promptly, but they had to assemble the volunteers to man the equipment - and make a $3\frac{1}{2}$ mile run to Camp. There is no record of what time was involved - but it was estimated to be about 15 - 20 minutes. The firemen reported that the smoke was still coming through the shingles as they arrived, but as they investigated, the first small flames appeared. Obviously, they would soon have a real conflagration. Apparently, they chopped a hole in the roof to get at the source, and doused it with water from a pumper that they had located at the boat beach. That put the fire out - and upon further examination, found only scorched rafters and ceiling boards in the attic. The integrity of the structure was not seriously hurt. They tried to find the source of the spark to set off the fire - such as a crack or hole in the chimney. Nothing was ever found - and it remains a mystery of how it ever got started.

Our neighbor, and former owner, Dan Jennings came over to see if he could help. Learning that we were not present, or available to contact, he took charge to sweep out the water on the floor, and arranged to have the hole in the roof covered. He was

About 11 PM , we noticed that it was getting misty outside but was unconcerned and went to bed. The boys return was not expected before midnight. At about 2 AM we were awoken by a phone call from the Searles - inquiring about the boys and girls return - and was I aware that it was very foggy outside. I replied in the negative - but realized that the Searles were very concerned for the welfare of the group. I checked the fog - and found it as thick as any I had ever seen. I turned on the Point light - and could hardly see it from the Lodge. Yes - boat navigation would be very difficult, but Robb and Tom knew the lake very well.

The Searles apparently, decided to go looking for the boat party - and nearly became victims themselves. We, too, attempted to help by turning on all Trail lights - hoping to guide them , if they were close. While we were out, we heard a boat approaching then screams of "STOP" - "STOP" - as they nearly piled up on the rocks near Algonquin. Yes - the fog was very thick - and easy to lose your direction. It was the Searle men - out looking for their girls. They decided it was a lost cause - and decided to go home. We pointed out the direction and they left. But, they must have circled - because they again almost grounded on the Oven Point rocks. This time, we directed them to our Point light - and told them to hold direction until reaching the opposite side. They succeeded - and reported they arrived home - but only by luck. I tried to allay their concern - by my trust in the boys good judgement. It was 3 PM - and nothing I could do then - Willie and I went to bed.

Awake by 7 AM - and the fog thick as ever - we waited for the fog to lift. With sunrise, the fog began to burn off and lift a bit. By 8:15 AM we heard a boat approaching - and it was the "Chief" with the two boys. They had already taken the girls to the Searle Camp. Their story was simple and showed good judgement. They had left the party about midnight in a light fog. They had followed the shore about half way home, past Camp Island, and by then the fog was extremely thick. They lost their orientation - so when they came to a landing point, decided it was dangerous to continue - and decided to wait for sunrise. When the sun came up, and visibility improved, they found they were on an island, west of Round Island, and not far from home. They were easily able to proceed to the Searles - and then came home. It was an interesting experience . They got lost in the fog - but they did not lose their good judgement - and did the right thing. Everyone was safe - with a story to tell.

12. ROMANCE AT OVEN POINT CAMP

It has not been determined if it is the mountain air, the altitude, the Long Lake water supply, or the scenery - but romance is in the air at Oven Point Camp. This fact is attested by Robb proposing to Patricia at Oven Point Camp - and later were married. Later, Paul Nordt proposed to Syd at O.P.C. - and later married.

13. A LUNAR ECLIPSE

Where ever Willie is, when there is a celestial spectacular, she will urge everyone to attend and enjoy. Our children did not have much choice in their early years - she insisted that they add to their education - no matter what time of day or night. So, after the children were gone from home, she applied the same insistence to our cabin campers - when a Lunar Eclipse was destined to happen at 2 AM. First she announced the event so they didn't miss the event. Then, she started erudite explanations so they would understand. Then, she invited them to a Lean-to party with refreshments so they were tempted.

It was the night of the big event. A campfire was started at midnight - and soon the campers started arriving. Refreshments of hot drinks (coffee, tea, and chocolate) were available along with marshmallows to be roasted, popcorn, and home made cookies. Now, everyone in the cabins had assembled - and it was a party. It was to be a total eclipse - starting about 1 AM - and we were out of the Lean-to, down on the rocks to see the first indication. Finally, there was a shout, "I see it" - and sure enough there was a slight black nibble at the edge of the full moon. From then on, the progression was obvious, and facinating to observe. The bright full moon was fading - and the bright night sky turning dusky. About 2 AM, the shadow on the moon completely covered the moon - and everyone watched in awe - and were silent. Explanations were made to the children - and some adults- who did not fully understand. We waited until the shadow passed and the bright moon began to emerge - and people started to talk again. Weariness also began to take its toll - and by ones and twos began to slip away to their beds. Before going, they had to thank Willie for the party and the educational opportunity to have such an experience. We stayed on till the moon was full again, raked up the fire to be safe, cleaned up a bit - and we too stole off to our beds. It was a memorable occasion.

P.S. Willie is often asked, "Remember the Lunar Party at 2 AM?" so I'm sure the Eclipse has been well remembered.

14. VOLLEY BALL

For a good many years, we had a volley ball court set up on the Boat Beach - next to Algonquin Cabin. It was utilized for badminton, but it was the volley ball games that got the fierce competition. Everyone in the family played - from the youngest child to Grandpa. It got to be so much fun that we started a regular scheduled time- so everyone could count on it. Few wanted to miss the big game of the day. Dinners would sometimes have to be adjusted - so we would have time to complete the competition. Those were great years of fun times. Then, kids grew up, had jobs, or college interests, and we stopped. But, another generation will come along - we hope.

15. TREASURE HUNTS & PENATA PARTY

Treasure Hunts for the grandchildren were popular for a couple years - and are still remembered fondly by those participating. The clues took them to about 15 places that covered locations from the Lodge to the Garage and on to beaches, stream, cabins, Indian Rock, Oven Point, Lean-to, cabins, woodshed, and finally to the swim float. The last was hard to find, until some remembered the swim float had an under side to consider. The prize was hard won, but they had fun. And, the Adults had fun watching the "grands" figure out the clues.

The Treasure Hunts were so much fun, the "grands" figured the Adults should have one too. They figured out a doozie - and had us running all over Camp following the clues. And, the "grand" enjoyed the watching too - and their grins testified to the fact. The grand prize was candy bars for all of us - and they were enjoyed.

Gramps and Grannie took a RV Caravan trip into Mexico one winter - and enjoyed watching a Penata party for the Mexican children. That seemed like so much fun - we bought a penata - carried all through Mexico - and finally to Camp. At the July 4th family gathering, we would introduce this foreign custom to our "grands". Finally, the time came and we rigged the penata (an ornate cardboard donkey filled with candies) on a rope that could be raised and lowered. The object was to smash the donkey with a heavy stick, while you are blindfolded - and if you succeed - the candies will spill out - and is the signal to rush forward and claim your share. Like all participants, when you are blindfolded, you are allowed to be led to the penata - and at a signal start smashing with your stick. But, the penata is maneuvered up and down, so many whacks only cleave the air, producing a comical sight. It was a fun event, and now is understood why its popular in Mexico at childrens parties. Our "grands" took turns entertaining the crowd, but getting an occasional solid whack. Finally, a critical hit occured, and open spilled the candy for the participating group. It was our only Penata Party - but it would be fun to have another. Are there any young people to play?

16. INTERESTING CHARACTERS - SOME CDD.

a. Beach girl - It was with some surprise that we discovered a canoe pulled up on Sunset Beach - with a girl beside it asleep. At first, we were inclined to wake her and ask her business. But, we did not - and let her sleep on. After several hours, we became concerned about her, and asked Robb to investigate, while we observed. She did rouse, but Robb said she was incoherent about where she was - and why she was there. Fortunately, she could identify her destination, but seemed incapable of getting there on her own. So, Robb volunteered to take her by boat and tow her canoe. That worked out

fine, and Robb was able to get her to the camp where she was expected. His conclusion was that she had taken drugs - and ran out of control as she passed our beach. We've enjoyed a lot of conjecture about her - and have given her the name "Sweetpea".

b. Camper in the Lean-to - It was not unusual to discover that strangers were occupying our Lean-to. When challenged why they were in this private facility, very often they replied that they thought it was State Land. Apparently, their map or instructions mentioned Lean-tos on a point of Land. Obviously, they had mistaken Oven Point for the Catlin Bay State Campsite. The presence of the Lodge and cabins did not make an impression on them. If it was early in the day, I'd point out Catlin Bay and ask them to leave. If it was late, and the group was polite and agreeable, I'd invite them to stay for the night. And, please, clean up when you go.

c. NUDE ON THE SWIM FLOAT. Nude swimming is not unheard of at Oven Point Camp, but it was confined to after dark, and with appropriate companions. This liberal minded female, who was passing via canoe, decided a swim would be pleasant - and proceeded to strip down to her birthday suit to enjoy it. No one was on Sunrise Beach at this time, but Cindy observed the proceedings from the Lodge. Incensed, she marched down to the beach to inform this person that she was on private property - and would have to go. She went, but not without liberal attitudes of non agreement. This character did not get a name - but, The Nude - reminds us of the incident.

d. Break-ins at Camp - It is not unusual to have break-ins at seasonal camps. We were warned early in our ownership to never let it be known that there was guns or liquor in the camp - or expect break-ins to get it. That advice has been followed - and we have had only three break-ins - and the consequences were minimal.

These three instances were: 1. Entry was forced to enter Abnaki Cabin - probably to just get out of the weather. Nothing was stolen - and the furniture only slightly misplaced. 2. Algonquin was broken into at the southwest bedroom - by ripping the screen and breaking the window. It was the most difficult to enter since it was so high off the ground - so I question their logic. Again, there was nothing stolen, nor anything damaged of any consequence. They did insult my sense of propriety - by using the toilet for a dirty job. 3. The third instance was not a break-in but still a trespass. Probably a hunter, set up his camp in the old woodshed - and built a fire in the center. It was discovered the next spring, with evidence of the fire smoldering deep into the sawdust & chips. We were lucky that it did not develop into a roaring fire.

Other instances of trespass have happened often at the Lean-to, during the off season. The Lean-to is shuttered and locked - so it is not available for use. But, the fireplace, and a woodshed nearby, provide a cooking or warming area ready made for use. It is not right to trespass and use, but if they will prevent a fire hazard I would be willing to accept it. These are some of the things that go with absentee ownership. One can only hope for the best. Actually, we have been fortunate - for the 48 years.

e. Trespassing drivers. As a stranger would arrive on the parking lot, it was obvious that it was for parking. Plus - there was a sign that said, "No Cars on Trail". But, several times a summer, persons would drive into Camp on the narrow trail to get there. Obviously, they don't get far till they dead end. Then, they look offended when I read them off - for driving here at all. One driver tried to show me a map that showed a roadway down our side of the lake - and looked askance when I told him it didn't exist.

The worst driver to invade Camp - came roaring into the limit of his travel - and had hit a rock and two trees along the way. I was steaming by the time I reached him - but found myself frustrated by the fact he was deaf and dumb. How he was ever allowed behind the wheel of a car, I'll never know. It was a small triumph just to get him turned around - and started back. Yes, I think he hit the same rock and trees on the way out. Boy - some days you can't win. I was happy to see him disappear over the Camp hill - and if he never returns - it will be too soon.

f. Church violinist - This very nice guest to our Camp was invited when the Westlyan Church minister made the request for accomodations. We had lots of space to sleep him at the Bunk Room - and he would take his two meals with us at the Lodge. All went well for the evening meal - but I was surprised he brought his instrument to the dining room, and placed it where it was in his full view. After some socializing, our friend prepared to go to the Bunk Room to sleep - and was taking his violin. I offered to have him leave it in the dining room - saving him the inconvenience of moving it. But, he explained that it was a very valuable instrument that was highly insured, and by contract he must keep it with him at all times. So, he took it to the Bunk Room - and I hoped the squirrels would not find it and chew on it. At breakfast, there he was with his violin - fully living up to his contract. He was a very conscientious person - but that violin would be like an albatross around one's neck.

g. A frantic knock on the door at midnight. We had gone to bed, but not yet asleep when the frantic knock on the kitchen door brought us wide awake. Responding, we opened the door to a very distraught man who stated, "I've got a dying boy in my canoe - and I need a doctor." He stated that the boy was unconscious - and they had brought him from half way down the lake to the first lights they saw. Willie called Dr. Hosley in Long Lake - and he agreed to see him when we arrived. Since the road into camp was only a walking trail at that time, I arranged for the canoe to be paddled to the garage. I had lights on - and the Suburban prepared by the time they arrived. Rather than lifting the boy out, into the car, it was easier to lift canoe & boy into the cargo space of the car. This went very quickly, and we were on our way. The man said he had a group of boys on a canoe trip - and left them to bring this boy for a doctor. The boy was not moving - and had been unconscious for some time.

Arriving at Dr. Hosley's, we found him ready to look at the boy - and we untrained persons feared the worst. But, Dr. Hosley took control and did something that amazed me at the time. He took his knuckles to press on the boy's eyes - and almost immediately the boy began thrashing around - and gradually becoming conscious. Dr. Hosley explained that the boy had epilepsy and had been having a fit. He may have given him medication, but said he should be all right. But, he recommended taking him to the Tupper Lake hospital - for observation overnight. Fortunately, this man had his car parked near by and would take the boy to Tupper Lake.

The next day, the man returned with the boy - but said that the parents were due in town to pick up the boy. He said further, that the parents had not advised him of the boys condition - and had actually covered up the fact. He still seemed shaken up - and I guess anyone would be, paddling in the dark on Long Lake at midnight, with a boy you thought was dying. Fortunately, the story had a happy ending.

h. A healthy looking young couple showed up at the Lodge one evening - and were carrying hiking packs. They had a strange request. They wanted to rent a cabin overnight - then leave their hiking & camping gear while they returned to Lake Placid where they left their car. They said that they planned an early start - and expected to return to Oven Point Camp by about 5 PM. Unfortunately, we did not have a cabin for them, but offered to let them sleep in the Bunk Room. "That would be perfect", they said. And, so it was arranged. I wondered about their schedule, since I had hiked that 35 mile route and had taken two days. But, they were confident that without their packs they could do it, and it would be a nice walk in the woods. We were never aware of their departure time, because they were gone when we arose. Later, they said they left at first light. And, they must have known their capabilities, because at 5 PM, they were back saying that all went well. They were two fine young people.

i. A MURDERER LOOSE IN THE ADIRONDACK MTS. The news services reported that a murderer broke loose from jail in Saranac Lake. Further reports put him in Tupper Lake, where he had shot a policeman, making his escape from a suspected house. He was armed, and dangerous, and thought to be working his way south (toward Long Lake). A road block was set up near Long Lake, and all residents advised to keep their doors locked when gone from home. Several weeks passed, before it was discovered that the fugitive probably broke into a camp down the lake that was well supplied with food. Now, this situation was getting close and serious. Still later, a camp reported that a boat was stolen. and the police surmized that it was used to get around the road block to the south end of Long Lake. The roadblock was moved to the Blue Mt. Lake region. Nothing happened after that, and it was assumed that the murderer had escaped - and the road-block was removed. By now the summer was over - and Camp was closed.

There was a sequel that was interesting. The murderer had indeed made his escape by walking through the woods to avoid the roadblock, watching them as he did so. He walked out of the Adirondack region, breaking into empty camps to find food. Then, he made his way west, where he was driving a car and made a traffic error. When the police picked him up, it was a minor matter, and could have been dismissed with a fine. But, the man acted suspicious, and did not give good answers to questions. So, eventually, he was searched - and they found a newspaper account of this escape and search in the Adirondack Mts. The police made an inquiry - and confirmed that this man was probably the fugitive. Later, it was confirmed, and he was returned to New York - to serve out his sentence. That little newspaper article was the factor that did him in - and I'd bet that he said, "I'll never do that again".

j. Skinning a squirrel. Susan Evans had a reputation for crafts and home schooling. But, her esteem with the young children, and adults, was enhanced the day she skinned the squirrel. The squirrel was provided the day it pushed its luck in antagonizing the inhabitants of the Lodge. Susan proposed skinning and preserving the pelt - much to the delight of the youngsters present. The word spread - and soon adults were watching the process. Along with the skinning, the class was given a biology lesson. The pelt was a very attractive one, but how do you preserve it? Susan was ready for the question - and answered, "Nature has provided each animal with brains enough to cure the pelt". That was her source - and you can bet not one student has skipped the class. I suppose Susan has the pelt today, but you can bet a lot of young people will remember the day when - Susan skinned the squirrel.

17. TREES -AND THEIR AGE.

We have a variety of trees on Oven Point - with the giant ones being Pine, Hemlock, and Balsam Fir. When one of our giant hemlocks near Indian Rock died, it was taken down before it created a hazard. When it was down, I had the woodsman cut a cross section so we could count the rings of growth on it. Studying it, I realized that there were good years and bad years for growth - reflecting nature's scheme of things. But, the number of rings piqued my curiosity. I counted about 160 rings - making this tree a seedling about 1835. That was about the time that the white man came into the country to settle. The tree had seen a lot of history.

18. SCOTT - AND THE O.P.C. DUMP

Before there was a road to Oven Point Camp - so called "Camps down the lake" had a problem getting rid of garbage. We have heard that some camps would sink the garbage in the lake. Oven Point Camp created a dump area back of camp - at the base of the hill called Indian Hill. It was discovered one time when we were expanding the cleared area - to make it more attractive and passable. There were all kinds of debris - like steel barrels for dock flotation, food cans, medicine jars, whiskey bottles, glass canning jars to name a few.

Scott and his visiting friend Steve Zimmer undertook the job of clean up - to take it to the town dump. They took many a load out of that area - and apparently they were having fun. Later, I learned why - and it was because they could hurl the bottles down and watch them break. I was pleased to have the job done. Later still, we found that some of the whiskey and medicine bottles were valuable as collector items. Too late.

19. PETS AT OVEN POINT.

When we bought Oven Point Camp in 1952, we had two black Labrador dogs, named Topsy and Charcoal. They thoroughly enjoyed the freedom of camp life - and the children were their constant companions. Finally, they succumbed to old age with arthritis. Since the black Labs were the older boys dogs, now Gail wanted a dog of her own. She got a beautiful Golden Retriever that she named Cindy - and was a joy to see them together. Later, she got a Calico cat that she named Beauty.

Scott wanted a dog - and we got a blond Labrador for him. We think Labs are the perfect family dog. I liked what I heard about the blond Lab - "They have all the good characteristics of the blacks - and then some". That was Heidi - I have never known a dog that wanted to please you at all times. If she did not understand - keep talking - she would eventually get it.

Tom and Cindy brought pets to JPC. They had a black and white cat named Hobbit - because they were into the Hobbit books at that time. Then, they had a beautiful male Golden - who was a picture dog. But, his male characteristics sent him wandering. His name was Pollo. When he finally succumbed to fate, they tried a blond female Lab - and found another Heidi - the perfect dog. They named her Sandy - for her color. She was allowed to come to Camp with us - when Tom and Cindy could not be there. We had years of pleasure with Sandy. Tom and Cindy have a cat named Woody - that enjoys her life so much - she plans to live forever.

Our campers remember the summer we had a pet raccoon. Scott and Gail found him after its mother was killed by a car. So, they rescued it - even if Scott had to climb into a culvert to get him. It was so small, they had to feed it with a eye dropper. This rescue occurred in Westchester County of NYS. Now, it was time to move for the summer to Long Lake. And, he liked it - especially the lake where he searched for goodies. He thought he was a person - and did what we did. I guess its called bonding. He walked with us, swam with us, slept between pillows on our bed. He and Heidi were pals because Rocky would use his fingers to open closed doors - and when he scooted in, Sandy would follow. She tolerated a lot of his shenanigans.

Rocky had teeth like many small needles. He liked to tease us with a bite on the ear - and we never could break him of the habit. At Campfires, he liked to nip the kids - so we would often take him away. As Fall approached, we tried to acclimate him to the wild, but had no success. Fate intervened, when a man in Newcomb heard we had a raccoon available, and he wanted it for his son. We bid Rocky goodbye with mixed feeling. Later a naturalist confirmed that raccoons do not tame to make good pets. The Newcomb boy became a celebrity - riding his snowmobile with Rocky perched on his shoulder - and tail flying out in the wind. Rocky was close to being in raccoon heaven.

20. TRAIL LIGHTS .

Dan Jennings came over bring^{ing} me the good news personally - the electric company had agreed to install a flood light on our parking lot - free of charge. He was incredulous when I kindly told him that we did not want it. Our family preferred an Adirondack atmosphere - and not bring the city to Oven Point Camp.

The same philosophy applied to trail lights from parking lot to the Camp area. If one ever forgets his flashlight, when arriving Camp after dark, managing the trail by familiarity, can be very daunting. So, don't forget your flashlight.

With the passing of years, with accumulated stories of dark trail experiences, consideration of discreet trail lights was up for consideration. Finally, with over-

whelming majority - Trail lights were rejected. The reason was, "It wouldn't be Camp". And, the admonition - "Bring your flashlight". This vote was mainly from the grandchildren - who have come to enjoy the simplicity of the Oven Point Spirit. So, good for them - and I hope it never changes.

21. GOVERNMENT BUREAUCRASY

When we wanted commercialize Oven Point Camp, the original concept was to generate more income, and prepare it as my retirement project. But, as soon as I advertized, and offered three cabins or more, the New York Health Dept. stepped in to supervise the operation. And, of course, they wanted a fee for an annual license. Their concept of a camp, was a city facility, with modern facilities of a Hotel/Motel, pool or beaches with life lines and restricted swimming with lifeguard(s) to control swimmers, and restricted hours for safety.

My concept was that I wanted to operate a facility where people had the freedom of choice - and they would have an Adirondack experience of living naturally - without rules and regulations. If they wanted to swim in the morning, afternoon or night. Why not? And, if they wanted to swim across Long Lake - outside control lines. Why not? And, why need I supply a life guard - for a three cabin facility - when their pay would exceed my income. Especially, when with two beaches - they required two life guards. One year they dictated that I had to buy and keep available - a complete life saving equipment and extensive First Aid Kit. Legal advise told me that I should never use it - due liability. But, I had to have it - and I spent \$900 to avoid being fined. The Health Inspector came around each summer - complimented us on a fine camp - then proceeded to list new items I must provide before next year.

Life lines around our beaches became argumentive - when it restricted our boat launches in that area. And, why have life lines at all - when over at Catlin Bay - they allow camping with no restrictions. When the Health Dept. sent two lawyers to convince me to comply, I reminded them of Catlin Bay. They agreed I had a point. We compromised on life lines at one beach - otherwise I was out of business while I fought in court. Financially, that did not make sense. Then, the Health Dept. went too far - when they required life guards at beaches - with records to keep about the numbers using it and at what time. No swimming allowed off published hours. Two life guards would be required at a second beach - or close it for swimming. That was the last straw. We reduced our cabin occupancy to one cabin - closed our camp and did not advertise again. And, I wrote the NY Health Dept. of my action - and how they discouraged business. They did not respond - nor did I expect it.

One victory over the Health Dept. was achieved when they tried to force me to chlorinate our spring water that was being furnished to the Camp. Essentially, the order stated that the law did not permit serving unchlorinated water to the public. Since Oven Point water from the spring tested pure, I was reluctant to do it - and the installation would require quite a financial outlay. But, was I trapped? No - and here's how we got out of it. I remembered that the bottled water in the stores of NY State were unchlorinated - and made quite a to do on that fact. Willie checked the water suppliers in the store - so they could be quoted. Then, I wrote to the NY Health Dept. advising them that Oven Point Spring Water was as good or better than those in the stores - and requested a ruling.

Will wonders never cease? The NY Health Dept. admitted that the store bottled water had not been considered -AND - until I heard to the contrary - I could ignore the order to chlorinate our Camp spring water. I never heard from them again.

22. 1999 - A COMMEMORATION YEAR.

The anniversary date was June 12th - and 1999 marked the 60th anniversary year, for Robert and Wilma Evans. Our celebration would be delayed until the traditional family gathering for the 4th of July, at Oven Point Camp. All the family would be at Camp, with the exception of Susar, who was needed to care for animals at home. So, eighteen of the nineteen in the family would assemble plus Patricia's mother, Grace Lusk; Daniels friend, Tara Smith; and David's friend, Nicole Cavallaro - making a total of 21. The family was living quite wide spread - Robb & Patricia in CT, NJ & NY; Tom and Cindy in NY; Gail & Tom in CT & NY; and Scott and Susan in NC & MI. So, they would journey in from distant places.

The anniversary celebration would take place all day, July 4th. The start would be a traditional Lean-to breakfast of pancakes & sausage. (Un-traditional was that Willie and I were the guests and not allowed to work.) Robb and Tom did the cooking, and the ladies handled the details. Matthew was everywhere using his new digital camera to record the people and event.

After breakfast, a new enterprise would be started. Tom had appointed Dave to take charge of constructing a new base for a Camp flagpole. He had done preliminary construction of the frame to hold the concrete, and now there was 43 bags of concrete to mix and pour into the frame located on its selected site. This would be done by hand - so there was a lot of labor required. But, all those strong young grandsons pitched in, mixing and pouring from two basins, and in less than two hours had the pouring completed. Now, it was ceremony time again - and Willie and I were the recipients. Tom and Cindy had ordered a brass plaque that had the inscription:

ROBERT C. AND WILMA A. EVANS

OWNERS OF

OVEN POINT CAMP

1952 - 1999

As soon as the concrete set a bit - this plaque was to be affixed to the flag pole base - and would commemorate our years of ownership of Oven Point Camp.

(Ed. Note: 1999 was the year that the last deed to Oven Point Camp was transferred to Thomas S. and Cynthia Evans - as part of their inheritance.)

Tom and Cindy made the presentation - which pleased Willie and me very much. And, with the size of that flag pole base, and the brass plaque, we will be memorialized for a good many years. And, I hope that Oven Point Camp will remain in the family ownership where they may come and remember the first 47 years - and the succeeding ones - for the family love and joy of being Adirondackers.

Now, it was party time - and the champagne was poured - and toasts were made. We expressed our appreciation for all the family to assemble from such distant places. Sixty years of marriage is a long time - but Willie and I had so much fun it passed very quickly. We'll try for seventy - but reserve a wheel chair - as we may need it. We were presented with gifts. Gail had made a VCR of past pictures of the family that were very enjoyable - and precious to us. Daniel presented an Adirondack twig name plaque - very typical to Camp and later found a home at Chippewa Cabin. Matthew had been out of sight the past couple hours - then I found out why. He had been printing his digital pictures taken that day - onto his computer and into the printer - so he could present an album of that days event. It was impressive - and regardless of modern technology - represented a lot of work & editing. It was quite a surprise - and much appreciated. The cocktail party ran until time for the traditional Old Fashioned Picnic - at which time our final surprise celebrating our anniversary was presented. Patricia had made a 60th Anniversary wedding cake with bride and groom. It was attractive and clever - and much appreciated. We had a very auspicious day - and again expressed our appreciation for our family who helped us celebrate the occasion. We had so much fun - I think we'll try for the 70th.

The Family

Remembers

SPECIAL EVENT - 1985. "Life goes on at Oven Point Camp - when the owners go trailering to Alaska".

When the owners of Oven Point Camp had the opportunity to go trailering to Alaska during the summer of 1985, we asked our family to carry on during this period. They were generous enough to consent - probably with some trepidation. Tom and Cindy would accept primary responsibility - and Gail would come for the month of August to share the work load. It would mean keeping Camp running normally as they catered to the occupants of three rental cabins. At the end of the season, it would also entail the closing and winterizing of the cabins. It was a formidable task. This is Cindy's story - starting with Friday, July 5th - to Sunday September 1st.

Robert C. and Wilma A. Evans

Friday, July 5

When we awakened this morning we were immediately conscious of a noticeable absence. Mom and Dad left this morning for their summer in Alaska. Tom and I decided to "grab the bull by the horns" and immediately designated projects and went to work. We spent the morning painting red log ends on Abnaki and doing some thinning and pruning along the shore around the point and around Abnaki. It all looks great and enhances the view. It necessitated three trailer loads of brush to the dump.

The Willetts arrived at the unbelievable hour of 10:00 A. M. and very easily got settled.

We showed our first prospects around camp this afternoon. They were so impressed that they made a request for reservations for next year. I quickly learned that procedure.

The day became increasingly sunny, hot, and humid. We all had a lovely afternoon swimming, sunning, and wind surfing.

We had a pot-luck feast at the lean-to and were all so warm after that we took an 8:00 P. M. swim followed by the remains of the fireworks.

So ended our first day running camp (very successfully, so far).

Saturday, July 6

The Willetts and our family spent the morning readying camp for our first guests. The children were great with all of their help and contributions and things went very smoothly. I made a nice bulletin board with guest's names, schedules of events, and pertinent clippings. We were even ready by 1:00 P. M.

Tom Young and Brian departed about 10:00 A. M. for Brian's bicycle race in Connecticut and Patricia and family departed about noon.

The Baggetts arrived in Abnaki about 2:30 P. M. We had to chuckle at first when they asked where Mr. and Mrs. Evans were. We told them and they said, "Have you ever done this before?" I puffed myself up with supreme confidence and said, "Oh yes, of course. Tom has been helping with camp since he was a small child and I have been helping for 15 years." This seemed to relax them abit. They then pointed to the lodge and asked if that was the recreation building with the ping-pong tables. They now seem to be happily settling in and finding other forms of recreation. The Lincolns arrived and are their usual good natured selves. They are here to relax before undertaking a move to Massachusetts next week.

We had an exciting adventure this evening. After dinner, Tom, Karen, Dan, David, Eric, and I went out for a party boat ride. We were down just beyond Round Island when a big gray squall line came over the ridge behind us out of the west. It was very ominous looking with considerable

wind, thunder, and lightning. We quickly ran the boat down to Watch Rock, beached it, and took shelter in one of their lean-tos. The storm hit hard with high winds and rain, but we were cozy and dry and everyone (especially Eric) thought it was great fun and quite an adventure. It passed over as quickly as it came presenting us with a beautiful double rainbow over Kempshall. We returned home and drank hot chocolate and played Trivial Pursuit until the wee small hours.

Sunday, July 7

Yesterday's squall changed our weather. It is rainy, gray and very cold with a strong west wind.

Monday, July 8

Today Gail went to get Brian in Albany after the bicycle race. I watched Carrie and Eric. All went very well. Gail returned about 3:30 with a very proud Brian who won third place in the race. The weather was mild and sunny. The children all swam at night after which we began the great Rummikub tournament and played until very late.

Tuesday, July 9

Today I collected my first money from guests. I decided the Lincolns would be a good family with which to start. It went very well. They are moving to Massachusetts next week, so they are not planning to come back next year. They want to explore the New England area before moving back to central New York in several years.

The afternoon became very hot and sunny and humid so after much sunning and beach sitting some of us decided to swim across the lake. Karen and Gail rowed while Brian, David, Beth, Jessica, Cynthia, and Cindy swam. Everyone made it beautifully and as though that were not enough, Brian decided to swim back.

At night the great Rummikub tournament continued.

Wednesday, July 10

Today I collected the money from the Baggetts after finally catching up with them. They reserved Seneca for next year in the Lincoln's place.

Brian, David, and I did the first Wednesday garbage run. It was successfully accomplished and no one ended up in the bottom of the pit. I had to laugh when David said, "I would rather ride the Viper at the amusement park than ride in the jimmy with my Mother at the wheel."

In the afternoon Karen and I took Beth, Cynthia, and Jessica to the Community Arts Center at Blue Mt. for a silk screening class. The class was very well run and the girls silk screened T-shirts.

The weather was unseasonably cold and rainy.

At night the great tournament continued. We play in teams with Gail, Karen, Cynthia, Jessica, Cindy, and Beth.

Thursday, July 11

Nothing significant happened today. The weather was partly cloudy, windy and unseasonably cold. We all sat on the beach in the sun for awhile trying to keep warm.

We called Marty Bozak today and he came promptly. Gail's shower has been leaking around the base and the lodge overhead lights again stopped working. Marty recalced the shower with directions for us to keep an eye on the situation. He thinks there is a problem in the light switch by the bedroom door in the lodge. It keeps shorting out. He disconnected the switch and will reorder another.

Gail and children, Karen and girls, and we went to the Adirondack Hotel for pizza and then to see the bears. Before it was even dark we counted five bears. Ralph Nyland, who is a professor at the forestry college stopped in the other day. He said the black bear population is increasing in the Adirondacks.

The Rummikub tournament concluded at 11:00 P. M. tonight.

Friday, July 12

The temperature last night went down to 39. This morning was very cold, rainy and gray.

We got up early and I took David, Brian, Cynthia and Beth to the Art Center in Blue Mt. for a very nice 1½ hour movie on how the movie stunts are done in movies such as "Raiders of the Lost Ark." It was excellent and was narrated by Harrison Ford.

The afternoon was very rainy and cold. David and Brian invented what they called a fabulous "Doo-Dad." It was a pencil taped to the outside of the kitchen door. They had a sheet of notebook paper attached to a string in the kitchen. When someone knocked on the door, they would pull the string sending the sign under and up the outside of the door. The sign said, "Sign your name and knock once." They would then draw the sign in, decide whether they wanted to admit the person and send out a sign saying, "Come in." We thought

it was a riot and a good rainy day activity. It was a good thing that no one came to see camp or they would really think that they had arrived at the "Funny Farm."

Tom arrived after the Chancellor's dinner at 3:15 A. M. I was so worried about him that I waited up. We will both be pooped for fun day.

Saturday, July 13

The day dawned very hot and humid, finally. The Frey's arrived about 10 A. M. for their annual O. P. C. weekend. We said, "Hello, good-bye, make yourselves comfortable," and went to work. Everyone left right on time so we were through cleaning at 12:30. Gail left about that time leaving Algonquin immaculate. We'll miss her until August.

We had a picnic lunch in the sun on the beach and played in the water all afternoon.

The Huttons, Harrises, and Hartmans all arrived about 2 P. M. They are all so nice and it is a good feeling having camp filled with people like them. I was absolutely taken back, however, when I said hello and welcome back to the Hartmans. They said that they felt very fortunate to be here after such a year. I, of course, asked what had happened. Mr. Hartman is in the process of recovering from a total heart transplant. He received a heart from Dallas in April and as he says, "I now have a new heart." He looks wonderful and says he feels wonderful. He talks to me easily about it. He is most troubled because he needs 2 oz. of a special medicine every 10 days for \$185 and their insurance doesn't cover it. Mr. Hartman says he worries constantly about it, but as Mrs. Hartman and I emphasized, there is no alternative. They are such nice people. I am very fond of them and I hope that all goes well.

The Freys, Willetts, and we had wine and cheese chugging around the lake on the party boat and cooked out at the lean-to. It was an early night after our 3:15 A. M. the night before.

Sunday, July 14

The day is gusty, cloudy, and cool. We had a lean-to breakfast that lasted most of the morning.

Linda Frey then showed a VCR tape on a little monitor that she had made of us and the O. P. C. weekend. She is going to make us one. It is very amusing of the people and she has some wonderful shots of O. P. C.

It then started to pour rain. We all played a several hour Trivial Pursuit game before Freys left about 3 P. M.

We then collapsed for awhile and then took a very peaceful canoe ride around Catlin Bay.

Monday, July 15

My Mother arrived today at about 4 P. M. in the middle of a tremendous rain and wind storm. Several times we totally lost Round Island and the other side of the lake. Mother brought Brian DeRosia, a friend of Davids, with her.

After dinner we went to see the movie "The Chase" at the Town Hall. We took our family and the Willett girls. The movie was so inappropriate for family entertainment that we left.

At about 12 A. M. the Willetts had a knock on their door. Dan said it was two fair damsels who arrived by canoe wanting to know if our lean-to was where the party was. He said that he very reluctantly said, "No," and directed them to Catlin Bay. Oh Well. Better their door than mine.

Tuesday, July 16

Today was sunny and warm and a beautiful beach day. I spent the afternoon painting green the one odd unpainted Adirondack chair on the lodge front porch.

Wednesday, July 17

Dan and I had a lovely early morning date together at the garbage dump. Dan has been spending quite a bit of time collecting, cutting, and sorting kindling. Dan also lubricated the boat dock where the poles fit into the sleeves. As the dock moved with the waves it made an awful, constant, rhythmic squeak. The problem seems to be solved.

Tonight Mother and I were reading in the livingroom, a mouse ran out of the bar, around the livingroom, and up the side of the chimney. Oh where is my cat when I need her?

Thursday, July 18

Today is the most perfect Adirondack day of the season, so far. It is sunny, hot, no bugs, and a little breeze. The sky is bright blue with puffy white clouds scattered about and the lake is as smooth as glass. We all spent much of the day on the beach. Cynthia Willett accomplished the great feat of swimming all the way from Round Island to camp.

Karen and I went to Joan's Knitting Shop on Walker Road. Karen wants to learn to knit, so we got some yarn to start her on a simple vest. Joan has a nice supply of very basic patterns and yarns.

The Willetts and our family shared dinner at the picnic table between the lodge and Algonquin. We have used and enjoyed that table quite alot this summer.

Friday, July 19

My Mother and Brian DeRosia left this afternoon after a very nice visit.

I noticed today that all four window panes of the two windows over Dad's workbench in the garage are cracked and broken. They have not been vandalised because there is no sign of BB holes, rock holes, etc. They are top to bottom breaks and the glass remains in place. All I can even think of is a sonic boom. I will talk to Tom when he arrives tonight.

Dan and Karen worked on filling in pot holes that developed on the road as a result of alot of the rain run off. They did a nice job and it is so much better.

We will have a quiet evening after our busy week and await Tom's late arrival after another late night party for Cliff Winters who is retiring from the university.

Saturday, July 20

Another Fun Day. We really decided to hustle when the Hartmans departed at 9:30 A. M. after making a reservation for next year. The Huttons were all moved out of Seneca into the woods between Seneca and Abnaki. We all worked on Abnaki and finished in half an hour. The Huttons finished moving and we all went over to Seneca and had that done in an hour. Once again we were finished well before noon but we also realize that this is the easy month with few changes.

In the afternoon, since it was very hot and sunny, Tom and I took Beth and David to the town beach. That is always such fun for everyone. We saw Lorraine Spengler on the beach with her son and little granddaughter from Pittsburgh. We had a brief, but nice visit. She wondered why we were so relaxed on the beach on Fun Day.

When we got home Tom took David sled skiing on the orange sled. He has mastered a beautiful technique of skiing standing up. It has come quite easily to him and he says it is alot of fun.

Today was Dan Willett's birthday so we had coffee and cake after dinner to celebrate. Karen had to leave about 8:30 P. M. to drive to Tupper to meet a bus bringing her Mother from Philadelphia for a visit.

Sunday, July 21

Today was a cool, but sunny and bright day. Our family

took the square stern and motor down to Blue Mt., Eagle, and Utawana lakes. We went all around the shores of all three lakes and really enjoyed the natural beauty and lovely large homes. We had a picnic lunch at a designated spot on Eagle Lake and came home about 4:00 P. M.

After some more sled skiing for David and a rather hurried dinner, Tom took our family and the Willetts on the party bout to show Karen's Mother more of Long Lake.

Monday, July 22

Today is one of those necessary catch up days (cleaning, laundry, groceries, bank, etc.). The only problem is, it is also one of those "When it rains, it pours" days. You know how to appreciate those. Nothing much happens for days and then in the course of a few hours half the people in a radius of fifty miles (it seems) decide to come and see O. P. C. and all at the same time. At one point early in the afternoon three different families were all here at once. Meanwhile the phone has been ringing off the hook with messages for the Huttons from various assorted relatives and people calling to see if we have "a room for the night." Such is the life of a busy camp manager as you know only too well. It ended up that we were literally running up the trail at 1:45 to get to the bank before closing time at 2:00. We made it just in time and all worked out just fine.

At night I took our children and the Willett girls to see a "Bad News Bears" movie at the Town Hall. We all enjoyed it. I saw Joe Thierston there. He looked well and said he felt fine. He said that noone could seem to figure out what was wrong with him.

Tuesday, July 23

Today Beth, David, and I left camp around 10:00 A. M. to meet Rena and R. C. who are coming for a visit. Rena's car broke down, so Mother is driving them as far as Old Forge where we are to meet them. We met at 11:00 A. M. and did about an hours worth of looking around in the hardware store. That is one of the few places in the world that I know of where you can go in thinking you have just about everything that is needed and come out wondering how on earth you have lived as long as you have without about fifty additional books and gadgets.

We arrived home at about 2:00 P. M. and just sunned and swam for the afternoon. It was very hot and humid, so we decided to have a late dinner. We got the best laugh over a story that Rena told. Beth was to have had a friend, Marcy,

come for a visit. Marcy's Mother called Rena to ask if Marcy needed anything very dressy to wear at camp. Rena told her that she didn't because the dressiest place that we would go would be the dump. Denise then asked if a dress or skirt and blouse would be more appropriate for the dump. Rena got laughing so hard and explained to Denise what the dump was. Denise thought that it was a local restaurant or night spot. As we sat around the table here we got sillier and sillier about it. R. C. asked if the dump had an all bear/bare band. David then replied, "Yes, and you have to dance in your bear/bare feet." We got laughing so hard that the Huttons over in Abnaki must have thought we had lost our minds.

Wednesday, July 24

Today I went first thing this morning (big game hunter that I am) to check two mouse traps that I had set up in Beth's room. We have heard mice up there every night and now they are starting to tear up kleenex etc. I found one done in mouse in one of my traps. Ugh.

After that pleasant task, I tackled the next pleasant task of the day, the garbage run. David and R. C. went with me and are big and strong enough now that they are a big help.

We spent the afternoon sunning and swimming. Again it was very hot and humid. Just what we have been waiting for.

After dinner we dressed in our finest and went to the dump to see the bear/bare band. This has been the year of the moth, the mouse, and the bear, all in one. We counted fourteen of the healthiest looking bears and they were still coming when we left.

Thursday, July 25

I went to Hoss's this morning to pick up our completed great horned owl from Alan Aardsma. He is just beautiful. He is very intricately and precisely carved and painted. We could not be more pleased and are most anxious to show it to you. The children once again swam at the town beach where they always seem to have a good time.

The afternoon was again very hot and sunny so we spent the rest of the day on the beach and in the water at camp. We all ended up with massive sunburns.

At night the children did some more swimming to cool sunburns and Rena, Mary Malone and I sat and visited on the beach. Mary had a funny mouse story that happened to them during dinner. While they were sitting at their table having dinner, a mouse sat on their kitchen counter very boldly

assessing their dinner remains. Rich got up and chased the mouse off the counter causing the mouse to fall in the tall trash can. The mouse kept making running starts to try and gain enough momentum to get out of the can. Mary and Rich felt so sorry for the little creature that they gathered him or her into a paper bag and relocated it in the woods. The big question now is whether their food was tempting enough to lure the little critter back.

Friday, July 26

Today is a humid, gray, rainy day. We need to leave here at 2:00 P. M. in order to have Rena and R. C. in Old Forge by 3:00 P. M. to meet my Mother. It was a very pleasant and uneventful drive down and back. A nice thing to do on a showery day.

Tom arrived about 11:15 P. M. very harried and frustrated because he had just had a \$127 million dollar sale given to him with very little help since everyone is going on vacation this next week. Tom feels a tremendous responsibility and now must give up his vacation this next week.

Saturday, July 27

Today is Tom's birthday. What timing on fun day. In the midst of breakfast and gift opening, Marty Bozak arrived to fix the livingroom chandelier and replace the switch. He has it working and installed a box type switch built out from the wall. It looks 100% better.

While he was here, Joe Thierston arrived to discuss coordinating tighter rules with limited times and places for the running of the ATVs. This would coordinate Thierston, Lee, and Evans. What he suggested was very reasonable and I found him to have some good ideas. What it boils down to is Monday, Wednesday, and Friday usage on about a two hour maximum basis. They would not be ridden on anyone's immediate property.

We were not able to start cleaning until about 11:30. We had only Algonquin, but it took quite awhile. Hammeles arrived about 4:00 P. M. and seemed very glad to be back. Annie is joining them on Wednesday.

Cynthia Willett and Beth decided to walk into town to buy an ice cream. We went in to pick them up and they said it was a long hike, hot on the pavement, but fun.

Just as we were preparing Tom's birthday dinner and were about to put it on the table, the fish room toilet backed up and flooded over. We plunged it and had an unbelievable mess to clean up. The only consolation is that the fish room has never been so clean. Small consolation.

We finally ate a half burned steak and had the Willetts for applesauce raisin birthday cake. We then, at Tom's

request, went to see the bears at the dump. We counted 22.
We caught another mouse in Beth's room.
So ends a rather unconventional birthday.

Sunday, July 28

Today Tom did office work all day and I painted my canoe vermilion red. It is very different and looks very nice. It needs another coat.

Eunice Hartman called and invited Tom and me to dinner next Friday night. We would love to have said yes except for the problems that Tom would not yet be here, we must collect Beth somewhere, Gail arrives, and the Willetts are with us for dinner and overnight before leaving tomorrow for New Hampshire. We unfortunately had to refuse.

Everyone went to bed early tonight since Tom must leave at 5:00 A. M. tomorrow and drop Beth off at Julie Belkowitz's camp at Otter Lake where she will stay until Friday. It is the first step in pushing the little bird out of the nest. I am not certain whether it is harder on Mother or child. She has never been away so long, but it will be a good experience.

Monday, July 29

Today is very hot, sunny, and humid. It seemed very quite to awaken to a half empty house. After completing my house work, David and I went out into the woods off the yellow trail to shoot the BB guns. It was fun.

We then came back and had a catch up day of work and swimming, and sun. In the evening David went to the town movie with the Lees and Dru. I played Rummikub with the Willetts before picking up the boys from the movie.

Tuesday, July 30

Today was a long catch up work day. At night David went to John Lee's birthday party.

Wednesday, July 31

Today was a cool, gray, very rainy day. Again I used the day for alot of catch up work. At night Tom arrived at about 1:30 A. M. for a long weekend to make up for the vacation week he missed.

Thursday, August 1

Today was a beautiful, cool day. In the morning we hitched the trailer with the ATV on it and took David down to the Long Lake Ski Slope area to meet the Lees and Dru. Joe Thierston has received permission to let the boys ride on designated trails above the ski slope. David had a wonderful time and while he rode, Tom and I played tennis.

At night we had our last Rummikub game with Willetts for this month.

Friday, August 2

At noon we met the Belkowitzs at the Adirondack Hotel to collect our daughter and have pizza. The Belkowitzs then came back to camp with us for a brief visit and swim.

Gail arrived about 3:00 P. M. for the beginning of her month. The Willetts had moved out and had relocated for an overnight in the bunkroom before leaving Saturday to take the girls to camp in New Hampshire. The Willetts had a final dinner with us tonight.

Saturday, August 3

After breakfast the Willetts left and Gail and I got to work cleaning cabins. We really had to hustle because we had three cabins to clean and Huttons and Malones did not leave until 11:45 A. M. Fortunately they left very orderly cabins but it does put the pressure on. We finished at just about 2:00 P. M.

During the afternoon the Daniels arrived in Algonquin, Mrs. Sue Shutt, Mrs. Barnett, and Roy Zipp in Abnaki, and Dr. and Mrs. Tomlinson, Dr. Tomlinson's Mother, and Lisa in Seneca.

Scott called this afternoon just to visit. We talked from the lodge and Gail got on the phone at Chippewa. It was great to hear from him.

Sunday, August 4

Today was terribly hot and humid. Tom and I did camp work in the morning and in the afternoon we tackled a major boat dock project that lasted most of the afternoon. The dock had lodged itself on top of a rock, thus not allowing it to float and it was really getting beaten up. Tom used the "Come along" to raise the pipes. We then released the ramp and repositioned the dock freeing it from the rock. We then reattached the ramp and rebuilt the support rocks underneath the ramp. It was a long difficult project, but I think the end result is much better.

I no sooner got back to Sunset Beach after completing the project at about 5:00 P. M. when David ran into the water and cut his foot quite badly on something. We searched and found nothing so we must assume it was a shell or a rock. The cut did not indicate stitches, but it was a most persistent bleeder. I wrapped his foot with gauze and am having him elevate it, but it still keeps bleeding through the gauze. The biggest problem is trying to keep him inactive.

On the lighter side of the story, Gail and I got laughing today at the O. P. Geriatric Center. We really have a lovely group of people this week, but at one point this afternoon everyone had put chairs in various spots on the edge of the woods by Sunset Beach to stay out of the sun. They all had wide brimmed hats, cold drinks, and were reading and fanning themselves. It was certainly a whole new look to our usually livelier atmosphere.

I will be signing off for a few days. Ugh. Tomorrow we must leave bright and early for our 24 hr. marathon in Syracuse for orthodontist, hair cuts, etc. Gail will have to hold the fort until Tuesday.

Tuesday, August 6

We arrived back at O. P. C. at about 3:00 P. M. after a hot and humid 24 hours, but we did manage to get everything done. Three votes taken at three different times proved unanimous. Everyone would prefer to be at O. P. C. for the summer.

Wednesday, August 7

Gail left at 9:30 A. M. to meet Brian in Albany after a BMX race. I kept Carrie and Eric here. It was a gray, cloudy day so we just walked and played games etc. Gail and Brian arrived back at 3:30 P. M. with the exciting news that Brian had won first place.

In the evening our whole crew and Lisa Tomlinson and Roy Zipp had a wonderful game of sardines that lasted until after dark. We all went to sleep to a nice gentle rain on the roof.

Thursday, August 8

The morning was gray and cloudy, but very humid. By afternoon the clouds cleared to a sunny, hot, humid afternoon. We all just relaxed on the beach.

In the evening Gail and I picked blueberries (which are not very plentiful this year because it has been so dry). The children again had a wonderful game of sardines.

Friday, August 9

Today was catch up day in the morning to prepare for the Taylor's arrival in the afternoon. The Taylors arrived about 2:30 P. M. and moved into the bunk room. As you probably remember, their children are Emily, age 8, Tommy, age 6, and Lindsey, age 9 Months. After a swim and dinner we awaited Tom's arrival with a game of Rummikub. Tom arrived about 10:30 P. M.

Saturday, August 10

Wow. What a fun day. All three cabins changed, Taylors were here, canoe races took place, many people came to see camp, and Gail and I really worked at keeping our cool. In spite of it all, we were ready at exactly 1:50 P. M. patting ourselves on the back and saying, "Once again we did it."

The Taylors, Tom, Beth, David, and Brian went in to the canoe races at about 11 A. M. Tom and David won the Harvey Snide trophy for the second year. Their competition this year was only the Lees. Brian and David won the boys 10 and 11 year old race.

At about 3:00 P. M. people started coming and coming and coming. By 5:00 P. M. we had eight Beams in Algonquin, six Pirells in Seneca, four Smiths in Abnaki, four Youngs in Chippewa, and nine Evans and Taylors in the lodge. We have a very full, very crowded camp. Everyone got settled after sorting out, setting up, and sharing cribs, high chairs, etc. As Tom commented, "You will have your work cut out for you this week."

We played bridge until about midnight and then collapsed.

Sunday, August 11

We had a most interesting lean-to breakfast this morning. After we got everything set up and the first batch of delicious blueberry pancakes cooked, the sky opened and totally drowned Tom (the cook) and our batter on the griddle. We had a rather haphazard conclusion to our breakfast and decided to give up.

Some of our group took a hike in the rain to Catlin Bay while the others had a good game of Rummikub. The weather started clearing and the sun came out so we decided to take a party boat ride. Brian and David rode the orange sled together behind the party boat and had a great time. We got as far as Watch Rock when the gear shift pins in the console pulled loose and Tom could not shift gears but could only go forward. We had to return home and take the party boat directly to the anchor because Tom was afraid if we missed the dock the first time there would be no second chance.

While Tom Taylor and Tom Evans worked on the repairs, I ferried everyone and everything back and forth with the rowboat.

We then had dinner and an early bed to prepare for Tom's departure tomorrow.

Monday, August 12

Tom left this morning at his usual early hour. David and Brian found a beautiful spotted salamander. It was approximately eight inches long and was gray-green with bright yellow polka dots. We looked him up in the reptile book and found it to in fact be called a spotted salamander and to be very unusual. They are generally underground and seldom come out.

Taylor's did not leave until about 2:00 P. M. today. Mr. Beam came over immediately after to talk about canoe routes and to get an extra blanket for all eight of their group in Algonquin. No sooner did he leave than my Mother and Erin Buckley (a friend of Beth's) arrived for a visit. Never a dull moment.

After dinner we all went to see the bears and were then treated to a wonderful Northern lights and meteorite display. We read about it in the paper and were not disappointed. We laid on our backs on towels on the beach and saw a beautiful display. It continued through the evening and peaked about midnight.

Tuesday, August 13

This morning I collected rent, went to the bank, and dealt with 19 year old Richard Beam's medical problem. In the night he started feeling very sick with a temperature, sore throat, and ear ache. Trying to track down Dr. Esper is no easy trick. He was in Gloversville, so we left a message on his answering machine. The call was returned about 1:00 P. M. and Dr. Esper agreed to see him about 2:00 P. M. He was diagnosed as having a severe viral infection throughout his body and needs complete rest for at least a week.

The afternoon was very routine with beach sitting, sled skiing, etc. It is such fun having Erin up here for Beth. She is full of enthusiasm and seems to enjoy trying and doing everything. She is an excellent swimmer, on a swim team, and competes in diving. She has taught David to do flips, somersaults, and many other dives. She has gotten along beautifully with everyone and has taken to O. P. C. like a natural.

A most peculiar thing happened about 6:00 P. M. this evening. I was attracted to the front porch by a boat running much too close to our point. All of a sudden there was a

very loud noise and the motor fell off the boat leaving three young men stranded in the foulest of tempers using most profane language. Before very long the Hoveys arrived with Joe Thierston aboard and proceeded to tow the disabled boat to town. They did not appear to know each other and there appeared to be some problems between them. Very strange.

Wednesday, August 14

At 9:00 A. M. Mother and I took Beth, David, Erin and Brian to Old Forge for a special treat day at the Enchanted Forest. We left them there at 10 A. M. and came back to camp. I will watch Eric and Carrie this afternoon while Gail drives to Old Forge to go to the Hardware Store and bring the children back.

Divers have been diving off the point all day trying to recover the lost motor. The incident occurred close to the buoy just off the point. The Pirells reported a number of New York State Troopers on Tarbell Hill Road near the start of the Northville-Lake Placid Trail last evening. They were on foot. Something is going on and I wonder if it has any connection with the motor incident. I don't see what, but I have a strange feeling. I will feel better when I find out.

The Beams have certainly had a number of problems and are certainly creating a number more for all of us. Gail and I have been back and forth with phone calls all day. First of all, staying in Algonquin are Mr. and Mrs. Beam (second marriage for both), her 19 year old Richard and 17 year old Gretchen (by prior marriage), and his 14 year old Rhonda and 12 year old Andy (by prior marriage). We then have Mrs. Beam's 60+ year old Mother and her live in boy friend, Leroy. Richard has now been diagnosed as having acute mononucleosis, Mrs. Beam's Mother has a bladder infection, and Leroy has a prostate infection. They are all under the care of Dr. Esper. They are all freezing cold and came for eight more blankets. None of them are getting along with one another so they moved a bed from upstairs into the livingroom for Richard. What a mess and we seem to be right in the middle of it. Gretchen takes her box down to the beach and entertains everyone there with her music since she claims she is "bored to death in the woods and I mean deep woods". Never a dull moment, but the time has come to talk to them and get things settled down abit.

The children arrived back about 5 P. M. from the Enchanted Forest having had a wonderful time. They had many nice experiences to relate.

The divers continued diving for the motor until about 6:30 P. M. I just haven't had time to try and find out what has happened.

Thursday, August 15

Today was again filled with many adventures. This could be the basis for a good soap. With which adventure should I begin?

The divers continued diving much of the day. Everytime I was going to try to get their attention and question what they were doing, I was interrupted.

The three patients in Algonquin are all worse and the telephone has been in use all day with calls to Dr. Esper and trying to make arrangements for all the sick people who no one seems to want to take in. They are having such a rough time in Algonquin trying to hold things together. Mr. Beam and Andy got so disgusted that they left in a canoe to go camping down the lake. The only positive thing seems to be that they think Dr. Esper is wonderful and has been very knowledgable, professional and supportive.

In the late afternoon I took Beth, David, Erin, Brian and Eric in to swim at the town beach. I sent the four older ones to start their swim while Eric and I did some grocery shopping. In the ten minutes that we were in the store a big thunder storm quickly came up clearing the beach by life guard's orders and turning off the power in Northern Borne. I finished shopping in the dark with four sopping children.

As I was carrying groceries and leading children down the trail during a slight lull in the storm, I was confronted just before reaching Chippewa by a very disgruntled and most peculiar bicyclist. He wanted a shower and a room for the night and I dare say he needed both. I told him that we had nothing available and he started acting most peculiar. He was not sure where he had come from (somewhere around Lake Placid) or in which direction he was traveling. He was going (he thought) to Boonville. He was very upset that he had ridden all the way into camp only to find that there was no room in the inn. Just then the thunder and lightning started again and the sky opened in a deluge. I told him to put his bike in the shop, got him some lemonade and told him he could take shelter in the shop or lean-to. The next thing I knew, there was a lull in the storm and he was gone. I later wondered if he was disoriented from exhaustion. I guess we will never know.

Friday, August 16

Gail left early this morning to drive David and Brian to Albany where the Youngs will meet them and take the boys

to Connecticut for Brian's bike races. Eric and Carrie stayed here.

Mother and I took a walk with Eric and Carrie up to the gate to try and use up some of their energy. After lunch Mother and Erin left after a very nice visit.

The divers are back with scuba gear. We keep hearing bits and pieces of stories but nothing concrete.

Mr. Pirell (who by profession is a graphic artist) made a wonderful sand sculptured turtle on the beach. I have enclosed a picture for you to keep. I have really enjoyed the Pirells this week. They are fun and easy going and a real asset to camp.

The Beams continue to have real problems. They were on my phone from 6 P. M. to 7:30 P. M. trying again to find a place for Richard. They say he cannot stay here, the Grandmother won't take him, and his Father and Step-Mother in Syracuse won't take him. At this Point, as far as Gail and I are concerned, the whole bunch can take him and leave so we can return to peace and quiet.

Tom arrives this evening for two weeks. The timing couldn't be better.

Saturday, August 17

This morning we worked hard and fast because both Smiths and Pirells were late getting started. We finished Abnaki and Seneca at exactly 2 P. M. The Beams stayed in Algonquin although Mr. Beam left with Richard today to parts unknown. Mr. Beam's sister Amy arrived from Washington, D. C. for the rest of their vacation.

From 4 to 6 this afternoon, Waites had their annual lake cocktail party. It was a very nice chance to see alot of people that we haven't seen in years and to meet many new people. There certainly were alot of people there.

We finally found the answer to the motor mystery and I feel that we are very fortunate. Three young men escaped from Raybrook. They stole a boat from one of the Long Lake marinas and went down the lake from Oven Point. They broke into some camps (I don't know which ones) and stole rifles and liquor. They were then making a run back to town when the motor fell off the boat at the Oven Point buoy. Joe Thiersten was on the Hovey's dock and saw the whole thing happen. They decided to rescue these poor unfortunate men. They proceeded to tow the boat to town when the three escapees bolted and headed out through town. After being kicked out of the Adirondack Hotel, the State Troopers were called. Road blocks were set up all around town and cars were searched. The three managed to slip the road blocks and make their way on foot through the woods to Tarbell Hill Road. The three

were finally pursued on the Northville-Lake Placid Trail where all three were finally apprehended. This all was very exciting but a little too close to home. We were lucky that they did not end up on our doorstep. We did have a good laugh with Joe Thiersten, however, about his being an accomplice in crime.

The party was very nice and many people asked about you.

Sunday, August 18

Today was catch up day with some nice beach sitting in the afternoon. It was very warm and humid. We all searched for the motor off the point, but no luck.

Monday, August 19

Today Gail left early to go to Albany for David and Brian. Tom and I had Eric and Carrie until about 3:30 P. M. It was gray and cold and threatened rain. We walked, picked blueberries, and played games.

Gail and the boys returned with the announcement that Brian had won first place in his bike race. Both Brian and David had a very nice weekend.

We have a red hot romance going between Steve Butts and Gretchen Miller (Beam). They met last night at the lean-to and today the sparks are really flying.

Tuesday, August 20

Today was again catch up day. It was sunny but very cool. We did all kinds of jobs including closing the two upstairs bedrooms for the winter. That definitely gave us all a pang.

The representative from Cuprinol came from Syracuse to look at the peeling stain on the stairs to the upstairs rooms. It seems hard to believe that he drove 6 hours round trip to present us with eight replacement gallons of Cuprinol.

Wednesday, August 21

What a wonderful day we had today. Our family left camp early in the morning and drove to Lake Placid. As soon as we got there we took the chairlift ride on Whiteface. It is a two hour ride and worth every minute of it. The ride up and down was beautiful with views of peaks and lovely streams, rocky crags, and Alpine meadows. At one point the bunch berries were so prolific on the ground beneath the chairlift that it looked like Christmas. The view from the top was spectacular. It made us appreciate even more the

magnificent beauty and splendor of our summer surroundings.

After a beautiful two hours we were back on level ground and ready for our picnic along the AuSable River. We found a very pretty spot by the river and enjoyed a relaxing lunch while watching the trout fishermen.

We then stopped at Bass, Hathaway, and Dexter long enough for Tom to find some needed shirt and shoe replacements and to do some preliminary Christmas shopping.

We then put our square stern canoe and motor in on Lake Placid and had a wonderful tour of, for us, a little known lake. It was beautiful. The scenery was magnificent and we saw more wealth concentrated on that one lake than either of us thought imaginable. If all of the beautiful old Chris Crafts were ever all out at once on the lake, I don't think there would be any open water. One huge estate had a boat house with six Chris Crafts in it. What an eye full. It was a very large choppy lake so it took quite awhile to see it. It was also slightly tricky coping with all of the large boat wakes on the choppy water.

After our tour we had a nice Italian dinner at the Villa Vespa Restaurant (we had discovered this restaurant New Years and liked it very much) in Lake Placid. We arrived back at Oven Point at about 10 P. M. exhausted and exhilarated after a beautiful day.

Thursday, August 22

Today has not been a very fun day and I'll tell you why. Since it was cold, gray, and cloudy, Tom and I spent the whole day on preliminary closing chores. It saddens me to think that summer is coming to an end.

After dinner we had a nice fire in the fireplace to cheer ourselves. It was only our second fire of the season and it felt very good in helping to ward off a cold north wind.

Friday, August 23

Today was again a general catch up work day in preparation for closing. During the middle of the afternoon the sun came out for a short time, so Gail and I had a quick beach sit before the weather again turned gray and cold. In the evening we again had a nice fire to warm ourselves before bed.

Saturday, August 24

Our first pouring rain fun day in as long as I can remember. Today Butts leave Seneca, Beams leave Algonquin and Youngs

move from Abnaki to Algonquin. Things ought to settle down and relax abit with Beams and Butts leaving. With all of the teenagers and guests it was a matter of getting to the beach early to find a towel spot between the bodies in bikinis and stereos.

Beams were in no hurry to leave and never did leave until noon, so everything got backed up. By the time Youngs could finally move everything through the rain and get into Algonquin it was about 2 P. M. We then set to work cleaning Abnaki and finished about 3 P. M. Thank heavens it was the Willetts coming into Abnaki and they were late. Last fun day for this year and we survived quite well.

Sunday, August 25

Today was pouring rain and very cold. We stayed in, relaxed, and played games all day.

Monday, August 26

Another gray, cloudy day with nothing significant to report. I winterized the bunk room so we continue to chip away at things.

Gail took Brian and Eric to the Adirondack Museum where they seemed to have a nice time.

Tuesday, August 27

More gray clouds and drizzle. We are all of a sudden in one week making up for our summer drought. We sorely need it, but not all in one week. The unfortunate ones, however, are those who only have this week as their summer vacation.

I had a long talk with Ron Young today and found him to be in a significant depression. It is a combination of a number of things, none of which singly is all that major, but all together has really had an impact. It is really taking a toll on him both emotionally and physically. He is not eating well or sleeping at night but falling asleep constantly during the day. Today he had a rather peculiar car accident while driving by himself to Tupper. Something is not right.

Wednesday, August 28

Today was again cloudy and gray. Tom and Dan took a day

long hike from the Adirondack Loj to Tahawas. Karen, Cynthia, and Jessica went with them to help spot a car at Tahawas. They then went on to Lake Placid for a day of shopping.

I was greeted this morning at the livingroom door at 8:30 A. M. by the scruffiest derelict I have seen around here in a long time. This great huge ham-hock armed man with a furry face, filthy T-shirt, cut off jeans and bandana was standing there. The children were sleeping and Tom had gone. I did this double take and promptly decided I had better think of a cool way to handle this one. I quickly stepped out on the porch pulling the door closed behind. I said that I needed to close the door because I had a big dog who did not like strangers. I wish I could relate the conversation in writing because it was very funny. The man had come by canoe and said, "Da, I need a place to stay for afew nights. I'm sick of the rain." I told him our cabins were all taken, but there were state lean-tos down the lake and other cabins and motels up the lake. He said he knew that but he liked this place. I said that I was sorry but we had no cabins. He said he would stay in the lean-to. I said that it was not for rent. He then wanted to stay in Raney's lean-to. I said it was a private home. He said there were too many people camping and he wanted a roof over his head. I again told him to go to town or beyond. He said he didn't like town. I look back now and wonder how I mustered the nerve, but I puffed myself up and firmly said, "Look. I've told you that our cabins are all taken. There is nothing available here. I've suggested afew other places. There is nothing else to say."

He then went down to the rocks and waved his bandana and two other canoes beside his own pulled up on Sunset Beach. I locked the front door and went out the kitchen door and started over to Chippewa. Gail stuck her head out and said, "Who are you looking at?" I told her the story and said that I just wanted to keep an eye on things, but I didn't want to approach them again unless I had to. I wanted her to be aware in case we had to call for help. I then kept walking around watching, because Perrellas were also gone. After much loud laughing, talking, and hilarity, they left about a half hour later. That was the only tricky situation of the summer.

Around noon Gail and I discovered that the Youngs were packing their car and were preparing to leave. We went down to talk to them and heard that their concerns had been preying too heavily on their minds and they felt that they must go home to deal with them. We were sorry to see them go, but understood that people must do what they must do.

During the middle of the afternoon, Mrs. Bauer from up the lake brought some very fine people over to see camp. I wish you had been here to meet them. They are contemporaries

of yours and fellow airstreamers. They were from Storrs, Connecticut and are thinking of moving to Florida, perhaps T. R. They are very nice people and most anxious to stay at camp next year. They will contact you November 1. Their name is Mr. and Mrs. Allan Gillespie.

While I was showing Gillespies around there was quite a commotion on Sunset Beach. Poor Gail was down there knee deep in the water trying to put together a totally separated water pipe. The main pipe had completely come apart at a sleeve joint just on the camp side of the main valve. Water was pouring into the lake. When Gail could not fit the pipe together because of pressure, I ran up to call the water company. They said that there was another break and the whole side of the lake was without water. The men were out in a boat looking for the break. They asked if we would go down to the beach and wave them in when we saw them. We waited quite awhile when Gail decided to go out in the boat and look for them. She found them and directed them in. They said they couldn't fix it because it was on our side of the valve. We said that we didn't know what to do because our husbands weren't here and we didn't know how to shut the water off. They agreed to shut the water off and Frank Morris agreed to come after work in a half hour and fix the break since it involved a special sleeve and a special kind of cement.

About a half hour later, true to his word Frank was back. The pipe was so old that the new parts wouldn't fit it. After two trips out to get the special parts and two and a half hours of work and a recheck later that night, the job was finished. Tom had come home near the start of the job and followed through with it. He felt confident that Frank did a good job and after several hours without water we were back in business. He ended up replacing the whole section of pipe with new plastic pipe.

We had a delicious lasagna dinner at Gail's and a nice relaxing visit during the evening. Tom said that their hike was beautiful and that he would like to do it again. It was a little over 10 miles through Indian Pass.

Thursday, August 29

Gail, Carrie, and I closed and winterized Algonquin this morning. Tom, Dan, Karen, Cynthia, Beth, Brian, and David collected and stacked four cords of firewood from Jim McIntyre's. We were all finished by noon. Many hands make light work.

We relaxed and did closing jobs in the afternoon with the intention of dinner on the party boat and a ride. The sky once again became gray and it got cold and misty. Ugh. We decided to eat at home and then try for a boat ride.

One by one everyone backed out except the four of us and Jessica. It was really very nice and cozy. We sat under the cover all bundled up drinking hot chocolate. We had a lot of laughs and good talk as we made our way through the mist down to the end of the lake and back. We were very cozy and warm and all agreed that we would not have missed our

last boat ride of the season.

We returned home and enjoyed a fireplace fire and played games as we listened to the rain on the roof. It saddens me to think of leaving our cozy cabin and this lifestyle in a few days.

Friday, August 30

Once again it is pouring rain. This is becoming a fact of life. Everyone worked at jobs like a swarm of bees this morning and we got a good start. It is now 9:15 P. M. and Tom is somewhere out in the rain by himself still working. He will be soaked and tired when he returns.

We got the jimmy back today and it seems to be working just fine.

Saturday, August 31

Today I awakened just after dawn to find that Tom was already gone. I made a cup of coffee and headed through the early morning fog to where I thought he might be. Tom Evans and Tom Young had already taken the dock across the bay. The thick fog had not yet burned off, but I could hear their voices somewhere out there.

What an impressive start to the day. I sat with my coffee on a rock down by the boat dock. The long awaited sun was just beginning to burn through the fog. It was so still that it was as though all the memories of the summer were shrouded out there somewhere in the mist. How quickly it goes. Before long our ever constant Round Island made it's appearance and it was the start of our last full day at camp for this summer.

We all worked very hard today and got well ahead of schedule. We are trying to get everything finished because we have all decided that we want to leave tomorrow, if possible.

The incentive to work hard and fast is the "Tavern Special" at the Cobblestone. After a busy day we treated ourselves to a last dinner out and then fell into bed in our shuttered cabin for our last night.

Sunday, September 1

The first day of September, a fitting day to leave. Today dawned sunny and warm. We all did our last day jobs in our own houses and met down on the rocks for a last lunch together. We brought all of our left over ice cream and lots of spoons and sat and gorged ourselves on a variety of flavors.

The Willetts left right after lunch. Gail and Tom and family finished some last minute things and were soon ready for their departure. It was a difficult farewell after a wonderful summer together, especially for Brian and David who have become very close.

We finished some last minute jobs having to do with water, putting things away, checking locks, etc. and were ready to go at about 4 P. M. As we walked down the trail the last time we were filled with a feeling of sadness that the summer had passed so quickly, pride that we had done an admirable job, and anticipation of next year when we would all be back together again.

OTHER TALES

OF

OVEN POINT CAMP

INDIAN ROCK AND INDIAN HILL

Indian Rock - named to match the other aspects of Indian influence at Oven Point Camp. It is the huge free standing rock seen to the left of the trail when entering Camp from the parking lot. It is a natural invitation to most children to climb to the top - and also for some adults. I've done that - and it was fun. All our children have climbed it many times, but it was our youngest son Scott, at age 3-5 years who adopted it as his Indian stronghold. He spent many an hour, in Indian costume, watching for any newcomer on the trail that he could surprise and challenge with a war cry. Many of our friends recall, with amusement, the small Indian peeping at them when walking the Camp trail. It has been identified as a glacial erratic - deposited from the last ice age. We can only be thankful for this gift of nature - as it identifies with and is an icon of Oven Point Camp.

Indian Hill - is that hill you drive or walk around going from the parking lot to the Boat Beach. Only in recent years have we identified it with a name- Indian Hill. But, its presence there has always been a mystery. It is right by the stream and why should a hill manage to remain there - defying the lake and stream high water unless there is something anchoring it there. Maybe another glacial erratic - that became covered with soil enough to grow trees on it. Or, did the Indians bury something here during their occupancy? The surrounding land area is of a different character - making Indian Hill an anomaly. Why? The thought has intrigued me for many years. But, I am not motivated to prove any theory of mine. The enjoyment of a mystery - overcomes any desire to "dig and be disappointed". That, plus the thought that some day a logical explanation will be forthcoming, stays any action from me. If, or when it happens, I hope I am around to learn the answer to the mystery. In the meantime, isn't it fun to enjoy another mystery in our lives at Oven Point Camp?

LONG LAKE - NEW YORK- LONG LAKE VIA TRAIN AND BUS.

In summer 1953, when our family lived at Oven Point Camp, we owned only one car. Consequently, if I drove it to New York for my flight assignment, the family was left without transport for routine needs or for an emergency. So, other means were sought. There was train service to New York departing from Sabbattis, aka Long Lake West, that was located about 16 miles northwest of Long Lake. Having little choice, I decided to give it a try.

The departure time was midnight from Sabbattis . So, it meant leaving Camp about 10:30 PM, taking the children with us, after arousing them from sleep. The drive to Sabbattis was over a dark woods road with little or no traffic - to arrive at a remote single building station. There was a short wait, with the children sleeping in the car, before goodbys were said and I boarded the train. Now, Willie was charged with the responsibility of returning to Camp over that same dark isolated woods road, with four young children at a time after midnight. Even Long Lake was dark and closed up for the night - with three miles yet to Camp. Those were little traveled roads - and especially the last mile into Camp and onto the unlighted parking lot. There was only a walking trail into Camp thru a dark woods. Flashlights lighted their way as Willie led four sleepy children back to the refuge of the Lodge. [I imagine Willie could give a more tense and dramatic description of this drive.]

In the meantime, I am traveling on the train that would take me to Utica, where I will transfer to the train to New York. This is done on schedule at 3 AM - with an opportunity now to sleep for a couple hours before arriving Albany, NY. There are a number of passengers exchanged in Albany - then we are on our way to New York. We cross the Hudson River to travel the east side going south - and it proved to be a very scenic trip. We made several commuter stops - and then arrived New York City at Grand Central Station. A bus ride would take me to Kennedy Airport -where I would depart that evening on my scheduled flight overseas - to be gone 12 days. I used my time at the airport to rest, make manuals up to date and answer company mail. That evening, I departed for a 12 day flight to Thailand. I would accumulate enough flight time that when I returned to New York, I would have two weeks off. That allowed me time with the family - and to accomplish chores at Camp. The return to Long Lake was a reverse of the train trip south. It was long and tedious - and needed improvement.. I think that the train was utilized for only two trips that year. Either that same year, or possibly the year after, the bus was utilized for one trip. Happily, I could get it at Long Lake - taking me to Albany. There I transferred to the one destined for New York - arriving early for my scheduled flight. Unfortunately, the return trip did not take me to Long Lake, but required me to disembark at Pottersville - 40 miles east of Long Lake. A call to Willie would transport me home. These public transports were not highly satisfactory. Fortunately, they were not used often - but improvement was a must.

Fortunately, we purchased a four wheel army surplus jeep, and this was utilized as a second vehicle for use at Camp - or for a commute. That was a good solution because train service - and the Long Lake bus stop were soon discontinued.

A PARTY BOAT RIDE DOWN LONG LAKE - AND RETURN.

There are 8 miles of beautiful near pristine country down lake from Oven Point Camp - and one will enjoy every opportunity to see it again and again. A high speed boat at 80 mph will go down and back in 12 minutes. Even a boat going half as fast will make the trip in 25 minutes. But, they will not have the opportunity to appreciate what they have passed. Let's go for a Party Boat ride - and make a comparison.

After everyone gets comfortably settled on the spacious deck, tie ropes are released and we slowly swing into a down lake direction - at a quiet slow speed. For a stranger, we will point out the big rock marking the boundary of the Oven Point Camp property - and where State lands begin. Catlin Bay begins shortly thereafter and the camping Lean-tos are pointed out - as they are very popular with campers. They are idyllic - with a woods setting on a lake shore for boating or swimming. Just beyond are several small islands that are seldom occupied due to poor landing sites for a boat. But, they have special memories, when we explored or picnicked with our children. One is low lying but has two neat tent sites. The other is high like a muffin shape with excellent privacy for camping. Now we are entering a channel area to avoid Round Island on our left -that has two camps on it. The western facing one is reached by a series of stairs. The eastern one has a rail to take passenger and cargo to the top of the hill and the cabin. The Homet family built both cabins, est. '60's, and sold the island in mid '70's for \$50,000. [We seriously considered buying it, but declined, realizing that Oven Point demanded all our time and effort.]

Half a mile beyond Round Island we approach a bay on our right that I call "Steamboat Bay" . It has a spacious area and a very deep bottom. It was these very features that it was chosen by an owner of a beautiful steamboat that lived at Long Lake. At the time of his demise, he left instructions with his Camp Caretaker that his boat was not to be sold - but secretly taken to a remote site and sunk - so it would never be found. This was done, and for many years local people conjectured about it's whereabouts. The secret was never divulged. However, with the development of scuba gear - the search of Long Lake was intensive. During the 80's, the word came out that it had been found - in the bay I now call "Steamboat Bay". The ships bell and a few other items were recovered - but the hull had been too badly deteriorated. There it remains today. The story is retold for any new comers who are curious, as we make our usual circuit of the bay in the party boat.

Coming out of "Steamboat Bay" we will stay close to shore to appreciate the woods that grows close to the shore. We notice that the cedar trees that line the shore have the lower branches neatly cropped at the same level. We've been told that the deer eat the cedar in the winter when food is scarce - and the level is as high as they can reach. The rocky shore is interesting - and at one point a sloping ledge would let a boater have access to the shore. [I always wanted to do just that - but never did.] I wonder Why?

As we resume our ride along the south shore, we are passing "Watch Rock Point" on the north shore. The lake is narrow at this point - and then widens dramatically - to be the widest shore on Long Lake. We will continue close to the south shore and soon come to a well known site called "Kelly Point". It has a large rock with several smaller ones that campers like to climb and dive off. It has a small bay for boat landings - and looking closely - one can see stone stairways that lead upward.

[When we arrived at Long Lake in 1952, there was a very attractive house at Kelly Point, but soon after was torn down when the property was transferred to the state. Now the property is state owned - and very popular with canoeists and campers. Just beyond "Kelly Point" is a tornup area of leveled trees in a microburst storm area. A few years ago it looked devastated - but nature has a way - and now the downed trees are feeding the new growth as the forest recovers. Soon, we'll have nothing to identify with the storm.

Our boat ride close to the shore allows a close view of the woods. And, we are soon rewarded with a view of a mink that is running along the rocks on the shore. Its speed just matches ours so we can view it for several hundred feet - until it finally turns into the woods. It was a wonderful moment of nature. Soon, we are passing a small beach with a obvious trail going off behind it. It is the start of the Kempshall Mt. Trail that climbs to the saddle between Blueberry Mt. and Kempshall Mt. - then by staying left will take you to the summit of Kempshall Mt. [I've chased a few deer in this area in the past.] Not successfully - for your info. But I sure had fun.

We are beginning to come abeam of Camp Islands, to the left of us, that are three island in number. Two of them, a large one and a smaller one are owned by the Vandenberg family- who have summered at Long Lake for many years. Their children have now established campsites on the island - so expect they plan to be Adirondackers for many more years. The third island of the group is owned by a newcomer family - essentially unknown to me.

Still staying close to the south shore, we start to leave Camp Islands behind us when it is obvious that private campsites are appearing on the shore. The State land has ended - after about 5 miles- and there will be a number of private holdings - then the State lands continue to the end of Long Lake. We notice one camp that seems to have unusually large clearing. It is the Verner Camp that burned down under very unusual circumstances. It seems that the Verners had a gas operated refrigerator - necessary since they had no electricity. Unfortunately, a bear came along and with its keen sense of smell, and liked what was in the refrigerator. It entered the house and tried to open the refrigerator to get the food. In doing so, it overturned the refrigerator, and the open flame of the gas operation set the house on fire. As the house burned, it set the brush and the surrounding trees on fire. Fortunately the fire was discovered early enough that fire fighting efforts was able to contain it to a small area. Opinion was that the fire nearly got into the forest for a major forest fire. Happily, that was not the case - and it did not happen.

A short distance ahead a very prominent cobblestone seawall protects a private camp -owned by a Albany dentist. The property is for sale. Beyond are several more privately owned camps that are related to other Long Lake camp owners.

In front of their shoreline are several small islands and shallow areas making entry hazardous - unless knowledgeable of the waters. The channel markers keep us out in the lake - in safe water. Plumley Point is to our right, but is difficult to identify without going closer in the hazardous waters. Friends of ours lived at Plumley Point all one winter operating a Lumber Camp -for which I admire them as it is remote.

The end of the lake is coming into view. At this time we are passing an island known as "Island House" - and had a hotel on it many years ago. It is on our left but we'll get a better view of the cabin that's on it when we return on the other side. At this time, we look for the site of the hotel that was on the south shore, to our right, that existed many years ago and was supposed to have been luxurious. It burned - as many of the old wooden structures did. But, I was always intrigued with it being so remote - and served by a steamboat. The foundation can still be found.

As we approach the end of the lake, the Racquette River outlet is not obvious. By staying over to the right- and following a channel marker - one can see the river as you get closer. [A trip down the river is a great adventure - and it leads to Tupper Lake - 30 miles away.] We will swing left to follow the end of the lake that has a beautiful white sand shallow beach - and a great place to bring the children. Many call it Turtle Beach - but I have yet to see a turtle. Out in the bay from Turtle Beach is a large rock that is great for diving or jumping off into deep water. There is no tie up point so we anchor and swim to the rock to enjoy the sport. Today, we're just looking. We're at the end of the lake - and our slow boat has taken one and a quarter hours. We'll start a slow return, but first we'll take a rest stop at the Riverdale Beach. It is just ahead on the right - and we'll pass the site of the Hackett Cabin where the originator of Riverdale Camp for Boys lived.

Riverdale Camp was a summer extension of the Riverdale School for Boys in New York City. The camp on Long Lake had extensive acreage and extensive waterfront. It accommodated about 150 boys in a very successful program designed to teach outdoor skills and independence. Unfortunately, when the original Hackett died, his family was unable to operate it successfully. The State eventually obtained the property, and is a wonderful natural facility. All the buildings have been removed. We relax on the property and remember stories told by Bill Spengler, who was one of the Riverdale Campers and later one of the camp leaders. Bill and Lorraine are neighbors today - directly across the lake from Oven Point.

Departing Riverdale beach, we quickly pass the north side of Island House and realize it is a small island and activities there fairly restricted. It does have a unrestricted view of Mt. Kempshall that is beautiful. Continuing along the north shore of Long Lake, I'm reminded of a rock below the surface where I bent a prop. I give it a wide berth. We pass abeam the sand hills where our children liked to jump and roll down when they were very young. It was on private property owned by the Silliman family- although it was not marked as such. He came over one time when we were there and reminded us that it was private. I apologized - and told him we would leave. I further told him we were new to Long Lake- having just

bought the Oven Point Camp property. Hearing that news, he insisted that we stay and enjoy the hill - and could not have been more gracious. The Silliman family owns a lot of waterfront - and as we passed a point further west - we could see the family camp. It was fairly modest and has changed very little in 48 years.

From Silliman Point, we continue up lake having the Camp Islands in view on the left as we approach Slim Point on our right. Just off Slim Point is an excellent anchorage, quiet, protected from a northwest wind, and very scenic. In the past, we have anchored here to swim and to have a lunch aboard. Nice memories here. Slim Point is where the annual picnic is held for the Adirondack Mt. Club - courtesy of the Bienke family who own it. We continue thru the channel between Camp Island and Slim Point - and then veering right to regain the close proximity to shore. That takes us close to the Bienke Camp - which is continually improving and expanding. The Bienke family owns an extensive amount of waterfront and acreage on Long Lake.

Continuing up the lake, we pass black sand beaches that always capture our attention. They are a result of ilomite present in the sand. Avoiding a rock outcropping ahead [marked with a buoy] we round it close and turn close to the shore to see the property of the actress Sigourney Weaver. But, it is well hidden in the trees - and seldom do you see beach activity. [She is often seen in town shopping- and is very friendly with town folks.] This north shore of Long Lake is held by wealthy families with large tracts. Consequently, it is not highly populated. Combined with the south shore owned by the State - it retains a natural and pristine atmosphere which we all enjoy. After the end of the Bienke property, we come abeam of the old Dr. Lee property. It has recently sold, and is being renovated at great expense. Ahead is the Watch Rock property and as we come abeam, we enjoy the view of an old Victorian type home that was built about 1900. It is owned now by the Skovron family - who paid big money for the property but claims he got a bargain. The property has been continually improved since it was purchased - and is beautiful. Rounding Watch Rock Point we pass the Boy Scout lake access - then pass an old camp with the typical many outbuildings - i.e. separate kitchen, dining room, living room and bunk houses. Four airline Pilots owned the camp at one time - now by just one.

Ahead is another old camp on Long Lake - the Whitney camp owned by Chuck Whitney, a professor in Astronomy at Harvard. We remember a great lunar eclipse party at his camp. Now we must enter the channel between Round Island and Little Round Island - noting the very old small cabin and a very new one. Passing them we note several cabins on the right. After passing them we come to a beautiful bay-quiet and perfectly round. I always make a turn in just for the satisfaction. As we come out, the outlet of Big Brook is evident - but not easily identified. Continuing, we come to the Music and Arts Camp, the Hovey Camp and the Spengler Camp, which are just across from Oven Point Camp. We turn to cross the lake - admiring our Oven Point Camp - and are well satisfied with our Camp. Now we are back - after a two and a half hour slow party boat ride. Did you have fun?

OLD THINGS AT OVEN POINT CAMP -

1. TELEPHONE - The telephone at the Lodge was one that I had seen in the movies, but had never used until we bought the Camp in 1952. We used it for about two years. To reach a party, one would turn a crank that rang a bell - contacting a person at the telephone central office who answered with " Number calling please"? We would give the required number for the person we were calling - receiving the command - "One moment please". [At this point - the operator would manually make the plug connection that tied the phones together.] The phone would ring and soon someone would answer - and we could talk. At the conclusion of the call, another crank of the bell would remind the operator that the call was finished - and the connecting wires could be pulled. The telephone was large and mounted on a varnished board that was mounted on the wall. There were three separate pieces to the phone - a large box with wires and crank bell, a speaking blossom piece that adjusted in height, and a ear piece on a cord for listening. It was replaced with a black stand phone by 1955 - but I regret that I somehow could not have kept the old phone for a keepsake - worthy of a museum.
2. WOOD WHEELBARROW - When we bought Camp in 1952, there was an old wood wheelbarrow painted a faded green. It had removable sides and a large steel wheel on a steel axle. Obviously, it had seen many years of use. It was our only means to transport firewood for the fireplaces in the many cabins. So, we used it - always thinking that some time it would have to be replaced. When we were not using it for firewood, the children liked to load it up with kids and take turns pushing them around. Shrieks of laughter resulted when it overturned. In the summer 2000, I was looking at the "Old Wheelbarrow" - looking little different than it did 48 years ago when we acquired it. If that is so - Why can't we expect another 48 years of use?
3. AUGER WOOD SPLITTER - If you look around the garage, in one corner you will find an oversize auger - and maybe wonder what it was used for. Examining it closer, you will note that it has holes that match that for a auto wheel mount. And, that would be exactly right - because it was designed to be mounted on the left rear wheel of the Jimmy - to split fireplace logs. And, it has split many a cord of wood. By removing the left rear wheel on the Jimmy - after jacking it up and placing blocks under the axle - and installing the auger, it would turn when placed in low gear. Keeping the front end of the log on the ground, the log could be fed onto the auger, pulling the log onto the auger until it split. Using two persons to keep logs available to feed onto the auger - lots of wood could be split. [Caution - always get the front end of the log onto the ground - or you may find a spinning log becoming a hazard.] When it happens, it can become exciting - and dangerous. Usually, throwing another log in front of the spinning log will give it something to work against - and stop. Otherwise, turn off the engine.

Many a cord of wood has been split to fireplace size in 48 years - by wedge and maul, the auger, or lately by the modern wood splitter.

Malone family reminiscing brought smiles and eager tales of the following stories:

1. **The Cargo Net and the Rope Swing.** These were erected on trees just outside Seneca Cabin, so they were easily accessible to the Malone four boys. The equipment encouraged climbing and various hanging positions on the net by hooking a foot or leg into the loops. With the Evans children demonstrating from past experiences, they learned to manage some rather demonstrative positions. Speed climbs, to go up and over, were popular - with the over side becoming a near free fall. Many hours of fun, and healthful exercise, were enjoyed by the young children in camp. The adjacent rope swing was used to do hand climbs - or just to swing as high as one could. I'm sure that it all contributed to muscle development - and good sleep at night.
2. **Stilts.** All the Evans children learned to walk with the stilts - and naturally they were an attraction to others who wanted to try. The stilts were only about five feet tall with the foot pieces elevated about 12 inches. By holding the top close to your body to steady them, the stilts could be mounted. Then, by experiment, steps could be taken - and not long thereafter - you were stilt walking. There was only one pair of stilts so they had to take turns. The stilts got a good workout, and were a popular item for the children during their stay.
3. **The Donut Swim Float.** This proved to be the most popular fun item at Oven Point Camp. It was bought as a surplus World War II item that served as emergency raft on a ship. When it was acquired, the inner raft floor was removed to leave a rectangle balsa frame wrapped with painted canvas. We would use it as a swim float. But the fun that developed was not anticipated. Since it was nearly indestructible, it could be rocked, submerged, and jumped upon by unlimited numbers to make it unstable to stand upon. And that was its attraction - as everyone could participate on a "King of the Float" competition. The shrieks of laughter coming from the donut float attested to its success.
4. **The Marble Roller.** What to do on a rainy day? Go to the Lodge and ask to play with the Marble Roller. This was a four level track that allowed marbles to roll down - reversing direction at each level- until reaching the bottom. There it could be directed into a variety boxes or corrals. The procedure was fascinating to watch - and the sound hypnotic. Children could play with it for hours - especially if they used imagination to invent new activities and procedures for the marbles. [This equipment was made by Willie's father - Albert J. Acker - for grandchildren].
5. **Bridge over Polliwog Brook.** This served as a crossing to walk the Red Blaze Trail - and was located about 100 ft. from the lake entry. It was rustic but strongly made. Adults used it to walk over the brook - and the children liked it to play under as they waded the brook making dams. Long Lake high water threatened it each spring - and unfortunately- an unusually high water year with floating ice took it out.

WALKING ON WATER AT THE LONG LAKE DOCK
[Summer 2000 - as reported in August Special Town Board Meeting]

Since I can only get to my summer home by boat, I spend a considerable amount of time at the Long Lake Town Dock. There have always been interesting sights to be seen at this dock, but even more so this year with the lower dock under several inches of water.

As I watched people leap, tiptoe, splash, slosh and skateboard through the water I was able to divide them into several distinct categories:

THE USUAL: Those who just took off their shoes and sox, rolled up their pants and walked casually to the upper dock.

THE OBVIOUS: Those who walked as if there were no water; even proceeded to drive their cars directly up to the upper dock.

THE ANGRY: Those who got out of their cars, expressed their distaste in foul language and drove away.

THE SIR GALAHADS: Those who carried people in their arms, on their backs, in Adirondack chairs, on sultan-like oars and boat cushions and in Northern Borne shopping cart baskets.

THE ENGINEERS: Those who took out actual measuring devices to determine the water level and then proceed to make a ramp, throw boat cushions into the watery area to make stepping stones, form fire brigade-type lines to pass people down and/or straddle the propane gas tanks that border the lower dock.

THE PROBLEM SOLVERS: Those who took a ferry canoe from shore directly to the upper dock or used the Long Lake Marina as an alternative dock.

THE PRACTICAL: Those who wore big yellow boots to town on a regular basis and/or passed out plastic bags and rubber bands to those in the boats prior to disembarkation.

It was definitely an amusing summer as an observer at the Long Lake Town Dock and whatever method the dock participants finally chose, there was still plenty of town conversation about the summer we all "Walked on Water"

Sincerely,"

NATURE CHECK LIST - I

How many can you identify at Oven Point Camp?

| MAMMALS | BIRDS | INSECTS and MORE |
|-----------------|-----------------------------|-------------------|
| White-tail deer | Hummingbird | Black fly |
| Black bear | Purple finch | Mosquito |
| Chipmunk | Gold finch | Deer fly |
| Red squirrel | Cedar waxwing | Mayflies |
| Brown bat | Chickadee | Cranefly |
| Deer mouse | Nuthatch | Dragonfly |
| Mink | Great horned owl | June bug |
| Otter | Snowy owl | Luna moth |
| Beaver | Downy woodpecker | Monarch butterfly |
| Raccoon | Pileated woodpecker | Black swallowtail |
| Porcupine | Kingfisher | Garter snake |
| | Flicker | Ribbon snake |
| | Grouse | Big dock spiders |
| | Wild turkey | |
| | Crow | |
| | Rose-breasted grosbeak | |
| | Evening grosbeak | |
| | White-throated song sparrow | |
| | Loons | |
| | Common merganser | |
| | Mallard ducks | |
| | Blue heron | |

NATURE CHECK LIST - II

How many can you identify at Oven Point Camp?

TREES

White pine
Cedar
Hemlock
Spruce
Balsam fir
Tamarack or larch
White birch
Yellow birch
Swamp maple
Quaking aspen
Wild cherry
Maple

WILD FLOWERS

Please Do Not Pick
Lady slipper
Jack-in-the-pulpit
Bunchberry
Painted trillium
Wild iris
Day lily
Wild strawberry
Orange hawkweed
Bottle gentian
Cardinal flower
Clintonia
Sarsaparilla
Canada mayflower
Purple vetch
Indian pipe
Butter-and-eggs
Jewel weed - Touch-me-not
White water lily
Yellow spatterdock
Pickerelweed
Wood sorrel
Gold thread

SHRUBS

Blueberry
Sheep laurel
Shad bush
Red osier dogwood
Hobblebush
Red raspberry
Blackberry
Viburnums

Last summer, the summer of 1999, was the first time since I was about three that I had been to camp. I had grown up hearing stories from both my parents about camp. About the squirrel, you all know what I mean, and my dad talking about when he was growing up there. And when I got there I found it was everything they said. I met my cousins, it might as well have been for the first time. It was so fun just being around my aunts and uncles, and all my cousins. One of my favorite times was going sailing, we only fell over once, and going swimming at the beaches. I had very fun time there and I can't wait to go again.

Kathryn Evans

Recollections

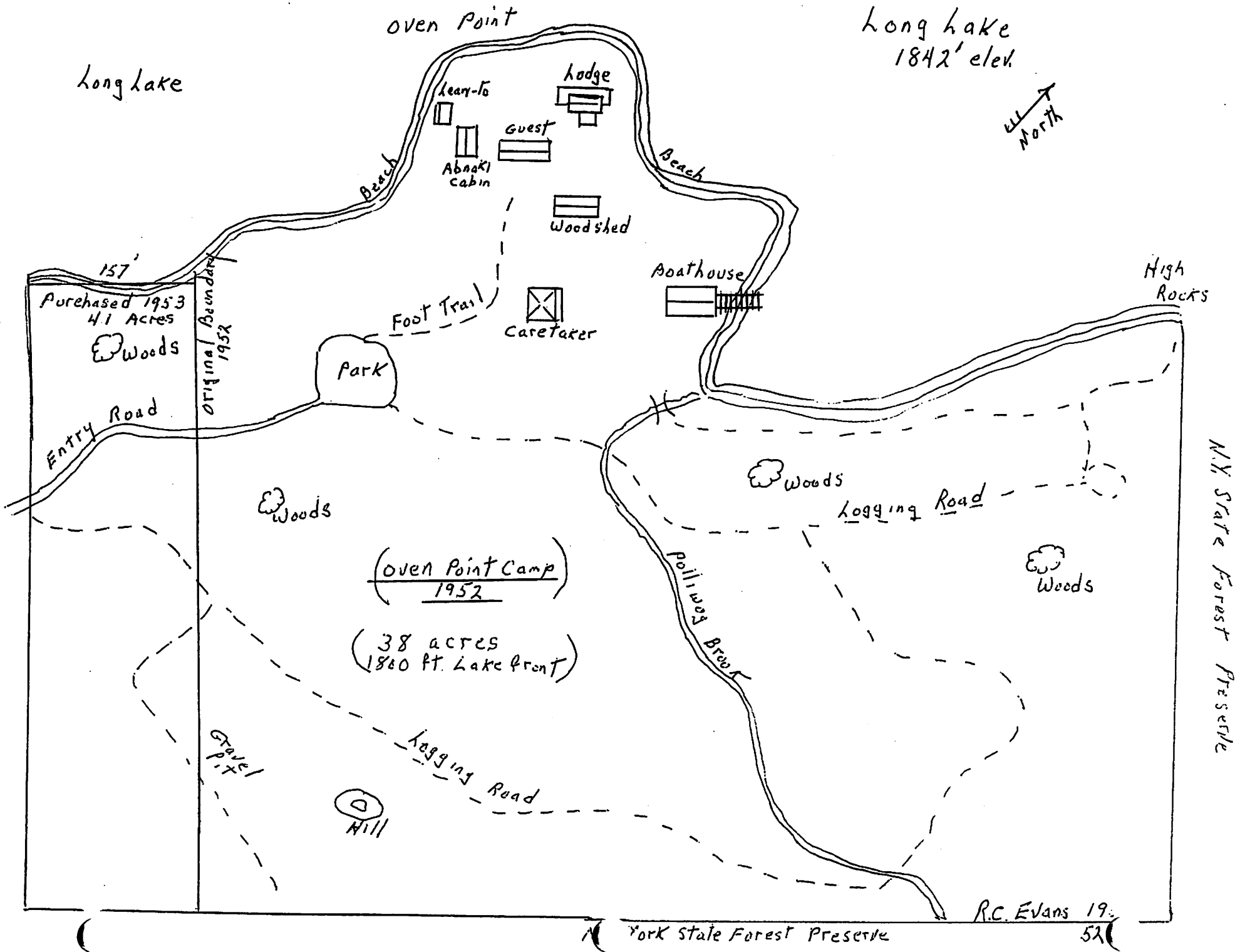
of



**Robert C. Evans
1952 to 1999**

CAMP LITERATURE

MATERIAL



OVEN POINT CAMP

"For the perfect Adirondack vacation"

LONG LAKE, NEW YORK



MR. and MRS. R. C. EVANS

Thank you for your inquiry about Oven Point Camp. We think it is perfect for an Adirondack Mountains vacation and hope you will be able to stay with us. Please consider the following merits of Oven Point Camp in making your vacation decision.

1. Location - on the east shore of 14 mile Long Lake, 1 mile northeast of Long Lake village. (It is just about half way down the lake.)
2. Size - 56 acres of woodland with 2000 feet of shoreline. Our camp adjoins the New York State Forest Preserve, thus assuring privacy and unlimited recreation.
3. Buildings - Three rental cabins, all located on "Oven Point" with the waters of Long Lake on three sides. This provides scenic outlooks, close access to the beaches, and cooling breezes across "the Point". All the guest cabins are rustic in appearance (shingle or log) but contain first class furnishings with modern kitchens and baths. We call them "home comfortable". The other buildings consist of a log Adirondacks Lean-to and fireplace for a sheltered picnic and cookout facility, a garage & boat-storage, shop and woodshed, plus private Lodge & Chippewa Cabin.
4. Outdoor Equipment - There are two sand beaches for swimming with swim floats. A third beach is used for excess boat storage and a volleyball court. Near the Parking lot is a boat launch site. The boat dock is on the protected east side of "The Point". We have canoes, rowboats, and sailboats available for rent. Books and games are available for loan.
5. Things to Do - In Camp you can relax on the beach, swim, fish, go boating, or take a hike on the many camp trails. You can picnic or cookout at the Lean-to, or in the evening enjoy a campfire. Nearby there is unlimited recreation in hiking, boating, canoe trips, stream and pond fishing, scenic drives, floatplane flights and many other commercial enterprises. (A brochure listing the activities will be found in the cabin.)

Enclosed you will find literature giving more detailed information about cabins and camp area. Study of them will reveal cabin sizes, floor plans, furnishings list, cabin rates and other charges. The cabin map sketch will show layout of the camp with relative positions of the buildings along the shoreline - the camp trails - and other points of interest.

Would you like to stay with us at Oven Point Camp?

Sincerely yours,

Robert and Willie Evans

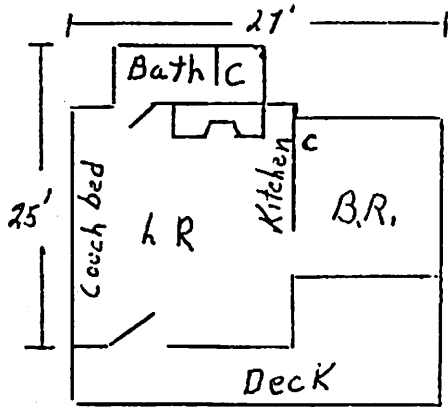
Long Lake Address:

Oven Point Camp
Long Lake, New York 12847
Tel: (518) 624-2971

Winter Address:

1200 Johnston Rd. D-14
Dade City, Florida 33525
Tel: (904) 588-2057

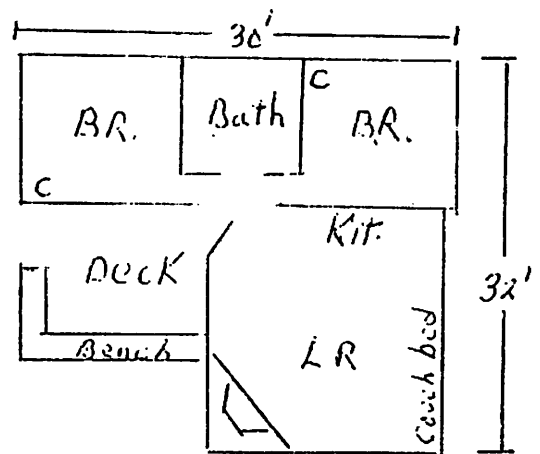
"ABNAKI"



Log & shingle const., stone firepl., kitchen, shower, sleeps four (two single & dble bed couch), open deck with lake view.

Rate: \$485 per week (four persons or less)

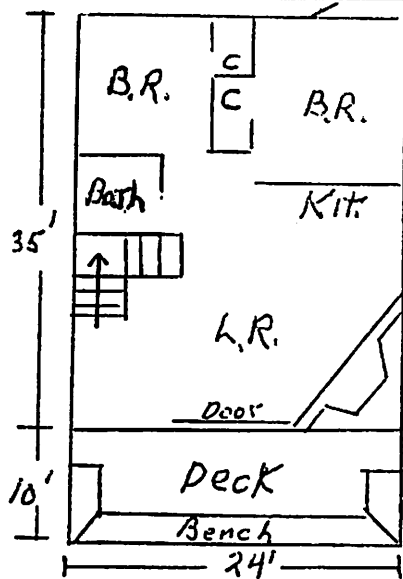
"SENECA"



Shingle const., stone firepl., kitchen, shower, sleeps six (two single, one dble, & dble bed couch), open deck with lake view.

Rate: \$695 per week (six persons or less)

"ALCONQUIN"



Two story shingle const., stone firepl., open deck with lake view.

First floor - 14 x 24 Living Room, kitchen, bath & two bedrooms.

Second floor - Overlooking balcony & two sleeping areas with two single beds each.

Rate: \$760 per week (eight persons or less). Sleeps eight.

INFORMATION - ALL CABINS

Cabin occupancy greater than available beds is strictly forbidden. Advise office when expecting guests - either overnight or temporary.

INFORMATION: Cabins are fully equipped except for linens - including kitchenware & tableware, pillows & blankets. Linens are not furnished - but in an emergency can be supplied (bed, bath & kitchen). Use of sleeping bags are permitted only when the use of a clean undercloth is used.

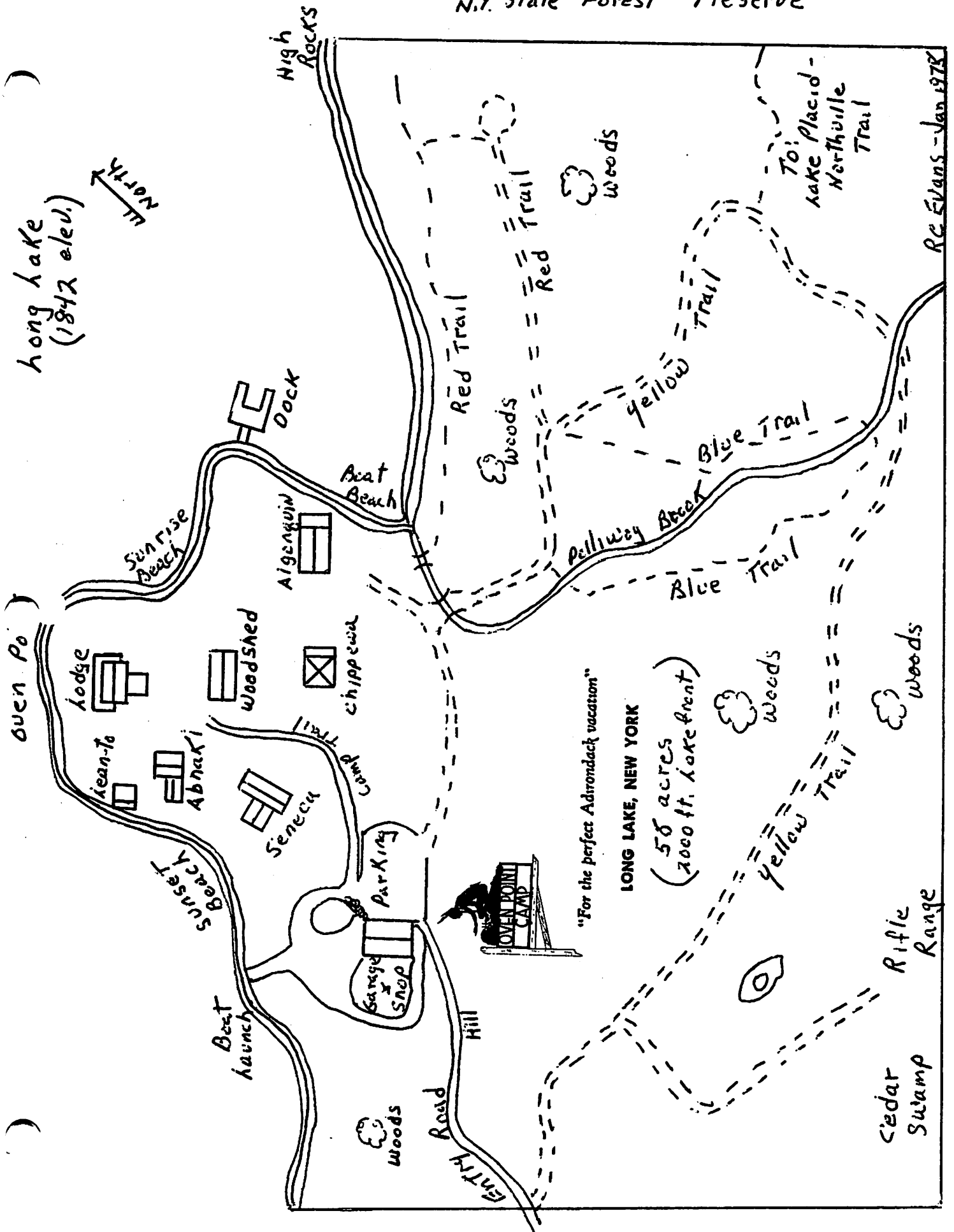
Suggested items to bring for your enjoyment: Boats, outboards, fishing equipment, binoculars, camera, radio, hiking shoes, rain gear, sweaters or jacket and a toaster.

Rowboats, canoes, and sailboats are available to rent. Personal boats may be used - with free storage on the boat beach, or at the dock - space available.

Guest policy - Guests are permitted but not for long and repeated visits - unless overnighting. Please advise when expecting guests - as strangers will be asked for identification.

Pets are not permitted - to insure your vacation enjoyment - and that of other guests.

N.Y. State Forest Preserve



Long Lake (1842 elev.)



Oven Point



"For the perfect Adirondack vacation"

LONG LAKE, NEW YORK (56 acres (2000 ft. lake front))

RE EVANS - Jan 1978

New York State Forest Preserve